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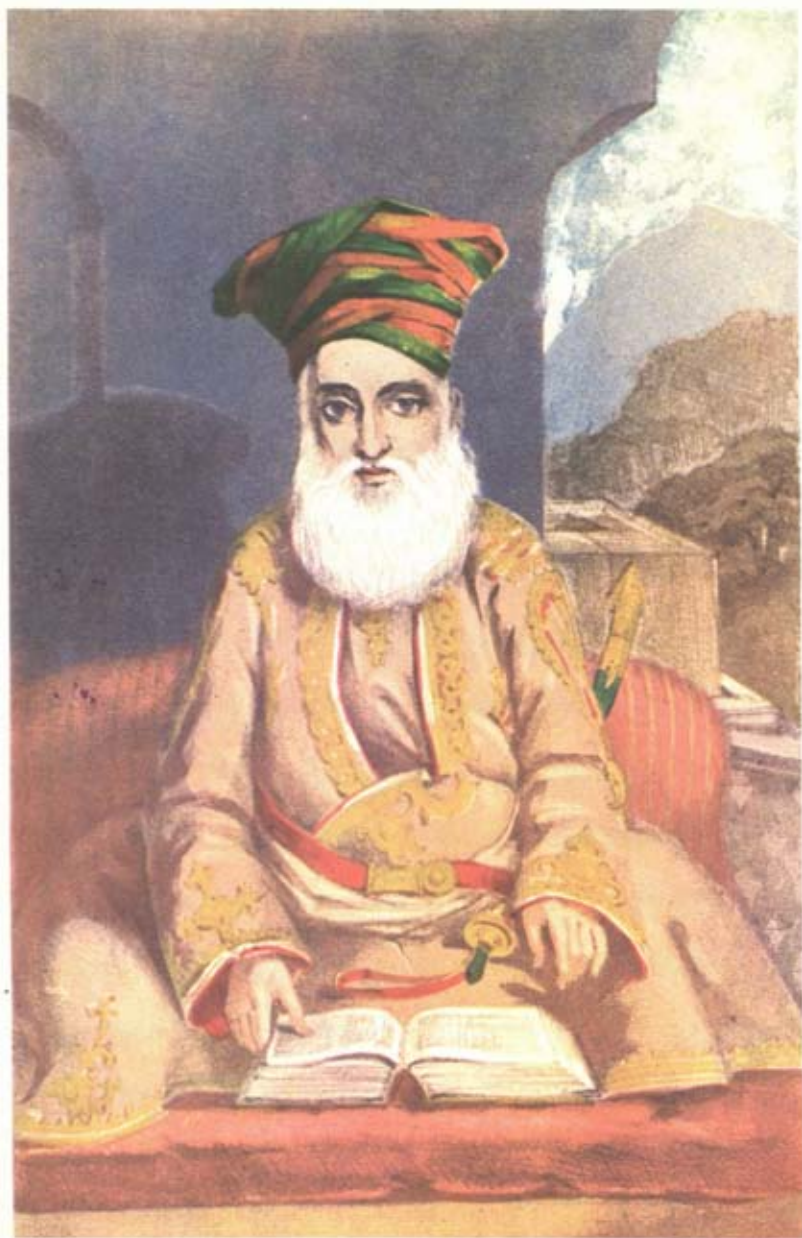
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A GLANCE AT SIND BEFORE NAPIER

TO
LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES OUTRAM, C.B.,
IN ADMIRATION
OF HIS LOFTY AND CHIVALROUS SPIRIT,
OF HIS RARE DISINTERESTEDNESS, AND SINGLENESS OF
PURPOSE, AND OF HIS
UNTIRING ZEAL FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE,
THESE
BRIEF SKETCHES OF EVENTS,
IN WHICH HE PLAYED SO PROMINENT A PART,
AND OF A PEOPLE
WHOSE CAUSE HE HAS SO POWERFULLY PLEADED, ARE
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED, BY
THE AUTHOR



MIR RUSTAM KHAN OF KHYRPORE,
AGED 81,
ALLY AND CAPTIVE OF THE BRITISH.

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A GLANCE AT SIND BEFORE NAPIER

OR

Dry Leaves from Young Egypt

by

E. B. EASTWICK

'An Ex-Political'

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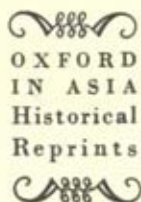
with an Introduction by

H. T. LAMBRICK



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INTRODUCTION

SOME of the best-loved books in the English language were undertaken by their authors for a particular purpose, but changed course *en route* and achieved success for quite different reasons. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* was begun as a skit on the sham morality paraded by Richardson in his *Pamela*; but Parson Adams having made his appearance proceeded to push the satire aside, taking the story out of the author's hands. Similarly Samuel Pickwick proved too strong for Dickens and his publisher; to provide this character with the scope he demanded the Pickwick Club had soon to be discarded together with all but one or two of the projected series of ludicrous misadventures arising from incompetence in field sports.

The reminiscences which were first published in 1849 under the title *Dry Leaves from Young Egypt; being a Glance at Sindh before the Arrival of Sir Charles Napier* cannot, of course, be placed on a level with those masterpieces of fiction. Nevertheless we have here a work undertaken

with a most serious purpose; to the author's chagrin it altogether failed to achieve that purpose, but won considerable popularity otherwise. It is, if not the best, certainly one of the two or three best extant books on the land of Sind and its peoples, possessing a freshness which remains quite unimpaired by the passage of time. This it owes to the engaging personality, as much as to the talents, of the author—'An ex-Political'. I deem it a privilege to introduce him to the reader under his own name.

Edward Backhouse Eastwick was born in 1814, in a family long connected with the East India Company's service. He was educated at Charterhouse and Merton College, Oxford, obtained a cadetship in the Company's army and in 1836 proceeded to Bombay to begin his career as an ensign in the 6th Bombay Native Infantry. He speedily 'qualified' in Persian and several Indian languages and in consequence was seconded, early in 1839, for Political (i.e. diplomatic) employ. After a few months in the Kathiawar Agency he was placed at the disposal of the Government of Bengal for service in Sind, and entered upon the duties which incidentally provided the material for this book.

The Political Department in Sind and Baluchistan had come into being in consequence of the ill-conceived enterprise on which the Government of India embarked in 1838 under pressure from Lord Melbourne's administration; to supplant Amir Dost Muhammad, *de facto*

ruler of Afghanistan, by its discredited ex-sovereign Shah Shuja. This was aimed as one of Palmerston's 'capital hits'—with one hand to set up a barrier against apprehended Russian designs on India and with the other to open Central Asia, *via* the River Indus, to British trade. Such a policy involved the establishment of control over the intervening independent countries of Sind and Baluchistan.

'Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill'—Macbeth's grim words might have been the motto for the scheme as it developed. Eastwick, a zealous Government servant, gave his best to the multifarious duties assigned to him, but was continually oppressed by the feeling that in the execution of the policy flagrant injustice was being done, much of it gratuitously and even deliberately by his own immediate superiors. The tragedy was only played out after he had left Sind, and it was not until several years later still that his sense of the intolerable wrong that had been perpetrated and, evidently, condoned, goaded him into revelation by means of this book of the truth as he had known it.

We happen to possess an independent narrative of the transactions which Eastwick describes, written by a fellow 'Political' who was serving in the area at the same time; it confirms a number of his allegations and criticisms. Lieutenant Thomas Postans published this pamphlet in Bombay in 1845, under the title

Account of Events Connected with the Administration of Affairs by the Political Authorities in Upper Sind and Cutchee from July 1839 to July 1841. The two men were friends as well as colleagues, took much the same view of public affairs, and possessed a number of qualities in common. There are several references to 'my friend Postans' in Eastwick's book. Postans would appear to have had the cooler intellect, Eastwick the warmer sympathy. The 'Account' by the former was 'printed from an MS. dated 12 August 1841 drawn up for the information of Major J. Outram'—such the inscription on the copy in my possession, with the addition 'To Captain W. J. Eastwick with T. Postans' kind regards.' This was the elder brother of his friend, who also had served in the Political Department in Upper Sind a few months before the other two arrived there. It is thus quite likely that E. B. Eastwick, when putting his recollections into shape, refreshed his memory of events by means of this dry official record of them drawn up by his former colleague from public and private diaries. Postans is better known as author of one of the standard works on the country, *Personal Observations on Sind*. He also had some skill as an artist, and married a literary woman. He can engage and hold the interest, but does not charm. Eastwick charms, by his warm human sympathy and his sense of humour—like that kindred spirit James

Morier, chronicler of *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*; how appropriate it was that in later life he served some years, as Morier had done, in the British Legation at the Court of Persia!

Among the outstanding features of Eastwick's book are his brilliant impressionist sketches of individuals who figure in it—Musa, the sententious and rapacious *tindal* (boatswain); the formidable Baluch guide Yaru Khosa; Itibar Khan Kahiri, coolest of throat-cutters; Bibarak, the aged chief of the Bugti tribe who looked so youthful. Most curious of all, the glimpses of Mr. Ross Bell, the genuinely young Bengal Civilian who under the designation of Political Agent, Sind and Baluchistan, was *de facto* Dictator in those countries. Eastwick is summoned to receive the 'Great Man's' instructions before he leaves on tour, and instead of the expected weighty communication on general policy is told to see that green peas from the Agency garden are sent to him regularly—we hear of this 'Political coryphaeus' challenging the Bombay Army Brigadier to a duel; we witness his brutal arrogance towards the Khairpur Minister; we marvel at the scale of his hospitality—'Fourteen thousand bottles of beer . . . annually poured forth their foaming contents at his board'. When he departs on tour his retinue is that of ' . . . a satrap. Several hundred camels conveyed vast supplies of beer, wine, and stores of all descriptions . . . yet there remained then still in

store at the Agency, among other items, twelve hundred dozen of beer, and one hundred and twenty dozen of champagne.' The Political Agent obtains leave to spend the hot season of 1840 at Simla '...many hundred miles distant from the scene of war, whence, nevertheless, he, like a second Jove from snow-capt Olympus, swayed the counsels of our inferior world.' This extraordinary character died in office, 'in the prime and flower of his age'. Eastwick tries to be fair to his memory—'... he was a man of great courage and talents, and could labour indefatigably when he thought the occasion demanded it. In a great measure, no doubt, he was misled by the natives he had about him, who were opposed to Mir Rustam. Whatever the cause was that induced him to take up the line of policy he did, it led to a sad result; that is, if it be thought sad that those who once respected the English Government should be brought to hate and despise it, and that a long course of harsh and unjust measures should lead to a sanguinary war.'

Eastwick was a pioneer investigator of the antiquities of Upper Sind, and though Cousens and Yazdani have subsequently pointed out a few errors in his inferences, it remains a pleasure to read his translations of Persian inscriptions found by him on various buildings in Sukkur, Rohri and Alor. He must have been a first-rate scholar in the language—as soon as he joined the Agency all Persian documents requiring

decipherment seem to have been made over to him. He cannot refrain from citing an occasional apt tag—in one instance taking a considerable liberty with the original; for in order to sum up his disgust with the Manchar Lake, where his experiences had been so trying, he says, ‘I quoted with great emphasis the Persian proverb . . .’ etc. Now allusion to the Manchar, which at least is *water* not fire, would be quite inept in that proverb, which in fact asks :

Sevi Sevistan sakhti
chira Dozakh pardakhti ?

that is, (if I may offer my own version):

Sibi createdst Thou, Schwan as well—
What need, O God, for any other Hell ?

—Sibi and Schwan being notoriously the hottest places in this hot region.

Eastwick tells us also the manner of his learning Sindhi (of which he compiled a vocabulary); and when he proceeds to mention ‘a Political Officer who spoke Biluchi (the only one in fact who did)’ he surely means himself; compare the episode when he was riding with an escort of Jakhrani tribesmen: ‘They did not know that I understood them and were talking and laughing about the way in which they had plundered Lord Keane’s army. “After all” said one of them “the Faringis are liberal fellows, they buy of you to-day the camels you stole from them yesterday; what customers can be better than those ?”.’

It was, of course, this mastery of the local languages and his understanding of the Muslim philosophy of life that made Eastwick so welcome as a guest with such diverse hosts as the Pir of Sirhind, Mir Rustam Khan of Khairpur, and Wazir Khan, son of the celebrated free-booter Bijar Khan Dombki. He was able to appreciate the opinions and feelings of men of all classes in Upper Sind; and from comprehension it is but a short step to sympathy. Thus it was that the shameful injustice meted out to kindly old Mir Rustam made his blood boil: 'Granted that he thought more of the interests of his children and his tribe than of the strangers who had forced themselves into his country, and who had repaid his friendly reception with base and treacherous cruelty, is he to be blamed for that?'

There is a singular felicity in Eastwick's descriptions of scenes and incidents. Perhaps only persons who have served in Upper Sind can fully appreciate the measure of their fidelity: thus, of the stifling nights of the hot weather in Shikarpur, when the temperature only drops below 100 degrees for about an hour before dawn, 'The atmosphere was so thick, one fancied it might have been cut with a knife, and I longed to cut and hack it too, out of mere spite.' On counting the Treasury, 'The rupees . . . had contracted a slimy and unpleasant dampness from the greasy fingers of the Hindus, who had counted and recounted them

in the bazar.' Of Sindhi labourers—Sir Charles Napier was even wittier on this subject—, 'I was rather scandalised at the excessive caution with which one would lift a piece of wood of ten pounds weight, and the extraordinary interval of time before another who had withdrawn on justifiable grounds, made his reappearance.'

During the hot weather of 1841 Eastwick's health broke down and he had to leave Sind; and a quiet interval ensued while Outram held Political charge. Then Sir Charles Napier was appointed, and there was war, and the Mirs were defeated and exiled, and old Mir Rustam died a prisoner. The Directors of the East India Company recalled their Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, who had egged Napier on: but the petitions of the captive Talpurs were rejected unheard by the British Government. William Napier published *The Conquest of Scinde* in vindication of his brother's conduct, disparaging the Mirs and the Political authorities whom Sir Charles had replaced. Outram in his *Commentary* repelled the aspersions cast on the Mirs and himself. Meanwhile Napier governed Sind and its former rulers languished in Bengal, where they died one by one. It was the death of Mir Sobdar's eldest son which drove Eastwick, in the guise of 'An ex-Political' to appeal to the public on behalf of the survivors by means of *Dry Leaves from Young Egypt*.

At the time (1849) this apt nickname for Sind was widely recognized in Britain; nevertheless the title of the book came in for some disapproval. And Lord Jeffrey ('The Leviathan of critics' to whom Eastwick alludes) probably spoke for the majority of readers with his grumble at being 'so often interrupted in following your graphic and entertaining delineation of scenes, characters and individual adventures, by the perpetual revival of questions that have been so long practically settled . . . ' In other words, the British reading public had become bored by the Mirs of Sind and their wrongs. So though the book sold well, Eastwick's idea of a crusade to exact belated justice for them proved illusory. Every year that passed since the annexation of Sind had in fact reinforced the belief to which Peel's embarrassed Cabinet had come, albeit reluctantly, that 'the mischief of retaining was less than the mischief of abandoning it.'

But within a year of the publication of *Dry Leaves* an event occurred which not only checked Eastwick's disappointment but raised his hopes far higher than before. A Commission had been appointed to investigate the persistent allegation that Mir Ali Murad, the prince who had exalted himself on the ruin of his brethren, had possessed himself of territories to which he had no title, by means of a forged document. Not only was the case against him proved, but the whole treacherous

course of intrigue and deception that he had pursued to dupe Sir Charles Napier and inveigle his aged brother Rustam to destruction—everything that Outram had asserted in his *Commentary* and much more—was exposed and confirmed by irrefutable evidence. To Eastwick this revelation appeared as an interposition of Divine Providence on behalf of the injured princes, and in 1851 he produced a second edition of *Dry Leaves*, appending to the original text a new Chapter XIII, which in some seventy pages recapitulates the whole story of British relations with the Talpur rulers of Sind, and all the untoward consequences that had thus far resulted. He was now unsparing in his denunciation of culpable individuals, leavening his invective with savage irony, with pathos, and with ridicule. I doubt whether a more powerful philippic is to be found in the English language: ‘And is it possible that English Ministers know that these villainies have been enacted,—that our Governors have laid it all, proof by proof, before them, and yet they sit still, like the unjust judge, and utter no voice . . . what, shall Mr. Gladstone tell us of the mockeries of justice, the imprisonments of innocent men at Naples which have so wrought upon him and has he no word for injuries more infamous inflicted by our own Government? . . . Let him . . . read the proofs and he will see that, to gratify one perjured villain, we accepted a mass of falsehoods as

evidence against a family of princes, our allies, stripped them of their all, hunted them from place to place, and thrust them into prisons, with but one deliverance—the grave.’ Nor had this policy even proved profitable: ‘In seven years . . . we have increased the embarrassments of the Indian Government by a debt of two millions and a half. Is not this paying somewhat too dear for the pleasure of perpetrating injustice? . . . Let the Manchester and Liverpool merchants, ‘the Shopocracy’ as Sir C. Napier calls them, think of that, and let them learn what would be the fate of India were the reins of Government wrested *altogether*, as they have partly been, from the Court of Directors, and entrusted to an irresponsible Ministry, changing with the day, and ready to justify every measure, no matter how iniquitous, for its own base, selfish, and unprincipled purposes.’

Yet whatever effect this reasoned diatribe may have had on the minds of individuals, the collective consciences of the Government and of the British people continued seemingly to support with equanimity their shares in the burden of Sind guilt. Indeed, the recalcitrance of Authority was manifested next year when a *locus poenitentiae* offered. By Lord Dalhousie’s decision on Ali Murad’s affair the Mir was to forfeit all the territories he held over and above his patrimonial inheritance. This afforded the opportunity to recognize the now

proven innocence of Mir Rustam by restoring his principality to his son Muhammad Hussein who had not taken part in any hostilities against the British but had quietly withdrawn from the country. To make this award would have involved simply the transfer of lands from one Talpur prince to another, but the propriety of such reparation seems to have been beyond the moral horizon of India's rulers. Instead, the resumed lands were incorporated in British Sind, perhaps in the hope that their revenues would help to reduce the province's persistent deficit. The Sind Policy's inveterate opponents protested in vain at this further instance of inequity. A year later, our authors' brother, Captain W. J. Eastwick, made an important speech in the Court of Proprietors of the East India Company. He now no longer advocated restoration of the country to its former rulers, but pleaded that they and their descendants should be allowed to return and reside there. And so at long last political pensions were granted to the families of Mirs Rustam, Nasir Khan and other members of the Khairpur House, and they were permitted to settle in the British part of their former dominions. In 1855 the exiles of the Hyderabad family similarly returned to Sind.

At this time E. B. Eastwick was Professor of Hindustani at the East India Company's College of Haileybury. When the Crown

took over the administration of India from the Company he served for a time in the new India Office, and later as Private Secretary to the Secretary of State. Mention has already been made of his diplomatic assignment at the court of Persia. Thereafter he was a Member of Parliament for some years. He published translations of the *Gulistan* of Sa'di and of *Bagh-o-Bahar*; also a journal of his three years' residence in Persia, and several handbooks on India and the more important of its provinces. But it is for *Dry Leaves* that he will be remembered.

Oriel College
Oxford

H. T. LAMBRICK

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IT will be seen from the first line of this Memoir, that it was commenced three years ago, soon after the Vakils of the Amīrs of Sindh had been repulsed in all their attempts to obtain redress in this country. I began to write in the hope of shewing that the unfortunate Chiefs of Khairpur were, from the outset, treated by us with intolerable harshness; and that, therefore, as we were the first aggressors, we ought not to have persecuted them as we have,—even had their hostility to us been earlier evinced, and more clearly proved than it is in the Blue Book. A consciousness of inability to do justice to the case, made me throw away the pen, but now that information has been received of the deaths of our once firm friend and ally, Mīr Sobdār Khān, his mother, and his eldest son—caused partly by anguish of mind, and partly by the (to them) unhealthy climate of Bengāl,—there seems to be a fit opportunity for making another appeal to public opinion in behalf of the

surviving prisoners. I have ventured, therefore, to add my feeble candle to the broad light which has already been thrown on the subject by men like Outram and Sullivan. If I succeed in recalling the attention of any of the former supporters of the fallen Amīrs to their cause, my object is gained;—for the rest

Μέλει τῆς ἀληθείας μάλλον ἢ τῆς δόξης.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE late lamented Lord —, the Leviathan of critics, in a letter which he addressed to me after the publication of “Dry Leaves”—a letter only too laudatory of my poor performance—says, “The extirpation of your Amīrs may have been a questionable enough proceeding either for its policy or its justice, but we must all now accept it, I fancy, as a *fait accompli*; and I must fairly confess that I grudge to be so often interrupted in following your graphic and entertaining delineations of scenes, characters, and individual adventures, by the perpetual revival of questions that have been so long practically settled, and on the merits of which I suspect that even well-informed persons are far from being agreed.” Thus it is that even the best among us often dispose of the tales of suffering and of injustice that reach us from the Colonies. Many an amiable person, who would be scandalised at the slightest infringement of the people’s liberties in this country, sits down placidly after hearing of the most startling

outrages of all law and justice in our colonial possessions, with some such observation as Colonel Dixon, in his "Mairwarrah," tells us the present Rājā Mān Singh uses on similar occasions, "Ṭhik! Ṭhik!" "Just so! quite true!" The fact is, the public do not know where to look for the truth. Take for instance the case of Sindh. Here we have the statements of Sir C. Napier and of Colonel Outram diametrically opposed to each other. Both were in Sindh—both are men of great abilities—both are quite decided in their statements—and both are what the world in general would regard as well-informed persons. With such contradictory testimony, who can decide? who will even take the trouble to read the evidence? The evidence, alas! is long; and even of those whose duty it is to read it, how few will do so; and of those, how few are qualified to appreciate it thoroughly! Grant all this—what then? Is the public at liberty to dismiss the matter? Is a thing not to be inquired into because there are two sides to it? Why, the very circumstance that there are contradictory statements about it, proves that it ought to be investigated. Here are a dozen men, some of them of high official rank—men whose integrity has never been called in question, cognizant of all the circumstances, who declare that the Amīrs of Sindh were foully wronged—that their country was taken from them on false evidence. Well! the greatest of all truths had not at first more witnesses. There must be something surely in this. So many men

are not likely to be deceived. One, two, or three men may take up a weak case, may bring forward as facts what are only misapprehensions, but a dozen persons can scarcely be mistaken about things they saw and heard. When we say that Mir Rustam Khān was wronged, we do not, like Sir W. Napier, assert a thing at second-hand, on hearsay. We know it. We saw this wrong committed with our eyes—we heard it with our ears—and what is more, can prove it. If the House of Commons were to appoint a Committee of Inquiry to-morrow, it could, would, and should be proved before that Committee that the English have inflicted wrongs on the Amīrs and people of Sindh, and that there are at this moment a number of men, women, and children (I say nothing of the height from which they have been hurled into the very dust), who are suffering a wrongful imprisonment and exile at our hands, when the injustice done them is patent to any one who will take the trouble to peruse the proofs. Nay, without laying ourselves open to the charge of presumption, it may be said that the hand of Providence is apparent in the recent discoveries that have been made of Āli Murād's treachery. Had that Prince not invaded our interests, it may be doubted whether the unhappy Amīrs would have ever had their innocence declared. As long as it was our interest to be deceived, we were but too willingly duped; but now that our own rights have been assailed, we have been compelled to elicit

facts which demonstrate the entire guiltlessness of the Tālpurs, and the wrongs we have done them. What those facts are, the reader may, in some measure, learn from the last chapter of the book now before him; but he may be quite sure that, however strong the representations there given may appear to him, they are, after all, but a faint delineation of the truth.

As to any ill-feeling that the truthfulness of my sketches may excite, I am indifferent. I have had a duty to discharge, and I have performed it without intending any personalities. I have endeavoured to mention as few names as possible where blame is imputed, but in some cases it has been unavoidable. All that I have said I have the most solemn conviction is true; and I suppose, in this free country, no one will find fault with a man for telling the truth.

With reference to the present edition, I have to return my sincerest thanks to Colonel Outram, Colonel Dickinson, the Nawwāb Suraju'l-Mulk Minister of H. H. the Nizām, Āli Muḥammad Khān, and other English and Indian gentlemen who have taken an interest in it. I have also to acknowledge the obligation I am under to Mr. Grant, the celebrated artist of Calcutta, for several portraits of the Amīrs, executed with wonderful spirit and fidelity.

One word as to minor matters. A kind anonymous friend has suggested to me the expediency of changing the title of my book. I confess myself wrong in giving

a name to my sketches which the general reader would not understand, but I do not see how it can be altered at this eleventh hour. Another and more serious charge will be brought against my manner of writing Oriental names. This demands a short answer, and I will endeavour to reply to it as concisely as possible. I suppose, in the first place, that there is no one who would not think it desirable to have a uniform system adopted in the matter of anglicising Oriental words. Few would not wish to see *e. g.* one way of writing the name of the Prophet of Islām, rather than—

1. Mahound (Old Ballad).
2. Mahomet (Prideaux).
3. Mahomed (Orme).
4. Mahommed (Dow).
5. Mohamed (Napier).
6. Mohammed (Mill and Sale).
7. Mohammad (Lane).
8. Muḥammad (Johnson).

It is evident that if every Englishman, whether acquainted with the languages or not, is to spell Oriental names according to his own notion, this would give rise to inextricable confusion. How much greater will be the obscurity if every European nation is to have its own system. If any Englishman doubts what would be the result of such a license, let him try to find out a proper name in D'Herbelot's Biographical Dictionary, and be sure, unless he has had previous practice, it will take

him weary hours before he lights on his quarry. We want, therefore, some uniform system. But of all languages, the English has the least pretension to uniformity. The simple fact is, in English any vowel may be sounded any way. It is all a delightful jumble: "u" stands for "a," "i" for "e," "o" for "u," and anything for anything. Take the vowel sound represented by "i" in "pique" for example, and we will spell it any way you like.

- 1, with "i" in "pique."
- 2, with "ie" in "mien."
- 3, with "ei" in "receive."
- 4, with "e" in "equal."
- 5, with "ee" in "meet."
- 6, with "ea" in "meat."
- 7, with "æ" in "Ægis."
- 8, with "eo" in "people."
- 9, with "œ" in "Œsophagus."
- 10, with "ey" in "key."
- 11, with "ieu" in "Licutenant."
- 12, with "ue" in "guerrilla."
- 13, with "ui" in "guitar."

For this reason Dr. Latham has very properly rejected the English vowel system, or rather no-system, in spelling foreign words. We want uniformity, and since it is to be found in the mother language of the Japhetic tongues, in the Sanskrit, why waste time in seeking elsewhere? In Sanskrit every letter has one sound, and but one. The

vowel system is simple, and easily understood. We have

Six vowels—

ä	ā
ī	î
ũ	û

Four diphthongs—

ä	+	ī	=	e
ä	+	ũ	=	o
ā	+	ī	=	ai
ā	+	ũ	=	au

Now these symbols will be found sufficient to express the vocalization of all the Indian languages, as well as of the Persian and Arabic, and why then should they not be adopted? In the matter of consonants, the question is simply this, How are we to express letters for which we have no exact equivalent in the European languages? For instance, the first “h” in Arabic is a more powerful aspirate than our “h,” and we have, therefore, no alternative but to use a symbol for it, and what better symbol can there be than our own “ḥ” with a dot under it? Again, we have the ξ in Arabic, for which there is no European equivalent—nothing which even approximates to the sound. In this case it is clear that we cannot use a better symbol than the letter itself. To substitute, as some do, an apostrophe for it, as in عذر 'uzr, is to introduce an ambiguity. The mark (') would then have three uses—it would superadd to its use as a stop, and as an apostrophe that of representing the ξ . Surely it

is better to adopt the letter itself rather than a symbol, already compelled to answer two purposes. But it may be said that all this gives trouble. The English reader, before he could read a foolish book of Indian travels, taken up for mere amusement, and not worth the perusal (the one before him, for example), would be subjected to that loss of temper and exacerbation consequent upon having certain ill-looking foreign characters submitted to his notice. This must be admitted to be a grave fact; but on the other side, observe what results will spring from a little trouble rightly bestowed. Carry out this system fully, and we shall have no more absurd blunders; routes laid down in India in the Quarter-Master-General's Department which are not to be found in the map; and *vice versâ*. Who knows, in these times of progress, whether we might not thus arrive at one universal language for places. The Frenchman would cease from mangling Regensburg into Ratisbon, and the Englishman from hardening München into Munich, while the Anglo-Indian would suffer the soft-sounding Gangā to be at peace, and Al Kāhirah to triumph over its vulgar and unmellifluous substitute, Cairo. That this consummation, devoutly to be wished, may soon arrive, is the sincere hope of

THE AUTHOR.

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DRY LEAVES FROM YOUNG EGYPT.

CHAPTER I.

DĪSA—VISIT TO MOUNT ĀBŪ—OBSERVATIONS THERE—ROUTE TO KATTIAWĀR
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THE RANN—BEHAVIOUR OF THE SINDHĪS—THE INDUS IN FLOOD—NAGAR
THATTHĀ.

It was in 1839 (just a week of years has passed away) that I commenced a journey which conducted me to the classic but somewhat atramentous waters of the Indus ; but stay—I found my lonely march such an uncomfortable one, that I wished often enough for a companion ; so, reader, this time we will make it together. A pleasant tour one could hardly find it. Cast your eye on the map. Look at that great tract from Disa to the Hālā mountains. It is all sand ; sometimes it has a little ragged clothing of the babūl (*Mimosa Arabica*), or of milkbush ; sometimes it tricks itself out with a green fringe, or so ; but, at best, it is but a scanty garment. From the Banās to the Indus, I do not think there is a stream,—nothing but dirty wells to put your trust in ; one could scarce be worse off were one a settler in Australia. Your

soil is bad, and your people are as bad as the soil. It is like enough that they are 'Αυτοχθόνες. I know of no race better entitled to claim such an origin, for they are as poor and niggardly as the sand they tread, and withal as hot and inflammable. And, to say truth, the conquests and inroads, which engraft one nation on another, have had but little place here. From the time of Muḥammad Bin Kāsim, there have been few or no invaders, for little, indeed, would be gained from the robbers of the Rann, or the fish-caters of the Sindh Delta. So now, to commence disputatiously, I never could find a reason for our infantry regiments being stationed in such a beggarly country as Dīsa, nor detect the object of our large cantonment there. Perhaps it was absurd to seek one, for when so many unreasonable things are done, why should not this belong to the same category? As to the robbers of Nagar Pārkar, and their plundering neighbours along the borders of the Rann, they would surely be better kept in check by bodies of horse, and would laugh at our sipāhīs floundering along in the sand after them. Yet so it is, at Dīsa we have two infantry regiments, one (bless the mark) of Europeans, sweltering away at white heat, and extremely on the alert to prevent their huts being robbed every second night, by the Bhils. A dry, hot—in simple verity, an intensely arid place is that same Dīsa. It lies in lat. 24.15, outside the tropics, it is true, but no whit the better is it for that. Our good friend Sol comes down in right earnest on the waste, and there is need of many a fold of twisted muslin round the white topī to keep off his importunacy. And, if the head fares badly, the feet are in as poor a condition, sinking some six inches at every step in fine sand of a warmth that makes your blood

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

Ere I started for my destination, I resolved on a visit to Mount Ābū, for my conscience stoutly remonstrated against departing without one glance at wonders now within ken, and soon to be so distant. Besides, I was eager to be on the move. What is it that makes travelling so delightful, in spite of all its budget of disasters and difficulties? Or is it only the retrospect that delights us? I think all can remember being very sick, very cross, very hot, and most decidedly uncomfortable on a journey; yet, when 'tis

past, how the mind recurs to it. All the pleasant things have become a thousand times more pleasant, and all the disagreeables, all the ugly joltings on the road, are clean forgotten. So it was with my journey to Ābū, in the which I was marvellously ill-fed, and worse lodged, yet shall turn to it now with an aspect of extreme good humour. Ābū is a detached mountain of the Arāvali range, which divides the table land of Rājputānah from the flats of Anhulwāra, and is situated some forty miles to the north-east of Dīsa. It towers over the neighbouring mountains like a tall leader in front of his line. I was not long in getting sight of it, for forty miles are soon sped in India. If you have not horses of your own for relays, borrow from your friends. Be not in the least scrupulous—your turn will come to lend; and so constant is the need and the application, that many a crafty old stager keeps an indifferent saddle and an ill-favoured nag to answer such demands. “Does the Ṣāhib, your master, ride this brute?” I enquired of a native groom, as I found myself at the outset uncomfortably placed on a small pony, that persisted in standing on his hind legs, like a petitioning poodle. “No, Ṣāhib! my master does not ride him, he lends him to the strange gentlemen!” About three miles from the Dīsa camp I crossed the Banās, which (it being the middle of March) was nearly dry. The jungle on its banks is full of wild beasts; and what is, I believe, most rare, harbours the lion and tiger together, for these lords of the forest seem to have agreed on the old principle, “*divide et impera*,” and are seldom found in the same locality. The remainder of the road to the foot of the hills lay over a sandy plain, matted with milkbush and prickly pear, thick as the hair of Siva, and about as

ornamental. In one part the fresh marks of a paw, in size somewhat like a small plate, gave me a slight inkling of who my fellow travellers were in "dingle and bushy dell of this wild wood."

About four miles from the foot of Ābū lies a Bhil village, called Anādura, where the traveller may stop and get a drink of milk. Or, if he will none of it, he will desiderate it not a little before "half of his heavy task be done"; for it is no holiday-work climbing that steep, craggy, perspiration-exciting Ābū. Saint's Pinnacle, indeed, they term it! A man may be a saint when he reaches the pinnacle, but he is marvellously inclined to use certain heathenish and sinful expressions on his way up. Four thousand feet upward—perpendicular ascent! how it differs—*immane quantum*—from the same measure in a level straight-forward progression. I started from Anādura on foot, in the simplicity of my heart, not even deeming it desirable to ride as far as was practicable. A paggi, or tracksman, I had brought from Dīsa, went before me with a Bhil of the village, who beguiled the way with telling his comrade a legend about some Rājā who had married the beautiful daughter of a poor inhabitant of the mountain, whose only dowry was her maidenhood. The path lies through a forest of tall trees, under which there were several great herds of oxen of the Gujarāt breed, almost as wild as the Sāmbar (elk), we could hear, ever and anon, blowing in the distance. At our approach they drew together *in agmine nigro*; or, to use a military term, they fell in, as if they were expecting mischief; and well they might, for the place is excessive tigerish. At last we began to ascend, and, though I have

since climbed some ugly places, I remember nothing like this. There is no winding or sloping here, no cheating yourself into the belief that after another turn it will be over. No! all is fair treadmill work—each step consisting of two motions, the first brings your right knee as near as possible to your chin, and the second draws the lagging limb after it. At last I was fairly tired; and, throwing myself down under a crag, was soon fast asleep. Meantime, I suspect, the Bhil villagers had guessed their services would be wanted, for when I awoke I found a party of them standing by me, with a sort of bambū chair, which they strongly recommended me to occupy, and to make the rest of the ascent with the aid of their shoulders. However, I went on by myself to nearly the top, when I was obliged to yield, and “take the chair,” on the special invitation of these good savages. If any one feels inclined to laugh, I wish he were made to try getting up Ābū in a tight pair of trousers and without his breakfast. Well, well! once on the mountain’s brow, and I felt my toil fairly recompensed. I can imagine no scene more beautiful. The far view over the unbroken plain beneath; the fantastic rocks around, crowned and clustered over with the rarest plants and flowers; the strange white temples, with their grotesque figures and quaint embellishment; the clear peaceful lake, over which nods many a drowsy pinnacle hallowed in Hindū legend,—these are things to be gazed on, not described. I sate and basked in the sun, no longer fierce but genial, and mused, and could have wept over the long roll of chiefs and princes who have here set up their names, and dreamed that the story of their achievements would live; and there is none to read it but the stranger



THE NAKHĪ TALĀO, ABU.

and the alien. They are Rājput̥s of a lineage ancient and renowned, before the name of Muslim was known. Well, there is a better name than either Rājput̥ or Muslim, and such shall be the name of these tribes also, we may humbly hope and trust, ere long.

Ābū has been from ancient times a place of pilgrimage to the Hindūs. Its natural advantages, and the remarkable beauty of its scenery, must have recommended it from the earliest ages to a religion which delights to sacrifice on the mountains, to hallow every lake and stream; and which seeks, in the magnificence of nature, proof of the existence of the Deity to whose Being the voice of Revelation does not here bear its testimony. R̥ishis and Munis, the Saints of the Hindū mythology, are said to have made the summit of this mountain their abode. Hence its highest peak is called Gurusikr, "The Saint's Pinnacle"; and here Indra, Rudra, Bramhā, and Vishnū are said to have re-produced the warrior caste or Kshatris, who had been extirpated by Parshurām on account of their impiety. The temples now adorning Ābū are of comparatively modern date, having been built within the last few centuries, chiefly by the Jains. They are of white marble, ornamented with innumerable figures, and the richest tracery. So exquisite is the carving, that it may be doubted whether any other of the beautiful pagods of India can be compared with these. Yet they stand on a spot now trodden only by savage Bhil or wandering Jogī, and difficult of access even to them. There existed, however, in the fourteenth century, a city called Chandrāvati, about fourteen miles to the east of Ābū, inhabited by the Paur Rājput̥s, and it is probable that the approach to the sacred mountain was

then neither a work of so much toil nor infrequency as now. The lake called the Nakhī Talāo,—from its having been scooped out by an ascetic, who certainly turned his length of nail to good purpose,—is about 3,800 feet above the sea. It is a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad, and in some places several fathoms deep. Nearly on a level with it, and at about half a mile distant, are the Jain temples, in a westerly direction, while to the north rises the peak of Gurusikr to an altitude of nearly 6,000 feet. The extracts contained in Appendix I. from the register of a friend, will show the nature of the climate at a time when the plain country round Dīsa is positively unbearable.

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

After seeing as much as possible of Ābū in the brief time I could afford for my visit, I prepared to descend once more to the burning plain. On reaching Dīsa, one day sufficed to put myself in marching order, and, on the 18th

of March I again quitted it, and halted that evening at Pattan, a march of eighteen miles. My route was to lie through a country not guilty of those detestable little buildings which bear the name of travellers' banglās. These are generally built in such a position as to command the whole supply of dust and flies that the neighbourhood yields, and with their sickly white walls, and discontented, empty look, make hideous contrast to the picturesque and carved pagoda or choultry that hides itself amongst the thick foliage from its ugly European neighbour. I halted at Pattan, in a choultry beneath a top of magnificent Banyan trees, filled with monkeys, whose antics afforded me unceasing amusement. Watching their opportunity, when the men who guarded the adjoining fields were absent, a large body of them descended and bounded one after another over the hedge, leaving a sentinel on the outside, while they bundled up the corn with all despatch. Suddenly the alarm was given, but long before the incensed cultivators could reach the spot my friends were safe enough over my head, and making an exact distribution of their plunder to the heads of families. From Pattan I passed on without adventure, and with little of interest or note, to Wadwān in Kattiawār, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. At the second stage from Pattan I encountered a vast concourse of pilgrims, who were thronging to a temple built by Damaji Gaikwār, and in which there is no image of any kind. It is, however, sacred to Devī, and the crowd was assembling to endeavour by their prayers to avert the ravages of the small-pox. The Brāhmans shewed me a pool of green water near the temple, which they said became red twice

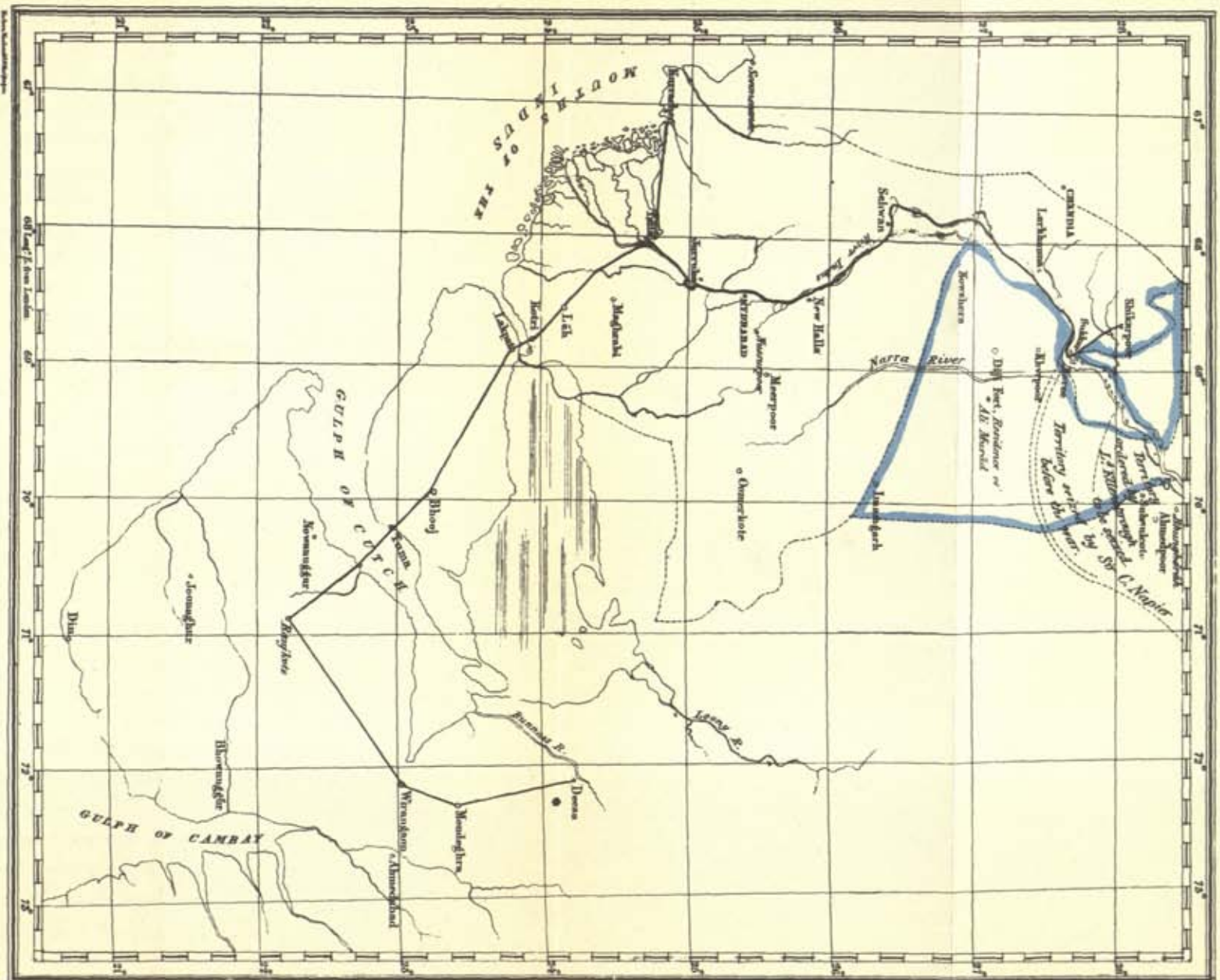
a year at the advent of the goddess. It appears to be a mineral spring, and the water is tepid. As I approached Kattiawār the country became more and more barren, and I found each village surrounded by a Golgotha of bones. In fact, the drought was so terrible that all the cattle of the country had either perished or been driven beyond the frontiers. The famine was, indeed, sore in the land. Parents were offering their children for sale, and numbers, doubtless, died unknown and unheeded. These calamitous seasons are of constant recurrence, both in Kattiawār and in the neighbouring country of Kach. Yet the preventive might be found, could or would the Government turn its attention to the subject. We collect annually 6,80,105 rupees from the province, of which no part is expended in public works. Now, the grand want is that of dams across the principal streams, to prevent them running off and falling when the rains are light. It is true that works of this nature are costly; but it is also true that the outlay is, in a few years, restored with interest. The probable advantage of such embankments was brought to my observation on one occasion clearly enough. During my stay at Rājkoṭ, and while the drought was at its height, water being obtainable only by digging pits in the channel of the river, a most violent thunder storm occurred, and in a few hours, the bed of the stream, where children had that day been playing, was filled with a deep and furious torrent quite impassable. Could the water have been retained, its value would have been beyond calculation; as it was, it fell as rapidly as it had risen, and left us in the same distress as formerly. To add to the affliction caused by these droughts, the corn merchants of the country

purchase up the grain during the years of plenty, and store it in magazines under ground. They then wait patiently with their hoard, watching, and no doubt devoutly praying, for a bad year. As soon as this arrives, these evil Josephs raise the price of corn so high that the unfortunate poor are placed beyond hope, while the greedy Banyan fattens on the destruction of his fellow-men. One such sordid wretch had meted out to a poor family a meagre supply of grain at an exorbitant rate until they were deeply in his debt. He then proposed an abatement of his demand at the price of the honour of one of the females of the family. Pressing, however, as the exigency was, he was met by a refusal; and on his bringing the matter into court, shortly after my arrival, he found his malice baffled, for, owing to some informality, he could not make good his debt.

I reached Rājkoṭ on the 22nd of March. Here is a small cantonment, and the Political Agency which is to administer justice to all and singular of a population amounting to more than a million and a half. This, indeed, is the fountain head, but the justice which flows from it becomes somewhat diluted ere it reaches the extremities of this wide province. The truth is that our civil establishment in Kattiawār is numerically unequal to the discharge of its duties. Three European gentlemen may have the most fervent zeal, and the most unwearied industry, but so little leaven can never leaven so great a mass. With the most Titanic struggles it is impossible that they can bear up the weight of whole provinces hurled upon them. Kattiawār is parcelled out into more than two hundred petty states, each of which

has, at the Court of the Political Agent, a representative or Vakil, who is to the full as verbose and as important in his own eyes as the corresponding functionary of a first-rate European power; I had almost said as knavish. Each one of this motley crew thinks himself bound to present a certain number of annual grievances, otherwise he would consider his occupation gone; and, unfortunately, grounds of complaint against their neighbours, crimes and outrages, are but too rife among the Kattis, so that there is no fear of this market ever becoming dull. Arriving, as I did, at a time of famine, it was not likely I should find a stagnation of business; on the contrary, litigiousness increased, the less there was to struggle about. In the two months I stayed in office I investigated nearly 300 cases, and my work averaged ten hours a-day. Nor let the fond aspirant for staff appointments suppose that I was proportionately paid. So far from this, my allowances were reduced below those of an ensign with his regiment, for I lost my company allowance, and received in exchange fifteen rupees a month, civil pay. Add to this, that I had to defray all the expenses of a long march; and I think it will be confessed that my "black coat" was somewhat an expensive one.

It was with no great regret, therefore, though with considerable surprise, that one morning in the end of May, as I carelessly opened the General Orders, I read my own name, placed at the disposal of the Government of Bengāl. Adieu, then, land of opium-eating and little-daughter-sacrificing Rājput̃s; and adieu, long hours of labour and short allowances, and let us see, as the Persians have it, what the curtain of the future will disclose. On



*The thick black line shows the Author's route to Shikarpore.
Near Ali Murad's Territory coloured blue.*



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the 5th of June I quitted Rājkoṭ, and marched to Juria—a small sea-port belonging to the Jām of Nawanagar, a Rājput chief celebrated for his drinking propensities, and also for being a fearless and dashing horseman. He has often contended for the spear with some of our most celebrated hog-hunters. The night set in stormily; the sky, gloomy with the clouds of the gathering monsoon, was greeted by the starving ryots with far more delight than the bright sunshine is hailed in merry England. On the ramparts of the fort I found some old ship-guns, of English make. The two next days brought me to Bhūj—the principal town of Kach, passing by the way of Anjār—which is sweetly pretty in appearance, but, like most native towns, alas! possessing more than two and seventy stenches, “all separate and well defined.” At Bhūj I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Rāo, who shows much talent in the management of his country, and still more in conciliating the favour of our Government, and winning the good opinion of all the political agents who are sent to his Court. He speaks English fairly, and I soon found, on conversing with him, that he had exact information of the dues and customs levied both in his own country and in that of Kattiaiwār. He shewed me his palace, once the scene of the atrocious orgies of his uncle, the Rāo Bhārmalji, who now lies imprisoned in one of the hill forts,—though not “the world forgetting, by the world forgot.” A notice of all the ex-Rājās, princes, and chieftains who at this moment eat the bread of affliction (in some cases merited indeed, but no less bitter), in the mountain-holds of our Indian empire, would surprise our English world. Such a register, at least, it were well

to keep, and surely some names might be found against whom the terrible words—confinement for life—need not be recorded. We may well believe that though the allowances of many of them may be high, and their position as much as possible softened, they would still unite in the affecting answer of the Sindhian Amīr, when some one spoke of such advantages to him, “Ah, Ṣāhib! the shade of a tree in my own country is better than a palace here in exile.”

At Bhūj I received a letter from Sir Henry (then Colonel) Pottinger, dissuading me from attempting to prosecute my route to Sindh across the Rann, which is considered impracticable during the monsoon. I had, however, no alternative, as the sea had been closed for some time, the wind blowing directly on shore, and no boat venturing to attempt the passage after the 1st of June. Accordingly, on the 19th, I left Bhūj and reached Lakpat Bandar on the 23rd. Within twenty miles of this port the road becomes dreary, with bare rocks on either hand, destitute alike of verdure and of water. Lakpat itself is a half-ruined, scorched-up town. The fort is large, built by Fateh Muḥammad, the late Vazīr of Kach. After the death of that ambitious and gifted man the place declined rapidly, and the population is now not a third of what it was in his life-time. During my halt the cholera made fearful ravages, and the only spring of muddy water was thronged day and night to such a degree that a guard was kept over it, to see that each new comer waited his proper turn. A sentence I heard exchanged between two squalid women will give some idea of the misery of the place:—“What news, Bhāgya,” said the first.—“The same as

ever," was the reply, "our distress, and this curse of the want of water." The heat during the day was dreadful; but night brought a biting and furious wind, which came howling about the tent as if querulous that any still lived and bore up against the manifold curses of this mournful region. It is inconceivable how any human being could locate himself in it, with the world before him where to choose. Bad, however, as such a halting place was, my next march was to be worse. On the morning of the 24th I embarked, and landed, about six P.M., in the Rann of Sindh—

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

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

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

As I was aware that seven persons who had attempted the passage a few days previously had perished, I confess I regarded my receding boat somewhat wistfully. My retinue consisted of four horsemen and twelve camels, and the usual number of servants. The first two miles were rather

* That I have not exaggerated the difficulties of crossing the Rann at this season, will be shown by the following extract of a letter from Sir H. Pottinger to me on the subject, dated June 8th, 1839:—"The trip on the other side of Lakpat Bandar will, I fear, be a terrible undertaking at this

trying, for the mud was so deep that we had the greatest difficulty in getting the camels through it. Meantime, down went the sun, and we found ourselves at length on the hard sand, with a red moon to light us, by whose lamp appeared the sea tossing and threatening to our left, and in front that same monotonous waste, stretching out long and lank, which a few hours rain might convert into a Syrtis, that would soon engulf our whole party. Here Dame Nature showed me for the first time one of her conjuring tricks—the mirage. Well as I knew the description of this delusion, I was, nevertheless, deceived when I myself witnessed it. Surely, I thought, that must be the village of Lāh, as there appeared in the distance, houses, and a low jungle round them. But on approaching nearer, my village was nought but a mouldering heap of camels' bones. When at last we did arrive at Lāh, we found no habitation of man, but some stunted trees and a few hillocks covered with the camel-thorn. This was about eighteen miles from Kotrū, the place where we had landed; and the sun was high and scorching ere we reached Sīr Gandah, a miserable Sindhī village on the Pinyārī. Thus, between Kotrū and

season. I understand the Rann is overflowed with water, and all the small branches of the river and canals filled to the brim, so that I doubt whether camels could travel at all. There are two routes, the one by which we travelled in September last, and that by *Thatthā*. Both will be most difficult; but I should be inclined to choose the latter, as it is most frequented, and you will find boats at the different ferries, which I apprehend will not be the case on the road we took. The first march from Lakpat (including the river there) is nearly fifty miles, and *must* be done at one stretch. A couple of men from the Amīrs, and three or four horsemen, should be sent to meet you. It is impossible to travel in Sindh without some such people to procure supplies, get guides, boats, etc."

Gandah, a distance of more than thirty miles, no water is procurable, except a little of the most brackish kind at Lāh; and at Gandah it would be difficult, if not impossible, to supply with water a squadron of cavalry. Sindh, therefore, may be reckoned inaccessible by this route from Kach, at least, for troops; and the passage is one of difficulty and peril, even for a small party. The night after I passed, the tide was unusually high, and heavy rain falling at the same time, the whole tract I had crossed, as far as Lāh, was covered with water. I halted at Sīr Gandah only till the evening, when, as my camel drivers, who were Sindhīs, refused to proceed, I left all my luggage and servants, and started myself with a couple of horsemen for Thātthā. We crossed the Pinyāri, which is a salt creek, about sunset; and on inquiring of the Sindhīs the distance to the next village, they told us four kos, or eight miles. German miles, they proved, however; and the further we went, the greater the distance became; for, after journeying all night, the answer next morning to our question, how far is the village? was, six kos. The heat of the sun became intense, and we had nothing to eat; nor was a house to be seen anywhere; and the Sindhīs we met would have nothing to say to us. Towards night we arrived, quite exhausted, at Lādi, which by the route we had followed, was at least fifty miles from Sīr Gandah. As no European had ever been seen in these regions before, every soul in the village turned out to take a look at the Faringīs; and let me tell you it is plaguy annoying, when one has been fasting six-and-thirty hours, to be surrounded with rows of staring faces, and to hear the little children calling to one another to come and see

the "Kāfir," or "infidel." After some time the head man of the village presented himself, and, as he spoke Persian, I endeavoured to conciliate him, and procure some refreshment. He said, however, we should have no supplies. Finding all my fair words vain, I told him I would complain to the Amīrs; to which he replied that he was a Saiyid, and the village was his. He was the master, and not the Amīrs; and we should have nothing. With this speech he went away, and we had nothing for it but to dine on a little rice that the horsemen had brought with them, and which was a scanty meal divided amongst three. Next morning we started, and passed through Bahādurpur, about twelve miles from Lādi, and thence fourteen miles to Sīdpur, where we reached the banks of the river, along which we continued six miles, thus arriving at the ferry opposite Ṭhaṭṭhā. By this time, from the want of food, and the intense heat of the sun, I was fairly exhausted: and not even the appearance of the Indus, "that ancient river," of which I had had such romantic visions, could rouse one spark of enthusiasm in me. Far from it being an object of interest to me, I beheld with dismay some two miles of tumbling, rushing, whirling, water before me; and, behind, the scorched-up, gasping, sandy, plain. Not a boat nor a living creature was to be seen anywhere; and ignorant as we were of the country, and ourselves and our horses wearied out, our case seemed really desperate. Some good angel surely put it into the heads of the authorities in camp to send an express courier just at this moment across the river to Haidarābād. The boat came tossing over the billows, and in a few minutes we were rolling about on our way across the stream to Nagar Ṭhaṭṭhā.

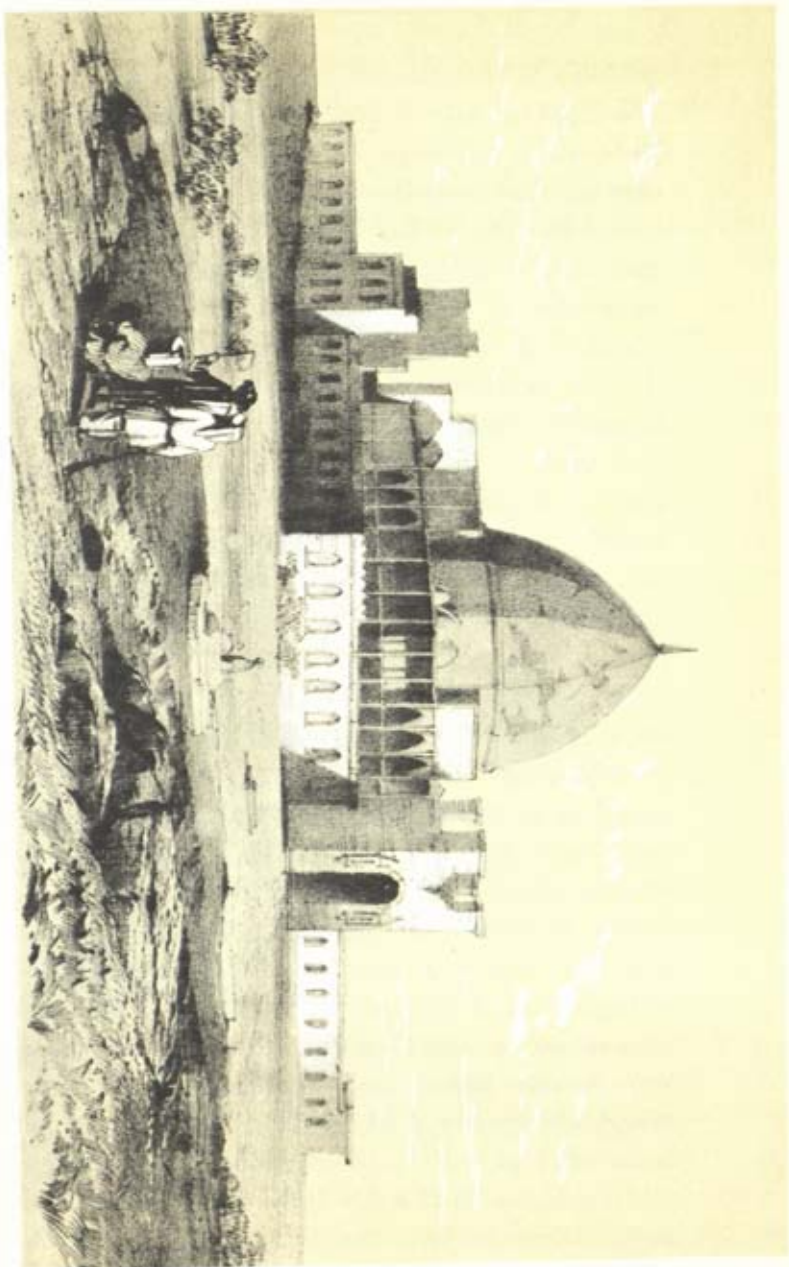
CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. THE DECISION OF SULAIMÂN—NAGAR THAṬṬHĀ—
VOYAGE TO HAIDARĀBĀD—THE SHIKĀRGĀHS—SEHWÂN—LAKE MANCHAR
—THE NĀRĀH RIVER—SAKKAR BAKKAR—PERAMBULATIONS ROUND
SAKKAR—VISIT TO ALLORE—DATE OF THE RIVER'S CHANGING ITS
COURSE FROM ALLORE TO ROHRĪ—SACRED HAIRS AT ROHRĪ—ANECDOTES
OF BILŪCHĪS—THE KOSAHS.

WELL, now that one is in a new country, one must surely have some impressions. If Charles Dickens were here, what impressions he would have! All the world would soon be reading Dickens' impressions of Sindh. He would fill you three volumes of odds and ends, of striking superficialities, of grotesque little notions, shaken up together like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, before one dull fellow could compound a chapter on the geology and extinct fishes of the country. *My* first impression was that the Sindhīs had voices of four men's power. They spoke with such a stentorian utterance that I thought some offence had been given, but I soon found it was their natural manner; and, after leaving Thaṭṭhā, I was introduced to one of the nobles of Khairpur, whose tone made that of his countrymen appear a whisper. Where all were loud, the loudest he! I have made a considerable détour, when travelling, to avoid this man; and on one occasion, when suffering

from fever, he cruelly way-laid me, and inquired after my health with such violence that it was very long before I recovered. You will say, then, that my first impression was not a pleasing one ;—neither was my second. As my ears were tormented by harsh sounds, so were my eyes ex-cruciated by a continual stream of the finest sand, which pursued our boat across the river, and was ready waiting for us as soon as we landed on the other side. This annoyance commences about eight o'clock in the morning and lasts till evening, when the sand-storm generally lulls and resigns the task of persecuting man to myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies, whose stings could not be brought into operation while it lasted. The Sindhis have an odd story about this. They say that, when Sulaimān (on whom be peace) ruled over genii, men, and animals, the mosquitoes brought a complaint against the wind, which they averred used them despitefully and prevented them from following their lawful avocations. Sulaimān heard their complaint with much attention, and expressed a strong desire to see them righted. “But you know,” he said, “justice demands that both parties should be heard.” “Call the defendant into court,” said his Majesty. In rushed the wind, and the poor complainants vanished, suit and all, in a moment.

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



TOMB NEAR THATTI.

no better I found it, in spite of the long rows of glittering domes and cupolas, and the rising lines of our regiments, which, from a distance, gave it an appearance of population and comfort. I soon found that all these buildings were but tombs ; the one kind ancient and already tenanted,—the other modern and just being prepared for immediate use. Of the sixteen hundred men, full of hope and energy, that our regiments mustered when I arrived in the beginning of July, by the middle of November there were not fifty left fit for duty. The Sindhian inhabitants of Thaṭṭhā amount to rather more than five thousand. Among them are no men of rank or education. One Saiyid, who was said to speak Persian, was introduced to me, but I found that his knowledge of the language did not extend beyond the word “ bisiyār ” “ Very, very,” repeated with a variety of intonations. The tombs are objects of some interest, being well built of brick, and faced with coloured tiles of a very fine smooth kind. Indeed, the living here are infinitely worse lodged than the dead. The houses are of mud, and flat roofed ; for every one sleeps *al fresco*, which gives rise occasionally to some odd sights. One morning, as I was rubbing my eyes and gazing vacantly over the parapet of the Agency, a white figure walked slowly across the roof of the house just under me. Not being used to apparitions of the kind I was obliged to convince myself by a regular logical process, that the same was, in fact, a Sindhian woman, clothed with no other raiment than her skin, which, for a country like Sindh, was, I must avow, eminently white. Just as I arrived at this conclusion, I was seized with a fit of coughing which reached the ears of the fair Sindhī, and removed her from

my sight in an instant. Among the lions of the place was shown a criminal confined in a cage. He was entirely naked, and—from having been penned up for years in this condition, like a wild beast—the lamp of reason had long since been extinguished. It was a hideous spectacle. Man without reason is the lowest of animals. His story was this. A Saiyid by birth, he had killed his brother to obtain some property, and being proved guilty, the Amīrs had sentenced him to confinement for life; “for,” said they, “we cannot slay ‘the seed of the Prophet.’” I halted at Thaṭṭhā but a few days, resting as much as the multitudinous miseries of the place would let me, and getting successfully through a violent attack of fever, brought on by the exposure I had undergone in my march across the Rann.

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

It began to fill, and was evidently settling, to the no small dismay of the Tandel and his men, who were Panjābīs, and had no notion of being drowned out of their regular line. The helmsman turned the vessel out of the current, and in a minute we struck on a bank with great violence, the wind at the same time blowing our sail and yard away, and tearing off the thatched roof in great flakes. The rudder broke, and it seemed probable that we should turn over. Our Tandel jumped out on the bank, on which was not four feet water, and, with another man, attempted to plant a great stake, to which a rope was attached, and so anchor the vessel. How we should have been benefited, had he succeeded, I am at a loss to know, for we were almost in the centre of the river, and consequently half-a-mile from land. He failed, however, for the rope broke, and we were driven right across the stream to the opposite side, leaving our Palinurus and his comrade standing up to their middles in water, and rather puzzled to keep their footing against the rush of the current, which I do not think they could have done, but for the pole they had with them and which they had forced into the ground. While all this was happening, my other boat had disappeared from sight, not observing, or not heeding our distress, and we were left to pass the night sorely discomfited, and with the loss of two of our crew, as we supposed. Next morning, however, on crossing to the Thaṭṭhā side, these men rejoined us, having been rescued by another boat from their perilous situation, and we repaired our damages, and prepared for a fresh start. We were much assisted by Mr. Scott, of the Indian

Navy. This officer had had experience of rapids and river navigation in America, and he assured me that the Indus in flood was much worse than anything he had witnessed across the Atlantic. With this encouraging assurance, but with a more moderate wind, we sailed again, and, passing the scene of our late disaster, entered a country clothed with the thickest jungle. Here, in fact, commence the Shikārgāhs, or hunting seats of the Amīrs of Haidarābād, which answer the double purpose of preserving game and supplying the whole country with timber of excellent quality, as well for the construction of boats and houses as for firing and every other useful purpose.

It has been said that these forests are a great impediment to the navigation of the river, since boats are got up against the stream chiefly by tracking, being towed by the crew, who disembark for that purpose whenever the wind is unfavourable and the bank admits of their advancing along it. Strange that the Amīrs should not see this disadvantage. Not quite so strange if they did see it, and thought it more than counterbalanced by keeping the avaricious, grasping, never-satisfied Faringī out of their land. Very droll, indeed, our procedure with regard to these Shikārgāhs. We built all our agencies, our cantonments, with timber from them, without troubling ourselves as to payment; nay, we generously bestowed many valuable trees on the Pārsī merchants, without allowing the owners to accept a rupee for them; then we seized the whole on the plea of their being highly injurious to trade, and jocularly insisted that those people were unfit to govern who could think more of their own amusements

than the comforts of their enemies.* “Nay, but,” says Aquila, “The Amīrs destroyed whole villages adjacent to their Shikārgāhs because the crowing of the cocks disturbed their game.” Friend Aquila, thou hast been in Sindh never,—therefore thou art ignorant that villages on the banks of the Indus consist of a few huts built of mud and thatched with the Palmyra leaf; and that, if Mir Karam Āli did remove a few such huts from one part of his own property to another, he did somewhat less violence than an Irish, yea, or an English landlord does when he ejects his starving tenants from a poor farm to seek subsistence from the parish. But let us not anticipate events. On the 13th of July, 1839, the Shikārgāhs still belonged to the Amīrs, and they gladdened my eyes with their bright green branches as we swept by them. The wind was so fresh that we passed up rapidly against the stream, avoiding, wherever it was possible, the main set of the current. This day we reached Jarakh, to my mind the best place in Sindh for a cantonment, situated about half-way between Thaṭṭhā and Haidarābād, on high ground, washed by the river and surrounded by verdure.

The 14th brought me to Haidarābād, and here I halted seven days. Till the 19th it rained incessantly: a most unusual thing in Sindh. Several houses and part of the wall of the Fort fell in consequence; and this, happening exactly at the time when the Amīrs put their signatures to the treaty of thirteen articles, was regarded by them as a bad omen. The thermometer fell from 100° to 76°, but

* After abusing the Shikārgāhs *ad libitum*, we have thought proper to let them stand!

it soon recovered itself, and made up for the short interval of coolness by additional and excessive heat. I found two companies of sipāhīs at Haidarābād, and some irregular horse, as guard to the Agency. A sharp attack of fever confined me to my bed during the whole week, and gave me an earnest of what I was to undergo hereafter.

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

The 23rd carried us to Mazindā, nearly forty miles: a distance which I afterwards found occupied the fleet of boats under Major B., of H. M. 2nd infantry, twenty-five days. We avoided the main stream, which was too violent to be stemmed, and sailed up several narrow branches from it. In some places the banks were prettily wooded; in others nought appeared but low brushwood, from among which came the blithe enticing cry of the black partridge. Ever and anon we passed a village of fishermen, near which would be a line of fellows floating on

their huge earthenware pots, engaged in catching the Pallo—a fish much like the salmon both in shape and flavour. They press down into the water a long pole, to which is fastened a bag net, into which the fish swims; the pole is then jerked up and the fish secured. I have known a very large fish swim away with the net, carrying the fisherman down the stream, until rescued by others whom his loud vociferations had called to his aid. Pallewādū is the Telugu for a fisherman. Is this connected with the Sindhī word Pallo? On the 24th, we reached Sena, a town of some size. Its glittering white mosque looks well from a distance. Here we were brought up by a most formidable current. Our tow-rope broke and delayed us considerably. I observed a piece of superstition in the crew: they would not suffer a crow to alight on the vessel, and gave me to understand it was extremely unlucky. From this place the mountains of Sewestān are first visible. The contrast of the plain running up to their very base, gives them an appearance of height; but the highest can scarcely exceed twelve hundred feet. Passed Ganchī and several small villages, and anchored about twenty miles from Sehwan, which we should have reached, but for a sudden squall, which enveloped us in clouds of dust, and then sprinkled us with a spattering rain, attended with lightning and thunder. We moored in deep water off the windward shore. To leeward were high barren crags, part of the Hālā range of mountains. The river here has a depth of sixty fathoms, and is dark and sullen. Whether from the height of the other shore, I know not, but the eye is strangely deceived here. One could fancy a vigorous

spring would send one half across the river, so near appears the opposite bank; yet the distance is, perhaps, two hundred yards. I saw several river porpoises, of the kind the natives call the Bolan. They are fat, sleek, creatures, about four feet long, with a most formidable jaw filled with sharp white teeth. The shape of this animal reminded me of the old prints of the dolphin—all, save the snout, which is long and narrow. The alligators, no doubt, prey upon them as they, in their turn, revel handsomely on the pallo fish—the salmon of the Indus. Of this there is great plenty, but other fish of good flavour are not in abundance. The river swarms with otters and tortoises. On one occasion, I was taking a lesson in swimming from my Khidmatgār, Muḥammad Jāfar. Jāfar was not a little of a coxcomb, and was showing off his skill in the water, with no slight conceit, when all at once he uttered a shrill cry, and his head remained stationary, just seen above the water in one spot, as if he had suddenly cast anchor. I thought an alligator had seized him, but it was only a villain tortoise that, perhaps, disgusted with his grimaces, had bitten him quite through the great toe. Though I have been for weeks together on the Indus and have rowed on it day after day for years, I have never seen an alligator in it, nor did I ever hear of an accident from one. So little risk is there of such a thing, that it is not uncommon to send a letter down the river by a water courier. This person places the epistle in the folds of a huge turban, and, divesting himself of his other apparel, steps into the stream, with a large skin which is inflated with air. To the legs are fastened two hoops, into which our friend inserts his

nether members, and, taking the fullblown hide lovingly to his bosom, floats down with the current to his destination. It has a droll effect,—meeting a great Turk's head thus hastening on its mission, and bobbing up and down with every undulation of the water.

The 26th brought us on a mile or so to Schwān, when my boatmen insisted on stopping and paying their respects to Lāl Shāh Bāz, the saint of the place. I did not land, the heat was so intense; I saw nothing, therefore, of the old ruins of what is said to have been a castle built by Alexander. The truth is, one can make nothing of Arrian's account of Sindh, and it is probable that the whole course of the river is altogether changed since the days of Macedonia's madman. At Schwān we entered a branch stream, called the Āral, which brought us to the Manchar Lake, after a few miles' run. Into this lake the Nārah, or Snake River (so called from its many windings), an arm of the Indus, pours itself, and, by following this course, we avoided the fury of the main stream, which, at this season, is almost insurmountable.

On the 27th we made good progress, twenty miles at least, nearly across the lake of Manchar. The heat during the day was something that defies description. Towards evening the wind failed, and, as a few fishermen shewed themselves in their canoes, I asked them to tow the boats on; this they did for a small piece of money,—to them, no doubt, a great treasure, for a more miserable race of starved, or semi-human beings I never beheld. They were naked, all but a slender belt round their loins, and their features resembled the grim visages one sees carved on walking sticks. Such ill-favoured

guides could bring nought but ill-luck ; and so it was. We reached a forest of tall grass and sedges, that grew up in the lake, and here the boatmen began to make fast. I suggested to the Tanḍel that the slightest puff of wind would tear us away from such moorings as these. Mūsā however, would have his own way, and the ropes were scarce tied when down came a furious squall, with tremendous bursts of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning ; in an instant our boat was whirled away from the place where it had been fastened, and we were driven in wild haste over the lake, in Egyptian darkness, broken only when the lightning shewed us the water,—late so tranquil ; now, boiling, hissing, and foaming like a witch's pot. Ever and anon we plunged into a field of sedges, which in places were so thick that they half capsized us. As usual my Panjābīs were on their knees blubbering out prayers to Allāh and every saint they could recollect, and I was obliged to utter some ejaculations of a contrary tendency before I could get one of them to take the helm. The roof of the boat took the wind so much that it seemed she would upset every instant, and I think it would have puzzled even the boatmen to reach the land, at the distance we were off from it. However, after madly careering about the lake for some hours, the wind sunk, and next morning when I awoke I found we were moored at a small village called Kiyān, and our consort, the horse-boat, was also in sight.

28th.—This day we succeeded in getting out of the Manchar lake by the aid of four ḍūṇḍīs (small boats) which tugged us along at the rate of two miles an hour. Heartily glad was I to be quit of this accursed place, and

turning round I quoted, with great emphasis, the Persian proverb, *Ai Khudā chūn Manchar dāshtī charā dūzakh sākhtī*, "O God! since thou hadst Manchar, what need of creating Hell?" I am afraid one gets into the habit of saying questionable things in a language other than our own. This proverb, which sounds very glibly in Persian, has a slight smack of the profane in English. Manchar, however, if the proverb is to be applied at all, deserves its full application. It has an abominable odour, being stagnant, and in many parts dry during the cold weather; vast tracts of it are covered with long grass and weeds, where mosquitoes are bred in number infinite; and the foul air and putrid mud engender every creeping thing venomous as the worms of old Nile. The natives say the length of this detestable water is twenty-five miles, and its breadth fifteen. The western shore is somewhat picturesque, but it is the picturesqueness of sterility. There are high bold mountains in the distance,

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

The other coast is ugly and flat. The lake abounds in fish and water fowl. These lay their eggs on the broad leaves of the lotus, in the deep water. I observed three eggs of a dark brown colour, and three parts of a hen's egg in size, so deposited. As night fell, we moored in the Nārah river, six miles from the lake. And such a night! I request of those who enjoy the luxury unspeakable of a cool, clean, English bed; who are not compelled to draw aside the curtain with stealthy hand, and then, plunging with wild haste into the aperture, timorously reclose it,

and shroud themselves in impenetrable gauze;—I say I request of all such to pause and think of what we Indians undergo. Bruce tells us somewhere, that your real African heat—and that to which the highest grade is to be assigned—is, when one, without clothes and without motion, perspires profusely. I can truly say such was our state. Fanned by a pankah all night, I escaped suffocation, and listened the long hours through to the croaking of innumerable frogs and the hum of countless myriads of mosquitoes. Here, too, a new plague introduced itself to my particular notice—the sandfly. Your mosquito is a long, lank, pestilent, fellow, that exasperates you as much with his dreary, discontented hum, as with his puncture. He is your “Trois Echelles,” while your “Petit André” is the sandfly, a droll little short-winged gentleman, who skips about merrily, and seems as happy as possible all the time he is putting you to the torture.

29th.—This day took us sixteen miles to Ghulām Haidar Kā Got. The country, owing to the inundations, appeared like one extensive swamp. In many places, we could see nothing but reeds and tamarisk jungle; but now and then we encountered patches of cultivation.

30th.—Twenty miles to Bhāwalpur, a wretched nest of hovels, mud, children, and dogs. Like all the other villages I have seen along the Nārah, it bears testimony to the heavy rain, by its fallen huts. Many of the people sleep on beds which are suspended on high poles. The climbing of these would require some practice,—for the fair sex especially. Imagine a tender husband working his way up one pole, while his bride is struggling up the other; what exertions would be used! the idea is quite

charming and romantic. The heat still intolerable, the mosquitoes unbearable; and the being confined in a little dirty cabin, full of flies and other pests, the refinement of misery. Then one is compelled to goad on the boatmen to their work, and exhaust invention and lungs together in entreaties, promises, and threats. On the other hand, they fail not at one place to desire a goat; at another to require more flour; at a third, to want fish. In this country there is one eternal cry, "Give! Give!" If you stop at a village, up steps a big-bearded fakīr, and bids you deliver in the name of the Prophet. "What is given to me," says the fellow, "is given to God." If you bestow aught upon him, he receives it with a sulky scowl, but if you refuse he will leave you with all the curses he invoke.

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

August 1st.—Towed up the stream about ten miles past Fathapur and Khairpur, two extremely pretty Gāms. The country improves here; it is less jungly, drier, and free from the poisonous atmosphere of the lake and the

first forty miles of the Nārāh. Met a party of the 26th N. I. escorting stores. They have been two months and eight days on the way from Thatṭhā to this. We offered money to a Sindhī for some milk ; but he refused the cash, and bartered his milk to us for a ser of rice. Another asked for a bottle in exchange for his fowls. These are very cheap, and may be purchased for four pice each, about five farthings. Wheat sells for a rupee the eight patis, or sixteen sers of forty pice weight.

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

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

stream becomes dead foul for the next mile; and after towing and toiling for three or four leagues you are often within a quarter of one, as the crow flies, from your place of departure.

We now passed two villages called Jattalēa, and a Pāgā of horses belonging to Mīr Nūr Muḥammad—the stud did not exceed twenty, and the village where it was located was but a poor one.

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

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

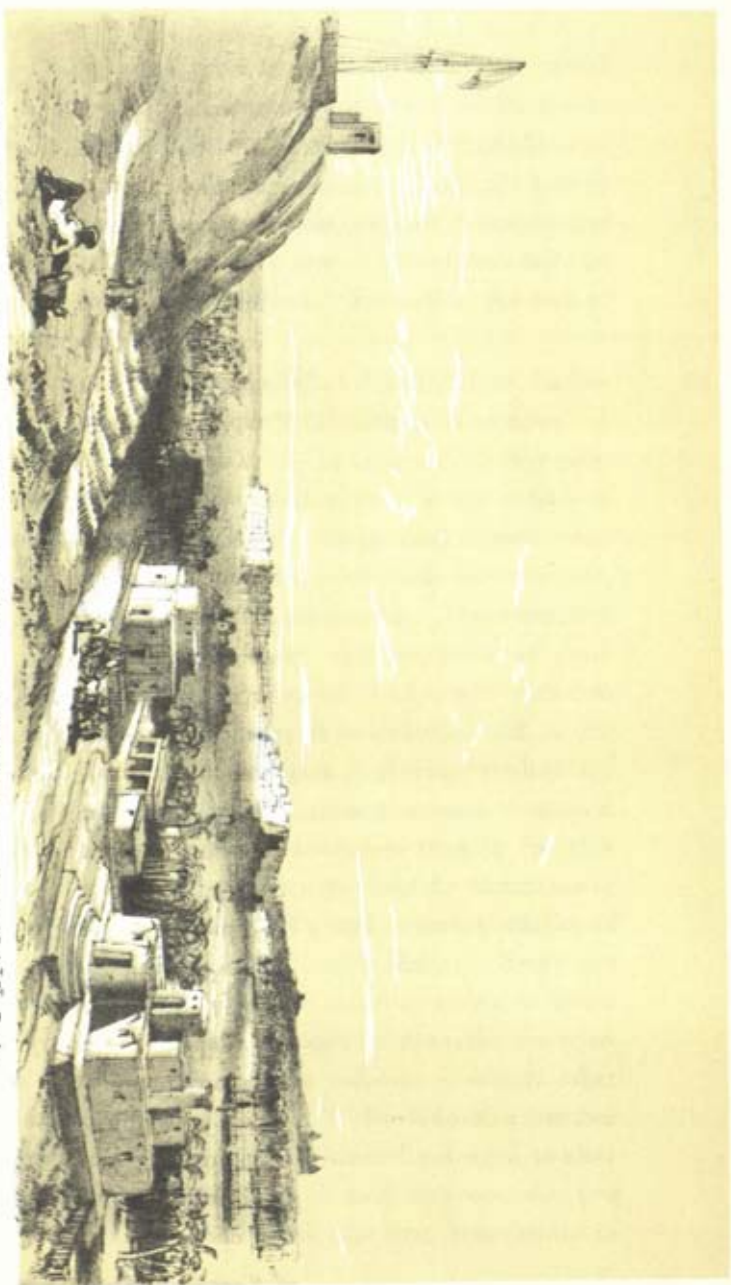
6th.—Ten miles, to a place called Khālego, a neat village, with numerous herds of buffaloes, cows, and goats; it has all the appearance of a thriving place. Here, while I was walking along the bank in despair at my slow progress, a courier reached me with a letter from Shikārpur.

7th.—Ten miles more of the Nārah. We passed several villages. Two of Mūsā's men deserted. At night ran up four or five miles. The stream very deep and rapid, a proof we were nearing the Daryā, or fresh-water sea, as the Sindhis call the Indus. We here fell in with a fleet

of boats, some of which got under weigh, and stood out into the Daryā with us. Left the boat Mr. Wood recommended to me, heartily disgusted with the infamous conduct of the crew, and embarked in the horse-boat. Entered the Larkhānah canal, and, passing a very large village called Maddaji, we moored at a village of the Sohrābānīs. Heat intense.

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

10th.—My other boat came up during the night, and, as soon as it dawned, attempted the rapid, but was driven back. We then got out of the boats, and towed them out of the canal down the stream to some little distance, in the hope of crossing, and thus eluding in some degree the fury of the current. We crossed, and just as we reached smooth water, the boats grounded within a few yards of a tremendous lahar, or rapid; at last we got them off, and they drove across the lahar. As we entered the enormous surges, dark and crested with foam, the crew set up a shout to their patron saint. “Dāmu ’l Ḥaḳḳ,”—“Long



Flagstaff Hill.

Residency.

Ferry.

Fort Bakkar. 1. Navy Wood Island.

Town of Rohit Pira Tomb.

SAKKAR, ON THE INDUS.

live St. Ḥaḳḳ," was the cry; and again as we passed out of danger. I am bound to think well of St. Ḥaḳḳ, and I am persuaded he did as much for us as Saint George or any other saint could have done. Certainly I have nowhere seen so furious a current, or such a huge surge as breaks at this place. We passed Sālīānī, Sawitrī, and Jallī, and moored at Saiyīdābād. From this the fort of Bakkar was plainly visible.

11th.—This morning I landed at Sakkar, where destiny had resolved on grilling me till the 10th of November. I found the political officers living in tents on the river side, in a grove of palm trees, closely shut in by a line of low, bare, and barren hills. On the summit of these were piled heaps of rubbish, the remains of tombs and mosques, thrown together in one indiscriminate ruin. At the southern end of this ridge, one solitary wall remained, of great height, faced with bright coloured bricks, and with two small porches projecting from it;—tradition said it was the tomb of a Mughul Princess. Having worked my way to it, through the chaos strewn around, I fancied I might make there a better habitation than in the thin tents that were pitched below. In these the thermometer stood daily at 105° Fahrenheit, and constant attacks of fever warned me that I needed better shelter. Every one said it was impossible to cleanse the Augean stable above us, though all wished that it could be done, for the wind that came from that quarter was redolent of odours other than those of "Araby the blest." By help of a number of boatmen and stragglers of all kinds I managed to clear an area of some extent, put a roof between the two porches, and soon found myself the first householder in

the force. For the three years I remained in Sindh, this building always had a tenant, and in all likelihood is occupied to this day. Sakkar, in spite of its heat, is a very interesting place. One sees at a glance how, on this point of the Indus, three towns have grown up. The island of Bakkar, washed on all sides by a deep and rapid stream, was a position which, to Asiatics, appeared almost impregnable. It was fortified—became a place of much importance—and was looked on as the key of Sindh and of the Lower Indus, and on either side of it grew up the towns of Rohri and Sakkar. In my leisure moments I was fond of wandering among the mosques and ruins which surrounded these towns. I endeavoured to glean from them some records of the past, but with little success. In truth, not Sakkar alone, but the whole country of Sindh presents but a scanty field for the researches of the antiquarian, and but few monuments which could prove of use to the writer of history. Though traversed by the classic waters of the Indus, and trodden by the armies of every invader of Hindustān, scarcely any work of by-gone ages reminds the traveller of the past, or aids him in removing the obscurity in which the early history of this region is enveloped. Even the site of the once most celebrated cities of Sindh is disputed; and though, perhaps, but eight centuries have elapsed since the prosperity of Allore or Brāhmanābād was at its height—no record of the inhabitants is left; and vague tradition alone informs us that the mouldering heaps we now behold, were once the abode of thousands, and the seat of empire. In the Chachnāmāh and Māṣūmnāmāh we find no account of the ages which intervened

between the invasion of Alexander and the conquest of Sindh by the Generals of the Khalifs, except, indeed, a few names of kings and some puerile legends. We are left without any guide as to the natural changes which must have happened in that lapse of time, and which, if we may argue from what has occurred more recently, must have been of no common magnitude. It is therefore vain to speculate on the ancient geography of the tracts bordering on the Indus, and to build on conjectures which must be purely arbitrary. With reference, however, to Allore, once the capital of the Hindū Rājās who governed Sindh, some scanty information may, perhaps, be collected; and, among other things, it appears possible to fix the date on which the Indus abandoned that ancient city, and directed its course into a new channel between Rohrī and Sakkar.

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

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

“Khizr wrote this in pleasing verse.
It's date is found from the Court of God.

341, A.H.”

If this date, 341, A.H., be correct, the masjid was erected in the year 952, A.D., about 250 years after the Muḥammadan invasion of India. The mistake, if there is any,

* Khizr or Elias is said to have discovered the water of life, hence he is considered as the Saint of Waters.—See *Shakspeare's Dictionary*.

is intentional, as the literal date corresponds to that of the figures: for, be it known to the uninitiated reader, that every Arabic letter has a corresponding number, so that when the date of a building, or of the publication of a book, is to be transmitted to posterity, a title is given to it in which the sum of the numerical value of the letters corresponds to the year in which the work is finished. It would save one's memory some trouble if the practice were adopted in Europe; one would then have only to inquire the name of a cathedral, to know the year of its erection, and one could not mention a celebrated poem, without recalling the time of its first appearance in the world of letters.

But the inscription is corroborated both by tradition and by other circumstances which present themselves to the local inquirer. The popular legend tells us, that a shepherd named Bājī, whose hut stood where the Maḥall of Bājī, one of the divisions of the town of Rohrī, now stands, observed at night a bright flame burning at some distance from him: thinking it had been kindled by travellers, he sent his wife to procure a light from it, but as often as she approached, it vanished. She returned and told her husband; and he, disbelieving her report, went himself, and then discovered that it was indeed a miraculous manifestation. Awe-struck with what he had seen, he erected a Takiyah, or hermit's hut, on the spot, and devoted himself as a faḳīr to the religious care of the place. Soon after this the Indus altered its course, and, abandoning the walls of Allore, encircled the ground on which the Takiyah of Bājī stood, and which is now called the island of Khwājah Khizr.

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

However the truth of these tales may be, the existence of the legend gives strength to our belief in the genuineness of the inscription. We find, too, that among the tombs in Rohrī and Sakkar, though for the most part they are of the age of Akbar, there are some whose antiquity ascends nearly to the date of the inscription given above. In the island of Satī, opposite the fort of Bakkar, called also the island of the Seven Virtuous Damsels, is the following inscription:—

" Saiyidu 'd-dīn, born of a noble house,
Unequalled and perfect in wisdom.
His soul, removed from this house of clay,
He made Paradise his abode."

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

Now these words would give the date 384, A.H., an extraordinary antiquity, it must be allowed, to assign to a monument of this nature, and which made me perpend the matter over and over again, lest some old Sindhī should detect me in an error when I spoke of it, and

express himself, *à la* the old Gaberlunzie in "The Antiquary," "Prætorium here, prætorium there, I mind the bigging o't." Nay, I made my old Muḥammadan Munshī, and the grave, lean, Hindū treasurer, who was never out in his reckoning the millionth decimal of a farthing, compute the date together, but they both agreed in the correctness of that given above, so that we may fairly assume that it is right.

The appearance of the tomb is extremely ancient, and justifies our belief in the date. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the island, and is much dilapidated; it seems probable, therefore, that the change in the course of the Indus from Allore to Rohrī actually took place in the year 341, A.H., as given in the inscription in the Masjid of Khawājah Khizr; and that, soon after the divergence of the stream, the population of Allore began to migrate to Rohrī, and among them, probably, came the family of Saiyids, on the tomb of one of whom appears a date only fifty years subsequent to that of the Masjid of Khawājah Khizr. In assigning an antiquity of eight centuries to Rohrī, and even to Sakkar, it will not be thought that their foundation is carried too far back, for it appears that, several centuries ago, they had reached a high state of wealth and importance. This is attested by the numerous and costly structures erected prior to and during the reign of Akbar, and by the resort of Saiyids who emigrated hither from the most distant countries. Akbar conquered Sindh in 1572, A.D., and though nearly three centuries have elapsed, the buildings erected during his reign, are evidently among the most modern of the edifices which cover the hills on each

side of the river. The Jamâ Masjid or chief mosque of Rohrî, bearing the following inscription, will serve as an instance :—

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

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

“In the time of the Khilāfat, of the great Shāh, most revered king of kings, brightness of the faith, Muḥammad Akbar the king, exterminator of infidels, may God establish his kingdom !

“This building was erected for good purposes, by the noble Muḥammad Māṣūm of Bakkar, the son of Saiyid Ṣafā, for the common benefit of all Mūsalmān. Whoever makes a tomb in this edifice, the curse of God, and of

the prophet, and of angels, and of the faithful, on him rest! 1008, A.H.”

Opposite is another building with these verses :—

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

Contrasted with these buildings, the tombs on the hill overlooking the Agency, seem evidently of a far higher antiquity. Among all these ruins there is no trace of any place of Hindū worship. Not even at Allore, though once governed by a Hindū dynasty, is there any specimen of Hindū architecture to be found. There are some circular towers which would seem very ancient, and the tracery and carved work of which is laid on to the walls in a very rude fashion ; but these are, nevertheless, seen to be tombs of Mūsalmān, from the *Ḳabr*, or sepulchre, in the inside, being turned towards Makkah. What is said to have been the *Kōṭ* and palace of the *Rājās*, is now a vast mound of undistinguishable ruin. In one place where *Mir Rustam Khān*, the *Khairpur* chief, caused an excavation to be made, the wall had been laid bare and appeared to be of great thickness—about twelve feet, as nearly as I could guess. The *Mir* was not rewarded for his labour by discovering anything, and the work was soon discontinued from superstitious motives. The distance of Allore from *Rohrī* is about five miles, and the road passes over a bridge to which an undue antiquity has been ascribed by some. There is no reason, however, to suppose it older than the statements of the natives would make it, that is, about two centuries. It is plain

that it never could have been thrown across the main stream of the Indus, for the height of the centre arch is only fourteen feet, and the whole length of the bridge does not exceed six hundred. Long after the main river had deserted Allore, it is probable that a small body of water may have continued to flow in the ancient channel, across which this bridge was thrown either by Muḥammad Māṣūm, or some other munificent noble of that age. After crossing the bridge you come upon a small village containing about sixty inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Mūsalmān and the rest Hindūs. They are subject to little exaction from the Amīrs, and find a sale for the produce of their farms among the votaries of Shakar Ganj Shāh. From this village an extensive ridge of ruins is to be traced in a north-easterly direction. In this huge congeries there is no inscription to be found, or anything worthy of notice, except a picturesque ruin, which bears the name of Ālamgīr's Masjid, and two tombs of Saiyids—Shakar Ganj Shāh, and Khalifah Kṣṭbu 'd-din Shāh. The tomb of the former is a celebrated ziyārat, and the people of the neighbouring villages make a pilgrimage to it twice a month. It has no dome or edifice over it, but is a plain white sepulchre with a neat border of carved flowers, resembling the fleur-de-lys. Among the ornaments which the piety of the devotees had suspended over the tomb, were some stopples of decanters,—but evidently in ignorance of their use; for, on my explaining to the Mujāwir that these ornaments had originally belonged to wine vessels, he was greatly scandalised and forthwith threw them away, laying all the blame of their suspension on his wife. I could discover nothing else at Allore

worthy of notice except two stones in the bed of the river, bearing an inscription to the effect that they were set up by Muḥammad Māṣūm, to mark the ancient course of the stream. This noble Saiyid was the founder of many costly works in the vicinity of Rohrī. He is buried in the cantonment at Sakkar, at the foot of a tower ninety feet high, which he erected, and which overlooks the country for many miles. The person who claims to be his descendant has already prepared his last resting-place in the same cemetery. At Rohrī they pretend to possess a hair and a half from the head of the prophet,—the Mūi Mubārak, as it is called. They are set in a gold tube adorned with large rubies, and a great deal of mummerly is observed in displaying them. The Mujāwir gave me the following account of their translation to Rohrī:—

“In the year nine hundred and fifty-two of the Hijrah, Makhdūm Miyān Âbdu 'l-Bāqī Ṣadīkī, the Mujāwir of the Mūi Mubārak, arrived at Sakkar, from Istambol (Constantinople), and gave such convincing proofs of the genuineness of these blessed relics, that all the great and pious men of the time visited them as pilgrims, such as Shāh Ḥaidar Ḥakānī, and Makhdūm Abdūmalik. The office of Mujāwir then descended on Ḥājī Muḥammad bin Âbdu 's-Sattār Ṣadīkī, who enjoyed it for no less a period than eighty years. After him, Shāh Ḥāfiẓ Muḥammad Ishāk became Mujāwir, and Ḥāfiẓ Muḥammad Riza, and Ḥāfiẓ Muḥammad Murād, the sons of the said Ḥājī Muḥammad, and to the descendants of Ḥāfiẓ Muḥammad Ishāk the office now belongs.”

I had not been long at Sakkar before I began to see specimens of the robber tribes who surrounded us. A few

days after my arrival, Rāhman Būrdī, a celebrated free-booter, came in and took service with us at fifty rupees a month. He was a tall stern visaged Bilūch, with but one arm; the other had been amputated by the Sindhian Government under the idea that it would stop his plundering. Rāhman, however, redoubled his zeal in the good cause. As soon as his hurt was healed he was once more on his famous black mare, and among the first of his exploits was an attack upon one of our Munshīs, who was cut down and left for dead by him, with five ghastly wounds, which none but a Hindū could have survived. By this and other atrocities he made himself so notorious that a price was set upon his head. Some time after, Shīr Muḥammad Khān, the Chief of the Būrdī clan, came to pay his respects to one of the political officers. The conversation turned upon Rāhman, and the officer expressed his earnest desire for the apprehension of this ruffian. A well-dressed Bilūch among the retainers of the Chief, and who had taken a leading part in the previous conversation, assented to the necessity of his capture, but shook his head very solemnly, and with much apparent regret, and said it would be difficult, extremely difficult,—that Rāhman was such a ḥarāmzādah (*rascal*) that there would be no catching him. After some other remarks the meeting ended, and it was not till Rāhman had been duly installed as our servant, that we discovered he was the very Bilūch who had expressed so much earnestness for his own apprehension. Like Lord Burleigh's, his shake of the head must have been very significant to his Bilūchī hearers, and a good laugh they must have had afterwards. But Bilūchīs are not, like other men, "laughing animals."

Their manner is generally grave, or rather stern, and when anything surprises or pleases them, the expression of their feelings seldom exceeds a "Wāh, wāh !" (wonderful). They are fond of listening to marvellous stories, and however incredible, they never express a doubt if the agency of a Saint or Jin be introduced. One day a man related to me a story of *K̄ismat*, or destiny, which he solemnly assured me occurred within his own knowledge. Piyārah *Khān*, a Bilūchī, he said, of the Jamālī clan, was a young warrior of much promise. He was considered an unerring shot, and very few excelled him at the use of the sword ; some cause or other induced him to take a journey into Makrān, contrary to the advice of his friends, for a Pīr had told them that he would not return. Piyārah laughed at their remonstrances, and only assented so far as to promise not to expose himself to any peril. He was on his way home, when, passing among a grove of palm trees, of which there are great plenty in that country, he heard a fearful cry of distress. He looked up and saw a man who had ascended one of the tallest trees to extract the juice from the top. The fellow was obliged to cling by arms and legs to the tree, so that he could not in any way defend himself from a large snake, which was close upon him, and threatened every moment to seize him. Piyārah raised his matchlock, but then came the doubt of striking the man, part of whose body was in line with the snake. The man screamed to him in his agony of fear—to fire, and Piyārah discharged his piece with such good aim that it went through the serpent's head, and killed it instantaneously. The climber now descended with alacrity to thank his preserver, but what was his horror, on alighting, to find

him dead. Part of the jaw, in which was the poison-tooth, had been cut away by the ball, and fell directly on Piyārah's face, which it wounded, and so mortal was the poison that ere the Makrānī alighted, the victim of destiny had expired. "It is a very odd story," I said to my Munshī. "Yes, Ṣāhib, but it was his K̄ismat; what more can be said!" The Bilūchīs, indeed, have a great appetite for the marvellous, and they seem to have the vaguest possible idea of number, time, dates, etc., in which we matter-of-fact and humdrum Faringīs are so fond of being precise. A political officer, who spoke Bilūchī (the only one in fact who could) stopped an old grey-bearded Bilūch, of the Rind tribe, who was carrying bricks for the construction of the Agency, and asked him what he thought of our expedition into Afghānistān. The old fellow shook his head, "I think your army will never come back; before this, seven lacs of men (700,000) went up from Hindūstān to Kābul to conquer it, but they left their bones there: so will your soldiers." "Well, how many men do you think we have?" "Three lacs (300,000)." This is a slight specimen of their accuracy in point of numbers. On another and subsequent occasion, I asked Bībarak, the Bugtī chief, how old he was. He said, without hesitation, "I am 120 years old." At the most he was 70, and, indeed, was surprisingly young in appearance for that age, having brown hair and bright hazel eyes. The Bilūchīs were very fond of coming to those officers who showed attention to them, and when other business was being transacted, would sit quiet for hours, content with watching proceedings. No doubt everything among us was new and interesting to them, and the mixture of castes and tribes in

our camp, seemed to afford them much amusement. It was with reference to this that a Bilūchī gave the following description of us to his tribe :—" There are several sorts of devils in the Faringī army. There is one devil who is black, and who is an idolater, and is altogether detestable. There is a second sort of a white colour, that has no religion at all ; and there is a third, who is a good Muslim, and says his prayers as we do." By this description was intended, first the Hindū, then the European, and lastly the Mūsalmān.

The specimens of Bilūchīs, however, to be met with at Sakkar, with the exception of Rāhman, were in general such as to give one too favourable an impression of the race—an impression not confirmed by the reports which daily reached us from more advanced posts, of forays, plunderings, and massacres committed by them. The tribe nearest Sakkar had indeed lost much of the distinctive character of the Bilūch. The Kosahs—albeit their name, which signifies robber, had an ill-omened sound with it—were now peaceful cultivators, who carried, indeed, their swords and warlike harness with them, and had not forgotten their use ; but fought only for the protection of their own villages or camels. Their chief, Kādir Bakhsh, an extremely handsome young man, with mild features and a soft voice, shewed but little military ardour, and very gladly entered into an agreement to furnish a body of horsemen from his clan, who should carry the letter-bags between Sakkar and Shikārpur, and act as mounted police in that district. These men, at that season, were of infinite use to us, and deserved much more than the scanty pay they received ; for, independently of the actual service

rendered, their example operated powerfully in tranquillising the natives in other districts, and disposing them to look to us for pay and employment on condition of orderly behaviour. In this manner, and acting on this foundation, a body of police was gradually formed by the officer who first had the political management of Upper Sindh, which, as it employed the most active spirits, and protected the communication between different parts and detachments, soon promised to terminate the old *régime* of anarchy and bloodshed, and to confer on the whole province the blessings of peace and tranquillity. How these fair hopes were blighted, the malevolent reader may have the pleasure of seeing in the following chapters.

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CHAPTER III.

THOUGHTS ON THE OCCUPATION OF SINDH AND AFGHĀNISTĀN.

THERE is a Persian proverb which says, "When you hunt the deer, be prepared to meet the tiger." Our friends who conquered Afghānistān had, unfortunately, read the proverb the other way—they went to hunt the tiger, and made their preparations for the deer. In short, it happened to our troops to despise their enemy. This I put down as the first great cause of our disasters in the Afghān war. The second cause was the want of a head—of a leader of talent, firmness, and decision; if Sir Henry Pottinger, or Sir Charles Napier, had been our Envoy at Kābul, we should never have heard of the Caudine forks. The third cause of our disasters and disgrace sprung from that just mentioned; for had we had a great General at the head of affairs, he would never have posted himself at Kābul to play a paltry second to His Majesty Shāh Shujāu 'l Mulk,—to make British troops act the part of janissaries to one who was prepared to intrigue for their destruction; nor would he have placed them where they could neither defend themselves nor retreat. Let us examine these three

causes, and see if they existed, and if they were sufficient for the effect that followed: the destruction of our army and the sully of our—till then—untarnished name. No one will maintain that the force which crossed the Indus in February, 1839, was inadequate in point of numbers, discipline, or equipment, for the complete subjugation of all the territory which the Shāh had ever governed. But, unhappily for us, that force advanced from the Indus to the Bālā Hīsār without once encountering an enemy more potent than the robbers of the Bolān and Kojak passes, or the rabble which assembled to oppose us under the walls of Ghaznī. An undefined terror pervaded the wide region of Khurāsān; at the name of the English host, the warriors of Mihrāb Khān and Dūst Muḥammad quailed; and the sharp swords of the Bilūchīs of the mountains slept in their scabbards, or were drawn only against the defenceless straggler. It was literally true, that ancient saying, "One man shall chase many, and a thousand shall flee at the sight of ten." "Give me," said a young officer who has since witnessed some of our most sanguinary encounters, "a nā'ik and three (a corporal's party), and I will go anywhere through the Bilūchī Hills." "I only wish," wrote another, who was just then leading a thousand men to defeat and death, "that these rascally Bilūchīs would stand and meet us, but there is no chance of that!" Acting in accordance with these ideas, all that we did, until repeated disasters opened our eyes, was one tissue of imprudence, negligence, and incautiousness. Will it be believed that, where forts existed, our troops were encamped at a distance from them, in the open country,

exposed to attacks from the enemy, and separated both from their supplies and their treasure; that enormous sums in rupees and silver ingots were often left to the protection of some twenty sipāhīs; that no attempt was ever made to fortify and garrison those tremendous gorges which are the keys of Khurāsān; and that the most important post in all the region between the Indus and Ḳandahār was held to be sufficiently garrisoned by a native officer and thirty sipāhīs. Yet such was the case:—Khilāt, which had cost us so much blood, was actually so left; and it needed none of those atrocious acts which ingenious calumny has assigned to our ill-fated Agent there, to stir up the newly-conquered Brahūīs to the recapture of a fort so utterly defenceless. To such a height was this absurd notion of the pusillanimity of our enemies carried, that when the General, whom good fortune more than skill had carried triumphantly to Kābul, returned through Sindh, his first act was to denude the force stationed there of three-fifths of its officers. Not a single engineer was left in the whole country of Upper Sindh; and whoever applied for leave, however trivial the pretext, obtained it. It was this same spirit which sent my gallant friend, poor Walpole Clarke, with forty horsemen and a small detachment of infantry, to escort an innumerable train of camels into the Marri hills,—into fastnesses, which, afterwards, whole regiments endeavoured to penetrate in vain. The same spirit caused our General to linger at Bāgh with six thousand men while he detached as many hundreds of native infantry against the fort of Kajjak, defended by the bravest tribe of the plain, who had often measured swords with the

Marris of the Hills, and come off with honour. For what says the old adage—"Marri mī nāzad ba kūh wa Kajjak bamaidān." "Let the Marri go boast on his hills, the Kajjak will hold the flat country!" The same spirit led us to cheat the keepers of the northern passes of their pay, to recal a large division of the Kābul army just as winter was advancing, and encamp those who remained where they could most conveniently be cut off from their supplies. Lastly, it was the same spirit that encumbered our advanced posts with a number of women and children. "You may make yourself comfortable," wrote the highest authority to the political officer at Kwetta; "the rest of your life, if you please, may be passed among the green valleys of Shāl." The words had nearly been verified, but not quite in the sense intended; for, in the interval of a few months, our hermit of Shāl was defending himself with desperation against a band of Kākars, who had prefaced their attack by the sacrifice of a dog, in the pleasant idea of propitiating some Kacodemon or Erinnyes, who should afford them an opportunity of doing as much to the Faringī. Nay, to increase the jest, our friend of Shāl had but just written to promise a diversion in favour of the Kāhan fort, then sore beleaguered by means of these very Kākars whose knives were now pointed at his own throat. But a short time before, I had been requested to despatch through the Bolān—no warlike engine or subsidiary—nought else, in short, but one of Broadwood's best pianos. Its notes, we may suppose, were soon jangled and out of tune; perhaps at this hour it forms part of the household goods of some truculent Kākar or shaggy Bilūch.

It will be at once acknowledged that such a system as this could never have prevailed under a supreme officer of prudence and activity. That Sir William Macnaghten was deficient in the former quality no one can doubt, who is at all acquainted with his administration at Kābul. But so little was his authority exerted beyond the districts dependent on that city, that he can scarce be regarded as the supreme authority or governor beyond the Indus. The officers in political charge at Kāndahār and Kwettah acted, if not nominally, at least virtually, in independence of him, while the Agent in Upper Sindh entirely disclaimed his authority. On the other hand, the chief military commanders were still more intractable, and carried their jealousy of the civil power to such a height, that their object appeared to be rather to counteract and thwart any suggestion made to them from that quarter, than to avail themselves of it. Here, then, was the second and most pregnant cause of evil. There was no head to this expedition. The different stations had each their military and civil chief, and the army of the Indus resembled a gathering of Highland clans, every leader being infinitely more anxious to draw swords with his neighbour than to promote the general aim against the enemy. While General Nott was fulminating letters against the busy politicals of Kāndahār, the Resident and General in Upper Sindh were preparing to settle their differences with bullets, as being more expeditious; and the obstinacy and wrong-headedness of Shelton was about to break out into open opposition to the civil power at Kābul. It required the magic wand of some military wizard, like the grim old warrior of Miānī, to reduce these

jarring elements into concord. None such, however, was found, and, amid the confusion, the conquered people began to lift up their heads. The sword of the Marrīs first showed that the Faringī was not invincible, the Brahūi and Kākar insurrections followed, and the train spread to distant Kābul. The besotted, blind infatuation of our forces there! to think that Kābul, dripping with the gore of her own children, would hold an alien tenderly in her bosom. Strange that it should never enter the minds of our politicians, that the Shāh,—the haughty, cruel, vindictive old despot, who never spoke of himself but as “Humāyūn i mā,” (“Our blessed Self”) would hardly brook a band of unsubmissive strangers so near his own throne. The British camp was a ceaseless reproach to him, a thorn in his side, and the stamp of infamy to his subjects. It told him, hour by hour, with every gun that fired, with every flag that waved, that strangers had seated him in his high place, and that so long as that camp remained, his voice could not go forth for life or for death but as they willed. Was it likely that he who could not tolerate an equal in his own brother, would submit to the dictation of a foreign Minister? From the first I thought this encampment of our forces at Kābul a grievous error, even were it only that it placed us thus perpetually between the Shāh and his people. It was wisely said to Shujāu ’l Mulk, by Jabr Khān, and it would have been well if our Envoy had noted the words, “If you are to reign, what need of the English; but if they are to govern, why are you here?” But besides this, Kābul, as a military position, in our then circumstances, was not to be thought of. Separated from our frontiers by impenetrable defiles, and the wide territory

of doubtful allies on the one side, and divided on the other by the difficult country of the warlike Ghilzais, from even the insufficient succour that Ḳandahār might have rendered, it was impossible to conceive a spot better adapted for the consummation of the horrid catastrophe which followed. Often did my old Munshī, who had served under Dūst Muḥammad and Akram Khān, say to me, “Ṣāhib, your people do not know the Kābulis. When peace is most talked of, then be sure an outbreak is preparing. There are swords enough in the bazar at Kābul to meet all your bayonets.” There can be no doubt that our true policy was, after seating the Shāh in the Bālā Hīṣar, to have left him with his contingent to do as seemed him best, and to have retired upon Ḳandahār. There we should have concentrated our forces, placing a strong garrison at Khilāt; and fortifying the Bolān and Kojak passes, have placidly bided the course of events. That there would have been commotions at Kābul we cannot doubt; but it is highly probable that the Shāh would have found Afghān adherents enough to maintain his post. With our retirement, the chief cause of bitterness between his subjects and him would have been removed; and, thrown upon his own resources, he would have displayed more vigilance, and would indubitably have taken good care that the most dangerous leaders should have quietly disappeared from the stage before they could play the part of rebels. A great authority has said, that rules of international law, which are to be held sacred amongst civilized states, cannot be extended to semi-barbarous nations. A wise saying, though it smacks somewhat of old Spain, and has a little of the

leaven of the Jesuits in it. Even so is it with the rules of Government. The strict justice, the clemency and moderation, which shine so lustrously in the English crown, would be but useless gauds in an Afghān diadem. Be that, however, as it may, it is at least certain that whether the Shāh could have kept his seat, or whether he had been hurled from it, would have been to us, a matter of little moment. Holding Ḳandahār with a powerful force, our influence would have been equally great, whether Suddozai or Bārakzai reigned at Kābul, and to either we might have dictated our own terms. From the territories round Ḳandahār we might have, by degrees, raised no inconsiderable revenue; while the commerce between Central Asia and Hindūstān would, probably, have united in this the only secure channel. But it was not fated that we should rule in Khurāsān—*et quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*.

If, however, our errors in Afghānistān were so marked, and their punishment so signal, our mistakes in Upper Sindh also were as flagrant, though, from the less difficult nature of the country, and its contiguity to our Indian frontier, their effect was less ruinous. Let us examine a little our first transactions with the Amīrs of Khairpur, and develope a few circumstances not to be found in the Blue Book,—and which, for our case, *versus* the hapless rulers of Sindh, are, perhaps, as well omitted. The Khairpur Chiefs had no great reason to be favourable to the Shāh; two thousand of their bravest men, and many of their nobles, had, a few years previous to our expedition, fallen in battle against him—a battle occasioned by his wishing to extort a larger subsidy from them than they had

the means of paying. They had no reason to feel attached to the English, and Ranjit Singh was their avowed enemy. This disposition towards the Triple Alliance was not likely to be improved by a demand upon Mīr Mubārīk, the second Chief of Khairpur, for a subsidy of seven lacs of rupees, to aid the Shāh in his advance upon Kābul. The sole place of any strength in Upper Sindh (at least in the opinion of the Sindhians), the Fortress of Bakkar, the eldest Amīr, Mīr Rustam, was called upon to deliver into our hands.*

This venerable old man had from the first, even from the time that our earliest embassy was sent to Sindh, shown the strongest inclination to be on friendly terms with the British. He now yielded up his stronghold with alacrity, and, to the utmost of his poor means (for poor indeed he was), he facilitated the advance of our troops. During the progress of our armies through his territories, robberies and other outrages were from time to time unquestionably committed; but all who know that country are aware that it is infested by bands of fierce Bilūchīs of the Burdī and Mazārī tribes, who yield no obedience to Khairpur, and among whom, it may be doubted, whether the persons of the Amīrs themselves would be respected. It has, indeed, been said, by those who know little of the matter, that the Hill tribes acted in some degree under the orders of the

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

Amīrs. It was made a leading accusation against Naṣīr Khān, that he instigated Bībarak Bugtī to attack us. Yet, but a few years before, the army of Khairpur had, in retaliation for some outrages, invaded those very hills which the Marrīs and Bugtīs inhabit, and had been utterly discomfited with great loss by those valiant mountaineers. In my own time, a near relative of the Ḥaidarābād minister at Shikārpur was slain by the Burdī robbers; so that it may fairly be supposed that the Amīrs had no more power to prevent the robberies and murders which occurred during the march of our troops, than we have to extinguish the system of Ṭhags or Dacāitism in our own provinces. We had, therefore, no ground of complaint against Khairpur, and especially against Mir Rustam, during our first occupancy of Upper Sindh; on the contrary, we had every reason to be satisfied, and to compliment, as in fact we did, that chief on his zealous co-operation.

Let us see if he had equal cause to be pleased with our deportment. The first circumstance which occurred was an accident, which to us may appear trivial, but if we consider the ignorance of our character which must have prevailed in a half barbarous court, where we had but just appeared, we shall, perhaps, allow it some weight. Mir Mubārik, the chief whom we had treated harshly, fell sick, an English physician was despatched to Khairpur, visited the sufferer, prescribed for him, and forthwith he died. We see clearly enough that this arose from natural causes; but is it likely that the natives viewed this strange coincidence without suspicion? Were the proceedings that followed calculated to allay that suspicion?

Our Agent, who was on the most friendly terms with the Amīrs, was removed. His successor signalled his arrival by an act of—to say the least—extraordinary severity. He sent to the Sindhian Kārdār, of Rohrī, to desire his attendance. The man replied that he was an officer of the Amīrs, and if our Agent required aught, he might call upon him. An officer was instantly despatched with a company of sipāhīs, who brought the unfortunate Mayor of Rohrī into the presence of our Envoy. “Place him all day fasting in the sun,” was the stern mandate. It was obeyed, and the poor wretch had ample cause to repent his temerity. The next step was still more offensive to Mīr Rustam. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive any single action which would have provoked his resentment more. His Vazīr was an old man, a grey-beard like himself. He was his favourite, and to such an extent did he carry his partiality for him, that on one occasion, when the eldest son of Mīr Rustam abused this minister, Mīr Rustam said, with the strongest indignation, “Be not offended, Fateḥ Muḥammad; these words are not addressed to you, but to me. He who dares to reproach you, reproaches me.” To this man, then, a man of the highest rank in Sindh, a chair was denied in the presence of our Agent. The first noble in Sindh was to stand before our functionary, or to place himself on the ground, while in England it has not been thought too much for a Hindū merchant to be seated in the presence of Royalty. This same Fateḥ Muḥammad Ghūrī was the man deputed to receive our first mission to Sindh, when he might easily have exacted from our officers the submissive attitude in which he himself was now made to appear. “Is he, then,

the Angel Gabriel?" was his exclamation as he left the room. "If my rank were nothing, at least he might have treated with some respect, a man old enough to be his grandfather." It will surely be admitted that this circumstance alone was sufficient to account for the minister's subsequent hostility to us, but much more of a similar nature ensued. Surrounded as our Agent was by a body of artful Hindū writers and Munshīs, is it probable that the slightest occasion of humiliating these Musalmān chiefs, of increasing the hostile feeling between the Agent and the Ra'is of Khairpur, and of ministering to what it was easy to see was the Agent's design against the unhappy Amīrs, would be omitted? Indeed very little care was taken to conceal the *animus* with which our Agent acted. As soon as he was informed of the feud existing between Mīr Rustam and Mīr Naṣīr Khān, on the one side, and Mīr Ālī Murād on the other, "Now," he triumphantly exclaimed, "I have them on the hip!" From that moment his policy was to foment, by every means in his power, the family dissensions of the Amīrs. Mīr Ālī Murād, who had at first shown anything but a cordial feeling towards us, who entertained large bands of mercenaries, and was the most able, as he was the most inclined, to throw difficulties in our way, suddenly changed. An unceasing correspondence was carried on between him and Trebania Sahā, the chief Munshī of our Agent, a man afterwards convicted of various malpractices and imprisoned for the most flagrant corruption. It was whispered about that he had not become the partizan of the Dijī chief without good reason. Is it requisite to sketch the picture further? Mīr Rustam, who had been

the firm friend of the English, became as hostile as he had once been friendly. He was called upon to dismiss his old friend and Vazīr; his own voice with the English authorities could effect nothing, while that of his younger brother, Mīr Ālī Murād, was all-powerful. He felt a yoke of iron cast upon him, and he had but one wish left,—to tear it away. All the younger branches of the family felt and acted with him,—all save one, who has raised himself on the ruin of his race. The consciousness of having received the English into his country with all the confidence of an unsuspecting mind, no doubt served to increase the indignation of the old Amīr. When the first news of our successes at Kandahār and Ghazni reached Khairpur, his courtiers flattered him with the idea that his services in placing Bakkar in the hands of the British, and in assisting the advance of the army, would be brilliantly rewarded. It was often said that one or both the Derahs—Ismāīl Khān or Ghāzī Khān—would be made over to him. How cruel, then, must have been his disappointment when he found himself degraded from his position of Ra'is, or chief Amīr, and his youngest brother exalted in his room,—his Vazīr first treated in the most contemptuous manner, and then chased from his presence; and his own grey hairs and venerable age, which ought to have commanded respect, regarded only as proofs of imbecility and incapacity to govern. At first he made many efforts to conciliate the goodwill of the Political Agent; but in vain. He sent, too, repeated messages to those who were his friends, myself among the number, to entreat our intercession in his behalf. Our representations, however, were

of no avail, and at last the unbending spirit which was shown to him had its natural effect; and there cannot be a doubt that, long before Sir C. Napier appeared upon the stage, the feelings with which the English Resident, and those of his Assistants who imitated his example, were regarded at Khairpur fell little short of detestation.*

When Captain Kennedy was appointed to the political charge of that place, and constituted the sole medium of communication between our authorities and the Amirs, the *animus* of the Sindhian chiefs was manifested pretty openly. On the second and third day after the arrival of that officer at Khairpur he was fired at, and his labours were nearly closing so expeditiously as to leave but small subject for the chroniclers. The Chief Political Officer himself having proceeded to visit the Amirs, accompanied by the General and a formidable escort, more suited to the dignity of a Sovereign Prince than to that of a resident, was also fired upon, and several of his servants wounded. Daring as the act really was, it was at the time much exaggerated. It was said that the General was to have been seated in a chair armed with spikes, and many similar monstrous reports were circulated. It happened, however, that a few days after, while the ferment occasioned by these rumoured atrocities was at its height, that I went over to Khairpur to shoot

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

wild hogs, and asked General England to be my companion. We went entirely without an escort, passed a day or two very pleasantly in visiting the Amīrs, and shooting with them, and returned without having experienced the shadow of discourtesy. "Is it possible," said my companion. "that this can be the man of whom we have heard such stories?"

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

One word as to the nature of the Amīrs' government, and the light in which it was regarded by their subjects. There never was a point on which more extraordinary mis-statements have been made than this, and made by those who had not the shadow of a ground for venturing any statement at all. The authors of these statements have, some of them, never been in the country of which they speak with such intense appearance of profound

knowledge: they have never conversed with a single individual of the natives; they are entirely ignorant of their language and habits. In opposition, therefore, to their opinions, I may fairly place on evidence the testimony of one who was acquainted with the family of the Amīrs, with their officers, with the Saiyids and men eminent for piety or learning, with the bankers and principal merchants, who was constantly traversing the country, either on duty or on shooting expeditions, and on every such occasion made a point of conversing with the Bilūchī and Sindhī cultivators and their chiefs; nay, more, was perpetually employed in the construction of public works; and thus was surrounded by artizans and workmen of every class; and, finally, through holding charge of an extensive jail, came to know somewhat of the very lowest and most depraved classes. Add to this, that I required no interpreter (who might have distorted what was said to me, or coloured it as he thought would be most pleasing), but conversed either in Persian or Sindhī for hours daily, with all kinds of persons on every possible subject, and yet I can say with truth, that I never heard anything to the disadvantage of any of the Amīrs more than might be urged against the great majority of English gentlemen. It was said of Mīr Mubārik, that he was avaricious, and led by every impostor who pretended to have the power of transmuting metals; of Āli Murād, that he was imperious and extravagant, but a crime has never in my hearing been imputed to any member of the family, with indeed, one exception, as to which it may be fairly said that the punishment of the offence reflected as much credit on the other Amīrs as the offence itself did dis-

grace on the perpetrator. Some fifteen years ago, the daughter of a Kāzī at Khairpur, was in the habit of visiting the Bilūchī ladies to give them instruction in reading the Ḳu'rān, and other similar duties, for they all learn to read, and many of them write, too, in the Persian or Arabic characters.* The girl was both young and beautiful, and on visiting the Haram of Muḥammad Khān Tālpur, was seen by that chief. He found an opportunity of making advances to her, and succeeded in seducing her. The thing was not long hid from the father, who, according to the plain notion of justice which prevails in these countries, went to the house of the offender, and cut him down, leaving him grievously wounded, and, as he supposed, dead. The chief, however, recovered, and applied to the Amīrs to punish the Kāzī, but they would in nowise listen to his complaint, told him he had been rightly punished, and plainly stated that his offence was so heinous that they could no longer hold any communication with him. He withdrew from Khairpur, and never returned.

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

* Compare this with the remark in the "Conquest of Sindh," Part ii., p. 459:—"The Mahometans, few of whom can either read or write," and arbitrate wisely, Lector!

where the merciless Kaipars and Burdī robbers carried on their forays, and in the country about Sabzal Koṭ, infested by the wild Mazāris, that robberies and murders were of common occurrence. Over these fierce Bilūchīs of the hills, the Amīrs had no control, but their own subjects were peaceful and contented, and their condition might have borne advantageous comparison with that of the people of many of our own provinces. The Amīrs were always accessible. Any one, the lowest Hindū, could obtain a hearing. The Hindūs were, of course, the most dissatisfied, as they were the least favoured class, but their position was not worse than that of Dissenters in England some fifty years ago; nor was their discontent for one moment to be compared to that which exists in Ireland at this day. The state of the canals and the rich crops of sugar cane, Jawārī, and other grains, and the numberless Persian water-wheels, all showed that the exaction of the revenue was not such as to press heavily on the cultivators. Inām lands, and those taxed at a mere nominal rate, were very common. In public matters, as for example, in their behaviour to Shāh Shujā', Shāh Nawāz Khān, and other princely fugitives, the Amīrs were liberal and forbearing. They were incapable of such a flagrant breach of hospitality and honour as that committed by the Ruler of the Panjāb towards the Shāh. The ex-chief of Khilāt was supported for years on their bounty. Towards the English they were frank, generous, and friendly. The medical officers who attended their wives or children, were loaded with presents. One of these, to my certain knowledge, cleared upwards of two thousand pounds in a few months. To another, who

attended the lady of Mīr Naṣīr Khan for a short time, a sword was given, for the blade of which I offered a hundred guineas, and was refused. Once, when hunting with Mīr Rustam's youngest son, I happened to admire a matchlock, embossed with gold, and ornamented with rubies. Nothing was said at the time, but on my return home I found the beautiful piece of art had been left at my house. Of course I returned it immediately, according to the rule which forbids the acceptance of any presents from natives. I thought it right, however, to offer some acknowledgement for the intended kindness, and I therefore sent a horse, for which I had just given six hundred rupees, for the acceptance of one of the Amīrs. The gift—according to the old saying,

Ἐχθρῶν ἄδωρα δῶρα κόνις ἀνθρώποις,—

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

Having said so much in praise of the Amīrs, and of their administration of the country of Upper Sindh, exception will, perhaps, be taken against me, as one who extols a semi-barbarous government, making small account of the blessings which, under the change of rulers, civilization may be supposed to have introduced. Justice, it will be said, is now equally administered. There is security for life and property; commerce is protected; and all danger of foreign invasion is for ever removed. Slavery, too, is

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF THINGS IN UPPER SINDH AT THE CLOSE OF 1839—PERSIAN PRISONER — PRESENTS FOR RANJĪT SINGH—FEUD BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE POLITICALS—ALLEGED DESECRATION OF TOMBS ROUND SAKKAR—SHĀH NAWĀZ KHĀN OF KHILĀT—AMIEL'S BILŪCH CORPS — ALAF KHĀN TEHRĪN.

SIX months were sped since our columns had wound, in toilsome march, their long array through Kachī. With what difficulty and want of method that march had been effected, may be judged from the letters which reached those in the rear. "Four days ago," wrote an officer from Naushahra, "a bundle of fragments of letters was brought to me by three pairs of Kāshids, who stated that they had been despatched from Shikārpur about the 24th ult., but had been attacked and plundered, and their packets destroyed. They brought me the pieces of some few of the letters, as an evidence of the truth of their story. This country is in a horrid state of disorder and disorganization. Scarcely a day passes without some of our people being attacked, and the Dāk sawārs have suffered dreadfully. A Dafādār and three horsemen of Captain Anderson's corps were killed between this place and Mahaisar some days ago. A Dafādār of Captain Christie's corps has been



BRIDGE OF BOATS AT ROHRIL

murdered between Shoran and this. A number of men have been wounded. Our line of march from Sumrī was attacked yesterday morning before daylight, by a party of Bilūchīs, but the horse artillerymen went at them sword in hand, and slew six. The whole of my camels, twenty-five in number, were carried off from the grazing ground yesterday, and I have not been able to recover them. We march to-morrow to Dādar. There seems to be great doubt of our getting anything there, the whole of the supplies having been consumed by the columns in our front. We shall only have six or seven days' provision with us, and only carriage with us for that small quantity. However, we *must* advance. Strain every nerve to push on all the camels that may come in your way. There is no certainty of our getting anything beyond the pass, or, at least, in comparison with what we require. Send no camels unladen, if you have wherewith to lade them. We shall want grain, grain, grain, to the end of the chapter. Let the escorts be *very strong*—the infantry of Colonel Dennie's brigade, and the cavalry of the Shāh;—both are required to guard the convoys. I have little hope of this ever reaching you, but I must make the trial. Outram is with General Willshire. You have, of course, heard of his sad accident. I hope, however, he will soon be on his legs again, for he is truly *invaluable*.—P.S. Send camels and grain—grain and camels."

"The river," wrote another, "came down with great violence last night, and carried away the bridge of boats. Vast quantities of grain, thrown carelessly on the beach, have been destroyed." The embarrassment of the position of him on whom it first devolved to restore order to this

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

For the first month my duties at Sakkar consisted chiefly in translating and replying to Persian letters. I was the only officer there acquainted with the language, and

I found, therefore, more than sufficient employment in this duty alone. In this manner, and from conversation with the natives, I learned all that was going on; but from my chief no disclosures were made to me on any political subject; and I may say that from the time I entered Sindh to the moment that Major Outram assumed charge of the Residency, I had never access to any document or was otherwise in any manner informed what the views and wishes of Government were respecting the country. The circular containing heads of information from every political officer throughout our wide empire, was never shown either to myself or to any other assistant,—with one exception. The absurdity of this line of conduct is evident; for placed, as we afterwards were, at different stations widely distant from each other, we were compelled to act independently, and kept thus in ignorance of what others were doing we might have constantly been thwarting plans which we ought to have promoted. Plots and conspiracies, too, might easily have been formed under our very eyes, while the clue to them was thus insanely withheld. Indeed, there is very little doubt that many agents of intrigue and emissaries were on the alert among us, who escaped undetected. Now and then persons were seized, but in so clumsy a manner that papers were seldom found on them, and the examinations being conducted through Munshīs, who were not too anxious to elicit the truth, the enquiries were for the most part baffled. Among the first of the supposed spies whom we apprehended, was a Persian, who was said to be a near relative of the Shāh, and to be the bearer of letters to the Khān of Khilāt and the Amīrs. He was a good-looking, middle-

aged, man, with a black beard, descending to the waist, and seemed to take matters very coolly. During his confinement he amused himself with drinking sharbat, and flogging his servants. One little slave, in particular, he continued to lash so long, and with such apparent zest, that we interfered, and told him he must resign this gratifying occupation as long as he remained in our hands.

About the middle of September the river began to fall. On the 14th, a beautiful boat was despatched to Lahore, as a present for the Mahārājā. It was intended for Ranjīt Singh, but he being dead, it was forwarded to his successor, Kharak Singh. Lieutenant Sinclair, in whose charge it was placed, was received with much ceremony, and many rich gifts were presented to him in return, of which he was allowed by Government to retain a sword with jewelled scabbard, and a fine charger. My chief was, just at this time, busily employed in getting depositions against military officers for the desecration of Sindhian tombs, which had been swept away to make room for houses. Indeed these departed worthies had most unconscionably selected the best sites for their interment; and, had every dry bone been respected, the living would have been thrust into holes and corners, pestilent swamps, or ragged hill tops. It was said, however, that the feelings of the natives had been outraged, that scoffs and jeers had accompanied the removal of the tombs. "Your ancestor is on the way to Makkah," is said to have been the expression used as the coffin and its mouldering contents was hurled into the river. It is more than probable, however, that the pilgrimage would have been made

unheeded but for a fierce feud subsisting between the political coryphæus and the chief military officer. It cannot be denied that the being from different Presidencies added venom to the dispute. So great was the jealousy between the two nations (to use the term), that when the Residency Guard of Bengālīs was relieved by Bombay sipāhīs, they had several times nearly come to blows. The gigantic Qui Hi would stand scornful and swelling, highly resolved not to count over the chairs, tables, and other *supellex* of the guard-room, to his successor, while the little peppery Bombay Duck would work himself into superhuman wrath at the indignity. Perhaps the jealousy is not altogether to be deprecated. It would be very difficult as long as it exists for troops from different Presidencies, to combine with a seditious object.

On the 26th of September, 1839, came a letter from Mīr Shah Nawāz Khān, of Khilāt, asking for British protection, and as many other advantages as might be supposed to follow in its train. "Here we have to Shāh Shujaize again," thought I, as I addressed the agent's reply to him. It was favourable, and soon brought the Khān to our camp with his brother Fateḥ Khān. They were both very short and mean in their appearance; but there was an expression of sincerity and candour about them quite unmistakeable. Their father had been murdered by Miḥrāb Khān. A Ḳu'rān was sent to him with an oath of protection, and for this pledge he bartered his blood. I was forthwith employed to draw up a full report of his son's claim to the Khānate, the names, force, and situation of the various tribes, etc.,—to aid me in

which Shāh Nawāz furnished a pile of Persian papers and a week's talk at six hours per diem. The report was finished, and with one magic stroke of the pen my chief made it his own, and magnanimously took its merits or its errors on his own head. Meantime, an agent had arrived from Âlī Murād to claim* certain districts on the eastern bank of the Indus, now held by his nephew Naşīr Khān. The agent was referred to me to have his deposition taken, and I was surprised to find in Ḥasan Âlī a native of Delhi, and friend and fellow-countryman of our Head Munshī. The coincidence told well in the Mīr's favour. Strange that he should have made his appearance at Dījī just as the Resident of Delhi became the chief political officer in Upper Sindh! Ḥasan Âlī I found to be a man of good manners, of pleasing address, and of the most penetrating discernment.

On the 12th of October a body of horse, called the Bilūch corps, arrived with their commander, Lieutenant Amiel. On the principle of *lucus, a non lucendo*, these men were called the Bilūch corps, they being Afghāns, Pathāns, and Kāhīris, without one Bilūch among them. Some of them were fine-looking men; but they were, in general, miserably mounted on raw nags, that looked as if they had fed on sand for the last year. Their pay was insufficient—for forage in the desert places where they were employed was dear and scanty—yet they were to pursue the hill robbers (men who pride themselves on the fleetness of their steeds). Among them I remarked Amiel's A.D.C., Ghulām Ḥusain, a young

* From this claim arose the Sindhian War,—vide last Chapter.

Afghān, the handsomest youth I have ever beheld. His large gazelle-like eyes, long ringlets, black as night, and soft cheek, just tinged with red, made me exclaim—

“Or is in truth that squire so gay,
Some lady in disguise.”

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

exquisitely chiselled, with teeth of lustrous white. Imagine such a man, dressed in the graceful costume of the Afghāns, and with the air of a man who never knew and would never own a master, and you have a faint notion of Alaf Khān Tehrīn.

Alaf Khān was one of the first Zamīndārs who voluntarily came forward to join us. He placed his two sons as horsemen in the Bilūch corps, and distinguished himself in every encounter with the depredators, who were ever pouncing upon our stores and camels.

CHAPTER V.

WILD HOGS CROSS THE INDUS—THE POLITICAL AGENT LEAVES SAKKAR—
 SHUTUR SAWĀRS—INSTRUCTIONS ON ASSUMING CHARGE OF THE AGENCY
 —THE RIVAL SAIYIDS—VAKĪL OF BHĀWALPUR—CHARGES SOME OF THE
 FIRST GRENADIER REGIMENT WITH ROBBING HIM—THEY MUTINY—
 INFLUENCE OF NATIVE OFFICERS—PANCHĀYAT—CHIT-CHAT.

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

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

After this weighty disclosure, the money bags of the treasury were counted in my presence, and I was left for the time-being sole lord of a huge range of buildings, sundry dingy looking, half-caste writers, and a small but select band of felons, who were to be employed in gardening or any other useful occupation I could devise for them. Among the dependents on the Agency were two Saiyids, the one with snow-white beard, yet bright eye and firm

step, and past his seventieth year, was named Ābdu'r-raḥ-man (the Son of the Merciful) and was the owner of the land in which the Agency was built; the other, a man of middle age, with well-dyed beard, but a frame emaciated with excesses, was named Ābbās Ālī, and claimed descent from no less a person than Muḥammad Māsūm, one of the most celebrated nobles of Akbar's Court.

Between the two existed a mortal antipathy, and each, as in turn he visited me, expatiated with much gusto on the vices of the other. One day, the elder Saiyid was haranguing me on the usual theme, and had just assured me that Ābbas Ālī was by birth a slave, and no Saiyid at all, when the latter, who, in fact, had been listening at the tent door, entered. I rashly imagined that my aged friend would be abashed at this *contre-temps*, but so far from it, he welcomed the new comer with a bland and tranquil air, and gravely told him that he had just been praising him to the Ṣāḥib. The sudden change was worthy of a Persian. I could not have believed that any other could so placidly have disposed of a difficulty. A few days after I received a visit from the Vakīl of Bhāwalpur, a straightforward, worthy personage, who had lately suffered some evil treatment at the hands of our sipāhis. The matter was, indeed, throughout, a very serious one. It seems the Vakīl was encountered not far from the cantonment of Shikārpur, by some of the 1st Grenadiers in their undress. They stopped and robbed him. He carried his complaint to the officer commanding at Shikārpur, who ordered the regiment to parade, that the Vakīl might identify the offenders. This

caused evident dissatisfaction ; but when the Vakil came to the Light Company, the Şübahdār of which had the title of Bahādur, and wore the Order of Merit, that officer gave the word " Right about face " to his company, and added, " Now look at them." He was immediately put under arrest and confined, as well as some sipāhīs (who had made a disturbance on the parade ground), in the Quarter Guard. The majority of the regiment, however, gathered round them, and declared they would not return to their duty until the prisoners were released ; and the European officers, who went to the mutineers, were beaten and insulted. Matters began to assume a formidable appearance, for the regiment was the only one at the station ; and in the unsettled state of the country, with enemies surrounding the camp, the most serious consequences might have resulted. The firmness, however, of the commanding officer had its effect ; the men yielded and returned to their duty, and the Şübahdār was transferred to Sakkar, where he was tried by Court Martial, and dismissed the service. This mutiny was proof enough—if any proof were wanting—of the powerful influence native officers have over the sipāhīs. It cannot be doubted that the regiment shewed stronger excitement on this occasion of the arrest of their Şübahdār Major than they would have done had any of the European officers been disgraced. It is fortunate for us then that such an influence is almost invariably exerted in support of discipline and in favour of our Government. It would be no pleasing task to picture the results which would follow, were any measure of ours to cause general dissatisfaction among the native officers and lead them to combine

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

Οὐ γὰρ βάνανσον τὴν τέχνην ἐκτίσατο.

I say that, in such a case, there would be great risk that the fidelity of our native troops might be sapped; and that the un-European officers might, as in the case above narrated, take the lead in a matter wherein, according to

their opinions, the honour of their regiments was concerned. Great, then, should be the caution in attempting changes in that machine with which we have so long ruled our vast territories in the East. It might even be well that the ablest and most distinguished Şūbahdārs should be consulted before any sweeping change was commenced. In saying so much, enough is said to show the value I would set on suggestions which have been offered for the abolition of the intermediate grade between the native sergeant and his European officer. Such a proposition appears to be below contempt.

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

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

I had commenced learning Sindhī with the old Saiyid Ābdu'r-raḥmān; he told me stories in that language, explaining what I did not understand in Persian. Sakkar, he said, was, in his own recollection, a very populous place; it belonged to the Afghāns, who used to plunder the opposite bank, then recently conquered by the Tālpur Amīrs of Khairpur. Mīr Rustam was then a young man of twenty, full of fire and enterprise. He obtained permission from his father, Suhrāb, to attack Sakkar, which he did successfully, and gave up the town to be sacked. For three days the plunder continued, and the place never recovered the blow. "Ah," said the Saiyid, "the Mīr is a different man now; he has grown so fond of the intoxicating bhang, that what with that and old age he is quite lethargic." Bhang, Jang, and Rang now rule the

Khairpur Darbār.* But his father, Suhrāb, was the hero of the family; none of his sons are equal to him. Şāhib, I was present when the Ḥaidarābād chiefs of the second generation threatened him with war. Suhrāb uncovered his head, on which was a terrible scar. "Go," he said to the Ḥaidarābād Envoy, "when your masters can show such marks as this, let them talk of making war on one who has won his territory with the sword, not tamely inherited it from his sires."

* Alluding to what scandal said were the propensities of the three principal Amīrs—Mīr Rustam indulging at times, it was said, in opiates; Ālī Murād being all for war; and Mīr Mubārīk for enjoyment. The imputation as regards Mīr Rustam was utterly false. The lethargy of the Amir was that which made Swift "a driveller and a show," the lethargy of old age.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEWĀLĪ—SHIKĀRPUR—JAIT SINGH, THE HINDŪ ŠARRĀF—MUHAMMAD
 HUSAIN, THE DĀROGHĀH—ĀZĪM KHĀN BĀRAKZAI—IBRĀHĪM SHĀH—
 JĀGAN AND JĀNĪDERAH—AMIEL'S DEFEAT—LIEUT. WALPOLE CLARKE—
 BUGTĪ PRISONERS—YĀRŪ KHĀN KOSAH—SAULĀ BURDĪ—FALL OF KHILĀT
 —RETURNING COLUMN OF THE ARMY—FRIGHTFUL SICKNESS—HAWKING
 PARTIES—ARTHUR CONOLLY—SAIYID ZAINU 'L-ĀBĪDAIN—KAMĀL KHĀN
 KĀHIRĪ—BIJJĀR KHĀN, SALE OF HIS FAMOUS MARE.

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

whirlpool of adversity. The extreme heat had now abated, and I had just begun to adapt myself to the state of things at Sakkar,

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

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

erection, the tents of some irregular horse, a few miserable huts stocked with Bilūchī prisoners, and in the centre, a little upper-roomed bungalow, which was to be my abode. The walls of this miserable place being of mud, it was densely peopled by hordes of ants, of all colors, shapes, and sizes. There was the large black fellow, who, with his colossal pincers, could draw blood at the first nip; the diminutive red villains, who delight to ensconce themselves by dozens in your hair, or in your cap, especially if tinged with any substitute for Macassar procurable in those regions; the small black, whose desire for mischief surpasses their bulk; and the never-to-be sufficiently-execrated white ants, who, if they had their will, would reduce all created things to impalpable dust. Indeed, ants are fully entitled to take a high, if not the highest rank among the annoyances of the East, and Sindh in particular. The whole earth swarms with them; if it be true that the white kind is edible, one is surprised at there ever being a famine in India, for the supply is inexhaustible. I soon found my change from Sakkar was not for the better in point of climate. The air was hot and full of dust, and the nights dreadfully oppressive. However, there was too much to be done and seen too, to allow time for thinking of disagreeables. The day after my arrival was spent in receiving visits from the native authorities of the place, and the Munshīs and others attached to the Agency, to all of whom it was requisite to say a kind word. Among the first who came was Jait Singh, a wealthy Hindū banker and merchant, who was foremost in courting the English, and who, like many others who supported us in our ill-omened Afghān

campaigns, has suffered by the connection. He was then richly dressed, and had all the appearance and air of a man of some consequence, add to which he was good-looking, of most agreeable manners, and extremely intelligent. His partner, Chitru Mal, on the other hand, wore the plainest clothes, and was as dry and unpleasant in the little he did say, as if he had been all his life calculating interest behind a desk in Lombard-street. Jait Singh shewed no great partiality for the native Governors of Shikārpur. Of these Brijdās, the Khairpur Vakīl pleased me well: a great, jolly, black-bearded Sindhī, who might have played at buffets with the Priest of Copmanhurst. Very different were the representatives of Haidarābād. In Ibrāhīm Shāh I recognised at once his Persian descent. If you were to believe him, the Amīrs were his demi-gods, —for them he would encounter not men only, but jins, demons, black and white. His family were entirely the creatures of the Amīrs. They came to Sindh strangers, poor, and friendless. They were now rich, courted, and filling the highest offices in the state. Ibrāhīm often told me that his house could bring a hundred horsemen into the field, each man equal to himself; and certainly he was a cavalier not to be despised. Tall, eminently handsome, and skilled in the use of arms, I have often seen him ride at full speed, whirling a spear of twelve feet or so in length round and round, and then, suddenly catching it, pick up an orange on its point.

When, however, things came to a crisis, at the fatal field of Miānī, but one of all his family accompanied the Chief who had raised them to honour, and that was Zainu'l-Ābidain, an elder brother of Ibrāhīm,

whose name alone deserves mention as that of a true man.

"Among the faithless, faithful only he!"

The other Haidarābād Governor was Taki Shāh, brother to Ibrāhīm, and some years his senior, as courtly in his address as the latter, but more reserved. He had the reputation of being somewhat miserly, and so great a bigot in religion, that he never eat with a stranger without first enquiring, in a Pharisaical whisper, if the melted butter had been purchased of one of the true faith. Muḥammad Ḥusain, the Dāroghah, must not be passed over in silence. His office corresponded to that of Police Magistrate in English towns—an office which rubs off, by degrees, the soft texture of our humane feelings: yet not so with Muḥammad Ḥusain, who, I verily believe, was a kind-hearted man, and a man who would keep his word, too, in spite of his title, for Dāroghah unfortunately means "False," as well as a police functionary.* The poor Dāroghah: he had a most orthodox horror of dogs, partly that they were impure as touching his creed, and partly that his thin muslin trousers offered small protection against an insidious snap from one of the canine species. It was, therefore, with extreme dread that he visited our Agency in after times, when tenanted by an English lady and her pet dog, a small cur, who entertained a deep longing for a morsel of a true believer's calf. "Az barāi Khudā manā bakunīd," he would say, "For God's sake, keep it off,—what calamity is this that the Madam Šāhibah is so fond

* The words are not spelt exactly alike.

of!" After the great men came a general rush of underlings. One funny old Munshī in the rear of all, at the conclusion of what I said to them, shaking his head and long beard with vehement satisfaction, bawled out, "Aī shakr shīrīn." "O sweet sugar!" I was much struck with Āẓīm Khān Bārakzai, a kinsman of Dūst Muḥammad, who had entered our service as a Risaldār in Amiel's horse. His bearing was noble, and altogether he might well have been placed next to Alaf Khān Tehrīn, as a useful soldier.

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

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

On the 21st, four Bugtī robbers, whom we held in confinement, escaped. After the Kosahs had searched for them in vain, I applied to Mīr Rustam's Vakīl, who succeeded in capturing them, when they had almost reached the hills. Poor wretches! I pitied them, ferocious

as they were, for theirs was the ferocity of ignorance and misery. The only person who could act as interpreter for them was Yārū Khān Kosah, who had been himself a notorious robber, but, with the rest of his clan, entered our service. He was upwards of six feet high, very broad and muscular, and his vast chest and limbs were covered with shaggy black hair. When in the presence of the Ṣāḥibs he endeavoured to look as meek as possible, and to bring his naturally deep growling voice to something more like the accents, *μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*, an attempt which strongly resembled the whisper of a bear. Like Bully Bottom in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he was resolved to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." It was said that he had more than once seized an enemy in his terrific hug, and strangled him, preferring this plan of despatching his foes to the more orthodox one of the sword. His reputation had been so high, as a leader, that in the plundering expeditions in which he had engaged, he is said to have received a sixth of the whole spoil, inasmuch as in the trackless waste of Kachī, he could guide his party by the bright twinkling of the stars alone. Now, however, all this was forgotten, and Yārū waited daily at the Agency, looking as grimly innocent as possible. Though, however, he himself no longer plundered the country, he aided but little in the apprehension of those who did.

Among those Bilūchīs, who made the jungle round Shikārpur terrible to the traveller, was one in particular, of whom some atrocity or other was almost daily reported. This worthy was a Burdī, named Dīn Muḥammad, or, as he was commonly called, Dīnū, a man who was completely

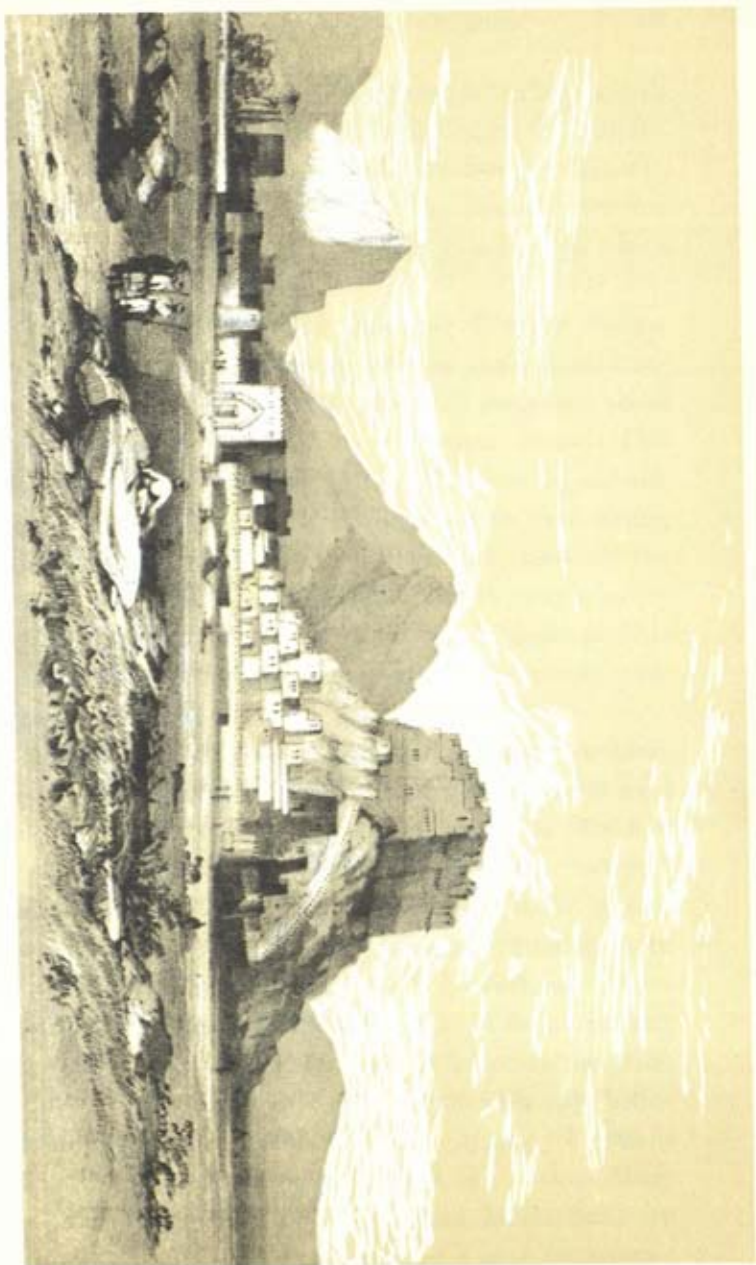


SAULA BURDI
HUNG. AUGUST 2nd 1938.

the Jack Sheppard of Upper Sindh. His brother Saulā had been even more celebrated, but fortune, tired of hearing his name so often, suddenly cut short his career. Just before I arrived at Shikārpur, information was brought to the Agency that Saulā, after one of his rides, had halted in a certain village distant some ten or fifteen miles. A body of irregular horse were immediately ordered to mount, and by a rapid march they succeeded in coming upon him before he could reach his mare. Once on her he would have laughed at their efforts, but now, seeing escape impossible, he drew his sword, and fought in the most desperate manner. After a fierce struggle his sword-arm was disabled, and himself overpowered and brought into camp. It is impossible to conceive a more truculent-looking savage than he appeared. A mass of ebon hair half concealed his face; his forehead was "villainous low;" while from beneath his shaggy eyebrows his dark eyes gleamed with the ferocity of a wild beast. Numbers of people flocked to behold him, many of whom had suffered from his depredations, while some had lost their relatives either by his sword or those of his gang. At first he had no idea that he should be put to death. He thought he should be allowed to ransom himself. "I will give you," said he to the political officer, "five camels to set me free." No answer being returned, he increased his offers. "I will give you ten camels—twenty. I will give you the Bilūchī girl I carried off in my last foray." Still no reply! The wretch began now to be alarmed. They brought a rope and put it round his neck; the crowd were fighting among themselves as to who should be the executioner. "He

killed my father," said one. "Give me the rope," said another, "he slew my brother." As the cord touched his neck, he shrunk together, and, with faltering voice, exclaimed, "Ah Sain, iyen na kar," (O Sir! do not so). The tree on which he expiated a life of blood was called "Saulā's-tree," as long as I remained in Sindh, and in all probability will retain the name for many a year. It was in revenge for this execution that Dīnū plied his former trade with redoubled activity. At least ten murders were ascribed to him within a few months after his brother's death. All attempts to take him were vain, and after much fruitless endeavour, we at last heard that from some cause or other he had betaken himself to the Mazārīs, a tribe who border on the frontiers of the Multān province.

On the 23rd of November we received the news of the fall of Khilât. The death of Mihrāb Khan, the capture of his fort, and the slaughter of his bravest followers, fell like a thunderbolt on the turbulent inhabitants of the provinces of Upper Sindh. The ministers of the Amīrs came to congratulate us on the success, but their faces were pale with terror, and they vainly attempted to simulate unconcern. How far the Khān deserved his fate has been questioned by some. It can hardly be doubted that he encouraged the Hill tribes to attack us during our passage through Kachī and the Bolān. I myself translated for Government several letters purporting to come from him to Naṣir Khān, of Haidar-ābād. In them it did not require the keen nostril of a Dr. Oates to scent out a plot against us. The language was clear enough, but as to the authenticity of the letters



KANDAHAR GATE, KHILĀT.

I am at a loss. They bore, if I remember right, his seal, with the well-known motto, "Gul-i Gulshan-i Maḥmūd Miḥrāb,"—"Rose of the Rose-Garden of Maḥmūd Miḥrāb." Deserved or not, his fate operated for the time as a powerful sedative to the plunderings which were so rife before it occurred.

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

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

outside the wall. I stopped and looked in. Four days after I saw the two spots again. The pits were filled up, and a number of bushes were fixed into the fresh levelled earth. Among them I disturbed a jackal, who had scratched up something. It was a head—the lips were wide apart, and I could see a beautiful set of fine white teeth. The poor fellow to whom they had belonged had been evidently quite a youth. Indeed, the pits were well filled. They had thrown thirteen of the dragoons into one, and at least as many of the artillery-men into the other. It was a fearful night. We were packed so close together in the Agency compound, that one could hear sounds plainly indicative of what was going on. At least two hundred men died that night. The next morning I was ordered to start for Kachī, along the very route of the disease. I had very unpleasant symptoms of the fashionable disorder. The little doctor, who looked as pale as a ghost, gave me such a dose of laudanum as almost stupified me. At dawn my riding camel was brought; I mounted, and was glad to find that I should have a companion for the first two marches. Away we went; my companion was labouring under a malady which I have often seen in persons who travel an intricate country for the first or second time. He imagined he could take a short cut; the consequence of which infatuation on his part was, as usually happens, that we lost our road altogether. The sun was up, and roasting us for our folly long before we got into Jānīderah. As we passed along we saw dead bodies lying about; I noticed one man, a Portuguese, very neatly dressed in cloth trousers and jacket, with his hat on, lying on his

face. I could not believe he was dead. I went, therefore, up to him, and dismounted, to raise him up. As I stooped I saw there was a pool of blood under him. He was stiff and stark, and a crowd of flies got up from about him. My servants told me they buried five bodies, that the jackals had exhumed. The march was anything but pleasant, and the night-halt in a spot where hundreds had died the day before, without a chance of medical aid if attacked, decidedly impaired the appetite. The next day I went into Rojān, where the same scenes were renewed. Here I received information that General Willshire, whom I had been ordered to meet if he advanced by Barshorī, was no longer intending to come that way, and, as my services were therefore not required, I very gladly returned to Shikārpur.

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

On the 21st I went with Ibrāhīm Shāh on a hawking expedition. The hawks were of a small kind; they killed a few partridges, but the country was too much covered with underwood to allow of riding hard, so that the birds had all the fun to themselves. This did not prevent the Dāroghah from careering wildly about without reference to any particular object, uttering, at the same time, loud shouts, as if the sport were of a very animated kind indeed. At first I was rather excited by his outcries, fancying that some new and nobler game was in sight; but, presently recollecting that it is the usage of the Persians to vapour on such occasions, I remained placid.

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

As I rode through the city one day I saw a considerable quantity of timber lying in an obscure street. On examining it I found it was shīsham, a wood of the most valuable kind, being not liable to the attacks of the white ants. I inquired to whom it belonged. “To the Munshī at Kāndahār,” was the answer. I had scarce reached my house when sundry persons came and informed me that it was timber purchased by Government for the bridge across the Indus. In truth, it had found its way to the site it then occupied in a very mysterious manner. It is needless to add that it was forthwith brought back to the Agency compound, whence it made its exit, on the backs of camels, in the shape of well-filled treasure chests. A similar and yet more glaring case occurred a short time after, and which deserves to be recorded for the credit of the Sindhī character. One of those officers who formed the precursors of the Afghān expedition delivered seven thousand rupees to a Saiyid of Kachī, to procure supplies, or for some other purpose connected with the advance of the army. So numerous and vast were our disbursements then, that this sum was entirely overlooked. The officer who gave it

passed on with the troops, and left no memorandum to those who succeeded him. Days, weeks, months glided away, the whole transaction was forgotten.

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

The weather was now very agreeable at Shikārpur—some rain fell, and it was cool enough to allow of one's riding about, or walking in the day time. Officers (and now and then a lady) were continually passing through the place, on their way to the stations above the passes—of course nearly all of them lived at the Agency for the time they halted. Travellers' banglās were as yet unknown, and we were too happy to see new faces. It cannot be disguised, however, that as there was no table allowance from Government, hospitality and economy were incompatible. The Political Agent himself set a noble example in this respect; every one who came was welcome—his own staff, consisting of twelve or fifteen assistants, were always expected to dine with him when at the same station; and in these expenses alone went nearly half his pay, large as it was. Fourteen thousand bottles of beer, which annually poured forth their foaming contents at his board, were alone a considerable item, and to this is to be added wine, soda water, and a vast variety of other

* *i.e.*, the Government's.

potables, to say nothing of edibles, of gram-fed sheep, etc. One regarded this vast consumption with perfect *sang-froid*, knowing that a monthly stream of 4,000 rupees found its way into the coffers of the host. In the case, however, of an assistant, whose pay did not exceed an eighth of that sum, yet who received all comers, albeit in less magnificent style, a grain of compunction mingled with the cheer. Foremost among these patterns of liberality, was Lieut. W———, of *Ṭhaṭṭha*, to whom, among many others, I, too, owed a hospitable reception. I believe that he was never without guests; and, sometimes, after a cloud of small birds, would come a gigantic cormorant of a Commander-in-Chief, with a tail nearly as long as that of Irish Dan. The part of host is, too, so agreeable, that it very soon becomes a habit; one is discontented with a solitary table and a spare repast. Such, however, was the system, whether bad or good, and to it I owe some of the most agreeable acquaintances I ever made—nay, even friendships, which still last.

On the 3rd of January, 1840, Captain Arthur Conolly came to me, and stopped ten days; too short a time, for never have I met a man to whom my heart warmed so rapidly. He seemed so completely disinterested, so noble-minded, so fearless of earthly ills, and yet so full of that fear which maketh a man wise. Our meeting began oddly. The *Dāroghah* had just come to me to say that there was a Russ—a spy—in the town. I did not much believe in spies, thought it all nonsense, but was asking some questions for form's sake, when a strange *Ṣāhib* was announced. The name of Conolly was enough to put the *Dāroghah* and his Russophobia out of my head.

However, seeing him look surprised, and guessing how matters stood, I explained the case to him. He had, in fact, mistaken Conolly's Greek servant for a Russian, and included the master in the same category. Conolly was travelling in a style which would have gladdened the heart of our great Sindh hero; it was impossible that any imputation of superfluous baggage could be laid upon him. A small tent, in which a man could not stand upright, and which a portly fellow might have used for a cloak in wet weather, with a pair of portmanteaus, made up the whole of his kit. How he escaped being frozen when above the passes I know not. He gave me a most interesting account of his travels out from England.

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

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

On the 9th of December I had a visit from Zainu'l-Ābidīn Shāh (literally, the Ornament of the Devout), the elder brother of Takī Shāh. Thin, sallow, and very ugly, he had more the look of a Persian than of a noble of Sindh. His flattery to me was overdone. While speaking of the murder of his relation by Dīnū, he lost his temper, and abused the Khairpur Vazīr, Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī, as though he abetted the robber in his misdeeds. He used the word Ḳuramsāk pretty freely, and several other Persian terms of abuse, in speaking of the Vazīr. This day the small-pox broke out among the prisoners, and very soon carried off four of the Bugtīs. A few days after I was visited by Kamāl Khān, the chief of the Kāhirīs. This tribe are Shekhs, and formerly inhabited Phulajī and its vicinity. Here they were subject to a constant attack from the Dumkīs,

under Bijjār Khan, assisted by the Marrīs. After a brave defence they were dispossessed of their lands, and driven to the neighbourhood of Shikārpur. They went to Khilāt and Haidarābād to seek assistance in vain. Having come forward on our appearance in the country, to assist us as far as in them lay, we took them by the hand, and a promise was made to them that they should be reinstated in the districts from which they had been expelled. In Amiel's horse there was a considerable number of these men, and among them two in whom he placed great reliance. These were I'tibār Khān and Âbdu'llāh Khān. The former was a stout, red-faced man, with a truculent look. Numberless pistols stuck in his waist, his thick black beard, and blood-red scarf and turband, gave him a bandit air. His actions, too, did not belie his looks. He dismounted with as much *sang-froid* to cut the throat of a dying enemy, as an Englishman would to pick up his glove. On one occasion, when out with Amiel, a Marri Bilūch was brought to the ground by a shot. Before Amiel could interfere, I'tibār had decapitated the prostrate man; then, holding up the head by the long hair, he coolly said—"I knew him very well, it is Faizu 'Ullāh—we were firm friends once." The other Kāhirī, Âbdu'llāh Khān, was a very handsome young man, with long dark brown ringlets curling to his shoulders, and hazel eyes. He had been an associate of all the most daring robbers, knew their haunts, and, with I'tibār, aided us as a guide into the fastnesses of the Marri and Bugtī Hills. These two Kāhirīs themselves told me that after the battle of Nafushk they went over the field and cut the throats of all the Marrīs they could find. They said, that on a rough calculation,

they did this benevolent office for one hundred and thirty-three Bilūchīs of that tribe. They gloried in the deed, and I'tibār, in fact, became quite graphic when he spoke of his finding an old enemy among the wounded—a man with whom he had long been at deadly feud. This was Haibat Khān, a celebrated Marri chief, who, after fighting most desperately, had fallen by the fire of our guns. With eyes sparkling with ferocious triumph, I'tibār approached the dying warrior: “Haibat Khān,” he said, “do you know me? The last time we met was in the gate of Phulajī, when your foot was on the body of my brother; you did to him then what I am now about to do to you.” Apart from such savage acts as these, however, I'tibār and Ābdu'llāh were doubtless of immense assistance to us. Indeed, the time had now come when our operations against the Hill Bilūchīs were crowned with the most complete success. The force under Major Billamore had penetrated into the Bugtī Hills, had captured the Chief Bībarak, defeated his tribe in more than one fierce engagement, and put an end to their famous boast, which was in the mouths of all the natives, “God cannot hurt Bībarak in Derah.” Our troops had also visited Kāhan, the stronghold of the Marrīs, who, whether taken by surprise, as is most likely, or for some other reason, did not oppose us; but above all these successes, the fall of Khilāt, and death of Mihrāb Khān, had struck terror into the Hill Tribes. Bijjār and his robber horde, pressed by our detachments of cavalry (who besides being ever on his track, devoured the scanty forage of the districts he frequented), at last made up his mind to submit. By means of the Saiyid of Shāhpur, he communicated his

intentions to Lieutenant Postans.* The sole condition of his surrender was, that his life should be spared.

On the 20th of January the renowned Bijjār Khān and forty-eight chiefs of the Dumkīs and Jakrānīs together, with Bibarak Bugtī, were in our hands. Now was the time to have crushed for ever the freebooters of the desert—to have healed the plague-spot of Sindh. The two specifics, clemency and rigour, were at our option. It sufficed to administer either well to have effected our object, but our political apothecary made a sad bungle of the case,—he mixed the two medicines so clumsily as to negative each. Here were a body of the most famous marauders of that region—men whose names inspired as much fear in their country as ever did that of Robin Hood or Rob Roy in our own merry land. Without them it was impossible that for years to come the banditti who yet remained free could offer any effectual resistance to our measures for the pacification of the country; but could we do more than remove them from the ranks of our antagonists—could we conciliate them and induce them to act with us, the whole matter would be at once settled. I believe that a Sikh governor would have hung up the whole party

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

without further ceremony. I am quite sure that many of our European heroes, such as our friend Carlyle delighteth to worship, would have done the same—Wallenstein or Cromwell, for example. I am equally certain that Outram, or another I could name, would have made Bijjār and Bībarak the firm friends of the English Government, and would have so won their confidence as to govern through them the wild bands who called them chief. What was the plan adopted? Not one of all these—nay, a very pretty device, quite simple and effectual in its way—to bait the bear well and then slip the chain—that was the plan. In fact, the whole party, with the exception of Bijjār and Bībarak, were put in irons, dragged about like common malefactors—insulted, goaded, driven to fury, made our irreconcilable enemies, and then let loose to wreak their vengeance on us. The thing is so monstrous in its folly, that it will scarce be credited; yet it is true, —plain, sad earnest. Take one specimen of the means employed to make those robbers into honest men. Among them, most notorious for his sanguinary deeds and desperate courage, for the merciless hand and eye that knew not pity, was Jānī, the son of Kambar. He was the foremost of the Jakrānī tribe, who, originally Jakkra Sindhīs, had raised themselves by their daring acts to the rank of Bilūchīs. I had heard so much of him, that after Bijjār he was the first man I looked for when the chiefs surrendered. There could not be a doubt of the man; it was quite easy to select him from the crowd. Many were there of loftier stature, and more powerful frame, but not one in whom the desperado was so clearly marked; his large bold flashing eye and impatient gestures told you it was no counsel

of his that brought him there. His tribe followed Bijjār, and acknowledged him as superior even to their own chiefs, Daryā Khān and Turk Ālī. In compliance with their wishes, Jānī had put himself into the hands of the Faringī, but he did not attempt to disguise his hate. His sword was still crimsoned with blood up to the very hilt, and several notches in the centre of the blade with human hair adhering to them, shewed the manner in which it had been used ; he did not seek to conceal this, but shewed it at once with a laugh, at the same time relating the history of the stains.

A day or two before, the horse of a trooper belonging to a squadron of cavalry, who were in pursuit of Jānī, had died in the desert. Four men were sent to bring away the saddle and accoutrements. Jānī, whose black mare was famous for its speed, came upon them with a small band of Bilūchīs. Our troopers fled ; three were cut down in their flight ; the fourth escaped, but a huge slash in the hinder quarter of his horse attested the imminence of the rider's peril. Well, this fierce, bold Jānī—what was to be done with him ? His hands were red with the blood of our men. It was at first decided that he should be a prisoner for life. I received an order to put him in irons, and send him to work on the roads with the felons who were confined at Shikārpur. I sent for him, and told him his sentence. It was well for those who stood near that his sword had been taken from him. He made a desperate effort to rush forward, and I think I should have come in for an unpleasant knock or two (quite undeserved, for the sentence was none of mine), but three or four men threw themselves upon him. He was carried

off struggling with the fury of a wild beast, and the irons were put on. Every day Jānī was marched out to labour, and every day came the Ḥavāldār to me with a complaint that labour he would not. Instead of working, one of his fellow-prisoners—such was the terror of his name—carried a piece of cloth, on which, as soon as the others began their daily task, Jānī seated himself with all the dignity of an inspector. I sent for the recusant and expostulated with him (all the time, in my heart, admiring the man's audacity); I told him that if he persisted in refusing to work there was no chance of a mitigation of his sentence. "Hang me," was his answer, "kill me in any way you like, but never will I put hand of mine to your drudgery." A very puzzling answer,—I was as much at a nonplus as Mr. Bumble, when Oliver Twist told him through the keyhole that he was not afraid. There is no doing anything in the way of severity with a man who is not afraid. A different course must be adopted,—a course I would have gladly followed. It was, indeed, at last adopted, but too late.

After a long imprisonment a letter came to me, on the back of which was scrawled, "Release Jānī, and let him go where he likes;" words easily written, and for every letter of which went the life of a man. His fetters were taken off, he was admonished, and was free, and in three days he murdered a Dafādar and eight of our horsemen. Such were the firstfruits of his penitence. But his own end was at hand,—an end worthy of his life. He had always been notorious for intrigues; he had a *liaison* with the wife of Bilūch Khān, the Lehrī chief. During one of his visits to the fair culprit, the husband received

intelligence of his dishonour. Jānī was armed—to attack him was a business of danger; the affair was quietly managed. The doors of the house were fastened and the roof taken off. A shower of stones from above soon changed the slumber of the guilty pair into the long sleep of death. But the way in which Jānī was treated by us did not pain me so much as the measures enforced against the others—his fellow-captives. He was a merciless, ruthless ruffian, and received but the reward of his crimes; but Bijār's family were a different order of beings. Cruel, perhaps, they were, and indifferent to blood; their creed, the social—or rather the unsocial—condition in which they were born, had made them so; but they had in them the seeds of better things. There was much that was noble in Bijār himself, in Mundū Khān, his brother, in Vazīr Khān his son, and others of his family. Had they been wisely handled I am certain they would not have deceived us; but to manacle such men as these, to sell their arms and horses, and then to release them, was downright insanity. All that was in my power, to give time for the reconsideration of these most impolitic measures, was done. The order for manacling these prisoners was delayed, and a reference made to the authority from whom the order emanated; but a more peremptory injunction left me no alternative. Formerly service had been offered to Bijār, with three thousand rupees a month for his pay. The case was now altered indeed. “Şāhib,” he said to me one day, “ķismet-i man chunīn ast,” “It is my destiny.” Bibarak was not so patient. He was ordered to write to his son Islām Khān to come in; but he altogether refused, and vented his

indignation in loud complaints. He was a strange old man, that Bibarak; I delighted to talk with him when an opportunity offered, and was amused by his curious replies. He was the youngest old man I have ever seen,—surely some fairy hand had given him a draught of the elixir of life; he did not look above forty—his hair was very long, of a dark brown, and his hazel eyes were bright as diamonds.

On the 8th of February, the arms and horses of the Dumkī and Jakrānī prisoners were sold. With the exception of Bijjār and Daryā Khān, they had brought very inferior steeds into Shikārpur; they were in fact, the majority at least, mounted on ragged-looking gallo-ways, very fleet and hardy, but too small and weak to render their riders an equal match for our horsemen. Their arms consisted of some shabby matchlocks, shields, or rather targets of the rhinoceros' hide, and broad and trenchant swords. At the sword, indeed, the Bilūchīs are no mean proficient; it is well known that a common feat among them is to cut a sheep in two at one blow. The mares of Bijjār Khān and the Jakrānī leader were large, bony, and powerful animals; that of the former was sold for 210 rupees, and that of the latter for 400. Bijjār's seemed very quiet, and was sent to Bombay for a brood-mare; but the other was one of the most fiery, unmanageable creatures I ever beheld; it was first purchased by an officer, who admired it much, but never could prevail on himself to make actual experiment of its qualities as a roadster. For some days it was brought, exercised with the cavesson, taken back to the stable, soothed, humoured—all in vain. Spite of all this, there was an unpleasant

snorting, arched crest, and fiery air about it, which said, very plainly, "I am a wild horse for a wild rider—if you care for your neck it were wise not to try me." At last Alaf Khān Tehrīn, who liked a charger with plenty of the devil in him, said he would buy it. The bargain was soon concluded, and Daryā Khān's mare once more felt a rider on her back. It was not, however, without a struggle and a little ingenuity that he mounted. He took her into a narrow path between two walls, where she could not get away, and then leaped on her back. He had not time, however, to boast much of his success; soon as she felt the weight, up she went straight into the air, then lashed out furiously with her hind legs, and after two or three terrific plunges, fairly hurled the strong man over her head. Bruised as he was, he was up again in a moment, and once more mounted; and this time, thinking perhaps she had tested his mettle sufficiently, she was quiet enough. Indeed she was a noble animal, and Alaf Khān used to exult in her mad caprices, often saying to me—"When I mount that mare I feel I have the pride of the Jakrānīs under me." Upon Daryā Khān's restoration to liberty, however, he was compelled to restore her, and the purchase-money was refunded to him by Government.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF SARTĀF, AND DEATH OF WALPOLE CLARKE—AMIEL'S VAIN PURSUIT OF THE KALPARS—MUHAMMAD SHERĪF, THE NĀIB OF KACHĪ—MISMANAGEMENT OF THAT PROVINCE—THE SINDHĪ ALPHABET—DUBIOUS EPISTLES.

PEOPLE in England have a pleasant idea of May; the very word conjures up visions of bright green fields, and children picking cowslips and hawthorns with their white and red flowers, smelling all wooingly. My mind, alas! had been quite disabused of these fantasies long enough. It wanted not the creaking pankah; pulled by a respectable old gentleman in a white turband and brown face; nor the darkened room and ceaseless revolutions of the Therm-antidote, to admonish me that my May was quite a different thing from the laughing, blithesome May of Old England. I was meekly exuding in a temperature of 96°, when a tall young officer walked in and shook my hand. "Well, Clarke," I said, "what can bring you out in this villainous weather, which is enough to melt one's head, even if it were made of cast iron and faced with granite?" "Oh," he said, "I am ordered into the Marri Hills, to escort a convoy. I do not feel at all well—in fact I have had fever for the last three days—nor is

it my turn for duty; but I shall say nothing about that." He asked for guides—I gave them, and we parted. A few days afterwards, I was lying ill with fever, shivering beneath a pile of blankets, when my curtains were drawn—"Bad news! Clarke is killed, and the whole of his detachment cut up—not a man of them has escaped!" So indeed it was—the brave heart that beat so high was now cold in death. Long afterwards, I obtained an account of this fatal affair, from Ābdu'llāh and others who had been present. Clarke had, they said, told some Bilūchīs that he was going to Kāhan, and that, if Dodah Marri wished to encounter him, he might. The message was a rash one, if really sent, but I doubt the accuracy of my informant, as to this point, knowing well that Clarke was—

κόμπων ἐν χερσὶν ἔχων,

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

for such gentle deeds as these, or for the more commonplace business of their meals. Of the force under his command—about 160 men—only the irregular horse—between thirty and forty in number—escaped, and six or seven sipāhīs, most of whom were wounded. Months after a Sindhī brought me my poor friend's keys, and some other trifles from his baggage, and his trousers, covered with blood, were found in the cleft of a rock. This was the first severe loss we suffered coupled with defeat, since our army crossed the Indus; the effect was great, and the Marrīs were elated with success, and thenceforth no detachment could enter the hills without danger. The sipāhīs, when ordered on service in that direction evidently considered they were about to take the shortest road to the country of Yama (Death). Going to Takar, as they called the hills, was with them equivalent to εἰς κόρακας, and they forthwith deposited their savings with some friend, or in the treasury, for transmission to their families. About the same time with Sartāf happened another untoward event. Amiel received intelligence of an intended foray by the Kalpar Bugtīs, a tribe inhabiting the hills to the east of the Marri country, and notorious robbers. He determined to pursue them, and, with about eighty horses, commanded by himself and Lieutenant Vardon, and with Yārū Kosah as guide, he started, as evening fell, for the place where the marauders were said to be encamped with their booty. They rode all night; day dawned and shewed them—not the enemy, but an interminable expanse of sandy desert. Nor does day advance there with the tardy steps with which in more fortunate climes it moves gradually on.

At once it bursts red, fierce, intolerable, over the waste. The eye grows dizzy, and the ear sings with heat. None but the robber of the desert can endure the fiery trial. He, born amid these arid solitudes, is brought up from his childhood to bear fatigue and thirst. The Bilūchīs, of all men, can longest endure the want of water. On their most distant forays they drink but once, and never during the heat of the day.* They undergo, in fact, a discipline of the most rigorous kind, and those who would cope with them must undergo it too. But no European can ever hope so to change his nature as to match them in hardihood. With the crown of the head bare, and a long roll of cotton cloth twisted loosely round his temples, on a wooden saddle of excruciating hardness, and mounted on a small, lean, ill-favoured, but indomitable, mare, whose pace, except when put out, is a villainous short rough trot,—the Bilūchī rides on, and on, fifty, sixty, nay, seventy miles without a halt. On one occasion, when a small party, going to join Sir J. Keane's force, had lost half their number between Shikārpur and Barshorī, in consequence of the Bilūchī guide taking them an enormous distance at once; the latter was asked why he had not shown the unfortunates a place to rest, there being several on the road. "How could I tell?" was the answer; "my horse and myself are quite fresh; I thought they liked it." But *revenons à nos moutons*, and to Amiel's horsemen, who, as the sun rose,

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

lost all power of proceeding. Cries for water were heard on all sides. Some lost their way or were left behind, where they perished miserably. The object of the expedition was forgotten; the only thought was to get back in safety. There cannot be a doubt that the whole detachment was now at the mercy of the guide, Yārū. Had he ridden off or kept them an hour or two longer in the desert, every man would have succumbed. But Yārū, though, perhaps, he had no mind to betray his former friends, the Bugtīs, was not disposed to lose the pay he received monthly from our Government. He conducted Amiel to a muddy pool, known only to the freebooters of the desert, and this supply of water enabled the detachment to regain the place whence they had started. At the sight of the water, which was black, dirty, and of an offensive smell, the whole body—horses and men—rushed headlong into it, throwing themselves down in it, and fighting with one another for the precious draught. Thus ended the attempt, and a few days after three horses and their riders were found dead, stiff, and stark, in the desert, but a few miles from the Shikārpur border—sad memorials of the failure. Others who had dropped from their saddles were sought for, and brought in delirious. As usual in such cases, all voices were loud against poor Yārū. He was sent into Shikārpur a prisoner. His execution was demanded. I was commissioned to take the depositions against him; and I was glad that the duty devolved upon me, for I felt no bias against him. Do we not expect too much when we call upon those who enter our service to betray their brethren to a cruel death or to bonds? On the evidence being taken nothing was elicited to show that Yārū had intentionally

led our men out of their way. He understood scarce a word that was said to him. He was not the person who had given intelligence of the marauders. It is very probable that he could not have found them, had he used his best exertions. He himself said that the order to turn back was given before the party had got two-thirds of the distance to where it was likely the robbers were. Yārū, in short, was acquitted, and afterwards did good service.

The hot season of 1840 had now fully set in, and a great change had come over our position beyond the Indus. The preceding year closed with the complete success of our Kābul expedition. The Shāh was seated on the throne of his ancestors; the Chiefs of Kāndahār, and their more formidable brother, Dūst Muḥammad, had fled; Mihrāb Khān, of Khilāt, had expiated his hostility to us with his blood; and lastly, the Chiefs of the marauding Bilūchīs had surrendered at discretion, and were now our prisoners. We had conquered a vast country; the more difficult task remained to keep it. Yet with prudence we might—yes, might easily—have held it. But every step was now a downward one. We ascended the political ladder, only to show how nimbly we could come down it. In the first place, we withdrew our army too soon; leave on private affairs was freely given to all in the regiments that remained who applied for it. The Afghāns and Bilūchīs began to count our scanty numbers: they were ashamed to be kept down by a handful of men. Then came the disaster at Sartāf—detachments, it was proved, were not able to cope with the Hill tribes, when that under Clarke had been so utterly destroyed; regiments

were required, but where were they to be found in Sindh? unless we chose to abandon our dépôts, Sakkar and Shikārpur. In the meantime our political chief was enjoying the cool breezes of Simla, many hundred miles distant from the scene of war, whence, nevertheless, he, like a second Jove from snow-capt Olympus, swayed the counsels of our inferior world. The assistant who was left in charge of the agency was compelled to refer all matters of any moment to his absent superior, and it was weeks before the answer arrived: add to this, that he was quite ignorant of the language, and obliged to trust for his information to a designing and venal Munshī. It is true he was an able officer, and possessed excellent natural abilities, but his whole conduct was framed on the principle of non-conciliation, and then no man who swallows from one to two dozen bottles of beer *per diem* can always scrutinize with sufficient exactness the infinitesimal limits of the expedient and inexpedient.

Under such circumstances, it required no "angel's ken," to see that disasters were at hand. Loveday, left at Khilāt with thirty sipāhīs, began to write for succours; Kāhan was now beleagured. I commenced a series of letters to the Secretariat at Bombay, in which I pointed out, as far as I was able, our mistakes and the remedies. Among the most flagrant of our errors, was the nomination of a most notorious traitor and renegade to be Governor of the province of Kachī.

The English rule is a model of justice. There is no prosopolepsy in it; no respect of persons. All men are equal, and have equal rights. There ought to be no disqualification for office; let no one think such maxims

mere sound—let them be exemplified; pick out a bright glaring example,—one that shall catch the eye. The English have conquered a new province—the province of Kachī—nominally for the Shāh, but if the truth must out, really for themselves. However, let that pass, they have a new country, and they want a Governor;—so, to exemplify our maxim above, and shew that no man's claim for promotion will be disregarded; they choose a man whose claims are not only least, but have a clear well-defined negative sign against them. Did any one inquire who Muḥammad Sharīf was, when he was appointed Governor of Kachī? If so, Truth answered, "He was Governor of the districts of Harrand and Dājel for Miḥrāb Khān of Khilāt, and sold them to Ranjīt Singh. He is a man not more feared than hated, has no objection to any master, as he will betray all alike; is indifferent to salary, as he will squeeze the uttermost penny from those he governs, whether his pay be large or small; he has wrought one miracle, and only one—made men trust him."* Such was the man who, by some monstrous infatuation, was selected for our Viceroy in Kachī. He was not troubled with the presence of any European officer to control his operations; he was left to himself to weave the web of his machinations at his own convenience, and he soon laid the foundation of that extensive rebellion, which ended in the expulsion of Shāh Nawāz from Khilāt; the death of Loveday, and the pillage of Kachī. He had taken an early opportunity of paying his respects at the Agency, where I met him. In appearance he was handsome, of a tall, majestic figure,

* Part of a sentence has been omitted.

and with a magnificent black beard ; but he seldom looked one in the face, and when he did there was a very unpleasant sinister expression in his eye. His words, however, were plausible, and he soon obtained great influence at head quarters. An unceasing correspondence was carried on between him and the principal Munshī, Trebania Sahā. It was quite evident they rowed in the same boat, and in the sequel, in the same craft together they both sank. I do not know whether it was at the recommendation of this worthy or not, but one of our first measures on taking Kachī was to seize all Jāgīr lands, granted by preceding governments for services formerly rendered. It happened that the year was one of great scarcity ; it may be imagined, therefore, how such a proceeding was relished. Among those whose lands were thus seized were Kamāl Khān Iltazai, the brother-in-law of Shāh Nawāz ; Raḥīm Khān Mengal, whose father, Walī Muḥammad, was killed at the storming of Khilāt ; Īsā Khān Mengal, 'Atā Khān, and other chiefs of the greatest power and influence among the Brāhūīs. Some of them passed through Shikārpur to petition at Sakkar for a restoration of their rights. I was aware of their coming and their objects, and wrote as strong a letter as I could, urging their claims. They were, however, kept waiting many days before they could obtain an audience, and at last dismissed uncourteously with a refusal. I have not the least doubt that Muḥammad Sharīf was at the bottom of this, and that he hoped in this manner to form a league of the aggrieved chiefs against us. If such was his aim, it was fully realized, for the very men who returned to the hills sullen and dejected at the refusal of their applications for the lands

they lately possessed were soon at the head of a body of several thousand insurgents. But our policy was not satisfied with only kindling an insurrection;—it was necessary to provide fuel for the fire. The revenue in these trans-Indine provinces is usually taken in kind; vast magazines of grain were accordingly collected by Muḥammad Sharif, and stored up at Gandāvah, Kotru, and Dādar, places conveniently situated for the advancing Brāhūi insurgents, and totally defenceless, being either altogether without garrison, or, as in the case of Dādar, protected only by detachments. But while such things were going on, what were the political agents about? I can only say that my own position was a most painful one. It was that of watching a game of chess ill-played—one saw the bad moves and the good, but had no voice. Our duties, too, were so onerous and heterogeneous that we had not time to do more than write an occasional remonstrance to our Chief. The supervision of a large Treasury, a crowded Gaol, and a Post-office, through which hundreds of letters and parcels were forwarded daily, was quite enough to stop one from being over meditative. An elaborate report of all the villages in Upper Sindh, with the names of the owners, and amount of revenue collected—a Price-Current of every article sold in the Shikārpur market—and a Vocabulary of the Sindhi language, comprising four or five thousand words, every one of which was discussed by several Munshis, were part of my own works of supererogation. In preparing the Vocabulary, I, of course, had to learn the character, which has this peculiarity, that only initial vowels (with a very few exceptions) are written: conse-

quently there is the greatest difficulty in decyphering writings, for only the consonants appear, and you must insert the vowels as you think will best suit the sense. Thus, the word *Pirin*, "beloved," is written exactly like *pare*, "beyond," for only the *p* and the *r* are represented. The consequence of such an elliptical mode of writing is, that even the natives make egregious blunders in extracting the pith of the queer little epistles with which their correspondents favour them. A merchant, for instance, is said to have received a letter from a friend in Rājputānah, whither his son had gone. Not being very quick at making out handwriting, he asked an acquaintance to help him; who interpreted it in such a manner as to make it an announcement of his son's death. The poor father threw dust on his head, howled piteously, and collected a crowd about him. "Alas!" he cried, "he was my only son!" One of the bystanders, much moved by his distress, asked to see the letter. "Pshaw," said he after looking at it, "There is nothing about death here—your son has taken a wife—he is happily married." "Now," said the father, "I am worse off than ever, for I know not whether to laugh or cry."

They tell, too, of a man who paid one of these *scribes*, a *non scribendo*, to write a letter for him. When it reached its destination, no one could make out a word of it, except the name of the person who sent it. In process of time it was returned, and he who sent it, took it in a rage to the penman, and told him it was returned as unreadable. "Like enough," quoth the other, "I cannot read it myself: you paid me to write, not to read." This savours, no doubt, of Joe Miller; if any one thinks so, let

him believe that that which might fairly be reckoned as one of Joe's offspring, in lands where people do sometimes write intelligibly, is an undoubted child of truth in Shikārpur.

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

CHAPTER VIII

THE PİR OF SIRHIND—AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY—A TROUBLESOME GUEST—
REVOLT IN SHĀL—REFLECTIONS THEREON—ĀBDU 'LLĀH KĀHIRI'S REPORT
—A BUILDING EXCURSION IN THE DESERT.

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

Suppose that a merchant is about to travel into a distant and dangerous country, and that he has a daughter whom he dares not take with him, and fears to leave behind. He forthwith seeks out some PİR, or Holy Man, to whose wives he entrusts his child, and may then set forth on his journey free from care, knowing that none will dare to violate the seclusion of the sacred Hāram. So, too, with treasure—deposit it with a PİR, and it will remain safe and untouched. Thus your Eastern Saints are in these days what Delphi and Olympia were to the Greeks—what monasteries and abbeys were to our forefathers: bankers who pay no interest it is true, but do not absorb and ingurgitate your principal. One morning a beautiful Persian book was brought to me, and the bearer said the PİR of Sirhind had sent it, and wished to make my acquaintance; I returned my salutation, and

he visited me. Fidā Muhyīu'd-din, for such was his name, was descended from Abū Bakr, one of the four friends of the Prophet. There was a dignity in his manner, devoid of all affectation, which would have become His Holiness the Pope himself. He had resided in Hindūstān, spoke well of our rule, but without flattery, and conversed most agreeably on the manners and history of the Sindhians and Afghāns. It is gross bigotry to suppose that these leaders of the Muslim faith, are not often sincere, well-meaning men according to their light, which, dim as it is, is sometimes better used than the brighter beams which are shed on us.

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

A few minutes after the Pir left me, came an old woman, uttering doleful cries, tearing her hair, and invoking all the Prophets and Saints to see justice done to her. I felt much scandalized on finding my own name mixed up in her vociferations in a manner which appeared to be the reverse of laudatory. Truly, thought I, "it is as well the Holy Man is gone, or he would have been greatly edified. What can I have done to vex the old lady? I never remember to have seen her ill-omened visage

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

situation. I sent for his things, allotted him a tent, and introduced him to a Risālahdār, who commanded a body of horse, encamped close by, and some of whose men were to escort the new comer on his journey the next morning.

In the night there was a very tolerable amount of noise—people were constantly hurrying about. I sent two or three times to ask if there was aught the matter. At daylight the Risālahdār came with a grave face and said that the Şāhib who had arrived the night before, was a man of unpleasant habits. On going to his tent he had spent some hours in drinking, after which he sallied forth with a drawn sword, and amused himself with chasing the servants about, until some of the horsemen, on his falling over the tent-ropes, managed to get the sword out of his hand. I wrote an account of the night's diversion, and sent it with the whimsical gentleman himself to his master. My friend thought he should be able to reform him, but after a month's trial, sent him back in despair, and the end of it was, that he was transmitted to Sakkar, bound hand and foot, after he had bitten the native Treasurer through the arm, on which occasion the gravity of that functionary quite forsook him, and he roared in a very dismal and moving manner.

The burning heat of July had now arrived. I slept with a pankah swinging over me, within a few inches of my nose, and if ever the drowsy god weighed down the eye-lids of the man who pulled this pankah, causing its stoppage, I awoke. One night, being thus roused from a short, fitful sleep, I got up and tumbled over a native servant, who lay on the ground near me. "Is there—is

there any air," I said desperately. "If there is," said he, "I haven't got it." I rushed into the garden to see if I could breathe there. Of two English officers who were stopping with me, one was sitting up to his chin among the green corn, by way of cooling himself—the other was pacing up and down under some trees. None of us closed our eyes for the rest of the night. The atmosphere was so thick, one fancied it might have been cut with a knife, and I longed to cut and hack it too, out of mere spite. A regiment, which was ordered to march to Shikārpur, from a distance of little more than twenty miles, was utterly disorganized in the two nights it was *en route*. Some men threw themselves into the canals, others went mad, and numbers were stricken down with fever. It was in such a time that our impolitic treatment of the Brāhūis and Hill Bilūchīs bore fruit.

On the 24th of June, Seālkoṭ was attacked by the Kākars, who were, however, repulsed with the loss of sixty men. A party of twenty sipāhīs, under a Hāvāldār, and escorting Ghulām Ḥusain, Lieut. Loveday's Munshī, were attacked at Mūstung, and cut off to a man. Letters reached me from Khilāt from Lieut. Loveday, and the brothers Shāh Nawāz and Fateḥ Khān, representing that the tribes were up in arms against them, under the Chiefs whose lands we had seized—that they feared treachery among their own party, and that unless succour was despatched, Khilāt would, probably, soon be in the hands of the enemy. I must own I was much grieved, but little surprised, at this intelligence. From the moment that the 31st Regiment, which had been left to garrison Khilāt, was—by whose authority I know not—

re-called, it was quite clear that Shāh Nawāz would be unable to make head against the disaffection which was rapidly augmenting. From the first, however, I thought we did right in setting up Shāh Nawāz, and I think so still, in spite of the abuse that has been heaped on this measure.

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

of sipāhīs at his capital. This inflicted on him the odium of our alliance without its substantial advantages. But we did worse than this, as has been before shewn, we raised up enemies against Shāh Nawāz, even in his own family, by confiscating the lands of his brother-in-law, Kamāl Khān Iltazai. In point of heirship the claim of Nawāz was quite equal with that of Naṣir to the throne of Khilāt. Their fathers had been litigants for it, as the sons now were, and the father of Nawāz had been cruelly and traitorously murdered by Mihrāb. Nawāz was approved by Shāh Shujā, who was the Lord Paramount, and had always been recognised by the Amīrs of Sindh, insomuch that he was supported by them in exile and treated as a prince. Be that, however, as it may, the British Government had made Nawāz Khān of Khilāt, and I maintain that it was as the height or depth (phrase it how you will) of turpitude to abandon him in his distress. There is no one thing which has more sapped our power in the East than the belief which is daily gaining strength, that the English are not staunch friends—that a valiant enemy will win from them more than a submissive ally. Lord Ellenborough saw this, and, I am persuaded, did more for us by rewarding Bhāwal Khān in the manner he did than twenty bloody victories would effect.

Our empire in India is to be maintained in the same way as it was first acquired, in the way in which Rome contrived to sway the world, by making powerful those who support us, and carrying them through all opposition. But, with the exception of Bhāwal Khān, where are those who were a few years ago our allies? Where is the Shāh?—where Nawāz Khān?—where Mīrs Rustām and Sobdār?

—where are the chiefs who, in Afghānistān, drew their swords in our cause against their own tribe? All slain or exiled, and in their places sit those who opposed us from the first. In truth it is no very gratifying reflection. Even a Musalmān might say, "I would rather be the Faringī's pig than his friend." Poor Loveday wrote to me that he was sure he and his party would be cut off, but that he was resolved rather to die than leave his post. I wrote to the Agent at Sakkar, and begged that a regiment might be sent up the Gandāvah Pass without delay. He replied that no one had any authority to move troops without a reference to our Chief at Simla. I offered to take the responsibility on my own head if he would support my application to the Brigadier in command. To this no answer was returned; and occasion—which was now offering to us her forelock—glided away, and we strove in vain afterwards to catch the close-shorn backhead which she presented to us in her flight. About this time, Ābdu'llāh Kāhirī, our guide in the Hill expeditions, paid me a visit. He had news of the beleaguered Kāhan. "The Marrīs," said he, "are fortifying the road by Lehrī and Nafushk." "Are they in strength?" I asked. "So strong," said he, "that they will beat back five hundred of your men. If you send a thousand, you may succeed; but even then it will not be without fighting." He named the chiefs he heard were assembled to prevent our relieving Kāhan. I immediately took Ābdu'llāh before another political officer, and made him repeat all he had said. I could not find a person who would give any credence to the information. Every one laughed at the idea of the Marrīs fighting a whole regiment.

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

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

On the 12th of August I returned to Shikārpur. Clibborn's force—consisting of the 1st Grenadiers, two hundred and fifty horse, the Light Company of the 2nd Grenadiers, and some artillery—passed through *en route* for Kāhan. It had been proposed to send two companies of Europeans with him, and a whole wing of the 2nd Grenadiers. "You had better take them," I said, as we stood on the steps of the Agency; "I am sure you will have hard fighting." "I shan't want them," he said; "the Bilūchīs will never stand." I wrote an official

application, offering to go with the force, and received for answer—that I was wanted where I was. My mind misgave me when I saw the way in which the enemy were underrated, and when I beheld the great string of camels the troops had with them. Among the officers was an Irishman of gigantic stature, six feet five inches high, and of Herculean proportions. His temper was not absolutely one of silk. He wanted some camels, and I sent the Dāroghah, or Mayor of Shikārpur, to him to inquire after and supply his wants. The little Persian came back shaking in every limb. “Wāh! Şāhib,” he said, “you have sent me to an Afrit,—a monster, and no man. I entreat you, Şāhib, get the camels yourself for him, and let me be clear of this raging lion.”

On the 14th I received a letter from Loveday, giving the news of the fall of Khilât, after a smart resistance. “With a couple of hundred sipāhīs,” he said, “the Khān and his brother would have baffled all attacks, but they were betrayed by their own party.” Shāh Nawāz had shewn great courage, and had killed one of the assailants with his own hand.

I now received orders to set out for Dādar, and to erect at each station on the road a house for travellers, at the same time seeing that the wells were cleared out, so that on the advance of troops their halting places might be at least provided with a supply of water. A few days were allowed to the workmen who were to attend me that they might make their arrangements, and meantime I paid a visit to Ḥabīb Kā Got, the residence of the Pīr of Sirhind. I found him living in a very comfortable house, with a garden which, for Sindh, was quite charming. He

gave me a most delicious dinner on silver platters. I particularly admired the long Peshāwar rice, a grain of which is three times the size of the ordinary kind, and which is so highly esteemed that Ranjit took part of the tribute of Peshāwar in it, and used to make presents of it. After dinner a man with a clear sweet voice read the combat of Suhrāb and Rustam in the Shāh-nāmah, with much spirit. Afterwards we walked in the garden, and I returned to Shikārpur about midnight. It was very dark, and as we passed under the gate, my forehead encountered some woodwork, which laid me flat on the back of the camel, but luckily I did not fall, and still more luckily I had on an English jockey cap, thickly padded with cotton, which saved me from a fractured skull. Next day I was asked by Ibrāhīm Shāh, the Ḥaidarābād minister, to a nāch in what is called the Kāzī's garden. The Sindhian dancing girls are inferior to those I have seen in India. One whose name was "Moonbeam," (Mahtāb) was rather pretty; but, on the whole, there was no great risk of being fascinated.

On the 29th of August I left Shikārpur at midnight, and by five next morning reached a place called Jānīderah, about twenty-four miles distant, where is a small half-ruined fort. Round it extends a vast plain, which for miles at this season of the year is clothed with a gigantic grain, the Jawārī, or *Holcus sorgum*. In no part of the world does this grain grow to such a gigantic height as here. Riding on a camel I found that it was still several feet above my head; and, in many places, it must have measured twenty feet from the ground. A tract of six or eight miles so covered, forms a fine lurking-place for

robbers, of which before many days I had good proof. Jānīderah boasts of one solitary tree, a tree of tall stature, that seems to draw itself up in a very dignified and Dombey-like manner, in contempt of the puny things around. Innumerable birds take refuge in this solitary tree. I fired into it at hap-hazard, and killed with two shots eighty-four sparrows. This place is sometimes visited with a furious tornado, or simūm, from the desert. The commander of Irregular Horse stationed at it told me that on one occasion he was two days without food,—the wind blowing the roofs of the houses in the fort away, and the air being so full of dust that it was impossible to cook anything. At one time, canals from the Indus came up beyond Jānīderah far into the desert. Then cultivation was carried on to a much greater extent, and many villages existed the very names of which are forgotten, while round the fort itself was a small town, in place of which is now a burial ground, populous with tombs. I set men to work to build a house for travellers, and next day went on eleven miles to Khāngarh, where is a fort which, when Lord Keane's force passed up to Afghānistān, contained two hundred people, chiefly of the Kosah tribe. Some of them were said to have plundered our baggage, though the other Sindhīs declare these Kosahs were innocent, and that the ill-deed was done by the Jakrānīs. Whatever the truth may be, it is at least certain that the Fifth Regt. By. N.I. attacked the place. They had artillery with them, but the guns were too light, and, moreover, not very well served; for it is said that the first shot missed the fort altogether, and that the defenders uttered a shout of derision. Meantime, those inside were not idle

—a ball from a matchlock killed the Šūbahdār Major of the attacking regiment, and some of the men were killed and wounded. Two young officers of the corps, who had never seen a shot fired before, now rushed on gallantly to the gate of the fort, and endeavoured to pull away the timber with which it was blocked up. One of them was wounded; the attempt, however, succeeded, and an entrance was effected. A great number of the Bilūchīs were bayoneted—as many it has been said as one hundred and thirty—and the rest were sent prisoners to Shikārpur, where they were afterwards released. If the Kosahs were really guilty of the marauding imputed to them, they were terribly punished; for the place was utterly ruined, and remains, doubtless, to this day, in ghastly keeping with the waste around.

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

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF NAFUSHK—RETREAT OF CLIBBORN'S FORCE—PROCEED TO
BĀGH—CRITICAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY—LEHRĪ—BURNING OF GAN-
DĀVAH—RETURN TO SHIKĀRPUR.

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

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

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

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

I was not, however, suffered to remain long in doubt

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

have stricken down a bull, was, in an instant—dead, without a sign to shew where death had smitten him. The next march brought the troops to a steep and roadless hill. The road, in fact, had been broken up. On the summit of the hill were seen the enemy in force. Beyond, at the distance of a few miles, was Kāhan. To halt was impossible, where no water was to be obtained; to retreat, with the object of the expedition almost within grasp, was not to be thought of. A party prepared to force their way up the hill; the guns and howitzers were to clear the top for them. But the shells fell short, and as soon as the storming party—of whom forty were dismounted troopers—began to ascend, a sharp fire of matchlocks opened upon them. Every one knows that, in such positions the matchlock is more deadly than the musket; its range is longer, and those who use it take, in general, better aim than our sipāhīs. The sipāhīs fell fast. The officer who led was badly wounded; still he pressed on. He and one private were the only men who got almost to the top; for, when the detachment was little more than half way up, down rushed the Murrīs; with the fury of a mountain-torrent they swept all before them. Every officer of the storming party was killed but one. He it was who, a few days before, had slain two of the enemy in single combat. It was now his turn to bleed. He was cut down, and his life only saved by his native A.D.C., who parried the next blow and shot the assailant, at the same time assisting L—— to regain his feet. His danger, however, was not over. A huge Bilūch pursued him, desperately wounded as he was, down to where the regiment had formed square, at the foot of the hill. His

strength was but sufficient to carry him to one of the guns, close to which he fell, senseless. One of the gunners, thinking him dead, stood on his body as he fired the gun. Of the storming party not twenty were left, and the victorious Bilūchīs—with a large stone in one hand and a sword in the other—charged up to the muzzle of the guns. They hurled the stones in the faces of our men, who declared that this mode of attack was more formidable than it is possible to express. One most distinguished chief of the Marrīs actually thrust his shield against the mouth of a gun as it was about to be fired, and was blown away from it. Others seized the muskets of the sipāhīs and threw themselves on the bayonets. They fought like madmen, or wild beasts, and so great was the peril of our troops that Major Clibborn himself wrote that “nothing but a fortunate discharge of grape saved the regiment, at the last moment, from complete destruction.” When the enemy retired, the only thought left was how to retreat with as much speed as possible. But the men were dying of thirst. The guides stated that water might be got in the vicinity. It is but too probable that in saying this they told a deliberate falsehood,—with what object it is difficult to conjecture, for they themselves would have been put to the sword had they fallen into the hands of the enemy. A party, however, was sent in quest of the spring, who were attacked by the Bilūchīs, and almost all, except the guides, cut off. I’tibār Khān, one of the guides, had mounted himself on a white horse, belonging to Major Clibborn, and on this he escaped. He had, however, according to his own account, availed himself of the lull that had taken place after the first

attack, before he was sent with the water party, to go round and cut the throats of the Bilūchīs lying on the ground, and among them that of Haibat Khān, a chief of note with whom he was at feud. The clothes, too, of the poor dying wretches were on fire, and burned like tinder, adding to their tortures. After Major Clibborn found that the party he had sent for water did not return, he ordered a retreat to the previous day's halting-place. On the way there, and for days after, down to Lehri, our troops were pursued, stragglers killed, and the remaining baggage captured. Nor even at Jānīderah were they quite free from annoyance. As we sat at mess a sipāhī came rushing in with his hand cut off. He had, that instant, been wounded. Two or three mounted Bilūchīs had come upon him, as he had gone a few hundred yards from camp. He fled, and, as he held up his arm to save his head, one of his pursuers cut the hand clean in two. There was not the slightest jag or unevenness—a tolerable proof of the sharpness of the sword. The poor fellow seemed in great agony, and we all rushed out to see what had become of the Bilūchīs. Several men mounted and rode along the edge of the Jawārī, which extended round us, but soon came back without having seen the robbers. Man is a laughing animal; in spite of the late disaster we had a hearty laugh at the doctor of the regiment, who, when some of the artillerymen were killed at Nafushk, gallantly assisted in serving one of the guns. He rammed down the charge with great vigour, but, for the life of him, could not get the rammer out again. Time was precious—the Bilūchīs were making another charge and were almost up to the gun. The doctor's efforts became

superhuman—still the rammer was immoveable. “Wriggle it about, man,” roared the officer, who was just going to fire. “I can’t stir it.” “Then mind yourself;” and the doctor had scarce time to tumble on one side when bang went the rammer and all close to him.

Next morning Clibborn’s force left Jāniderah for Shikārpur. Some of the camp followers (not the sipāhis, it is to be hoped) encountered a huge supply of beer on its way to the thirsty souls at Phūlajī and other grilling stations near the desert. Acting on the reverse of Sidney’s principle, and, doubtless, observing “My need is greater than thine,” they quaffed off every bottle with most Christian relish and thankfulness. It was lucky I had no beer with me, or perchance my liquids would have gone in the same way. So ended our attempts to relieve Kāhan. A Court of Inquiry was held upon Major Clibborn, and pronounced rather unfavourably of the judgment he displayed. They were called upon to reconsider their opinion, yet adhered to it and consequently fell all of them, somewhat unjustly, in my opinion, into — *mais laissons cela*. I shall only say it was lucky no Political accompanied the force. Poor devil! what Atlantean shoulders he would have required to bear the weight of infamy that would have been hurled upon him! Brigade-Major A. would have curled up his nose to an extent of scorn, painful even to himself, as he exclaimed, “It is all those damned Politicals.” Adjutant B. would have caught up the cry, and every corner of the camp would have echoed with one unmelodious but harmonizing growl of “damned Politicals.” Good truth! for my own part I should have been reminded of a certain squire,

who, if any pious individual of his parish fell sick, or became unfortunate, or met with any accident whatsoever, had a general remark for the occasion, "It is all that damned religion."

Before leaving Jānīderah, I had a visit from Rāhman, the robber, who now wore a gay lūngī or scarf, and was, *pro tem.*, an honest man in our service. Seeing that he had his famous black mare with him, I asked him to lend it to me for a day or two. He looked anything but pleased, but assented, and the next time I rode out I mounted the mare. She was a most powerful creature, and no doubt equal to immense distances, but her paces were rough, and she had an unpleasant trick of stopping as if she were listening, with her head on one side; there was no moving her till she had satisfied her curiosity. Rāhman was evidently very anxious to get her back, and would not hear of selling her, so I let him have her, and he went off with all expedition. Afterwards I learned that the next day had been fixed on by him and other Burdī robbers for a foray upon another tribe, which they executed, and carried off many head of cattle. No wonder the rogue was so anxious for his steed. Horses that have been ridden by natives are seldom agreeable to Europeans. They spoil their mouths and their paces, and teach them to show off by bounding and curvetting—a sort of display which looks well, but is the reverse of comfortable to the rider, unless he has been used to the hard wooden saddles of the native horsemen. On one occasion I had been much edified by the excessive springs and plunges which a handsome young Afghān cavalier was making his steed exhibit. I thought I should like

to try the same amusement—so mounted, stuck in my spurs, and held in the animal's head in approved fashion. After one or two bounds, I began to find my seat was not of rose-leaves or velvet, and wished to stop, but my steed liked the fun better than I did, and jumped the higher the more I would have it desist. A very thin pair of sleeping drawers was all that intervened between my flesh and the hardest piece of wood that, I believe, was ever fashioned by man for the convenience, or rather excruciating inconvenience, of his fellow. "Plague take thee," thought I, as I at last succeeded in dismounting, "a rider should indeed be one of *metal* to sit in thy saddle."

As I was starting from Rojān, a letter reached me from Vardon, a cavalry officer in charge of Bāgh, to the effect that the Brahūis were descending the Gandāvah Pass in great force; that, in fact, they had several thousand horse, and a vast rabble of footmen. At Rojān (which, by a very slight twist of the Persian name, might be rendered "departing life") I halted for a day, to clear out the well. Such water as that well then held might have moved the springs of Harrowgate, or the stagnant pools of Tower Ditch, to bitter envy. On pumping it up, which we did with a Persian wheel, the effluvia defied approach. Possibly the carcasses of several animals which we extracted from it may have imparted to it that peculiar perfume which baffled the most subtle endeavours to make it accessible. Yet, after four-and-twenty hours drawing, it had almost lost its bad smell, and the rich green which formed its previous tint. I had some talk with the chief of the Jamālīs, who resides at Rojān. He told me his tribe had been dreadfully cut up by the Kalpar Bugtīs,

in a night attack, and he himself had been wounded in many places. The next night I crossed the desert, which was quite hard and level, and, but for our guides, required the compass as much as the "waste of waters." About five miles from Rojān is the tomb of a Saiyid: this is the only landmark in a long ride of more than thirty miles. When we were about half way across we saw sparks flying,—a sign that matchlocks were not far off. My Jamālī guides rode on to reconnoitre, but presently returned, saying it was a couple of Afghān travellers. When we got up to them we found they had made their camels sit down, and were resting their matchlocks over them. They said that several Bilūchī robbers were close upon them, when our approach saved them from their attack, and they asked leave to join my party, to which I assented. Before morning we reached Barshorī—the most miserable of villages. Its name signifies "on the salt water," and is an eponymic, for salt the water is. Yet this hole boasts of a chief, whose motto should be, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." On inquiry for the wells, I was shown some miserable pits, in which there was a foot or so of water. To dig lower would carry one through the strata in which the water rests, and the supply would be lost altogether. I gave orders for the erection of a bungalow, and sat looking as dignified as possible under a shed, with the true Sindh head-dress on—a jockey cap surmounted with a cover of thickly-padded cotton, and a muslin turband some twenty yards in length twisted round it; spite of which, I felt as if my head was in a chafing dish, and the perspiration streamed piteously and unintermittingly from every pore. Next day I found the water

was eminently calculated to supply the want of a travelling medicine chest. A more prolonged experiment of its medicinal qualities would perhaps have prevented me from prosecuting my journey. I therefore left some workmen to carry on the matter of building, and quitted this agreeable place, in which the delay of an hour seems protracted to infinite ages. Yet even these desolate regions might be clothed with verdure, by canalling from the Indus. In former years, indeed, two grand canals did exist—the Mīrwāh, belonging to Haidarābād, and the Murādwāh, the property of the Amīrs of Khairpur. By degrees they fell out of repair, and the disturbed state of the country prevented their restoration. Before starting I sent off a letter to my chief, with an account of these canals, the direction in which they had passed, and suggestions as to their repair. The Bilūchīs who were to take my letter asked for money to buy bhang, for, said they, “We cannot face the desert without some stimulus to keep up our hearts.” I gave them the cash. “Now,” they said, “we shall go singing all the way.” After quitting Barshorī, I rode twelve miles through the desert to Mīrpur. I passed nothing on the way but a couple of human skulls and some villages in ruins. Old Mīrpur is a very large village, but for the most part in ruins. It possesses a grove of fine trees, under which I pitched my tent. On awaking, after a feverish night, I was told that a body of horsemen were approaching. Some said it was the Brahūīs, and if it had been, I could have made but a poor resistance with four sipāhīs and the like number of horsemen. It turned out, however, to be the Kāzī of Bāgh with eighty men, despatched by Vardon, bringing a

pressing invitation to advance with all the troops I could muster, as the Brahūis were but a few marches from Bāgh, under several chiefs of rank. I could not help smiling as I looked round on my troops—in all, nine men. The Ḳāzī, too, seemed to wear a very blank aspect at sight of the reinforcement, for he came with the idea that I had at least a hundred men with me. In truth, my chief, who never travelled without an escort of some hundred horse, and the wing of an infantry regiment, had chosen to consider me quite safe with a corporal's party, though I had some thousand rupees with me to pay the workmen. I forthwith sent off information of the advance of the Brahūis to Sakkar and Larkhānah, and rode on with the Ḳāzī towards Bāgh. We halted an hour at a village called Kāsīm kā Joke, which, as poor Codrington, of the Shāh's Contingent, said, might have been a very good joke to Kāsīm, but was no joke to him, for supplies were scarce. Kāsīm Khān, the Zamīndār and owner of the village, came to pay his respects—a fine-looking man, with a magnificent black beard. With him came Muḥammad Khān Abra,* a good-tempered farmer-looking man, to whom I entrusted my tent for the present.

At two in the morning I reached Bāgh, by which time, of the eighty horsemen who came to me at Mirpur, only the Ḳāzī was left; all the rest, on various pretences, having made off. When we were close to the gate of the town, it occurred to the Ḳāzī that we might have a bullet

* These Abras are cultivators, and the most peaceful tribe in Sindh. Nevertheless, in the absurd intelligence furnished to Sir C. Napier, by Major Clibborn (*Blue Book*, p. 483), they are represented as likely to march against us with 5000 men.

sent at us, arriving at such an unseasonable hour, and the rather as the garrison were on the look out for the Brahūis. He entreated me, therefore, to halt out of gun-shot until it was light, and his teeth chattered with fear as we rode up. Sure enough, directly I began to knock at the gate, and shout for admittance, two or three gun barrels made their appearance in line with my head, and I was requested to move ten paces from the door, unless I wished to be made acquainted with their contents. Heads popped out from above the gate, and back again with marvellous celerity, and it was some time before I could prevail on them to lay aside this foolery, and let me in. As soon as I was admitted, I rode to the house where Vardon was, awoke him, and discussed the state of affairs. He informed me that he had ninety horsemen with him, Irregulars, and most of them raw recruits; that he had several times sent to Dādar, where we had five hundred men and several guns, for assistance, but that they had only sent him one man—an artillery man—to show him how to manage some two or three old rusty cannon that were in Bāgh. One of them he made trial of himself, and aimed at a ruin before the city, about two hundred yards off. He managed to miss it—and the gun turned over a regular summersault, and fell off the wall, under which it still lay. He said it would be impossible to hold the town, in which were several thousand inhabitants, all hostile to us, or—at the best—indifferent to our cause, against the young Khān of Khilāt, who was descending by the Bolān, and Kamāl Khān, who, with three or four thousand men, had already come down by the Gandāvah Pass. The wall of the city was not ten feet high in many places, and it was necessary to

go outside to get water—add to which, Muḥammad Sharīf, the Governor of Kachī, who resided in the city, was notoriously in league with the Brahūis. On hearing this agreeable intelligence, I proposed that we should send for the chief men who were in the town, and hear what they had to say. Accordingly, we summoned a council, and the leading men, of whom Ghulām Nabī Mughairi and Ḥaidar Khān Abra were the principal, said very plainly that if we had troops to garrison the place, it was well; otherwise they must make terms with the young Khān, as their lands would be laid waste, and their own lives would be in jeopardy, if we could not protect them. These men, there is no doubt, were well-disposed towards us, but they saw our weakness, and knew the villainy of Muḥammad Sharīf, who would have opened the gates to the Brahūis, and welcomed them as friends.

Of the animus of the inhabitants, proof had been given some few days before. A Ḥavāldār, or serjeant of a native regiment, had arrived with his party. As he was walking through the streets, some one stepped up behind him and cut off his head, which was found lying several yards from his body. So little was the Brahūi irruption expected, that I received orders to dig a well at Gandāvah, at the very time that Kamāl Khān's army occupied it. As we had considerable stores of grain at Bāgh, it was a great object to save the town. It was agreed, therefore, that I should leave my few sipāhīs with Vardon, and ride to Phūlajī, the nearest post from which aid could be drawn, and endeavour to procure some reinforcements, and, whether I succeeded or failed, return to Bāgh within two days. Tired as I was, having been up all night, I mounted

a riding camel and set off for Phūlajī. Eighteen miles of desert brought me to Chāchar. This village is situated on the Lehri river, and is surrounded by vast crops of Jawāri, which extend for miles. Thence I proceeded to Wazīrah, the village of the famous Bijjār Khān Dumkī—rendered illustrious, subsequently, by Sir C. Napier's pursuit of him—then a captive at Sakkar. Four miles more brought me to Khea—a fort in which the family of Bijjār resided, and which is the stronghold of the Dumkīs. I believe it was well for me that my name was in good odour with the Bilūchīs. Here was I—mounted, as it chanced, on the very camel which had been taken from Bijjār when he surrendered—alone and worn out with fatigue, arriving, in the middle of the night, in the stronghold of his clan. Wazīr Khān, Bijjār's son, and his brother, Mubārak Khān, came out to me, and with them a dozen or two of their Bilūchī followers. They recognised the camel in a moment, calling it by its name, and knew me very well, as I had, more than once, feasted them when they passed through Shikārpur. Forthwith they sent for a sheep and pipes, and down we sat to a very good meal. The sheep here are called Dūmbahs, and are regular Daniel Lamberts in their way—fat as possible, with prodigious tails. We talked of the battle of Nafushk, and they gave me to understand that all the Bilūchīs from that quarter had gone up to assist the Marrīs and had taken part in the battle. I asked how many men had been killed. The answer was—Two hundred of your men, and eighty Bilūchīs.

After a rest of an hour or so I started again, and Mubārak Khān rode with me through six miles of jungle

to Phūlajī. This is a rather pretty village, not far from the foot of the Marri and Bugtī hills. It belonged formerly to the Kāhirīs, but Bijjār Khān expelled them. On our arrival the Kāhirīs were among the first who entered our service, and, in recompense, received back Phūlajī, and other neighbouring districts.

During my long ride from Bāgh to Phūlajī I had had full time to weigh well the state of affairs and consider what was to be done. Matters stood thus. The authorities at Sakkar were in supreme ignorance as yet (for they had not received my letters) of the storm that was so near at hand. The Brahūīs were descending on Kachī in two great columns. That under Kamāl Khān Itazai, numbering from three to four thousand men, had already reached and plundered Gandāyah; while the column under Naṣir Khān, of from five to six thousand strong, was still many marches from Dādar. In three marches Kamāl Khān could have entered Bāgh. There was no garrison to oppose him there—only a few irregular horse; and the governor, Muḥammad Sharīf, was in league with the Brahūīs. By occupying Bāgh, Kāmāl Khān would have gained possession of its magazines of corn, would have placed Dādar between two fires, and opened a communication with the people of Kajjak, and with the Marri and Bugtī Bilūchīs. It is not too much to say that, in this case, Dādar would have fallen, and our detachments there have been cut off; for, if they had some difficulty in repelling the attack of Naṣir Khān, would they have resisted him strengthened by several thousand men, and the guns (such as they were) that would have been captured at Bāgh. It appeared to me, therefore,

that the best thing I could do would be to draw as strong a force as possible to Bāgh, and, leaving the infantry there, to march with all the cavalry that could be collected, on the Brahūī camp at Gandāvah. It was true I had no instructions from my chief; but, were I to wait for orders, before any could arrive Bāgh would be plundered. I could count on the assistance of the chief Zamīndārs—such as Haidar Khān Abra, Imām Bakhsh Rind, Ghulām Nabi Mughairi, Aḥmed Khān Maghzi—who would not only furnish several hundred horse but would keep me informed of every movement of the enemy. There was the best guarantee for their fidelity—their lands, and the crops on them, were safe at present, but would be utterly destroyed if several thousand Brahūī horse were to come pouring over the country. We could have mustered, of one kind or other, a thousand sabres—a force sufficient to drive Kamāl Khān into the hills, when we might have enabled the Dādar troops to have acted on the offensive, instead of suffering the loss of their stores, which were burned before their eyes. Soon after I reached Phūlajī two hundred infantry and the like number of cavalry, came in *en route* for Lehrī. From them I learned that the wing of a regiment with two guns and some cavalry, was to move on immediately to Dādar, but not by way of Bāgh, as nothing was known of the danger that threatened that place. I determined to ride on to Lehrī, and persuade the commanding officer to march by Bāgh. Once there, I knew we should have time enough to execute any plans against the Brahūīs at Gandāvah long before aid would be required at Dādar; for, in point of fact, no less than *eighteen days* elapsed before Naṣīr Khān attacked the

latter place. Before proceeding to Lehri I paid a visit to Bijjār Khān and Bībarak, who had been brought to Phū-lajī with a view to their speedy release, though they were still guarded. They were very glad to see me, and we had a long talk over all that had been doing lately. Bībarak seemed very impatient of his long confinement, and, in plain language, cursed the day that he had surrendered. Bijjār, a chief of far more refined address, merely said, "Ah, Şāhib! would it had been my destiny to have surrendered to your brother; he would have treated us differently; he would have made us friends of the English Sarkar."

Among the infantry officers was a relation of my own. In discussing various matters, we chanced to mention the fort of Kajjak. "You will have a sharp fight, there," I said. "Pooh!" said he, "what can these fellows do against our artillery? they will never show fight at all." "They will," I said, "take my word for it:" and so we parted. Two months had not expired before this very youth was killed, gallantly leading the attack on Kajjak—an attack which, though thrice renewed, was as often repulsed. On reaching Lehri, I found there the troops which had been so long besieged in Kāhan, and was much interested with the accounts they gave me of the treatment they had experienced from the Marrīs. That noble-hearted tribe had not only suffered our garrison to retire unmolested, but had added kindness to mercy. When one of the sipāhīs fell exhausted, the Marri guide placed him on his own pony, and so brought him down! The Chief Dodah had sent to the commanding officer this memorable message: "Tell the Şāhib, that all the men

the Marrīs have slain, were slain in fair fight; for the murder of camp-followers, wounded men, and prisoners, let the Bugtīs answer. Our hands have never been red with the blood of unresisting men." In the catalogue of brave and chivalrous men, he is no fair chronicler who would not assign a place with the highest to the Marrīs. Even their women share the courage of this warrior-tribe. They aid in carrying off the wounded men; and in desperate conflicts, where the tribe has been sore pressed, have even been known to join in the *mêlée* with effect. As is usual amongst Bilūchīs, a man takes but one wife, and their faithfulness is proverbial. In former days, when the Afghāns ruled in Shikārpur, one of their governors made repeated attempts to seduce the wife of a Marri Bilūch who had taken service under him. At last, finding bribes were rejected, he sent the husband out of the way, and presented himself alone at the house, with the intention of carrying things with a high hand. Evening came, and the Governor was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him; and at last, one of his confidential servants, who had an inkling of his master's *penchant*, went to this very house. He knocked, all was silent—at last he forced the door, and found the Governor gagged, and bound hand and foot, and so soundly belaboured that he could scarcely stand without assistance. It was never precisely stated how this occurred; but somehow it was whispered about that the lady had been too much for her admirer single-handed, and after beating him well, had tied him with other cords than those of love, and gone off to join her husband, who returned no more to Shikārpur.

On stating matters to the senior military officer, he at once saw the reasonableness of my proposition, and agreed to march on Bāgh. We started that very night, and reached Chāchar at half-past two in the morning. Here we halted, and I had the honour of sleeping in a Jawārī field, with the blue sky for my curtains (they let in the musquitoes cruelly), and my cloak for a bed. I awoke stiff with the cold, and went into a tent to get a towel for my ablutions. "Towel, my dear fellow," said the occupant, "with a great deal of pleasure; here, boy (to his servant), bring a towel." My friend's servant, like Caleb Balderstone, jealous for his master's honour, feigned to search diligently. "Well, boy, what are you about, why don't you bring the towel?" "Ṣaḥib, there is only one, and you have got it yourself." Next morning we reached Bāgh, and as I had ridden one hundred and twenty miles in the last thirty-six hours, I was rather glad of a rest. I found that our arrival was opportune, as the Brahūis had spread from Gandāvah all over the south of Kachī, and parties of their horse had been seen within a few miles of Bāgh. Muḥammad Sharif, whose manner had been most unpleasant when I had entered alone two days before, now overwhelmed us with politeness. I had not long breakfasted, when a huge cloud of dust was seen in the distance. Our horsemen galloped off to see what it was, and the guns were quickly hauled up on a slight eminence, where stood a tower, and where our infantry (350 men) were posted. It turned out to be nothing but a false alarm, and all the damage done was, that Ālaf Khān's youngest son got a fall which dislocated his arm. He was quite a boy,

and his arm was as white and not much more muscular than a girl's, but he bore his hurt bravely. I now suggested my scheme of making a rush at Gandāvah before the news of our arrival at Bāgh could reach the Brahūis. My proposal seemed to be approved of by all, and I wrote off letters to Amiel and other officers commanding cavalry in the vicinity, who might have joined us in four-and-twenty hours. In the meantime we intended to keep the gates of the town closed, so as to prevent any couriers from being sent to the enemy. Our scheme, however, whether good or bad, was not destined to be carried out. I had scarcely made these arrangements when a despatch from my chief arrived, informing me that I must join him at Sakkar immediately. Nothing was left me but to obey, and I was soon once more *en route* to Shikārpur. I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that I had saved Bāgh, which, in another day or two, would have shared the fate of Kandah and Gandāvah, and have been plundered and, perhaps, as those places were, reduced to ashes.

CHAPTER X.

SHĀHPUR—TURK ÂLĪ, AMIEL'S HENCHMAN—VISIT TO THE RAISU'L ŪLAMĀ
—SKIRMISHES AT KANDAH AND BĀGH—ATTACK OF DĀDAR—MURDER OF
LIEUTENANT LOVEDAY—DEATH OF MĪR NŪR MUḤAMMAD—DEFEAT OF
NAṢĪR KHĀN AT GANDĀVAH—BRAHŪĪ PRISONERS—SHOOTING IN A
SHIKĀRGĀH.

ON the 11th of October I left Bāgh and rode forty miles to Tāhir Kā Got, whence, after a few hours' rest, I proceeded to Shāhpur, passing through Chatr, a large town of the Kāhirīs, which, like Phūlajī, had been wrested from them by the Dumkīs, and which they received back from us. At Shāhpur I found Amiel and another officer, who regretted much that the intended attack on Gandāvah had been stopped. Amiel told me many anecdotes of his life in the desert. Among the Bilūchīs in our pay no one was a more remarkable character than Turk Âlī, the Jakrānī chief. He was a tall, thin old man, with his grey beard dyed red, in honour of the Prophet, who is said to have had a beard of sanguineous hue. Turk Âlī valued a man's life somewhat lower even than the small worth it is usually prized at in these uncivilized regions. One day a Hindū shopkeeper was boring Amiel to buy something (by the bye, native itinerant vendors are very appropriately called

Borahs), when Amiel said, in joke, "Here, Turk Ālī, take this fellow away and make him hold his tongue." Instantly the truculent old Bilūchī seized on the unfortunate babbler, merely saying, as he dragged him away, at the same time significantly touching the handle of his knife, "I'll soon quiet him." Amiel, in alarm, sprang forward, and, much to the wonderment and dissatisfaction of Turk Ālī, released the Hindū from his grasp. As I rode on to Shikārpur I had with me a guard of Jakrānīs, Turk Ālī's men. They did not know that I understood them, and were talking and laughing with one another, about the way in which they had plundered Lord Keane's army. "After all," said one of them, "the Faringīs are liberal fellows, they buy of you to-day the camels you stole from them yesterday; what customers can be better than these?" I found I was again to take charge of Shikārpur: a gladsome place it was after the waterless wilds of Kachī.

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

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

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

During the time I had been in Kachī a considerable force had been assembling at Sakkar. While the Brahūis were descending on the unprotected plains which skirt the Hālā mountains from Gandāvah to the Bolān, our chief potentates, filled with bitter scorn of their opponents, and no less bitter beer, were planning the approaching campaign; and were in the same breath debating the fate of the young *Khān*, and the propriety of leading trumps.

Regiment after regiment left Sakkar for the scene of action, but still the conclave at Sakkar was frequent and full. At last, when the cobweb of our Government had been well and rudely shaken; when some dozen of the outmost meshes had given way, and gaps and chasms manifold were visible; the Great Political Spider deigned to hear, and, rushing out, brimful of majesty and venom, found the daring flies that made all that sad racket—were gone.

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

war. This tribe made but a poor defence, compared with the Bilūchīs or Afghāns. Even when numbering many thousands, they were repulsed without much difficulty by our post at Dādar. We had two officers and twenty men wounded, and two or three men killed. The Brahūīs, however, plundered the stores, and set the magazines on fire.

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

As Kamāl Khān's men had retired out of harm's way, our troops pushed on for Dādar. Weak in cavalry, and spent with fatigue, they arrived only in time to see the young Khān's army in full retreat. The Brahūīs, who numbered about 5,000 men, had resolved to attack our

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

the chiefs, with 2,000 rupees to spare Loveday's life. They then went forward, leaving their prisoner at Mustung. In a few days they returned, their forces dispersed, and the Khān, with one hundred men, went to Khilāt, taking Loveday with him.

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

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

those who endured unheard-of sufferings in their country's cause.

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

About this time happened the death of Mīr Nūr Muḥammad, of Ḥaidarābād, who expired on the 3rd of December. Whatever may have been the Amīr's feelings towards us when we first entered the country, he had become sincerely attached to us before he died. The political officers who had been stationed at his Court were men whom none could know without feeling for them at once friendship and respect. The dying Amīr sent for our Resident—the gallant Outram—and committed to him his two sons, especially the younger, who stood more in need of protection, and who was, indeed, deservedly the favourite.

On the 13th, funeral service—the Fātiḥah as it is called

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

* “Tum volunteer ho?” “Hān, Ṣāhib, hām balamtīr hain lekin khushi se nahin jāte.”

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

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

The pressure of business not being so great for a few

days I had time for a little shooting in some of the shikārgāhs, or preserves of the Amīrs. Indian sportsmen would have called it tame amusement. I put myself in the hands of the natives, not knowing much of these things, and on reaching the ground was stationed close to where two narrow paths leading out of the wood diverged. On the beaters advancing from the opposite quarter, a large wolf bolted out; but, as he had not the politeness to give me a hint of his approach, he was gone before I could fire. Next came a fat rascal of a boar, who had been stuffing himself with sugar-cane. This time I had better luck, and shot him through the head, spite of which he ran some distance before he fell. The natives are as arrant flatterers as any of Lord ——'s gamekeepers. The instant you fire there is a chorus of voices "lagā, lagā,"—"You hit him hard," while, perhaps, the innocuous bullet has buried itself in some tall tree or grassy bank. Tigers are seldom found near Shikārpur, though there are plenty in the jungles of Burdikah to the north. In this district Captain Hill, of the Engineers, a well-known sportsman and gallant soldier, obtained intelligence of one, and went, with another officer, in pursuit. They had previously agreed to stand up to him manfully—an agreement which was little required on the part of such a renowned tiger-slayer as Hill. However, on getting into very thick cover, they heard a very loud and unpleasant sound of breathing, like a giant wheezing. This sound, which told of the "noble quarry" being close at hand, while it communicated a rueful dubiousness to the features of his companion, only made Hill press on the faster. Stooping down, and lifting up the bushes

with his gun, he saw a tiger, of the largest size, almost within spring, and showing, by smothered roars and lashing tail, that his blood was up. "Now, P.," said Hill, looking over his shoulder, "you reserve your fire while I give him the first dose." But the caution was unrequired—P. had, indeed, reserved his fire altogether for another day; he had been for some minutes making the most furious and unheard-of struggles to put as much copse as possible between him and the scene of action. Few men would not feel a little dulled by such a desertion in such a moment; but Hill's nerves, being of iron, it made no manner of impression upon him. He fired with cool aim, and wounded the beast, who sprang completely over him, and made off into the forest. A few days after Ālī Murād succeeded in tracking the wounded monster, and in slaying it after it had killed one of the beaters and wounded several others.

We occasionally gave our horses a breathing after the foxes, which are pretty numerous near Shikārpur, and which we coursed with greyhounds. A distressing accident occurred one day when I was out. The dust is so plentiful that a very few hoofs raise a cloud which would hide a small army. The consequence of this murky state of the atmosphere was, that two officers came together at full speed. As in the old tournaments, where Sir Palomides smote down Sir Dagobert, horse and man; so here, steeds and their riders rolled over one another on the ground. Both the latter were much hurt, and with one it terminated fatally. He recovered enough to sit at table, but his manner was odd, and a little wine excited him dreadfully. He was soon after ordered to Sakkar, to

escort treasure ; on the way he apprehended a poor wood-cutter, and sent him to me, bound hand and foot, with a letter, stating that it was the notorious robber Dīnū. Two days after I learned that he had died at Sakkar raving mad ; his illness, no doubt, having been produced by the concussion of his fall when coursing.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE OF SINDH AND KHURĀSĀN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1841—VISIT TO MĪR RUSTAM—STORMING OF KAJJAK—DISTURBANCES AT ROHRĪ—GENERAL VENTURA—KITCHEN VISITOR EXTRAORDINARY—RISING OF THE INDUS—SAMAD KHĀN—DEATH OF THE POLITICAL AGENT—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

By the campaign of the Indus, the British Empire in the East had advanced over regions of such vast extent, that to settle them permanently under our rule and unite them firmly with Hindūstān, would have taxed the best energies of our ablest statesmen and generals for half a century. Our power which, since the days of Lake, had remained inactive like some huge Colossus, heavy with its own bulk, now suddenly made a stride which planted us in Central Asia. It was a proud thing, whatever the miso-polemical Cobden may say, that an English subaltern had power to liberate that band of Russian captives which a Russian army had tried in vain to set free—that our Agents were received and heard at least with deference, at Herāt, Bukhārā, Kokūn, and Khiva, and that, if our frontiers stopped short of the three great empires—China, Turkey, and Russia, the general voice ascribed it rather to our forbearance than

to want of power to extend them thus far. From this triumphant position we fell; not because to consolidate our newly-conquered territories was a difficult task; not because the turbulent tribes, who would never obey a king of their own race, were still less inclined to serve foreigners; not because cold and heat joined in the *mêlée*, and dealt our armies many a hard knock, while they spared our tough-skinned and thick-skulled enemies; but because our leading men beyond the Indus were incompetent.

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

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

It was now thought prudent to wink at the expulsion of Shāh Nawāz and the murder of Loveday, and come to terms with the son of our old enemy, Mihrāb Khān, of Khilāt. This intended measure was imparted to me as a profound secret, though every one could see with half an eye that it was the only course left. As for the Amīrs of Upper Sindh, they had but little means of resistance, and by allowing us, from the very first, free ingress into their country, they did, as it were, throw themselves down in the political wrestle; it was therefore determined, now they were down, to kick and cuff them to our heart's content, which would be a happy method of getting rid of the ill-humour we felt at the annoyance other more potent antagonists had given us. The Khairpur Darbār was at this time divided into three factions. 1st,—Mīr Rustam's sons (the third, Ālī Mardān, excepted) and Naṣīr Khān, the son and representative of Mīr Mubārak, were the first and by far the most numerous and powerful party—the life and soul of which was Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān, the Vazīr. 2. Mīr Ālī Murād, youngest brother of Mīr Rustam, and his adherents formed the second party.

3. Mīr Ālī Mardān, the third son of Mīr Rustam, supported by Muḥabbat Khān Marri, Kamāl Khān Jhalabāni, and other chiefs, were the third.* The Political Agent, as has been said, had taken up the cause of Ālī Murād, whose confidential adviser, Shekh Ālī Ḥasan, was on most intimate terms with Trebania Sahā, the head Munshī at the Residency, and kept an agent of his own, Imām Bakhsh, in our camp.

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

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

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

It was high time, indeed, that the General and the Political Agent should leave Sakkar. Everyone was tired of marvelling that they should sit absorbed in interminable speculations at a distance from the scene of action, while daily encounters were taking place with the enemy to the west. Before my Chief departed he summoned me to assume charge at Sakkar, while he deputed an officer to Khairpur, through whom all communications with the Amīrs were to pass. Just as I was leaving Shikārpur, an Afghān, who had travelled with Arthur Conolly, came to see me. We had some conversation on the state of affairs at Kābul. He represented discontent as rapidly increasing; and, though himself friendly to us, there were some things which seemed to annoy him in our rule. Among the rest, he said, with great emphasis, "Zan-i Afghān chīz mī-

kunad"—“The wives of the Afghāns are no longer true.”
I thought of the old proverb,

“No Kābul fair one pines alone,
Her love, soon lost, is lightly won.”

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

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

When this vast array had marched off, and the last particle of dust had unwillingly subsided on the ground, which was strewed all over with filth, fragments of bottles, straw, and rubbish of all descriptions, I found myself the sole representative of the Agency's former magnificence. At

first I sat down in a stately manner, and began to feel quite supreme and Pashā-like; I was soon, however, recalled to my senses. Enter a mean, sallow-faced man, in dirty raiment, who imparted to me his desire of remitting fifty thousand rupees to his good friend Dharam Chand, at Benāres. "The money," he said, "is here." I was about to waive my hand and command the treasurer into my presence, when I suddenly reflected that the treasurer—with all the race of sub-treasurers—had departed; that, in fact, I myself was the treasurer. Now, though 50,000 rupees is a mere nothing to receive on your own account, and can be disposed of in a twinkling, it is quite a different thing to receive it, and keep it, too, for another party. "Know," said Gil Blas' accomplice, "when the business is to appropriate the effects of another, my back would sustain the weight of Noah's ark." This buoyant feeling is quite lost when one is a mere depositary—a sort of animated plate-chest. My feelings, therefore, experienced quite a shock when I found I must go down on my hands and knees and count over fifty great bags of silver. The rupees, too, had contracted a slimy and unpleasant dampness from the greasy fingers of the Hindūs, who had counted and recounted them in the bāzār. Scarce had I finished this charming occupation when I was reminded that it was time to sort the letters and parcels. There were a dozen great bundles of these, and every direction was entered in a Register. Luckily, I had assistance here, or my patience must have failed, as did that of the luckless wight of a Kosah who had to carry them,—when, after his horse's back was all but broken, a great bar-looking package was superadded, with infinite

notices inscribed upon it in Persian, Sindhī, and English —“ To be carried with great care ;” “ For the Quartermaster-General,” etc., etc. Somewhere about midnight, wearied out and in a state of white heat, I had just forgotten my toils of the day, under the soft fannings of sleep’s downy pinion, when I was roused up by a chorus of inhuman voices, shouting, “ Ṣāhib, Ṣāhib, an express from the barā Ṣāhib (great man) to the Lord Ṣāhib,” alias the Governor-General. In this way passed my days and nights, till Nature—tired with doing five men’s work—fairly gave up the struggle.

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

wished for some one to whom he could impart all his grievances, and he sent me an invitation to come and pass a day or two with him. The marriage of Walī Muḥammad—Naṣir Khān's youngest brother—was at hand, and he requested I would be present at it. I accordingly obtained leave to visit Khairpur, where all the chiefs except Ālī Murād had assembled. I found the town (if town it may be called) a poor place, in comparison even to Shikārpur; the houses of the Amīrs, and their whole equipage, were of such a description as shewed that, to deprive the chiefs—their present owners—of them would us nothing enrich, though it would leave them poor indeed. I pass over the usual festivities of a native marriage, and the Nāch given me by Faḡl Muḥammad Khān, which was only remarkable for the obesity of the host, and the undisguised alarm he manifested in ascending a rather slim and dubious ladder which led to an upper room, where we were to witness the fireworks. Nothing need be recounted of the said fireworks, which, except the rockets, were a failure; nor of the camel-loads of sugar-candy and sharbat which were laid at my feet, and with which my Sindhī groom did so deluge and dilate himself that he lay on his back like one dead—helpless as a turtle. Nor shall I particularly advert to the spangled trousers and vestments of many hues and transparent texture in which I was invited to bedizen myself, and which, being sold by public auction, did, in the shape of whole and half rupees, ensconce themselves in the Company's treasury. Nor is it worth mention how I, to the loudly-uttered admiration of my Sindhī hosts, stretched two fat and bloated hogs (one with each barrel)

in the sleep of death during a perambulation in one of their shikārgāhs; or how one of the incautious retainers too powerfully fascinated by the English powder I made use of, so charged and re-charged his matchlock, that, with a report which stunned both him and me, it hurled him backward into the bushes.

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

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

After some time the crowd was dismissed, and Mīr Rustam then enumerated his wrongs. First, there was the occupation of Bakkar, though the treaty had guaranteed him free possession of the fortresses on either bank of the Indus; then the treatment of his Vazīr, whom he had been compelled by our Resident to dismiss—a dismissal, indeed, which, except in transactions with the British Government, was purely nominal,—lastly, there was the preference shewn in everything to Ālī Murād. I omit a host of lesser annoyances, such as our cutting down timber without paying for it, and the insolence of the messengers who brought despatches to Khairpur, all of whom thought it right that they should be well fee'd for their pains. To these complaints I could only answer

by offering my sympathy, by a recommendation to forbearance, and the hope that matters would mend. On the way home Fateh Muḥammad, the Vazīr, rode up with a score or so of horsemen, and endeavoured to speak to me, but the Agent's orders were so express, that I was obliged to decline holding any communication with him.

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

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

On landing, I found Major Clibborn on horseback, and several officers with him, highly exasperated at an attack which they said had been made on a party of sipāhīs, who had gone to Rohrī to be present at a fair there. The boats were bringing the sipāhīs and camp-followers back—some of them wounded, and one sipāhī had his arm cut off. Clibborn was for having the guns brought down immediately, and battering the whole town to pieces; every one shouted vociferously, and it was difficult to understand the cause of such an attack on our men. Presently, a boat of the Amīrs arrived with the native authorities of Rohrī, who claimed to be heard. With much difficulty I persuaded the senior officer and the officials of Rohrī, to walk into a room in the Agency and discuss the matter quietly,—when it appeared that the sipāhīs had taken a party of Nāch girls into one of the mosques, and made them dance there; and that the Bilūchīs present sent a message, desiring them to retire and not profane their place of worship. An insolent answer was returned, and this led to blows, in which the Sindhīs, being better armed, had the best of it, and chased our men to the boats. I represented to Clibborn that this was a case for the magistrate, and did not require to be

settled with battering guns and musketry, and I at last succeeded in quieting the hubbub. On forwarding the depositions of the witnesses on both sides to Government, it was decided that the sipāhīs were in the wrong, as they gave the first offence; and thus the affair ended without the sack of Rohri.

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

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

One of the most troublesome duties which devolved on those servants of all work, the Politicals, was the tracing and apprehension of deserters. Now that so large a force was in the field, this duty was increased *ad infinitum*. Whole detachments of camel men, cooks, butlers, palanquin-bearers, took wing; nor was it often that they started empty-handed; they spoiled the Egyptians ere they fled. One day a very handsome youth came to me for service. I was allowed four messengers; the post of one of these was vacant. Quite pleased to fill it so well, I gave it at once to the applicant. For two days he went on admirably; on the third he came to resign. I asked the cause. "He was not well; his brother was dead; he must go home." In short, he had a dozen reasons in a breath. Handing over his belt, he was gone in such a hurry that I at once suspected something wrong. Still I could not hear that anything was missing, and there were no grounds for detaining the fugitive. For several days his sudden departure remained a mystery; at last came a party of horsemen belonging to

one of our irregular corps. The officer asked to speak to me. He inquired if one Ghulām Khān had been at the Agency. The description he gave left no doubt that it was my quondam messenger. "And why are you in search of him?" "Ṣāhib, he had charge of our pay; he has absconded with it." One would have thought that the broad and rapid Indus would have been security against such occurrences. But at every ten miles or so were ferry boats, and there was no exercising a supervision over these places. The men who were stationed to examine the passes took bribes *con amore*, and not only let the guilty pass unquestioned, but abused their authority by extracting fees from the innocent. India is no less than Persia and Turkey, the Land of Bribes. Corruption proceeds, link by link, in an unbroken chain, from the lowest to the highest, until the European authority is reached; there it snaps—yet, alas! not always, as some melancholy cases, even in late years, have proved. Still, who is not astonished at the change that has taken place since the days when Commissaries, after holding office a year or two, made their appearance in the wealthiest London circles, and astonished their late masters by the superiority of their *ménage*. Nor was it only these examiners of passports on whose reports it was impossible to rely,—among the native officials I fear there was not one whose word could be taken as good evidence.

A great deal has been said on either side as to the truthfulness of the natives of India; perhaps the matter would be fairly stated were we to say that, if personal regard and gratitude interpose, an Indian may be relied on to the uttermost; in all other cases, the chances are

against truth being spoken. In this point the Sindhīs do not come behind one bit; they lie with astonishing fervour. The Bilūchīs, on the contrary, are truthful; they are too brave and chivalrous to be false. But commend me to a Persian for romancing.

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

departure by a hint to the sipāhīs, who were in attendance.

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

In China there are officers whose sole employment is to superintend the canals and increase their number and extent. Such supervision of the canalling in Sindh is equally demanded. At the same time, too, that each new vein of fresh water would reclaim another district from

the desert, the navigability of the main river would be increased. At present the quantity of water to be discharged is so vast, that in the deep channels no vessel can make head against the tremendous fury of the stream; while, where the banks are low, the river spreads itself out into a vast lake, where a navigable channel hardly exists, or if existing, is not discoverable. If the army of a Persian king could in a month cut so many outlets from the rapid and impetuous Gyndes, as to render it fordable to a man without so much as wetting his knee,* what might not be done in the lapse of years by a moderate outlay from the revenue, aided by the labour of the ryots, which—to a reasonable extent—might be required of them without payment.

In this way I used to dream of what might be, and would be at some future time, done for Sindh, as I gazed out on the rising inundation. The Agency was built so close to the river's edge, that one could sit at the window and catch fish. Not that I ever caught any of a very noble kind. The most common were what we used to call cat-fish. They made a queer noise like the screeching of a kitten, and were not very fit for the table. As the holes and creeks near the river were gradually filled with water, some unpleasant reptiles that had harboured there found their way into our habitations. Among the lesser fry of scorpions and centipedes, arrived a visitor who alarmed my cook and all his fraternity not a little. Just about

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

dinner time one day there arose a disorderly shouting in my *cuisine*, which was presently followed up by a request from my head man, Jāfar, that I would bring my gun and do battle with a huge snake that had made his appearance there. On reaching the place I found a very large black snake, seven or eight feet long, and as thick as a man's arm, in a flirting sort of attitude among the rafters of the low roof, as it were coquetting with the dinner, just over the place where the servants used to take their meals. I forthwith discharged both barrels into the brute's paunch, which almost cut him in two, and effectually stopped his demands for more. A large rat which he had swallowed for lunch dropped out from his stomach.

My next visitor to General Ventura was Samad Khān, the Afghān who accompanied Captain Abbott from Khiva to St. Petersburg, and thence to England. He is the only one of his race who ever visited Europe, and he was then preparing to astonish his brethren with all the marvels he had seen. He was a little dry-looking old man, and without any powerful claims to be considered an Adonis; but he informed me he had gone through sad temptations in England. The *Inglis* ladies, he said, would cause an angel to forget his high estate—what then could a mere man do? Yet he solemnly assured me he had resisted all the enchantments with which the Houris of the West had assailed him. I asked him what of all he had beheld, he considered most worth seeing. His answer was, "the Emperor of Russia." Such a "*jawān-i rānā*," "so graceful a man," he had never before seen; he was a true king, the others were nothing. Poor fellow! after recounting all he had seen in his travels, he came next to the calamity which had

befallen himself meantime. He had left his wife and children at Herāt, and Yār Muḥammad Khān, the Governor, had taken the opportunity to sell them for slaves to the Usbecs. He would never desist, he said, from searching for them till he had found them out. I could not help thinking that Yār Muḥammad, having sold the wife and children, would probably throw the papa into the bargain, cheap.

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

The third year of my sojourn in Sindh had now commenced. Of those who entered the country at the same time as myself, few remained; some were dead, others had gone away on sick-leave. An idea may be given of the unhealthiness of the climate, at least to us the first comers (partly from our being compelled to live for a long time in tents), by simply stating the fact that, of the original Political staff of Sindh and Shāl, numbering seventeen officers, ten are dead, four have been obliged, by loss of health, to retire from the service, and but three remain in India. My chief was aware that my health was rapidly giving way, and wrote to me that it was his intention to proceed to England on sick certificate, and advised me to apply for permission to visit Bombay, in which case he would be glad if I would accompany him down. Alas! how little do we foresee our fate. Before the letter

reached me, the writer of it was dead. In the prime and flower of his age, a model of manly strength and beauty, full of schemes for the future, little did he think that the book of life was for him, at that very moment, closing, and the seal about to be fixed. It was to me a great shock. Who is there that would not be saddened by reading a letter bright with hopes of revisiting dear England, but a few days written, and the writer dead! Common as such occurrences are in India, we must have resided long before the effect is deadened. The skeleton is not less hideous because it sits at all our feasts. Of my chief's political career in Sindh I have little laudatory to say; he was a man of great courage and talents, and could labour indefatigably when he thought the occasion required it. In a great measure, no doubt, he was misled by the natives he had about him, who were opposed to Mir Rustam. Whatever the cause was that induced him to take up the line of policy he did, it led to a sad result; that is, if it be thought sad that those who once respected the English Government should be brought to hate and despise it, and that a long course of harsh and unjust measures should lead to a sanguinary war. True, that in the said war glory was won, and our general added new lustre to a name already among the most dazzling in history; but what then? will all the glory of Cæsar, Wellington, or Napier, weigh against the blood of one uncivilised and ignorant, it may be, yet leal and true-hearted, clansman, slain in the effort to preserve his chief from captivity, and his country from the spoiler—I trow not.

When Major Outram succeeded to the charge of Upper Sindh, the rancorous sore of distrust and enmity which had

so long been studiously kept open, was at once staunch; the Khairpur chiefs, who would long before have thrown away the scabbard, but for fear of being shortly over-matched, now thought only of renewing their former friendly relations with the English Government. The storm that was brewing was dissipated in a moment, and though the hour of our weakness—the Kābul catastrophe—was at hand, not a lance was raised against us in Sindh, late so hostile to us. The tale is an old one now, and the political resurrectionist is generally as scurvily handled as the more literal disinterrer of the unsavory defunct, yet truth will never suffer one to be dumb. When a man has seen with his own eyes a wrong inflicted, he becomes a mere gong in the hands of justice, who, to borrow one of Mr. Weller's similes, will be sure to make him tell what's o'clock. I say, then, that Miānī shewed very well what the Bilūchīs could do; that they could fight bravely and die manfully; and that it was in their power, when our flag was torn and trampled on at Kābul, to have dealt us a stern blow, which, reeling as we then were, might have stretched us prostrate. That they remained quiet then, ought to have made us forbearing when they were weak and we strong.

I remained just time enough at Sakkar to see the alteration produced in the disposition of the Amīrs by the change of residents at their court. A very dangerous attack of illness then compelled me to start at best speed for a new climate. On the 5th of August, 1841, I quitted my charge and sped down the river *remis adurgens*, and aided by a current which opposes a velocity of seven miles per hour to the upward comer. The river does in fact, as

it were, dissuade one from entering these evil regions of Upper Sindh; it drives you roughly backward when you would ascend to them, and would you depart, it whirls you swiftly away. As my boat passed under Clibborn's house, he came to the window and called out "Good-bye;" "I am only going for a month" I said; "I shall soon be back." "You will never return," was his answer, and so saying he went in and shut down the window. I never saw him again. The Indus was at its full height, and at places it foamed, and boiled like a witch's cauldron—one of your old gigantic Scandinavian witches, not the diminutive Macbeth breed. Just by that which was once Clibborn's house, the river is exceedingly deep, and a whirlpool is formed by the opposition which the remains of an ancient building make to the headlong waters. When the river is low this building can be distinctly seen, and is another proof, and one far more irrefutable than the inscription of Khawājah Khizr, that the stream migrated hither from Alūr. A sort of guardian-genius was daily seen at this spot in the shape of an enormous alligator. I never caught sight of it myself, but officers have told me that they have often fired at it, and that its length could not have been less than twenty feet. At Kalora, a village some thirty miles from Sakkar, I passed the Satellite steamer a-ground. I had suggested to Major Outram that this vessel should be sent to Derah Ismā'il Khān, or as far as it could go, on an exploring expedition, to ascertain first how far the river was navigable, and next, what chance of trade there was with the Derajāt. Whether it was ever sent, I know not.

On the 6th I passed Sehwān, and on the 7th reached

a village called Gotam, belonging to a Saiyid. My amusement was the *Annals of Tacitus*, and a shot ever and anon at the flocks of great unwieldy pelicans, who sate turning and twirling in the eddies of the mid-stream.

On the 8th I was brought up by a difficulty. We came to a place where the surges were so high, that the Tandel declared it would be destruction to encounter them. The wind was violent and foul, and he begged leave to moor until Allah should send better weather. It chanced that we were close to a small creek, where the waters, tired with the blustering and fuming of the mid-channel, were enjoying a quiet nap. Here we pulled up and prepared for patience and a dinner of rice and curry. Presently the Tandel thought it would be as well for one of the crew to swim across the creek and see how the river looked beyond, whether it was less boisterous there. No sooner said than done,—one of the boatmen jumped in, “accoutred as he was” (he had, in fact, little clothing on that would not be improved by washing), and struck out manfully for the opposite shore. Before the swimmer made his plunge I told him I thought he was too near the main stream, and that there would be danger of his being sucked in. However, he laughed, and took his own way. Before he had got half across the creek, we saw he was being fast driven to its mouth. A few moments more and he was caught in an eddy and taken into the river. His head went under water several times, and, in spite of his skill (and these people are almost amphibious) it was evident he must soon go down. Seeing this from the boat, I was not a little perturbed, and the more, as being myself unable to swim, I could render no assistance ;

and, even had I been the best swimmer in the world, I perhaps could not have extricated him from his perilous position. Luckily I had with me a large gourd, fitted with strings, on which the expert natives manage to cross from shore to shore. This I thrust into the Tandel's hand, and giving him a smart push, sent him headlong in to the rescue. A minute before he was standing with a face of stolid apathy, and looking for all the world like one to whom the submersion of the whole human race would have been a matter of indifference. But the souse dispelled this lethargy in a moment. It was a perfect cold water cure. A few vigorous strokes sent him to the drowning man's side, and they both managed to get clear out by the help of the gourd.

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

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

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



MİR YÂR MUHAMMAD KHÂN

MİR MUHAMMAD KHÂN.

CHAPTER XII.

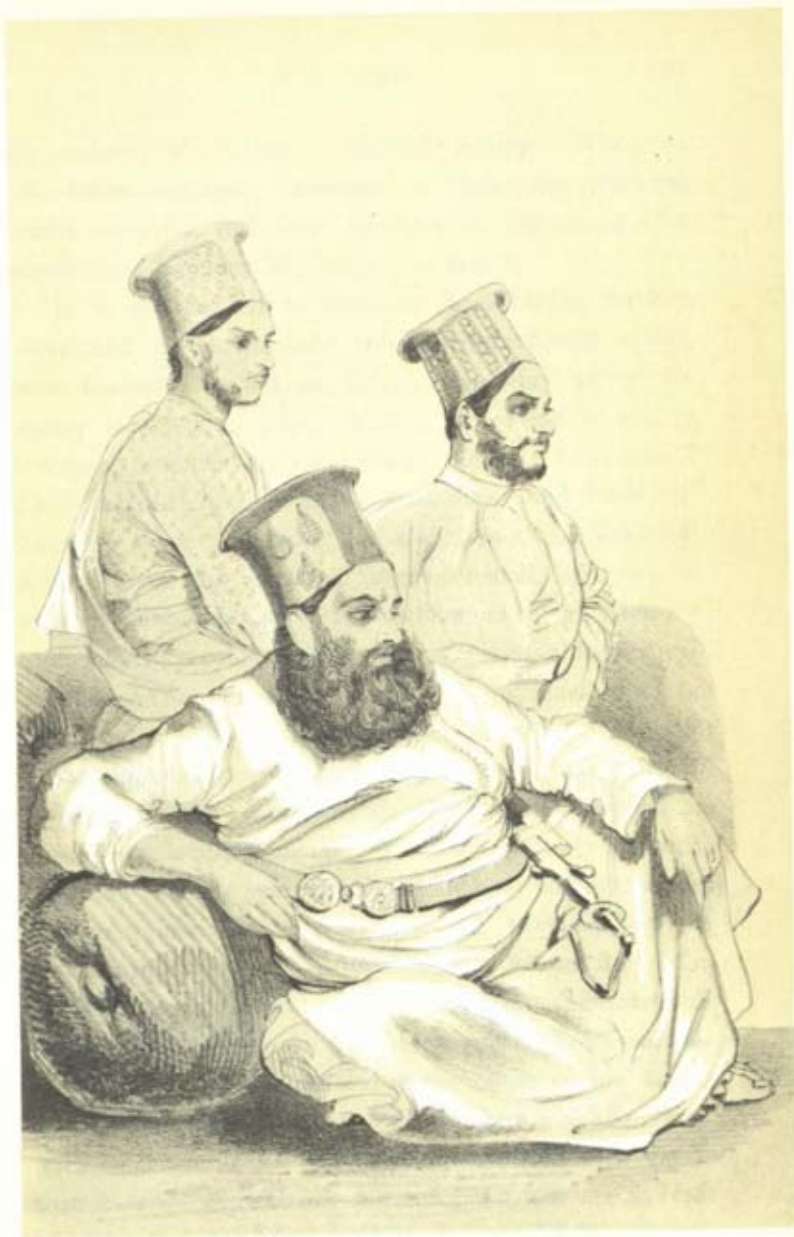
HAIDARĀBĀD—VISIT TO THE AMĪRS—CHARACTER OF THE AMĪRS OF
HAIDARĀBĀD AND THEIR CHIEF OFFICERS—ROUTE TO KARĀCHĪ—VISIT
TO THE MAGAR TALĀO—REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SINDH—DEPARTURE
FOR BOMBAY.

I FOUND that I should soon have an opportunity of making acquaintance with the Haidarābād Court. The Political Agent intended to transact important business with the Amīrs on the morrow, and he desired me to attend. Mīr Nūr Muḥammad had bequeathed his territories to his two sons, Shāhdād and Ḥusain Ālī, to be equally divided between them. But Shāhdād, the elder, a profligate youth, was bent on depriving his brother, as far as in him lay, of his rightful heritage. He was supported by Mīrzā Bākīr and the family of Ismāīl Shāh, in themselves a host, as well as by many powerful Bilūch chiefs. On the other hand, the Nawwāb Aḥmad Khān Laghārī, a brave and veteran soldier, stood by Ḥusain Ālī. Major Outram, acting a more noble and very different part from my late chief, was bent on healing the family quarrel, and with this view he intended visiting the Darbār next day.

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

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

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The loss of my shoe in the approach had half prepared me for the first ceremony on entering the Darbār. The Amīrs had from the first required our Agents to uncover their feet, a ceremony which with them was tantamount to



H.H. AMĪR MĪR SOBDĀR KHĀN, OF HAIDARĀBĀD,
SINDH.

— SONS OF THE AMĪR SOBDĀR KHĀN —

MĪR MUHAMMAD ĀLĪ KHĀN, TĀLPUR.

FATEH ĀLĪ KHĀN.

the removal of the hat in English society. When we had taken our seats, ourselves on chairs, the principal Amīrs on sofas, and their retainers on the carpet, the object for which we had come was stated.

It is not for me to describe the stunning hubbub occasioned by a hundred iron-lunged Bilūchī chiefs, who forthwith joined in fierce controversy as to the claims of the two young Amīrs. My business was to interpret, and an arduous affair it was. I confess I liked Aḥmad Khān Laghārī best, who said little but looked "*tenax propositi*." Naṣīr Khān, who was now regarded as the principal Amīr, seemed inclined to support Shāhdād. At last, however, the remonstrances of the Agent prevailed, and it was agreed that the brothers should ratify a solemn engagement inscribed in Kur'āns, binding themselves to keep on friendly terms, and submit their territorial disputes to arbitration. I was deputed to bring in the young Ḥusain Ālī, while another officer was sent for Shāhdād, and they were made to embrace publicly. I was very glad that I had nothing to do with the latter chief, who was not prepossessing in appearance, while my *protégé* was a beautiful youth, whose clustering black ringlets and large dark lustrous eyes would have made sad havoc in an English ball-room. I found Ḥusain Ālī at the house of his uncle, Mīr Sobdār, whose eldest son, Fateḥ Ālī Khān, came with me back to the Darbār. The crowd was so great, that instead of walking we were carried along, and had like to have been crushed in some of the narrow passages.

After this affair was over, the next topic for discussion

was the cession of Shikārpur, in lieu of the subsidy guaranteed to our Government by treaty. The Amīrs were all averse to this cession, especially Naṣīr Khān, who said, "Ṣāhib, it is dishonourable for a chief to surrender lands." This point then was for the time left undecided.

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

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



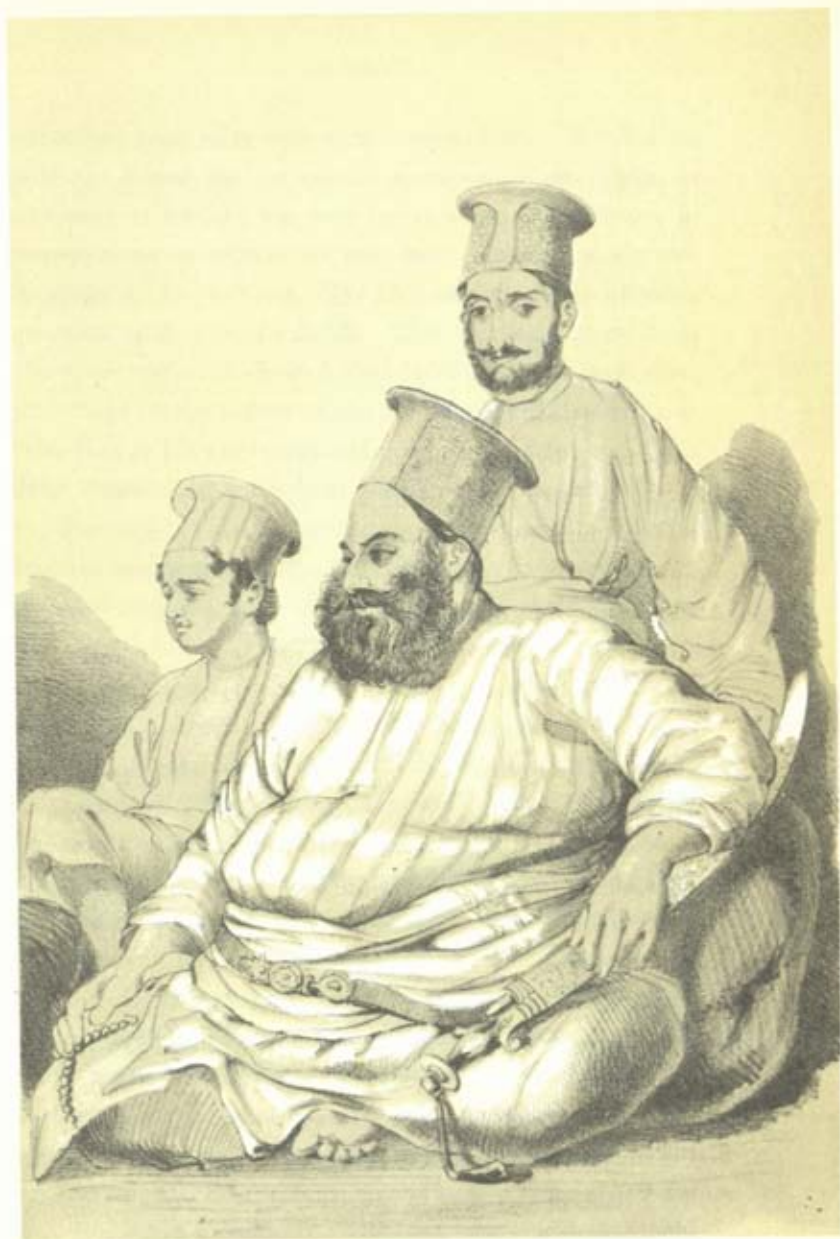
H.H. AMIR MİR MİR MUHAMMAD KHÂN
OF HAIDARĀBĀD, SINDH.

MİR HUSĀIN ALĪ,
SECOND SON OF MİR NŪR MUHAMMAD KHĀN.

MİR SHĀH MUHAMMAD KHĀN,
OF MĪRPUR, SON OF MİR ĀLĪ MURĀD KHĀN.

celebrated defence of it — certainly seemed but little adapted for a fortress. It was a large pasteboard-looking house, built within a hundred yards of the Indus, with a wide open plain to the east, extending as far as Haidarābād, the river to the west, and a garden and grove of tall trees to the south. A small enclosure near the house contained a number of pet deer of all descriptions, from the dwarf Kotah Pāchah to the gigantic Sāmbār. One buck antelope enticed caresses by his beauty, and repaid the proffer by furious thrusts of his horns, which, sharp as poniards, would, if he had made good his charge, have let out life in an instant. As for the city itself, it is both populous and extensive in comparison with the other towns of Lower Sindh, though the buildings, with the exception of the fort, are not greatly superior to those seen elsewhere. The houses are built generally of mud, but, for all that, must not be put down as mere hovels. They are thick-walled, extensive structures, often several stories high, a kind of Timbuctoo palaces in short. The fort is an irregular pentagon, surrounded by walls of burnt brick, without a ditch or outworks, and, in several parts, shewing neglect and decay. Only the families of the Amīrs resided in the fort. In the centre is a vast bastion, which was then supposed to contain the treasures of the Amīrs. These, report said, were enormous; but experience has so often shewn such accounts of the riches of Eastern Princes to be fallacious, that it is marvellous in the case of the Amīrs so much credit should have been given to the stories of their wealth. When the Tālpurs overthrew the Kalora dynasty in 1781, they no doubt obtained possession of the

treasure of those princes. But, as will be seen in Mr. Elphinstone's *Kābul*, Shāh Zamān, the Afghān king, in 1793 and 1794, settled the Southern Provinces of his empire in person. He then compelled the Amīrs of Sindh to pay two millions four hundred thousand pounds on account of tribute due from them. If half of this immense sum was really exacted, we see at once in what way the Kalora treasures were expended. Since that time, it is true, there had been no great drain on the Sindh exchequer. Twice only had it been drawn upon; once in 1804 by Shāh Shujā*, who managed to extort seventeen lacs (one hundred and seventy thousand pounds), and again in 1809 by the same king, who then obtained a smaller sum, but the exact amount is not known. On the other hand the whole revenue of Sindh had not, for years before our invasion, amounted to more than fifty seven lacs, of which the Amīrs of Upper Sindh collected twenty, while seven lacs went to Shīr Muḥammad, the chief of Mīrpur. The remaining thirty lacs were divided amongst the five principal Amīrs of Ḥaidarābād; so that the revenue of each did not exceed that of an English nobleman of the second class, while that of all collectively no more than equalled the income of our mighty Crassi—the Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleugh, and Lord Westminster. From this amount thousands of retainers were to be paid, a princely style maintained, and all expenditure for public works defrayed; add to which that at least two-thirds of the revenue were taken in kind; and it will appear matter of surprise that when the long-coveted hoards were at last divided their actual amount was found to be what it was. Besides, among the Tālpurs



H.H. AMĪR MĪR MUḤAMMAD NAṢĪR KHĀN, OF HAIDARĀBĀD, SINDH.
PRINCIPAL AMĪR.

← SONS OF THE AMĪR NAṢĪR KHĀN →

MĪR ĀBBĀS ĀLĪ KHĀN, TĀLPUR.

MĪR ḤASAN ĀLĪ KHĀN, TĀLPUR.

there had been some very extravagant chiefs. Mīr Karam Āli was famed for his munificence; and Naṣīr Khān, at one time in his life, was very lavish in his expenditure, in consequence of which he had been almost entirely dependent on his brother, Nūr Muḥammad, for some years previous to that chief's death. This fact may account for the countenance he shewed Shāhdād during our interview, for otherwise the nature of the uncle had little in common with that of his avaricious and grasping nephew. Neither Nūr Muḥammad nor Sobdār possessed any wealth.

The reception the Amīrs gave us was not calculated to impress us either with the magnificence of their court, or, in some respects, with the refinement of their courtiers. The approach to the fort was through a long narrow dirty street, crowded with spectators, among whom might be noticed a great number of Sīdīs or blacks. The darbār or hall of audience was small, without the slightest pretence to splendour. But, though the good sense and simple habits of the Amīrs led them to avoid display, yet all their apartments were not to be judged of by the paltry reception-rooms in which their interviews with the Resident took place. On one occasion Naṣīr Khān shewed the English party over his private residence. There were several good rooms, and among them one very high and lofty, much better suited for an audience-chamber than that in use. It was covered with a beautiful Persian carpet, and the walls were hung with portraits of the Shāhs of Persia. On the present occasion, however, simplicity was studied to a fault. A common-looking sofa occupied one corner of the room, near a window which was half closed with a simple deal board. There was no order or

ceremony in the reception. People came and went, talked or were silent, as it pleased them. On the other hand, the manners and demeanour of some of the Amīrs—Naṣīr Khān, for example—were highly prepossessing. He was a man of enormous bulk, but his face was eminently handsome, and there was a frankness and openness in his address which was quite winning. Altogether his manners reminded one of those of a highly-polished English nobleman. He was a great favourite with the Bilūchīs, much more so than his elder and deceased brother Nūr Muḥammad, whom I never saw, but who has been described to me as extremely fond of money, and in appearance quite a contrast to Naṣīr, with a thin cunning countenance and quick twinkling eyes, expressive of suspicion and distrust—altogether a second Louis Onze. His son Shāhdād resembled him in style, and was, moreover, a puny, dissipated, debauched-looking youth, about five and twenty. With these two exceptions, the family of the Amīrs were much better-looking than the like number of Europeans taken at random. Mīr Sobdār, who was involved in the common ruin of his family after the battle of Miānī, appeared to be a plain, sensible man, of quiet manner and gentlemanly address. The son of the eldest of the four Amīrs, who first succeeded the Kaloras, he had been kept out of his birth-right for some years. He, however, in 1828, escaped from the capital, and was joined by a large body of the Bilūchīs, till at last he was at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men, with which he compelled the other Amīrs to restore to him the territory which had belonged to his father, Fateḥ Āli. From this quarrel, as from other reasons, he always held aloof from

the rest of the family. When Lord Keane landed, there is no doubt the other Amīrs would have attacked our forces, but that Sobdār utterly refused to join them. How, therefore, his attachment to the British came to be suspected is a question not easily answered. His troops are said to have been present in the field at Miānī, but it has never been ascertained whether they really were there, and if so, if the whole were present, or but a detachment; and, also, how far Sobdār endeavoured to restrain them.

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

From the first the Amīrs of Haidarābād were well

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

In their intercourse with our Resident and his assistants, the Amīrs were uniformly courteous and affable. A touch of chivalrous honour in some cases appeared in their deportment. Thus, on one occasion, when Naṣīr Khān had called at the Agency, and not knowing that ladies were living there, entered a room where one of them was sitting—he immediately retired with a profound obeisance, mounted his horse, and rode back to Haidarābād. In a short time messengers arrived from him, with a letter asking pardon for his unintentional rudeness, and an offering of one hundred gold muhars (one hundred and fifty pounds). He was, in truth, quite shocked at having intruded on a female in the absence of her husband. The same Amīr, before the fatal battle of Miānī, was resolved not to break with the English Government come what might. In vain the Bilūchī chiefs urged him to take the field. At last they sent a woman's dress to him. This was sufficient. "Since they think," he said, "it is fear that prevents me from raising my standard, they shall see they are mistaken"; and he immediately left his palace to join the troops.

The Tālpurs won Sindh by the sword, and as their power was based on the courage of their Bilūchī soldiers, it was natural that they should accord them great privileges. The great chiefs of clans might be said to be almost independent. Shāhdād told one of our officers that Jān Khān, a Bilūchī chief, had twice attempted to poison him, but that his clan was so powerful that he was quite unable to punish him. Such attempts, however, were rare indeed, as during the sixty years the Tālpurs governed Sindh we have no account of any of them having been assassinated.

Let any one compare the history of their government with the bloody annals of a single year at Lahore. More crimes will be found registered in the space of twelve months under the Khālsah government than could be reckoned during the whole administration of the Amīrs and their fathers. When we reflect on the ease with which European sovereigns are deposed—on the little attachment their courtiers and armies shew to them, it speaks well for the Amīrs that none of their followers deserted them in their hour of need, except the Saiyid family of Ismā'il Shāh, who were of foreign extraction, being, originally, Persians, who settled in Sindh during the reign of the great Nādir. It will be said, perhaps, that this was merely from interested and selfish motives; that because they feared losing their broad lands, the Bilūchīs remained firm in their loyalty, and that the dread of forfeiting their privileges united them against the British. In the same manner all loyalty, nay, every feeling of the heart, may be resolved into selfishness. At least, it must be granted that the rights of the Bilūchī tribes—that is, of a third of the whole population of Sindh—were respected by the Amīrs—that the Bilūchīs were satisfied with the existing government. But, of the pure Sindhīs—the Jokhyas, Jhats, Kulmatis, etc., how many were there who shewed themselves disaffected? What, did none of these shew any disposition to join the invader?—Not one. Surely, then, we ought to pause before we receive as true the stories that have been told of the tyranny and misrule of the Tālpurs. Aye, but the Hindūs; the Hindūs, at least, were oppressed, squeezed of their money, despised, almost proscribed. If so, how was it they did not migrate to the neighbouring countries

under British rule—to Kach, Gujarāt, and Rājputānah? How did it happen that when we arrived at Shikārpur and Haidarābād we found Hindū merchants as wealthy, almost as numerous as in the most prosperous towns under our own Government? It is a strange case this. The English public sit as judge. On one side, as evidence, are the natives of the country—its history, free from internal strife during the last fifty years—the testimony of all the political officers who have been stationed in Sindh, two only excepted, neither of whom knew anything of the language, and never conversed with the natives but through the medium of artful, venal munshīs; on the other side is the evidence of sundry military men, who, *of course, would be naturally inclined to err on the side of conciliation, and could not be in the slightest degree influenced by the paltry half million of prize money*, and a few munshīs, who, after a long course of lying, performed the part of veracious men for this time only. Yet, away with evidence—let might be right; is there to be no limit to our vengeance; has England but one word left for those who sue humbly at her feet—for those who were rich, happy, at peace—till England thrust her friendship and her treaties upon them—and is that word, *Væ victis*?

On the 23rd of August I left Haidarābād in the *Satellite* steamer, and passed down to Thaṭṭha in five hours, through a tremendous sea. The pace was not of the slowest, as the current carried us in the mid-stream about seven miles an hour, and our own speed was eight or nine. In one place, but luckily not where the river was particularly boisterous, we struck on a sand-bank. The vessel seemed as if it would bury itself. I began to fear that in after-ages, when

the river had changed its course, a fossil steam-boat would be discovered with skeleton crew, hid some twenty feet below the surface of the soil. At last, however, she stopped descending, but twenty minutes were expended in getting her off. As we drew near Jarrak the woods grew denser, and seemed almost impervious. It was here that at the first landing of our troops three officers of one of the Queen's regiments were burned to death. At the time some were disposed to ascribe their fate to design, but in fact it was pure accident—an accident which, unfortunately, too often occurs in India. A friend of mine was present when an unfortunate beater met his fate in the same way. A large extent of long grass was set on fire to drive out some hog—the flame ran with the rapidity of lightning. The man, who was among the grass at the moment the fire was kindled, ran to a tree and ascended it. The flame encircled him, and, blinded by the volumes of smoke, he lost his hold, fell from the branches, and perished miserably. At Thattha we disembarked, and I prepared to proceed by land to Karāchī. Two officers, who were going on sick leave to Bombay, were to be my companions. One of them was so ill that I was in fear he would die on the road. He was so reduced and emaciated, that though six feet four inches in height, and, when in health, proportionately stout, I could now carry him with the greatest ease. He had been stationed at Kotru in Kachī, and the account he gave of the sickness there was fearful. The party of officers on detachment at that place, originally consisted of eleven, and the sipāhīs numbered about four hundred. Fever broke out among them, and their sufferings were aggravated by the heat, which was

absolutely insupportable—the thermometer reached 130° Fahrenheit, in a tent. Soon five officers, all young men under their twenty-fifth year, were dead; half the sipāhīs succumbed;—the doctor was so terrified at the number of deaths that he became deranged. My friend, a man, as I have said, of extraordinary stature and strength, was seized with the fever, and, as the only chance of saving him, was sent off in a palanquin to Sakkar. Three of the twelve bearers died on the way from *coup-de-soleil*.

Our stages to Karāchī were Gujar, fourteen miles; Ghāra, fourteen; Piprī, twelve miles; and Jamādār jī lāntī, thirteen miles. In the third march we passed a large ruined town called Bombhāra, and six miles farther we encountered many tombs and scattered villages, which seemed to shew that this part of the Delta had once been more populous than at present. As we entered Karāchī we met many pilgrims returning from Hinglāj. This place is famous as a resort of Hindū pilgrims. Durgā, the Goddess of Destruction, is worshipped there, and it is the farthest western limit to which Indian polytheism extends. A short time before I quitted Sindh an enterprising officer, Captain Hart, succeeded in reaching the Temple, and has left in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society" an interesting account of his journey. The same route was afterwards attempted by the late Sir William Harris, in the disguise of a native. At the second or third stage, however, he was discovered to be a European, and he saw such threatening symptoms of hostility among the Mekrānis that though an experienced traveller, and one who had dared to enter the territories of the African Moselikatse

and other semi-human barbarians, he nevertheless thought it advisable to try the fleetness of his horse in returning to cantonments. Certainly, the journey which Sir Henry Pottinger performed through these regions in 1809, disguised as a Persian horse-dealer, was one of the most extraordinary and adventurous undertakings ever ventured on by man—though the courage, perseverance, and talent, shewn in bringing the attempt to a successful termination, have been comparatively little understood or appreciated.

One of my first expeditions after reaching Karāchī was a visit to the Magar Talão, as it is called, or Lake of Alligators. This curious place is about eight miles from Karāchī, and is well worth inspecting to all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a sandy and sterile track, varied with a few patches of jungle, brings one to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which lie the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one ignorant of the *locale* suspect that under that green wood in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed. "Here is the pool," I said to my guide rather contemptuously, "but where are the alligators?" At the same time I was stalking on very boldly with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *naso adunco*. A sudden horse roar or bark, however, under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant. Presently the genius of the

MAGAR TALÃO OR ALLIGATOR TANK.



place made his appearance in the shape of a wizard-looking old Fakīr, who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole, and then proceeded to “call up his spirits.” On his shouting “Āo! Āo!” “Come! Come!” two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At least three score huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool with its strange inmates, the Fakīr’s lonely hut on the hill side, the Fakīr himself, tall, swart, and gaunt, the robber-looking Bilūchī by my side, made up a fantastic picture. Strange, too, the controul our showman displayed over his “lions.” On his motioning with the pole they stopped (indeed, they had already arrived at a disagreeable propinquity), and on his calling out “Baiṭho,” “Sit down,” they lay flat on their stomachs, grinning horrible obedience with their open and expectant jaws. Some large pieces of flesh were thrown to them, to get which they struggled, writhed, and fought, and tore the flesh into shreds and gobbets. I was amused with the respect the smaller ones shewed to their overgrown seniors. One fellow, about ten feet long, was walking up to the feeding ground from the water, when he caught a glimpse of another much larger just behind him. It was odd to see the frightened look with which he sidled out of the way evidently expecting to lose half a yard of his tail before he could effect his retreat. At a short distance (perhaps half a mile) from the first pool, I was shewn another, in which the water was as warm as one could bear it for complete immersion, yet even here I saw

some small alligators. The Faḳīrs told me these brutes were very numerous in the river about fifteen or twenty miles to the west. The monarch of the place, an enormous alligator, to which the Faḳīr had given the name of "Mor" * Şāhib," "My Lord Mor," never obeyed the call to come out. As I walked round the pool I was shewn where he lay, with his head above water, immoveable as a log, and for which I should have mistaken him but for his small savage eyes, which glittered so that they seemed to emit sparks. He was, the Faḳīr said, very fierce and dangerous, and, at least, twenty feet in length.

Karāchī is by far the most pleasant station in Sindh ; indeed, it would bear honourable comparison with any of the stations on the Bombay side. Yet in no place has the cholera been more fatal. Our European regiments have been almost annihilated there. The fact is, that premonitory symptoms are not attended to, and there are, alas ! too many individuals in each corps whose constitutions are already undermined by drinking, and these succumb at once on the appearance of the disease. The extent to which drinking is carried among European soldiers in India is so fearful that no language can describe it. Surely those in high place should give their days and nights to this great problem—the moral improvement of our noble army. To pass over obvious matters, such as the choice of the most salubrious stations for our English regiments, the building of places of

* More properly Mur, from a daemon with five heads, slain by Krishn.

amusement for the men, reading-rooms, schools for fencing and gymnastic exercises, baths, etc., so as to keep them as much out of the sun as possible (and these rooms, by the bye, might be built by the men themselves in the cold season)—not to mention, too, the encouragement of merit by opening three or four commissions in each regiment to deserving privates—one must come to the root of the evil: how can men be expected to be religious (and if not religious then not good citizens, then not contented) while they are prevented from marrying? Every man ought to be encouraged to marry (ay, ay, laugh on, Malthusians!) nor would the number of children and women clog the movements of our troops. Let our regiments on service be unincumbered; but, the campaign over—and Indian campaigns are never very long,—why should not the soldier return to a home as the native sipāhī does, instead of having none to care for him, and therefore not caring himself whether he lives or dies. “But,” says objection, “the widows and fatherless children, what a burthen to Government; what is one to do with the widows, one cannot pension them all?” True, but is there no demand for female servants? is there no trade which might be taught—millinery, for example—to the wives and daughters of soldiers? no employment which could be given them in our missionary schools and public buildings, such as hospitals, travellers’ *banglās*? In the next place every officer in charge of a company ought to be compelled to spend some time in questioning the men as to their reading and pursuits, and in suggesting to them useful books for their perusal, in encouraging them to study, and in aiding their progress. These are

Utopian ideas, it will be said:—there are to whom all progress appears Utopian.

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

I had, however, but little time to explore at Karāchī. I had been directed to assume charge of the political duties there, such as they were, until my health would

admit of my returning to Haidarābād or Upper Sindh. But repeated attacks of fever warned me I must seek a further change. On the 14th of September I embarked in the "Auckland" steamer for Bombay. This vessel had arrived with a number of women and children belonging to the European regiment at Karāchi. There was a very high sea, and the steamer rolled so much that it was a service of danger either to board her or to get from her into the boats. The poor women were hoisted out by a sling fastened round the waist, and a youth in the boats caught them by the legs and deposited them as well as he could. Owing, however, to the tremendous swell, this office was performed in so ludicrous a fashion, that the sailors were kept in a continued roar of laughter. Ever and anon, the fair *débutante* descended with such unexpected velocity as to stretch him who should have received her, sprawling over the thwarts. In short the whole scene is better imagined than described.

At last we shook off all incumbrances, the gun of departure was fired, and we started for Bombay. And thus I quitted Sindh, after two years and a half of incessant toil and ill-health. My constitution was completely undermined, the spring of life's year had been taken away. Even after several months' sojourn at the Hills, the return of hot weather brought with it a return of fever. At last I was compelled to try the effect of a long cruise at sea; but even that change, though for a time beneficial, could not repair the injury my health had sustained. It was then, after I had embarked, that I suffered the penalty of falling sick—I was deprived of my appointment. At all other stations where political officers are employed—even

in Sindh itself—up to this time it had been a rule that those whom sickness compelled to leave their duties for a time should retain their appointments and draw a moiety of their staff-allowance. Somewhat may be said, perhaps, against such an indulgence, while arguments are not wanting to prove it expedient as well as just. Let those pass—I was the first to come under the new *régime*. Commencing with myself, those officers in political employ who fell sick were remanded to their regiments. After two or three years' hard service in a villainous climate—which might have been spent with one's regiment in a good one—that an officer should be remanded to his corps for no other reason than that health had failed him, may be reckoned sharp practice. At least a few words of acknowledgement for the services rendered by him might well have been expected—in old time, a transfer to a more healthy station would not have been too much to have looked for; but simply to read one's name some morning in cold print, "placed at the disposal of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief," is enough to make the zeal of a Jesuit evaporate. The fact was, a new Pharaoh had arisen who knew not the political Josephs. By the time Lord Ellenborough reached India, our disasters in Kābul had occurred. The new Governor-General seemed to be impressed with the idea that all political officers, small and great, were in fault. Forthwith he commenced dealing out upon them the most ferocious and Samsonistic blows. The shower unfortunately fell, like Don Quixote's strokes on a certain occasion, upon an innocent race of puppets. What blame in fact was to be attributed to the junior political officers who served under the Envoy, or

the Political Agent in Upper Sindh? These did but move as their leaders pulled the wires. But an insane yell had been raised against the very name of Political. If anything went wrong, venerable imbeciles shook their heads, and exclaimed against "those boy Politicals!" Friend Nestor! 'prithee inform us where is't thy pleasure to demarcate boy from man? What man's appendage was wanting in these "boy Politicals?" At the doubtful age which separates youth from manhood, those who would claim the bold free name of man, put faith in whiskers, some,—some in the tufted chin, and others in the straggling and lean moustache. Look on these visages, wrinkled and hirsute—look on these beards, which to the waist descend, and say, if these be boys, who then are men? In truth, it is a merry thought—a very pleasant and unlooked-for jest, to call this time honoured and all but used-up throng, a set of "boy Politicals."

But, in sober seriousness, why should this cant about Politicals (and all sweeping abuse, as well as all unqualified praise of a whole body of men is cant) be perpetuated. A regimental officer shews a more than ordinary knowledge of the native character, makes himself *au fait* with the languages, or evinces talent in other respects, and is selected for the *corps diplomatique*. The politicals, therefore, are not a distinct body from the military—they are of them; and to them sooner or later they return. Few are so fortunate as to be nominated to this employ till they have been ten or twelve years in India; and the higher grades of Resident and Political Agent can only be obtained after a service of twenty or thirty years; and, therefore, not till men have reached their fortieth year.

Thus an officer of my acquaintance, who had served fifteen years, and who had greatly distinguished himself as First Assistant, was told—when the Residency fell vacant—that though his services were appreciated, his extremely junior standing rendered his promotion impossible. The duties of a political officer are far more onerous, and his responsibility is infinitely greater than that of a military man of corresponding rank, except during the few hours when the campaign reaches its crisis of a general action. And if some Politicals have failed, and their false measures have brought down on our heads disgrace and loss, let it be remembered, on the other hand, that from the Indian *corps diplomatique* have sprung such men as Malcolm, Elphinstone, Monro, Close, Pottinger, Outram, and Lawrence.

A passage in Lord Ellenborough's letter to the Political Agent in Sindh, dated Allāhābād, May 22nd, 1842, is worth noticing, as it affords the key to that Governor-General's dismissal of Outram, Colonel Taylor, and others. "The British officer," says his lordship, "whatever may be his character when he assumes his office at a small native Court, can hardly be expected, when deprived altogether for a long period of the society of his countrymen, not to acquire some portion of the feelings and prejudices of some of those by whom he is surrounded, and to lose something of that impartiality of judgment, and of that firmness in action which are required in a representative of the Government." There are glimmerings of sense in this remark of his lordship, though, on the whole, it is tolerably illogical for a debater of Lord Ellenborough's experience. What does his lordship mean

by saying that a British envoy at a *small native* Court *acquires* the feelings and prejudices of those by whom he is surrounded? Is it meant that among the Jhārijas, for instance, one would, by degrees, find something excusable in curtailing the existence of little Susans and Emmas, something attractive in lulling oneself into idiotcy with Kusumbah, or a high degree of devotion in standing twelve years on one's head, imbedded in supārī leaves? or that by residing at Haidarābad, while the heart gradually softened to religious mendicants, the judgment would begin to view polygamy and the seclusion of females as, on the whole, not so bad, and applaud the rejection of English saddles, pork, and old Madeira? On the same principle, policemen would, by degrees, extend the itching finger towards their neighbour's pocket, and before long, find "who deal with pilferers must themselves be thieves." Then, is it only a *small native* Court that is to be the downfall of the hapless Political, according to the well known idea—"my wound is great because it is so small"; leading to the unfortunate conclusion—"It would be greater were it none at all." And how are we to understand the words "native Court"; *ergo*, not foreign Court unless native is equivalent to foreign. Or, is it only the small Indian Courts that have this wondrous power? A French Court, therefore, or a Russian, cannot affect an envoy one bit; there we may quite depend on our diplomatists, it being only in certain latitudes that our envoys suffer this strange metamorphosis? But I forget there is a proviso—"the Envoy must be deprived altogether, for a long period, of the society of his countrymen." It is a pity his lordship could not have

defined the exact period, or, at least, have given us some idea of what this word "long" darkly shadows forth. A long period in man's life would be ten years; a long vacation, on the other hand, is (students sigh over the sad truth) but a few months. I know not how to fix the meaning of this "long"; three years is long for some Governments to last, five years too short for others; a day is long in the fierce heats of Sindh—short on the cool heights of Simla. Nought can I make of you—uncertain, slippery word, stretching, like Indian-rubber, to fit occasion. Suffice it to say that, at least, in Upper Sindh, political officers were never long without European society; our stations were not at small native Courts, but at large cantonments, such as Sakkar and Shikārpur. Yet, for all that, I fear we were tainted with the atmosphere of the small native Court, though some leagues distant, insomuch that we could not help feeling for men we saw cruelly wronged and foully maligned. The truth is, the very circumstance which his lordship would have us believe renders Indian Politicals unfit to serve their country, is the thing, of all others, that makes them useful to that very end. It is only by a long residence at Indian Courts that men understand what the feelings and the prejudices of the natives of India are, that they learn to make allowances for those prejudices, and avoid unnecessarily shocking those feelings, and—mark it well, my Lord Ellenborough—thereby conciliate the regard of the natives of Indian, and prevent the whole country from rising, *en masse*, to thrust us out as objects of hatred and disgust. Let the time come when we shall try to ride rough-shod over the feelings and prejudices of the hundred millions

of men who inhabit our Indian Empire, and the land
 ἐξεμέσει ἡμᾶς ἐκ τοῦ στόματος αὐτῆς.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, and my own hard fate, for at least it was hard to suffer me to embark in ignorance of the woe impending. I did not know, in fact, for nine months afterwards what had befallen me. Having lived therefore, moderately, yet still nearly up to what I had every right to believe was really my pay, I found, on my return from sea, that I had expended some two thousand rupees of former savings. It is hardly fair, however, to speak of my own tiny grievances, after chronicling the huge ones of the poor Amīrs. Of them, however, I have nothing more to say that would throw fresh light on their case, or appear to be a fresh argument in their favour, for this simple reason, that I was not personally present at the wind-up of our *alliance* with the unfortunate Tālpurs, and have not patience to make a catalogue of all the erroneous statements in the Blue Book. I must content myself with having shewn, in some slight degree, that our transactions with Khairpur were carried on in such a way as to leave no chance of a friendly spirit towards us being entertained by the Upper Sindh Amīrs, save only Ālī Murād. At the risk of being accused of “damnable iteration”—*eandem semper canens cantilenam usque ad nauseum*—I must repeat that, at the very outset of our relations with Khairpur, a quibble as to the meaning of that article of the treaty which guaranteed to Mīr Rustam possession of the forts on either side of the Indus, was considered a sufficient pretext for our occupying, and ever after retaining, the Fort of Bakkar. I must repeat, too, that the pretence of buying off Shāh Shujā’s claims

for tribute from the Amīrs, by saddling them with a demand for twenty-eight lacs, £280,000, was altogether unworthy of us, seeing that the Shāh had long since ceased to be King of Kābul,—that we ourselves would have acknowledged Dūst Muḥammad had he fallen in with our plans, and that the Dūst never pretended to exact tribute from Sindh;—that it appears, moreover, from the Blue Book, that we allowed the claim upon Mīr Mubārak's share of this fine of twenty-eight lacs to lie dormant for three years, until we thought we could conveniently enforce it, and that in the meantime Mīr Mubārak, the supposed debtor, and Shāh Shujā', the pretended creditor, were both dead. Add to this, that Naṣīr Khān, the son of Mubārak, on whom the claim was next made, was utterly unable to pay a sum many times exceeding his whole income. Mubārak himself could not have paid it, and now his property was divided among five sons. Let consideration, too, be given to the treatment to which Mīr Rustam was subjected from the very first by our Political Agent in the matter of the Kārdār of Rohrī, and of the Vazīr Fateḥ Muḥammad Ghūrī. Let it be remembered that a coterie of artful and corrupt munshīs supported Muḥammad Sharīf on one side of the Indus, and Ālī Murād on the other, and let the truth of their representations, with regard to Mīr Rustam and his minister, be tested by the ridiculous statements made in the Blue Book, such, for example, as in No. 281, where Fateḥ Muḥammad is represented as having been a slave of Mīr Rustam's from his boyhood, he being, in point of fact, one of the best-born noblemen in those parts, and having come from

Bhāwalpur to Sindh when he was already past middle age. Let it be well remembered, too, that, of the munshīs employed in transacting business with the Amīrs, more than one has been clearly convicted of treasonable conduct and bribery, and punished accordingly :—that among the papers of one of them, a letter was found, purporting to come from Naṣīr Khān, of Haidarābād, and to be addressed to a foreign Court, and that, whereas we were pleased to consider that document as genuine, and to suppose that the munshī had suppressed it for purposes of his own, there is more than equal reason to believe that it was a forged paper, intended to be used against the Amīrs, in case of their charging the munshī with attempts to extort money from them. That, subsequently, various similar papers were, through native agency, produced against the Amīrs, and expressly repudiated by them; but, nevertheless, put down by us as genuine, partly on the authority of officers who did not understand the language.*

That with reference to the alleged letter to Bibarak (not to examine the other cases), the letter appears *primā facie* to be a forgery, for three reasons: 1st. Because the Amīrs, on one occasion, assisted us in recapturing some of Bibarak's tribe who had escaped, thereby shewing they were not on terms with him. 2nd. Because the Amīrs,

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

a short time before our arrival in Sindh, had suffered a severe defeat in the Bugtī Hills, in which one of their principal chiefs lost his arm, and several petty chieftains and a great number of retainers were killed. 3rd. Because the Amīrs would have written had they required the aid of the Hill Bilūchīs, not to Bībarak, but to Bijjār Khān Dumkī, as the latter could have influenced Bībarak much more than any direct application from the Amīrs, and was, moreover, not only the most powerful Bilūch chief in Upper Sindh, but of the same tribe (Rind) as the Tālpurs. Let it be also remembered that all our treaties with the Amīrs were made after their warmest remonstrances against the intended honour of treating at all;—that the mere circumstance of marching large bodies of troops through an independent country contrary to the declared wish of its rulers, and cutting down timber, abolishing imposts, garrisoning forts, buying up grain and beasts of burthen therein, would be in Europe considered a most flagrant breach of international law; and I think enough will be remembered to shew that the Sindh case is one that Justice (sweeten it however much you may), will find too nauseous to swallow. But what then?—the question is no longer *sub judice*: all is over now. The principal Amīrs are dead, and their property is all sold and divided. Besides, the English public generally are satisfied; the *Times* newspaper is satisfied, and that proves that the public are so—ἀρκεί. Nay, but are the Indian public satisfied? Do the millions of Hindūstān, do the Musalmān chiefs care what the *Times* thinks? Are *they* satisfied? Let any ten intelligent native gentlemen be taken from the

great towns of Hindūstān, and let them answer this question. There is yet room for tardy justice. Look, for instance, at the case of Mīr Sobdār. Refer to all the authorities that have ever written on Sindh, and not one syllable will be found to shew that this prince was ever aught but the firm friend of the English. It is useless to compile a large volume of extracts in his favour, but look, for example, at what is said in the Blue Book—on the very eve of the fatal battle of Miānī—p. 430. “In most measures, the simple fact of Mīr Naṣīr having adopted one line of conduct, is sufficient to cause Mīr Sobdār to follow the opposite course, except where the interests of the *British Government are at stake, and in favour of which Mīr Sobdār invariably declares, whatever may be the design of the other Darbār.*” And again, at p. 151, “I made a marked distinction between Mīr Sobdār and the other Amīrs. He had sent secretly to the Native Agent to say *that nothing should ever induce him to fight with us.*” And p. 178, “From all proceedings of this hostile character Mīr Sobdār has held himself free.”

Look again at page 526; in Lord Ellenborough’s letter it is said, “I think Mīr Sobdār must have been forced into an apparent junction with the other Chiefs of Haidarābād, and he will leave them as soon as he can.” Consider also that so late as the 27th of January, little more than a fortnight before the battle of Miānī, Sir C. Napier himself writes to thank Sobdār (Supplementary Blue Book, No. 35) for “*his loyal and true conduct to the British Government;*” that we find even Captain Brown acknowledging that Sobdār was the “friend of the

British," on the 10th of February, six days before the battle (Supplementary Blue Book, No. 178), and inquiring of a witness when it was that the Mīr first shewed his hostility; to which the witness very naturally responds—that he does not know. Consider, also, that on the 14th of February, two days before the battle, Sobdār warned the British Commissioner that he was in danger of being murdered, for his attempts to restrain the Bilūchis, and that, should his followers be found in opposition to the British, he claimed to be held innocent. Consider all this, and then say whether the statement made by Sir W. Napier (*Conquest of Sindh*, p. 332) that Sobdār was as guilty as the other Amīrs, or even more so, is not a mockery of common sense. Well, this man, whose life was spent in a series of kind offices to the British, is dead—died our prisoner—his mother, his eldest son, a noble youth, are dead—died broken-hearted. One son remains; would it not be a mercy to restore the young Chief to his country—a Prince who is the only surviving descendant of Fateh Âli Khān, the founder of the Tālpur dynasty? * Let him be placed in possession of those districts which belonged to his father. By this we should at once secure the fidelity of the Bilūchī tribes, who always looked up to Sobdār as the natural head of their nation. Permit also the aged and decrepid members of the family to return with Sobdār's son, to lay their bones in their own country. What possible cause of alarm is to be found in Mīr Muḥammad the elder—good, easy man, who never had a

* If ever looks spoke for a man, the expression of Mīr Muḥammad the younger's countenance ought to speak for him. The reader has his portrait before him, let him judge!



MĪR MUHUMMUD KHĀN,
ONLY SURVIVING SON OF SOBĀR AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ELDER
BRANCH OF THE TALPURS; FROM A PICTURE PRESENTED BY THE AMĪR TO THE AUTHOR.



thought, beyond his shikārgāh and his amusements !
That grace may be shown to the poor captives, and
that the children of the ex-Amīrs may have cause to
bless that great Company, whose administration alone
preserves India to us, is the sincere prayer of an
ex-Political.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONCLUDING APPEAL ON BEHALF OF SINDH—WRONGS OF THE AMĪRS KNOWN EVEN IN THE GREAT ṢAḤĀRA—BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF OUR CONNECTION WITH SINDH—RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE FORGERIES WHICH LED TO THE DETHRONEMENT OF MĪR RUSTAM—INJUSTICE OF THE WAR WITH THE AMĪRS—SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF MĪR RUSTAM—IMPRISONMENT OF HIS VAZĪR FATEḤ MUḤAMMAD—RELEASE OF FATEḤ MUḤAMMAD AT THE INTERCESSION OF OUR ALLY THE KHĀN OF BHĀWALPUR—FATEḤ MUḤAMMAD DEFEATS THE SIKHS NEAR MULTĀN, AND OBTAINS THE FIRST VICTORY OVER THE ARMY OF THE REBEL MULRĀJ—EXILE AND SUFFERINGS OF MUḤAMMAD ḤUSAIN, ELDEST SON OF MĪR RUSTAM—MĪR SHĀHDĀD IMPRISONED FOR FIVE YEARS AS A FELON, THEN TRIED FOR HIS ALLEGED CRIME AND HONOURABLY ACQUITTED—DEATHS OF MĪRS NAṢĪR KHĀN, SOBDĀR AND HIS ELDEST SON FATEḤ ĀLĪ KHĀN—SUFFERINGS OF THE OTHER AMĪRS—IMPOLICY OF THE RETENTION OF SINDH SHEWN BY A STATEMENT OF ITS FINANCES.

HEPWORTH DIXON has truly said that Macaulay is the most agreeable writer of history since Walter Scott. The same remark may be made with equal justice of another distinguished historian; whose work has all the charm of novelty, even for the principal actors in the events he records. With a magician's wand he has touched the sands and mud-built citadels of Sindh, and a new race has started into life. The kind old Amīrs and the Chiefs who welcomed us so often, all—all have

passed away. Lo ! in their place a race of hellish tyrants,* exulting with fiendish malice in the murder of their own offspring, scourging their helpless wives with whips of brass, and trampling down their subjects with oppression's armed heel. Lost and bewildered with the phantoms which rise on all sides round us, we strive in vain to recal some once familiar scene. Is this the country, then, through which we journeyed oftentimes alone, or with twin horsemen at our back ! Yet now the hero of Miānī thinks it foolish to pass, forsooth, the most frequented route with fifty soldiers for his escort.† Are these the Chiefs to whom we swore eternal friendship ; these monsters, with nothing human but their form, the rulers from whom we condescended to ask aid so often in the hour of emergency ! But wherefore squander precious moments in dwelling on extravagancies unparalleled save by the weakness of the cause they are meant to defend. We will not believe that the calm, deep-thinking, Christian, English public will be led by the glitter of sentences to neglect facts, or that it will suffer the lapse of a few years to operate as a lethean potion, and cause the black injustice, the plunderings and slaughters of the war in Sindh to be forgotten. Time, and a righteous Providence, have brought facts to light which can no longer be thrust aside. Let those whose blood still boils at the tale of Austrian tyranny and Hungarian woes come here and read of tyranny as gross, of wrongs as unmerited, inflicted on an independent people—and by Englishmen. It cannot be that those who

* "Conquest of Sindh," Part ii., p. 348.

† Ibid., Part i., p. 20.

sympathise so deeply with every other tale of suffering and of wrong should turn unmoved from this—one of the most piteous that ever was listened to with mingled pity and indignation by Christian men. What! shall savage Dyaks and tribes more wild and barbarous still—the connecting links between the human species and the brute—all find their advocates, and none move a hand or utter a voice for our own allies, to whose protection we were pledged by solemn and reiterated treaties! for victims, round whom was woven a web of cunning villainy, and who were trapped with falsehoods which now make day hideous by their revelation! Men of England! think of your boasted freedom, and let your pulse beat quick for those who died by your sword in defence of their own liberties and homes, and for that smaller, but far more wretched, band, once your friends, once aye! your benefactors, now lingering out a miserable exile in a distant land, whose jailers you now pay, whose hospitality, whose alliance, you once sought. Women of England! think of the mothers and sisters of princes, stripped of their ornaments, torn from their homes, driven to wander houseless and friendless in the wild jungles and poisonous swamps of Burdikah. But, if you will not listen, think not that the ears of all nations are closed to these outrages. Even distant Africa—the wild waste of the Great Ṣaḥārah—gives back a voice. Harken to the testimony of a recent traveller in those dreary regions:—

“The conversation was suddenly stopped by the appearance of a remarkable personage, the quasi Sultān of the Ben Walid. This was the famous, rich, and

powerful Hajj bin Mūsā Ettānī. He is a man of great age and nearly blind, and the chief of the most numerous and influential families of Ghadamīs. Having heard I was present, after a short silence he addressed me: 'Christian! do you know Sindh?' I replied, 'I know it.' 'Are not the English there?' 'Yes,' I said. He then turned and said something to the people in the Ghadamī language. I afterwards learnt it was, 'You see these Christians are eating up all the Musalmān countries.' He then abruptly turned to me, 'Why do the English go there and eat up all the Musalmān? afterwards you will come here.' I replied, 'The Amīrs were foolish and engaged in a conspiracy against the English of India; but the Musalmān in Sindh enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the English themselves.' 'That is what you say,' he rejoined, and then continued: 'Why do you go so far from home to take other people's countries from them?' I replied, 'The Turks do the same; they come here in the Desert.' 'Ah! you wish to be such oppressors as the Turks,' he continued very bitterly, and then told me not to talk any more. No one present dared to put in a word. This painful silence continued for some time."*

Such are the golden opinions we have won for ourselves by the Conquest of Sindh. And can it be thought that while the wrongs of that unhappy country have penetrated to the distant wilds of Africa, they have made no stir, have never been pondered over by the Indian

* "Travels in the Great Desert of *Sahāra*," by James Richardson, vol. i., p. 232.

subjects of the English crown! Believe one who has no interest in perverting the truth—one who knows the natives of India well, who has talked with them as a brother, and read their hearts, closed as they are from the great and the proud—the wrongs of Sindh are written by the finger of hatred and smothered fury on tablets of stone. Even the Khān of Bhāwalpur whom the Conqueror of Sindh and the Governor General delighted to honour with portions of the unrighteous spoil, purchased the freedom of the man the English General most persecuted. But this is anticipating; in order to see the matter in a clear light, it is requisite to state concisely the story of Sindh as it now stands. A simple *résumé* of facts—the plain unexaggerated truth—will be sufficient to put down the fictions which have been brazened forth to the world.

To meet a sophism which has been advanced, that the Tālpurs were usurpers, and therefore might be rightfully despoiled of what they had wrongfully usurped, it will be necessary to bestow a few sentences on the first growth of their power. In 1774 then, Sarafrāz Khān Kalora, the capricious tyrant of Sindh, caused Bahrām Khān, head of the Tālpurs, and one of the most illustrious chiefs of Sindh, to be murdered, together with one of his sons. This barbarous action led to the dethronement of the tyrant, but one of his immediate successors, Ghulām Nabī, undeterred by the punishment which had followed his crime, prepared to destroy the surviving son of the murdered chief. This led to a battle, in which Ghulām Nabī was vanquished and slain. The victor, Bijjār Khān, although all Sindh lay at his feet, magnanimously

transferred his allegiance to Âbdu'n-Nabî, the brother of the fallen tyrant,* and was the first to swear fealty to him. No experience, however, could make the ill-fated Kaloras wise. Âbdu'n-Nabî caused his benefactor, the Talpur chief, to be assassinated.† All Sindh rose to a man, and drove the cruel and perfidious Kalora from the kingdom. From this date, 1788 A.D., the Government of Sindh devolved on the Talpurs. The people of Sindh unanimously chose them for their rulers, and we have the recorded testimony of those who visited the country, that from that time it gradually advanced in prosperity. We have the evidence of Major Rennell to prove that under the Kaloras vast numbers of Sindhians fled into other countries from the tyranny of their rulers. Let this be compared with the state of things under the Amirs, as exhibited in Mr. Heddle's Report to the Bombay Government. He says: "The merchants of Sindh are active and intelligent, well protected, though heavily taxed by the government, *but not so much so as to prevent foreign traders from leaving their native country, to reside under the rule of the Amirs.*‡ Compared to any state between the Indus and Euphrates, Sindh may be pronounced a country considerably advanced in civilisation; the Government, though severe, is vigilant and well ordered; too sensible of its own interests to ruin either

* The late Mir Nasir Khân gives a slightly different account of some of the incidents here mentioned, which are detailed according to the European authorities. The Amir's narrative, is doubtless the more authentic, and is given in full in the Appendix.

† "Amirs of Sindh," p. 26.

‡ Ibid., p. 16.

the commerce or the agriculture of the country. The people are orderly and obedient, and the laws are respected."

Mr. Elphinstone also shews that the Tālpurs, at their first accession to power, had to struggle against the desolating inroads of the Afghāns, in one of which Madad Khān wasted the country to such an extent that it had not fully recovered thirty years after. Notwithstanding all this, the Amīrs succeeded at length in repulsing the enemy, and restoring the confidence of their subjects. The city of Haidarābād sprang up under their feet wealthy and populous, and it may be truly said that while terror and carnage reigned throughout Afghānistān, and while even our own dominions in India were a scene of rapine and bloodshed, peace and tranquillity prevailed in Sindh. Let the calumniators of the unfortunate Amīrs answer this *One Fact*:—How befell it that—if the Amīrs were not the just and amiable Princes they are here maintained to have been—it was possible for them to have governed a kingdom (once turbulent enough) for sixty years without one civil contest* among themselves, or a solitary insurrection of their subjects? Let calumny answer that, and explain away if it can the appellation of Chār Yār—"The Four Friends," which the unanimous voice of Sindh bestowed on its rulers.

* Sobdār recovered his territory without recourse to arms, though he mustered his followers. The battle of Nawnahār, between Mīr Rustam and Ali Murād, did not take place till the former may be said to have ceased to rule, and would never have happened but for our supporting Āli Murād in his rebellion against his liege lord.

We come next to consider the history of our own connection with Sindh, which may be said to date from 1807, when an envoy proceeded thither from Bombay, and concluded, on the part of the British, an alliance,* defensive and offensive, with Mīrs Ghulām Āli, Karam Āli, and Murād Āli, the then rulers of Sindh. No sooner was this alliance formed, than—with that inconsistency and want of faith which has characterised all our dealings with the Amīrs—a mission was despatched,† in 1809, to annul it. Mr. Hankey Smith, the officer entrusted with that mission, was directed to annul the former treaty; prevent the establishment of the French in Sindh, and establish *the proper relative ranks of the British and Sindhian governments*,—a strange and ominous expression. An indifferent reader may smile at the complaints then uttered of the jealousy and suspicions of the Amīrs, when he learns that at the very moment we were sending an ambassador to the Court of Sindh with expressions of friendship and goodwill, our envoy at Kābul was proposing to the Governor-General to subjugate the country, pay over a large portion of its revenues to its natural and implacable foe, and incorporate the territory with the British possessions in India. In justice, however, to that able functionary, it must be stated that he submitted this proposal on the receipt of false intelligence to the effect that the Amīrs were in league with our enemies the French, or, at least, anxious

* No mention of this in the Blue Book, and the Treaty unpublished.

† *Vide* Treaty, Blue Book, p. 1. Beginning with "eternal friendship," of course.

to form an alliance with them. The Governor-General, Lord Minto, rejected this suggestion with the dignity and good-faith worthy of an English ruler, at the same time distinctly acknowledging the Amīrs of Sindh as an independent power, and allowing that the claims for tribute preferred against them by the Afghān monarch were obsolete. The Envoy admitted the error into which he had been led, and pleaded his mis-information as his excuse for a suggestion at once impolitic and unjust; but surely no honest man will maintain that the suspicions of the Amīrs were altogether groundless. These suspicions were not likely to be removed by our invasion of Kach, in 1816, or its final occupation by us in 1819, bordering, as it does, on Sindh, and at one time almost incorporated with it by Ghulām Shāh Kalora. Our subjugation of Kach led to renewed treaties with Sindh in 1820,* in other words, we swore perpetual amity until a convenient opportunity for appropriating the country, and the destruction and imprisonment of our allies. In 1828, the Amīrs invited an English officer to visit them, the only kind of European officer they ever wished to see amongst them—a physician. That officer† was, fortunately for the cause of truth, at once able and unprejudiced,—one whose amiable temper and many accomplishments were likely to give the Amīrs a better opinion of our countrymen than they hitherto possessed. His

* *Vide* Blue Book, p. 1. For the Treaty which excludes all Europeans and Americans from Sindh, and engages the Amīrs to check the incursions of certain freebooting tribes, bordering on Kach.

† Dr. James Burnes, F.R.S., brother of the celebrated traveller, Sir Alexander Burnes.

testimony sufficiently refutes many of the calumnies which have been uttered against the Amīrs to justify their deposition. When we read in the "Conquest of Sindh," of the constant inebriety of the Amīrs, we are astonished to find that a medical officer who attended them for months gives the following account of them:—"The Amīrs of Sindh are less sunk in sensuality and indulgence than Muḥammadan princes in general. Mīr Murād Ālī asked me on one occasion whether I had any objection to his taking *dārū*—a word which I understood in its usual acceptation of ardent spirits; and I was proceeding to explain that it would be better to avoid all stimulants, and particularly wine, for the present, when he abruptly interrupted me by begging that I would not use the name of the forbidden juice of the grape in the presence of a true believer. I found afterwards that His Highness only meant a pomegranate; and, although this anecdote may give an impression of display before a large assembly, still I believe it is well ascertained that the Amīrs never indulge in intoxicating drugs or liquors. They have been known to dismiss persons with disgrace from their presence who had appeared before them redolent of wine; and Bahādur Khān Kokur, a Bilūch chief of high birth, in the service of Mīr Murād Ālī, was suspended from his employment for a considerable time for having been once seen in a state of intoxication. The Amīrs universally objected to take medicine in the shape of tinctures, from the spirits they contained. There is not a ḥukḡah to be

* "Amīrs of Sindh," p. 67.

seen at their Court, nor do any of the family eat opium.”* Of the Vazīr, and confidential adviser of the Amīrs, the same author tells this remarkable anecdote:—“During the whole of the day in which I was delirious, Walī Muḥammad Khān, whose good feeling I had gained by attention to his children and conversations with himself, never left my bedside; and, when I recovered my senses, the first object which met my eye was, the respected old man, kneeling, in earnest prayer for my recovery. Such Samaritanism would do honour and might be an example to many of a purer creed and better education.” Dr. Burnes adds, “In the observances of religion the whole family of the Amīrs are extremely strict; and I have seen some of them kneel down to pray in the public darbār.”

From the period of Dr. Burnes’ visit to Haidarābād nothing remarkable occurred in our intercourse with Sindh till January, 1831, when Sir A. Burnes (then Lieutenant Burnes) landed in Sindh, charged with presents for Ranjīt Singh, and with secret instructions to spy out the course of the Indus. The Amīrs, strangely enough, persisted in their jealousy of the foreigners; and a Sindhī soldier exclaimed, with audacious sagacity, in reply to the assertion of our

* The repeated assertions of the inebriety of the Amīrs in the “Conquest of Sindh,” are on a par with the account there given of their inability to read or write. Compare this with what Dr. Burnes says of Naṣir Khān, “During my march to Haidarābād, his Highness’s virtues and poetical genius formed the theme of constant commendation. I took an opportunity to request that he would honour me with a copy of his works, entitled the “*Diwān-i-Jāfir*.”

Envoy, that he came unarmed, "The evil is done, you have seen our country."* As Lieutenant Burnes ascended the river, a Sindhī turned to his companion and said, "Alas! Sindh is now lost, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest." Though the Amīrs shewed unequivocally that they quite understood the real object of our arrival, they nevertheless received our Envoy with the utmost courtesy, and gave a ready assent to the wishes of Government when they were communicated to them.† The ruler of Khairpur, Mīr Rustam, evinced a still stronger desire to please. He despatched a confidential officer, Muḥammad Gauhar, eighty miles to meet our Envoy, and express his entire devotion to the British Government.‡ "The deputation brought an abundant supply of sheep, flour, fruit, spices, sugar, butter, ghī, tobacco, opium, etc., on which our people feasted. Sheep were slain and cooked; rice and ghī were soon converted into savoury viands; and I believe all parties thanked Mīr Rustam as heartily as we did; nor did I imagine that this was but the commencement of a round of feasting, which was daily repeated so long as we were in his country, a period of three weeks." Shortly afterwards, the Vazīr of Mīr Rustam, Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī, waited on the Envoy. He is represented as an aged person, of mild and affable manners. Lieutenant Burnes adds, "Our reception was cordial and kind; the Vazīr assured us of the high satisfaction with which his master had heard of our arrival, for he had long desired to

* Burnes' Travels, vol. iii. p. 18.

† Ibid, p. 48.

‡ Ibid, p. 60.

draw closer to the British Government, and had never yet had the good fortune to meet any of its agents. He said that Mīr Rustam did not presume to put himself on an equality with so potent and great a nation, but hoped that he might be classed among its well-wishers, and as one ready to afford his services on all occasions." Lieutenant Burnes then paid a visit to Mīr Rustam, at Khairpur. With some degree of curiosity, we look back at the portrait of him who is represented in the "Conquest of Sindh" as an old drunken, debauched wretch. Let the reader judge of the likeness. "There was so much mildness in all that the Amīr said that I could not believe that we were in a Bilūch Court. He expressed sorrow that we could not stay a month with him; but since we were resolved to proceed, we must take his state barge, and the son of his Vazīr, to the frontier, and accept the poor hospitality of a Bilūch soldier (meaning himself) so long as we were in the Khairpur territory. I must mention that the hospitality which he so modestly named consisted of eight or ten sheep, with all sorts of provisions, for 150 people daily; and that while at Khairpur he sent for our use, twice a day, a meal of seventy two dishes. Before starting, the Amīr and his family sent to us two daggers, and two beautiful swords, with belts ornamented by large masses of gold. The blade of one of them was valued at £80. To these were added many cloths and native silks; also a purse of a thousand rupees, which I did not accept, excusing myself by the remark that I required nothing to make me remember the kindness of Mīr Rustam Khān."

A reference to the third volume of Burnes' Travels will supply many similar testimonies to the noble, courteous,

and confiding disposition of Mir Rustam; and surely one word from an officer personally acquainted with him,—an officer, too, who had no interested motive to serve, will more than outweigh all the rancorous accusations of men who never set foot in Sindh, never conversed with any of the natives, and whose motives are only too obvious.

The English had now for some years been feeling their way. It had been ascertained that the Indus was navigable; the jewels of the Amīrs, the presents they lavished on the Europeans who visited them, shewed they were rich. A growing attachment manifested itself on the part of the British Government. It was desirable to cultivate a closer acquaintance with chiefs whose capital was so accessible, and who were able to defray the expenses of their protectors. By the treaties of 1832 and 1834, we opened the navigation of the Indus. The Amīrs were taught to look for a new æra; commerce, with her wings of gold, was to bring to them inexhaustible riches; wealth and civilization were to be diffused throughout the land, while the Amīrs themselves were to repose in tranquil security under the shadow of the British flag. Glorious visions these—of the future—for the present the revenue of the Amīrs, which they derived from the Indus, was to be gradually extinguished. To annihilate all unpleasant doubts of what may be delicately termed “an impossible contingency,” “the two contracting powers bound themselves *from generation to generation never to look with the eye of covetousness on the possessions of each other.*” This article, though verbally applicable in an equal degree to both parties, was thought to be especially binding on the Amīrs, who having their troops, consisting of several thousands of irregulars, less

under controul, would be more likely to aim at the conquest of Hindustan, than our Government, with an army numbering half a million or thereabouts, and these for the most part regulars, at the subjection of Sindh. Let us pass, however, from this point, and come next to the famous triple alliance in 1838 between the Muḥammadan ex-King of Kābul, the Sikh Monarch of Lahore, and the English Government. The English had conceived a violent dread of a Russian invasion of India. They desired, therefore, to raise up a barrier in Afghānistān against the supposed danger. To effect this it was necessary to pass through Sindh, and to form a base of operations in that country. Money was also desirable to meet the ruinous expenditure of king-making. Our allies, the Amīrs, could be coerced into anything, and when it was in our power to take all who would not concur in eulogizing our clemency if we extorted only a part? We demanded a free passage for our armies through Sindh, supplies of every description for a vast force, a considerable sum in cash, an annual tribute, the cession of the most important military positions, the perpetual residence of Political officers at the Courts of the Amīrs, and an acknowledgment of our sovereignty by their consenting to relinquish various privileges of independent Princes. The *quid pro quo* on our part for these trifles was our—protection! and a release from the tribute due to Shāh Shujā^a! It happens, however, that so long back as 1809, the Governor-General acknowledged that the claims of the Afghāns for tribute from Sindh were obsolete. It is true that on one or two occasions Shāh Shujā^a, at the head of an army, had extorted sums

of money from the Amirs on pretence of the tribute anciently exacted. He was now, however, wholly unable to enforce such demands without our aid, and the Amirs produced,* moreover, two releases from all future demands on this score, written in the Kṛān and sealed and signed by His Majesty. Our Resident confessed himself very much puzzled by these documents, and, out of that regard which all honourable persons ought to have for their character *before the world*, it was felt to be absolutely necessary to suppress them.

But it is in our dealings with Mir Rustam at this time that the integrity and good faith of the British character shone pre-eminent. The Governor-General was especially anxious to secure the Fort of Bakkar as a depot for the army. Sir W. Macnaghten writes to Sir A. Burnes:—"The† Governor-General, as you are aware, attaches great importance to the possession of Bakkar, and you will probably be able to ascertain from Mir Rustam Khān how far he would be willing to permit us to occupy it. Herewith you will receive a document, under the seal and signature of the Governor-General, certifying that our desire is only for the *temporary occupation* of that fortress, which you are authorized to produce should occasion require it." In reply Sir A. Burnes‡ suggested the seizure of the said Fort as soon as we had obtained the loan of it, on the ground that we had covenanted not to appropriate the possessions of the Amirs on *both sides* the river, but had said nothing of islands. This must be confessed to be a felicitous thought and one worthy of a Christian diplomatist!

* Blue Book, p. 31.

† Ibid., p. 18.

‡ Ibid., p. 44.

Observe, too, how patriotism causes him to forget the kind hospitality of Mir Rustam detailed in his book, and the magnificent presents bestowed on him by that chief. Space, however, will not permit us to linger over these pleasing reminiscences—these bright traits in the character of our dealings with Sindh. It is sufficient to remark that the Fort was lent to us on a solemn promise of its being returned, that the Amīr was thanked in glowing terms for this mark of his friendship, and that we remitted further consideration of the time and manner of restoring it to the Greek Kalends. Such was the devotion to our cause evinced at this time by Mir Rustam, that the Political Agent in Upper Sindh writes of him in the following terms: "I gave full expression* of thanks for such a noble and independent declaration. With such adherence I feel quite at a loss to know how we can either ask money or any favour of this family. I have never doubted their sincere disposition to cling to us; but, in their weak state, I did not expect such firmness in the day of trial."

On the 24th of December, 1838, a treaty of ten articles was concluded with Mir Rustam; and on the 11th of March, 1839, after protracted negotiations, another of fourteen articles with the Amīrs of Haidarābād. The treaty with Khairpur stipulated—1. Perpetual friendship. 2. Protection on the part of the British. 3. Subordinate co-operation on the part of Khairpur. 4. No correspondence with foreign States, friends and relations excepted. 5. Arbitration of the British in disputes with foreign States. 6. A supply of troops from Khairpur, according

to ability, if demanded. 7. No complaints against Mīr Rustam from any of his family or subjects to be listened to. 8. Co-operation of Mīr Rustam in facilitating the commerce of the Indus. 9. Mutual accredited agents. 10. Ratification in forty-five days. Into the subject of the Haidarābād treaty it is not proposed (unless incidentally) to enter here, or into the wrongs of that portion of the family of the Tālpurs. It will be held sufficient on the principle of "*ex uno disce omnes*," if a clear case of injustice can be established on our part towards the Amīrs of Khairpur. From the character of the proceedings adopted towards them, we may judge of those to their brethren in Lower Sindh. Dismissing then the consideration of Haidarābād affairs, let us turn to the treaty with Khairpur. This is to be found, with the commentaries of Sir A. Burnes, in the Blue Book, p. 108. Among these remarks there is one on Article VIII, which, if seen by the Amīrs, would have given them a tolerably accurate notion of what they had to expect. "I might," says our agent, "*have easily abolished the toll for ever, but this would be a hazardous step, till we substitute our own influence in Sindh*." The toll binds the Amīr to protect property; the release from it would remove it (*i. e.* the obligation of protecting property) from his shoulders." Now this remark may be taken as a fair exponent of the policy we pursued in Sindh. Every step, *i. e.* every encroachment that could be made without hazard was made; and the more violent aggressions, which obviously could not be inflicted without risking an inopportune war, were suspended until our own influence should be substituted in Sindh; in other words, until Sindh was reduced

to a British dependency. And this is what we call making an alliance. We swear never to covet a particle of the Amīrs territory, while our Political Agent has the effrontery to advise the Governor-General to suspend hazardous aggressions until our own influence be substituted for that of the rightful rulers of the country. Better almost the open, audacious violence of Sir C. Napier than such insidious advances. And to this last closing scene our space requires that we should hasten.* The intermediate time has been already sufficiently dwelt upon in the preceding memoir. It will be there seen that our intercourse with the Amīrs was carried on from the period of the above treaty on the most friendly footing until the arrival at Sakkar of Mr. Ross Bell and Captain Brown. These officers brought with them a host of intriguing Delhi officials, worthies most of whom have since expiated their offences in prison. They themselves at once adopted a tone of insolence† towards Mīr Rustam and the other Amīrs, excepting only Ālī Murād, which no European would have submitted to for an instant. In direct violation of Article VII of the treaty,‡ Ālī Murād

* We can trust even the "Conquest of Sindh," for a statement of the gross injustice shewn to the Amīrs before the dawning of the Napier Star. See Part I., p. 49, and chap. ii., *passim*.

† Blue Book, p. 219, l. 51.

‡ The Blue Book must, of course, be very accurate. The treaties, no doubt, are translated with great exactness. At p. 44, for example, in the Treaty of Khairpur there is an expression rendered with great exactness. We bind ourselves not to covet a دام یا درهم of the Amīrs. The uninitiated reader must understand that these words sound in English, *dam yā dirham*, and signify two small pieces of money. We bind ourselves not to covet a farthing of the Amīrs. This is rendered a "*dam or a drain*"!!

was listened to and supported in all his complaints against his chief, Mir Rustam. A Delhi official, since convicted of the most scandalous forgeries and falsehoods, made his appearance at the Court of Ālī Murād, and soon took the prominent position there of confidential adviser and minister of that prince. A daily correspondence was carried on between that unprincipled intriguer and the no less infamous and unprincipled confidential munshī of the Political Agent. A paid emissary of the former accompanied the Political Agent's camp, and copies of the most secret correspondence were delivered to him, nay, at a subsequent period, the most important original documents were purloined and sold to Ālī Murād, and that in the most open and shameless manner. In a word, while Ālī Murād, who had so long stood aloof from us,* was allowed all licence in pursuing his base, cruel, and perfidious schemes of aggrandisement, Mir Rustam, whose friendliness and cordiality had been represented by Lord Auckland himself as equal to that evinced by the Nawwāb of Bhāwalpur,† was repaid by the most unblushing and detestable ingratitude. Mir Rustam openly complained of the insulting conduct of our Political Agent. He threatened to send an Envoy to the Governor-General to make known his injuries, and thus rendered our agent more determinately his foe. Now let any impartial person

* *Vide* Blue Book, p. 214. "That he (Ālī Murād) was hostilely disposed towards us from the commencement there cannot be a doubt, and his reasons for now coming forward are, finding himself alone, and my acquaintance with what had been passing between him and Mihrāb Khān."—*Mr. Ross Bell's Letter to Governor-General.*

† Blue Book, pp. 147, 149, 177, 182.

consider the difficulty of the position in which the Amīr was placed. He knew that everything he said or did was most basely misrepresented. His minister, who he himself states, was to him as a brother, was openly insulted and driven from his presence, and our agent was undisguisedly his enemy. Is not every man who calls himself an Englishman ashamed and confounded at such persecution of an aged chief whose friendship and whose services the Governor-General himself had so repeatedly eulogised? What sort of an alliance is this where the weaker party is compelled to submit to all the insulting caprices of a servant of the stronger! It is not necessary to dwell here at any length on the documents furnished by the Blue Book, such as they are, and the less so as our Political Agent's communications with the Amīrs were carried on through a munshī, he himself being ignorant of Persian and Sindhi. We have not the slightest ground, therefore, for relying on any of his statements. Thus, for example, at page 266 of the Blue Book, Mir Rustam is made to represent himself highly pleased with the appointment of an English officer to reside at his Darbār; the real fact being that he was entirely averse to any such measure. See also page 273, a passage before referred to (page 230 of this memoir), where Fateḥ Muḥammad Ghūrī is stated to have been ever opposed to the alliance of his master with the British Government, and that Mir Rustam was inclined to overlook his faults, because Fateḥ Muḥammad had been his slave from his boyhood. These two statements may be selected as a sample of Mr. Bell's other facts. For the truth of the former it will be only necessary to refer to the third volume of Burnes' Travels, page 73, where a detailed

account is given of this very Fateh Muḥammad's being the first to enter on negotiations for an alliance on the part of Mīr Rustam with the British. As regards the second statement, the account of Fateh Muḥammad given by Major Edwardes, will be held sufficient refutation, from which it appears that instead of a slave he was the Vazīr of Bhāwalpur before he came to Sindh, and that so far from his having been with Mīr Rustam from his boyhood he did not enter his service till he was a middle-aged man. It is to be hoped that no Englishman could be intentionally guilty of such malignant falsehoods, and we must therefore refer them to the munshīs in the pay of Ālī Murād, by whom Mr. Bell was entirely guided.

But the time had arrived when the oppressed Amīrs of Khairpur were to find a temporary relief. On the 31st of July, 1841, Mr. Ross Bell died, and the Political superintendence of Sindh, was committed to the abler hands of Major Outram. Had he been suffered to continue at his post, the plains of Sindh would never have been drenched with the blood of thousands of its inhabitants slaughtered on the fields of Miānī and Dabba. During the disastrous close of 1841, and the no less melancholy and ill-omened opening of the next year, during all our troubles in Afghānistān, the Amīrs of Sindh, confiding in the truthfulness and good intentions of the British representative, remained friendly. Against Mīr Naṣīr Khān, of Haidarābād, some complaints were made, owing to our declared intention of appropriating Shikārpur, but the Amīrs of Upper Sindh are not even mentioned in the political diaries of those times. Now, however, a new actor appeared on the scene. On the 6th

of May, 1842, Lord Ellenborough addressed his first despatch to the Political Agent in Sindh. The terrible events which had taken place just before the accession of the new Governor-General had necessarily a powerful effect upon his views of the policy to be observed towards Indian States. They disposed him to suspicion and severity. He commenced proceedings by transmitting to the Amīrs three letters filled with menaces. The next step was the reduction of the Political Staff, in a letter* which unintentionally sets in the clearest light the vexations to which Mīr Rustam had been exposed, "in the constant presence of an officer at his Court, which had been recently without observation, as well as without controul. and which continually reminded him and his subjects of the great practical change in their position, and which led to a much more minute intervention in the concerns of the Amīrs than the Governor-General thought it fitting we should exercise." In the meantime, Major Outram was occupied in investigating the authenticity of certain letters said to have been sent, some months back, by Mīr Naṣīr Khān, of Ḥaidarābād, to Sāwan Mall, of Multān, and by Mīr Rustam to Shīr Singh. These letters had been transmitted to Mr. Clerk, the Resident in Lahore, for examination, and he declared himself doubtful of their authenticity. In the interval, however, Major Outram reported,† May 24, 1842, that the intrigues which gave birth to them (if they ever existed?) were now at an end. The reader will be surprised and shocked to hear that the letters, of the authenticity of which there was so much doubt, but which were to be the cause of so much

* Blue Book, p. 317.

† Ibid., p. 320.

suffering to the Amīrs, were transmitted to Major Outram* by the bitterest enemy Mīr Rustam had, by Ālī Murād. Why the whole matter is clearer than the sun at noon! Mīr Ālī Murād forged those letters just as Sulaimān Shāh forged Major Outram's seal and signature. That officer says,† "I myself had to complain to the Amīrs of frequent forgeries of my own seals, which, appended to letters professedly written by me, had so far imposed on themselves as to procure for their bearers grants of land." And is there any one so credulous as to believe that had the letter to Shīr Singh really been written by Fateḥ Muḥammad Ghūrī (no one then or since has suspected Mīr Rustam himself) he could not have transmitted it without its coming to our knowledge! The whole district, from Rohrī to the Bhāwalpur country, belonged to the suspected Amīrs, Rustam, of Khairpur, and Naṣīr, of Ḥaidarābād; and is it not a farce to suppose that Ālī Murād could have intercepted these letters in a province where he had no authority? It is rather a curious coincidence, that at the time the supposed letter from Naṣīr, of Ḥaidarābād, to Bībarak was intercepted, the Assistant at Ḥaidarābād reported that Naṣīr Khān, of Khilāt, had written to the same chief to the same purpose (*Vide* Blue Book, p. 332, l. 43, where the Takkia chief is Bībarak). The same officer reports that Captain Preedy had been informed that if letters were written by the Amīrs they bore no seal. These slight difficulties and contradictions, however, went for nothing; yet, as the Governor-General was now about to ground a new and most severe measure on the said intercepted

* "Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary," p. 75.

† *Ibid.*, p. 74.

letters, it will be well to state a few of the facts which make against their authenticity.

1. The letters were furnished to Government by a party most hostile to the supposed writers.
2. They had been intercepted months ago, but nothing further had transpired, consequently either the correspondence had suddenly and unaccountably ceased, or we had been strangely baffled in our attempts at further exposures.
3. The forgery of seals was a common practice; even our own Resident's seal and signature had been forged, and he had complained of it to the Amīrs.
4. Mir Naṣīr Khān's munshī, who was supposed to have written the letters, was afterwards condemned for various frauds and forgeries; and even supposing, therefore, the letter to Bibarak had been in his handwriting, no charge against the Amīrs could have been founded on it.
5. Of the officers who examined the letters only two could read a word of them, and of these the more experienced of the two doubted their genuineness.

Yet, on such flimsy pretences as these, the Governor-General proposed to confiscate the richest portion of Mir Rustam's territory, forgetful of the obligations we were under to that chief, and which had been acknowledged in the strongest language by his predecessor. In pursuance of this resolve, Lord Ellenborough, in order to crush any opposition which might arise to the unjust act he meditated, appointed (August 26th, 1842) a General Officer, of great experience in military matters,

to the supreme civil, political, and military control of both Upper and Lower Sindh, and placed Major Outram, in a very subordinate position, under him. How much this step must have alarmed the Amirs is too obvious to require remark. The officers with whom they had been accustomed to transact business were at once either removed or degraded into inferior positions, and in their place appeared a stern and rough soldier, ignorant of their manners, language, history and resources, filled with a furious, persecuting spirit, hateful, and hating them. On the 9th of September, 1842, this conqueror—whom his historical brother has in some points aptly compared with Marius—landed in Sindh. He came with a pre-determination to find hostility or to make it. At a time when officers were moving throughout the country, without escort or arms, in perfect safety, he represented himself as performing an act of stupendous hardihood in ascending the river with only fifty soldiers! It would be a work of needless repetition to descant at length on what followed, or to trace the tissue of errors, cruelties, and extravagancies which now, wave upon wave, succeeded each other. Those who would see these properly exposed may consult a bitter satire upon them, entitled "*The Conquest of Sindh*," together with the key which Major Outram has generously furnished—"The Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary." Our purpose is to step behind the scenes and shew the master-player calmly seated, and smiling, somewhat in scorn, somewhat in pity, as he pulled the cords to which his poor puppets danced. Âli Murad, a cunning craftsman, had long used Messrs. Bell and Brown as his tools to work the ruin of Mir Rustam and his own aggrandise-

ment. He paid their munshis liberally, and soon, by flattery and artifice, obtained unlimited influence over themselves. His first object was to blacken the character of his most powerful opponent — the minister Fateh Muhammad. Having effected this, his next step was to forge the letters to Shīr Singh and Bībarak, and place them in our Agent's hands. Even this monstrous imposition did not fail. He had now recourse to bolder measures. Extravagant in his youth, he had mortgaged or sold to his elder brother, Mubārak Khān, certain villages, Muhammadābād, Babarlu, etc. These he had long resolved to regain, and had for years disputed their possession with Mubārak, and afterwards with Naṣīr Khān, his son. By Article VII. of the treaty between Mīr Rustam and the British, he was bound to submit any differences he might have with other members of his family to Mīr Rustam, since that article acknowledged Mīr Rustam as the paramount authority in Upper Sindh. In contravention of this article, Ālī Murād, secure of the countenance of Captain Brown, then in charge of Sakkar, levied a considerable force and advanced to Khairpur, to compel Mīr Rustam to assent to the surrender of the villages. The forces at Khairpur were very inferior in number to those of Ālī Murād. They, nevertheless, valiantly endeavoured to check his advance, and an action took place at Nawnahār, in which both parties suffered some loss; but victory remained with the aggressor, Ālī Murād. It would be thought that Captain Brown would here have interposed, and would have called upon Ālī Murād for some account of his violent conduct to his liege lord. Nothing of the sort, however, took place. The

victor was suffered to enforce a treaty by which the whole of the villages were restored to him. Flushed with this triumph, he now prepared to enter on a wider field of intrigue. To understand the machinations that followed, it will be necessary to refer to the will of Mīr Sohrāb, the father of Mīr Rustam. This prince, at his death,* divided his territory into four equal parts, bequeathing one to Mīr Rustam, one to Mubārak, one to Āli Murād, and the fourth to the Ra'is, or Chief—a dignity which he is said to have willed first to Mīr Rustam, and next to his other two sons in the order of their age.† Mubārak was now dead; Āli Murād aimed at the turban of chieftainship for himself. If he could persuade or terrify Mīr Rustam into abdicating, he would then be supreme in Upper Sindh. On the other hand, Mīr Rustam desired that the turban might descend to his eldest son—a man of equal age with Āli Murād, and a frank, noble-hearted chief—a complete contrast to his deep, designing, treacherous, faithless uncle. Mīr Rustam had the precedent of his own prior succession to the turban in preference to his uncles, Mīr Zangī, etc., as ground for passing over Āli Murād, and the Governor-General himself acknowledged that the aged

* He was killed by a fall when near his hundredth year. Mīr Rustam would, doubtless, have reached the same age, for, at eighty-five, his eye was bright, and his bodily strength great; but the cruelties he suffered at the hands of the English broke down his otherwise vigorous constitution. Sohrāb never tasted aught but water, and that only once a day. Such are Sir W. Napier's "debauchees."

† This does not appear from the Will itself ("Supplementary Blue Book," p. 111), but it has been alleged by the partizans of Āli Murād. Let them make the most of it.

chief desired only what was natural, and, in every respect, reasonable (Blue Book, p. 480). But, his opponent had what was better than any right—he had the munshīs of the Agency in his pay. Sir Charles Napier, on arriving at Sakkar, was easily duped by the protestations of Ālī Murād; he disregarded the friendly advice of Major Outram,* and at once entered into all the plans of the intriguing Chief of Diji. More than that, he saw the only chance of goading the Amīrs into a war would be by persecuting Mīr Rustam. He feared that any other injuries or insults would fail in rousing their opposition, but the degradation and imprisonment of the oldest and most revered member of their family, that, at least, he was in hopes might urge them into a resistance which they knew could only end in captivity or death. Encouraging letters were forthwith despatched to Ālī Murād by the English General.† The latter at once resolved to deprive Mīr Rustam of the turban. He himself admits as much (“Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary,” p. 114). He, a man entirely ignorant of the law and usages of the country, without any personal knowledge of the character of the Amīrs, on certain charges which turn out afterwards to be based entirely on the evidence furnished by a perjured liar and forger, a traitor to us and to his own family, determines to degrade an aged chief, our ally, and strip him of all his possessions! But ere we proceed to consider the manner in which this was effected, we must turn to some

* “Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary,” p. 143.

† “Supplementary Blue Book,” p. 2.

intermediate steps, which, by a gradual system of protracted torture, conducted the victim to the closing scene of ruin and imprisonment. The forged letters to Bībarak and Shīr Singh were now declared, on the authority of Captain Brown—a man who could not understand a syllable of them*—to be authentic beyond a doubt. The Governor-General was urged to confiscate the territory of Mīrs Rustam and Naṣir Khān, as a punishment for their alleged offence. On receipt of the Governor-General's permission to *treat with the Amīrs* for a *revision of the treaty*, a proclamation was issued,† with savage and indecent haste (December 1st, 1842), declaring the whole country, from Rohrī to Sabzalkoṭ, confiscated. We will not here enter into the debtor and creditor account subsequently proposed by Sir C. Napier, to palliate that act of confiscation (*Vide* Blue Book, p. 367), the monstrous errors of which have been exposed with such truth by Colonel Outram in his Commentary, p. 268, and by Captain Eastwick (Speech, p. 27), nor will we do more than allude to the astonishing fact that the English General seized the whole territory between Rohrī and the confines between Bhāwalpur, when, as is well shewn by Colonel Outram (p. 149), he must have been aware that the Governor-General intended only those districts of Sabzal and Bhungbhārā that were the property of the

* "This officer, to my knowledge, could neither speak nor write Persian, yet his testimony is deemed conclusive as to a point on which accomplished Persian scholars would speak with diffidence."—*Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary*, p. 78.

† "Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary," p. 84, and "Supplementary Blue Book," p. 2.

inculpated Amīrs. We would rather insist on the most glaring of the many cruel injuries comprehended in this measure. It is to be borne in mind, then, that both the Governor-General and Sir C. Napier acted entirely on *ex parte* statements in this as in every other blow they inflicted on Sindh. They procured charges from the enemies of the Amīrs, substantiated them by the evidence of parties who avowedly sought only a pretext to ruin them, and acted upon such monstrous assumptions, without giving the Amīrs a chance of rebutting them, or even informing their Highnesses what it was of which they were accused. It is unnecessary here to do more than refer to the contemptible and frivolous complaints against Naṣir Khān, of Khairpur, and Naṣir, of Haidarābād, furnished by Major Clibborn, Lieutenant Mylne, and Captain Brown. The first of these officers, since his overthrow at Nafushk, had opened an Intelligence Department, for the reception of all the most absurd and monstrous rumours.* It seemed

* He had a Bilūchī horseman in his pay, who was sent about the country to collect news of the Amīrs' hostile intentions. The poor fellow had to live on what he could see. We may guess he would not stint himself. Doubtless he acted as did one of these spies, to my certain knowledge, at Haidarābād. He was sent out to reconnoitre, came back, and reported ten thousand men in one place, ten thousand in another—in short, an innumerable host, in full march against us. One who knew the country, and the real state of affairs, said to him, "Come, you know you went to sleep under the first sand-hill. Why tell such lies? You have not seen the enemy at all?" "What can I do, Ṣāhib?" was the answer. "You know if I was caught as a spy, what my fate would be. It is true I have been to sleep; but the Ṣāhibs are pleased with what I told them. It does them no harm, and me a great deal of good."

that his disaster in the Marrī Hills had completely turned his brain. From that time the air teemed for him with truculent Bilūchīs. His fears magnified every ridiculous brawl into a general conspiracy for the extirpation of the British. But he did not stand alone in his absurd rumours; the Governor-General, and his Representative in Sindh, had opened a lion's, or rather an ass's, mouth, at Sakkar, for the reception of every conceivable scandalous attack upon the character of the Amīrs. The General openly avowed his anxiety to obtain a pretext for coercing them; and can we wonder that there were found—among the basest and lowest of the people—some to complain of ill treatment at the hands of their rulers, or that the Agents of Ālī Murād should have taken advantage of such a general encouragement for their fabrications? Yet, with all this, what is laid to the charge of the Amīrs? Let any impartial man read over, for example, the list of charges furnished by Lieutenant Mylne (Blue Book, p. 400), and investigate the evidence on which they were based, and then pronounce whether it was possible for folly or malice to invent a more preposterous, puerile, or presumptuous paper, on which to accuse independent Princes, and those Princes our allies! This list consists of twenty-four charges against the Amīrs of Lower Sindh, of which the first accuses Naṣīr Khān of assembling troops to defend his boundaries against Shīr Muḥammad (the lion, as Sir W. Napier, in his bombastic language, styles him), of Mīrpur. This is said to be in contravention of the IVth Article of the treaty. We turn to the treaty, and find—

“Article IV.—The British Government takes upon

itself the protection of the territories now possessed by the Amīrs of Haidarābād from all foreign aggression."

Here, then, the Mīrpur chief, in order to twist Naṣīr Khān's conduct into a breach of the treaty, is regarded as a foreign prince, he being a blood relation of Naṣīr, and, in point of fact, his subordinate, as a junior in rank.* But, let that paltry subterfuge pass. The IVth Article merely guarantees protection to the Amīrs. It did not, and could not, prohibit the Amīrs from defending their territories from invasion. No Government has the right to take from an individual, much less from an allied State, the right of defence. Lastly, if the British Government did defend the territory of Naṣīr Khān, what necessity was there for his calling out his own men? Common sense tells us he would not have done it. If our Government did not defend his territory, we—not the Amīrs—violated the treaty. The second charge is simply unintelligible nonsense. Twelve other charges relate to the taking of tolls, in breach, it is said, of the XIth Article of the treaty—an Article we had not the slightest right to impose; for what pretext, except that of brute force, was there for preventing the Amīrs from levying the toll accorded to them by the Commercial Treaty of 1834? But, the very next Article expressly grants a toll on all goods sold in transit; and, did any one investigate the complaints on which these charges were founded? did any one hear evidence as to whether the Amīrs' Agent levied these tolls because goods had been sold in transitu? I trow not. And,

* See "Blue Book," p. 467. Sir C. Napier's own assertion, and perfectly true.

if the charges had been investigated, would the Amīrs have obtained justice? Nothing of the sort. Our officers, mere soldiers, Sir C. Napier's sword-and-pistol-men, knew nothing of Courts of Judicature; and even had they known how to administer justice, still were ignorant of the languages, and were bought and sold by their munshīs.

But passing over these frivolous accusations, which were concocted for the simple purpose of making out a case, let us return to Sir C. Napier's aggressions on Mīr Rustam, which were now in full progress. By his proclamation of December 1st, 1842, he had confiscated the rich territory between Rohri and Sabzalkoṭ, to the value of 6 lākhs and 40,000 rupees per annum. The confiscation of a portion of his territory was all that was inflicted on Tipū Ṣāhib, after a long and sanguinary war; but Sir C. Napier could not be satisfied with such trifling vengeance on Mīr Rustam, for the crime of standing in the way of his favourite, Ālī Murād. On the 7th of December,* without waiting for any conference with the Amīrs or hearing a single word they might have to say, Sir C. Napier announced his intention of occupying the confiscated territory with a large force. The revenue, as all know, was by the Amīrs chiefly collected in kind, but the English General informs us that "*the Amīrs are collecting not only this year's taxes but those for the year to come;*" he accordingly issues another threatening proclamation. The insane Major Clibborn continued to pour in a deluge of alarming reports of thousands of armed Bilūchīs about to make

* Blue Book, p. 478.

night attacks on Sakkar,—the truth of which is now tolerably ascertained by the circumstance that not a single shot has been fired in Upper Sindh from that time to this. On the 8th Sir C. Napier wrote to the Governor-General a letter—a most characteristic one—about the Chief of Mīrpur, with whom a treaty had been concluded in June, 1841 (Blue Book, p. 296). Sir C. Napier is entirely ignorant of the existence of the said treaty, and assures the Governor-General that the Mīrpur chief had *escaped all notice in any treaty!* He knows nothing of the said chief, but Lieutenant Brown assures him “that he has always been among our bitterest enemies, though no charge is (unfortunately) substantiated against him.” On the 14th of December the General received letters* of submission and remonstrance from the Amīrs of Khairpur, in reply to which he crossed the river with as little delay as possible and proceeded to occupy their territory. About this time the post was stopped in the vicinity of Khairpur, and the letters carried off. Sir C. Napier immediately accused Mīr Rustam of this, and addressed a threatening letter to him. Now will the reader believe that this insulting despatch was then forwarded by the English General without the slightest inquiry or hesitation, and that all the time the real perpetrator of this and similar robberies was Ālī Murād? Yet if report says true—and this report, alas! is but too true—it has been clearly proved in evidence before a late tribunal that Mīr Rustam was entirely innocent of the whole affair, and that, so sure was Ālī Murād of his English friends, that he did not scruple

* Blue Book, p. 473.

to plunder their dāks within a few miles of their camp, and coolly impute it to his unfortunate brother. One feels sick with shame and disgust that such barbarous and malignant falsehoods could be winked at by men calling themselves Englishmen. But the crowning passage is to come. On the 20th of December General Napier writes to the Governor-General that Mīr Rustam was about to throw himself on his mercy, and take refuge from the persecution of his unnatural brother in the English camp. "*I did not like this,*" adds the General, "*as it would have embarrassed me very much how to act,* but the idea struck me at once that he might go to Âlī Murād, who might induce him—as a family arrangement (sweet loving kinsman who has kept his brother's sons in a state of starvation for ten long years)—to resign the Turban, especially as Rustam has long been desirous of getting rid of this charge of the Tālpurs; I, therefore, secretly wrote to Rustam and Âlī Murād, and about one o'clock this morning I had an express from Âlī Murād to say that his brother is *safe* with him—(safe in the way that murderers make their victims *safe*). Âlī Murād is now virtually chief, for if Mīr Rustam does not *bestow* the turban upon him, he will at all events be guided by Âlī, into whose hands—(alas, poor Prince!)—he has voluntarily—(by command of the English General)—thrown himself." The conclusion of this letter is still more worthy of note:—"How far your lordship would think it *justifiable* to promise that Âlī Murād's son should succeed to him I cannot say; the *rightful* heir at Âlī Murād's death is his nephew, the son of Mīr Rustam. As I have no doubt that Âlī will ask me this question, I should like to know

your lordship's decision. P.S.—Mir Rustam, as I before stated, *agreed to the draft of the treaty*. His son, Muḥammad Ḥusain, is our chief opponent, and was the collector of troops." Here, then, the English General deliberately lays a plot for an ally, who had, by his own admission *accepted* the treaty; deliberately plots, I say, that he should fall into the hands of a brother who he knew was about to *coerce* him into resigning, not only his turban, but the lands attached to it. That there may be no mistake, Sir C. Napier assures us (page 483 of the Blue Book) that he and he alone was the author of this step and the horrible injustice which resulted from it, and which, after a few more sentences, we are about to lay before the reader. Hear his own words:—"This conviction opened upon me a system which appears the only one to follow,—making the chief powerful and holding him under the power of Government. This made me venture to promise Âli Murād your lordship's support in having the turban, which your lordship has approved of. The next step was to secure him the exercise of *its power now even during his brother's life*. This I was so fortunate as to succeed in by persuading Mir Rustam to place himself in Âli Murād's hands." Not satisfied with this, in violation of all justice, he proposes to the Governor-General to secure to Âli Murād's son the turban, and in order to induce the Governor General to commit this unheard of wickedness, he accuses his victim, Muḥammad Ḥusain, of being the chief opponent and the collector of troops. Yet never at any time did the English army see the face of this unfortunate Prince, who is represented as their chief opponent; never did he even join his father

in his flight; never, to this day, has he raised hand or voice against the meanest of the servants of the English Government. And what was the unfortunate Mīr Rustām's fate, in the hands of the brother to whom the English General had consigned him? Pass with me, reader, over a few years, and I will shew you. The grave, even, shall not always retain its secrets: how much less the companions of wicked men. On the 4th of February, 1850, the newspapers informed us that suspicions were rife of villainies perpetrated by Ālī Murād. A commission had been ordered to investigate certain charges made against him by his former Minister, Shekh Ālī Husain (the Ālī Husain against whom, more than a year before, a warning had been left in the Political Agent's hands at Sakkar), by Pir Ālī Gauhar, another of his confidantes, and by Jhoki Rām Munshī, an Agency Munshī, now in jail, a convicted felon. The commission met, and, if report be true, accorded to Ālī Murād far different treatment to that shewn to his unfortunate brethren. They never heard the crime of which they were accused till all was over; they had no liberty of producing witnesses, no trial, no defence. A seal, a forged letter, was damning evidence against them. Seals were not admitted as evidence against Ālī Murād. He brought his witnesses, cross-examined in person those opposed to him, and was convicted. As yet secrecy broods over the foul tale of treachery which that commission has exposed. But thanks to the number of the evidences all cannot be concealed. Enough is *now known* to prove that Mīr Rustam was the victim of the plot concocted by his brother and connived at by the English General. Mīr Rustam was conducted to the

strong castle of Dijī, his servants were replaced by followers of Ālī Murād, and he was there forced to abdicate. But even this was not enough. The chief of Dijī told Napier that his victim had given him also the lands, not of the turban only, but also his fourth share of territory as Sohrāb's son. What, is it possible that he should leave his sons and daughters without enough to support life, that he should turn them out to die, and all for such a much-loved brother, such a gentle kinsman (a savage beast of prey were far more merciful)! Aye, aye, he gave all—all. Murād asserts this measureless falsehood, and the English General believes it, or lets it pass. That Ālī Murād deceived the English General, that after the fatal battle of Mīanī, he bribed Muḥīyū'd-dīn, the Munshī of Captain Brown, with 10,000 rupees to steal the most secret papers at the Agency, in order to select from them the treaty of Nawnahār; that he forged a new treaty and palmed it on the General, thereby acquiring extensive districts instead of a few small villages; that he sent a vast sum in gold to bribe the officers who held the proofs against him; all these things were but the natural consequences of his former successes. We had so long winked at, and been partakers of, his villainies, that he grew too bold. At last he defrauded us, too. Then indeed a storm arose. As long as he only raised troops, vanquished and plundered his chief, Mīr Rustam,—as long as he did but bribe our Munshīs, plunder the ḍāks and lay the crime at Mīr Rustam's door, imprison his aged brother in Dijī and, with threats and force, extort the resignation of all he had, it was nothing; but when he stole a district, stole it from us, then our vengeance woke. And is it possible

that English Ministers know that these villainies have been enacted,—that our Governors have laid it all, proof by proof, before them, and yet they sit still, like the unjust judge, and utter no voice. Then truly they fear not God nor man. What, shall Mr. Gladstone tell us of the mockeries of justice, the imprisonments of innocent men at Naples which have so wrought upon him, and through his eloquent denunciations have kindled such a fiery indignation in the hearts of every lover of freedom; and has he no word for injuries more infamous inflicted by our own Government? Let him read the proofs—surely we have a right to demand thus much of him and of every British senator; let him read the proofs, and he will see that, to gratify one perjured villain, we accepted a mass of falsehoods as evidence against a family of princes, our allies, stripped them of their all, hunted them from place to place, and thrust them into prisons, with but one deliverance—the grave. We feel sure that—callous as the public often is to the wrongs of our Indian subjects—its attention in this case will be roused.

It only remains to trace the sequel of this sad history. It is strange how few have cared to read it in Outram's truthful and affecting language. Strange how few have paused over such a picture as this.* “The venerable Prince who sought an interview, was eighty-five years of age, one whom Sir Charles Napier delights to describe as an infirm old man; and such, indeed, he was—bowed down by the weight of years, not as his despoiler and his despoiler's brother ungenerously misrepresent him, *effète* through

* “The Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary,” p. 87.

debauchery. Evil days had come upon him. Strangers whom he had admitted as friends, and whom in their hour of need he had befriended, now occupied his country with an army sufficient for its subjugation; and rumour told him such was their object. No word of comfort had been uttered, no friendly assurances vouchsafed, and he who for three-score years and ten had only been addressed in terms of adulation and affectionate homage, was now addressed in that of authority and menace. To use an expressive phrase in his own language, he felt that his face was blackened in the sight of his people, and his grey head dishonoured. He sought an interview with the man in whose hands reposed the destinies of himself, his country, and his subjects; hoping to avert the injuries about to be inflicted on him, or at all events to learn their extent. A brother whom he trusted, and of whose diplomatic skill he felt assured, offered to precede him and acquire the requisite information, whispering at the same time that treachery was intended. The poor old man believed the tale, for the shadows, which coming events—spoliation, captivity, and exile—cast before them, had fallen on his heart, and clouded his mind with suspicions which the conduct of the General was little calculated to dispel.”

Such a man, then, as is here depicted—infirm, aged, venerable, the idol of his family—it delighted General Napier to afflict with blow upon blow. Every insult, every injury, that malice, and the insane love of persecution, could suggest, was heaped upon him. The Governor-General instantly responded to the iniquitous suggestion for depriving Mīr Rustam's son also of the turban, and

adds, with a coolness which nothing but a long habituation to similar acts could have imparted. "I have little doubt, that, once established in the possession of the turban, with our support Âlî Murād will be able to establish the more natural and reasonable line of succession to the turban, and clothe the measure with the forms of legality; but, recognising, as I do, Mîr Âlî Murād as the successor to Mîr Rustam, according to the present custom, whereby the eldest son of Mîr Rustam is superseded, I could not at once recognise the eldest son of Mîr Âlî Murād as his successor, in contravention of the very principle upon which his father's rights are founded."* What will Lord Ellenborough and General Napier answer now for their conduct in depriving Muḥammad Ḥusain, Rustam's son, of his inheritance, when it is proved, and on record, that Âlî Murād offered this very injured man half of all his unrighteous spoil, if he would connive at his treachery against *us* and against Mîr Rustam, and that this villain's offer was refused with the contempt it deserved? Do not the very stones cry out against such men?

On the 21st of December, General Napier writes, "All the Amîrs of both Upper and Lower Sindh have agreed to the Treaty."†

On the 27th of December, the General writes, "Although war is not declared—nor is it necessary to declare it," although the treaty has been fully agreed to, he intends attacking the fort of Imāmgarh, the property of Mîr Muḥammad Khān, eldest son of Ghulām Ḥaidar, a prince

* Blue Book, p. 480.

† Ibid, p. 481.

with whom he had had no correspondence even. The English General contradicts himself five times as to his reason for this wanton outrage.

1st. He says he had a right to transfer Imāmgarh to Âlī Murād, because of Mīr Rustam's flight, he having resolved to attack it before that flight took place (but that is a mere trifle).

2nd. He next says (Blue Book, No. 448), "It belongs to Mīr Muḥammad Khān, but becomes the property of Âlī Murād, by his election to be chief." While, then, Mīr Rustam was chief how was it Muḥammad Khān's? If the property of the chief, why is it not named in the deed of transfer extorted by Âlī Murād from Mīr Rustam, in which the other forts belonging to the Ra'is are enumerated as Shāhgarh, etc.

3rd. He says, "All the fortresses in Upper Sindh belonged to the turban" (No. 143, Supplementary Blue Book). This is a simple contradiction of fact, as is proved by Sohrāb's will.

4th. He says, "It was Âlī Murād's, but he gave it to one of his relatives three years ago."

5th. He says, "His Highness Âlī Murād was Ra'is by the law of Sindh, and Mīr Muḥammad, the owner, was in rebellion against him" ("Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary," p. 250).

In the same letter that the General announces his intention of attacking the fortress of a friendly chief, he mentions, as an affair quite unexceptionable, that the minister of Âlī Murād has made prisoner of Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī, Mīr Rustam's most beloved friend. He characterises Âlī Ḥusain (whom he calls, with his cus-

tomary accuracy, Shekh Âli Nasseer) as very clever. It was in this very man's hands that the General was, in fact, a mere tool, sacrificing the real interests of the British nation, and the lives and properties of their allies, to make the fortunes of this wretch and his villainous master Âli Murād. The General, however, though a tool, was not altogether blind. He says in his next letter, when accounting for Rustam's flight, to the Governor-General: 1. "Mir Rustam, who is a *timid* man, and has all along fancied that I want to make him prisoner, believed that the time for this step had arrived, and that his brother and I were about to execute our conspiracy against him. Now, it strikes me that Âli Murād may have frightened the old man into the foolish step he has taken, on purpose to make his possession of the turban more decisive." Or, 2. "Âli Murād *drove* his brother to this step."

The historical Napier has compared his brother to Alexander the Great, in his account of the destruction of Imāmgarh. It is an exploit on which he lingers with tender exultation. Sir Charles, with three hundred men, and two guns, destroyed a fort whose walls were of great solidity, and did not contain a single defender! The Amīrs were neither to be entrapped nor bullied into hostility, otherwise with what ease might they have destroyed the General and his handful of men, in the midst of a desert, where no water was to be had. Indeed, the situation of the English was a critical one, if we could rely on a single word of the ridiculous Clibborn intelligence, for Mir Rustām was said to be hovering near with 7,000 men. He never had as many hundreds with him, but was only too intent on saving the

lives of the ladies of his family. In her terror-stricken flight the aged mother of Muḥammad Ḥusain was thrown from her Kajāvah, her arm was broken, and two of her female attendants killed. Flight, however, was the only means that the wretched Princesses had left of preserving even the ornaments and garments in which they were dressed. At Ḥaiderābād, where no resistance was made, the women, Diwān Mithārām informs us, were stripped even of their clothes,* and such, doubtless, would have been the fate of Mir Rustam's family.

After the pillage of Khairpur, the flight of the Amīrs and their families, the seizure and imprisonment of Fateḥ Muḥammad Ghūrī, the blowing up of Imāmgarh, the extortion from Mir Rustam of a deed depriving himself of the turban, the lands attached to it, and all his other possessions—the disinheriting of Muḥammed Ḥusain, and all the other children of Mir Rustam—and the issue of various threatening proclamations, in which Mir Rustam is charged with lying and subterfuge, the General amuses himself with a mock invitation to the different Amīrs to repair to his feet and consider the treaty, in the playful manner in which we invite a dog to come to us when we intend to hang him.† Ere

* *Vide* Diwān Mithārām's petition.

† Hear the tone in which the General addresses a Prince, venerable for his years and his blameless life. "Amir, such a subterfuge is unworthy of your Highness's rank; you know it is not truth." "I will not suffer you to take shelter under such misrepresentations." "I do not understand such double conduct. I hold you to your words and deeds; I no longer consider you to be the Chief of the Talpurs, nor will I treat with you as such, nor with those who consider you to be Ra'is." Alas!

the time, however, for their appearance had expired, the ambassadors of the Amīrs of Ḥaidarābād arrived in Khairpur, those on the part of Sobdār and Ḥusain Āli having full powers to treat. Now it is quite evident that had these envoys been received, it would have been very difficult for the English General to carry out his belligerent intentions. It is probable that no terms could have been propounded, to which they would not have acceded. The only way to have avoided a peace would have been to have invented some plot, some league with Major Clibborn's exterminating bands of Bilūchīs, but then these existed only on paper, and even Āli Murād's practised ingenuity might have broken down in a new series of forged letters. There was a chance, too, that Mīr Rustam might be driven to surrender at last, and then one hardly sees how he could have been imprisoned. To leave the true Chief and Ra'īs in the country, the man to whom the whole population looked up with respect and love, might have seriously inconvenienced the traitor who had usurped his place. The position was embarrassing, but we have met with so many felicitous ideas before in our transactions with Sindh, that we shall not be surprised at another luminous

wretched country! where it was an inexpiable crime to continue *even to think* him the Chief who had been proscribed for standing in the way of the English General's favourite! The above may be taken as a sample of the General's communications with Mīr Rustam. Is it likely that any men in their senses could have placed themselves in the power of one who held such language? Besides, when the General sent for the Khairpur Amīrs to consider the treaty, they had, as they very truly said, nothing left to confer about. The Englishman had stripped them of all.

thought. Mīr Rustam and his nephew Naṣīr Khān were ordered by the English General to proceed to Ḥaidarābād, on pain of being treated as enemies.* The envoys from Lower Sindh were also ordered to return *re infectā* to their masters, and Colonel Outram, whose advice and representations were on all occasions, we do not say disregarded, but rather taken as a useful index to the opposite measures, was directed to meet them there. In this way three great ends were answered.

1st. Mīr Rustam was thrown as a suppliant on his brother chiefs at Ḥaidarābād, and they were thus, by every honorable feeling which can influence the heart of man, compelled to protect him from insult and ruin, and in this manner a means was found of goading them to resistance, and of rousing their Bilūchī relatives to fury.

2nd. Time was gained, and the treaty which otherwise must have been concluded on the spot, was not only deferred, but, by the dexterous transmission of Mīr Rustam to Lower Sindh, rendered impossible.

3rd. While Major Outram negotiated at Ḥaidarābād, the English General was enabled to advance unmolested upon that city, and the negotiations—though, in point of fact, a mere farce—made it appear to those who were not behind the scenes, that it really was in the power of the Amīrs, by yielding up the richest districts in their dominions, to have retained the remainder.

Could Major Outram have reached Ḥaidarābād before

* "Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary," p. 294. Their former treatment we may suppose to have been friendly. We should like to know—not practically, but, pray observe, purely as matter of theory, what this treatment of enemies could have been.

the refugees from Khairpur, he would have pointed out to the Amīrs of Lower Sindh that the arrival of Mīr Rustam in their capital would inevitably cause their destruction. It was, therefore, his earnest endeavour to obtain from the General an order to proceed thither, and he did, at last, with the greatest difficulty, elicit permission to start early enough to have reached Haidarābād (though only by the greatest exertions) in time. But Āli Murād took very good care that this permission should never reach its destination; he intercepted* the despatch, and thus removed the last obstacle to the complete fulfilment of his wishes. The Amīrs did, indeed, notwithstanding the advance of the English army, sign the treaty; they did, indeed, transmit it to the English General's camp; but it was too late; at the sight of Mīr Rustam, an exile amongst them, with the knowledge of all his wrongs—at which the blood, even of the stranger, boils—the gallant Bilūchis could not be restrained; they rushed forth to battle and to death. Sindh has been wet with their blood, their bones moulder on the plains of Miānī and Dabba, their homes are desolate; but a righteous God will one day avenge their wrongs. Let the words of the Conqueror of Miānī himself be heard. We will read his own verdict, recorded against his own acts, and we will add no more:—"The English were the aggressors in India, and, although our Sovereign can do no wrong, his ministers can; and no one can lay a heavier charge upon Napoleon than rests upon the English ministers who conquered India and Australia, and protected those who

* "Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary," p. 290.

there committed atrocities equal to any recounted by our author. There is, one thing to be said, however,—that Napoleon was tempted by the folly of the reigning monarch of Spain; he had nothing vile or cruel in his object. Whereas, the object of the English Government was to enrich a parcel of shopkeepers; “the shopocracy” of England, as it has been well termed; and a more base and cruel tyranny never wielded the power of a great nation. Our object in conquering India (Sindh?), the object of all our cruelties was money—lucre; a thousand millions sterling are said to have been squeezed out of India in the last sixty years. Every shilling of this has been picked out of blood, wiped, and put into the murderers’ pockets; but, wipe and wash the money as you will, the “damned spot” will not “out.” There it sticks for ever, and we shall yet suffer for the crime, as sure as there is a God in heaven, where the “commercial interests of the nation” find no place, or, heaven is not what we hope and believe it to be. Justice and religion are mockeries in the eyes of “a great manufacturing country,” for the true god of such a nation is Mammon. I may be singular, but, in truth, I prefer the despotic Napoleon to the despots of the East India Company. The man ambitious of universal power generally rules to do good to subdued nations; but the men ambitious of universal speculation rule only to make themselves rich, to the destruction of happiness among a hundred millions of people. The one may be a fallen angel; the other is a hell-born devil!”* Can these be the words of the man

* *Lights and Shades of Military Life*,” edited by Sir C. Napier, pp. 297, 298.

who waded through blood to the treasures of Haidarābād; and are these despots, whom he represents as “hell-born devils,” the men whose voice has *ever* been for peace, and who pronounced the war in Sindh uncalled-for, impolitic, and unjust! Alas! poor humanity!

After this general view of the history of the unfortunate Princes of Sindh, it only remains to trace the story of each since the downfall of their family, and the plunder of their capital by the British.

Mir Rustam, bowed down with the weight of upwards of four-score years, the conclusion of his life embittered by captivity at the hands of those whom he had served but too well, soon sank under his accumulated wrongs. During his imprisonment all the English officers who saw him concurred in admiration of the constancy with which he bore his mournful destiny. Dr. Peart, the civil surgeon in charge of the ex-Amīrs at Pūnā, thus bears witness to his noble deportment:—“Ex-Amīr Rustam Khān, of Khairpur, with his youngest son, Āli Bakhsh, and his nephew, ex-Amīr Naṣīr Khān, have been under my care since March, 1844, and I feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to bear testimony to their noble bearing under their misfortunes. I can safely say, that since I have had the pleasure of knowing them I have never observed anything whereby even the slightest shadow of a suspicion of intemperance or debauchery could be attributed to them; and I have had ample opportunities of judging, visiting them at all times. Mir Rustam, now upwards of eighty

years of age, is in full possession of his faculties—his memory is good, and he is most strict in his religious observances; his mode of living is abstemious, eating meat only once a day, and his sole beverage water or milk.”* Colonel Outram has collected a mass of evidence from all the political officers of any note, who were in any way connected with the Amīrs. They unanimously agree in representing the Amīrs as entirely free from the vices with which they have been charged in the “Conquest of Sindh.” The refutation is so complete, that it is impossible to add anything to it. We cannot forbear, however, quoting one more passage. The extract is from a letter of Captain Gordon, then in charge of the Amīrs, at Haidarābād. “I observe, therefore, in reply to your query, that the Amīrs are the most temperate of men, rigidly abstaining from wine and every kind of liquor; while to smoking also, they have a strong aversion, and cannot even endure the smell of tobacco. In regard, therefore, to smoking and drinking, the Amīrs are examples to most of us, who boast a higher civilization, and a more self-denying morality.”

It is some consolation to those who esteemed and honoured Mir Rustam that his memory has thus been vindicated from the odious aspersions cast upon him. At length the aged Chieftain sleeps in peace, and has found the repose denied to him by Christian men. The surviving Amīrs, who loved and venerated him during his life, look back to his memory with fond regret. They ask of their persecutors no redress for his wrongs, no restitution of his spoils. That is past; and they petition

* “The Conquest of Sindh, a Commentary,” Part 2, p. 524.

only that the bones of their much-loved Chief may be carried back to the land that gave him birth. This, at least, they trust will not be denied them. Their hope is that the rancour of their enemies will not survive the grave. Will Christian rulers deny this last solace to the aged widow, that she may mingle her dust with that of her departed husband? Will not ten years of exile, penury, and want purchase for her this last consolation?

Next in age to Mīr Rustam stood the Vazīr Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī. It has been shown how from the first he was treated with injustice and contumely by our Political Agent, Mr. Ross Bell. Always an opponent of the traitor Ālī Murād, he was from the beginning of our rule in Sindh, the object of that wily and unscrupulous Chieftain's calumnies. Captain Brown had been sufficiently prejudiced against him by the minister of Ālī Murād. His suspicions were transferred to General Napier. The unfortunate Chief was never suffered to appear at our darbārs. It was expressly declared that we would no longer regard him as the minister of Mīr Rustam. Strange and unwarrantable interference with an ally! Yet, even this was not sufficient. The Vazīr was accused of effecting the release of our late Governor of Kachī Muḥammad Sharīf, then in confinement. This alleged crime of Fateḥ Muḥammad was made one of the charges against Mīr Rustam, by which the spoliation of his territory was justified. With a strange inconsistency on our part, Mīr Rustam was said to be responsible for the actions of his minister, while at the same time we refused to acknowledge that very minister as an officer of the Amīrs at all. Faithful to his chief, Fateḥ Muḥammad

accompanied him in his flight to Ḥaidarābād, and was made prisoner with him. Then followed a singular passage in his history. Ālī Murād thirsting to wreak his vengeance on one who had been so long his opponent, demanded him of the English General, on the ground of his owing 6,000 rupees to Shekh Ālī Ḥusain, who but a few years before had arrived in Sindh a penniless adventurer, and had now become nominally the Vazīr, but virtually the ruler of the principality of Diji. The English General at once committed Fateḥ Muḥammad to the tender mercies of his inveterate enemy, who forthwith thrust him into prison. Here he languished out a miserable twelvemonth, confined at the age of eighty-two as a common felon. Providence, however, more merciful than his oppressors, decreed his release. The Khān of Bhāwulpur, at the court of whose father Fateḥ Muḥammad had once been Vazīr, wrote to Sir Charles Napier, entreating that his father's former friend and adviser might be restored to him, and was referred by the Englishman to Ālī Murād. The latter, probably to ingratiate himself with a chief so honoured by the British as the Khān of Bhāwulpur, consented to accept 6,000 rupees, the pretended debt for which he had cruelly incarcerated his aged victim, and set him at liberty. As soon as Fateḥ Muḥammad arrived at Bhāwulpur, the Khān presented him with 20,000 rupees, and a Jāgīr of 12,000 annually, and would have reinstated him in the office of Vazīr, an appointment which had never been filled up since Fateḥ Muḥammad held it. Fourscore years, however, and the hardships he had lately undergone, as well as the loss of his eldest and favourite son, had completely dulled the

once vigorous intellect of Fateḥ Muḥammad. He himself no longer sought for employment for which he felt himself to be disqualified by extreme old age. He took up his abode on the lands assigned to him, and—but for the rebellion at Multān—we should probably have heard no more of this once-gifted and much injured man. On the breaking out, however, of the second Sikh war, the Khān of Bhāwalpur was called upon by the Resident at Lahore* to co-operate with Lieut. (now Major) Edwardes against the forces of the rebel Mulrāj. Bhāwal Khān looked around him, but saw none in whom he could place such confidence as in Fateḥ Muḥammad. Notwithstanding his great age, he was appointed General-in-Chief of the forces of Bhāwalpur, and crossed the Sutlej on the 31st of May, 1848. The importance of his co-operation with Lieutenant Edwardes may be judged of from that officer's own words:† “The situation of Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī is critical, and on him depends my own success.” On the 14th of June,‡ Fateḥ Muḥammad, with 500 men, and 11 guns, entrenched himself as Lieutenant Edwardes had requested, at Gowain, 12 kos from Shujābād. The forces under his command were chiefly Irregulars, who had never seen a round shot fired. Rang Rām, brother-in-law of Mulrāj, the Sikh General, lay to the north, at 15 miles distance, with about 9,000 regular troops and 10 guns. To the west, across the river Chenāb, and nearly parallel to the camp of the Dāūdputras,§ Lieutenant Edwardes and General Cortlandt were encamped with 3,000 men

* Edwardes' "Year in the Panjāb," vol. ii., p. 327. † Ibid., vol. ii., p. 369.

‡ Ibid., vol. ii. p. 370.

§ Forces of Bhāwal Khān.

and 10 guns. On the night of the 17th, the Sikh army moved down to place itself between the forces of Fateḥ Muḥammad and those of Lieutenant Edwardes, and at the same time to command the ferry, so as to prevent the latter officer from crossing. At the suggestion of Pir Ibrāhīm Khān, the Dāūdputras frustrated the success of the Sikh manœuvre by placing themselves at Kinerī, to which village Lieutenant Edwardes, if he took the ferry, must cross. On the 18th of June, while Edwardes was crossing, the Sikhs, who had taken up a position on the heights of Nunār, to the north of Kinerī, attacked Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān's right, and a desperate engagement commenced, which lasted the greater part of the day, the fire being maintained for six hours without slackening. That raw levies of irregulars should have made head so long against experienced regular troops can be accounted for only by their determined courage, and also the strength of their position—in thick jungle, without the protection of which no valour could have saved them from destruction. At two p.m. Fateḥ Muḥammad was compelled to withdraw his line, which he did gradually, beginning with the right and commenced falling back upon the river. The brunt of the action, which for so many hours had been sustained by the Dāūdputras, now began to fall on the Pathān troops of Lieutenant Edwardes. It was almost impossible to check the ardour of these wild warriors, and restrain them from throwing themselves on the artillery of the enemy, which, well served and now unopposed by the fire of the Dāūdputras, began to make terrible havoc in their ranks. At the moment when it seemed that they could no longer be restrained from hazarding a charge

which would in all probability have involved their complete annihilation, the reinforcements despatched to Lieutenant Edwardes by General Cortlandt, came up at full speed. These consisted of six guns and two regiments of regular Infantry, and their arrival completely changed the fortune of the day. The masses of Sikh Infantry had approached close to the Paṭhān line, and received a furious discharge of grape from the newly-arrived guns, of whose approach they were in entire ignorance. At the same time the two regiments which formed Edwardes' reinforcement, charged, and, with a small body of Paṭhān horse, captured two of the Sikh guns. The Sikhs now began to retire in confusion; their general, Rang Rām, had already fled, and a general advance of Lieutenant Edwardes' men drove the enemy headlong from the field. Meantime, the Dāūdputras had re-formed on Edwardes' left, and did good service in the pursuit, capturing two more guns of the Sikhs. Such was the battle of Kinerī, in which Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī, who had languished twelvemonths in prison, at the command of a British general, for a pretended debt, who had been accused of conniving at the escape of a prisoner of the British, and who had been deposed from his office, and treated with insult and contumely, by the Political Agent of Upper Sindh, and his favourite assistant, commanded the main division of an army which achieved the first and most important victory over the arch-rebel Mulrāj. Lieutenant Edwardes candidly admits the courage of Fateḥ Muḥammad, and shows that he was not general only in name, when he explicitly states that it was by his command that the Dāūdputras gradually retired after an engage-

ment of six hours, and changed position from the right to the left wing of the allied army. He accuses the aged Vazīr, however, of imbecility; of sitting under a tree clad in dirty clothes quite abstracted from the scene around him, telling his beads, and totally indifferent to the cannon-balls that were going through the branches over his head. Excitement, he says, had completed the imbecility of years, and he saw at a glance that the old man who *feebly tottered towards* him, looking vacantly in his face, was unable to comprehend him. It is a crime, then, for one whose years have passed those of Radetzky or Wellington, to have lost the fire of youth; a crime in one who has numbered upwards of fourscore years, and had but just emerged from a prison, not to have equalled in intelligence one of the most gifted of our European officers. With regard to his sitting inactive under a tree, we find that Lieutenant Edwardes himself did the same thing, sitting for seven hours "under a June sun, with no shade but that of a bush, and neither a drop of water nor a breath of air to lessen the intolerable heat." Rang Rām, the Sikh General, was equally inactive, and considerably more cautious than either of the allied Commanders. "Seated on an elephant, he looked safely down upon the fight from the hills round the village of Nunār, and, on the advance of the hostile line, removed himself with all expedition to the greatest possible distance from the vicinity of the fight." Now, after the injuries Fateḥ Muḥammad had received at the hands of the English, it would only have been in accordance with the practice of Native Chiefs, under far less provocation, to have either abandoned the field altogether, or to have sided with the

enemy. Fateh Muhammad remained throughout the fight, bore the brunt of the attack for six hours, then retired from the right wing, formed upon the left, and assisted in the destruction of the enemy, his men capturing two of their guns. It is maintained by one who played a conspicuous part in the action that Fateh Muhammad deserved no censures; that he showed the indifference to danger for which he had all his life been pre-eminent, and that but for his insisting on keeping the guns captured in the battle we should have heard nothing of his imbecility. These guns he claimed, as having commanded the largest body of the allied army—as having first engaged the enemy, and held his position against them for six hours, and as having furnished the cavalry which pursued them in their flight. He could not give up the guns, he said, because his troops had won them, and it would have been dispiriting to them to see their trophies snatched away. It happened, too, that the Pathāns had no draught bullocks, while Fateh Muhammad had 600, which he harnessed to the cannon and drew them off the field: *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

At page 417 of Major Edwades' work, we find an anecdote of Fateh Muhammad, most incorrectly told, in which the epithet "deserter," is applied to him, and the whole gist of which is to hold him up to execration as a perfidious traitor to his country. Fortunately, however, there are two ways of telling a story, and the reader may compare with Lieutenant Edwades' account, the following version, at the same time assuring himself that it rests on the authority of one high in favour with the British Government, who has known the countries

bordering on the Indus, for upwards of half a century better than any Englishman, by any combination of impossible circumstances could know them. Fateḥ Muḥammad Khān Ghūrī, then, is descended from that imperial family of Ghūr, which gave Emperors to Hindūstān. The branch from which he springs, however, has fallen from their high estate, and his own father boasted no higher office than that of a schoolmaster. Fateḥ Muḥammad began life as a friend and disciple of a celebrated Pīr, or holy man, who possessed the district of Uch, on both sides the Indus. The Pīr was a man of violent disposition, so much so that Fateḥ Muḥammad at length quitted him, and took service with Bhāwal Khān, grandfather of the present Khān of Bhāwalpur of the same name. This was about fifty years ago, when Fateḥ Muḥammad was from thirty-five to forty years of age. The Pīr next quarrelled with Bhāwal Khān, who advanced and took Uch, the Pīr flying to Mīr Sohrāb, of Khairpur. This led to a fierce engagement between the forces of Bhāwal Khān and those of the Sindhian Amīrs, in which Fateḥ Muḥammad was Bakhshī, or 'general of the former army, and, after displaying much courage and conduct, was defeated. As a consequence of this victory of the Amīrs, their suppliant, the Pīr, was reinstated in Uch, but he never regained the districts round the city—the town alone was restored to him. Years rolled on, Bhāwal Khān died, and was succeeded by his son, Sāādāt Khān, under whom Fateḥ Muḥammad retained the office of Vazīr. It befel, however, that the Khān was riding one day with Fateḥ Muḥammad on the same camel, the Khān in front, and

Fateh Muhammad behind. The camel had knelt down preparatory to their alighting, when Sanjar Khān, a relative of Sādat Khān, made a furious attack on him, cutting at him with his sword. The blow wounded the Khān in the thigh, and took effect on the camel also, which sprang up, throwing Fateh Muhammad to the ground. In the tumult Sanjar escaped. Fateh Muhammad had been incapacitated by his fall from aiding his master, who hence conceived that he was privy to the plot against him, and Fateh Muhammad was obliged to fly for his life. He went first to Multān, then ruled by Muẓaffar Khān, the same who perished in the glorious defence of that city against Ranjīt Singh. The Khān of Bhāwalpur insisted on his being expelled, and was met by a refusal. This led to the engagement which Major Edwardes represents as an unprovoked and treacherous attempt on the part of Fateh Muhammad, to seize the country between the Sutlej and Shujābād. The Multānīs were defeated, and Fateh Muhammad fled to Lahore, where he was courteously received by Ranjīt Singh. He declined, however, probably on account of the difference of creed, to enter the service of that monarch, and, passing by way of Derah Ghāzī Khān, arrived in Upper Sindh, where he was immediately raised to the dignity of Vazīr. His reception at Khairpur, and the extreme affection entertained for him by Mīr Sohrāb and Mīr Rustam, disagrees strangely with the character given of him by Major Edwardes; but still more incongruous is the sequel. The false suspicions which had driven him from Bhāwalpur were cleared up, and his innocence was so completely established

that the present Khān, as has been before mentioned, purchased his freedom from Ālī Murād, and at once constituted him the highest officer in his kingdom. It must be remarked, ere dismissing this subject, that Fateḥ Muḥammad was, by a singular fortune, the first person in Upper Sindh to welcome an English Envoy. In the 3rd volume of Burnes' Travels (p. 73) is a very remarkable account of an interview between him and that officer:—
“On the banks of the Indus we had a curious interview with the Vāzīr from Khairpur, who had been sent by Mīr Rustam. He proposed a treaty with the British Government. He then ran over the list of neighbouring states which owed their existence to an alliance with us. The Chief of the Dāūdputras, the Rāwal of Jesalmīr, and the Rājā of Bikanīr, and concluded by saying that it was foretold by astronomers, and recorded in his books, that the English would in time possess all India, a prediction which both Mīr Rustam and himself felt satisfied would come to pass, when the British would ask why the Chiefs of Khairpur had not come forward with an offer of allegiance. He said ‘The stars and heaven proclaimed the fortune of the English.’”

To this it only remains to add that Fateḥ Muḥammad is living on the Jāgīr assigned to him by the Khān of Bhāwalpur, honoured and respected by all. It might be hoped that the brilliant victory of Kinerī, which won such honours for his coadjutors, will still obtain some acknowledgment of his services from those in whose cause he fought—the people of England—and that thus an atonement, tardy though it be, may be made for the cruelty and injustice he has all along met with at our hands.

Next in rank to Mir Rustam among the Amīrs of Khairpur, is Rustam's eldest son, Muḥammad Ḥusain. He is now about forty-five years old. Though in command of some troops during Sir Charles Napier's hostile movement through Upper Sindh, he never, in any way, opposed that general's aggressions. He dissuaded his father from sending away the families of the Amīrs from Khairpur, and declined accompanying him in his flight to Ḥaidarābād. He never gave the English general the slightest ground for dissatisfaction. After the imprisonment of his father and his brothers, he passed through Būrdikāh, with his mother, the widow of Mīr Rustam, and other ladies of the family, and stayed some time among the Mazārīs and Marrīs, who, commiserating his misfortunes, granted him an asylum. After the lapse of a year he passed on to the province of Multān. The Sikh Chief forbade him to approach the city, but permitted him to reside at a village on the frontier. Here he still remains. While the commission on Āli Murād was sitting, he voluntarily, at the risk of being made a prisoner, appeared before it and, it is said, gave his evidence with such touching and unaffected simplicity as to win the admiration and respect of all. The Government, from an irresistible conviction of his wrongs, tendered to him an allowance of 500 rupees per mensem, but this he declined on the ground that it would be quite inadequate to the support of the numerous persons dependent on him, and that he should be loath to receive anything which might be construed into an acknowledgment of his having done wrong. Such is the man we have driven from his country to wander with the aged ladies of his family a houseless, proscribed fugitive.

The younger Amīrs, children of Mīrs Rustam and Mubārak, were handed over by Sir Charles Napier to Mīr Āli Murād, who has inflicted on them every cruelty and insult that malice and hatred could suggest. Hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, have been their portion. In their memorials to Sir Charles Napier, they state that death would be preferable to their condition. The commonest menial of their oppressor revels in luxury, if his state be compared with their destitution. Several have died, and unless the English Government interferes, it cannot be doubted that all will be cut off either by starvation, or the cruelties inflicted on them.

"Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle cozened
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life!"

Of the captive Amīrs of Haidarābād, we know little. Mīrs Naşīr Khān, Sobdār, and Fateh Āli, Sobdar's eldest son, are dead. Shīr Muḥammad, of Mīrpur, is at Lahore, where he resided during the whole of the Sikh war. He had there an opportunity of aiding our enemies with his sword, but his forbearance proves that he fought only when driven to defend his own home. Mīr Muḥammad Khan, son of Ghulām Āli, and his nephews the sons of Nur Muḥammad and Naşīr still survive. Eight years have now rolled away since these unfortunate princes were separated from their families and all they held dear. Mīr Shāhdād, the eldest son of Nūr Muḥammad, was confined in the Fort at Surat as a felon, for the imputed murder of Captain Ennis. At last the Governor-General decided that he should be heard in his defence. On the 20th of May, 1848, a Court assembled, before which the

Amīr was tried and *honorably acquitted*. Here is justice ! five years imprisonment as a felon, inflicted on a captive Prince, and this punishment followed by an *honourable acquittal!!* Common humanity would now at least, pronounce his release ; but no, he escapes from the Fort at Surat only to be incarcerated in a more unwholesome climate in Bengāl, at a still greater distance from his home. The tyranny of men is, however, nearly at an end for him ; it has done its worst. It is said that Shāhdād cannot survive many months. It is of an interview with this very Shāhdād that we have the following striking account from one high in office :—“ My conversation with Mīr Shāhdād was in such general terms as you may imagine between two strangers. Circumstances kept me on board the steamer for about two hours, and seeing a native of rank, I accosted him with the usual salutation, which was returned with the gentleman-like courtesy of an Oriental. As well as I recollect, I commenced the conversation by inquiries about his voyage, and we went on to discuss the power of steam, &c., &c., until he asked me when Sir Henry Pottinger would arrive. He said he should like much to see him, as he was a good friend to him and to his family. I think he asked me some questions about Sindh, and Mīr Ālī Murād. Having lately been in Calcutta, I told him I had seen the Amīrs driving about, and this led to some talk about Calcutta. He then asked me what Sir Charles Napier was doing, and in speaking of him he said he was a *brave general*, and he thought *he might be a good man*, but that he was ignorant of the language, manners, and customs of the East, and had no knowledge of the

rights of the Amīrs and people in Sindh, nor how they should have been treated.* That he had done his family great injury, which he would have refrained from, had he had the knowledge possessed by Sir H. Pottinger and the other gentlemen of rank who were accustomed to hold intercourse with native powers. This was, as well as I recollect, the outline of our talk. I remember being struck with the candour and generosity with which a Sindhian Amīr spoke of a General who had subverted his state." Well might he be struck. Let any one compare this language of Shāhdād's with that of the Napiers, and see which comes nearest to the precepts of our religion. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." Sir W. Napier is filled with fury† that the Amīrs in their humble

* Contrast the language of Shāhdād Khān with that of General Napier, in the following effusion:—"If you give me any more trouble, by stating gross falsehoods, as you have done in your two letters, I will cast you into prison, as you deserve. You are prisoners, and though I will not kill you, as you ordered your people to do to the English, (no proof of any such thing is to be found,) I will put you in irons on board a ship. I will answer no more of your letters, which are only repetitions of gross falsehoods, that I will not submit to."

† We cannot omit drawing attention here to a choice specimen of Sir W. Napier's erudition. He says, at page 379 of the *Conquest of Sindh*:—"This was the African slave Hoche Muhammad Seedee, who, if his first name be correct, was not unlikely the son of some Abyssinian attached to the French army in Egypt." Now the reader will remember that **هوش** *hosh* is an Arabic word, signifying "understanding," "the mind," "the soul." Hosh Muhammad means, therefore, "Soul or sense of Muhammad." Will it be credited that the Historian of Sindh confuses this name with the French *Hoche*!! This is a specimen of the jumble made of everything connected with the Amīrs. By the judgment of such men, the letters to Sāwan Mall and Bībarak were pronounced genuine.

petitions have besought mercy in the name of Christ. Is he ignorant that the Muḥammadans regard Jesus as a great Prophet, that they call him the Spirit of God, Ruḥ Allāh? Is there anything so strange that they should supplicate Christians by the name professedly most revered by them? Which of the two most profanes the Saviour's name—he who uses it in imploring mercy, or he who shews no mercy? he who rejects the suppliant in that name, rejects him with a curse!

A few words are necessary, in conclusion, to prove that the Conquest of Sindh was not only a crime, but, according to the French witticism even worse, a political blunder. Had the citadel of Haidarābād really contained the twenty millions that Sir A. Burnes' idly imagined—had the Young Egypt of Lord Ellenborough really poured a stream of shining silver into our Mint of Bombay—then, indeed, there is too much reason to fear that every ear would have been closed to the wrongs of its unfortunate people. An *individual* might be found who would return ill-gotten gains—nay, there are many who, like Outram, would turn with lofty disdain from the half million of prize money which was so prominent a cause of the Amīrs' ruin—but when did a nation ever give back a profitable acquisition, however wrongfully obtained? It is for this reason that Sir W. Napier reserves his most powerful appeal to the last. It is an appeal to the strongest and worst of human passions, to our cupidity; but, fortunately for the cause of justice, the glittering lure he holds out, turns out to be mere tinsel. His words are, and we pray the reader to mark them well, and compare them with the true statement which we

shall append to them—"The general opinion of all persons conversant with the revenue of Sindh is, that it will increase in a great extent. *The ablest collector thinks it will reach a million sterling in five years; and the cost of the Government need not increase at all.*" Before contrasting the *actual facts* with these *opinions*, it will be desirable to make a rapid sketch of the revenue administration of the Amīrs, and of the method of collection substituted by the English General, in doing which we shall, perhaps, remind the reader of the old Egyptian's vision, for assuredly the General's lean kine have devoured their fat predecessors, and are as meagre as ever. The area of Sindh may be reckoned at 45,000 square miles, of which about one-fifth belongs to Ālī Murād. The population has been variously reckoned, and a late article in the "Calcutta Review"* estimates that of British Sindh at only 525,000 souls, to which, if we add an eighth for the subjects of Ālī Murād, who has no very populous districts under him, the total population of Sindh would be in round numbers only 690,000. We should thus have but fifteen inhabitants to the square mile, which would convey a far more unfavourable idea of the state of the country than it deserves.

We are fortunately, however, enabled to present to our readers, for the first time, an accurate statement of the number of the inhabitants of Sindh; and also of their distribution by sex and caste.

* "Calcutta Review," No. 27, p. 11.

ABSTRACT,

Shewing the whole Population of Sindh, on the 1st of February, 1851.

COLLECTORATES.	Numbers of Towns and Villages.	MUSALMANS.			HINDŪS.			OTHERS.			TOTAL.		
		Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Karachi	1,144	81,099	58,361	139,460	23,765	17,812	41,577	2,558	1,955	4,513	107,422	78,128	185,550
Shikarpur	1,410	142,604	114,424	257,028	42,158	38,373	80,531	7,056	5,786	12,842	191,818	158,583	350,401
Haidarabad	4,977	227,751	182,443	410,194	61,593	47,143	108,736	18,254	14,627	32,881	307,598	244,213	551,811
Total	7,531	451,454	355,228	806,682	127,516	103,328	230,844	27,868	22,368	50,236	606,838	480,924	1,087,762

NOTE.—The great disproportion between the males and females in this schedule may be in part accounted for by the dislike of Orientals, and especially Musalmans, to speak of anything connected with the Hāram. It is probable that not a few wives and female attendants are thus passed over.

The Amīrs then ruled over a country whose area was about 45,000 square miles, with a population of nearly eleven hundred thousand, or about twenty-four persons to the square mile. From a tract so thinly populated, it would indeed have been marvellous had they raised a greater revenue than the (sixty lākhs) £600,000 usually assigned to them. Sindh, with a population only the $\frac{1}{10}$ th part of British India, and a territory $\frac{1}{10}$ th of its extent must, indeed, have been a veritable California to have realised Sir W. Napier's dream. We must suppose, too, very great improvements on the system of collection under the native rule to have been made by us, in order to account for so rapid an increase in the revenue. Let us see what these improvements were. Under the Amīrs Sindh was divided first into pargannahs, or provinces; and secondly into tappahs or districts. Over the pargannah was placed a Sazāwal, or head collector, with a treasurer, eight or ten writers, and a body of runners or constables. Over each tappah was a Kārdār, with a smaller establishment and subordinate to the Sazāwal. These men were liberally paid, and the Sazāwals, especially, were men of good ability, well-born, and remunerated with a salary of four or five hundred rupees a month, on which, in such a country, they could live in affluence. Twice in the year, at the spring and autumnal harvests, a confidential minister was sent by each Amīr into the territory belonging to him, to receive the accounts of the Sazāwals, correct abuses, and examine into complaints. This supervisor was generally a relation of the Amīrs, and it was for his interest to take care that the people were not oppressed, as the cultivators, if they found themselves dealt hardly

with under one ruler, could always take the remedy into their own hands, by migrating into the territories of another Amīr. These officers, too, as well as the Sazāwals and Kārdārs then employed, possessed one invaluable quality, and that was—knowledge of the people, of their means, habits, and ways of life. As they had lived all their life in the country, and were acquainted with its language and customs, as only natives can be, it was impossible for the ryots to conceal from them their real circumstances, or for the petty officers to practise those frauds upon them by which strangers and foreigners are but too easily duped. Whatever our vanity and self-conceit may suggest to us of our own superior management, it is certain that under these revenue officers of the Amīrs, the Sindhians were a thriving and contented people. One great advantage to the cultivator was, that the revenue was paid in kind on all crops, except tobacco, sugar, and vegetables, which were grown only by the richer ryots, and being very remunerative, enabled the proprietors to make cash payments. On the other lands the Government share of the produce was taken in kind, and for the most part by Battāī, a most equitable arrangement, by which the revenue was levied according to the produce of the season, without reference to the extent of land cultivated. A small proportion of the land paid what was called Kāsagī, which was levied on the reverse plan to Battāī, according to the extent of land cultivated, without reference to the produce of the season. The average of the Government share of the produce may be stated at from two-fifths to one-half, which exactly equals the rent on land in the North-West provinces of India. Let us now turn to the Napierian

remodelling of this system. After the vast pretensions which ushered in the new rule, we should be justified in expecting improvements which would strike even the most inattentive or prejudiced observer. Let us see where these improvements are to be found. In the first place, the former Sazāwals, whose *experience* and *instruction alone*, saved their European masters from foundering altogether in a sea of helpless ignorance, were degraded to the rank of Kārdārs, and their salaries were reduced first to one-fifth, and then to one-tenth, of what they were under the Amīrs. Their places as Sazāwals were filled by a number of European deputy-collectors, men without any previous training, who had to learn everything, even the difference between the spring and the autumnal crop! The pay of the former Kārdārs was reduced to one-half, and they and the Sazāwals were treated, without exception, as a set of unprincipled rogues. In a short time, all the men of respectability were entirely weeded out by these proceedings. They were succeeded by needy adventurers who, having nothing to lose, accepted office on the chance of being able to squeeze the ryots without detection. Then began a system of universal fraud and peculation. Soon the roads were lined by parties of miscreants who, having enjoyed their dignity as revenue officers for a brief moment, were now in their malefactor's dress, to impress on the people a salutary horror of the Government service. Not that they were always criminals, but martial law prevailed. To be accused was the same thing as to be condemned. The sentences were outrageously severe. The common punishments were fines of *ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand rupees*, in addition to imprisonment with labour in irons

for seven or ten years, or even more. Where corporal punishment formed part of the sentence, it was carried out on the spot, though appeals were allowed, and the condemned, after enduring his sufferings and disgrace, might after all be acquitted. Under the Amīrs the revenue accounts were regularly closed in a certain month. Now, season after season passed away before a settlement was made. Notwithstanding the prodigious severity of the punishments, the ignorance and inexperience of their European masters encouraged the Kārdārs and their subordinates in every kind of fraud and extortion. Add to this, the revenue fee was fixed at the same rate throughout Sindh. No difference was made as to soil, facilities for irrigation, or the length of time during which the land had been under culture. All were to pay alike, the owner of a few acres of sterile land was placed on the same footing with the possessor of the rich inundated fields of the Delta. Complaint and remonstrance were unavailing; the *sic volo, sic jubeo* was the only answer vouchsafed. Is it necessary to add another word to this picture? We think not.

Having thus seen what Sindh has reaped by her new Government, it is now time to turn to our own creditor sheet. We shall thence be able to appreciate the truth of Sir W. Napier's prophecy, that the revenue of Sindh would reach one million in five years. The subjoined schedule will enable the reader to judge how much reliance is to be placed on his financial calculations. Here is a case where his statements can be demonstrably shewn to be wrong, and this ought to impair his credit in other points where mathematical proof is unattainable:—

REVENUES AND CHARGES OF SINDH, SINCE ITS
ANNEXATION, IN 1843.

	RECEIPTS.	DISBURSE- MENTS.	EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE.
	Rupees.	Rupees.	Rupees.
1843-44	9,37,937	76,62,979	67,25,042
1844-45	27,40,722	53,54,206	31,13,484
1845-46	28,00,817	68,30,984	40,30,167
1846-47	26,91,870	65,47,272	38,55,402
1847-48	30,30,230	54,43,559	24,13,329
1848-49	29,23,515	48,30,504	19,06,989
1849-50	Estimate. 29,83,750	Estimate. 43,92,420	Estimate. 14,08,670
			2,34,53,083 or, £ 2,345,308*

* Exclusive of the Pay and Allowances of the *Regular* Troops employed in Sindh, which merge in the ordinary Military charges.

Statistical Office,
11th August, 1851.

In seven years, then, by the occupation of Sindh, we have increased the embarrassments of the Indian Government by a debt of two millions and a half. Is not this paying somewhat too dear for the pleasure of perpetrating injustice? We have been told that henceforth the Indian Government (in other words, the Court of Directors) will be judged by their financial arrangements. Yet here we

find them saddled with a debt of between two and three millions by an unjust war, of which they have expressed their disapproval,* and moreover exposed to a continued drain on their finances, by the annexation of a country which, when in alliance with them under the Amīrs, gave them all the advantages of a frontier, without any of their present outlay. How much would the two millions and a half thus lavished away in an unwarrantable aggression have done for the internal improvements of India! What canals, what railroads, might have been opened! Let the Manchester and Liverpool merchants, "the Shopocracy," as Sir C. Napier calls them, think of that, and let them learn what would be the fate of India, were the reins of Government wrested *altogether*, as they have partly been, from the Court of Directors, and entrusted to an irresponsible Ministry, changing with the day, and ready to justify every measure, no matter how iniquitous, for its own base, selfish, and unprincipled purposes.

* At a Court of Proprietors, held 6th of March, 1844, when the following resolution was proposed:—"That this Court does most earnestly recommend to the Court of Directors the immediate adoption of such steps, by representation to Her Majesty's Government, or otherwise, as may cause all practicable reparation to be made for the injustice already committed, (in Sindh,) and enforce the abandonment of a line of policy inconsistent with good faith, and subversive of the objects of the British rule in India." Mr. Tucker, the Director, stated that this resolution was unnecessary, because it had been *anticipated six months ago*.



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APPENDIX I.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

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

Copy of a Letter from the Amīrs to the Governor-General of India.

[TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN.]

May the rose garden of the state and of prosperity, the exalted of high degree, the asylum of pomp and splendour, the phoenix of the age, the nawwāb of great titles, Sir Henry Hardinge, Bahādur, Governor-General of the various provinces of India, whom God preserve, be refreshed with the rain of Divine grace. After many compliments, let it be impressed upon your Excellency's mind that in consequence of your happy arrival we were in expectation of being gratified with an interview with your Excellency, but as some time has expired without that pleasure, we now take the liberty of requesting the favour in question, which will afford us great delight. The oppression which has been exercised towards us, who were

in amity with the English Government, by Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier is, we presume, well known to your Excellency. From the length of time during which we have been confined, we have experienced great depression of mind, but we entertain great hopes from the kindness of the English Government.

May your Excellency's days be prolonged.

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

THE SEAL OF
MÎR SOBDÂR KHÂN.

THE SEAL OF
MÎR MÎR MUHAMMAD
KHÂN.

THE SEAL OF
MÎR MUHAMMAD NAŞIR
KHÂN.

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

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

From the Amîrs to the Governor-General.

[TRANSLATION FROM THE PERSIAN.]

May the rose garden of the state and of prosperity, the exalted of high degree, the asylum of pomp and splendour,

the phœnix of the age, the nawwāb of great titles, Sir Henry Hardinge, Bahādur, Governor-General of the various provinces of Hindūstān, whom God preserve, be refreshed with the rainy clouds of Divine grace. After many compliments, &c., let it be impressed on your Excellency's friendly mind, that with reference to the letter which we took the liberty of transmitting to your Excellency, through Captain Gordon, to which a reply was sent by Mr. Currie, and translated by Captain Gordon's Munshī for our information, we learn that your Excellency has not a single word to say to us, which might be the means of either benefiting us, or changing our condition. Although we are aware that your Excellency is well acquainted with every particular of the tyranny and injustice which have been exercised towards each of us, as a return for the friendship we entertained for the English Government; yet, inasmuch as your Excellency has no power to interfere in our behalf, why should we trouble your Excellency with any further details of our misfortunes, which involve such extraordinary acts of the most despotic oppression? The only remedy which seems left to us for the attainment of redress is, that two or three of our number should be allowed to proceed to London, in order to lay the whole of our case before Her Majesty the Queen, the Ministers of State, and the rest of the nobles of the kingdom; therefore, our hope is, that your Excellency, being made acquainted with this our request, may be pleased to comply therewith. Had your Excellency power to interfere in our behalf, you would have gladdened our hearts by restoring us to our rights, without the necessity of our proceeding to England, since your Excellency has been made acquainted with all the particulars of our case, we have every reason to believe you would have rendered us every redress possible. Now that our lives, and property, and honour, are all in the hands of the English, we sincerely trust that your Excellency will not prohibit our proceeding to London. We have been separated from all we held dear. The condition into which we have been thrown, is the recompense of the services we always rendered to the English Government,

which we little deserved. We here beg leave to write the fact, that, according to British laws, no one, whether innocent or guilty of the most heinous crime, is punished without a hearing, since he has the right always of stating the merits of his own case in open Court, and when the gentlemen of the Court (the jury) have well weighed and considered the case, it is then known whether the person in question is innocent or guilty. Until we hear the decision of our case in London, we shall consider that we have right on our side; therefore we solicit your Excellency will grant our request, and when the permission shall be given, we will submit a paper to your Excellency, in which the names of the two or three of our party who will proceed to London shall be written.

May your Excellency's days be prosperous.

On the 26th of the month of Ramazān, in the year of the Hijrah 1260, corresponding with the 10th of October, 1844.

THE SEAL OF
MİR SOBDĀR KHĀN.

THE SEAL OF
MİR MİR MUHAMMAD
KHĀN.

THE SEAL OF
MİR MUHAMMAD NAŠIR
KHĀN.

SEALS OF THE AMĪRS.

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

Your letter, dated the 15th inst., with enclosures (letters) from the Amīrs to the Governor-General, requesting that two of them might be permitted to proceed to England for the purpose of laying before the Queen in Council a statement of their grievances, has been received.

I am directed to say, in reply, that the Governor-General in Council cannot comply with the request therein made.

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

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

Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Ākhūnd Ḥabību'llāh, Dīwan Mithārām, and Dīwan Dayārām, and begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which they have addressed to him, bearing date the 3rd inst.

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

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

INDIA BOARD, APRIL 7TH, 1845.

GENTLEMEN,—I am instructed by the Commissioners for the Affairs of India, to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which, on the 3rd inst., you addressed to the President of this Board, stating that, as the Vakīls of Mīr Naṣīr Khān, Mīr Mīr Muḥammad Khān, and Mīr Sobdār Khān, Amīrs of Sindh, you transmitted the credentials which you have received from your masters, and solicited an early opportunity of submitting to the President the objects of your mission to this country.

I am directed to return to you, with the seal unbroken, the packet purporting to contain those credentials; and to inform you, that any representations connected with the

Government of India, which it may be thought right to submit to the authorities in England, ought, in regular course, to proceed through the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

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

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

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

HONORABLE SIRs, — We, the undersigned Vakils of
their Highnesses Mir Mir Muḥammad Naṣīr Khān, Mir
Mir Muḥammad Khān, and Mir Sobdār Khān, of Sindh,
beg, through you, to lay before the Honourable the Court
of Directors of the East India Company a copy of a letter
received last evening from Mr. J. Emerson Tennent, on
the part of the Earl of Ripon and her Majesty's Com-
missioners for the Affairs of India, together with the cre-
dentials referred to in the communication, and we humbly
pray the Honorable Court to transmit the same, and fa-
vourably to represent the case of the Amirs of Sindh to
Her Majesty's Government.

We have the honour to be, Honorable Sirs,
Your most obedient and humble Servants,
ĀKHUND HABĪBU'LLAH,
DĪWĀN MĪTHĀRĀM,
DĪWĀN DAYĀRĀM.

19, HARLEY-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE,
APRIL 8TH, 1845.

*Copy of a Letter from the Court of Directors in answer
to the above.*

EAST INDIA HOUSE, 19TH APRIL, 1845.

GENTLEMEN, — Your letter to the Court of Directors of
the East India Company, presenting your credentials as

Vakils of the ex-Amirs of Sindh, and requesting permission to make a representation in their behalf, has been received and laid before the Court of Directors.

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

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) JAMES MELVILL.

ĀKHUND HABĪBU'LLĀH,
DĪWĀN MĪTHĀRĀM,
DĪWĀN DAYĀRĀM.

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

Ākhund Habību'llāh, Dīwan Mīthārām, and Dīwan Dayārām, Vakils from the Amirs of Sindh, present their compliments to the Chairman of the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and will esteem it a favour to be informed when it will be convenient to honor them with an interview.

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

The Chairman of the East India Company presents his compliments to Ākhund Habību'llāh, Dīwān Mīthārām, and Dīwān Dayārām. They will perceive from the official answer to their letters to the Directors, that the Chairman is precluded from receiving them, as requested in their note.

EAST INDIA HOUSE, 18TH APRIL, 1845.

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

Ākhūnd Ḥabību'llāh, Dīwān Mithārām, and Dīwān Dayārām, Vakīls of the Amīrs of Sindh, have the honor to transmit to the Earl of Ripon, copies of a letter sent by them to the Court of Directors, in accordance with his Lordship's instructions communicated to them by Mr. Emerson Tennent, and of another addressed by them to the Chairman of that Court, and also the reply thereto, signed by Mr. Melvill.

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

19, HABLEY-STREET, 30TH APRIL, 1845.

Copy of the Answer to the above.

INDIA BOARD, APRIL 30TH, 1845.

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

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

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble Servant,

(Signed)

J. EMERSON TENNENT.

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

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain
and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

The humble Petition of Ākhūnd Ḥabību'llāh Diwān
Mithārām, and Diwān Dayārām, on the part of
their Highnesses the Amirs of Sindh,

SHEWETH,—

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

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

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

That the ladies and families of their Highnesses may be permitted to join them, and that, in order to give them

confidence, Mir Âbbās Âlî, Mir Muḥammad Âlî, or any of the younger Amîrs, may be sent to escort them, and, as they have never endured the fatigues of a sea voyage, that a steamer may be placed at their disposal to convey them to the Amîrs, or, if they choose to travel by land, that they may enjoy all the privacy, comforts, and protection due to their rank and helpless situation. The misery of these bereaved ladies is manifest from the following Petition confided by them to our hands, which, we trust, some friend of the unfortunate will make known to Queen Victoria.

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

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

remove this cause of distress, otherwise we should reckon it the greatest boon to put an end to our existence. May your days be lengthened.

Written on the 27th of the month of Shawwāl, 1260 of the Hijrah, at Haidarābād, in Sindh.

Signature of the Bigam of MĪR KARAM ĀLĪ KHĀN.

Signature of the Bigam of MĪR MUḤAMMAD NAṢĪR KHĀN.

Signature of the Bigam of MĪR NŪR MUḤAMMAD KHĀN.

Signature of the Bigam of MĪR MĪR MUḤAMMAD KHĀN.

Signature of the Bigam of MĪR SOBDĀR KHĀN.

Your petitioners further pray,—

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

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

That all the Amīrs imprisoned at Pūnā, Surat, Hazārībagh, and Calcutta, may be allowed to live together, and not be kept under such strict restraint.

That the ladies of the late Mīr Karam Āli Khān had some jaghīrs, of which Sir Charles Napier has deprived them; that as many Biluchī chiefs have received back their jaghīrs, these revered ladies, the heads of the Tālpur family, may have their ancient possessions restored to them, together with their jewels and private property.

That a suitable residence may be provided for these unhappy widows (their former residences being in the hands of Sir Charles Napier); and that they may be

permitted to stay in Sindh, and not be compelled to pass their few remaining years in a strange land, afar from their own country.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Copy of a Petition.

To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

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

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

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

to ascertain which of the parties have really violated those compacts.

With reference to what has been advanced by Sir Charles Napier, that he had obtained certain letters bearing the seal of the prince Mir Muḥammad Naṣīr Khān, written to one of the leaders of the Būgtis Bībarak (Bilūch Mountains), and Dīwān Sāwan Mall, the Governor of Mūltān, in consequence of which he declared himself justified in the excesses which he committed, we beg respectfully to observe that one of our number, Dīwān Mithārām, was the very individual sent by Muḥammad Naṣīr Khān to Sir Charles Napier, at Rohri, to enquire into the truth of this pretended seizure of letters, to whom Sir Charles Napier positively said, "I know nothing about the letters; perhaps the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, may know something about them; like yourself I am a Vakīl (deputy or delegate) of the Governor-General, and whatever instructions he chooses to send I must obey." After this, when our liege princes saw Major Outram, the political agent at Haidarābād, they asked to be shown the letters and seals which Sir Charles Napier said he had obtained. Major Outram, in reply, said he knew nothing about them, and referred the matter to Sir Charles Napier. Some time after this, when the princes were imprisoned at Sasūr, they spoke of these alleged letters and seals to Captain Gordon, who said he was well aware they were with the Governor-General. After their arrival at Calcutta they again asked Captain Gordon for the letters and seals, which he had said were with the Governor-General, and they urgently impressed upon him their desire that the truth or falsehood of the suppositious letters which so implicated them should be proved. "I will make the necessary enquiry respecting them, and inform your Highnesses of the same," was his reply. Two days afterwards, however, he came and said that Lord Ellenborough had sent them to the authorities in England. Shortly after this Lord Ellenborough was re-called, and his successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, arrived at Calcutta.

To his Excellency the Prince addressed a letter,

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

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

May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

Your most humble and faithful Servants,

AKHŪND HABĪBU'LLĀH.
DĪWĀN MĪṬHĀRĀM.
DĪWĀN DAYĀRĀM.

LONDON, 19, HARLEY STREET,

30TH MARCH, 1845.

APPENDIX II.

WE, Ākhūnd Ḥabību'llāh, Dīwān Mīṭhārām, and Dīwān Dayārām, the accredited envoys of the Amīrs of Sindh, solemnly declare that we have never, on any occasion, acquiesced in the truth of the charges against our masters the Amīrs. We believe, and we affirm it in the most solemn manner, that the letter said to have been written to Bībarak Bugtī, by Mīr Muḥammad Naṣīr Khān, was a forgery. We believe, before God, that the Amīrs are wholly innocent of the charges brought against them.

Signatures of

ĀKHUND ḤABĪBU'LLAH.
DĪWĀN MĪṬHĀRĀM.
DĪWĀN DAYĀRĀM.

19, HARLEY STREET,
15TH AUGUST, 1845

APPENDIX III.

Translation of a Statement of the Case of the Amīrs of Sindh, drawn up by Diwān Mithārām, under the express orders and direction of the Amīrs.

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

After this, Sir Henry Pottinger arrived in Sindh as Envoy from the Governor-General, and requested a free passage for traders and trading vessels through Sindh, and up and down the river Indus. The Rulers of Sindh, instigated by the desire of cultivating the friendship of the British Government, which had been promised to them in perpetuity, assented to the above request, and permitted merchants inhabiting the dominions of the British Government to carry on their traffic in and through Sindh, without molestation or annoyance. Once more, Sir Henry Pottinger made his appearance in Sindh, and represented to the Amīrs that the English troops would march through Sindh towards Kābul and Afghānistān. The Amīrs consented that the forces of the English Government, with all their baggage, etc., should be landed in Sindh. Thereupon the Amīrs were required to give orders to their superintendents to supply boats, camels, timber, and other

necessaries for the English army. Although no mention of such requirements were to be found in the treaty, yet the Amīrs, with a view to the increase and permanence of that friendship which had been promised to them by the English Government in perpetuity, provided the boats, camels, grain, timber, and all other necessaries of which the English army stood in need for their expedition to Khurāsān. The Bilūch tribes, however, were in nowise pleased with the conduct of the Amīrs in supplying the English army with necessaries; and, moreover, the Amīrs, on the same account, exposed themselves to the resentment and hostility of the Afghān nation. Notwithstanding, with the view to the perpetual friendship of the British Government aforesaid, the Amīrs issued their commands to the Bilūch tribes to abstain from all opposition to the English forces, and denounced punishment to all who should in any way impede or harass English troops. In accordance with which commands the Bilūch clans remained perfectly quiet, and gave no molestation to the English army.

Upon the arrival of Sir John Keane at Jharak, which is twelve cos distant from Haidarābād, he, in violation of the treaty, forwarded to the Amīrs, by the hands of Captain Eastwick, a memorandum of complaints, in which it was stated that three of the Amīrs should henceforward pay three lacs of rupees annually to the British Government towards defraying the expences of the English troops to be stationed in Sindh, and that they should, moreover, pay twenty-one lacs for the immediate expenses of the English army, otherwise war would be declared against them by the British Government. Though such demands were calculated to cause much distress to the Amīrs, and were both unjust and wholly inconsistent with the friendship aforesaid promised by the English Government; yet, as no choice was left for them, the Amīrs yielded to the above requisition, and paid the sums unfairly demanded of them by Lord Auckland. The same sums were paid by the Amīrs from their own private treasures. Moreover, when Sir John Keane had departed for Kābul, the Amīrs, as

Lieutenant Postans and other officers can well testify, opened the roads for the passage of supplies, and permitted the English steamers to ascend and descend the Indus with stores and troops without hindrance. And had the Amīrs not aided the English Government in the said manner, it cannot be doubted that the Kābul expedition would have been greatly hindered, and its success rendered altogether doubtful. It was with a hope of being suitably rewarded by the English Government that the Amīrs performed these services, not under the idea that they were to be plunged into the calamities into which they have been cast.

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

After this, in the year 1842, Sir Charles Napier first arrived at Karāchī, and was detained there some time by sickness, after which he visited Haidarābād. The Amīrs prepared all things requisite for receiving him with honour;

they despatched a palanquin ornamented with gold for his conveyance, and dromedaries equipped with gold and silver furniture for the officers who attended him, and sent Mir Abbās Ālī Khān and others from among the principal nobles to meet him. Attended by this state and pomp, Sir Charles had an interview with the Amīrs, and returned to camp, and the next morning embarked in a steamer and departed to Sakkar.

After some time Captain Stanley arrived at Haidarābād from Sakkar, bearing another treaty and a letter from Sir Charles Napier. The Amīrs, on beholding a new treaty, and Sir Charles Napier's letter, were filled with astonishment, and twice despatched Vakīls to Sir Charles to inquire what was meant by the infliction of this new treaty, which was full of articles pregnant with loss and ruin to the Amīrs and the country they governed. Sir Charles replied that he knew nothing of the matter; that he did but obey the orders of Lord Ellenborough. "I," said he, "am but a Vakīl like yourselves, and dependent on others for my instructions." After this, Sir Charles Napier, with troops and cannon, marched against Khairpur, and in time of peace ignominiously expelled Mir Rustam Khān from his hereditary dominions, insomuch that he, during rain and severe weather, was driven out, with his wives and little ones, into the desert. Meantime, Major Outram arrived at Sakkar from Bombay, and joined Sir Charles at the Fort of Diji. Upon this Sir Charles advanced upon the Fort of Imāmgāh, which was the residence of Mir Muḥammad Khān, the nephew of Mir Rustam, and destroyed it, plundering it of its magazines of grain, etc. From this Sir Charles advanced, stage by stage, upon Haidarābād. The Amīrs, hearing of his approach, sent to him, stating that they had, against their wishes and by reason of his menaces, consented to the new treaty, and inquiring wherefore he advanced with an army and cannon against Haidarābād. The Vakīls whom the Amīrs despatched with these remonstrances were Mirzā Khusrū Beg and Yūsuf Khidmatgār, and they reached Sir Charles Napier's camp at Naushahra, which is between Khairpur and Haidarābād.

On their arrival they handed over to Sir Charles the seals of the Amīrs which they had brought for the confirmation of the new treaty. Sir Charles, instead of allowing the seals to be affixed, delivered a letter to the Vakils, and ordered them to return with it to the Amīrs, and provide for the execution of the injunctions contained in the said letter. The letter was to the effect that the Amīrs should send for Mīr Rustam to Haidarābād, and that Major Outram would proceed to Haidarābād and settle the affairs of Mīr Rustam Khān, and see that the seals of the Amīrs were affixed to the treaty. The letter went on to say that though Sir Charles had fully intended to advance with all haste on Haidarābād, yet, for the present, he would suspend his march, and that unless Mīr Rustam met Major Outram as directed, he would be treated as an enemy. Accordingly, Mīr Rustam and the two vakils, and Major Outram, met at Haidarābād, on the 8th of February, 1842. As soon as Major Outram arrived, he sent to the Amīrs, desiring that they would ratify the treaty which, as no choice was left them, they, notwithstanding its injustice, consented to do, and sent their seals accordingly. The next day, the 9th of February, Major Outram had a meeting with the Amīrs, who informed him that the Bilūchīs were much excited by hearing of the continued advance of Sir Charles Napier, and reminded him that they had the day before sent their seals to ratify the treaty. The Amīrs further requested Major Outram to appoint some officer to go to Sir Charles and entreat that he would halt and suspend his march on Haidarābād. To this request Major Outram assented, and at eight o'clock the same evening sent an officer to Mīr Naṣīr Khān, who was immediately despatched by the Amīr to Sir Charles, on a swift camel. The said officer reached the English camp, and, on the 12th of February, the camel-rider who took him brought back to the Amīrs a letter from munshī Mullā Rām, who was, by their orders, present in Sir Charles' camp, stating that the instant the English officer reached Sir Charles he broke up his camp and continued his march on Haidarābād. The Amīrs sent to acquaint Major Outram with this intelligence.

The latter officer, on the same day, the 12th of the aforesaid month, at two o'clock, came to the Amīrs, and required them to set their seals to the treaty, and stated, that on their complying, he would give them a letter from himself, which they might forward by one of their own officers to Sir Charles, who would, on the receipt of it, retire towards Upper Sindh. The Amīrs were compelled to assent to this requisition, and signed and sealed the treaty. At the same time Mīr Naṣīr Khān said to Major Outram that it was hard to drive out Mīr Rustam in his old age; that Sir Charles Napier had taken Mīr Rustam's best land, viz., that from Rohri to Sabzalkoṭ, and that he ought to give back to him the rest; that, moreover, Sir Charles had written to say that a settlement of Mīr Rustam's affairs should be effected when Major Outram reached Haidarābād. To this Major Outram returned a flat refusal, declaring that no arrangements could be entered into with Mīr Rustam. At the same time a retainer of Haiat Khān Marri arrived in the Fort of Haidarābād, and made known the fact that Sir Charles Napier had seized Haiat Khān, as he was coming to Haidarābād, and made him prisoner. The Bilūchīs, hearing of the cruel treatment of Mīr Rustam and the seizure of Haiat Khān, and seeing that all hopes of coming to terms with Sir Charles Napier were at an end, determined to fall upon Major Outram, as soon as he should leave the Fort. The Amīrs getting information of this intended attack on Major Outram, commanded the Bilūchīs to abandon their design, and conducted Major Outram in safety to his camp, under the protection of several of their principal chiefs. The Major then forwarded to the Amīrs the letter he had promised, which was to stop the General from advancing. The said letter was forthwith transmitted by the Amīrs to the General, and the messenger who conveyed it returned with the intelligence that as soon as Sir Charles received it, he instantly broke up his camp, and moved on with all expedition towards Haidarābād. The Amīrs, on receiving this news, forwarded a letter of their own to the General, inquiring why he continued advancing on Haidarābād, notwithstanding their compliance with all the vexatious demands

which had been made upon them? The Amīrs further demanded to learn whether violence were intended, as in that case they would abandon the city, and take up their abode in the desert, and from thence despatch a Vakīl to London to obtain redress. To these representations Sir Charles Napier returned no answer. Meantime, a body of Bilūchīs, whose numbers did not amount to more than five thousand (5,000), being convinced by the rapid advance of the English General and his seizure of Haiat Marri, that in spite of the Amīrs' acceptance of the disadvantageous treaty forced upon them, Sir Charles would not retire, but really intended the ruin of the Amīrs and their Bilūchī Chiefs, assembled outside the city of Haidarābād, and said, "Let Napier slay us, and after that let him plunder our houses, which shall not be accessible to the spoiler but over our bodies." On this, Mīr Naṣīr Khān, believing the violence of the Bilūchīs would end in their destruction, sent a message to Major Outram by Mādhū, the munshī, to the effect that he (the Amīr) would go and soothe the Bilūchīs, and that he intreated Major Outram to leave the Agency and embark in the steamer, lest, while the Amīr was gone to speak with the Bilūchīs, who were bent on attacking Napier, another party should fall on the Agency, which would bring disgrace on the Amīrs. A letter also to the same effect as the verbal message was sent by the munshī to Major Outram. Accordingly, on the morning of the 15th, Naṣīr Khān induced the Bilūchīs to abandon their intention of marching against Sir Charles Napier, and purposed to send another Vakīl next day to Sir Charles, and to endeavour, by every concession, to avert the impending attack.

At noon, however on the 15th, a body of Bilūchīs made an attack on Major Outram's camp, and Mīr Muḥammad Khān, who was in the fort of Haidarābād, was apprised of it, and immediately sent off Dilāwar Khidmātgar to call off the Bilūchīs, and prevent them from carrying out their violent intentions. The said Dilāwar hastened to place himself between the Agency and the advancing body of Bilūchīs, and as he passed near the Agency, the guard of

sipāhīs, who were with Major Outram, fired a volley upon his party and killed one of them. Dilāwar, however, placed himself between the Agency and the Bilūchīs, and endeavoured to make them desist—but in vain; both parties began to fire on each other, and two Bilūchīs and one of the Resident's guard were killed. After a short action, Major Outram and those who were with him retired from the Agency and embarked in the steamer, and the Bilūchīs made two European soldiers prisoners—one of whom they took to Mīr Naṣīr Khān, and the other to Mīr Muḥammad Khān, who gave the prisoners meat and drink and set them at liberty; Mīr Muḥammad sending his prisoner on a fast camel to Jharak, where he was released, after having been ferried across the river to Jharak in a boat. After this, Mīr Naṣīr Khān was on the point of despatching another Vakīl to the English camp, when, meantime, Sir Charles Napier fell in with and attacked the Bilūchīs, and the sound of the cannonade reached the ears of all. The engagement lasted until many Bilūchīs being slain, the others fled. Mīr Naṣīr Khān, deeply distressed at this calamitous event, which had taken place without his wish, entered the Fort of Haidarābād, and there a force of twelve thousand Bilūchīs, chiefly from the vicinity of Haidarābād, assembled. Mīr Naṣīr Khān forbade them to fight, and dismissed them. On the 18th, Mīr Naṣīr Khān, of his free will, rode into Sir Charles Napier's camp, unbuckled his sword, and surrendered it to the General. The General, with his own hand, returned the sword, and put it on the Amīr again, and said some words of encouragement to the effect that in twenty-five days the Amīrs' affairs should be settled to their satisfaction, and that they should retain their country as at the first. This interview took place, and these words were said, in the presence of Major Outram. Next morning Sir C. Napier advanced and took up his position at the Residency, and set a guard over the Amīr. After two days, Major Outram departed to Bombay; the day after his departure, munshī Ālī Akbar brought a message to the Amīrs from the General that he wished to inspect the Fort, and that the Amīrs should send some of

their men with him. Accordingly, Mīr Naṣīr Khān sent Akhūnd Bachal and Dīwān Mithārām and Bahādūr Khidmatgār to attend the General; Sir C. Napier then, with Colonel Patten and other officers, entered the Fort with two regiments of cavalry and infantry, and two guns. After this, — Šāhib, accompanied by other officers and sipāhīs, went to the ladies' apartments of the deceased Mīr Karam Ālī Khān, and took Mīrzā Khusrū Beg by the throat and ill-treated him, and ordered him to deliver all the valuables that were in the apartments of the ladies of Mīr Karam Ālī to the amount of fifteen lacs (150,000*l.*). The ladies of Mīr Karam Ālī, on beholding this spectacle, sent a message to — Šāhib, to beg he would provide them with palanquins, and allow them to take three changes of dress and quit the city. — Šāhib refused, and forced his way with munshī Ālī Akbar into the ladies' apartments, and plundered them of all the female ornaments and vessels of gold and silver, dresses, etc., that they contained, and tore off the ornaments that the ladies wore on their legs and feet. The unhappy ladies, overwhelmed with shame and terror, fled from the city, and reached Kahtar, which is five kos from Haidarābād on foot. And — Šāhib, and — Šāhib, and — Šāhib entered the ladies' apartments of the Amīr Mīr Nūr Muḥammad Khān, and plundered them in like manner, so that the ladies were similarly compelled to fly from their home, and travel on foot to Kahtar.

On the 22nd of February, 1843, Mīr Mīr Muḥammad Khān was brought from the Fort and kept a prisoner in the British camp, while another private suite of apartments belonging to his ladies was broken into and plundered. The ladies of Mīr Sobdār were next deprived of all they possessed, and fled on foot to Hosrī. — Šāhib demanded of Fateḥ Ālī Khān, the son of Mīr Sobdār, two costly armlets, which were accordingly given. One of the females of Mīr Sobdār's household had tied a few rupees in her girdle. In her flight some of these dropped out, when she was immediately seized, her girdle cut, and the rupees taken away. Each female was then taken aside, and the ornaments from her arms and legs, ears and nose,

removed. Access to the Fort was now forbidden, and the ladies of the late Mir Nūr Muḥammad Khān, and of Mir Naṣīr Khān, who were still in the Fort, were kept almost entirely without water for two days. Mir Husain Ali Khān, and Mir Ābbās Āli Khān, the sons of Mir Naṣīr Khān, who were prisoners in the Fort, sent a person to — Ṣāhib for water, and received for answer that it was Sir Charles Napier's order that if any one wanted water, he or she must come and drink it in the *banglā* of the officer commanding the guard. At last, after the greatest difficulty, one skin of water was obtained for five hundred persons, composing the household of the ladies of the *Amīrs* above-said, so that each could but moisten her throat, without removing the anguish of her thirst. Shortly after, — Ṣāhib, and — Ṣāhib, with a party of *sipāhīs*, came to the doors where the said ladies were, and broke them open with axes, and demanded all the ornaments of those ladies, who were accordingly obliged to strip themselves of everything in the shape of ornament. The next day, — Ṣāhib entered the room and removed all the rest of the effects. One female, who tried to make her escape, happened to have on a pair of silk trousers; she was stopped by the *sipāhīs* at the door of the Fort and stripped of her clothes. The lady, the widow of the deceased Mir Nūr Muḥammad Khān, had given a few clothes to a female attendant to sell, that she might buy food for the said lady. Munshī Muḥammad Husain, the *munshī* of — Ṣāhib, seized the woman, beat her, and took away the clothes. Afterwards, two women were brought and placed at the gate of the fort, who searched every female who passed out. In a word, every article of property that belonged to the *Amīrs* was taken—they were plundered of all! Mir Sobdār Khān was then brought out and placed a prisoner in the English camp, and two swords, that had been the first day given to the sons of Mir Naṣīr Khān, were taken from them. The house of Mirzā Khusrū Beg was then plundered, and himself carried prisoner to the camp, whence he was again taken to the Fort, and there beaten with such severity that he remained insensible for a

long time. When he recovered his senses, he was bound and carried back to camp and there confined.

After a short time the Amīrs were conveyed to Bombay, and thence to Sasūr, where they were imprisoned ten months. After that they were taken to Calcutta. Then Lord Ellenborough thought fit to confine them in Hazārī Bāgh, which is uninhabited. The Amīrs wrote to Lord Ellenborough and complained of this removal, on which Lord Ellenborough flew into a rage, and separated the son of Mīr Naṣīr and Ḥusain Ālī, the son of Mīr Nūr Muḥammad Khān, and two brothers of Mīr Naṣīr and Shāh Muḥammad, the son of Mīr Shāh Muḥammad Khān, from the other Amīrs, putting them in Hazārī Bāgh, while he intended to thrust the elder Amīrs into another desolate place. In the meantime he was dismissed from being Governor of Hindūstān and set off for London.

After this the unfortunate Amīr Mīr Naṣīr Khān, broken down by grief, and overcome by this new calamity—the having his darling son torn from him—spent his days and nights in tears till death released him from his sufferings. After the dismissal of Lord Ellenborough, Sir Henry Hardinge became Governor-General. To him the Amīrs addressed a letter petitioning for redress, and the favour of an interview. In reply to their letter, the Secretary (Mr. Currie) wrote to Captain Gordon, in charge of the Amīrs, stating that the Governor-General had no word of encouragement for the Amīrs, but if, after fully understanding this to be the case, the Amīrs were still desirous of an interview, the Governor-General would appoint a day for it. The meeting accordingly took place on the 30th day of September, 1844, at Barrackpur, whereat Sir Henry Hardinge openly averred that he was aware an injustice had been done to the Amīrs, but that he had no power to assist them. The Amīrs then twice wrote to Sir H. Hardinge, stating that if it was not in his power to redress their wrongs, they entreated he would, at least, suffer them to send some of their number to the Queen. To this, the Governor-General returned a refusal through

Mr. Secretary Currie; whereupon, having no other resource, the Amīrs raised a loan, and sent Vakils to England. These Vakils have sought an audience in vain from Lord Ripon, the Vazīr of Hindūstān, from the Court of Directors, and from the Queen; and have now been compelled, by want of funds, to return to India,—where they will never cease to send up their prayers to Heaven for justice, in the hope that God will grant what man refuses.

Written on the 2nd of August, on Saturday, by Dīwān Mīthārām.

APPENDIX IV.

In Thornton's "History of India," vol. ii., p. 440, we find these words :—"Of the details of the battle little can be gathered." To supply this deficiency of information the following Account of the Battle of Miāni, with a Plan, by an Officer present at the engagement, is published.*

On the afternoon of the 16th February, 1843, after a fatiguing march of twenty-one miles from Halla, the British force, about 3,000 strong, under Major-General Sir C. J. Napier, K.C.B., encamped near the village of Mattara, seventeen miles north of Haidarābād.†

Mattara lies within a mile or two of the Indus; and Major Outram, who had been ineffectually negotiating with the Sindh Amīrs, now landed here from the "Planet" steamer, accompanied by his escort, the Light Company of Her Majesty's 22nd Regiment.‡ He confirmed the report, already received by the General, at Halla, of his having been attacked on the preceding morning at Haidarābād. It appeared that the Residency, which lies on the left bank of the Indus, three miles S.W. of the city, had been surrounded by a large body of cavalry and infantry, headed

* Miāni is the name of the district between the Indus and Phuleli rivers.

† This force was about 3,000 strong, comprising 1,100 cavalry and twelve field pieces, viz., 9th Regiment Bengal Light Cavalry, detachment of Pūnā Irregular Horse, Sindh Irregular Horse, Bombay Camel Battery, nine pounders, Bombay Horse and Mule Battery, six pounders, detachment of Madras Sappers, Her Majesty's 22nd Regiment of Foot, 1st Grenadier Bombay Native Infantry, 12th Bombay Native Infantry, 25th Bombay Native Infantry.

‡ Commanded by Captain Conway.

by one of the Amīrs, Mīr Shāhdād Khān. A gallant defence had been made by his escort during four hours, when, ammunition failing, they had been compelled to retreat to the river. Here they were received on board the two steamers, "Planet" and "Satellite," which conveyed them to Mattara, as above stated.

Major Outram brought with him the intelligence that the Bilūchīs had assembled in great force, and posted themselves in the shikārgāhs,* which intervene between Mattara and Haidarābād. It was thought that by setting fire to these woods, the enemy would be driven to the plain; and a party of 200 sipāhīs was embarked the same evening, with Major Outram and other officers, on the two steamers, to co-operate with the sailors in carrying this scheme into effect. The design, however, failed, for, though the woods were partially fired, the scene of action on the 17th was too far distant to be affected by this stratagem. The Bilūchīs, it was said, had shifted their ground during the night; but it is more probable that we were mistaken as to the position of the shikārgāhs which they occupied.

At four o'clock on the following morning, 17th February, the troops again marched; the Sindh Horse, under Capt. Jacob, leading. They were followed by the Sappers, under Captain Henderson, with a working party of 100 sipāhīs, to prepare a passage for the guns. The numerous canals which intersect this country, had made the arrangements for crossing them a nightly work of great labour, and much impeded the progress of the artillery. We usually cut down the banks of the canals, and threw the earth into the middle; but as camels cannot pull up hill, it was necessary to make the ascents very gentle. On this morning a delay of more than an hour occurred in forming the road over two large canals not far from Mattara. Beyond these, however, it was found that the Amīrs had

* The shikārgāhs are forests enclosed for the preservation of game.

anticipated our labour, the roads being already prepared for the passage of their own artillery.

A march of seven miles brought the advanced guard to the Phuleli, which is a small branch of the Indus, filled during the inundations of that river, but at this time of the year dry. Along its eastern bank the road continued for a couple of miles, passing in quick succession several small villages interspersed with groves of trees. Near the second of these the silence of the march was first broken by the sound of a distant cannon. Sir Charles instantly formed up the infantry of his advanced guard behind a small canal, disposing the Sindh Horse in the bed of the Phuleli, and unlimbering the two nine pounders which accompanied him. Shortly afterwards a squadron of the Sindh Horse was despatched across the Phuleli to skirt round a shikārgāh on the opposite bank, while the remainder was sent to the front to reconnoitre. It was soon ascertained that the enemy was certainly in the latter direction, and the General again moved on, till he arrived at a village where the road to Haidarābād leaves the bank of the river.*

Close on the General's right at this time was the dry bed of the Phuleli, having its course nearly south; and as far as the sight could reach in that direction, its further bank was enclosed by a mud wall, which bounded a dense shikārgāh. Directly to his front rose the last of the string of small villages before mentioned, Zāhir Bahirchy Kā Got. Half a mile again beyond that, another vast enclosed shikārgāh extended at a right angle from the near bank of the Phuleli about a mile, and overlapped his left flank.

Two squadrons of the Sindh Horse, under Captain Jacob and Lieutenant Russell, meanwhile continued their advance, turning off obliquely to the left, till they found themselves within half a mile, or less, of the enemy's guns. Here they drew up in line and were afterwards joined by the squadron which had been detached to examine the

* These roads are merely beaten tracks, and the bed of the river is as much used as any other.

shikārgāh on the other bank of the Phuleli. In this position the whole of this gallant corps remained, observing the enemy's movements and exposed to his fire, till the final advance of the British line.

The General again moved forward for a thousand yards or so along a beaten track, which appeared to lead round the left skirt of the shikārgāh in his front. Here, finding himself in sight of the enemy and within long range of his artillery, he decided on waiting for the main column of his force. This column was far behind, as the guns had been much impeded in their progress by accidents arising from the badness of the road*. The delay thus caused was considerable, and gave time to examine attentively the enemy's position.

Immediately in our front the top of the shikārgāh wall was thickly studded with matchlock men, more particularly at its eastern or receding end. Extending from this to the enemy's right was seen a dense mass of his infantry surrounding two conspicuous flags, and supported by large bodies of horse in its rear, while in front of it were posted numerous pieces of cannon. Some of these more advanced than the rest had been firing on the Sindh Horse and now directed their shot,† though from a great distance, on the General and his advanced guard. The right of the enemy's infantry rested on groves of trees which concealed a village, and the whole of this chosen ground was occupied in great strength.

Such was the formidable position taken up by our yet untried adversary, and which the slow approach of the British column allowed ample time to observe and discuss. It was generally thought that about 8,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry were at this time visible from the General's station,—as yet distant nearly a mile from the eventual

* The store-carts of both batteries had had pintle eyes broken this morning, and a waggon of the camel battery had been upset.

† These balls were of beaten iron and weighed five or six pounds each. The Amirs artillery was under the direction of an Englishman.

scene of action. But the full strength of the Bilūchīs was not manifest from this place of observation, for it could neither be seen, from thence, that he held on his right a village strongly protected by trees and canals and walled enclosures, nor that along and behind the whole of his line ran the bed of the Phulelī river, at right angles to its former course.

At length the arrival of the main column enabled the General to advance. The same order of march was preserved and following the direction of the beaten road which edged off to the left, the column was not halted till within 300 yards of the shikārgāh wall. This wall, as before-mentioned, had been studded with Bilūchīs, but was deserted on our approach, after some distant discharges of matchlocks, and, as it was eight feet high without loopholes or banquette, it afforded in fact no advantage of offence to the enemy, though it screened him from our fire.

The head of the column, which arrived left in front, was directed on the first distant tree standing to that flank, nearly at right angles with the road, and as soon as it had taken up sufficient ground, the column was again halted and wheeled to the right into line. The whole of the guns under Major Lloyd—four nine and two six pounders, two twenty-four and two twelve pounder howitzers, with the sappers, were placed on the right of the infantry, towards the shikārgāh. Behind the right the 9th Bengal Cavalry, 350 strong, was in reserve. The Sindh horse, about 500 sabres, were in the position which they had occupied for the last hour, 300 yards in advance of the left of the infantry line. They now formed column near the shallow green bed of a dry watercourse, bordered by scattered trees, and leading directly forward to the village of Saiyid Sultān Shāh Kī Wastī, or Katri,* which flanked the enemy's right. From right to left the order of the infantry regiments was as follows: First, Her

* Katri is more properly the name of the district.

Majesty's 22nd Regiment; next, the 25th and 12th Regiments N.I.; and last, the 1st. Grenadiers, N.I., mustering altogether, when joined by their details from the advanced guards, 1,350 bayonets. The Pūnā Horse, under Captain Tait, with 200 of the Grenadiers and two six pounders, had been left as a rear-guard and did not come into action.

Before the British line there now lay a narrow plain, dotted with low sandy hillocks and camel bushes; and extending in front to the Phuleli a distance of 1,100 yards. Bounded on the east by the shallow green Nālā, the trees and the village before described, and beyond these by an impassable canal;* it was shut in on the west by a continuation of the shikārgāh wall, which, taking an abrupt turn from its N.E. corner, ran thence for a distance of 600 yards to the Phuleli, in a S. by E. direction. The front of this contracted space measured, in a straight line, only 700 yards from the shikārgāh wall to the village, and this was to be the field of battle. The enemy had selected it with judgment, for while the abrupt banks of the Phuleli afforded him a strong entrenchment, the British Artillery and Cavalry were greatly embarrassed by want of room, as will appear in the sequel of this account.

As soon as our line had been carefully dressed, and skirmishers thrown out, the guns moved forwards 200 yards, and our first fire (of round shot) opened on the enemy's batteries at a little before eleven o'clock. Her Majesty's 22nd formed upon the left of the Artillery, and the remaining regiments were placed in *echelon* to the rear at twenty paces distant. Our guns being found too distant to silence the enemy's batteries, were again advanced about 250 yards, and the enemy's fire, which, though briskly kept up, had not been very destructive, now evidently slackened under the rapid and well-directed discharges of the British Artillery. At this time an opening was seen

* This canal was dry; but the sides had been recently scarped, probably in the process of cleaning it.

in the shikārgāh wall, close to our right flank, and the Grenadier Company of the 22nd Regiment, under Captain Tew, was detached to clear the wall. This was done by entering the shikārgāh, the jungle, for some distance from the wall, being thin and open. Captain Tew was almost immediately shot dead and the Company otherwise suffered, but the skirt of the shikārgāh was cleared for the time by these brave men.

A third halt was made at 300 yards from the Phuleli, and while some of the British cannon swept the outside of the shikārgāh wall with grape shot, and others kept down the enemy's fire, and, at last, silenced it, the infantry line, still formed in close *echelon* of regiments, was dressed in preparation for its final advance.

The word to advance was given. Her Majesty's 22nd—our only European regiment—led the *echelon*, and, as the bugles sounded, moved on in the most perfect order. A galling fire from numerous matchlocks was received with firmness, and, in due time, returned, though at first without much effect. Sheltered by the steep bank of the Phuleli, the Bilūchīs rested their matchlocks and took deliberate aim. In its turn the 25th Regiment N.I. became engaged, and then the 12th and Grenadiers. On this flank the enemy was even more strongly posted than on our right, for the watercuts and walls of the village protected him. His guns, meanwhile, had been abandoned when the British troops advanced, and were most of them already in our possession. But, as the distance lessened, the more daring of the Bilūchīs, fresh and impatient for the fight, put aside their matchlocks. With sword and shield in hand, they rose from their hiding places, and, in more than one impetuous onset, shook and forced back the British line.* Twice or three times were the 12th N.I. beaten back, and as often were they nobly rallied by their officers. Brevet Major Jackson, of that regiment, dismounting from his horse, thus sacrificed his life. Advancing to the front,

* Commanded by Major Reid.

followed by only two havāldārs, this lamented officer, after a short combat, fell beneath the sabres of the enemy. The 1st Grenadier Regiment,* driven back with the 12th, fell into some confusion, and appears to have taken but little share in the action. Major Teasdale, commanding the 25th, was killed while animating his sipāhīs, who gave ground in an alarming manner before their fierce opponents.† Lieutenant Colonel Pennefather, commanding Her Majesty's 22nd, was shot through the body, and Major Poole succeeded to that command. Even his stout Europeans could not keep their ranks unmoved under the furious attacks of the Bilūchīs. Defending themselves more skilfully with their bayonets than the sipāhīs, they yet swerved back from the sharp sabres of their desperate foes, many of whom were excited with bhang,‡ or opium. Lieut. M'Murdo, assistant quarter-master-general, his horse having been shot under him, killed a Bilūch chief, hand to hand, and made prize of his gold-handled sword. Still our brave officers and soldiers continued to fall;§ and now Sir Charles Napier, seeing the obstinacy of the fight, and doubtful of its issue, pushed his horse through the ranks of Her Majesty's 22nd, and waving his cap, cheered on that gallant regiment. In the same manner, regardless himself of danger, he encouraged the 25th N.I. to advance. At this time it was no doubt the General's wish to drive the enemy from the bed of the river by a vigorous charge, but his intention was not carried into effect. The bayonet was but little used, except in defence, and it shortly became evident that the fire of the matchlock and the

* The 1st Grenadier Regiment mustered less than 200 bayonets, with its colours.

† Captain Jackson, brother of Major Jackson, of the 12th, took command of the 25th, on Major Teasdale's death.

‡ Bhang is a decoction of hemp seed.

§ Killed: Captain Meade, and Lieut. Wood, of the 12th N.I.—Wounded: Major Willie, Assistant-Adjutant-General; Captain Conway, Lieut. Hardinge, Ensign Pennefather, and Ensign Bowden, of Her Majesty's 22nd; Ensign Holbrow, of the 12th N.I.; Lieut. Phayre, Quarter-Master, and Lieut. Bourdillon, of the 25th N.I.

glancing of the keen sabre were less and less frequent, while the continued and destructive roll of musketry delivered from the edge nearly of the river bank, levelled every living being before it.* For upwards of an hour did this mortal struggle endure; and when at last the British line descended into the river, it was but over crowded heaps of dead and dying. The pouches and cotton clothes of nearly all these men had taken fire, probably from their lighted matches, and their scorched and writhing bodies presented a shocking spectacle. Many Bilūchī corpses, too, lay on the bank above, mingled with those of their enemies, mute witnesses of their desperate valour. Quarter was not asked or given. The wounded were shot or bayoneted by our exasperated soldiers, disdaining to yield, and striking at our men with their sabres to the last.

Meanwhile, neither Artillery nor Cavalry were idle, nor was their aid unimportant in deciding the fate of the day. So contracted was the last position of the guns, that only four of them could be brought into action. One† of Captain Hutt's guns, with the assistance of the Sappers—who also broke down part of the wall—was brought round to bear on the shikārgāh, and did great execution there, while the remaining three swept the Phuleli to the right and front with a continued deadly discharge of grape shot and spherical case.

During the heat of the fight, orders were sent to the Cavalry to force the enemy's right. The 9th Bengal Cavalry had been previously crossed in support of the left of our line, and formed immediately in rear of the 1st Grenadiers. By some misconception of an order, the men

* The bed of the Phuleli is an excavation, produced by the current of a river in an alluvial soil; the bank here spoken of being simply the edge of that excavation. The elevated bank alluded to in the official despatch, was confined to a small portion of our front. Below the edge of the bank was a double step or ledge, which was heaped with the bodies of the slain.

† Captains Whittie and Hutt commanded the Camel and Horse Batteries.

of the latter regiment faced to the right about, and retreated some distance before their officers could rally them. The Bilūchīs showed themselves at the same time in numbers from the village enclosures and ravines. Lieut.-Colonel Pattle, of the 9th Cavalry, second in command, had not yet received the General's order to advance, but, seeing the necessity of checking the enemy's movements, and partly—as I am informed—on the urgent representation of Captain Tucker, he, after some hesitation, permitted the Cavalry to act. The moment certainly appears to have been critical, when the third squadron of the 9th Cavalry—led by that gallant officer—advanced at a trot, passing between our Infantry and the village, and driving the enemy into and along the bed of the Phuleli. A body of Bilūchīs, drawn up in rear of the village, made a stout resistance, from which this brave squadron suffered severely. Captain Tucker received six shots and fell,* but Captain Bazett, succeeding him, completed the dispersion of the enemy in that direction. The 3rd Squadron was followed by the 2nd, under Captain Garratt, which supported Lieut.-Colonel Pattle in an attack on the village, while the 1st, under Captain Wemyss filing between the Grenadiers and 12th Native Infantry, crossed the Phuleli, dispersing the enemy on the opposite bank. Brevet Captain Cookson, the Adjutant, was at this time killed, and three other officers were wounded.† Lieut.-Colonel Pattle, with a few men of the 3rd Squadron, had gallantly attacked the inclosures of the village, and, being afterwards supported by the 2nd Squadron, succeeded in partially clearing them. It was the fire from these and the neighbouring canals and gardens which caused the heavy loss of the 9th Cavalry. The Sindh Horse, after an ineffectual attempt to get round the outside of the village, in which they were stopped by a deep canal occupied by

* It is gratifying to record that this gallant officer recovered from his wounds.

† Wounded: Brevet Captain Smith, Lieut. Plowden, and Ensign Frith, Quarter-Master, of the 9th Bengal Cavalry.

the enemy, also descended into the river between our Infantry and the village, and rode direct to the enemy's camp.

The Amīrs had already abandoned it and fled to Haidarābād, but many brave men were still found there who defended themselves obstinately, and were not cut down without loss to their pursuers. Captain Jacob had his horse killed under him, and deputed Lieut. Fitzgerald to continue the pursuit, which he did for some distance, till, coming on a large body of Horse, who had not been engaged, that officer was obliged to retire. The Sindh Horse were about the same time recalled to defend our baggage, and a detachment of the Bengal Cavalry held possession of the camp, which was afterwards burnt and evacuated by order of the general.*

When the British troops crossed the river about half-past one p.m., the battle may be said to have ended, but the firing did not altogether cease, and multitudes of the enemy still hovered about, nor was it till our guns had been crossed and opened both up the Phuleli and on the village and neighbouring enclosures, that the insurgents gradually dispersed. The general formed his camp on the field of battle, with the baggage in the centre of a hollow square, and the troops slept on their arms.

Thus closed this eventful day. Seldom, perhaps, has the determined valour of the Bilūchīs on that occasion, been surpassed. The Europeans behaved steadily and bravely, and were, no doubt, much inspired by Sir Charles' brilliant example. The sipāhīs were sustained and rallied by their officers, whose conduct was marked by a noble self-devotion,—without them they would hardly have recovered themselves as they did, after being more than once driven back. The artillery and cavalry did their duty well, but their action was in a great degree paralysed by the confined field to which they were

* 30,000 or 40,000 rupees were found in the camp; the Amīrs were said to have brought some lakhs of rupees with them.

chiefly restricted. It must be admitted, however, that the advance of our cavalry on the enemy's right had probably an important effect in deciding the battle.

Our loss in this engagement was severe, considering the small number of our troops engaged,—62 killed and 194 wounded, of whom 19 were officers (6 killed and 13 wounded*). The enemy left upwards of 400 dead in the bed of the Phuleli, and there were probably as many more in different parts of the field and the shikārgāh, killed by the artillery and cavalry. As quarter,† with a few exceptions, was not given, it may be doubted whether the number of wounded who escaped much exceeded the number of the killed. The statements of the Bilūchīs make their loss much greater, but are probably exaggerated. At the lowest computation, however, the loss of the Bilūchīs must have been six times that of the British—a surprising disproportion when we consider their advantage of position, and a plain proof of the superiority gained by discipline, and especially by one of its results—a rapid and well-sustained fire.

The whole of the enemy's guns, fifteen in number, the standards, ammunition, baggage, tents and some treasure, fell into our hands, and the immediate results of the battle were most important. On the two following mornings six of the Amīrs surrendered themselves prisoners, and shortly afterwards Haidarābād‡ was taken possession of, and Lower Sindh declared a province of the British Empire.

* The number of horses killed on both sides was considerable. The enemy's cavalry was not much engaged, but many of the Bilūchīs dismounted to fight, picketing their horses in the bed of the river.

† It must be noted that the Bilūchīs, not expecting quarter, defended themselves to the last, making it nearly impossible to spare them.

‡ Haidarābād was not taken possession of till the 21st, after Major Outram's departure. It was said that there were two millions sterling of public treasure in the fort; if so, a great part of it must have been removed during this delay. The prize money found was about one quarter of that sum.

APPENDIX V.

NARRATIVE OF MĪR NAṢĪR KHĀN, OF HAIDARĀBĀD.

PART I.*

Containing a genealogical notice of his family, descended in an unbroken line from Ālī, the fourth Caliph, the son-in-law of the Prophet Muḥammad.

WE, the Amīrs of Sindh, are Bilūchīs—not of the tribe known in Persia as the Kach Bilūchīs, for our origin is Arab, and we trace our descent from Amīr Ḥamzah, the son of Ḥāsham the son of Ābdu'l-Munāf, though some say that Amīr Ḥamzah was the son of Ḥaṣraṭ Ālī.

When, for the spread of the Moslem faith and arms, the army of Ḥajjāz, the son of Yūsuf, had bent its steps to Sindh, and conquered in its course the country of Kech and Makrān, our ancestors remained in possession of the new conquests, while the rest of the invading army continued its route to Sindh.⁽¹⁾ Their numerous progeny came to be distinguished as Bilūchīs. In the course of time some of them, moving into the country of Derah Ismāil Khān and Derah Ghāzī Khān, fixed their residence at Chotī, or the summit of the mountain. About this time Miān Shāhal Muḥammad Kalora, known as the Ābbāsī, from being the descendant of Ābbās, the son of Ḥāsham, employed himself in agricultural pursuits in Sindh, which

* Translated from the original, at the Amīr's request, by Mr. James Corcoran.

was then under the government of the Chughuttā Kings of Delhi. His posterity, however, by degrees became masters of the soil they only farmed before. They were of the Shīāh belief, and disciples in religion of Saiyid Mirān Shāh of Jaunpur.⁽²⁾

Our great-grandfather, Mīr Shāhdād Khān the elder, disagreeing with his paternal uncle, Mīr Sobdār Khān the elder, left him, and took service with the Kalora, whose religious principles he also embraced. As he was a chief of the Bilūchīs, great numbers of them followed him into Sindh, where his uncle soon after joined him with the rest of the tribe. This was the period of the first establishment of the Bilūchīs in that country.

Mīr Sobdār Khān, the elder, considering a life of celibacy absolutely necessary for a proper devotion in the service of God, never married. His piety and his generosity were extreme. His nephew, the Mīr Shāhdād just spoken of, succeeded him on his death.

Until the invasion of Nadir Shāh (A.D. 1739), the viceroy of Sindh was a noble of the Delhi court, but after his assassination (A.D. 1747), Miān Nūr Muḥammad Kalora⁽³⁾ became Šūbahdār of the province and sent tribute to king Aḥmad Shāh Afghān.⁽⁴⁾ The viceroy dying, his son Muḥammad Murād ascended the masnad.⁽⁵⁾

Just at this time, Mīr Shāhdād Khān the elder, died. He had four sons, Mīr Jamindā, Mīr Chākar, and Mīr Baḥrām by one wife, and Mīr Khairu by another. The first having been taken away by Nādir Shāh as a hostage, along with the sons of Nūr Muḥammad Kalora, died at Mashhad. Of all the sons of Shāhdād Khān, the most wise and good was Mīr Baḥrām Khān, who succeeded his father as chief of the Bilūchīs.

The excesses of the viceroy, Muḥammad Murād, having rendered him obnoxious to the Kalora nobles, they leagued with Baḥrām Khān for his expulsion, and throwing him into confinement, placed his brother Miān Āṭṭar Khān on the throne.⁽⁶⁾ Their choice having deceived them, they dethroned and confined him also, and conferred the crown upon Miān Ghulām Shāh, the third son of the

Kalora.⁽⁷⁾ In him their expectations were not deceived, for he brought the whole country under complete subjection, and built the fort of Haidarābād. On his death (about A.D. 1771), Mīr Muḥammad Sarafrāz, his eldest son, succeeded him.

Mīr Bahrām Khān, chief of the clan Bilūchī, had two sons, Mīr Bijjār Khān and Mīr Sobdār Khān. During the absence of the former, who, on account of some family disagreement had gone on a pilgrimage, Muḥammad Sarafrāz put his father and brother⁽⁸⁾ to death; for Bahrām Khān was of an enterprising character, and Sarafrāz dreaded his influence and ascendancy.

Upon learning this event, the Kalora nobles, leaguering with Mīr Fateḥ Khān, threw the murderer into confinement, and placed Muḥammad Khān, the second son of Ghulām Shāh, on the throne; but the Rājā of Līkhī, a powerful Kalora noble, dethroned and imprisoned him, and placed the kingly sceptre in the hands of Ghulām Nabī, the fourth son of the deposed Muḥammad Khān.⁽⁹⁾

Just at this crisis of affairs, Mīr Bijjār Khān returned from pilgrimage, *viā* Maskat, Goādar, Kach, and Makrān, and arriving at Khilāt, went to Naṣir Khān Brāhūī, and solicited a military force to avenge the iniquitous death of his father and brother. This being refused, he proceeded directly to Sindh, and was, on his arrival, joined by most of the Bilūchīs, with whom Ghulām Nabī was unpopular, as he had been placed on the throne by the Rājā of Līkhī. Eventually a battle ensued, in which Ghulām Nabī was slain. To the victor, Mīr Bijjār, however, it was evident that though Muḥammad Sarafrāz had iniquitously murdered his father and brother, none other of the Kaloras beside him were fit to reign. They had played together, moreover, in childhood, and were friends from their earliest years. Influenced by the memory of early associations and the love of his country, Mīr Bijjār commissioned the principal Amīrs to proceed to Muḥammad Sarafrāz's prison, and after releasing him therefrom to bring him in state upon an elephant, in order that the crown might be restored to him. But it was too late to carry

these generous intentions into effect, for Âbdu'n Nabī, the brother of Ghulām Nabī, and the fifth son of the Kalora, hearing of Mīr Bijjār's intention, had all the royal prisoners, Muḥammad Murād, Miān Âṭṭār Khān, and Muḥammad Sarafrāz, with his son Miān Nūr Muḥammad, murdered in prison. After this cruel tragedy, Mīr Bijjār Khān reluctantly conferred the crown, though nominally, upon Âbdu'n Nabī, but he retained the reins of government in his own hands.

Soon after these events, Âbdu'n Nabī, already bathed in the blood of his own relations, meditated adding another victim to his cruelty. He privately dispatched a messenger to the Rājā of Jodhpur, promising to reward him with the Fort of Amīr Koṭ if he would be instrumental in the destruction of Mīr Bijjār Khān. To these terms the Rājā agreed, and despatched twelve Rājputs⁽¹⁰⁾ on this murderous errand. Arriving at Mīr Bijjār's court in the assumed character of ambassadors, they sent him word that their master had entrusted to them certain good tidings which they desired to communicate to him personally and in private. Mīr Bijjār Khān, although he had been forewarned by the Walī of Jeselmīr and others of the bloody intent of the Rājputs, was nevertheless induced to admit them to his presence, fearing that by a contrary line of conduct his reputation for courage might suffer. This foolhardiness did not go unpunished, for the assassins cut him down in the midst of protestations of eternal friendship. After the murder, Âbdu'n Nabī Kalora proceeded to Mīr Âbdu'llāh, the son of Mīr Bijjār, and to Mīr Fateḥ Khān, the son of Mīr Sobdār,⁽¹¹⁾ and so exonerated himself, to them, of any participation in the deed, that he prevailed upon them to accompany him as guests to the royal palace.⁽¹²⁾ His perfidious intention, however, was to murder them on the very first opportunity. Mīr Fateḥ Âlī Khān, and Mīr Suhrāb Khān, the son of Mīr Chākar, seeing through the villain's scheme, warned the others of their impending danger; but, on their despising the friendly and timely caution, the Mīrs Fateḥ Âlī and Suhrāb rode off in the heat of the mid-day

sun, abandoning Mir Âbdu'llāh, Mir Fateḥ Khān, and Mirzā, to their fate. Their prediction was soon after verified⁽¹⁵⁾ by the murder of all three. When this event came to be known, the Mirs Fateḥ Âlī Khān, and Suhrāb Khān, raised an army, and, after many hard-fought battles, succeeded at length in driving the monster Âbdu'n Nabī out of the country.

Thus ended the dynasty of the Kalora rulers of Sindh.

Mir Fateḥ Âlī Khān and Suhrāb Khān then assumed kingly power,⁽¹⁶⁾ and sent offerings (Nazarānah) and tribute to Shāh Tīmūr, of Delhi, who, in return, conferred on the first the title of King.⁽¹⁵⁾ He reigned eighteen years,⁽¹⁶⁾ and died, leaving Mir Sobdār Khān, his son, but nine days old.

Mir Fateḥ Âlī Khān had three brothers, Mirs Ghulām Âlī Khān, Karam Âlī Khān, and Murād Âlī Khān. These were, during their sovereign brother's lifetime, his especial confidants and advisers.⁽¹⁷⁾

Upon his death (A.D. 1810), his brother Mir Ghulām Âlī Khān ascended the throne.⁽¹⁸⁾

Muḥammad Ṣādiq Dāudputrā, having ill-used Mir Suhrāb Khān, the latter sought for redress from Mir Ghulām Âlī Khān, who, taking up his cause, compelled the offender to take refuge in the Fort of Dīrāwar; but, on his submission, the victor crowned him King of that country and imposed upon him a yearly tribute of fifteen thousand rupees. He, however, retained to himself the Fort of Sabzal, and after obliging the Dāudputrā to make a treaty with him on the Ḳu'rān took his son, Bhāwāl Khān, away with him as a hostage, but a year after this event he sent the boy back to his father with suitable honours. He reigned ten years, and died (A.D. 1811), leaving a son Mir Mir Muḥammad eighteen years old.

Mir Murād Âlī Khān succeeded on his brother's death.⁽¹⁹⁾

Though Mir Karam Âlī was senior to Mir Murād Âlī, the former yielded the crown to his younger brother, who entertained for him the greatest affection and respect. Mir Karam Âlī Khān lived twenty-nine years after this,

leaving, at his death, his brother sole master of the throne. This was my father, who declared himself independent, and never paid tribute to any. He included all Sindh, Sabzal, and Shikārpur in his dominions. He ever mourned the loss of his brother Mīr Karam Ālī Khān, and a pain he generally had in the region of the heart was ascribed to this grief.⁽²⁰⁾ After a prosperous reign of seven years more he died, leaving me and my brother, Mīr Nūr Muḥammad Khān, his two sons, joint rulers of the kingdom of Sindh.

PART II.

A Narrative of the Recent Events in Sindh.

Shortly after our accession, Colonel Henry Pottinger forwarded for our conformation the treaty that had passed between our late respected father, Murād Ālī Khān, and Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, because, being sons of the deceased, we were included in the terms of the treaty in question. It is necessary here to remark, that by this treaty a free passage was granted, by our father, to English merchants and traders of the Company's territories for commercial purposes. It is, however, a known fact that, in granting this permission, my father had been principally influenced by myself; for upon Colonel Henry Pottinger's coming to Haidarābād, on the part of the Governor-General, for the purpose of obtaining my father's sanction to the measure, he was extremely reluctant to comply, and would have withheld his consent altogether but for my intercession. Let it be understood that this was not the only instance in which I had exerted my influence with my father in behalf of the English Government; for before the passing of this treaty, when Sir Alexander Burnes, on his way to Lahore, had repeatedly

written to my father from Karāchī, requesting a free passage through the pleasant river of Sindh (Indus), it was my persuasion and interest alone which brought about a compliance with his wishes. Alas! when I was thus forward in the exercise of my influence and interest in the cause of the English Government, I little thought that that Government would reward me for it in the manner it has since done! But to return.

A few days after Colonel Henry Pottinger had forwarded to me the aforementioned treaty for confirmation, he himself paid us a visit of condolence on account of our father's demise. He then went to Kach, and forwarded to us a letter, under the seal of Lord Auckland. This letter went to say, that as the Governor-General regarded us as friends, and well-disposed towards the English Government, his Lordship would never, on any plea or excuse whatsoever, cast an evil eye upon our country or Government. The receipt of this communication gratified us assuredly not a little. We had no suspicions left in our minds for the future safety of our country; little conceiving at the time what the pen of destiny had inscribed on the forehead of our fate!

After this we held a meeting and consulted together on the expediency of inviting a Vakīl (ambassador) from the English Government to reside at our court. Accordingly we addressed Colonel Henry Pottinger on the subject; his answer was, that although he saw no necessity for an ambassador residing with us, yet, as we had made the request, he would make known our wishes to his Lordship, and forward to us the reply for our information.

Shortly after this, the Colonel again requested an interview. We felt highly gratified at the request, and immediately despatched some of our nobles to escort him to Haidarābād, where we met. At this meeting, the Colonel suggested to us the expediency of permitting the English army a passage through our territories, both by land and water, on its expedition to Kābul. On this request of the English Government becoming public, all the Amīrs and Bilūchīs, with one accord, set their faces against it, saying

that, by acceding to these small requests, we might thereafter find ourselves involved in some inextricable difficulty. But being ourselves of ingenuous minds, and having a corresponding opinion of others, I and my brother unhesitatingly resolved upon complying with Colonel Henry Pottinger's request, and by dint of perseverance and persuasion brought the Bilūchis to consent to the measure. The required permission was accordingly granted, but we did not omit to inform Colonel Pottinger of the difficulties we had encountered before his wishes could be complied with. After this Colonel Pottinger quitted Haidarābād, and having encamped by the margin of the river, ordered the English troops from the port of Bombay to proceed to Kābul through Sindh. Indeed, many were the reproaches we had to combat for the permission we had granted—a permission so much opposed to the wishes of our countrymen; but we thus acted in the hope that we should secure to ourselves the aid of the English in the event of an invasion of our territories by any enemy. Experience, however, has exhibited to us the reverse of what we had contemplated! When the English army reached Bārī Gāra, we were required to furnish supplies and camels for the troops, and fire-wood for the steamers. How I complied with this requisition it is unnecessary for me to detail. The manner in which I served the British on these exigencies has to this day been equalled by no other potentate in India.

When the English army encamped at Jharak, fourteen kos from Haidarābād, Sir John Keane, contrary to the terms of all existing treaties, demanded of us, for the expenses of the troops, the payment of twenty-one lakhs of rupees in specie, and three lakhs of rupees annually. With this demand also we complied. It is an established custom with the English Government, in their treaties with the Indian powers, to include the term "generation after generation," but the truth is that they limit the duration of a treaty to the extent of their own convenience: the sad effects of this I have bitterly experienced.

After this a new treaty was sent to me for signature,

containing twenty-four articles, and to which I also acceded; but scarcely had the ink of my signature dried, when Major-General Sir Charles Napier entered Sindh with his army, and forwarded for my approval another treaty. As a compliance with its too humiliating terms, would, in effect, have been an absolute subscription to our downfall, we despatched a Vakīl to Sakkar, to the Major-General, to represent to him the case in its true colours, but he plainly told the Vakīl that he had not come there to talk;—that he was only acting under the orders of Lord Ellenborough, and that if we did not immediately accede to the treaty he would forthwith enkindle the fire of destruction. He then, having crossed the Sakkar river, encamped at Lahorī, and demanded of Mīr Rustam Khān, the Chief of Khairpur, the immediate surrender of that place, for otherwise he should attack it on the following morning, when he could not answer for the Amīr's private dwelling against the invasion of the soldiery. This poor man, helpless and weak, not knowing what might be the consequence, and intimidated by the threat, withdrew himself from Khairpur, and passed into Bajī, thence to Nar, and from there to Kothra. His only alleged offence was this: a letter had been stolen from the post belonging to some of the English army, and it was suspected that some villain of Khairpur had committed the theft.* Sir Charles thereupon demanded of Mīr Rustam Khān the seizure and delivery to him of the thief. But Mīr Rustam, being unversed in the *art of divination*, was unable to discover the unknown offender; whereupon the Major-General pronounced him unfit for the rulership, and ejected him from his Government. The entreaties and solicitations of Mīr Rustam Khān were unavailing; the Major-General would hear him not, and as his only consolation, directed him to proceed to Haidarābād, where he would himself also go and decide his case.

Finding the General bent upon hostility, we informed Major Outram of the circumstance. The Major immedi-

* Since proved to be the act of Āli Murād, in order to effect the ruin of Mīr Rustam.

ately came from Khairpur to Haidarābād, and informed us by letter that without our attestation to the treaty forwarded to us by Sir Charles Napier, we should obtain no hearing. We did as the Major desired. On the 9th of February, 1843, he visited us, and being satisfied on hearing our explanation of the particulars, said, that he would that night send to us an European whom we were immediately to despatch on a fleet camel to Sir Charles Napier, in order that the ingress of the approaching force might be stayed. We did as we were desired; but on the 11th of February, the *Shutursawārs*, (camel-riders), who had accompanied the European, returned and reported that immediately on his arrival Sir Charles Napier had struck tent and marched towards Haidarābād. We conveyed this intelligence to Major Outram, who immediately came over to us in the fort and assured us on oath that Sir Charles had no hostile intentions towards us, if we but put our seal to the treaty, and on my sealing and delivering it he said—"Now rest satisfied: I will forthwith despatch the treaty to Sir Charles with a letter from myself, and am confident that on its receipt Sir Charles will immediately withdraw the forces." The Major then gave me a letter, with the treaty, which I instantly despatched by a camel-rider to Sir Charles. On the 14th, the camel-rider returned, saying, that that letter also had effected nothing. I lost no time in conveying this intelligence to Major Outram, but he took no further notice. Upon this the whole body of the *Bilūchīs* became disaffected. For my sake they had, in the first instance, permitted the English army a passage through the country on its expedition to Kābul; for my sake they had agreed to the immediate grant of twenty-one lakhs of rupees, and the payment annually of three lakhs more; and, lastly, when the English, infringing one treaty, had violated another, and a third, it was for my sake alone, that they had tamely submitted to remain quiet; but when they saw that, notwithstanding all these concessions and considerations shewn to the English, they were yet bent upon hostility, their indignation becoming irrepressible, and

predominating over their judgments, they no longer paid regard to my orders.

When they heard that Sir Charles Napier had, without a cause, imprisoned Haiāt Khān, they determined upon revenging themselves on Major Outram. The moment I was informed of this I directed Jahān Khān and Hāji Ghulām Muḥammad to take twelve chosen armed men with him to escort Major Outram in safety to his place, and protect him against any attempt upon his person by the infuriated Bilūchīs. He was thus conducted unmolested to his quarters, although clusters of Bilūchīs were here and there seen lurking with the full determination of revenge. But the men whom I had selected for the Major's escort were of a character to overawe them. Eventually, when the Bilūchīs had resolved upon attacking the Residency, I conveyed timely notice to the Major, and am satisfied that that gentleman owed his safety entirely to the precautionary measures I had thus adopted. This circumstance alone is sufficient to evidence my good feeling towards the English.

When, on the 14th, the camel-rider returned and reported that the Major General, heedless of all the interdictions, was in full march upon Haidarābād, and bent upon hostilities, the Bilūchīs, in number about five or six thousand, marched out of Haidarābād with the intention of resistance. Upon hearing this I followed, and explained to them that they had needlessly put themselves in hostile position, because I was assured that the Major-General would not be the first to manifest hostility towards an ally. I myself had gone with no intentions to fight. Had I entertained any such feelings I should have manifested them at the onset instead of waiting to do so until the eleventh hour. This circumstance is, of itself, sufficient to evince my innocence,—that after the persuasion of two days and a night, I induced the Bilūchīs to desist from all indications of hostility. They said that they consented to all that I required, but would not quit their ground so long as the English army were advancing. Eventually they agreed to my sending a Vakīl to the General to say, that we were yet friendly to the English.

By dawn of the morning of the third day the General's forces opened upon us their guns, and the Bilūchīs in despair fired in return. Thousands were, upon our side, killed, and the rest dispersed. With eighteen men I alone remained upon the field, but when I saw that all had fled, and that the English were bent only upon oppression, I returned to Haidarābād.

The turn which affairs had thus taken grieved me in the extreme. My own people began to upbraid me, saying, that if at the commencement I had not permitted the English to enter the country they would not that day have been thus oppressed. Had I felt a desire to fight, it is clear I should have quitted Haidarābād and retired to the mountains, from whence I might have commenced hostile operations, but having no such intentions I the next day, voluntarily, went to the English camp, and delivering my sword to the Major-General, said,—“Why did you commence hostilities when I was ever ready to do as you desired?” The General returned me my sword and with a smile said, “Do not be uneasy, within twenty-five days I will settle your affairs;” and added, “dismiss your troops that are near, and send for Mīr Rustam Khān, as I wish to see him.”

When I had dismissed the troops, and Mīr Rustam Khān had arrived, he with myself and Mīr Shāhdād Khān, who was with me, were imprisoned. Sir Charles then sent Major Reed and other English gentlemen into the Fort on the plea of seeing it.

The wise who will hear this will become astounded, and will bite the finger of regret with the teeth of sorrow. Such was the state of things there while we were imprisoned. On the plea of seeing, they captured the Fort, and carried plunder and devastation to such a pitch, that from under the arms of the soldiery, gems and jewels were falling like grains of sand.

Three days after the entry of the English into the Fort, Mīr Muḥammad Khān was imprisoned, and on the following day Mīr Sobdār Khān was brought out of the Fort, and likewise imprisoned. After this, Mīr Fateḥ Āli Khān and Mīr

Muḥammad Âlī Khān (sons of Mīr Sobdār Khān), and Mīr Ḥasan Âlī Khān and Mīr Âbbās Âlī Khān (my own sons) were also brought from the Fort to the place where I was. My sons in particular came so denuded that they had neither their sashes nor their swords; and the horses on which they came, with the golden saddles, were taken away; and although great anxiety was shewn by the youths for their restoration they were not returned. All the gold and valuables were shut up and sent to Bombay. After a few days Mīr Ḥusain Âlī Khān, with Mīr Muḥammad Khān, and Mīr Yār Muḥammad Khān, were sent to Bombay. The plunder amounted in value to nearly eighteen krores of rupees.

It is useless to detail the extent of our sufferings. Our mattresses, quilts, sheets, and wearing apparel were all taken away. Even the books which we had retained for our amusement were we deprived of by the English gentlemen. That which was written in our fate, the same has come to pass. I do not complain of Lord Ellenborough, or Sir Charles Napier, or any other English authority, for such was my destiny. It was inscribed in my fate, that those whom I should befriend the same would become my enemies. Praise be to God! I might go on lengthening this narration, but it is unnecessary to do so. It will suffice to say that we were first sent as prisoners to Bombay, then to Sāsūr, from whence Mīr Shāhdād Khān alone was sent to Surat. After a year passed there we were brought to Calcutta.

It cannot be otherwise than matter of astonishment that, beside the Governor of Bombay, no one from this Government has ever come to enquire who we were, and what we had done to merit the fate which has befallen us.

NOTES TO PART I.

(1) Ninety-two years after the epoch of the Hijrah (A.D. 677) the Khalīphahs of Baghdād, incited by the combined motives of zeal for the Muḥammadan faith, and desire to revenge an insult that had been offered to their dignity by the idolaters (Hindūs, so termed by Muḥammadan writers), of Sindh, despatched an army against that kingdom by the same route that the Macedonian hero had selected on his return to Babylon, nearly 1,000 years antecedent.—*Pottinger's Travels in Bilūchistān and Sindh*.

(2) The house of Calora (Kalora—Kalhoura) claimed a lineage from the princely blood of Ābbās, the uncle of the Prophet; but its greatness in Sindh is traced to Adam Shāh, a native of Bilūchistān, who gained a high influence from the reputed sanctity of his character, and as the chosen disciple and delegate of a famous Muḥammadan preacher, in the middle of the fifteenth century of our era, and whose descendants, inheriting the holiness of their ancestor, succeeded to his spiritual power, and were revered as saints till about 1705, when they were honoured with a title and a jāgīr by the great Aurangzīb. With temporal rank thus added to religious veneration, the grandeur of the family rapidly increased, and in a few years their glory reached its zenith by the issue of a firmān under the Emperor's signet, installing their representative in the viceregal government of Thaṭṭhā.—*A Visit to the Court of Sindh, by Dr. J. Burnes, K.H., page 13*.

(3) Who may be styled the flower of the race.—*Ibid*.

(4) Upon Nādir Shāh's invasion of India, Miān Nūr Muḥammad would appear to have been already Governor of the Sūbah of Thaṭṭhā, a post in which he had been confirmed by Muḥammad Shāh, the Mughal King. According

to the same authority, Nādir Shāh also, after his conquests, restored him to the Government of Sindh. with the title of "Shāh Kūli Khān," taking as hostages for his good behaviour his three sons, referred to in the Amīr's narrative, namely, "Murād Yār Khān, Āttār Khān, and Ghulām Shāh Khān." Upon Nādir Shāh's assassinations they returned to their father's Court.—*See Pottinger and Postans.*

In explanation of the passage, the Amīr stated that upon the death of Nādir Shāh, Miān Nūr Muḥammad took possession of the country as *his own*, though tributary to the Afghān.

(5) Mūrād Yab Khān. Query, "Yār Khān, the hostage of Nādir Shāh?"

(6) According to Postans, Murād Yab Khān was succeeded by Ghulām Shāh Khān, who after being deposed by his brother, Āttār Khān, finally regained and maintained his power.

(7) Memorable for his heartless persecution of the Rājput̃s of Kach. "Disappointed in the hope of adding a province to his dominions, and enraged at the obstinate valour of a nation fighting for independence, he resolved, by a refinement in persecution known only to Asiatics, to inflict upon it a novel and most signal act of vengeance, the disastrous effect of which should remain as a monument of his wrath to future ages. With this view he commanded an embankment to be thrown across the eastern branch of the Indus within his own territories, and dug canals for the purpose of withdrawing the waters of that river entirely from Kach; and, by this master-stroke of implacable resentment, he had the stern gratification of depriving his adversary of nearly half his revenue, blasting the hopes and expectations of a thousand families, and transforming a valuable district of rice country into a gloomy and unproductive waste. The injury has indeed proved irreparable; for, from the influx of the tide, the tract alluded to has become a dreary salt marsh, and the principality may be said to have declined ever since.—*Dr. J. Burnes, p. 13.*

© Sobdār Khān.

⁽⁹⁾ Captain Postans' narrative states that Miān Muḥammad Khān proving incapable, was displaced to make room for a nephew of Ghulām Shāh. Judgment, however, being again at fault in the selection, Ghulām Nabī Khān was, about the year 1778, raised to the masnād.

⁽¹⁰⁾ Two assassins.—*Burnes and Postans.*

⁽¹¹⁾ And grandson of Mīr Bahrām Khān.

⁽¹²⁾ This is at variance with the statement in Captain Postans' and Dr. Burnes' narratives, in which the murder of Bijjār Khān is followed by an immediate and general rise of the Tālpurs — Ābdu'n Nabī's flight — reinstatement under aid from the Afghān power — his murder of Ābdu'llāh Khān, and final flight. He ended his days in obscurity,—"an exile in poverty and contempt."

⁽¹³⁾ ——"carried away by revenge, or blinded by fatality, he perversely and unjustly put Mīr Ābdu'llāh Khān Tālpur to death, three days after renewing his allegiance."—*Captain Postans.*

⁽¹⁴⁾ According to Captain Postans' authority* Mīr Suhrāb, the nephew of Fateḥ Ālī Khān, and Mīr Tārā, the son of Fateḥ Khān, renouncing the authority of Fateḥ Ālī, settled respectively at Lohri Town and Shāh Bandar, where, remitting revenue to Timūr Shāh, they became independent; thus dividing the country into three distinct principalities or sovereignties. By Lieut. Pottinger, Fateḥ Ālī Khān is said to have "made over large tracts of country to different branches of his own family," amongst whom Mīr Suhrāb and Mīr Tārā shared on the largest scale. On referring this as a question to Amīr, he confirmed the correctness of the latter version. The Jāgīr of Shāh Bandar was granted to Mīr Tārā. The capital of the dominions of the former is Khairpur.

* Or primarily that of Mr. Crow, who "collected the materials on the spot at the beginning of the present century from native records or oral tradition."

¹⁵ Nominated by Timūr Shāh to the supreme authority in Sindh.—*Lieutenant Pottinger*.

Confirmed in his Government by a sanad from the Kābul king.—*Captain Postans*.

¹⁶ An hiatus which may be found filled up with much matter of interest in the more complete and voluminous history given by Captain Postans.

¹⁷ On his own elevation this prince liberally resolved to admit to a participation in his high destiny, his three younger brothers, Mīr Ghulām Ālī Khān, Karam Ālī Khān, and Murād Ālī Khān; and the four agreed to reign together under the denomination of the Amīrs, or Lords, of Sindh. While they all lived, the strong and unvarying attachment they evinced for each other, gained them the honourable appellation of the *Chār Yār*, or "the four friends."—*Dr. Burnes*.

¹⁸ Mīr Ghulām Ālī was killed by the charge of a buck when hunting deer in 1812.—*Pottinger*.

¹⁹ Though Mīr Fateh Khān bequeathed all his territory (except such portions as belonged to Mīrs Suhrāb and Tārā, which included the Khairpur and upper provinces), to his three brothers, thereafter termed the "Amīrs (or Lords) of Sindh," a seniority was observed. The bequest was in the proportion of two-fourths to the elder (Ghulām Ālī) and one-fourth to each of the others. The principal Mīr was invested with additional authority.

²⁰ — nor do the present potentates of Sindh, now no longer Bilūchī barbarians, appear unworthy of comparison with their predecessors, in the one grand redeeming virtue of the Tālpur family, to which it owes its prolonged power and existence,—their attachment to each other,—else how can we account for Mīr Naṣīr Khān's moderation under the greatest temptations. This chief, now in the prime of life, is still the universal favourite—liberal, intelligent, and cheerful; he has become extremely fond of the society of Europeans, and has much in his power for good or evil, yet his whole energies and influence are directed to the support of the joint government, and the two brothers have

been lately described to me, by an officer serving on the frontier, as "devotedly attached to each other." From their characters, Mīrs Muḥammad Khān and Sobdār Khān are less prominent; but it is in the power of both, and especially of the latter, who has always had a strong Bilūch party in the country, to give loose to ambition, and the fact of their not having done so is corroborative of the opinions which have been expressed in this volume.—*Dr. J. Burnes, April, 1839, Preface, page 9.*

MĪR MUḤAMMAD KHĀN.

Mīr Muḥammad Khān, the son of Mīr Ghulām Ālī, is the next in rank to the chief Amīrs. He is about the age of thirty, and a handsome man, though somewhat disfigured by a hare-lip. He inherited from his father great wealth and political consequence in Sindh. For some time he took his seat on the masnad with his uncles; and, in common with them, he enjoyed the honour of a salute from the ramparts of Haidarābād, when he appeared abroad. Being, however, of a mild and unambitious character, he has renounced, apparently without regret, all this semblance of dignity, together with the most substantial part of his property, of which he has been despoiled on various pretences, by Mīr Murād Ālī and his favourite servants, from an inability to control them, or to manage his own affairs. He is singularly good-natured, quite indifferent to state or parade, and much liked by his immediate retainers, many of whom have made large fortunes in his service. Mīr Muḥammad Khān has no family.—*Dr. Burnes, April, 1839, page 57.*

MĪR MUḤAMMAD NAṢĪR KHĀN.

Mīr Muḥammad Naṣīr Khān is the second son of Mīr Murād Ālī, and is by far the most engaging and popular of the reigning family of Sindh. He is twenty-five years

of age, of handsome figure, though rather corpulent, with much dignity of manners, and a noble expression of countenance, undisfigured by the least resemblance to his father or brother. The dissimilarity, fortunately, is as complete in character as in personal appearance. Mīr Naṣīr Khān is as generous as they are sordid, and has lavished the treasures which were allotted to him with profuse liberality; a quality which, whether a virtue or a vice, has ever been known to receive general praise and approbation, particularly in Asiatic countries. * * * *
page 59.

He is the author of some works entitled the “*Diwān Jāfari*.” “If they are really his own composition they do him infinite credit.”

Mīr Naṣīr Khān has ever expressed a favourable feeling towards the British Government. He has been unremitting in his civilities to our native agent at Ḥaidarābād; and, during my residence there, he was even more attentive to me than the others. He is the darling of the soldiery, from excelling in all manly exercises, and the most likely of the younger branches of the family to attain that pre-eminence which some one or other will probably in the end acquire. He does not appear a very determined or aspiring character; but it is impossible to foretell how his disposition may be influenced by a fair field for his ambition, particularly as the stream of public opinion is so decidedly in his favour.—*Ibid*, *page 60.*

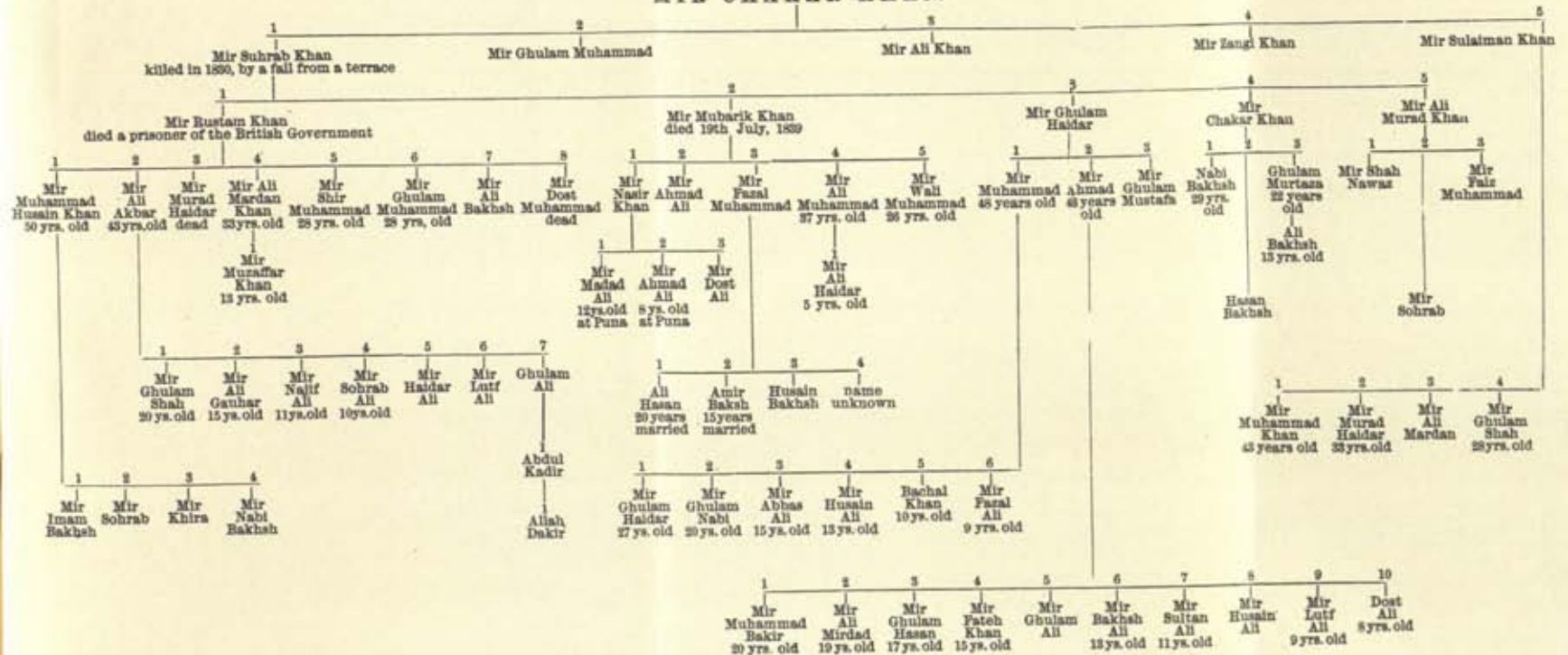
MĪR SOBDĀR KHĀN.

Mīr Sobdār Khān, as already stated in the Amīr's narrative, is the son of Fateḥ Ālī Khān, the chief to whom the Tālpur family owes its greatness, and was born a few hours before the death of his father, who had only time to entreat the kindness of his brothers to his infant before he expired. For many years he was the adopted child of Mīr Karam Ālī. He is represented by Captain Postans to be a man of quiet inoffensive character,—an opinion which his present appearance and manners—being an

APPENDIX VI.

FAMILY OF THE AMIRS OF KHAIRPUR.

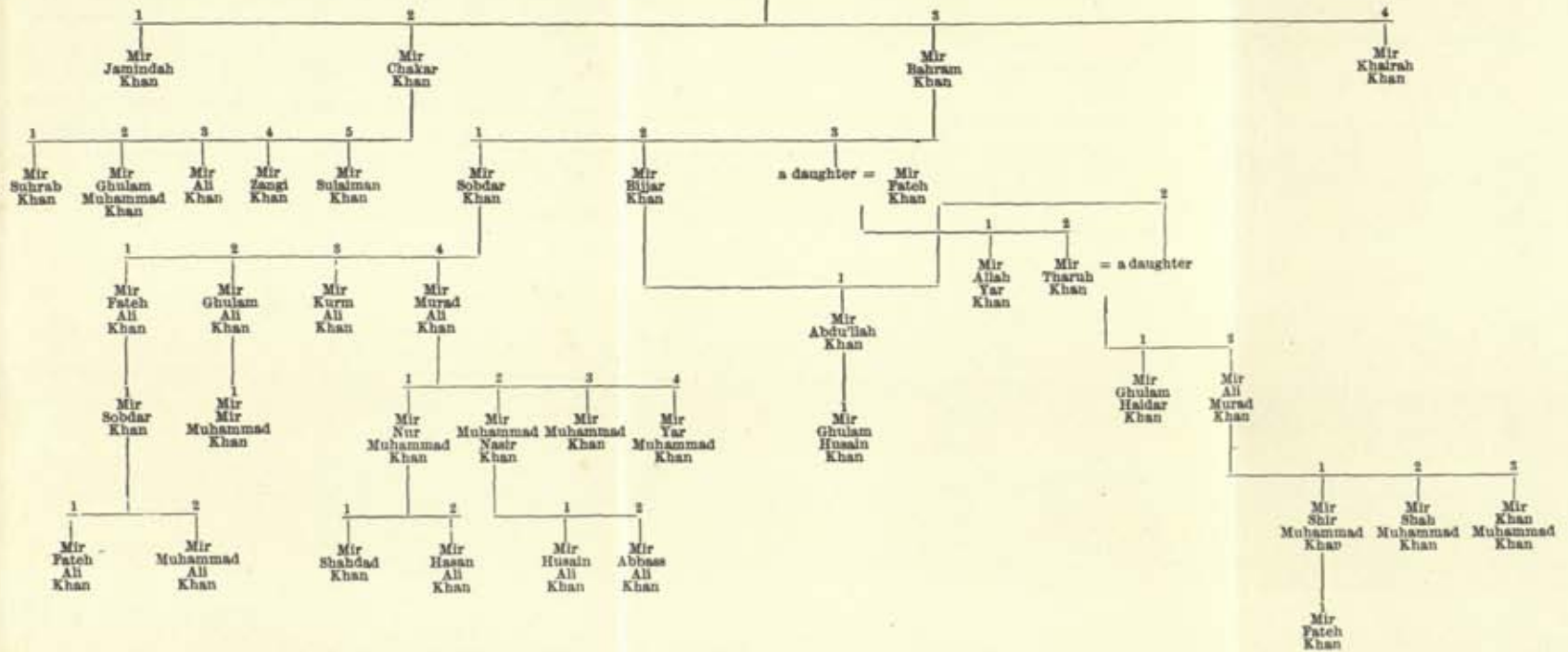
MIR CHAKAR KHAN.



APPENDIX VII.

FAMILY OF THE AMIRS OF HAIDARABAD.

MIR SHAHDAD KHAN



invalid, a sufferer since childhood from epilepsy—would serve to strengthen. Nevertheless, though he “had been consigned to neglect, and appeared till within a few months of Dr. Burnes’ visit as an humble attendant in the train of the chief Amīrs” (Murād Âlī and Karam Âlī), he shortly after raised himself by a successful rebellion to almost an equality with them. Escaping to the Fort of Islāmkoṭ in the desert, he was joined in the course of five or six days by the conspirators and their followers, amounting to 15,000 men, and marched direct on Haidarābād. “The principal Amīrs were taken perfectly unawares at the boldness of the undertaking, and prudently settled matters by a compromise; consenting to grant Sobdār a share of the country and a participation in the Government.” His elevation was highly satisfactory to all the other chief members of the family.

A SUMMARY OF THE SINDHIAN HISTORY AS FAR
AS IT IS RECORDED.

(*Extracted from Capt. Postans' "Personal Observations
on Sindh."*)

Ruled by Brāhmans until conquered by Muḥam-	
madans	A.D. 711
A possession of the <u>Khalif</u> of the Ummiad dynasty...	750
Conquered from them by Maḥmūd of <u>Ghaznī</u>	1025
Sūmrah tribe attain power.....	1054
Sūmahs overthrow the Sūmrahs	1351
Conquered by Shāh Beg Arghūn	1519
Humāyūn Pādshāh places the country under con-	
tribution	1540
Tirkhans obtain power	1555
Annexed by Akbar to Delhi	1590
Nūr Muḥammad Kalora obtains the sūbahdārship ...	1736
Nādir Shāh invades Sindh.....	1740
Becomes subject to the Afghan throne.....	1750
Kaloras overthrown by Tālpūrs.....	1786
Conquered by the English.....	1843

Thus presenting eleven changes of dynastics in exactly as
many centuries.

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