180

SIND REVISITED.

SIND REVISITED:

WITH NOTICES OF

THE ANGLO-INDIAN ARMY; RAILROADS;

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE,

ETC.

BY

RICHARD F. BURTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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I SHOULD HAVE DEDICATED

These Pages,

DESCRIBING FAMILIAR SCENES,

TO MY OLD FRIEND AND CHIEF,

GENERAL WALTER SCOTT,

(BOMBAY ENGINEERS)

HAD HE LIVED.

I NOW INSCRIBE THEM TO HIS MEMORY.

PREFACE.

The man who first applied to Sind the nickname "Young Egypt" said, perhaps without intending to do so, an uncommonly good thing. Nothing more whimsical than the general and superficial likeness of Nature in the two "gifts of the sea," Nile-land and Indus-land. Karáchi and Alexandria, Haydarábád and Cairo, the flat-roofed mud-villages which stud the country, the First Cataracts and the Rapids about Sakhar-Bakar-Rohri and, briefly, the physical aspect of the valleys of the southern "Sindhu," or ocean-stream, and of the northern Hapi, or Tesh-Tesh, have the family look which becomes brothers.

Equally noticeable are the differences of accidents, especially in those of Art. Young Egypt is very old in the annals of humanity. That pre-historic, or proto-historic, man was not wanting to her, is proved by the cores and flakes of flints, eocenic and nummulitic, which strew the heights and depths near Sakhar and Rohri.

The Rám Bágh at Karáchi commemorates the passage of fighting Ráma Chandra (*nat.* B.C. 961), and of Sita, his wife, whose beauty and virtue have made her the type of perfect womanhood in the Land of Brahm. Sind was much as she is now in B.C. 326, when Alexander the Great overran her from north to south; and how long before his time nobody knows.

Yet, whilst Old Egypt teems with the monuments of half-a-dozen races, from the blacks of Meroe to the Macedonian, Mohammed Ali Pasha and the French architect-engineer; whilst the remains of her "enormous cruel wonders," her pyramids, obelisks, and sphinxes; her Titanic works in labyrinths, canals, and artificial lakes; and her gigantic ruins of cities and citadels, temples and palaces, still astound and instruct the northern barbarian—Young Egypt has absolutely nothing of the kind to show. With the exception of some apochryphal mounds, ignorantly entitled "Alexander's Forts," the poor list of her ancient works is contained in a few dolmens and so-called "Druidical stones," scattered over the Hálá and other hills west of Karáchi; in certain Káfir Kots, artificial lines like river-terraces, in the valleys of the Kirthár range which divides Sind from Kelat and Belochistan; and in a small collection of bricks bearing the cross-legged image of meditating Budha, with the decorations of his faith. The latter are the only proof that the Chinese travellers, Fa-Hian (A.D. 399–414), Hiuan Tsang (A.D. 628–645), Hoei

Sing (A.D. 518), and Khinie (A.D. 964–976), were not mere dreamers of dreams.

One object of my volumes is to illustrate these remarkable coincidences and divergences. A flying visit in the spring of 1876 to the old haunts which I left in 1848, has also enabled me to compare the present with the nearer past, and to forecast the future of the "Unhappy Valley." The machinery of my first two editions, dating from 1851, has been retained. Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould adopted something similar for his pleasant and valuable volume, *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas.* I have borrowed copiously, from *Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley* (London: Bentley, 1851), whatever of enduring interest was in it; and the flattering opinions expressed concerning that early venture by the best of judges, by those who are domiciled in the country, have encouraged me to present it for a third time to the English readers. The opportunity may not be propitious; the public brain is still haunted by what has been called "the great Indian nightmare;" but I look to more than mere transient popularity, and I firmly trust that these notes, notices, and scenes in Sind will enjoy a longer life than that which falls to the generality of "light" books.

For the transliteration of Oriental words, the system of Sir William Jones, as adopted in the well-known *Richardson's Dictionary,* Persian, Arabic, and English, enlarged by Francis Johnson, has been chosen, without "improvements." Instead of the long sign (*e.g.*, ā) the

acute accent has been preferred (á), but that is a mere affair of personal choice. Orientalists have, it appears to me, given themselves much needless trouble in this matter, which is of so little importance to the general reader. It is sufficient to adhere to one uniform system, even that of Lepsius, in which our old friend "Shaykh," or "Sheikh," appears queerly disguised as "Séχ"; and every scholar will see what is meant, whilst those unversed in Asiatic languages will not be confused by such varieties of the same word as Sind, Scinde, Sindh, and Sindhu. The latter is undoubtedly correct, every word terminating in a vowel; but the former, which is the Arabic and Persian form, has been officially patronized.

Finally, the dedication addressed in 1851 to Lieut.-Colonel, afterwards General, Sir Walter Scott, has perforce been changed. My dear old friend finished his career full of years and honours during my flying trip in 1876, and he did not receive the last letter which I addressed to him from a country where his name will not readily be forgotten.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

TRIESTE, *August* 1*st*, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Mr. John Bull and I land at Bombay—The "Season" at the Presidency—Travelling to Sind in the old day and in the new day—The Voyage 1

CHAPTER II.

We make Karáchi—First Glimpse at the "Unhappy Valley"—Native Town, Ancient and Modern 28

CHAPTER III.

The Cantonment, Karáchi, and its "Humours"—The Anglo-Indian Army "Rotten from Head to Foot"—Society and Politics 51

CHAPTER IV.

Clifton—Ghisri Bandar—The Alligator-Tank 82

CHAPTER V.

The March from Karáchi—The Memory of the very pretty Persian Girl 107

CHAPTER VI.

The Legend of Bambrá, the Ruin—Sindia Deserta, the Farewell Order of a Commander-in-Chief, and the Camel-Ride 124

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

THATHÁ AND ITS HOLY HILL 142

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THATHÁ IN THE OLDEN TIME 164

CHAPTER IX.

SHAYKH RÁDHAN—FEVERS—THE HOWLING WASTE 174

CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN HEADLESS PROPHETS 194

CHAPTER XI.

SUNDAN AND JARAK—BUDHIST REMAINS 213

CHAPTER XII.

KOTRI—THE RUINED INTRENCHED CAMP—THE TWO ROADS TO HAYDARÁBÁD 230

CHAPTER XIII.

HAYDARÁBÁD—FORT—TOMBS AND TOWN 247

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HINDUS OF SIND—THEIR RASCALITY AND THEIR PHILOPROGENITIVENESS 269

CHAPTER XV.

THE SINDI MAN—HIS CHARACTER, AND ESPECIALLY WHAT HE DRINKS 296

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SINDI WOMAN—ESPECIALLY HER PERSON AND DRESS ... 317

SIND REVISITED.

CHAPTER I.

MR. JOHN BULL AND I LAND AT BOMBAY — THE "SEASON" AT THE PRESIDENCY—TRAVELLING TO SIND IN THE OLD DAY AND IN THE NEW DAY—THE VOYAGE.

"STEP in, Mr. John Bull."

"After you, sir."

The doctor advised change of air, and you wisely chose, for the winter, Western India. In days to come, this will be the favourite hibernal trip of your sons and your sons' sons. You marvelled at the Suez Canal, and the sight of the frequent Union Jack on its French waters made you feel still a man. You did not grudge your four millions. Despite the formal parliamentary assertions of Under-Secretaries pledging their faith that "never were you more respected," you are so accustomed, of late years, to being slighted and pooh-poohed, that the mildest show

of energy, of life, is delightful in the old house. Egypt you now look upon as your pet *protégé.* In these days you would not drive Mohammed Ali Pasha out of Syria, nor "chuck him into the Nile." After the repudiation of the miserable Turk, for whom you fought that miserable Crimean failure, you feel a load off your mind. That Ottoman was an incubus to you; you despised him, you disliked him, and you were ashamed of the connection, only that son of yours in the Stock Exchange would not hear a word against "Turks," till the latter "went krach," as the Austrians say, and brought down the wrath of general Europe upon his devoted and shaven head. The wretched creature's existence now rests upon the jealousies of rival Powers, and the moment these cease he drees his doom.

You sighted from afar Port Suez, once the "Grand Depôt for Overland Babies," and now not even that. The whitewashed sepulchre of a town looks as if it had been lately bombarded, but it has done worse—incurred the wrath of M. de Lesseps. You shudder in the cool Etesian gale which, they say, that ribbon of water has drawn from the Mediterranean. You hear of snow covering the adjoining hills, Atákeh and Abu Diráj, a phenomenon unknown in the 4000 years of Egyptian history. You endure, upon the Suez Gulf, two sharp showers even in January. You are assured that the climate of the whole northern half of the Erythrean Sea has changed You are also informed that the children of Israel never crossed the Red Sea; that

the Hebrew and Coptic "Yamm Súf," Sea of Weeds, never meant the Red Sea; and that all those who consigned Pharaoh and his host to the Red Sea are in error—an error, by-the-by, which has lasted some fifteen centuries. This is tough cud to chew.

You ask me about Jeddah, and I refuse to answer, to tell a twice-told tale. You are anxious for information about the lighthouses, or rather the want of them, which makes this long, narrow *barathrum* a place of terror to mariners. You are curious about Mocha and its coffee; about Hudaydah and its routes into the interior; about the condition of the Ottoman in Yemen; about the treatment of the Jews in the ex-capital of the Zaydi heretics; about cholera in Arabia; about private schools at Aden, and about a host of similar statistical, moral, and geographical points. One of these days, Mr. Bull, when the jealous and impossible Turk shall again have been turned, ignominiously as usual, out of Arabia; and when the friendly, docile, and progressive Egyptian shall have taken his place, then I shall offer my services to you as courier down the eastern coast of the Erythrean Sea, up to Sena'a in Yemen, the once splendid metropolis of that hapless land whose name means "The Happy."

At Bombay you admired the changes which the labours of the last quarter-century have effected—the reclamation of the foreshore, the huge line of intended docks, the two railways, and the tramways. You learned that the shower of gold which

has descended upon the world managed to add, here also, a New Town to an Old Town. The former, you were told, is called "Frere Town," and you marvelled at its queer and unjustifiable mixture of the Veneto-Gothic, the intensely Classical, the Claret-Case, and the verandah'd house of no order at all. You straightway dubbed Old Town "Sassoon Town," from a family which has left its mark not only upon Bombay and Poonah, Máthárán and Mahábaleshwar, but even upon your own Babylon. You studied the word "peg" at the three clubs, the Bombay, the Byculla (Bháikalá), and the Chess. You went to a ball, and found it dull; to a concert—duller; to the barn-theatre—dullest. You were invited to a Government House "garden-party," and saw fifty decently clad people promenading sadly as convicts up and down their strip of jail-ground. You attended a dinner given by the normal "gentlemanly nonentity," as the lieges say, who governs but who does not rule, and you found it fearfully long, hot, and slow. You walked, umbrella-less, in the mid-day sun, to Malabar Point, and pronounced it cool. You put in an appearance at the races and the steeplechase, and discovered almost all the horses to be half-bred Persians, and the native "jocks" a race created to lose races. Lastly, you hurried to see a regatta, and you saw nothing.

And now, having happily escaped the gaieties of a Bombay "season," you propose a trip to Sind, or the Unhappy Valley; chiefly, I believe, because all the Presidency world declares that the sun is fatal;

that small-pox and cholera rage there; that plague is coming down, full gallop, from "the Gulf"—briefly, that it will be the death of you. Here, sir, my experience may be of use. It began with the "forties," when we entrusted our persons to the *Pattimár*, a native craft that rarely made the trip under six weeks; at least during the north-east monsoon, which upon this coast blows regularly from the north-west. Yet those who could afford time did not think it wholly wasted. We landed every second day; we saw all the sights—Bassein, Dámán, Surat, and the tombs of Vaux and Tom Coryat; Diu Head and Fort; Ja'afarábád; the ruins of Somanáth; the Dwáriká Pagoda; Kachh- (Cutch-) Mandavi, and the Indus mouths. We called upon the village chiefs; we chatted with the villagers; we learned much about the country, and we taught the country something concerning ourselves. At this season, a coasting voyage northwards in a sailing craft might have been "a beautiful illustration of the Moral Impossible," yet there are some of us who would not be sorry for another chance. It was dawdling work, true, but you felt fresh as air; you had room enough and to spare, and you were not worried by the hurry-scurry of the mail-line steamer.

Then began the transit per steamers of the "Bombay Marine," *alias* the Indian Navy; they soon became most unpopular with travellers, whom the officers heartily disliked. Nothing, indeed, is more unpleasant than to pay merchant-ship

passage for naval discipline, except for navy-men to receive passengers without directly profiting by the transaction. And the items of the Imitation Navy were individuals of infinite importance, at least in their own estimation, if not in that of others. The subalterns in those steam-frigates were regular sea-satraps; under authority it is true, but not a whit the less capable of passing on authority in a style which rendered it extra authoritative. The cloth was rabid at the degradation of having to carry "soldier-officers," and of being obliged to defile their spotless decks with "dirty passengers" and "filthy sepoys." Let me sketch for you a day on board the "Merry Miss," as the sailors called the *Semiramis*, that confounded place of punishment with a high-flown name, now degraded to a hulk and still floating in Bombay harbour.

We rose early. Exactly at 3.30 a.m., one of your old favourites, the heroes of your juvenile years, a "Jack Tar," growled—

"Tum'le up there; goin' t' wash dex."

And if you did not obey the order instanter, he swamped you and your couch with a tubful of cold salt water. The best joke the jolly, light-hearted fellows knew was to make a land-lubber thoroughly miserable.

Rising in our day-shirts, which thus did double duty, and in certain cotton drawers called "Pájámehs"—highly advisable when sleeping *en évidence*—we chose a seat, the bulwarks, or any other elevation inaccessible to the swirling

streams dashed over the quarter-deck and at our nether limbs. We then attempted ablutions; not with the priggish precision of Bengális, who begin to ply the tooth-brush in their verandahs an hour before dawn: ours was a catholic, syncretistic style of lavation, performed, campaigning fashion, in a tinned pan called a "Gendí." We were thus ready for coffee on deck (6 a.m.), and presently for breakfast—a meal finished rapidly, no one relishing milkless tea or tincture of coffee, which on a pinch might serve for ipecacuanha. Yet on board these "Shippes of Helle" we ate and drank like Ghúls or schoolboys, because we paid one pound per diem for our *panatica.* At noon we reassembled to "make it twelve" by imbibing "brandy-pání" and crunching sea-biscuit. At 3 p.m. we dined with the juniors in the gun-room; for subalterns could not pass the dread portals of the state cabin, where sat the captain, surrounded by his field-officer passengers. Three hours afterwards, we again applied the spur to jaded appetite, and "took tea"—a meal consisting of a devilled biscuit and pale ale;—and from that time forwards we adhibited to ourselves as much liquid aliment and diffusible stimulant as we could dispose of, well or ill. Between whiles we smoked, generally Manilla cheroots, now supplanted by foul Dindigals and fetid "Trichies;" sometimes we inhaled a Hukkah, Shíshah, Kalyún, or "hubble-bubble" to feed the comical indignation of our nautical friends —the water-pipe has now clean disappeared from

Anglo-Indian society, and its place has been taken by the ditcher's dudheen or the silly cigarette.

You, Mr. Bull, must well remember what ship-cookery was in those days—how greasy fluid represented the *potage;* how the pickle-bottles contained "passenger-pickles," *i.e.* so hot that a pound lasted you a year; how the bluish-red or boiled-to-tatters mutton tasted exactly as if it had been cooked in the engine-room; how politeness forbade the appearance of "salt horse" and pea-soup, pork and pease-puddings, the only eatable things on board; and, finally, how the fat steam of the vegetables suggested nothing but an over-used *torchon.*

The horrors of the day began in real earnest after breakfast. We could not sit in the rattling, creaking, groaning, throbbing, shivering, steaming gun-room, redolent with the bouquet of fat meat and sour bread. The deck had a canvas awning, but it was as efficacious to protect you from Phœbus Apollo's wrath as a lady's park-parasol against a gin-palace on fire. We could not read, even if books were forthcoming, which was not the case; we found no way to talk, even with the will. Probably half a sepoy regiment was on board. Possibly, also, the party contained a "lady;" and however pleasant may be the presence of the fair sex in its normal place, on board ship—ahem! Five gentlemen were paying her devoted attentions; Nos. 1 and 2 walked arm in arm with her, each speaking in his own whisper; a third followed,

holding her parasol; another preceded her with her novel, and No. 5 skirmished about her with her lapdog. Most of them were Irishmen; all were fierce as fiends; it was not commonly safe even to look that way.

At last, as six bells struck, 11 p.m., we proceeded to "turn in," if that nautical phrase apply to depositing one's person upon the contents of a large bundle—pillows, padded coverlet, sheets for those who use them, and sleeping mat—spread upon some spare place where the quarter-deck deigned to receive us. Hereabouts men lie *on* bed, not *in* bed; and every morning you may see a man taking up his bed and walking. The only amusement of the last hours was the contemplation of peculiar Anglo-Indianisms: the "fast" youth, the "grumpy" old captain, and the fashionable major, who knew what wine was.

At times our slumbers were broken by showers, a meteor not uncommon on the edge of the tropics: it was a signal to clutch up the sleeping-gear, and to bolt into the gun-room as fast as we could. The agile managed to secure a table-top, or a quiet place under it; but all avoided occupying any part of the narrow strip of thoroughfare which surrounded that venerable piece of furniture. Otherwise sleep was not sweetened by one of your favourite Ben Braces or Bill Bowlings walking slowly over your countenance with the thickest of ammunition boots. Some preparations for warmth were also indispensable. In the cold season of

the North Arabian Sea, if it is Jehannum by day, by night it is generally Barahút, Mohammed and Dante's cold place of punishment. And, *par parenthèse,* especially avoid sleeping in the moonlight. You omniscient Britishers may laugh at what I am going to tell you, still it is not less true. Many an incautious "coloured person," not including my old colonel, Corsellis, has risen in the morning from his soft slumbers under "Cynthia's coolly ray," with one half of his face by no means reflecting the other, and it probably took him a year or two to recover from the effect of the moonstroke. I tried the experiment upon my Munshi from Maskat, a man of nervous temperament, who declared that it always made him ill; and true enough, next morning he looked grey-skinned, sunken-eyed, and hollow-cheeked, as if he had just risen from a sick bed.

Lastly, about A.D. 1845, the P. and O. Company relieved the Indian navy of its Suez mails, and Bombay presently began to bestir herself in establishing a Steam Navigation Company. My first acquaintance with it was not happy. The s.s. *Dwarka,* which, after carrying me in 1853 from Jeddah to Suez, foundered in 1862 at the mouth of the Tapti or Surat river, started (October 29, 1847) for Karáchi. She had doubled the Cape, but she carried no pilot; not a soul on board knew anything of a coast abounding in shoals and eddies; and, lastly, when we were nearing the then dangerous entrance of our destined haven, we found the

captain drowned in strong waters, and the chief officer "fighting fou." Being the senior commission on board, I took command: we soused No. 1; we tied up No. 2; the *Pioneer's* head was turned towards Arabia, with orders to steam easy all night; and next morning saw us safely ashore.

The Bombay-Karáchi line has now fallen a prey to the British India Steam Navigation Company (Limited); and this section has only one disadvantage, the result of non-competition. It is simply the dearest passage of the nineteenth century. We shall steam by the direct branch on Friday at 5 p.m., we shall land at 8 a.m. on the next Monday, and for two whole days, with as many "bittocks," we shall pay (return tickets, mind!) rupees 162, or about £4 per diem. No wonder the £50 shares are at £86, and the company turns some 12 to 13 per cent. How long this absurd monopoly will last it is hard to say. The printed list of steamers shows fifty hull distributed over nineteen lines, and connections from Southampton to Delagoa Bay, and from Basreh (Bassora) to Borneo. The inevitable "canny Scot" rules the roast, and doubtless will fight hard to keep rivals out of the kitchen. Still, methinks there is ample room for one or more competing companies; and the sooner the Austro-Hungarian Lloyds, under its indefatigable agent, Mr. Gumpert, establishes a branch along the western coast of India, from Karáchi to Point de Galle, the better it will be for travellers and for themselves.

We shall be lucky if we catch the *Cocanada*, Captain Morris, who will make us comfortable on board, and prove himself a most agreeable and competent cicerone. The ships on this section are mostly sisters, averaging about 800 tons, with 150 horse-power, and going between eight and a half and nine knots an hour. The decks are clean, except only when the influx of native passengers makes them a lively likeness of a slaver's hold, and the brasses are bright as in the best London tavern; for there is a large crew of Surat Moslems, the descendants of the classical Sanganian pirates of Sánká, and the best of Eastern Coast seamen. The Káthiawár (Kattywar) men are mere softies; they hate discipline and regularity, and they grumble at the work, which consists chiefly of squatting on the hams, holystoning, and metal rubbing. Yet they are rationed, like English seamen, with meat or fish, bread, vegetables, and even tea.

We give a wide berth to the Prongs lighthouse, that noble work of Mr. Ormiston, C.E., who is still criticized for not building it farther out—the Anglo-Indian Public is nothing if not critical. Suffice it to say, he has his reasons, and they are good reasons; but we amateurs always will dictate to professionals. *Coconada* avoids the fishing stakes, which do not appear in any chart: they lie some seven miles west-by-north of the outer light-vessel; they are tree-trunks, which would rip up a bottom like Mississippi snags; each costs Rs. 60, and they are removed by the Koli fisher-

men before each rainy monsoon. They date from the earliest days; the Portuguese did not venture to interfere with these vested interests, and we have followed the good example of our predecessors. Let us hope soon to see this dangerous patch of ground marked by a riding-light.

Our course now lies west-north-west, too far from the Gujrát (Guzerat) coast to distinguish the beauties of that riant land, the garden of Western India, with a climate partaking of the tropical lowlands and the Dakhan (Deccan) uplands. The wind, which at this season is sure to be dead ahead, sensibly increases; a gale seems in prospect; and no one, I believe, ever crossed the Gulf of Suráshtra without being in, or in the neighbourhood of, a storm.

The next day opens with a distant prospect of Diu Fort in Káthiawár, a rounded headland backed by little sand-hills, and fronted with eddies, shallows, and backwaters, while the dangerous Maláiki (miscalled "Malacca") Shoals lie higher up the bay. All know the far-famed *assedio* (siege) in which the Christian beat off the Infidel, and the grim joke of Nunho da Cunha, *humiliate capita vestra Deo*, as the bullets whistled over the heads of his "conquistadores." Here, according to Western annals, Portuguese valour never shone brighter, and, according to Eastern, never did Portuguese treachery appear in blacker colours.

A little east of Diu is Ja'afarábád, the pleasure-seat of the Sídí, or African ex-admiral; his official head-quarters are at the pirate's den, "Jazireh,"

which, meaning in Arabic the "Island," our people will pervert to "Jhinjhira." The classical practice of plundering merchantmen was an institution upon the whole Asiatic sea-board of the Indian Ocean. It began with Hazramaut; it stretched the whole length of the Persian Gulf; it ran eastward along Mekrán; it embraced Kachh, Káthiawár, the Konkans, Northern and Southern; and it ended in India with Malabar and Cape Comorin. Don't confound these water-robbers with your John Paul Joneses and Captain Kyds. Here, for half the year, they were, as in China, peaceful tillers of the soil; during the other half, or navigation season, they launched their boats and became regular sea-Thugs. Were we to withdraw our forces from India, a week would see the industry flourishing once more, strong and lively, as if the snake had never been scotched.

We are now in blue water, clear blue as the Mediterranean; a notable change from the mud-and-mangrove-tainted seas which deform Bombay, and from the dirty-green produce of the Cambay Gulf, whose various rivers, the Sábarmati of Ahmadábád, the Mahi of Baroda, the Narbadá of Baroch, and the Tapti of Surat, produce not only ugly eddies, but an eternal current to the south. It is unpardonable to wreck a ship upon the coast of Káthiáwár, where rock subtends the shore for six miles; and mud lies between that and twelve knots, at which fine hard sand begins. But the safest courses generally become the most dangerous, by carelessness in lead and look-out, even as horsemen and whips

often come to grief upon the smoothest roads. The glorious old Cunard is the only company that can boast, for thirty-five years, never to have lost a life or a letter, and the P. and O. is a notable offender in the art and mystery of wrecking made easy.

A few hours after the spires and towers, the bastions and curtains, of now ruined Diu have disappeared, we make steam along a shelving sandy shore, backed by the lone and misty form of Junágarh, better known as Gírnár. It is far-famed for Hindu suicides; many a mother escapes her difficulties by vowing that a son shall hurl himself from those rosy granite cliffs, and few are undutiful enough to falsify the parent's promise. It will be long, sir, before filial piety goes to such lengths in England. We then pass the unimportant Mul Dwáriká, the old original temple. Some hours beyond it lies Patan, with its big black bulwarks and dots of white buildings; and just outside is Vírávanjan, the black Pagoda, with the towering "Gumat," or pyramid-steeple, which has taken the status—

"Of Somnath Puttun in Kattywar,"

as one of our local bards geographically and unmusically sings. I cannot tell you what has become of the sandal-wood gates before which Lord Ellenborough, in the pages of *Punch*, danced with all his might. You are right; they would have been a good "spec," fruitful as the True Cross, the *Royal George*, or Shakespeare's mulberry. Who could have resisted the attraction of a snuff-box known

to antedate five centuries? But I say no more. The Gates of Somanáth have filled more pages than the Gates of Gaza.

Here you catch a glimpse of the latter end of Rajputáná—the Land of the self-styled Children of the Sun and Moon, a nation of noblemen, whose pedigree dates, as you may guess from the family name, long before the Conquest, and who, withal, have little to recommend them beyond luminous origin, and a terrible habit of romancing that has imposed upon many, notably upon Colonel Tod. Like the Beloch, the Welsh, and other semi-barbarous peoples, they still support minstrels, troubadours, or *trouvères*—an order of men whose only occupation is to scatter the dust of many "crams" and "shams" over the venerable ruins of the past; and to put together as many curious and complicated fibs as they can. "Civilization" Buckle declared that the fountain and scattering-place of such distortions are to be found in pen and ink; that legends were perverted and supplemented, not by the tongue, but by paper. However, he had no practical knowledge of the subject, and perhaps he was thinking of his pet dislike, "Paul of Tarsus."

The scenery now becomes interesting enough. We run within three miles of land, and every half-hour supplies us with a change of prospect. The ever-shifting coast-scene is dotted with fortified towns and tree-girt villages, here glittering in the humid sunshine, there almost hid by dense growth; while the background is a range of lofty mountains whose

forested crests, unconcealed by even the semblance of a mist, cut in jagged lines the deep blue surface of an Eastern sky. For here we approach the verge of the Temperates. The firmament is no longer, as in the tropical Konkan, a milky monochrome; the breeze is crisp and cool: now we can sit beyond its influence without perspiring, whereas in Bombay we should feel parboiled; and we recognize with pleasure that the general aspect of nature suggests Southern Italy in November.

At a distance you might mistake that lofty fretted and pinnacled tower, whose huge flag may be seen nearly 17 miles off, for the spire of a fine old cathedral in good old Normandy. It is the Pagoda of Dwárikánáth or Jagat-náth, Lord of the World, a title of Krishna; this revered spot with its sacred streams, where some half million of pilgrims annually flock to spend their money upon Moksha (emancipation from the flesh), to receive the brand of the demi-deity, to die of some epidemic, and to feed the hungry sharks that haunt the bay awaiting "cold pilgrim." I visited it in 1846, and found it a most turbulent place; now, however, the white bungalows and the sepoy lines assure us that it has a garrison from Rájkot. In November, 1859, after the great Mutiny (1857-58), the Dwáriká temple and the wealthy pagoda in Beyt islet, which lies round the corner at the southern jaw-point of the Kachh Gulf, were occupied by the fugitive "Pándís," who began by plundering, and who ended by fortifying their strongholds. The mutineers were joined by

the Wághars, the Jangalí or wild tribes of the adjoining Birda Hills, and at last the Bombay Government resolved upon dislodging them.

A goodly force of some 2000 men, including Hussars and a Naval Brigade, was carried to the scene of action by ten ships, of which four were transports; and fire was first opened upon yonder robbers' den, Beyt. After a short and ineffectual bombardment, which should have been prolonged till the place was evacuated, a storming party was sent in during the short twilight, and incontinently it came to grief. The mutineers had barricaded the streets, and their guns, loaded to the muzzle with grape and musket balls, had been trained to sweep the approaches. The consequence was prodigious loss of life, and though the 2000 natives were eventually dislodged, the Colonel-commanding found it advisable to revisit England. The second attack was even worse. Dwáriká was surrounded, but the astute besieged escaped by driving out a large herd of cattle, upon which the pious sepoy would not fire, and by using them as shields or mantlets. The Hussars followed, but the fugitives soon reached the Birda Hills, where they found protection amongst their Wághar friends. The loot at Beyt and Dwáriká —the silver ladders to approach the idol, the lumps of gold, the necklaces of brilliants and of other precious stones, and the quantities of fine old wine cellared by the priests—was described to me by an actor in the play with a zest which made the mouth water. "Frere Hall" (Karáchi) contains

two curiously carved wooden columns, taken from the temple before it was blown up; on the top stand four Krishnas playing on the flute, the Gopis and Gopáls (shepherds and shepherdesses) dance in spiral to the music, and the whole rests upon an elephant's back. The plunder may have been satisfactory, but the management was by no means creditable to our arms.

The Wághars are again "Yághí" (mutinous); and, lately, they have been at their traditional "little game" of robbing travellers and sacking villages. They refuse to till the ground, and apparently disdain honest industry in general. The example of the Bhíl and the Mápillah (Moplah) corps in Khandesh and Malabar should teach us how to treat them. But at present the omnipotent Rupee is the one worshipped idol of an impecunious Chancellor of the Exchequer: both at home and in India every Machiavellian art is applied to saving a sixpence by the outlay of a shilling.

At night you remark the vast sheet of fire which spreads like lightning over the horizon-hills. The uplands are covered with brakes of the hugest bamboos, which, when dry, are readily ignited by friction and high winds. It is a favourite theme with the Hindu muse, this Forest aflame; and now that you have witnessed it, even from afar, you can conceive how much glowing description and tenebrous terminology may be expended upon it. Moreover, the sea seems to emulate the land; water is apparently jealous of earth. Upon the

purple-black main we see long bars and plains of sparkling fire evidently bearing down upon us. It is nothing more dangerous than fish pursuing the light-bearing phosphoric atoms of the deep, yet many a startled youngster has been deluded into singing out "Breakers ahead!" The phenomenon reminds us that we here take leave of the admirable pomfret, the "Indian turbot," which you may eat every day without being weary of its firm flesh and delicate flavour. Along the coast of Káthiawár they are unusually large, rivalling in size the John-dory; but they do not extend northwards. According to the people, they must not turn tail towards idyllic Krishna's holiest shrine; and you will hear the same legend anent the Pallo of Sind. You now understand why the author of "By Sea and by Land" visited Bombay, despite a game leg, to eat pomfret and prawn-curry.

On the fourth noon we lose sight of land. We are striking right across the Gulf of Kachh, where the tide flows an hour longer than elsewhere. Something has been said, and there is still something to say, about the Kanthus of Ptolemy, the probability *versus* the possibility of the Ran ever having been an inland sea, the creation of the Allah-band (God's Dyke), the voyage of Nearchus, and the accuracy or the errors of Arrian. But I have talked and heard, read and written, about the Kanthus and the Ran, the Allah-band, Nearchus and Arrian, till the very names have became provocatives of qualm—of nausea in the throat, as the old Egyptians have it.

The world is dark, save for the sea-fire, whilst we steam along the base of the Indus delta, that "Paradise of the aquatic avi-fauna," whose thirteen or fourteen gapes cover 104 miles in length, and whose ever-growing banks add seven miles to our voyage of 500. Thus we miss Lahori on the Hajámrí mouth, the old emporium of Sind, the site of the first English factory, and the "Larribundar" of that stout old merchant-mariner, Captain Hamilton (1699), who landed here *en route* to Thathá. Shortly after 9 p.m. we cross a ditch between the Maniláh bank north, and the Kori or Lakhpat bank south. This is the famous "Swatch of No-ground," where the lead falls at once into 200 fathoms, and it reminds us of certain "bottomless pits" on the west coast of Africa and elsewhere. It is the submarine bed and mouth of that ancient river, the Eastern Nárá, where, in the days of Alexander the Great and the Chinese travellers, the Indus debouched some sixty miles east of the present line. But you will hear and see more of that presently.

Six hours before arrival we shall reach the "Forty Fathoms Bank," and then we shall turn the good ship *Coconada's* head due north. We give a wide berth to this sea of shoals, which has absolutely no landmarks. Along the Kachh coast, low and uniform as it appears, there are at any rate scattered towns and villages, tombs, and topes. Note, also, that we have been, theoretically, steaming uphill. According to the late Archdeacon Pratt, the attrac-

tion of the Himálayas raises the sea off the Sind coast some 540 feet above its level off Cape Comorin; and thus we realize the labour of Ulysses—

"For ever climbing up the climbing wave."

This statement has lately been repeated, without quoting, or perhaps without knowing, the authority for it, by Mr. William Desborough Cooley, of pugnacious and incredulous memory, in an uncalled-for little volume on Physical Geography—Political Geography being ignored because the branch is patronized by his pet enemies, the Royal Geographical Society. I can only say that this uphill-sea is thoroughly proved by mathematics, and disproved by practical experience: it ought to be the case, but it is not.

Here we are at last, after a run of 507 miles, which "Murray" stretches to 808. The extremity of that long line of fawn-coloured nummulitic hills stretching athwart-ship nearly due east and west is Cape Monz, or Muári, the seaward head of the Pabb or Hálá Hills, which prolong the Kirthár Mountains. Its notch and three table-topped lumps are useful landmarks during the fogs and the Sind showers (dust-storms) which hide Manhóra; but, sad to say, it has also its debatable and debated classical name—Eiros. In front lies the regular quoin of Manhóra, separating the Bay of Karáchi from its neighbour, Sonmiyáni, some fifty miles to the north-west. This is the western staple of the southern gateway to our Unhappy Valley. The build and

material—a silicious pudding of water-rolled stones, loose and crumbling sandstone, and fossil oysters of modern species, which rest upon blue clay and lignite—are not unsuitable to the rest of the approach, a shore of yellow silex, backed by the fields of marshy mangrove and the dark, slab mud which form the inner region. The eastern jamb originally consisted of six or seven craggy piles of banded sandstone, the Oyster Rocks or Baur Islands, where the mollusk still survives. The group lies nearly on a meridian; "Little Andái," pierced with a cave, is the northernmost, and "Great Andiá" raises its pyramidal head at the opposite end. They are to this region what the Pigeon Islands are to Syrian Bayrút, and the Needles to the last bit of Old England which detained your longing looks. Far over them to starboard appears the Cantonment, with its three landmarks—the cocky little Scotch kirk pertly fronting its big brother, and the battlemented tower of Trinity, which looks like a line of houses set on end; while further south rises a pretentious bit of misplaced Gothic, yclept "Frere Hall." The Bay of Karáchi thence stretches its depth some three and a half miles to the south-east, with a very shallow sag, and ends at Clifton, the raised left bank of the old Chíní Creek.

Now, sir, you stand within sight of the young Alexandria of our Young Egypt. Jupiter Ammon's son was Sir Charles Napier, popularly called "Old Charley," and by the natives "Shaytán ká Bhái" (Satan's brother). The juvenile title is, by-the-by,

utterly inapplicable to the Unhappy Valley, the dry-nurse of the Vaidic race, and the head-quarters of earliest Hindu history. The *soubriquet* from a "chaff" became a party-word, a war-cry; it arose from an official proclamation, which announced the new conquest to be "equal to Egypt in fertility," and it developed itself into a "rile." Certainly the first aspect much reminds us of General Amru's despatch to his Commander-in-chief, the Khalífeh Umar-i-Khattáb, in which he describes the land of the Nile as successively a desert, a lake, and a flower-garden. And here—with the yellow shore, white silt, and black mire; the sun-burnt brown hills that stud the river-valley; the dark-green tamarisk and the date-palms; the blue air, not to speak of the Khamsin and the dust-storm, and the bluer sea, girt by its golden fillet of desert sand—the family likeness must at once strike every eye. Not only essentials, but even accidents, resemble one another: Manhóra Head is Ra'as el-Tín, and the two breakwaters tell the same tale; whilst "both ports, notwithstanding their vicinity to the mouths of silt-laden rivers, maintain a vitality which seems mainly ascribable to the drift being kept off by the action of the prevalent winds, which in both cases blow from the port towards the river."[1]

Here, sir, we stand where British arms first showed the vaunting Sindi and the blustering Beloch

[1] Page 1, "Kurrachee Harbour Works. Memoir drawn up and compiled by W. H. Price, M. Inst. C.E., Superintendent of the Harbour Improvement Works."

what the British Lion can do when disposed to be carnivorous.

As Sir John, afterwards (the late) Lord Keane, at the end of "serving forty-five years in the four quarters of the globe," was marching up to take the city, which made the knight a baron, he and his gallant men were, they say, so evil entreated by the Lords of Indus-land, who would neither fight so as to give him the opportunity of "looting" them, nor make friends and bear a hand in looting others, that a reserve force was ultimately despatched from Bombay, to be stationed in this favoured region, and to teach its rude rulers better manners.

Karáchi was fixed upon as the point of disembarkation. H.M.S. *Wellesley*, 74 (Admiral Maitland), and the *Hannah* transport, having on board Her Majesty's 40th Regiment, together with a company of black Artillery, anchored, on February 5, 1839, under the walls of Manhóra Fort, and summoned the garrison to surrender.

"I am a Beloch, and will die first!" was the reply of the bold barbarian who commanded the garrison. Moreover, he despatched a few Sindi spies to "humbug" the British Admiral and the Brigadier into the belief that Manhóra was a Gibraltar, and the Beloch were perfect devils to fight.

"And so are we," quoth those not-to-be-humbugged personages.

Accordingly, dispositions were made for the attack. The regiment and the artillery were disembarked, whilst the seventy-four cleared decks for

action. When all was ready the fort was again requested, with true British humanity, to open its gates; whereto it replied laconically, and *tant soit peu* Gallicanly, that "forts might be stormed, but they never surrender." Upon this the *Wellesley* rejoined tartly with a broadside, a regular hailstorm of balls, which, as might be expected, blew away the whole southern face of the *enceinte* of miserable masonry.

The breach was then reported practicable, and a gallant band—

"The full of hope, miscalled forlorn"—

pressed forward to claim the honour and glory of daring the hero's death.

"British Officers and Men!" etc., etc., etc.

Inflamed by the normal expectations touching duty, which so hurt the feelings of our sailors at Trafalgar, the forlorn hope proceeded to assault. After pausing for a moment to take breath at the foot of the rock, they clambered up the steep side, and, tumbling alike over the wall and one another, dashed impetuous, with charging bayonets and the sturdiest possible hearts, right into the midst of Fort Manhóra.

Who could withstand such gallantry? The garrison, an old man, a young woman, and a boy, instantly surrendered. So did Karáchi town, and so did all the neighbouring districts.

The Governor-General of India, while annexing the harbour, "had much gratification" in opining

that "the prompt and effectual measures taken for reducing Karáchi appeared to have been conducted in a manner such as to insure success." That high functionary was also pleased to praise "the forbearance both before and after the exertion of force" (what English!) "displayed by the commanders, naval and military, and by the brave bands they commanded." And, finally, he put the colophon upon the proceeding by declaring that, in consequence of this trifle, "the Ameers had forfeited all claims to the forbearance and the generosity of the British" (read "Anglo-Indian") "Government."

I am recounting, Mr. John Bull, the local, popular, and facetious version of the affair. Of course there is another one, and a serious. The narrator of "The Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Sind and Kaubool" assures us that the flying garrison, being captured, was found to consist of twenty men. Another great authority in such matters reduces the force to four or five; and, moreover, affirms that a signal-gun was mistaken for a hostile demonstration, and that literally there was "not a shot in the locker."

"Allahu A'alam!" (Allah is all-knowing)—as Moslem divines say when compelled to relate an apocryphal tale:—"May the penalty of fiction fall with due weight upon the fictor's head!"

P.S.—Since the MS. went to press Girnár and its adjoining peaks have been admirably described in Blackwood (November, 1876) by my friend Andrew Wilson: nothing can be more interesting than the Sweating Statue and the live Ogres haunting the suicidal heights.

CHAPTER II.

WE MAKE KARÁCHI—FIRST GLIMPSE AT THE "UNHAPPY VALLEY"—NATIVE TOWN, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"WELL, I never!"

Of course not, sir. No one—man, woman, or child—ever sighted for the first time the face of "Young Egypt" without some such exclamation.

"Oh, the barren, barren shore! A regular desert; a thread of low coast, sandy as a Scotchman's whiskers; a bald and dismal glaring waste, with visible and palpable heat playing over its dirty-white, dirty-yellow, and dirty-brown surface; a get between a dust-bin and an oven!"

Too severe! You were not so hard upon Ramleh, near Alexandria; and you will like the look of Karáchi better when you prospect it from above. Here, if anywhere, Sind has some elements of the picturesque. Westward rise the broken, jagged summits of the Kohistán or Mountain-land, the Pabb Hills and other outliers of Belochistán. Their sterile walls are said to imprison lovely valleys; but sanitarium-lacking Karáchi will neglect them

because she is ever looking forward to Kelát. These southernmost ramifications of the Kirthár Mountains,[1] formerly called the Hálá Hills, end in the straight dorsum known as Cape Monz (Muári); and nearer to us stretches the rocky tongue which, for want of another name, we must baptize "Pír Mangyár." In early morning, when Surya, the Sun-god, is striving against Megha-Rajah, the Cloud-king, you will see some fantastic effects of colouring. Within a few yards, yon cloud-shadows tincture the detached features of our two parallel ranges with every shade of blue, blue-brown, plum, amethyst, and turquoise-blue, while the distant peaks and crags lie, rose-tipped and flushing with renewed life, against the milky cerulean sky. Now the warm rays fall upon the fawn-coloured masses of nummulite; then the distant forms of the sky-line appear almost transparent and aerial, as if melting into the upper vault. Turn eastward, and you have the flat Valley of the Indus, a luxuriant green level, blue-glazed by the intervening air. And throughout Sind you will ever see this contrast of the desert and the fertile land; of Osiris sitting side by side with his mortal brother-foe—the ass-headed Set—Typhon, god of the rock.

The charms, however, are purely atmospheric, and, as usual here, noon will wash all the colouring out of the uniform, glaring, white-hot view. We must be grateful for small mercies throughout these

[1] The Gazetteer has "Khirthár;" and the editor of "Stray Feathers" (1873), "Kitár:" I follow Mr. W. T. Blanford.

latitudes of the nearer East. Syria was a land flowing with milk and honey only in the days before Italy and Southern France were made by man. When I went home on "sick leave," after a voyage round the Cape in the stout teak-built ship *Eliza*, which, despite her sixty years, deposited me safely at Plymouth, the pilot-boat contained an "old and faithful servant" from Central Asia, accompanying his master to the land of the pork-eater.

"Allah, Allah!" ejaculated Allahdád, as he caught sight of the city, and the turfy hills, and the wooded parks, and the pretty seats round about the place with the breakwater; "what manner of men must you Feringhis be, that leave such a Bihisht (paradise), and travel to such Jahíms (pandemoniums) as ours, without manacles and the persuasion of the *chob* (bastinado)!"

And note the change, with the assistance of the "Harbour Improvements" and its map, the work of Mr. Superintendent W. H. Price. A quarter of a century ago we lay at anchor outside the bar till the pilot-boats chose to put off. A long billowy sea, blue tipped with white, swept directly into the narrow rock-girt jaw of the so-called port, which was more open and dangerous than the Eunostus of Alexandria in A.D. 1800. You rolled to such an extent that, if you liked the diversion, you could run from one side of the quarter-deck to the other, each time dipping your fingers in the brine. When disembarking sepoys, we generally expected some such terse report as—

"Rámji Náik drowned, Sá'b!"

Sometimes we had a little fun in superintending the disembarkation of the stout major, the stouter major's "lady," and the old black Ayah or Abigail, the stoutest of the trio. The latter would stick to the ladder, cling to the rope, and fearfully scan the insolent breakers that now bedewed her extensive display of leg, and then sank into a yawning abyss, deep in the centre of which lay her boat. Presently, with the aid of an impulse *à tergo*, she was rolled down into the "Bátelo," as it rose quivering upon the crest of an angry wave. She tumbled *rotunda* as a hedgehog, if not *teres*, fixed her claws in the pile of logs and boxes, pulled the veil over her modest head, and renewed the usual series of outrageous assertions concerning the legitimacy of the boatmen and the general moral conduct of their feminine relatives. At times, also, one of the shore-boats, weary of waiting, would make a deliberate attempt to escape; and the marine on guard would send a bullet whistling through the sail, so very close to the sailors' heads, that the project was at once nipped in the bud. Or some pepper-pod of an ensign—we call him a "sub-lieutenant" in these days—threatened the boatmen with "bamboo bakhshish;" whereat the little whity-browns on board would at once throw themselves into their quasi-natural element, and strike shorewards like dabchicks, with large frightened eyes, long brown nightgowns, and small brown bullet-heads glistening in the sun.

These "Bátela" appeared the crankiest of craft,

but they were capable of going strangely well, half over, half under, the foaming waves. I never heard of a capsize. Seated partly on the gunwale, and partly in the drifting spray, we flew, as if teaming old Neptune's drag, over the watery hills and dales, glided beneath Manhóra Fort, and, crossing the bar, acknowledged with a hearty "Thank goodness!" the satisfaction of finding ourselves in smooth water at last. But our troubles were not ended. When the water was ebbing—still the best time for entering—we were transferred from the larger Bátelo to the smaller Máchwa; and if the latter were wanting, as it often was, many a tedious hour was minuted by in the uncomfortable, unaromatic conveyance, or in a disconsolate ramble among the gulls,[1] godwits (*Limosa ægocephala*), oyster-catchers (*Hæmatopus ostralegus*), and turn-stones (*Strepsilas interpres*), along the monotonous desert shore. Finally, before the stump of pier was begun by Sir Charles, we were compelled to bestride the damp backs of brawny Sindís, or to walk with legs *au naturel*, and nether garments slung over our shoulders, through nearly a mile of mud and water, averaging two feet deep, and overlying strata of sharp shells and aquatic roots, which admirably performed the office of man-traps.

In those days the port of Karáchi had no pretensions to be called a port. The roadstead was

[1] At Karáchi chiefly the *Larus Occidentalis*, and on the Sind Lakes *Larus Argentatus*. The terns are of eight species, including the large river-tern (*Sterna Aurantia*).

dangerously exposed, and the "Town Creek," now the "New Channel," which ran up to the settlement, was too shallow to admit anything but flat-bottomed steamers and native craft. The carcases of the larger vessels were stranded upon its mud banks, and, moored in its centre, you saw some twenty or thirty Ghurábs (*Grabs*) from Maskat, Baghlahs from the Persian Gulf, Kotiyahs from Kachh, and Pattimárs and Bátelas from the Konkan and Bombay. As, however, the whole of the coast, including that of Mekrán, the land of the *Máhi-Kh'árán* or Ichthyophagi, is notably deficient in harbours; and as this, though bad, is palpably the best, it began, immediately after the Conquest, to thrive upon the ruin of its maritime neighbours.

Presently Karáchi developed pretensions of her own; and she detected in her position, the point nearest to Europe, a pride of place, a virtue, a natural value which, improved by Art, would soon raise her high above obsolete and rococo Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Even as the latter almost depopulated Goa, which, in her day, served the same trick to Surat, so shall Karáchi, said the Karáchi-ites, become *the* port of Western India. This, however, will be true only when the Euphrates Valley Railway reaches the shores of Sind. It may come sooner than you expect, Mr. John Bull. At present your chief steward grudges a guarantee of five per cent. for a joint affair—not a private speculation as at home, nor a Government enterprise as in your outlying properties generally—he does not see

the necessity of the line; and he shrewdly suspects that the object is not commercial, but political. However, the first "shake" in India, or in the outer Orient, will show him that, if your Eastern estate wants anything, it wants the Euphrates Valley Railway, almost as much as does your Western the conscription, or carrying out the militia law.

Accordingly, the expenditure of public money, under the Conqueror of Sind, became ultra-liberal; an army of 20,000 men was collected at Karáchi, and, as the niggard land provides scarcely sufficient grain to support its scanty population, the import trade became brisk and regular, and even the export could not help improving. It was then resolved that Karáchi should have all the advantages required by her strong young constitution. Accordingly, a stone pier was designed to run from the native town half-way down the creek. The work had its difficulties; at first it sank nearly as fast as it could be built. But Patience and Perseverance, they say, "won a wife for his Reverence." It is now the "Napier Mole Road," or "Causeway," connecting Kyámári Island, that long yellow line of sandbank, east of the harbour, with the white and green expanse which we call *terra firma.* Estimates were ordered to show what expense would attend blowing up the bar. This ugly feature was a core of rock, garnished with fine sand heaped up by the south-west monsoon as it met the regular outpour of the Chíni backwater, com-

monly called "Chinna Creek," and at times of the Liyári or Malyári Fiumara winding north of the town. Extensive fieldworks and fortifications, intended to form a depôt for the material of war, were made to rise from the barren plain. Thus the harbour-improvements were begun by the busy brain of eagle-eyed Sir Charles Napier, who claims the glory of inventing Karáchi, even as Alexander immortalized his name by perhaps his greatest exploit, the choice of Alexandria as the port-capital of the Levantine world.

And now observe the change. We will begin with Manhóra, the conglomerate-capped, quoin-shaped rock of warm yellow sandstone, rising ninety feet above sea level. It is nearly a mile in length from north-west to south-east, and it shelves towards the shore till it sinks into sand and muddy swamp, overgrown by vegetation and overflowed by every high tide. Upon the summit of this feature, which reminds me of Gwádir (Jawádur) and Maskat, rises the poor old fort whose tale has been told. Now it is carefully whitewashed, and capped with a dwelling-house; one bastion bears the Fanal, a poor catoptric affair which, though 119 feet high, and officially commanding a range of seventeen miles, is often invisible beyond six. From the hill-base projects to south-and-by-east a strip of breakwater some 500 yards long: it is built of concrete blocks, not laid "higgledy-piggledy," as at Port Sa'íd, but ranged in order by a "Triton," or lifting engine, and tipped with a lamp-post, the lamp

looking from afar much like a perched crow. Very mean and poor, after the Egypto-European works at Alexandria and Port Sa'íd; but meanness is the characteristic of the magnificence of Ind and Sind. At any rate the pier is useful: once within its embrace you glide through water smooth as a mill-pond, and the south-west monsoon is no longer at liberty annually to repair the bar. Two dredges and a half are still working in the Manhóra or outer port, and a line of white buoys shows the channel to the inner basin.

On the right is the East pier, the head of "Kyámári Groyne," generally called "the training Groyne," which continues the "Napier Mole Road." The two walls form an entrance-channel 500 yards broad, 900 yards long, and now 28, or officially 25, feet deep. Here is the Manhóra harbour, where the largest merchantmen and most of the steamers lie. You will remember that the first direct ship from London, the *Duke of Argyll* (800 tons), made Karáchi in October, 1852; the year of grace 1876 already shows us fourteen, and expects some twenty sail. On the left we see the white-washed bungalows of the telegraph *employés* and the three pale-faces constituting the pilot-corps; whilst above them, on the slopes of Manhóra Cliff, rise "Saint Paul's," a stiff little English church, with its red-tiled roof and pierced wall for belfry, and a Hindu Dewul with pyramid domes, which does not so much offend the eye. Nothing is more remarkable in Sind, where, generally, the dead are the better

lodged, than the extent of "native" burial-ground. Even this neck of land, which tails off the Manhóra quoin, is covered with flat-topped Sunni graves, whose sandstone-slabs bear Arabic sentences in the Suls and Ruba' characters. The jackal and the utilitarian have made sad work of them, despite the annual fair and the venerable presence of a Pír, saint or santon. This also is the dwelling-place of Mr. W. H. Price, who has most worthily continued the work laid down by the late Mr. James Walker, and begun by Mr. W. Parkes. Unfortunately his health has suffered severely from overwork and exposure.

I have no intention, sir, of entering into the history of these harbour-improvements, the first undertaken in India, and the most successful of their kind, despite the opposition of obstructive Colonel Tremenheere. Mr. Price's "Memoir," maugre its official and arithmetical form, is an eminently readable paper, showing how the severest difficulties were met and mastered with hardly a single hitch. The leading idea was to make the creek-scour clean, drain, and deepen the channel. With this view the notch was opened in the "Napier Mole Road," and the Chíni backwater was dammed and diverted into the general outpour. There were, and there are still, some misgivings about the shoals of tenacious black mud, a peat of mangrove formation, deposited in parts of the port; but the engineers declare that it will disappear, and their past success entitles them to our reliance for the

future. It has a malignant look, that moist and poisonous black coat; it is a shirt of Nessus, which "seems to exhale the essence of all the evil things of the earth and of the waters below the earth."

This year, *on dit*, a liberal sum has been granted to push on the works; and, as you see, much remains to be done. The breakwater is almost below water-level, and some exceptional storm may break it or even carry it bodily away. The lighthouse calls for more light. There is no room in the harbour to wedge the fleet of ships which will be wanted for the passenger-traffic, and which are wanted for the growing grain-trade. For Karáchi is now, like Odessa, Bombay, and Melbourne, a "farinaceous city;" she exports wheat and other cereals from Baháwalpur and the upper Indus Valley: when she shall be subjected to the Panjáb, which will prefer her to Calcutta and Bombay, we may expect to see her attain her full development, and stand in readiness for the Euphrates Valley Railway.

Listen to what I wrote as early as 1851 concerning Karáchi Bay, the western boundary of India, as that of Bengal is its eastern: "Kurrachee"—so we spelt it in those days, after the "ultimatum" of that irrepressible Scot, Dr. Gilchrist —"wants many an improvement, which perhaps old Time, the great Progressionist, has in store for it. To Him we look for the clearing of the harbour, the drainage of the dirty backwater, and the proper management of the tidal incursions. He may

please to remove the mountains of old rubbish which surround and are scattered through the native town; eventually He may clear away the crumbling hovels which received us at the head of the Custom House "Bunder," and occupy the space with an erection somewhat more dignified. Possibly He will be induced to see the pier properly finished, to macadamize the road that leads to camp, to [[1] derive from the Indus a large canal which, equally adapted for navigation and irrigation, would fertilize every mile of the barren and hopeless-looking waste to the north-west; to] superintend the growth of a shady avenue or two, and to disperse about the environs a few large trees, which may break the force of the fierce sea-wind, attract a little rain, and create such a thing as shade. [Thus alone can Sind become what the native rhapsodist termed her, not in bitter irony, *Rashk o raghbat-i-haft Bihisht*, the envy and jealousy of the Seven Heavens.] We trust implicitly in Time. Withal we wish that those who have the power of seizing Him by the forelock would show a little more of the will to do so. The old gentleman wears a fashionable wig, curly enough in front, but close-cut behind as a poodle's back; and we, His playthings, are always making darts at the wrong side." Confess, sir, that this is not a bad forecast.

But we are still distant from our destination, and kind Captain Morris offers us his gig. Why

[1] The sentences in brackets are later additions.

the B. I. S. N. Co.'s steamers should lie in the lower harbour, three miles and a half from the "native jetty," no one can say; the principal effect is to add four annas to the carriage of a parcel. We row up the land-locked channel, passing on our left the workmen's village in "Bábá Island," which, a quarter of a century ago, was a naked sand-patch; and by the bright green mangroves we trace the yellow sandy mouths of the network of creeks, known only to those who shoot "king-curlews." At the Kyámári, or upper harbour, we find red buoys intended for her Majesty's cruisers, and a large vessel disembarking what the perfume proclaims to be creosotized railway-sleepers. Hard on the right, three wooden piers project from the east end of Kyámári Island: the Commissariat, the Custom House, and the Railway or passenger jetties, all communicating more or less directly with the iron road which sweeps behind them. A coloured Karáchi-ite "Dubash," who speaks English, takes us in hand civilly but firmly; we enter an article called by courtesy a carriage, drawn by two lean *garrons* and tooled by a "Sídí," a Zanzibar negro, probably a descendant of emancipated slaves; and black Jehu has as much feeling for his beasts as if he were fresh-driven from the forests of Unyámwezi. And now let us be *en route* as soon as bag and baggage can be stowed away.

You do not regret leaving Kyámárí; whilst the air at sea is brisk and cool, this place swelters with eternal heat. We drive furiously—such is the

general habit of the sable Automedon—along the two miles of macadam, justly called the "Napier Mole Road;" and we remark an inscribed memorial-obelisk posted where the last salute was fired, when the Conqueror last touched his own conquest (Oct. 1, 1847). We cross, by a fine screw-pile bridge with iron railing, the "notch," or tidal opening, opened in the Napier embankment when the damming of the Chíni backwater was determined upon; and we leave to the left the large "native jetty," crowded with "hackery" carts. Beyond it, where the Liyári Fiumara debouches, is a grand perspective of swamped boats, mud, and logs.

The Custom House is a handsome building with five arches *à cheval* upon the road, and the Patte-wálá, who here represents the search-officer, condescends, after a few words of explanation, to let us pass with unopened boxes. By way of contrast with it we have a white-domed and latticed tomb, and a mosque which has survived the destruction of its kind.

Here we enter the "McLeod Road," a graceful memorial to that ardent Karáchi-ite, my old friend John, deputy collector of customs, who died of a trip to Hingláj in December, 1853. The style of the well-tiled dwelling-houses built by Europeans pleases us as much as their material does the reverse. All are faced, roughly speaking, north and south, the latter direction being seawards, a benefit which Bombay cannot enjoy; in the upper story they have deep and shady verandahs, and some of these retreats are adorned with round arches and

monolithic pillars. On the other hand, the material is a loose and half-formed sandstone from the quarries near Ghisri, which a late traveller calls "Ghuznee" Bandar. The warm, sunny colour disdains glaring whitewash, or the ugly bluewash and other tints affected by the Goanese, but the surface seems to melt away in the damp sea-breeze, and the crumbling façades become painfully shabby after a short course of years. Perhaps storing it till the quarry-water has evaporated, might do some good. Passing on the right a large and spacious building, the court-house, of old the Bombay Bank, we turn into the office of the B. I. S. N. line. We inspect the winnowing machines, and we are lucky enough to receive from Mr. W. Thorburn a hospitable invitation to take up our quarters at his comfortable house in camp.

We carry, it is true, introductory letters for a pair of young *employés*, but they will not be of much use—economy and "privilege leave" are both terribly adverse to the guest-right. One gentleman will not even return your cards before your departure from the province; the other will send you, after a delay of six hours, some such production as this, marked outside, "On Her Majesty's Service":—

"Dear Mr. Bull,

"I have just received Brown's letter, and regret that my father expects the house to be so full to-day, owing to the Joneses arriving from

Hyderabad and the Robinson's (*sic*) from Manora, that he cannot have the pleasure of inviting you to stay in Luckingham House during your stay in Kurrachee.

"Please let me know if I can be of any use to you, and where you are thinking of residing in Kurrachee.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "A. B. PINCHER."

There is, I may tell you, a neat little club, but it lacks chambers. Karáchi cannot yet boast of an hotel; nor will she before she belongs to the Panjáb. In fact, without Mr. Thorburn's kindness, you would have lodged at the travellers' bungalow—a refuge for the wholly destitute of friends. The establishment is neat and tolerably well kept by an Italian, Signor N——; but the charges are abnormally extortionate, even for the messmen of travellers' bungalows in general, and the municipality would do well to abate this nuisance.

Before making camp, let us at once visit the native town. Karáchi, you must know, has been identified by some palæogeographers, since the days of Dalrymple's "Crotchey" or "Caranjee" (1795), with Crocala or Krókala, the island whence Nearchus sailed for Mekrán and Persia, and some old maps inscribe it "Alexandri Portus." The principal reason seems to be that it stands in a department still called Krakraleh or Karkalla. There are two objections to this theory. Karáchi was built and

walled round only about a century and a half ago by Mái Murádi, the wife of a Jokiya chief; before that time the fishermen lived on board their boats.[1] Fort Manhóra dates from only A.D. 1797. Secondly, no ruins of any antiquity have been found in, near, or about it. On the other hand, 2000 years or so give time and enough for a total change of site, or for burying fathoms deep the old remnants.[2]

You observe the lines of oyster shells which define the shore, and the baskets of live mollusks offered to us at every corner. Those, sir, are the produce of our once celebrated pearl-fishery. They are considerably larger than your natives—do you remember them in these hard times?—and their contents are not quite so well-flavoured. They also afforded a very barbaric Margarita,[3] of dingy hue, somewhat larger than a pin's head. This source of revenue, such as it was, has been long ago dried up, not by the "ignorance and folly of the Amírs," but by the stolidity of certain local officials, suc-

[1] The Gazetteer (*sub voce*) gives a long account of the foundation of Karáchi, but all comes from a suspected source.

[2] I am not aware that the country about the lower Eastern Nárá and its debouchure, the Kori Creek, has yet been carefully examined by any antiquary. The best maps show the one large and two small islands, which may represent Crocala and Bíbakta (Arrian), the latter called Bibraga by Pliny and Biblus by Philostratus. But it is more than probable that the whole sea-front has completely changed within the last few centuries. Still, it is within this shore that we must look for Barbarei, Pátala (Pattala or Pattali), Susicana, Bonis, Kolaka, the Naustathmus Nearchi (near Lowry Bandar?), Stoura, Káumara (which has a fanciful likeness to Kyámári), Koreatis, and other classical posts.

[3] Arrian expressly tells us that Μαργαρίτης is an Eastern word, and we find it in the Arabic and Persian "Murwáríd," a pearl.

cessors to that well-abused dynasty, and by the rapacity of certain black servants of a white house which contracted for the fisheries, and which mercilessly fished up every shell it could find. You bear in mind what a similar want of a "close season" has done nearer home.

Karáchi town, when I first became acquainted with it, was much like the Alexandria of a century and a half ago: a few tenements of stone and lime emerging from a mass of low hovels, mat and mud, and of tall mud houses with windowless mud walls, flat mud roofs, and many Bád-gírs or mud ventilators, surrounded by a tumble-down curtain-cum-bastions of mud, built upon a humble platform of mud-covered rock. The mud (Káhgil), hereabouts used as adobe or sun-dried brick, and the plaster that binds it, are river-clay (silt or warp) thrown into a pit, puddled with water, trodden till ready for use, and mixed for the outer coating with finely chopped straw. This chaff acts as hair in English mortar: without it, as the Children of Israel learnt, the bricks would crumble to pieces in the shortest possible time; and throughout Sind, perhaps I may say Central Asia, this morose-looking mud is the favourite material, because it keeps out heat and cold. Such was the Fort or official town. Formerly it fined off into straggling suburbs of "Jhomprís," booths of tamarisk branches and thorns, and it extended from both banks of the Liyári Fiumara northwards, to the Creek-head at the south. On approaching it, three organs were

affected, far more powerfully, however, than pleasantly, viz., the Ear, the Nose, and the Eye. The former was struck by the tomtoming and squeaking of native music; by the roaring, bawling, *criard* voices of the people; by the barkings and brayings of stranger-hating curs, and by the screams of hungry gulls fighting over scraps of tainted fish. The drainage, if you could so call it, was managed by evaporation: every one threw before his dwelling what was not wanted inside, whilst dogs, kites, and crows were the only scavengers; and this odour of carrion was varied, as we approached the bázárs, by a close, faint, dead smell of drugs and spices, such as might be supposed to proceed from a newly made "Osiris."

The eye again noted a people different from their Indian neighbours. Their characteristic is a peculiar blending of the pure Iranian form and tint with those of the southern Aryans. Their features are regular; their hair, unlike the lank Turanian locks of the great Peninsula, though coarse, is magnificent in colour and quantity; the beard is thick, glossy, and curling; and the figure is manly and well-developed. You knew the Moslems by their hirsute chins, by their slipperless feet, by their long calico shirts, and by a pair of indigo-dyed drawers extending from waist to knee. They also wore the Sindi hat, now waxing rare; it was an inverted "tile," with a brocaded cylinder and a red upper brim: the latter in the few survivors seems to grow wider and wider every year, and now it

threatens to cut out the Quaker's broad-brim;—that small boy's "Siráiki topi" must measure nearly eleven inches across. Hindus were distinguished by fairness, or rather yellowness, of complexion, a dab of vermilion or sandal-wood between the eyebrows, and the thread of the twice-born hung over the left shoulder and knotted against the right side. The descendants, male and female, of African slaves abounded: we met them everywhere with huge water-skins on their brawny backs, or carrying burdens fit only for buffaloes. The women of the Mohána (fishing caste) were habited in sheets, which covered the head; in the "Gaj," or tight embroidered bodice; in red skirts, and in long pantaloons of coloured cotten tightened round the ankle. This characteristic race, whose language would make Billingsgate blush, seldom wore veils in the streets, modesty not being one of their predilections; nor were they at all particular about volunteering opinions concerning your personal appearance, which freedom in the East, you must know, is strange.

And now Karáchi, after growing from 6000 to 45,000 souls, has become, externally at least, mighty respectable and dull. The straggling suburbs have been removed, and the general shape is a broad arrow-head pointing northwards, and striking the Fiumara, or Sukhi Naddi (dry river), as the Hindis call it.[1] The material is still the old, dull-grey

[1] "Hindu" is used for Pagan, and "Hindi" for Moslem; and "bázár" is distinguished from "Bazaar."

mud, on foundations of stone; but it is lighted up and picked out with more chunam and whitewash. The dark, narrow alleys have been improved off, except in the bázárs; the streets are wide, open, and glaring; each has its name and its pair of *trottoirs*, whilst the quasi-civilized *reverbère* contrasts with the whitewashed and beflagged tombs of various Pírs, or holy men, still encumbering the thoroughfares. There is a general Bombay look about the place, the result of deep eaves supported by corbelled posts; of a grand Hindu establishment or two; of the new market-place, and of large school and native police stations. And it will improve still more, under the blessing of Agni Devta, the Fire-god; only yesterday, as we may see by the smoking black heaps, a quarter of the town, to the right of the Liyári, was happily improved off.

Striking from the river-bank by "Ali Akbar Street" towards the cantonment, we pass the new Hindu Dewal, a whitewashed pyramid with its usual broken outlines; the Church mission-house, school, and church with its lancet windows; the Government school, with its tall clock-tower; and the new Dharmsálá, built by a native, with its couple of onion domes, evident imitations of a Sindi tomb. To the right of the Bandar Road, which connects the port with the "bush," runs "Gháríkatá Road," leading to the large iron-foundry and engineering works of the energetic Mr. Dawvid Mackenzie, who built the Napier barracks, and who is building the State Railway. Here, too, are the telegraph estab-

lishment, denoted by a huge signal-staff, and the post-office, which might profitably be on a much larger scale. We then pass attempts at gardens, and thin plantations of cocoa-nuts, no longer surrounded by dwarf and broken walls of puddle. That lofty clump to the right shelters some houses inhabited by holy characters; and a riveted tank, full during the rains, distinguishes the Rám Bágh, or garden of Ráma Chandra, who must not be confounded with Parashu Ráma, or Ráma of the battle-axe, living in B.C. 1176 (?).[1] The mighty hero and demi-god named after the moon here passed a night, some few million years ago, a term by us reduced to B.C. 961(?), when he and his pretty wife Sita were, like ourselves, merrily gipsying about the Unhappy Valley towards holy Hingláj. There are three other tanks, which drain the adjacent lands

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman ("Rambles and Recollections") proposes the following crucial dates :—

Parashu Ráma	...	...	...	born B.C. 1176.
Ráma Chandra	...	...	...	,, 961.
Yudhishthira	...	...	...	,, 575.
Krishna ...	...	born August 7, A.D. 600.		

I may briefly state my conviction that the antiquity of Hindu history advocated by Sanskritists is a mere delusion. The Greek travellers after Alexander's day, though mentioning letters and writing, do not allude to Indian literature. The earliest inscriptions date from King Asoka, the grandson of Chandragupta (Sandracottus), B.C. 275-250. The earliest cave-characters are, according to the late Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, derived from a combination of the Phœnician and Greek alphabets; and writing was probably long confined to the "Brachmanes," a particular tribe. The Yugas and eras were astronomical; the heroes, like the Rámas, were legends of ancient race-struggles; and the claim to fabulous antiquity is simply that of every barbarous race.

after heavy showers; and the sooner they are clothed with stone, and subjected to European superintendence, the less we shall suffer from the excessive and pernicious damp of Karáchi.

On the left are the Ranchor lines, the dwelling-place of characters quite the reverse of those tenanting holy Rám-Bágh and missionary Christ Church. We then strike the oldest cemetery, which in the unhealthy days of yore numbered its holocaust of victims. That prim building, not unlike a church, is the Small Cause Court, and the successful rascality which goes on within its walls suggests a modification of a certain proverb anent honesty. Then we come to the Travellers' Bungalow, advertizing itself in large letters: there are two detached cottages to the south, and to the north a big block, with an attached billiard-room. We have now nothing to do beyond following "Kacheri (Cutchery) Road," and a mile of exceedingly dusty and disagreeable highway will conclude our total of five, and land us at our destination—camp.

CHAPTER III.

THE CANTONMENT, KARÁCHI, AND ITS "HUMOURS"—THE ANGLO-INDIAN ARMY "ROTTEN FROM HEAD TO FOOT"—SOCIETY AND POLITICS.

YOUR first night in Sind, Mr. Bull—how did you like it? This is early November, the opening of the cold season: what can Murray's Handbook mean by saying, "He [the traveller] will have to encounter, except from the 1st of December to the 1st of March, intense heat"? I have wandered about every part of the Unhappy Valley, especially its western frontier, the Baluch Hills,[1] and I have everywhere found that the cool season begins with October, and does not end till April is well on. But my able friend, the author of "Dry Leaves from Young Egypt," is adverse to the old Conqueror; at least so I read (p. 472): "Sir C. Napier, by a series of aggressive measures, forced

[1] "It does not appear that he (Capt. Burton) had any opportunities of being acquainted with the Bilúchís of the Hills" (p. 473, 1859). My old and valued chief, Gen. Walter Scott, B.E., who died before receiving my last letter, could have told another tale.

the Amírs of Haidarábád to open resistance; and, having defeated them at the battle of Miyání, on the 17th of February, 1843, and again on the 24th of March, at Dappa or Dabba on the Phulelí, annexed the whole country." Despite the "Peccavi" motto proposed by Mr. *Punch* for the Devil's Brother, the "aggressive measures" in question were begun by the late Sir James Outram, greatly to whose disgust they were carried out by Sir Charles Napier.

The secret history of the whole transaction will, I hope, presently appear in the autobiography of my old friend, Mirzá Ali Akbar Khán Bahádur, who has undertaken his memoirs at my special request. He was on field service from the march into Afghanistan (1838) to the reduction of Sind (1843), and for nine years he served his employers with honour and honesty. No sooner, however, had Sir Charles left the country than a cruel blow was struck at his favourite Munshí (secretary), apparently with the object of pleasing the now defunct Court of Directors and of annoying the veteran, who resented the manœuvre strongly. A charge was preferred against him: fictions, such as keeping racers, which were wholly imaginary, and a magnificent house, which sold, to my certain knowledge, for £60, were pushed forward in official documents; the accused, whom Sir Charles Napier called an "excellent public servant," and of whom he ever spoke in the very highest terms, was characterized as "an unscrupulous though clever and agreeable

rogue."[1] Briefly, the Mirzá was removed from the service, and his pension was refused—an injury added to insult. The deed was done in 1847, yet even now, methinks, it is not too late to make amends for it. The East India Office cannot, of

[1] From his Excellency Sir C. J. Napier, K.C.B., to the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India in Council.

"Kurrachee, 14th September, 1847.

"My Lord,

"I have the honour to enclose to your Lordship the memorial of my Moonshee, Ali Akbar Khan Bahadoor, together with a copy of a letter written to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, my predecessor as Political Agent in Sind.

"From the moment of my arrival I found the Moonshee all that Lieutenant-Colonel Outram's letter says of him. I have no hesitation in saying that, for the five years during which I have commanded in Sind, Ali Akbar has been of the greatest service, and I feel under very great obligations to this excellent public servant, in whom I have very great confidence, and repeat Lieutenant-Colonel Outram's words, 'It is with truth, and in mere justice, that I declare I never have witnessed services, by any native Indian, more zealous, more able, or more honest than such as Ali Akbar has rendered to Government under me for five years.' He has been attacked by a party inimical to me, and merely, I believe, because he is my Moonshee. I have not taken his part. I left him to defend himself, and their ill-natured attacks have died a natural death. I now feel it to be my duty to recommend this able and faithful public servant to your Lordship in Council, and I hope that his petition may be granted, to be allowed to retire from the service on two hundred rupees a month, this being half his present pay.

"If his length of public services be short, it will be recollected that it has been, through the difficulties and dangers of the Afghan and Sind wars, a time of incessant exertion, including the dangers of two general actions, in which he conducted himself bravely. If the prayer of Ali Akbar's memorial be granted, I can assure your Lordship in Council that few things would be more grateful to me.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "C. Napier,

"Lieut.-General, Governor of Sind."

course, enter into a question which was decided thirty years ago, but it could find some Government appointment to do away with the stigma so unjustly cast upon, and to cheer the declining years of, a good and faithful *employé*, "an excellent public servant."[1]

In later April, Mr. John Bull, I should have your couch placed in the verandah; secured, however, from the land and sea breezes, which are liable to cause "chills:" you never could have endured the 90° F. heat of an inner room. Now I come to awake you at 4.30 a.m., and take you to constitutionalize a little before the sun appears. The great secret of health in this arid part of the East lies, believe me, in the daily habit of a long walk, not a lazy canter, during the morning-fresh. The sensible man is followed, at such times, by his horse and its keeper; and, when tired, he mounts and gallops back to quarters. Nothing more fatal, to soldiers at least, than the systematic avoidance of light which prevailed, for instance, in the Bengal army. Officers and men whose pale and etiolated

[1] Colonel A. B. Rathborne, an old Sindian, has just published the following weighty words: "There is a saying attributed, I believe, to the great Mahomedan Prophet, that 'an hour of justice is worth a life of prayer.' It is a maxim which, I am sorry to say, our Government in India too often violates in the pursuit of what it deems policy; not remembering that no object ought to be paramount in the statesman's eyes to that, not only of doing justice to the best of his ability, but also of *remedying any act of past injustice*, no matter at what cost to his own feelings, or to the feelings of those serving under him, if it only be made clear to him that injustice has been done."—"The True Line of Defence for India." London: East India Association, Westminster.

skins struck the eye at once, suddenly sent upon a campaign where severe exposure is inevitable, sank under the baptism of fire—sunstroke and other horrors. The more you know of the Greater Light the more, I grant, you will and should respect it; but this only means that you should take due precautions. Mr. E. B. Eastwick tells us, "An English jockey-cap, with a muslin turban twisted round it"—he might have added a flap to defend the carotid arteries, and a Kamar-band or shawl to guard the pit of the stomach—"and wetted occasionally, will be the best defence against the frightful heat of Sindh." Personally, I hold to the white umbrella, which the disciples of General John Jacob (of whom more presently) consider "effeminate." It must be owned, however, that on horseback, especially when riding fast, it is inconvenient as well as unsightly. In the evening you can repeat your ride, or play golf, badminton, the almost obsolete croquet and tennis, or the still favourite rackets and polo.

We can now, if you please, perambulate the camp, and devote the evening and the morrow to a few excursions in the immediate neighbourhood of Karáchi.

Karáchi is still the capital village of the local government, and the head-quarters of the European regiment. Under the *Conquistador* the camp usually numbered about 5000 to 8000 men, both colours and all arms included. This strong force has been greatly reduced. The "boss" is now a brigadier-

general, commanding the station (where he resides) and the Sind district, no longer a division: it may, however, recover its honours when annexed to the Panjab. He has no adjutant-general; only a brigade-major and a quartermaster-general. The single white corps is the 56th, and the "Pompadours" detach two companies to Haydarábád. Here we have no cavalry. Three corps of the Sind Horse (about 1480 sabres) are stationed at Jacobábád, their head-quarters; they also man all the adjoining outposts. The arms are carbine and sword; the uniform is almost that of the Cossack, the old Crimean Bashi-Buzuks, and the irregular cavalry in general: green tunics and overalls; turban, riding boots, and black belts. The native infantry at Karáchi is now the 2nd Beloch Regiment (29th Bombay Native Infantry). They wear light serge blouses in working costume, and green tunics with red facings for full dress; loose blue "Pagris;" madder-stained knickerbockers—"cherubim shorts" are excellent for wear—and white, which should be brown, gaiters covering blucher boots. Their weapons are those of the Sepoy line generally. At Jacobábád, on the north-western frontier, are also Jacob's Rifles (30th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry), averaging some 700 men armed with Sniders, and habited in Khákí, or drab-coloured drill. Haydarábád, besides its two white companies, is garrisoned by the 1st Beloch Regiment (27th Bombay Native Infantry), known by its looser turbans.

The artillery of the Sind district is now commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, residing at headquarters. Under him are two field batteries of white troops; one stationed here, the other at Haydarábád. Finally, at Jacobábád there is a mountain train, about 150 men, with two mortars and as many howitzers (all 4⅕ inches), which are to be exchanged for steel breechloaders weighing 200 pounds, and drawn by the sure-footed mule. A move has lately been made in the right direction as regards the "gunners," and presidential jealousies have been abated by appointing a Director-General of Ordnance for all India. Still, the mountain-train is left almost inefficient, *the* complaint of universal India; fourteen mules are short, and the commanding officer, Captain Young, an officer of twelve years' experience in Sind, "passed" also in the native languages, could hardly take the field in full force without great delay.

Thus, you see, Mr. Bull, Sind has utterly "eliminated" the Sepoy, whilst India has reduced her Sepoy army to a mere absurdity. The claims of ecomony, the delusive prospect of peace, and last, not least, the loud persistent voice of Prophet and Acting-Commissioner, General John Jacob, and his "silahdar system," prevailed against the old organization and common sense. He was in many ways a remarkable man, endowed with that calm and perfect confidence in himself which founds "schools," and which propagates faiths. Accustomed to base the strongest views, the headstrongest opinions, upon a limited experience of facts, he

was an imposing figure as long as he remained in obscurity. But, unfortunately, one of his disciples and most ardent admirers, Captain (now Sir Lewis) Pelly, published, shortly after his death, an octavo containing the "Views and Opinions of General John Jacob,"[1] and enabled the world to take the measure of the man.

General John Jacob's devotion to his own idea has left a fatal legacy, not only to Sind, but to the whole of India. Sir Charles Napier, a soldier worth a hundred of him, had steadily advocated increasing, with regiments on service, the number of "Sepoy officers"—then six captains, twelve lieutenants, and four ensigns. The Conqueror of Sind protested that the "Regulars" were not regular enough, the best men being picked out for staff and detached appointments. The "butcher's bill" of every battle, I may tell you, gives nearly double the number of casualties among the "black officers," as we were called; and at Miyáni we were six deaths to one "white officer." The reason is obvious; the "pale-faces" must lead their companies, wings, and corps, otherwise the natives, commissioned, non-commissioned, and privates, will not advance in the teeth of too hot a fire. We are already made sufficiently conspicuous by the colour of our skins and by the cut of our uniforms, while the enemy is always sharp enough to aim at "picking" us "off."

General John Jacob proposed, in opposition to the Conqueror of Sind, to supplant the Regular

[1] Smith, Taylor, and Co., Bombay, 1858.

system by the Irregular, which means diminishing the number of Englishmen. Having the pick and choice of the Indian army at his disposal, he succeeded in fairly drilling and disciplining his Sind Horse; *argal,* as the grave-digger said, he resolved that the Sind Horse should become a model and a pattern to the whole world. He honestly puffed his progeny on all occasions, even when it least deserved praise. During our four months' raid on Southern Persia, the Sind Horse was pronounced by all the cavalrymen present to be the last in point of merit; the same was the case in Abyssinia; and during the Mutiny many of his men were found among the "Pándís." Yet he puffed and preached and wrote with such vigour that the military authorities, worn out by his persistency, and finding that the fatal measure would save money, gave ear to the loud harsh voice. In an inauspicious hour the whole Regular Sepoy force of India was not only irregularized: it was, moreover, made a bastard mixture of the Regular and the Irregular.

The result is the ruin of the Indian army. The system itself is simply a marvel. The corps have either too many officers or too few. For drilling purposes you want only a commandant, an adjutant (who should also be musketry-instructor), and a surgeon; or at most the three combatants who led the old Irregular corps. For fighting you require, besides the field-officers, at least two Englishmen or, better still, three per company. It is, I own, possible to increase the normal complement by free

borrowing from the staff corps, and from the rest of the army, but every soldier will tell you that this is a mere shift: the officers must know their men, and the men their officers.

Again, under the present system, which effectually combines the faults of both the older, and the merits of neither, your infantry corps with its full cadre, of which half is usually absent, theoretically numbers nine European officers. One, the surgeon, is a non-combatant, and two, the adjutant and quarter-master, are usually represented by the wing subalterns. An English regiment, with its cadre of thirty, mounts only its field-officers and adjutant. An Indian corps—would you believe it?—mounts the lieutenant-colonel commanding; the major, second in command; the two wing officers, the two wing subalterns, the adjutant, and the quarter-master. The result is to incur the moral certainty of their all being swept away by the first few volleys. True, you have sixteen native commissioned officers, forty havildárs (sergeants), and the same number of náiks (corporals), a total of ninety-six. But the belief that Sepoys will fight, without Englishmen to lead them, is a snare, a sham, and a delusion.

A host of other evils besets the present state of things. Your cavalry corps are so weak in officers, rank and file, that a six months' campaign would reduce them each to a single troop. Your infantry regiments, eight companies of seventy-five bayonets each, or a total of 640, have not been reduced to the form now recognized as the best tactical unit.

Again, officers are still transferred, after six and even seven years' service, from the white to the black line, thus bringing them upon the Indian pension-list without having served the full time. They also want *esprit de corps;* they dislike and despise "Jack Sepoy," and their chief object in life is to regain something more congenial than the out-station and the dull, half-deserted mess. Again, at the other end of the scale, field-officers of twenty-five to thirty years' Indian service, are made to do subalterns' work. Regimental zeal is being annihilated; and the evil of senility is yearly increasing. Let me relate a case which you shall presently see for yourself. Major A——, who has served in a corps for nine years, who has seen three campaigns, and who for three years has acted second in command, lately finds himself superseded by a lieutenant-colonel, when he himself expects to become lieutenant-colonel within six months. What is the result? He is utterly weary of the service; he has lost all heart for its monotonous duties. "An old subaltern," says one of your favourites, "is a military vegetable, without zeal as without hope."

Again, the new furlough regulations, after abundant "considerings," have turned out so badly that all who can cleave to the old. Why grant leave, with full pay and allowances for six months, to Kashmír and to the depths of the Himálayas, and yet refuse it to the home-goer, under pain of English pay? Why should the Civil Service have, and the military lack, "privilege leave"? Why

thus adhere to old and obsolete tradition, so as to make the soldier's life as unpleasant as possible? Why—— But at this rate, sir, "Whys" will never end.

Sir Henry Havelock's truthful statement in the House of Commons, that the Anglo-Indian army is "rotten from head to foot," has surprised the public mass which puts trust in Pickwickian and official declarations. We, who know the subject, declare that the Indian is, perhaps, in a worse condition than the home force; and we assert that the idea of opposing regiments, so officered and so manned, to the Russians, or even to the Afghans, is simply insane.

Do not disbelieve me, Mr. John Bull, because my language is not rose-watered. The Old Maids' Journal (*Spectator*)—ancient, but not very pretty, virginity—has lately been berating me for seeking "cheap credit" by "pointing out how much better duties might be done by persons whose business it is to do them." But officials are ever in trammels, whilst we critics, who look only to results, are not; moreover, a man is hardly omniscient because his work is in this or that department, or even because he holds high rank in this or that service. And did not Voltaire think and declare that, of all the ways of Providence, nothing is so inscrutable as the littleness of the minds that control the destinies of great nations?

Some have distinction, you know, forced upon them; others win it by means which honest men

despise. They never report the truth, unless pleasant to the ear: they calculate that, possibly, the disagreeable will not occur; and that, if it does, their neglect will be slurred over and forgotten. Plausible and specious, "they can preach and they can lecture; they can talk 'soft sawder,' and they can quote platitudes *ad infinitum.* These superficial specimens of humanity, who know which side their bread is buttered, owe their rise, their stars and ribbons, their K.C.B.'s and pensions, not to the sterling merits of courage and ability, of talents and manliness, but to the oily tongue that knows so well to work the oracle, and to a readiness of changing tactics as the chameleon changes colour." In short, these gentlemen have mastered the "gospel of getting-on;" the species "neglected Englishman" has not.

Thus you have no right to be surprised, as you often are, when some notorious incapable, intrusted with an office of the highest responsibility, comes to grief. His "Kismet," his "Nasib," his star, have been in the ascendant, and he has done nothing to obscure them by personal merit, by originality, by candour, or by over-veracity. These qualities are sure to make enemies, and the Millennium must dawn before your friends—private, public, or political—will look after you with the vigour and the tenacity of your foes.

But so rotten is the state, so glaring is the inefficiency, of the Indian army, that you will not be astonished to hear reports of "organic changes"

and fundamental reforms, or even to see a return to the old system. Strange to say, Lord Northbrook, the civilian, saw the necessity of reorganization. Lord Napier, the soldier, who, during the Abyssinian campaign, sent for officers to every Presidency, ignored it. Perhaps the Napierian clique took the opportunity to oppose, tooth and nail, the efforts of another service. The Shí'ahs, who, you know, abhor the Sunnis bitterly as Roman Catholics hate Protestants, when any mode of action left to private judgment is proposed, always choose the line opposed to that taken by their heretic enemies—*raghman li-'l-Tasannun;*—"in adverse bearing to Sunniship," as the religious formula runs.

Let us now return to camp.

Karáchi cantonment stands upon a slope which commands a view of sandy Kyámári, the pinnacled Oyster Rocks, and the Manhóra quoin. Eastwards it is limited by the head of the Chíni, now a mangrove-grown swamp uncommonly fetid in the hot season, and kept from spreading northwards by the raised road to that little chain of truncated cones, whereon are built Honeymoon Lodge, Clifton, and Ghisri. In this direction, also, is the Frere railway station for camp, distant six miles from the Kyámári head, whence the line winds to the south of the cantonment: two tall smoke-stacks mark the place from afar. Here also was founded the inevitable Frere Town, but unhappily it did not progress beyond the fourth house. The surface is a hard, dry crust of sand, gravel, and silt, thinly

spread over beds of stone and pebbles. Water, salt as that of the sea, underlies the surface at three to seven feet. This also is the average depth of the wells: the best supply in camp is in the compound of Messrs. Treacher and Co. When its horizon is shallow, the houses suffer; the lower part of the walls is damp-stained, and the inmates have reason to fear fever.

The streets of camp are level roads of exemplary breadth, macadamized with the crumbling sandstone, whose dust no possible amount of wetting and watering has power to lay. The little stream-beds are bridged over, and the oil-lamps at night cry for gas. The "compounds" which flank the thoroughfares are now girt with masonry; the milk-bush hedges, which sheltered snakes and various abominations, and the wire-fences, which broke many a leg as the owner was riding home in the dark, have clean disappeared. Philologists, by the way, derive the word from the Portuguese *Campanha;* the facetious explain it as a composition of the courtyard and the garden. The vegetation is of that hardy sort which can thrive upon salt water: the scraggy casuarina—as yet the eucalyptus has not had a fair trial—the tamarisk, the Babúl (mimosa), the *Salvadora persica,* and an occasional date-palm; besides cactus, aloes, and euphorbia, oleanders, and a variety of salsolaceous plants. Turf is a clear impossibility, and those who attempt to grow European shrubs and flowers must seek a sheltered spot, and nurse them carefully as though they were "Europe babies."

It is easy to detect the humble dwellings of the primitive colonists (1844), sheds of wattle and dab, more or less whitewashed, in the shape of single-poled tents: they are now degraded into stables or servants' offices. The first step was followed by double-storied houses, with extensive ranges of rooms and thickly-stuccoed flat roofs, made to be promenaded. These, however, arose only when men could calculate upon being stationary for a time at the "station" of Karáchi. Except in a few instances, all were bungalows, parallelograms of unlovely regularity, with walls of sun-dried brick, double-whitewashed to promote cleanliness and glare; sometimes level above, more often pent-shaped with red and blue tiles; while the pulled-out eaves, prevented from falling by clumsy brick or rough wooden pillars, made the interiors pleasantly or painfully dark. Each had its dependent lines of dirty, dingy "cook-houses," dens for the blacks, and other conveniences, built far enough off to temper the pungency of the screams and the steams that escaped through the doorless doorways. Finally appeared a few pretentious erections, built in no earthly style of architecture, which puzzled you as to their intentions: these were the "follies" of Anglo-Indian clerks and mulatto writers, a race of men which ever hugely delights in converting rupees to unlovely masses of brick and mortar.

Yet there was some character in camp, and each domicile spoke plainly enough for its tenant. Here the huge stuccoed pile, with tall arches and bright

"Chiks," or blinds, between, towering above a thick screen of euphorbia, which took the labour of a dozen men to water, denoted the commissariat or the staff officer. How well I remember this one, where the devout owner, generally known as "Dismal Jemmy," forbade his servants to feed his horses, but made them drive and drag him to church, on the "Sawbath." There, the small neat building with jealously curtained windows, a carriage under the adjoining shed, comparatively clean outhouses, and an apology for a garden, kept up in the face of many difficulties, pointed out the captain or field-officer with the white wife. A little beyond it another bungalow, trellised round with bamboo-work, a gaudy palanquin lying near the dirty huts, and two or three jaunty, debauched-looking "darkies," dressed in the height of black dandyism, showed manifest traces of the black wife, the "Búbú."[1] Further still, you remarked a long low range of stained and dilapidated buildings, under whose broad verandah still slept three or four young gentlemen, despite the glittering morn, the yelping of a dozen terriers, and the squabbling of as many Mhár or Pariah servants, each exhorting his neighbour to do *his* work: that was a Castle of Indolence, in which several subalterns of a white regiment chummed together, for the greater facility of murdering Time. Again, you observed a mean-looking bungalow, with appended stables and kennels, which were by far the best part of the establishment; the fine head of a castey Arab peep-

[1] A Western Indian corruption of "Bíbí."

ing from the loose box being the only sign of life about the place: that was a "Duck[1] Subaltern Hall." The two latter tenements were in a state of admirable disorder: the fences were broken down by being used as leaping-bars, the garden was destroyed by being made a ringing-ground, and the walls were pitted with pistol-shot and pellet-bow. Near each, a goodly heap of dusty "Marines," which had travelled from the generous vineyards of the South to do their duty on the parched plains of Sind, lay piled, hard by shattered six-dozen chests, old torn fly-tents, legless chairs, and other pieces of furniture that had suffered from the wars within doors. The bottle difficulty, indeed, is not yet solved. When I entered the Unhappy Valley, we used to exchange one for a fowl: now they are mere rubbish till breweries shall be established; and he who patents some profitable way of converting the waste glass into rupees will make his fortune. For princely incomes have arisen from bottles; witness, to quote one of many, Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai, "Báttli-wálá" and Baronet.

Time, which found Karáchi camp built of unbaked brick, has now turned it into stone. The huge dirty Sadr, or high, bázár, "full of shopkeepers and servants, soldiers and sepoys, ladies of no

[1] Ducks, Bombayites—from the bummalow or bobil, the dried fish still called "Bombay Duck;" "Qui Hyes," Bengalís—from the eternal "Koi hay?" (who's there?) that took the place of bells; and lastly, "Mulls," or Madrassís from the Benighted Presidency, because they lived upon water and mulligatawny, or they made a "mull" of everything they attempted.

virtue to speak of, nude children, and yelping curs —a scene strictly in the Eastern low-life style"— which disgraced the camp, has now been broadened, cleansed, and converted into a general market. Some of the houses, for instance that of Ádam Ali, are remarkably good and, where the high-road runs, all the hovels have made way for a dickey of "*pakká*[1]-built" stores in the newest Sindi style. We find the *modiste*, Madame Schlepper, who occasionally suffers from a creditor slipping away; Mr. Davidson, an old soldier, keeping a general store; the photographic rooms of Mr. Michie; and, finally, Mr. Speechly, the apothecary, who, here as elsewhere, soon becomes rich by selling pennyworths for sixpences. The "large, roomy bungalows, oblong, single-storied buildings dressed with mathematical precision to the front," are become five huge blocks, costing as many lakhs and more, extending over an immense space east of the Staff Lines, with arched verandahs in the second floor to catch the sea-breeze: nowhere is the British soldier better lodged and cared for than in the Napier Barracks, built about 1868. During her childhood Karáchi had two race-courses and no church. Then she broke out into a Protestant chapel with very little outward show, and a Roman Catholic chapel built palpably for effect: in these

[1] "*Pakká*" (ripe), opposed to "*kachá*" (raw), is an indispensable word in the Anglo-Indian dialect. Your "*pakká*" house is of stone and mortar; and your "*pakká*" appointment is the reverse of a "*kachá*," or acting one.

days it appears a mean white structure of the poorest Portuguese type, thoroughly, "sat upon" and dwarfed by St. Patrick's to the north-north-east of the Napier Barracks. And the Church in general is magnificently lodged. The Parsís have a latticed fire-temple in the bázár. The Catholics have grown a large and splendid nunnery and girls' school near the old cemetery. The Methodists have a chapel, parsonage, and school close to the bázár; and we shall presently prospect the Kirk and the Established Church. The station "devil-dodger," as his reverence was irreverently termed by the subalterns, who bestrode his old grey Rosinante in the costume of his cloth, a black tail-coat and a tile covered with white calico, has been multiplied by six, most of whom wear the *petit collet.* The "species of barn intended for the accommodation of the drama" has developed into a tolerably neat little theatre, where strollers sometimes appear during the season: this begins about the end of March, when the Commissioner and the staff-officers return from district work. The "iceless receptacle for Wenham Lake ice" is supplanted by a tall-chimney'd manufactory, which produces, however, an unpleasant substitute. Aerated, unduly called soda, water is made at the rate of half an anna per bottle; it smacks unpleasantly of its native element, and the *connoisseur* pronounces it much inferior to that of Sakhar. There is a club which wants only a new club-house, with a decent-sized dining-room, and chambers for the passing stranger: here, if truth be spoken, early play is on a liberal

scale. There is even reform and repair in the uncanny-looking yellow and white building, the old Freemasons' Lodge, accommodating some nine different items, for which I must refer you to Handbooks: the natives will call it Jádú-ghar, or "Sorcery-house." The vulgar estimate of the respectable order is that we represent a band of sorcerers, who meet in the φιλαδελφεῖον to worship the Shaytán, the "horned man in the smoky house," and to concert diabolical projects against the Chosen People of Allah themselves. The more learned Oriental believes the mystic craft to be a relic of Monotheism, and especially of Guebrism, embedded in the modern structure of Christianity. It is the fashion, I may observe, with Moslem free-thinkers to hold the Emperor Aurelian's opinion, that, "among all the Gods, none is truly worthy of adoration but the sun;" and, impressed with this idea, Mr. Bull, their minds naturally detect lurking Guebrism in all beliefs.

The West End of Karáchi is where the old Staff Lines run from north-north-west to south-south-east, where the grandees dwell, and where his Excellency the Governor or the Commissioner, as the case may be—titles are frail things hereabouts—holds his little court. Five straight and precise roads,[1] mediævally called "streets," run parallel with the shore and extend to the railway station, or con-

[1] Beginning from the east are—1. Napier Road; 2. Military Lines, *alias* Frere Street; 3. Staff Lines, *alias* Elphinstone Street; 4. Clifton Road, *alias* Victoria Street; and, 5. Kacheri (Cutcherry) Road.

verge towards "Clifton." Let us choose Frere Street, No. 2, and begin at the southern end. Here, despite the vast growth of building, my eye at once detects the whitewashed, single-storied, arcaded, and tiled bungalow, which we once considered a palatial building, the work of Sir Charles Napier's Military Secretary, Captain "Beer Brown," of the Bengal Engineers;—poor fellow! he lived upon, and died of, a dozen of Bass per diem! The third going westward, a rickety old badminton court which threatens to cave in, is the office of the Sind Canal Survey Department;—ah! Mr. Bull, were I a woman, my first act would be to "sit down and have a good cry!" Only one of the joyous crew still breathes the upper air of Karáchi, Colonel W. R. Lambert, now its collector.

But the "cry" would soon be turned into a hearty laugh by that pretentious affair of crumbling stone known as "Frere Hall." The downpour and deluge of gold which flooded Bombay in A.D. 1860-64, and which converted even the "buggy-wálás," or cabbies, into shareholders, afforded a drizzle or two even to far Karáchi; and hence we may explain the abnormal growth. We cannot but regard this Gothic monster with a kind of what-the-dickens-are-you-doing-here? feeling. It was intended for Dárbárs (levees) and other such occasions where no Dárbárs are held; and, these failing, the big hall has been converted into dancing and supper room, whilst the ground floor has become a library and a municipal museum. This "noble building," as the

Gazetteer[1] calls it, opened in October, 1865, and was called after the Governor of Bombay, who had been Commissioner in Sind between 1851-59. The designer, Capt. St. Clair Wilkins, R.E., was probably ordered to prefer the "Veneto-Gothic," so fit for Venice, so unfit for Karáchi;—it is to be hoped that the new club will *not* adopt Veneto-Gothic. The externals are all hideous—the heavy and tasteless eastern porch, the solitary octagonal tower, and the crosses and circles of white Porbandar stone; while the stilted roof-spirelet, covered with Muntz's metal, is right worthy of a gentleman's stables. The grounds, partly railed and planted with milk-bush, cover some fifteen acres, and here the evening band of the white regiment attracts carriages and horses. The main use of Frere Hall is to serve the shipping as a landmark: from the offing, the tower and spirelet of this portentous and pretentious erection in crumbling sandstone suggest an honest Moslem Idgáh. Mr. Commissioner, indeed, seems to have proposed for himself three main objects in life: (1) building Frere towns; (2) building Frere halls; (3) building Frere roads, which have a truly Imperial look—on paper.

Of the interior we may speak gratefully. The south-eastern room is furnished with Pattiwálás (belt-men or peons) and a few newspapers: its

[1] "A Gazetteer of the Province of Sind," by A. W. Hughes, F.S.S. 898 pages 8vo. With Maps and Photographs. London: Bell, 1874. I need hardly say anything in praise of this laborious work, a mine of information, which is now appearing in a second and corrected edition.

sole fault is the extreme dullness of the view. The central ground-floor, corresponding with the big hall, is a library containing nearly 8000 volumes; and, curious to say, it makes annual reports and owns a catalogue.[1] The marked deficiency is in books of local interest, but that seems to be the inherent fault of all these institutions. The north-western room is the municipal museum, which, like the library, is under Mr. Murray; he is preparing to follow in the footsteps of my old friend Stocks, and to publish on the botany of the province. Here are specimens of the Indus boats, mostly misnamed; the Kási,[2] or glazed and encaustic Persian tiles, by some called enamelled tiles, whose facing forms, or rather formed, the celebrated "Porcelain Tower of Nanking"—these are of the finest quality, taken from old mosques and tombs; a few birds, beasts, and fishes; blocks of wood and stone; and, lastly, the gem of the collection, the one hundred and thirteen bricks which Mr. W. Cole, now Collector of Customs, dug up from the old Budhist temple below Jarak. The most remarkable piece is a terra-cotta alto-relief of Budha, with the usual

[1] The "Twenty-Second Annual Report" (Kurrachee, 1874) shows 7011 volumes, of which 943 are novels, and 588 "voyages and travels"—a fair proportion. The "Catalogue of the Kurrachee Municipal Museum" is a separate publication of eighty pages.

[2] I presume the word is a corruption of Kasháni, *i.e.* made at Káshán in Turkistan, the Casciani of Benedict Goës ("Cathay and the Way Thither," p. 573): the Syrians calls it "Kayshání." The first porcelain furnace was in the province of Keang-sy, early in the seventh century (Davis's Chinese, ii. 255). Since the thirteenth century the Kási has been much used by the Moslem world: I shall have more to say upon the subject.

pendulous ears, and hands crossed over the breast, sitting in tailor-position, as he was supposed to meditate and contemplate under the Bo-tree. Here his shrine is a small temple, formed by a dwarf column on each side; the beaded summit expands into the upper three parts of a circle, a full-blown "glory." Below the figure, two dogs face each other; and, on the proper left, a ram is shown by its horns. The whole is artistic, and contrasts strongly with the barbarous mask which suggests only the Moabite pottery, made at Jerusalem and sold to Berlin. The other important pieces are lions' heads, with four bead-strings radiating from each mouth; two fragments of elephants' heads and trunks; geese admirably executed, and a small altar of classical shape. Many of the bricks bear leaves which suggest the acanthus, some have the seven-ray'd star, and others the dice-pattern deeply sunk. This valuable collection, instead of being heaped on the floor, should be grouped and framed.

Truly the distances of Camp Karáchi are far more magnificent than those of Washington. Walking up the Staff Lines to the north-north-west of Frere Hall, we stand, with absolute amazement, in presence of Trinity Church, which dates from 1852-55. The body seems to have been added as an after-thought to the steeple; and the apsidal chancel suggests only the section of a certain article admirably copied, as in the Albert Music Hall, Kensington. Of what could my old friend, John Bull, have been dreaming when he begat this "fright?" The tower,

said to be taken from some Italian horror, consists of six stages, 150 feet high, beginning with the clock and ending with the battlements; the windows increase upwards from one to four, giving the idea of a pyramid standing upon its apex; and, they say, the upper story, which, like No. 5, contains also four lights, was added for the benefit of the shipping. Altogether the thing suggests a hammer with the handle turned heavenwards: a steeple was proposed for it, but even the Karáchi-ite could not stand *that*.

We now leave on the left the old Residency, noted by its huge flag-staff. Built for the humble days of Sir Charles Napier, it has been gradually extended, like an English country house, and now it is a chaotic agglomerate of white walls and tiled roofs. It is at present occupied by General Sir William L. Merewether, K.C.S.I., C.B., etc., etc., etc., an officer who, by entire devotion to the interests of this province, the scene of his distinguished career during the last thirty-three years, has "made epoch" and history. Beyond it, also to the left, are the three blocks of artillery-barracks, arched below, as those for the infantry are arched above. And we will end this dusty walk with a glance at St. Andrew's, the Kirk designed by Mr. T. G. Newnham, Deputy Agent, Indus Flotilla. The steeple, fourteenth-century Gothic, is by no means so absurd as that of Trinity; but the roof ridge is too high, and the long walls are unjustifiably broken into ten, instead of three or five, gables on each side—here, again, half

would be better than the whole. Apparently it is unfinished: the rose window is a ventilator which wants glass, and there is a hole where the clock should be. As it squares up to its tall brother of the Establishment, the Kirk suggests a small pugilist offering to fight a big drayman for a pot of porter.

The intensely military aspect and sound of Karáchi have vanished with the days when she contained, besides artillery and cavalry, three white and as many black regiments. You may take your morning walk without that "Dutch Concert" and "Devil's Tattoo" of martial music. You no longer see the squares dotted with Johnny Raws, under the adjutant's watchful eye, in every grade of recruitism, from the rigid miseries of the "goose-step," to the finishing touch of the sword and the bayonet exercises. Our old friend Brigadier Dundas, generally called Dunderhead, is no longer here to insist upon uniform as often as possible; and white stuffs with regimental buttons are considered sufficient for show. I know no spectacle more ridiculous than one familiar to our old days, an officer of horse-artillery, all plastered with ginger-bread gold, being stared at by an admiring circle of a dozen half-naked blacks.

Karáchi, you see, has changed in many other points during the last quarter-century. The steamer and the railway, the telegraph and the counting-house, the church and the college, have gained the day against artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The "mercantile" element has become a power; and even the stockbroker, though limited, is not un-

known. The Church, I have told you, now numbers half-dozens where she had formerly single "pastors," and the sheep are folded with a regularity which suggests reasons for such devotion. When you meet the Sunday promenader bound for "Dr. Greenfield," he probably does not intend to promenade alone. Finally, the school has become as prominent an institution as at home, and it threatens, in Sind as in Syria, to build a room and to keep a master for every head of boy and girl.[1]

I will not precisely assert that hospitality has been relegated from the centres to the extremities, the out-stations, but the general impression left by a flying visit is something like it. Men can no longer afford to keep open-house; the frequency of furloughs supplies other ways of spending money. The depreciation of the rupee, not to mention the utter want of small change, is a sound and sore grievance to those who must remit home. While prices have prodigiously advanced, salaries have not. Add to this the dreary dullness of a small station, confined in numbers but not in space, with a mixed society which does not mix well. The natural effect is to make the exiles dislike one another heartily, or to love one another only too well. And Anglo-Indian society is somewhat like that of the United States—English with the pressure taken off it. Despite the general church-

[1] The Gazetteer (p. 370) gives a list of ten "educational establishments," receiving grants and aids from the municipality. Add at least five more and you have a fair proportion for a city which can hardly number 50,000 souls.

going, scandals occur with curious persistency, and Mrs. A. rides out as regularly with Captain B., as that officer drives with Mrs. C. Finally, there is a dawdling, feckless, ne'er-do-well way about Karáchi, far more Asiatic than European. If you want tea at 5 a.m. instead of 6 a.m., the lazy servants listen and say, "Achhá, sá'b" (Yess'r), and never obey. If you order a carriage, it will come at its own convenience. So you are not surprised to hear of the fate of an officer who, having a fad for "doing things in time," found life so very hard upon the nerves that he preferred to it the death of Seneca.

Politics are at this moment absorbing public attention. Sind, in the days of Sir Charles Napier, could stand alone; now she cannot. Her manifest destiny is to become the line of transit and traffic, the harbour of export from the Panjáb, which will then cease to ship goods *viâ* Bombay and Calcutta. When Lord Northbrook visited Karáchi, he was petitioned by the merchants to amalgamate; unfortunately that Grand Moghal, although, as a rule, by no means averse to improvement, replied Napoleonically, "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*" His successor will probably recognize a fitness of things palpable to the vague but useful personage "any schoolboy." The Governor of the Panjáb will then resort to Young Alexandria for sea-bathing; and an economical Ministry will no longer see the propriety of keeping a Commissioner at the rate of four thousand rupees per mensem.

And a little war upon the frontier is again threatened. Sir W. L. Merewether first proposed to support the Khan of Kelát against his unruly Sardárs (chiefs); and then, "turning north by south," he talked of deposing the Amír, Khudádád. Whereupon the Supreme Government took away the political charge of the frontier, reducing the Commissionership to a mere affair of revenue and internal and external administration; while, more unpleasant still, the marches were placed under the command of Colonel Munro and Major Sandeman, the latter a *persona ingrata* to the Commissioner. A force has lately (March, 1876) been marched upon the Bolan Pass and Kelát[1] with abundant mystery. It is reported that it will summer there; and hope is freely expressed that this step means annexation. Kelát, provided with a good carriage-road, would make a charming *sanitarium* for Sind: it is a land where the apple flourishes, and where frosts are hard: the Unhappy Valley wants this snug and cool retreat, and presently she will have it.

I cannot think well of such interference between native princes and subjects. The rights of the

[1] The force proceeding to the Bolan Pass, so late in the year and under command of Captain Humfry, instead of Colonel Hogg, escorts a kafileh of 2000 camels, and numbers—

	55 men, half-battery, mountain-train.
	100 sabres, Panjáb Cavalry.
	227 ,, 3rd Sind Horse.
	276 men 4th Panjáb Rifles.
	217 ,, Jacob's Rifles (30th Bombay Regiment).
Total	875 men.

question are often unknown at head-quarters. If you assist the rulers, you always make one ingrate and enemies by the thousand; if you support the Sardárs, you sow rebellion, present and future, and you must expect to reap the results. Let me hope that the Baroda *imbroglio* will not be repeated, and that, if the chief is unfitted to command and his chieftains to obey, we shall simply garrison the city and hold the country.

"What! More annexation?"

Yes, sir. In and about India you must move on: to stand still is to fall back. Please remember Prince Bismarck, "A nation which voluntarily surrenders territory is a nation in decay;" and carry out his dictum to its just conclusion. This anti-annexation mania, which was a mere reaction after the general "conveying" of 1835–45, is happily passing away; but it did look at one time very much like putting up the shutters and closing the shop. England is a country of compromises; India is not. Here you must choose your line of conduct and never deviate from it. Had a late Viceroy said to the Gáikwár, "You do not suit me: leave that seat: I will appoint a better man!" all India would have understood him. But he almost provoked a "row" in the Maráthá country by putting in orders a committee of native princes, as the English fashion is, and then, as the English fashion is not, by overruling their decision.

"Ahem!"

CHAPTER IV.

CLIFTON—GHISRI BANDAR—THE ALLIGATOR-TANK.

THE sun is sinking slowly towards his couch of purple and gold in the western main; we have still time to drive over the couple of miles that separate us from "Clifton."

Clifton! How many recollections are conjured up by the word. Again you see the Vallambrosa of Old England with its turfy downs, its wood-grown chasm, and its classic stream, the Fiume Sebeto of which the poet sang:

> "Tanto ricco d'onor quanto povero d'onde."

Clifton! you exclaim, in doggerel—poetical you may not become—

> "Powers of heaven! and can it be
> That this is all I came to see?"

Yes, sir, such is Sind; but note the peculiarities of the drive. Yon huge pile beyond the New Barracks is the Napier Hospital; nearer us is the ground where the Scotchmen play golf over the roughest of Nálás (nullahs); this bit of metal awning

is Frere Station; those vast yellow buildings, with the tall smoke-stacks, are the railway workshops. As we pass through the iron-road gate we find the usual knot of male nurses and female nurses, of babies and "Europe" dogs: the four seem everywhere to herd together. Further to the east of the embanked road lies the new race-course, marked out by white posts and broken-down sheds called Grand Stand. To the east-north-east is a brilliantly lime-washed truncated cylinder of masonry, the Dakhmeh, or charnel-house, of the Parsis, to which some poetically inclined ninny has given the popular name, "Tower of Silence." Further on, north of the railway, you see the quarries which built new Karáchi. Some way to the right rises the "Observatory," where no observations are, have been, or ever will be made: it is a stout little bit of building without entrance, the door being blocked, and snakes are said to have taken the lease. The lump supporting it is old "Bath Island;" and the salty ground, of dull chocolate with snowy efflorescence, together with the pestilent smell, show the mangrove-haunted mouth of the Chíni backwater: it formerly overflowed the plain subtending the eastern part of the harbour. The Persians say of Sind—

"The smell of death is in our noses;"

and let the man who would understand the full force of the expression, take up a handful of earth immediately after a shower, and submit it to the action of his olfactories. The fact is that even the soil

of the desert is strongly impregnated with decayed matter, animal and vegetable; and, when the Sarahá is swamped, all the South of Europe will become uninhabitable. After three miles or so, the road ascends a quoin-shaped buttress of dust and rugged rock, incipient sandstone, capped with a hard conglomerate of water-rolled pebbles, embedded in silicious paste. It tails off inland: seawards the face is more or less abrupt; and here, at the "Points," very different from Máthárán's and Mahábaleshwar's, are a few masonry benches, and half a dozen Sind "villas," which have not increased in number during the last quarter-century. They still represent the three normal types; the single-poled tent, the double-poled tent, and the cow-house, of which the Commissioner's quarters in camp supply the most characteristic specimen. And already there is a grim modern ruin which speaks of progress the wrong way. Such are the uncomely features of the "Civil Marine Sanitarium," Clifton in the Far East, which took its name from the birthplace of the old Conqueror.

However, the breath of the Arabian Sea is deliciously fresh and pure; whilst all the surroundings

"Of sea and cliff and silver strand;"

the blue plain bordering Father Indus, the brown hills of Pír Mango, the azure crags of the Pabb Mountains, and the long chord of the Bay made continuous by the Chíni dam, contrast well with bare and dismal Karáchi camp. The bathing, too,

is good ; the piles, once planted by way of barriers against ravenous sharks, have been removed, despite the tradition of a soldier eaten in the hoar depths of a remote antiquity ; and a wooden gangway has been laid to defend the feet. Turtle (*T. Indica*) is sometimes turned ; unfortunately, the Bábarchís (*Anglicè*, "cook-boys") ignore the art of cooking them. We hear of basking sharks[1] sixty feet long : but these monsters, whose splendid fins have been exported to China, and whose oil is used in Arabia for defending boat-bottoms from the *teredo*, are apparently non-anthropophagous. The Hindus lately opened a fane to Mahádeva in a chevron-shaped hole, apparently worked and turned by the ceaseless action of wind-blown sands, and the attendant "Jogi" rears pigeons for devotion, not for pies. The third person of the Hindu Triad, you will remember, became incarnate at Meccah in the form of a pigeon and under the title of Kapoteshwar — "Pigeon-god." The pious have also dug a well, but the supply is like brine. The great inconvenience of this favourite watering-place, this Sindian "Ramleh," is that it affords absolutely nothing, not even drinkable water. You must send to the Sadr-, or high, bázár, of camp for all you want, and on such occasions your servants have a pleasant trick of taking six hours to do what should occupy two.

[1] The sharks are *Carcharias vulgaris* (white shark) ; *Zygæna laticeps* (hammer-head) ; *Squalus fasciatus* and *S. pristis* (saw-fish) ; and *Squalus Raja*.

Here, sir, we used to assemble to bathe, to "tiff," not in the English sense of the word, and to "már," or slaughter innocent crabs. At times some such scene as this took place, to be duly recalled and revered by memory.

A dozen young gentlemen smoking like chimneys at Christmas, talking and laughing at the same time, mount their Arabs, and show how Arabs *can* get down a puzzling hill and over loose hillocks of sand. They all form line upon the bit of clear hard beach which separates the sea from the cliff. There is a bet upon the *tapis* there.

A prick of the spur and a lash with the whip: on dash the Arabs, like mad, towards and into the Arabian Sea.

A long hollow breaker curls as it nears the land, and bursts into a shower of snowy foam. Of the twelve cavaliers only one has weathered the storm, kept his seat, and won the day. Eleven may be seen in various positions, some struggling in the swell, others flat upon the sand, and others scudding about the hillocks, vainly endeavouring to catch or to curb their runaway nags.

This boisterous jollity is now numbered with the things that were. A few dull-looking whites promenade the strand, probably talking shop or bemoaning an eighteen-penny rupee; and, considering how loudly Karáchi and Clifton boast of their climate, the denizens do it injustice; they look subject to liver as well as to the *ennui* plague. I never saw in India more pallid women or apstier

children ; Karáchi seems to carry most of her green upon the cheeks of her "pale faces." Only some half-dozen weary, service-worn men remember with amazement the high spirits of Clifton's youth. The crabs are safe, and so is game generally—no one can now afford the heart, even if he has the coin, for Shikár. Yet here Lieutenant (now Colonel) Marston excelled every native sportsman in stripping the highlands of Ibex and the *Gad* (wild sheep), and Lieutenant Rice began a career which ended with his becoming the Champion Tiger-shot of the world. The political economist, the Liberal statesman, and the Manchester School generally, will opine that the change has been for the better. I hope you do not.

It is now time to return homewards. We will drive a few yards to the east-south-east and visit Ghisri—a counterpart of Clifton in all points, except that here, instead of the bungalows, is a Government or "Military Marine Sanitarium." The *matériel* is represented by three prim stone-boxes like detached villas, with green chiks or screens for officers ; long, mud-roofed ranges of quarters for men ; and a *rond point*, whence visitors can prospect the sea and the crater-like heaps of loose sand. Suggesting the moving mounds thrown up by the Nile about Syrian Bayrút, they have rendered Ghisri "Bandar" (port), distant four miles from Karáchi, and once the nearest embarkation place on the Indus, or rather the Ghárá Creek, a name and nothing more.

But how lovely are these Oriental nights !

how especially lovely, contrasted with the most unlovely Oriental day! This south-western fag-end of the Unhappy Valley is a desert plain of sand and dust, of silt and mud, with pins and dots of barren rocky hill, cut by rare torrents after rain, broken into rises and falls by the furious winds, and scarcely affording enough of thorns, salsolæ, and fire-plants, as they call the varieties of euphorbia, to feed a dozen goats and camels. Yet the hour, somehow or other, invests even this grisly prospect with a portion of its own peculiar charms. The heavy dew floats up from the sun-parched soil in semi-transparent mists, at once mellowing, graduating, and diversifying a landscape which the painful transparency of the diurnal atmosphere lays out all in one plane like a Chinese picture. The upper heights of the firmament-vault are of the deepest, most transparent, and most pellucid purple-blue, melting away around its walls into the lightest silvery azure; the moonbeams lie like snow upon the nether world; there is harmony in the night-gale, and an absence of every harsher sound that could dispel the spell which the majestic repose of Nature casts upon our spirits.

And now for the alligators. In former days we should have sent off our tents, and mounted our nags to canter joyously over the seven miles of bad ground separating Karáchi from Pír Mango. But the horse, here and elsewhere in British India, has made way for the carriage, a step in civilization from which the Argentine Republic expects

great results. The local Hansoms and "Huglies" are open barouches, drawn by two skeleton nags: we have a unicorn of these phantom steeds, and you will presently see why. The trap and three is hired from the old Parsí, Merwánji Burjoji: we especially name 5 a.m., and we are kept waiting till 6, so as to get more sun than we want. Here time is *not* money, but an enemy to be disposed of; and the dawdling, inconsequent way of life is very heavy upon the nervous systems of new-comers. At last the low-caste Hindu driver, grinning wide at our objurgations, begins to flog his lean nags into a rough canter up the No. 1, or Napier Road; through the Sadr-bázár; past the huge pile of Government School, over the "Irish bridges" or ill-paved dip-watercourses of masonry, and along the face of the tattered, half-ruined, melancholy bungalows which, in the days of "Old Charley," were looked upon as palatial abodes. On the right are the blue sheds of the 2nd Beloch Regiment, and in front lies a crumbling camp-bázár which once supplied the "Soldiers' Lines." It preserves its trees, for here a booth with shade is like a corner shop in London. We must walk through the Government Gardens to understand the way in which everything but mere "duty" is neglected throughout Sind. Like the cemeteries of the United States, these are the prettiest places in the land; yet, with the sole exception of Shikárpúr, they are left to Nature and the "nigger." The Karáchi establishment gardens, of about forty acres,

lie on the northern outskirts of camp, hugging the left bank of the Liyári river, the only site where a sufficiency of sweet water is procurable. Their few acres of poor mean land, grandiloquently named, contain a multitude of wells and Persian wheels; a circle where the band plays to pallid ladies in the evening, especially Saturday; an archery ground, with one mud butt in ruins; a field of staring hollyhocks, a large swimming bath in the worst condition, and a cricket-ground well cracked by torrid suns. The grass is being uprooted by a native, and to the question "Why?" he replies curtly, "Bayl ke wáste"—for the bullock. The shady and avenued promenades divide a considerable expanse of vegetable-beds, especially lettuces, cabbages, and onions. Formerly residents, on paying a subscription, got their green meat gratis; now, they go to the bázár for their "garden-sass."

We thread the dusty roads through the Government Gardens, and presently dash across the wide Liyári, beyond reach of civilization, which is here represented by brick bridges and evil smells. We cross this "Nai" (Wady or Fiumara) at full gallop. We might be going to Donnybrook Fair; and you feel almost inclined to whoop, and to flourish your umbrella by way of shillelagh. After heavy showers in the hills, the broad deep bed can hardly contain within its wooded and garden'd banks the dashing, crashing torrent of frothing yellow mud. In autumn and winter the bed is bone-dry, save here and there a pool near Karáchi town, where the

little brown-blacks disport themselves in their quasi-native element. Water-pits have also been sunk, and round the margins crowd dames and damsels, fair and dark, young and old, of high and low degree, each with earthen pot on head, and mostly carrying an infant riding across-hip, and clinging to the parental side like a baby baboon. There is an immensity of confabulation, a vast volume of sound, and, if the loud frequent laugh denote something more than what the peevish satirist assigned to it, there is much enjoyment during the water-drawing. The goodwives here prepare themselves for the labours and "duties" of the day, such as cooking their husbands' and children's meals, mending clothes, gossiping, scan-mag'ging, and other avocations multifarious.

Beyond the influence of the Fiumara stretches a level surface, bald and shiny as an old man's pate, with an occasional Bismarck-bristle in the shape of cactus, asclepias, wild caper, and low scrub. The vegetation is bowed landwards by the eternal sea-breeze and, for "serious" growth, walls would be required. One of the normal "Frere roads" has been laid out by the simple process of cutting a ditch on either side, but the cart-ruts are so deep that we prefer driving "promiscuously" across country. We edge gradually towards the low ridge of yellow-brown limestone, the Pír Mango Hills, which bound the northern extremity of the Karáchi desert. After dashing through a couple of smaller Fiumaras, we strike a notch in the range, and turn

to the left up a bit of rudely-made road, which dams the Nálá (nullah) draining our destination. The general look of the thermal basin, or rather basins, for it is a double feature divided by a rock-rib into eastern and western halves, is that of an oasis. The two thick groves of dates, cocoas, and tamarinds are surrounded, except on the north, where the drainage enters, and south, where it flows off, by a broken rim of limestones and sandstones with a strike to the north-west, and tilted-up at an angle of 20°, forming cliffs some five hundred feet high, and fronting towards the inner floor. In earlier days we should probably have found our tent pitched upon the borders of the marsh, under a thick and spreading tamarind, which has now gone the way of all wood. The natives have a saying that sleeping beneath this "Date of Hind" gives you fever, which you cure by sleeping under a Ním-tree (*Melia azedirachta*), the lilac of Persia. Once, and but once, to shame them out of this notable superstition, I tried the experiment on my proper person; but, sir, like the prejudice-hating commercial gentleman and his ship *Friday*, I caught a "chill" in the cool, damp shade, which made me even more credulous upon that point than my informers were.

As the crocodile was in Old Egypt, so the alligator is still a quasi-holy animal in Young Egypt and in Pokar or Poshkar of Rajputáná. They come, it is said, from the "Habb," a word meaning the "stream where many streams meet," about ten

miles to the west; or they work their way overland from the Indus—a feat well within the power of these saurians. I believe that many are brought when young by Fakírs and religious mendicants. They are of the man-eating species, with shorter snouts than those owned by the harmless gavial (*Gavialis longirostris*), with white gapes, and a double keel of caudal serrations ending in a single line. The people still assure you that the buffalo is the only beast they will not touch. On the Indus there is also an ichthyophagous alligator called Sísár, whose round muzzle bears a knob. It is eaten by the Mohána or fishermen, and you can imitate the meat by cooking steaks of what soldiers call "bull-beef" between alternate layers of stockfish.

"Pír Mango,"[1] as the natives term him, or "Muggur Peer," the Alligator Saint, as we corrupt the name, was a holy Moslem hermit who, about the middle of the thirteenth century, settled in this barren spot and, to save himself the trouble of having to fetch water from afar, caused, Moses-like, a streamlet to trickle out of the rock. On the northern hill-crest a whitewashed stone shows where he prayed for thirteen years before he "found grace." Presently he was visited by four pilgrim brother-saints, who, "without rhyme or reason," as Mrs. John is apt to say, began to perpetrate a variety of miracles. His Holiness Shaykh Lál Sháhbáz, now

[1] Pír (or Háji) "Mángho," the supposed Arabic form, is found in the Gazetteer: "Mango" is correct Sindi. Mr. E. B. Eastwick prefers Pír "Mangah," the Persian form: others give Pír "Mangyár" and "Manghyár."

of Séhwan, created a hot mineral spring, whose thick, slaty-blue, graveolent proceeds settled in the nearest hollow; the Right Reverend Faríd el-Dín metamorphosed a flower into a monstrous saurian; the holy Jimál el-Dín converted his "Miswák," or tooth-brushing stick, into a palm-shoot which, at once becoming a date-tree, afforded the friends sweet fruit and pleasant shade; while the Very Venerable Jelál Jaymagá made honey and melted-butter rain from the trees. After four years of contubernation, the friends urged Háji Mango to accompany them upon the supererogatory pilgrimage; but he refused to leave his beloved alligators and, opportunely taking the route for Firdáus (Paradise), he left his remains to be interred by the fraternity close to the scene of their preternatural feats. This place was an old Hindu pilgrimage, for the Pagans still visit it to worship Lálá Jasráj, and in reverence of the hot water. They are not, by-the-by, the only geologists who have mistaken for true vulcanism what is probably the result of sulphur pyrites veining the subsoil. There are many similar "Jwálámukhís," or fiery mouths, along the Mekrán coast; and even the Moslems derive this thermal spring from the holy Ráví river of the Idol-worshippers.

We dash through the last sand-track, some six inches deep and, after an hour and a half of hard gallop, we draw reins below the new Travellers' Bungalow. Facing the ruins of its predecessor, it is a dismal-looking article, of the cowshed type, bare and shadeless. No messman is needed, for the

Anglo-Indian community is too idle and apathetic to ride or drive so far. The "Dálán," or central feeding-room, has been monopolized by a cheeky Parsí; and the two northern dens, devoted to "Sahib Log," suggest cats and condemned cells. Here we are waited upon by the Mujáwir, "Miyan Mutka," a son of the grim old Fakír, who died about twelve years ago: he is a civilized man, speaking a little English and Persian, and, what is far better, an excellent Shikári; who knows exactly where game is to be found on the Pabb Hills, the blue line that forms our western and northern horizon. He takes us in hand, and leads us, past a brand-new Dharmsálá, and through long graveyards with sandstone tombs and carved head-pieces representing the male turban, to the Alligator-tank proper. A couple of kids precede us, but this time they will escape with uncut throats. As the holy lizards used to "Stravague," occasionally biting off a leg and picking up a nice plump child or two, they have been ignominiously prisoned within a mud-wall, in places crested with broken glass: here we must stand upon stones to look upon the forty head of big saurians, some bathing in the waters, others basking upon the bank. The dark recess, formed by a small bridge thrown over the narrow brick-canal which drains the enclosure, is broken down; and thus we miss a characteristic scene when Mor Sáhib (Mister Peacock), the grisly monarch of the place, a *genus loci* some eighteen feet long, emerged in "alligatoric state" from his recess in the warm,

bluish, sulphurous stream, and protruded through the gurgling and bubbling waters his huge snout and slimy white swallow, fringed with portentous fangs, to receive his offering of kid-flesh. I believe his title to be a mere euphuism, even as the Yezídís, called by their enemies "Devil-worshippers," converted Satan into Malik Táús (Peacock Angel). Mr. E. B. Eastwick, however, opines that "the appellation is probably derived from a demon with five heads, destroyed by Krishnah, and from which that god is called *Murári*," or Mur's enemy. But why, may we ask, should the name of a man-eating Rákhshasa, or fiend, be applied to this venerated goat-eater? Nor can I see any reason for believing, with the same author, that "these creatures derive their sanctity from the place, being regarded as ἱκέται (mediums of supplication), like the sparrows of the Branchian Oracle" (Herod. i. 159).

The scene has been sadly civilized and vulgarized by Cockney modern improvements: evidently the British *bourgeois* has passed this way. Formerly this Khírkand, or milky water, gushed free out of the rock which supports the whitewashed dome and tomb of the holy Háji; now it is received into a double tank of masonry, where bathing invalids enjoy a temperature of 98° F.,[1] and into a lower subdivision out of which cattle drink. From the source it passed off into the old "Magár Táláo," or Alligator-tank proper, still

[1] Lieutenant Carless, of the Bombay Navy, in 1837 made it 133° F.

denoted by a bald patch and a border of trees. The little bog was a network of warm shallow channels, and of cooler pools foul and stagnant with the thick dark-blue sediment, broken here and there by lumps of verdant islet and tussocks of rushy vegetation. Though not more than 400 feet down the centre, by half that breadth, it contained hundreds of alligators—some said a thousand—varying in size from two to twenty feet. The *tout ensemble* of the scene struck the eye strangely: the glaring steel-blue vault above, vividly contrasting with the green date-trees and the greener cocoas of the oasis, stretching about a mile in length, and set, like an emerald, in the tawny gold of the surrounding desert; the uncanny hue and form of the Stygian swamp, intersected by lines of mineral water; the quaintly-habited groups of visitors, and the uncouth forms of the sluggish monsters, armed with mail-coats composed of clay whitened and hard-baked by the solar ray. All was *hors de tenue*, like a fair woman clad in the "Devil's livery," black and yellow, or a dark girl drest in red, which, the Persians say, would make a donkey laugh. Most of the pilgrims, too, were Kanyaris, or dancing-girls from Karáchi, and even modest women here allowed themselves a latitude of demeanour, usual enough in sacred places, but still quite the reverse of the strictly "proper." During the exciting moment which decided whether Mister Peacock would, or would not, deign to snap at and to swallow the hind-quarter of kid, temptingly held within an

inch of his nose, Curiosity kicked out Etiquette; faces were unveiled, and backs of heads were bared in most unseemly guise. "Wah! wah!!" (hurrah! hurrah!) shouted the crowd as things ended well; and as the old Fakír, at the same time confiscating by way of perquisite the remnant of the slaughtered animal, solemnly addressed the donor, "Verily thy prayers are acceptable, and great will be thy fortunes in both worlds!" When one of the minor monsters sallied forth in huge wrath, the groups that thronged the margin of the swamp, throwing stones and clods at its tenants, were too much terrified to think of anything but precipitate escape. And at the fountain-head a bevy of African dames and damsels was wont to lave their buffalo-like limbs, with about as much attire as would decently hide a hand.

There was "skylarking," too, in those days; and the poor devils of alligators, once jolly as monks or rectors, with nothing in the world to do but to devour, drink, and doze; wallow, waddle, and be worshipped; came to be shot at, pelted, fished for, bullied, and besieged by the Passamonts, Alabasters, and Morgantes of Karáchi. The latter were the denizens of the tents; subalterns from camp; strangers in stranger hats and strangest coats, who, after wandering listlessly about the grove, "making eyes" at "the fair," conventionally so called, offering the usual goat and playfully endeavouring to ram the bamboo-pole down Mister Peacock's throat, informed the grave Fakír, in a corrupt and infirm dialect of "the

Moors," that he was an "old muff." They were generally accompanied by a scratch-pack of rakish bull-terriers, yelping and dancing their joy at escaping the thraldom of the Kuttewálá, the dog-boy; and when Trim, Snap, or Pincher came to grief,[1] they would salute the murderer's eyes and mouth with two ounces of shot, making it plunge into its native bog with a strange attempt at agility, grunting as if it had a grievance. The Fakír, propitiated with a rupee and a bottle of cognac, retired in high glee, warning his generous friends that the beasts were very ferocious and addicted to biting. The truth of this statement was canvassed and generally doubted. On one occasion the chief of the sceptics, Lieut. Beresford, of the 86th Queen's, who made one of the best girl-actors in India, proposed to demonstrate by actual experiment "what confounded nonsense the old cuss was talking."

The small pyrrhonist looks to his shoe-ties, turns round to take a run at the bog, and charges the place right gallantly, now planting his foot upon one of the little tufts of rank grass which protrude from the muddy water, then sticking for the moment in the blue-black mire, then hopping dexterously off a scaly serrated back or a sesquipedalian snout. He reaches the other side with a whole skin, although his overalls have suffered from a vicious snap: narrow escapes, as one may imagine, he has

[1] In my first account I made the alligator kill a dog with a sweep of the tail; this is the universal belief of the natives, but there are grave doubts of its ever being done by alligator or crocodile.

had, but pale ale and plentiful pluck are powerful preservers.

Not unfrequently an alligator ride was proposed; and the Coryphæus of the party, who had provided himself with a shark-hook, strong and sharp, fixed the quivering body of a fowl on one end, and, after lashing the shank by a strong cord to the nearest palm, began to flog the water for a "Mugur." The crowd pressed forward breathless with excitement.

A brute nearly twenty feet long, a real saurian every inch of it, takes the bait and finds itself in a predicament: it must either disgorge a savoury morsel, or remain a prisoner; and, for a moment or two, it makes the ignoble choice. It pulls, however, like a thorough-bred bull-dog, shakes its head as if it wished to shed that member, and lashes its tail with the energy of a shark which is being battered with capstan-bars.

In a moment the "wild rider" is seated, like a Maháut or elephant driver, upon the thick neck of the reptile steed, which, not being accustomed to carry weight, at once sacrifices the tit-bit and runs off for the morass. On the way it slackens at times its zigzag, wriggling course to attempt a bite; but the stiff neck will hardly bend, and the prongs of a steel carving-fork, well rammed into the softer skin, muzzles it effectually enough. Lastly, just as the horse is plunging into its own element, the jockey springs actively on his feet; leaps off to one side, avoids the serrated tail, and escapes better than he deserves.

The same trick, you may remember, was played by the late Mr. Waterton (de Waterton) upon a certain Cayman, which I have seen in the old hall near Wakefield. The Public, skilled at swallowing the camel of an impossible cram, strained at the gnat of an improbable adventure, flatly refused belief, and —said so. Whereupon the great traveller grimly revenged himself by publishing, as a frontispiece to his next volume, the portrait of what he called a "nondescript": a red monkey, to which his cunning scalpel had given all the semblance of a man. His critics, accepting the "missing link," canvassed it in lengthy and learned articles galore: Mr. Waterton had the laugh on his side; the credulity of the incredulous was much enjoyed, but the Public never again gave confidence to the author of the "sell." Never again: so he who laughed did not win.

"Skylarking" at Magar Táláo is now no more. Miyan Mutka, the Mujáwir, enters the *enceinte*, and, like a menagerie-servant, stirs up the inmates with a long pole. They open their pale gapes and roar the usual hoarse bark; when the succession of pokes and pushes becomes too vigorous, they bite angrily at the wood and, finally, without attempting to use the tail, they plunge into the puddle. Apparently they are hungry; many of them lie with open jaws, and all seem to scan us wistfully with their cold and cruel eyes.

We then pass the shrine of Pír or Háji Mango, together with the newly washed "Ziyárat-gah," or visitation-place. It is a domelet, with

a long flight of stone-steps and an adjacent mosque, the latter, a mere open shed, crowning the sandstone rock that rises above the lush and straggling grove. It preserves its sanctity, as we see by the handsome modern tomb of yellow-glazed tiles, lately built for himself by one Jíwan Misri. More graveyards and a small Dharmsálá lead, after half a mile, to the second water: the dwarf valley below actually shows, amongst the tall dates, a few yards of short clean turf, pearled with the morning dew. Ascending a slope studded with tombs that cluster about a white building, the Nisháni or Thikáná (dwelling-place) of the great Kalandar, Lál Sháhbáz, we find the subsidiary water welling from the hill-side. The spring, a small bowl paved with green slime, bursts into little bubbles, and shows a temperature of 129° F.—as warm as the hand can easily bear it. The light-hearted subaltern of bygone days explained the phenomenon by the fact that the holy inmates of the burial-ground were "getting it piping-hot below." From the cactus-grown rock-knob above, we have a good view to the west of the "Pabb Hills:" the Mujáwir explains the name to be a generic term for a long ridge. He places them at a distance of forty instead of twenty miles, and discourses eloquently concerning the visitation-places of Hasan, Hosayn, and Sháh Beláwal. Here, through the northern drainage-gap, runs the road to "The Estate," a fine orchard and kitchen-garden, belonging to a general favourite, the late Murád Khán. This native gentleman kept

on damming the Habb River with curious perseverance, despite repeated breakages, and, when his property became valuable, he died. As Government has a lien upon the farm, a tramway is now proposed. We are joined by a tall old Darwaysh, who calls himself a Mari Beloch, and assures us that this water, like No. 3, comes from the Chenáb. As he cannot even answer my question concerning the reverence due to his Kashkúl or begging-bowl, he will go away fee-less and discontented. Thence we walk a few yards to the south, and come upon a double-headed spring, whose driblets, says the Fakír, are hot in one and cold in the other direction. Unhappily the thermometer showed 118° F. for the south-eastern, and 90° for the north-eastern pool. Here are a couple of tanks, one of them containing two large and a single small alligator. This rival establishment owns an excellent Dharmsálá, built at an expenditure of Rs. 1500 by one Tuhár Mohammed, a Mehman; and a Hindu booth or two under the shady trees supplies pilgrims with the necessaries of native life.

We are in luck. There is a *Melo* or Pilgrims' Fair at the Saint's tomb, and Sindi picnics here become more popular as Europeans' visits diminish. I regret to observe, Mr. John Bull, that we are not in the most respectable society. Our characters will not be worth a fig if we wander about amongst the Kanyaris and Koblis, Anonymas and Hetæras; but we may safely indulge in a Sídi dance. "Síd-í," you will understand, is the Arabic

for "my lord;" a term vulgarly applied to the Zanzibar negroids, who at home call themselves Wásawáhíli. To be polite you say "Habshi," or Abyssinian: so the Sídi (don't write Seedy) of Jazíreh, the ex-pirate's den off the Northern Konkan, is known as the "Habshi." One day Sir C. Napier took it into his head to manumit all the Sind blacks, who were at once turned out of house and home. There was general wailing and gnashing of teeth; few, however, starved, because life is easy in these latitudes; and now, a generation after their manumission, the number seems to have increased. But you must not run away with the idea that this would be the case in the United States, or even in the Brazil. Query, would not the philanthropist rather see them die free than live and multiply in bondage?

The preparations are easily made. Fantastic flags are planted in the ground; and the musical instruments, a huge Dhol or tree-drum, and sundry horns, are deposited in the shade. As dancing is "an act of prayer," is a prayer upon the legs, the performance opens with a burnt-offering of bad frankincense in a broken potsherd. The musicians then strike up, while the chorus roar a *recitativo*, tomtoming, trumpeting, and drum-drubbing, with all the weight of their mighty muscular arms and with the whole volume of their loud and leathery lungs.

The *corps de ballet* is composed of several Táifehs or sets, each represented by any number

of dancers, male and female. They have tasted of English liberty, and now they are impudent as London cads or an ancient noble-woman's pet courier. At first the sexes mingle, each individual describing, round the central flag, a circle of pirouettes, without any such limitations as time or step, and chanting rude ditties with hoarse and willing throats. Then the *ballerine*, separating themselves from the male *artistes*, group together—the fascinators !—whilst one advances coquettishly, wriggling her sides with all the grace of a Panjáb bear, and uttering a shrill cry, the Kil and Zaghrítah of Persia and Egypt, which strikes you as the death-shriek of a wild cat. After half an hour of these *pas seuls*, the host of male *vis-à-vis*, excited beyond all bounds, and thrilling in every nerve, can stand inactivity no longer. They plunge forward prancing; they stop short, squatting suddenly on the ground; they spring up and wave their arms, shouting and howling all the time more like maniacs than common mortals. The perspiration pours down their naked forms, they pant and puff like high-pressure engines; still they keep the ball going. At times it is necessary to revive one of the performers, who has fainted with over-excitement, fatigue, and strong waters. His ankles are seized by the nearest pair of friends, who drag him testily out of the ring, dash a potful of water over his prostrate form, and leave him to "come round" when he can. The moment he opens his eyes, be sure that, *treu und fest*, he will return to the charge,

game as a bull-dog, and dance himself with all possible expedition into another fit.

Mr. Bull, and ye admirers of the olden time, ye classical lauders of hoar antiquity, will you excuse me if I venture upon one query? When those heavenly maids, Music and the Ballet, first came down from Indian Meru or Ethiopian Meroe, loved of the gods, to one of the many Olympuses, and condescended to take an engagement with Young Greece, did they, think ye, appear in the primitive, natural, and unaffected forms which they still display to ecstasize the Sídi sons of Young Egypt? I humbly opine they did.

As we return homewards we pass by a Káriz, one of the subterranean aqueducts used for irrigation throughout Central Asia. It is formed by sinking a line of shafts, used for repairs as well as excavation, at intervals of about twenty yards, and connecting them by a narrow tunnel dug, at the requisite depth, below the surface. Thus the irregularities of level are overcome, and water is brought down from the hills without evaporation or the danger of being drawn off by strangers. The long lines of earth-mounds, indicating the several apertures, is a familiar feature in a Sind, as in a Persian, landscape. It is wonderful how accurately the mountain-folk can determine by the eye rising and falling ground, and how skilfully they excavate with their rude tools; in some cases, however, as here, the work ends in a failure.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH FROM KARÁCHI—THE MEMORY OF THE PRETTY PERSIAN GIRL.

We must spend a week at Karáchi. Land-travel in these regions requires something more than simple European preparations of portmanteau, dressing-bag, and hat-box, and, just at present, the weather is not propitious. I hardly expected we should escape in the Khamsín season, between November and June, one of the local scourges, a dust-storm. When we rose in the morning, the sky lowered and the air was dark; the wind blew in puffs, and it felt unusually raw and searching. If about 8 a.m. you looked towards the Hálá-Kirthár Hills, which spread their last outliers over the south-westernmost flank of the great river-plain, you saw a "devil," a towering column of sand and dust from the rocky ridge, mixed with powdered salt from the arid flat, flying, fast as it could, from angry, puffing Boreas, whom we here call the "Shimál."[1]

[1] In Arabic the word means the north wind; but Sind applies it to the north-wester, the usual direction of the north-east monsoon.

The gale grows, blast pursuing blast, roaring and sweeping round the walls and over the roofs with the frantic violence of a typhoon, a cyclone, a tornado. There is horror in the sound; and then the prospect from the windows! It reminds me of Firdausi's stupendous imagery: one layer has been removed by the battle-tramp off the face of Earth, and has been added to the Seven Heavens.[1] You close every crack and cranny in the hope of alleviating the evil. Save yourself the trouble! all such measures are in vain. The impalpable atoms with which our atmosphere is charged would pass without difficulty through a needle's eye; judge, then, what easy thoroughfares they must find the chinks of these warped doors and the cracks of these puttyless munnions.

It seems as though the pungent saltpetrous dust recognized in our persons kindred matter. Our heads are powdered in five minutes; our eyes, unless we sit with closed lids, feel as if a dash of cayenne had been administered; we sneeze as schoolboys do after a first pinch of "Irish blackguard;" our skins are grittier than a loaf of *pain de ménage* in the French *Province*, and washing would only add to the irremediable nuisance.

Now, sir, if you wish to let your family and old cronies at home see something of Eastern luxuries, call for lighted candles and indite an

[1] Moslems believe in seven heavens and as many earths, concentrically disposed, like the coats of an onion; an idea evidently suggested, to the Egyptians and Greeks, by the seven planets.

"overland letter." It will take you at least an hour and a half to finish the normal four pages, with the pen which becomes clogged, and the paper which is covered, every few minutes. Moreover, your spectacles require wiping at least as often as your Gillott; and finally, when the missive comes to hand it will contain a neatly flattened cake of glittering mud and micaceous silt, moulded to the form of the paper. Tell Mrs. Bull that you went without your "tiffin"—luncheon, I mean;—that you tried to sleep, but the novel sensation of being powdered with dust made the attempt abortive; that it is impossible to cook during these storms; and that if the gale last much longer you expect to be "in for" a modification of your old favourite "intramural sepulture." However, the wind will blow itself out about 5 or 6 p.m.; at this hour it sometimes rises on the Indus banks, but on the coast, as a rule, it goes down with the sun; and even should it continue during the night it will be mild compared with what we endure by day.

Karáchi, I have told you, is famed for healthfulness, the maximum summer heat seldom reaching 90° to 92°[1] F., although 115° have been recorded; this average is some 20° less than at Haydarábád and Sakhar in Upper Sind (110° to 112°). Moreover, the sea and land breezes are tolerably regular, and, aided by the heavy dews, which roll from the roofs like thin rain, they mitigate the

[1] The maximum in the shade is 117°, the minimum 39°, and the approximate mean 82°. At least, so says the excellent Gazetteer.

fierce and sickly heat and glare of a region seldom cooled by showers. We are in north lat. 25°, just beyond the verge of the Tropic, where the Indian wet monsoon of summer is exchanged for the wintry downfalls of the Temperates, and yet, without including the occasional furious deluges,[1] we cannot reckon upon more than 7 inches annually to 86 at Bombay.

Maritime Sind may be said to have four seasons, consisting of double winters and summers. The first cold weather lasts between November and March; the second is a break in the great heats, extending from August to September. This cool and cloudy period is little known beyond the seaboard, because due to the south-western monsoon, which the Board of Trade compels to begin in April. Alexandria and Cairo show similar variations of dry heat and damp heat, due to the abundant moisture of a high Nile. Finally, the arid alluvial soil, the gift of the Ran and the detritus of the rocks, breeds none of that fearful miasma which arises from the reedy swamps near the Indine embouchures, and which makes its huge delta more malarious than the fatal Pontine Marshes.

But Karáchi, like Aden, Maskat, Bushehr (Bushire), and other hot-dry, tropical and sub-tropical climates, though, generally speaking, salubrious enough, has recurring crises of sick-

[1] The rainfall is very uncertain, varying from 2 to 28 inches: between 1856-57 the average was 7 in. 35 cents.

ness, and suffers severely from the visitation of epidemics—small-pox, dysentery, typhus, and especially cholera. At such times she can show an amount of mortality which shames even S'a Leone, celebrated as the Dark Continent is for running up tremendously long bills of that nature. None of us old Sindis will ever forget the terrible cholera of 1846[1] when, despite every care, the Royal Irish (86th Regiment) lost half its numbers. Nor were those of '53, '61, '65, and '69 less fatal. At the same time, I believe with Doctor Buez, Consul de France and Sanitary Officer at Jeddah, the port of Meccah, that the focus of this malignant, medico-baffling pest is the Indian Peninsula, whilst Sind is affected only by derivation; therefore, that the invasion can be kept out by carefully-conducted quarantines.[2] On the other hand, small-pox is here endemic, and despises borrowing anything of virulence from Arabia.

You have now every "strict necessary" for your long march: a Be-chobá, or single-fly, poleless tent, the justly prized manufacture of Bengal, which generally outlasts a couple made at Bombay. The two side-flaps are for your people to sleep under.

[1] This was the second great Asiatico-European attack, lasting from 1846–48: number one was 1830–32.

[2] "Report on Jeddah," second edition. See also the "Report concerning the diffusion of Cholera and its prevalence in Europe during the ten years of 1865–74;" published by the Board of Trade. Mr. Netten Radcliffe's valuable paper "traces from point to point that westward diffusion of cholera in the Eastern Hemisphere which, beginning in 1863, continued uninterruptedly to 1873."

Your stud is an old Arab, a veteran hog-hunter and a steady roadster; also an Afghan Ghúnt, Yábú or Chár-Gúsheh (the "split-eared"), as they call their breed of short, stout, shaggy ponies, somewhat like the Iceland "hross" in winter coat; a Sándni, or single-humped dromedary for your own riding, and four luggage-camels to carry your canvas-house with its belongings—table and chair, canteen and crockery, cot, carpet, and chest of drawers. The other animals number nine, viz.: "Pepper," a spiteful little fox-terrier, the best possible body-guard during our march; a head servant, at once butler, footman, and valet; a "boy" of forty, his *aide-de-camp;* a cook; two "horsekeepers," who can hardly be called grooms, and a pair of camel-drivers. We must also take a washerman and certain unclean drudges for general work.

There are two ways of making Ghárá, the first of our nine stations[3] on the way to Haydarábád.

[1] The following are the names and distances differently given by (1) the Quarter-master-General, and (2) the Gazetteer:—

	Miles.	Furlongs.		Miles.
1. Karáchi to Jemádár Kí Lándhí	13	1	Landhi	12
2. Watáji	15	1	Pipri ...	$10\frac{1}{4}$
			Watáji ...	$5\frac{1}{4}$
3. Ghárá	9	$5\frac{1}{2}$	Gháro ...	$9\frac{1}{2}$
4. GúJáh	12	1	Gujo ...	12
5. Thathá (about half-way) ...	8	4	Thátá ...	10
	58	4		$58\frac{3}{4}$
6. Hiláyá (properly 15·2) ...	16	6	Helaia ...	16
7. Jerruck (Jharak or Jhirka) ...	16	4	Sonda ...	6
			Jirkh ...	10
8. Ver (properly 12·4) ...	18	4	Aunpur	11
9. Kotri (properly 11·4) ...	5	4	Kotri ...	14
Grand total	115	6		$110\frac{3}{4}$

If, preferring water with a view to save trouble, we take boat somewhere above old Ghisri Bandar, we shall probably find ebb-tide in the Ghárá creek, the large navigable branch which debouches between Karáchi and the Piti or Bhagár mouth; a desolating sun and a stiff breeze dead in our faces. I have tried it more than once. So we will make up our minds to start the servants directly, with orders to march upon the Jemádár's Lándhi, or station, so called because years ago some native official here built a mud-tower.

Our route lies east with southing of Karáchi, over the low hills, and the little desert where the dust-storms love to wander. There is nothing remarkable in it, except that we are morally certain to lose the road—if such name can be given to the one in a thousand footpaths and hoof-tracks into which we happened to fall when we left the cantonment—so regularly every half-hour, that our journey will more than double its proper length.

That pole on the summit of "Gibbet-hill," the mound we are now passing, marks the spot where a celebrated Sindi "Wildfire Dick," Fakíro by name, paid the last penalty of the law for murdering an English officer in cold blood. An old hyæna prowls about the spot, and the credulous natives believe him to be the Kakodaimon whose foul influence impelled the freebooter to do so unlucky a deed.

Observe, every one we meet is in peaceful guise. One of the first orders issued by the Conqueror of

Sind was that no man should carry weapons abroad. It was a fair specimen of the old warrior's shrewd, wise, despotic rule: tardy Bombay did not take warning till after the great Sepoy-mutiny. Large bodies of armed men were thereby prevented from meeting to concert conspiracies, and quiet people saw with astonishment and admiration that the personal safety of the subject was become a public, not a private, care. Many a Karáchi-ite, in 1850, remembered the day when no man dared walk from the town to the Rám Bágh, a distance of half a mile, without sword and shield, matchlock and dagger.

To show you what the value of human life was in those days: Some years ago a clan of Beloch had wandered down from their native mountains, and had pitched their tents on the plain that lies to the north of the cantonment. It is related that on one occasion an old widow sent forth her only son to collect a little "rhino" from any travellers he might chance to meet. She buckled on his sword like a Spartan mother, praying lustily the while, and followed with anxious eyes his lessening form, making it the object of many a heart-breathed benison.

It was the boy's maiden foray, and he started upon it with the determination not to disgrace the lengthy line of celebrated thieves, his ancestors. The first person he met was a Sindi, trudging along on foot, armed, as usual, *cap-à-pié*, and carrying on his back an earthen pot-lid, the extent

of his morning's purchases at the neighbouring market-village.

To cry "stand and deliver!" was the work of a moment. As rapidly, too, the order was obeyed—a Southron of these plains seldom dared to bandy words or blows with an armed Highlander.

The young Beloch secured the pot-lid.

But the dark idea of the maternal disappointment and disgust at the paltry nature of his virgin booty, and the danger of being designated a "prigger of pot-lids," settled heavily upon the lad's sensitive mind. What was he to do? Suddenly a bright thought dispersed the gloomy forebodings. He cut down the Sindi with his good sword, struck off his head, placed it upon the platter, and carried it in triumph as a "Peshkash," or honorary offering, to his mama.

"And hast thou really slain this Sindi dog for the sake of this pot-lid, two of which go for a penny, O my son?" anxiously inquired the venerable matron, with a beating heart.

"Wallah—by the Lord—I did, mother!"

"Then happy am I among the daughters of the Beloch, and blessed be thou, my boy! and thy sons! and thy sons' sons! for ever and ever!" quoth the widow, bursting into a crying fit of joy.

We, however, use the privilege of the ruling race, as our holsters show; not so much for the purpose of safety, as with the object of impressing upon the natives a sense of our national superiority. The only dangerous animal we are at all likely

to meet with here is some native rider's runaway jade. Remember, if you do see one charging us, with tail erect and head depressed, whinnying like the Fire-king's steed, draw your revolver, and put the brute at once *hors de combat.*

Our first day's march is interesting in one point of view: during the whole morning's ride we see not one inch of cultivated, though every second mile of it is culturable, ground. The road crosses a number of Fiumaras—the Wadis of Arabia Deserta—all sand at this season, and stretches over a succession of heavy shingles, bare rocks, and burning deserts, which would not be out of place in Bedawi land.

There is the Jemádár's station. It is a fair specimen of the village in Southern Sind: the component matter consists of a well, a few shops or booths of bush and matting, where vendors of grain, sweetmeats, vegetables, and clarified butter expose their scanty stores, and a ragged line of huts, half-mud, half "rain-dropping wattles, where in foul weather the tenant (like poor Paddy) can scarcely find a dry part to repose his sky-baptized head;" and where in summer seasons the occupant, one would suppose, is in imminent deadly peril of sun-stroke and brain-fever. Our tent is pitched upon a dwarf plain near the road, our effects are scattered over its withered grass-plat, and our people are loitering about the bushes beyond, or squatting under the single tree, in expectation of our arrival. There

is a Travellers' Bungalow, to the right or east of the camping-ground, with the messman and the two normal big rooms; but we will prefer the canvas house to his brewed tea and his "sudden death," as the *Spatchcock* is here facetiously called.

You dismount, somewhat stiffly. It is your first ride after some months, and a long canter is apt to produce temporary inconvenience. You will doubtless feel better in the afternoon.

And now for breakfast, *à la Sindienne:* Bass usurping the throne of Hyson, chapátis[1]—scones or unleavened cakes of wheaten flour, salt, and water—doing duty as buttered toast; and a hot curry the succedaneum for cold meat or "frizzle of bacon."

If there be anything of the wanderer in your disposition, Mr. John Bull, and I know there is, you will soon like this style of life. The initiation is, of course, an effort. After gliding over a railroad at the rate of forty miles per hour, you are disposed to grumble at our creeping pace. At the halt, you miss your "comforts," your hotel—you have abolished the inn—your newspaper, and your thousand unnecessary necessaries. One of your camels has fallen down and broken half your crockery: you need not turn up your eyes in despair; it is as easy to drink ale out of a tea-cup as from a tumbler. Your couch is a wreck;

[1] These are the "mysterious patties" of the unlearned Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax), which, before the Mutiny, served the mutineers like the Fiery-cross of the Scotch Highlanders.

never mind, we will rig up another, in the shape of a wooden frame, listed along and across, with a hook at each corner, and secure it between two bullock-trunks. Our servants, I hear, have been fighting, as Turks are said to do: this is a real annoyance, which we must crush in embryo, if we want to live in peace.

We summon the offenders. After some delay, natural to the man who expects no good to come of haste, appear Messieurs Rámá and Govind, plaintiff and defendant.

"O sons of doggesses! What shameful work is this?"

"Sá'b, is it by your order and direction that thy man smites me upon the lips with his slipper?" asks Rámá, blubbering.

"Sá'b, is it by your order and direction that this man calls my mother naughty names, and tells me that I eat corpses?" inquires Govind, fiercely.

We dismiss both parties, with a little counter-irritation applied to something more tangible than the part chafed by angry words. Those fellows, both having reason, as they imagine, to abuse us, will be on the best possible terms before sunset, and they are not likely to quarrel again soon, much less to annoy us with their quarrels.

The sea-breeze blows freshly here, and after breakfast you will enjoy a nap exceedingly.

Now, Mr. Bull, I will tell you how I employed myself whilst you were dozing away the forenoon.

Do you see that array of striped tents, those scattered boxes, neglected bags, and heaps of camel-litters, in whose glaring shade repose some dozens of long-bearded individuals, with huge conical caps of lamb's wool, fierce eyes, thick beards, loud voices, and a terrible habit of profane swearing?

They are Persians, escorting one of the prettiest girls ever seen to her father's house near Karáchi.

The first thing which attracted my attention after you went to sleep was the appearance of a little slave-boy, who, when his fellow domestics addressed themselves to the morning siesta, kept walking about the entrance of our tent, looking in at times, and taking every precaution to evade all eyes but mine. I awaited an opportunity, and called him up. He removed his slippers, salám'd, bending forward with his hand on his right thigh, a respectful style of salutation, called in Persia the "Kurnish," and then stood up to be catechised.

"Who art thou, son?"

"My name is Lallu; my birth-place Bushehr."

"And what is thy employment?"

"I serve the Bíbí, in the house of the great Sardár (chieftain) Z—— Khan."

"Indeed! thou art a wonderful youth. Dost thou like goodies? Then take this rupee, go to the bázár, and stuff thyself. If thou wishest to come here presently and chat awhile, there is no fear—*bákí nist.*"

The little wretch, who scarcely numbered twelve summers, looked knowing as an "Arab" in your

city of infant phenomena, again bowed, shuffled on his slippers, and departed with a grin and a promise to return.

Then, taking my pen and ink, I proceeded to indite the following *billet doux* upon a sheet of bright-yellow note-paper, the "correct thing" in this early stage of an *affaire* (*de cœur*), we will call it:

"The Rose-bud of my Heart hath opened and bloomed under the Rays of those sunny Eyes, and the fine Linen[1] of my Soul receiveth with ecstasy the Lustres which pour from that moon-like Brow. But, woe is me! the Garden lacketh its Songster, and the Simum of Love hath dispersed the frail morning Mists of Hope. Such this servant (*i.e.* myself) knows to be his Fate; even as the poet sings:

> "'Why, oh! why, was such beauty given
> To a stone from the flint-rock's surface riven?'

"Thus also the hapless Inditer of this Lament remarketh:

> "'The diamond's throne is the pure red gold;
> Shall the Almás[2] rest on the vile black mould?'

"And he kisseth the Shaft which the Bow of Kismet hath discharged at the Bosom of his Bliss. And he looketh forward to the Grave which is

[1] This Oriental image may not be familiar to the English reader. In Persian poetry, the linen-stuff called "Karbás" is supposed to be enamoured of the moon.

[2] The adamant or diamond. The verses are far-famed Nizámi's.

immediately to receive him and his miseries. For haply thy Foot may pass over his senseless Clay; the sweet influence of thy Presence may shed Light over that dark Abode."

After sealing this production with wax jaundiced like the paper, I traced the following lines with an unsteady hand, in very crooked and heart-broken characters, upon the place where "Miss A——," etc., etc., would have been:

"The Marks on this Sheet are not the Stains of Smoke (*i.e.*, ink),
They are the black Pupils of my Eyes dissolved by scalding Tears;
Ask of my Heart what its Fate is, and it will tell thee
That when Tears are exhausted, Blood from it will begin to flow."

When the slave-boy reappeared we renewed our dialogue, and after much affected hesitation he proceeded to disclose further particulars. "Etiquette" forbad his mentioning the Khánum's name; on other subjects, however, the young Mercury was sufficiently communicative, and at last he departed, with a promise to put the missive into the fair hand when he could, and to report progress in the course of the afternoon.

Now, Mr. Bull, be asleep if you please! Lallu is hovering about the tent again, and the presence of a "party" *en tiers*—the *terzo incommodo*—operates unfavourably on these occasions. Turn your face towards the tent wall, sir!

"Well, son?"

"I have laid the high letter before the Khánum."

"And what commands did Her Huzúr (highness) issue?"

"Híck! nothing.——"

"Indeed!"

"Except that the Khánum wished to know if Your Worship is learned in physic, and has any European remedies."

"Take my prayers and compliments to the Presence and put in this petition, saying, That in half-an-hour I will lay before Her Excellency what we men of medicine in Feringistán consider the Elixir of Life."

I scarcely know what to do. Perhaps, sir, you do not diagnosticize the fair one's malady? A flask of curaçoa or noyau would cure it at once, but we have none with us. Brandy she will dislike, sherry she will find cold, and ale nauseous.

I have it!

We did not neglect, when at Karáchi, to lay in a little store of coarse gin, intended as a *bonne bouche* for the Sindis. See what ingenuity can effect! I mix up a bottle of it with a pound of powdered white sugar, simmer over a slow fire, strain, flavour with an idea of Eau de Cologne, and turn out as dainty a dram, sweet and strong, as any Bacchus-loving Oriental queen could desire.

The boy is delivering to his mistress the Elixir of Life, and a certain accompanying message from the Jálínús (Galen) of the age, *viz.*, your humble servant. If you peep through that crevice in the tent wall you may catch sight of her.

Is she not a charming girl, with features carved

in marble like a Greek's; the noble, thoughtful Italian brow; eyes deep and lustrous as an Andalusian's, and the airy, graceful kind of figure with which Mohammed, according to our poets, peopled his man's Paradise!

How laggingly Time creeps on! When will it be evening? Oh, that I could administer a kick to those little imps, the Minutes, that would send them bumping against one another, bow and stern, as the eight-oars in a rowing match on old Isis! I shall be admitted into the Presence as a medico of distinguished fame, and you may accompany me to play propriety and to enlarge your ideas, sir.

Confusion! what are they doing?

The litters are being hoisted upon the camel's back, and that grim senior, the Khánum's male duenna, has entered her tent!

Oh, "my prescient soul!" The Beauty comes forth, muffled and wrapped up; the beast, her dromedary, kneels; she mounts, turning her latticed[1] face towards us; I hear a tiny giggle; she whispers a word in the ear of the slave-girl that sits beside her; the auditor also laughs; they draw the litter curtains; the camels start——!

[1] Modest women, in Persia, when they leave the house, always wear the "Burk'a." See Chapter XVI.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LEGEND OF BAMBRÁ, THE RUIN — SINDIA DESERTA—THE FAREWELL ORDER OF A COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AND THE CAMEL-RIDE.

We are now progressing towards Watáji, the second stage, or twenty-eight miles, from Karáchi, on the road of the Five Torrents—about which anon. Our diaries will record something of this kind:

"Number two march, also rocky and sandy, ended at the unusual convenience of a caravanserai; a deserted mosque, half-exposed to the winds of heaven, having been desecrated into utility."

Native travellers, you observe, sir, have scribbled over the well-plastered walls, precisely as if they had been Greeks, Romans, or Englishmen. I once saw the paws of the Sphinx, when unburied by the late Duc de Luynes, and noted that they were covered with old travellers' scrawls. For

"Nomina stultorum semper parietibus insunt."

Here also our compatriots have not forgotten to write and scratch many a "GREEN" and a "BROWN" sprawlingly over the more modest

signatures, and the less striking inscriptions of their black and brown "fellow-subjects."

A few of the Oriental compositions are amusing enough. This one, for instance:

> "Matters are come to a pretty pass, ye Moslems,
> When Christian hounds eat pork and drink wine in the Mosque!"

Some patriotic, probably "unemployed,"[1] individual of the olden day has recorded a burning wish in the following terms:

> "O Sher Mahommed,[2] turn the reins of thy steed towards Sind,
> And with one flash of thy scimitar consume 'Napír!'"

And a little below, fanatics—in their cups, I suppose—have been hard at work. One gentleman writes:

> "A lakh of evil curses light on the head of Umar
> The son of Khattáb!"

Near which an orthodox Moslem has thus noted his violent detestation of such a schismatical, heretical, and damnable sentiment:

> "Oh, base-born one, mayst thou die a hateful death,
> And may dogs make a divan of thy tomb!"

Watáji, in 1876, has nothing but a camping-ground near the banks of the Gaggá Fiumara, which supplies excellent water. It is fronted on the opposite side by the Government Gardens, where

[1] "Employment," in Sind and Hind, always means a salary from Government.

[2] The only Amir who showed courage or conduct in attacking or resisting us. Sir Charles Napier called him the Lion (Sher) of Sind.

mangoes grow, and here we find the policeman, who, like the British flag, seems to gird the habitable globe. He is dressed in blue, with red turban and Kamarband, and his long boots show that he serves "indifferent well" on horseback and on camel-back.

From Watáji to Ghárá, nine miles, this morning —a plain such as Sind only can display. I feel almost disposed to point out the marks of the old coast, and to lecture you upon the "geology and extinct fishes" of the country. However, that hill, a few hundred yards off the road, rising abruptly on one side from the sandy flat that skirts the neighbouring creek, and on the other gradually sinking into the broken, bushy, rocky ground behind it, will supply us with half an hour's "story-telling," certainly much more rational, and probably a little more amusing.

Bambrá, which some identify with the old Alexandrian city, Barbarei, or Barbariké, whilst others here hit upon "Debul Bandar" (Thathá), is said by the natives to be the most ancient seaport in Sind. Nothing of its former state now remains; nought save the foundations of houses, curtains, bastions, and amorphous heaps, with the ghostly legends which haunt the deserted hill-top. The spade might do good service, but regular excavations, like those of the Great Master, Schliemann, not a few days of desultory amateur-digging, are required.

Tradition, possibly confounding this Bambrá, or ruined settlement, with another further north, asserts that the city and its citizens were swal-

lowed up in one night because of the prodigious wickedness of its ruler, Dalurá.[1] This ungodly king, who is also called Dilora, Dilu Ráhi, and Dalu Ráhi, claimed a certain feudal right from the daughter of a Moslem Shaykh, and the prayers of the father caused a tempest and an earthquake which demolished the city. Written history in Sind mentions no Dalurá; but the same tale is told, with a slight variant, both at Aror, the old capital of Sind where the same king's "improper" conduct caused Mehrán, the Indus, to leave its bed; and at Brahmanábád, near Hálá town,[2] where, at last, he, his courtiers, and his unbelieving subjects, all perished amidst the ruins of that Young-Egyptian Canopus. The feudal custom alluded to was not unknown to the Hindus, especially to the Rajputs; but to the Moslems it would be an abomination justifying the immediate action of their Providence. Bambrá is still a celebrated locality in this part of the world, on account of the following bit of rude poetry which the bards and minstrels have associated with it:

In the days when El-Islam began to take firm root in Sind, and, like the glorious Túbá[3] of Paradise,

[1] See Chapter XXVIII.

[2] The ruins, which proved to be purely Hindu, showing how little the Moslem conquest had affected the country, were explored in 1854 by the late Mr. A. F. Bellasis, of the Bombay Civil Service, and by Captain (now Major-General Sir F. J.) Goldsmid. A good account of their discoveries will be found in Murray's Handbook (p. 449); a better in the "Sindh Gazetteer," *sub voce.*

[3] The wonderful tree in Mohammed's heaven, derived from the Jews and the Apocryphal Gospels.

to afford sweet perfume and grateful shade and goodly fruit to the erring souls that wandered over the Saharás of transgression, worshipping wood, stone, and metals, the wife of one "Náo," a Brahman of Thathá on the Indus, bare him a daughter. She was a lovely child, but the astrologers, having consulted their books, declared her fate was to become a Moslemah, to marry a foreigner, and to disgrace her family. Determined to avert this prodigious evil from themselves, the parents placed the babe in a coffer with a rich bracelet, and committed it to the safeguard of the sacred stream. "Mother," as the poet sings, "never nursed Sassúi;[1] the wild waves cradled her on their rough bosom, and the wilder winds howled her lullaby."

By the decree of Destiny—and who can escape it?—the ark floated down to Thul Bambrá, in those days a flourishing idolatrous city, "Mahara" or "Mansawar," hight, with glittering spires and proud palaces, whose walls towered majestic as monarchs over the surrounding country, and whose gardens bloomed beautiful as the plains which Houris tread.

A washerman, who was plying his craft on Indus' bank, drew out the coffer, and, astonished at its beautiful contents, called to the by-standers, his "disciples" or apprentices, "See, O men, the tricks of the World; to the childless, a child is borne by the River!"

After the lapse of years, the fair Sassúi became

[1] The name is supposed to be in full "*Sunsdr men Súi*," which would mean "the heard of in the world," the famous.

the boast and the beauty of Bambrá. No scimitar ever dealt more deadly wounds than did the curve of her eyebrow; no shaft pierced deeper into man's heart than the lashes that guarded her lovely orbs; her brow shone dazzlingly as the light of day, and her hair gloomed deeply as the midnight murks. Speaking in English, she was a very pretty girl, and made a considerable sensation in society.

As the fair one was sitting and spinning with her companions at the window of her Átan, or "bower," a travelling trader happened to pass by. The maidens, admiring his handsome presence, called him in; he was a Hindu, so they were not under apprehensions of his regards. Presently began a conversation consisting of coquetry and curiosity in equal parts. After many questions and answers, they found out that he was servant of one Ári, a Beloch chief, whose city was Kech, in the province of Mekrán. Furthermore, the conscientious Bábiho, when highly complimented upon the subject of his comeliness, declared himself an Ifrit[1]—a fright, as we say, —in comparison with his young master, Punhú Khan.

Forthwith the fire of love arose from the fuel of Sassúi's heart; for, as saith the wise man,

> "Oft-times the Ear loveth before the Eye."

Surrendering herself to the tyrant with amiable

[1] The Arabic word is Ifrīt, an iambic, according to our ideas. The Muse of Anglo-Eastern poetry ("where Ghouls and Afrits rave") has changed it to āfrĭt (pronounced Aye-frit), and made it, moreover, a trochee.

abandon, she indited, or rather caused to be indited, a note of invitation to her unseen flame, and sent him a present of handsome raiment—a delicate hint, I presume, to come dressed like a gentleman.

Punhú, by the subtlety of Bábiho, the bagsman, obtained leave of absence from his father's home, visited the fair Sassúi, loved and woo'd her, and lived in her adopted parents' house under the humble disguise of a washerman till, Ya'akúb-like, he won his prize and wedded his mistress. A world of happiness now lay before the pair, who prepared for a charming cruise, *en tête-à-tête*, down the stream of Time. But upon the Indus, as elsewhere, there is a snag called Circumstance, upon which the frail barque of Love is sorely apt to strike.

Men relate that when Ári, the proud old Beloch, heard of his Benjamin's disgraceful conduct, he tore off his turban, and dashed it to the ground; scattered ashes upon his vestments, rent his skirts, spoiled his shirt-front, and positively refused to wash. Moreover, he sent at least a dozen of his stalwart sons to fetch the fugitive home; and (though this is a mere conjecture on my part) I doubt not that he occupied himself sedulously during their absence in preparing a stout rod for the benefit of the young gentleman's feet. The hard-hearted fraternity, furious at the idea of a Beloch degrading himself by taking in foul linen, hastened to Bambrá; and thence, in no wise appeased by their sister-in-law's beauty, kindness and skill in cookery, succeeded, partly by force and partly by stratagem, in carrying off Punhú, very

much disguised in liquor, upon the back of a high-trotting dromedary.

Who shall describe Sassúi's grief when, awaking at dawn, she opens her charming eyes, and looks lovingly, and finds no husband by her side? She does not faint—Sindi women still have so much to learn!—but she shrieks "Wá waylá!" and wrings her hands, and weeps rainy tears thick as the drops that patter upon the hill over which her lover is being borne. The fresh footprints upon the sand reveal the terrible truth, and the deserted bride feels that for her there is left but one course—pursuit.

Her poor mother reminds her of her home-duties: she heeds not the maternal words. Her companions thus prognosticate, as friends are fond of doing, all manner of disasters, concluding with sudden death:

> "Go not forth, O Sassúi! to the wild, where snakes lurk,
> Where wolves and bears sit in ambush for the wayfarer,
> Where fierce hornets buzz."—etc., etc., etc.

She merely forbids them to accompany her—they never offered to do so, be it observed—in these moving words:

> "Follow me not, O dames and damsels,
> Lest haply, when dying of thirst, you curse my husband!"

And she sets out on foot, alone, without kit or provender, for a two-hundred-mile march across a dreadful desert and still more dreadful hills. What a barbarous land it must be that can dream of producing such a woman; or rather, what a curious state of society it is that can read so improbable

an incident and not reject it and call the author "loon!"

The road of the Five Torrents, over which we travelled yesterday, sir, was in those days a waste of waters: the bereaved one dried them up by the fervency of her prayers and, by similar efficacious means, caused the drainage of the hills to flow down ready-scooped-out channels. I pass over the wide field of description: the novelty of the lady's feelings, the peculiarities of her ejaculations, the variety of her apostrophes, and the praiseworthy intensity of her perseverance, in spite of sun, Simúm, and sore feet; and hasten to be in at the catastrophe.

Sassúi presently reached the Pabb Mountains, where, faint with thirst, she applied to a goatherd for a draught of milk. Now Fate had so disposed it that this wretch, a perfect Caliban in hideousness, had been told by old Sycorax, his mama, that a beautiful bride would about that time meet him in the wild. Seeing the fair wanderer, he at once determined that she was the proper person, and forthwith began a display of affection and gallantry, decidedly inconvenient, to say the least of it, under the circumstances. At length the unfortunate wife, driven to despair, again petitioned to Heaven to preserve her honour, which it did by the rough and ready expedient, commonly adopted in Sind, of causing her to sink bodily beneath the yawning ground. Whereupon Caliban, convinced that there was some mistake about the matter, fell, monster though he was, to howling over his wickedness,

and to piling up a mound of stones, a couthless tribute to departed purity and loveliness.

As usually happens, or is made to happen in such cases, Punhú, who had slipped away from the grim fraternity, arrived at the identical spot of his wife's vivi-sepulture, shortly after the cairn had been built. Suddenly he hears a voice from below—he stands—he listens—

> "Enter boldly, my Punhú; think not to find a narrow bed.
> Here gardens bloom, and flowers shed sweetest savour;
> Here are fruits, and shades, and cooling streams,
> And the Apostle's light pours through our abode,
> Banishing from its limits death and decay."[1]

Can he refuse to comply with the last request? Ah no!

> "Not such his faith, not such his love."

He prayed, and was swallowed up, and became a saint accordingly.

Look at that unhappy hole: it is Bandar Ghárá.[2]

The dirty heap of mud-and-mat hovels that forms the native village is built upon a mound, the

[1] These lines contain the popular superstitions upon the subject of the Faithful that die in the odour of sanctity. Their graves are wide and light, rather pleasant places than otherwise, and their bodies are not really dead and liable to decay, like those of ordinary mortals. No true Moslem doubts for a moment that his Apostle's corpse, were the tomb opened, would appear exactly as it did in life. The "tale of true love" is also based upon the Súfi idea that the sentiment sanctifies the lovers, because it is an earthly copy of the Soul yearning for the Creator.

[2] In Sindhi, Gháro; the terminal *o*, as in Gujráti and Rommany (Gipsy), taking the place of the Hindustani *a*. It means a deserted branch of the Indus generically.

débris of former Ghárás, close to a salt-water creek, bone-dry in March, which may or may not have been the "western outlet of the Indus in Alexander's time."[1] All around it lies a

"Windy sea of land:"

a waste of salt flat, barren rock, and sandy plain, where eternal sea-gales blow up and blow down a succession of hillocks, warts upon the foul face of the landscape, stretching far, far away, in all the regular irregularity of desolation.

You see the Travellers' Bungalow standing where once was a tall, dense inclosure of bright-green milk-bush; and you may still trace the foundations of the Sepoy lines which we of the 18th Bombay N.I. built in the year 1844. Our predecessors had not dreamt of barracks or bungalows, because they knew that their time of field-service in Sind was ended; but we, who had four or five years of it in prospect, found ourselves in a different position.

In this part of the Unhappy Valley, sir, the summer heat often reaches 117°; for a tent add perhaps 7°.

Now, 124° or 125° of Fahrenheit, lasting, mind you, for months together, is exceedingly likely to hurry and hustle one half-roasted into one's hot grave. However strong a man may be, his eyes burn, his ears sing, and his brain turns dizzy under the infliction: sleepless, appetiteless, spiritless, and

[1] It may have been a "western outlet of the Indus," but certainly not "in Alexander's time." See Chapter XXVIII.

half-speechless, he can hardly be said to live: at the end of the season, if he reaches it, looking at his face, you would pronounce him to be in a "galloping consumption."

Build or burn, then, was our dilemma. The only chance of saving health—a soldier's all in all—was to house ourselves. But there lay the difficulty.

It was possible, in those days, to live upon one's pay and allowances; so many a papa who was liberal to a son in one of the home regiments pooh-pooh'd the idea of sending a pice per annum to one in the Company's service. And the Conqueror of Sind had been pleased to issue one of his violent and eccentric orders against debt. It was offensive, withal, pretending to teach us that a master who robs his men of their wages in order to give champagne "tiffins" to his friends is not acting like an officer and a gentleman. We were by no means grateful for such simple commentaries on the laws of honour, and we—the impecunious—were put upon our mettle; so I, as well as other subs., spent a hot-season-and-a-half under a subaltern's tent. None of us died, because we were seasoned vessels; but imagine, if you can, the salamander-life we were compelled to lead. And there, on the border of the Ghárá creek, lies the old village which saw so many of our "little games." Still the same heap of clay-hovels, likest an African termite-hill, with its garnishing of dry thorns artlessly disposed as the home of a nest-building ape. How little it has changed, how much have we! But *chut!* The

wisdom of youth is to think of, the wisdom of mature age is to avoid dwelling upon, Self.

You had better mount your dromedary, for the first time, on this morning's sandy march of six miles. You need not be afraid of approaching a quiet beast; only do not get into the habit of walking carelessly within reach of camels' tusks and hind legs. The kick is awful, so is the bite: the brutes hold like bull-dogs and, with the leverage afforded by their long pliable necks they can twist your arm off in a minute. It is a turkey-cock against a chicken.

Before throwing your leg over the framework of wood, padded and covered with a thickly quilted, gaudy-coloured, silk-cushion acting saddle, shake the bells that garnish your animal's necklace of blue beads—a talisman against the *malocchio*—and give it a bit of biscuit. If you startle it when mounting, it is very apt to convert the squatting into a standing position with a suddenness by no means pleasant. There, you are on now! Hold the nose-string lightly; give head, and after once putting it in the right path, let it do what it pleases.

My first ride was not such a pleasant one as yours, partly my own fault for mounting a baggage-camel. After considerable difficulty in getting on the roaring, yelling beast, I found it necessary to draw my sword, and prick its nose, each time that member crept round disagreeably near my foot. Finding all efforts to bite me unavailing, the beast changed tactics, and made for every low thorn-tree,

as close to the trunk as possible, in the hope of rubbing off the rider. This exercise was varied by occasionally standing still for half an hour, in spite of all the persuasive arguments in the shape of heels, whip, and point with which I plied the stubborn flanks. Then it would rush forward, as if momentarily making up its mind to be good. At last my "Desert Craft" settled upon the plan of running away, arched its long bowsprit till its head was almost in contact with mine, and in this position indulged in a scudding canter. The pace felt exactly like that of a horse taking a five-barred gate every second stride.

Fortunately for me the road was perfectly level.

Presently snap went the nose-string! My amiable *monture* shook its head once or twice, snorted a little blood from its nostril, slackened speed, executed a *demi-volte*, and turned deliberately toward the nearest jungle.

Seeing a swamp before us, and knowing that a certain "spill" was in prospect (these beasts always tumble down, and often split their stomachs on slippery mud), I deliberated for a moment whether I should try to chop my property's head open, or jump off its back, risking the consequences, or keep my seat till it became no longer tenable. And my mind was still in doubt when, after sliding two or three yards over the slimy mire, the brute fell plump upon its sounding side.

Somehow or other the Arabs' superstition about the so-called "patient camel" is not without

foundation; they assure you that no man was ever killed by a fall from these tall louts, whereas a little nag or donkey has lost many a life. Certainly I have seen some terrible "rolls," and have myself been dismounted about a dozen times, yet not even a trifling accident occurred. The cause, of course, is that the beast breaks the fall by slipping down on its knees.

Should, however, your dromedary, when trotting high at the rate of ten or eleven miles the hour, happen to plant its foot upon the stump of a tree, or to catch in a bandicoot's hole, it might so be that, after a flight of a few yards, you would reach *terra firma* with an impetus calculated to put the Arab proverb out of joint. Still, remember, there is a knack in falling, as Mr. Assheton Smith knew. You may let a corpse drop from a height of twenty feet without breaking the smallest bone, and a drunken man, after tumbling from the gallery of a theatre, will, perhaps, walk quietly home. So, also, you may roll off your camel with as little injury as a sack of wheat would incur, if you only have the presence of mind not to catalepse your members. Let every limb be lax and bending: it is by the strong muscles being in a state of convulsive rigidity that compound fractures are caused.

The "Ship of the Desert" is the reindeer of the Sindis, an animal of many uses. They drink the milk: it tastes rather salt and thin at first, but the palate soon becomes accustomed to it; they make butter of it, and they use it for confectionary.

The flesh of the camel-colt is considered a kind of religious meat: it is infinitely superior to horseflesh, and reminds one not a little of coarse veal.

Thousands of Sindis do nothing but rear camels; in the districts where tamarisk and mimosa abound, the country is covered with their straggling herds; and some tribes—the Jats, for instance—live by practising farriery, if I may so call it. There are about fifteen breeds peculiar to the province; the best, however, are imported. The small, stout, shaggy animals, regular camel-Shetlands, come from Maskat and Mekrán; the tall, large, white dromedaries from Jaysalmír; the "Bukhti," a dark, short-legged, shaggy, lion-maned, two-humped beast, the cart-horse of the species, from Persia, Balkh (Bactria), and Bokhárá. Under the native princes this branch of the import trade was much encouraged, and 50*l.* was not an unusual price for a noted Sándni, or riding-camel—in fact, the dromedary, which, as the world now know, means a "runner."[1]

These animals are not taught in Sind to pull. In the Bengal Presidency they have been trained to draw guns, and did excellent service in the north-western parts of India, where the deep and sandy roads punished the artillery horses and bullocks severely. I have seen them also harnessed to carts in Egypt—by Frenchmen, not by Egyptians. For carrying burdens they are invaluable. They will

[1] "*Camelus dromedarius*," applied exclusively to the one-humped variety, has misled, and still misleads, many who should know better.

travel for months together when laden lightly, say up to two hundred pounds, if allowed sufficient time to forage for their scanty food in the woods; and never halted, as well as never hurried, on the line of march. Whilst travelling, each has one pound of barley per diem, reduced to flour, kneaded with water, and made into lumps, which are thrust down the throat; the Persians call this ration "Nawáleh." When severe work is in prospect, the camel-men sometimes add a little intoxicating hemp, mixed with clarified butter. Our ruinous losses in commissariat camel-flesh have mainly been occasioned by neglecting these precautions: to which may be added our utter ignorance of the animal's many and various diseases. On one occasion I saw a friend administer a bottle of cognac to a favourite Sándni by way of curing a stomach-ache. The dose did so most effectually, for the dosed died, drunk as drunk could be, half an hour afterwards.

In this province camels are never taught to canter or gallop, as in Arabia and Belochistán. A well-trained dromedary's trot is by no means disagreeable; any other pace feels as if you were riding two animals at once. Where a pocket-compass or a sextant is the only instrument which a traveller can safely use, the camel acts admirably as a perambulator. The result of my many observations was that the animal in Sind, when treading on level ground, not rough or stony, takes per second one step, exactly equal to a yard; that is to say, 3600 yards, or two statute miles and eighty yards per hour.

My calculation agrees precisely with that of Volney. Burnes estimates 3700 yards, when marching over soft and sandy soils; this is probably correct; but I doubt that a string of camels generally moves so fast as 3833 yards per hour, as in one part of his Travels he computes them to do. Captain Burnaby says two miles and three quarters: the general mean of travellers ranges between two miles and two and a half.

That half-deserted, ruinous-looking village is Gúja̒h or Gújo, some twelve miles from Ghárá. It had an old mud mosque, used like an Iceland "Kirkju" (church) by travellers, but as the place was full of natives, and consequently in the last state of filth, we usually camped under yon cool-looking fragrant mango-tope.[1] It also contained a celebrated Sayyid, a gentleman of the blood holy, very polygamous and very unapproachable.

[1] *Tope* is the Anglo-Indian name for a tuft of trees, particularly mangoes.

CHAPTER VII.

THATHÁ AND ITS HOLY HILL.

NAGAR, everywhere pronounced "Nangar," Thathá, *the* city, *par excellence*, is a place of many lions. For the convenience of sight-seeing we will deposit our Penates near that bit of water which skirts the foot of the Mekli Hills, about a mile south-east of the town. We now stand nearly sixty miles from Karáchi, and six above the delta-apex where the Sita (Sátá), or eastern, and the Bhagár, or western, branches fork. The situation is evidently important, and perhaps the old emporium may still see good times. Some have identified it with Alexander's Pattala, chiefly, it would appear, from a faint and fanciful verbal likeness; but it was built in A.D. 1522, (Macmurdo), and it derived its name from the "Thath," shore or bank of the Indus, now distant four to five miles.

The ex-capital of Lar, or Lower Sind, is now, indeed, fallen from its high estate. The population, once 300,000 (legend), has declined to 5,000; the

thirty miles circumference[1] (Burnes) has shrunk to ten; and of its 5000 looms, which produced the shawls and silken stuffs, celebrated throughout Central Asia, scarcely remain a dozen. These *lung*, scarves, or waistcloths, of mixed silk and cotton, or silk and gold, are supposed to be the *zonæ* of the Periplus. Finally, of its 400 colleges, not one is now in existence. The Jam'a Masjid, or cathedral-mosque of Aurangzeb, dated A.D. 1661, with its towering walls and huge arches, still stands to show the ancient munificence of the Moghal's viceroys, but all around it, far and near, is a squalid congeries of ruined or half-ruined hovels. Some of the streets are nearly blocked up by the masses of adobe (unbaked brick), which are allowed to moulder where they tumble; and in many quarters, natural squares have been formed by the simple process of a block of houses sinking to the ground. Each severer inundation sweeps away part of the suburbs exposed to its violence, and the rising places, such as Karáchi and Haydarábád, every year draw off a portion of the wretched-looking population. The last injury has now been done to it by the railway, as you will see on your return.

We used to dine at the Travellers' Bungalow. Not that the old Portuguese "messman" was likely to rival Verrey; but the building, the Company's old factory, had a history. In A.D. 1758 Ghulám

[1] I see no reason to reject Lieut. Wood's suggestion, that the ruins, extending some thirteen linear miles from south-east to north-west, are remains of the Thathás, successively built and deserted as the river shifted its course.

Shah, a prince of the Kalhóra dynasty, then ruling the province, gave the Hon. East India Company permission to establish a depôt in his dominions, with a view to encouraging trade between Sind and India. This commercial connection was rudely broken off by the miserable Sarfaráz Khan Kalhóra, in 1775. The venerable pile, formerly inhabited by Mr. Crowe, the first British Resident, has seen many a vicissitude. How well I remember a breakfast with glorious old Sir Robert Sale, whom we sucking *militaires* held the type and exemplar of the British soldier. The inner quadrangle, or clear court, was surrounded by a wooden gallery which gave the caravanserai no small resemblance to an antiquated English inn—say, the Bull in Holborn. This hollow square apparently began in Africa, passed over to Arabia, migrated to Spain, and thence reached England *viâ* Galway. Intended for defence and privity, it is one of the oldest forms of house-architecture known to the civilized world. The chambers that looked out upon the *patio* were large and high; many of them had been for some time in a ruinous condition, with huge holes in the threatening floors and ceilings. A long flight of steps led to a flat roof of cement, whence we chanced to see some amusing scenes. Sindis, Mr. Bull, sleep upon the roofs of their houses, and use them for a rich variety of domestic purposes.

Look! there is a party of "young persons" enjoying their favourite game with the Kheno (ball); their heads are bare, and their muslin chemises are

not of the most decorous cut; they run about, shout, and push one another in their excitement, exactly like a bevy of English hoydens.

A little beyond, a busy housewife is spreading the night's resting-place: a couch as unartificial as could be desired, being nothing but a four-legged framework of wood, like your tent-bedstead, with fine cords instead of tape, and the whole covered with the usual quilt.

There you view a little group, sitting at prayers upon a rug: the head of the house, that venerable senior with the long white beard, is teaching his children to chaunt the Koran. It is a highly devotional spectacle, and the voices of the juniors are soft and pleasing. You need not fear to distract their attention: none of the party understand what is being gravely repeated any more than a parrot would; so they can stare without disturbing their minds.

You look curiously at that whity-brown object which catches your eye in the deepening shades of eve. That is a Sindi performing his ablutions *in purissimis naturalibus*—still a custom in these regions.

A word in your ear, Mr. Bull. Should that little boy with the long hair down his shoulders (you recollect remarking him when we entered the bungalow?) come up to you, asking if you want anything, give him, or pretend to give him, a touch of the horsewhip. He is touter-general for the Kanyaris, or dancing-girls: as you are a married

man, and a *pater-familias*, with a character, I cannot allow you a "Nách" (ballet) at a place so disreputable as Thathá. And now there is not even a Travellers' Bungalow here. We find, however, the inevitable police-station and court, the post-office, and the dispensary, presided over by the Eurasian apothecary.

The cool of the morning will be a good time for visiting Kalyán Kot, a ruin about a mile and a half from Thathá. We ride a couple of miles or so along the skirt of the Mekli hills, on the west of the city: the ridge, or ground-wave, one mile broad by eight long, and barely a hundred feet high, trends from north to south. We pass through stubbles, every stalk of which is as thick as an elderly gentleman's walking-cane: here the blithe "clock-clock" of the black partridge resounds from the neighbouring brakes; the hoopoo trots before us in fun; the lark hardly rises from the path; the jackdaw-like crow scans us curiously, and the wild pigeon darts across the line; the *tittara*, or gray partridge, rises in coveys from the wayside; every now and then a timid hare, scarcely bigger than a small tom-cat, flies from our approach; or a fat jackal, returning from making a night of it, stands to look at us cunningly and officiously, as if he were the paid spy of the animal creation.

Kalyán Kot, meaning in Sanskrit "Fort Prosperity," was whilome a place of fame. Our fellow-countrymen describe it as an "immense camp, said to be the work of Alexander the Great:" the people

have a tradition that it is the feat of fairy hands. Sir A. Burnes and Lieut. Wood incorrectly write and translate it *Kullan Kot*, the "Large Fort:" the Moslems call it *Toghlakábád;* but none of them ever dreamt of connecting it with the Macedonian. Its appearance belongs to an age anterior to the general use of gunpowder: the round towers, of mud, revetted with kiln-burnt brick, which break the line of the outer curtain, are, you see, within easy bow-shot of one another. The *enceinte* contains a vast raised platform, a parallelogrammic *terre pleine*, for which the large tank below the ruins was probably excavated. Within, where masses of masonry, shaken by Time or Pluto, have fallen into fantastic shapes resembling at a distance huge red rocks, there is Sindian desolation: a hard surface of dry "Kahgil," adobe, or unburned clays, thickly sown with bits of vitrified brick and tile, a broken wall or two, and a domed tomb converted by the pigeons into a dovecot: by these things we know that man has been there.

Riding along the crest of the hill towards our tents, we pass over the spot where the unfortunate 22nd and 26th Regiments, Native Infantry, were stationed when Bombay first occupied the country. After a few months, they were disorganized and nearly destroyed by the fatal miasma of the plains. One of these corps had 1576 cases treated in hospital between August and January of the same year. Every scrap of building has disappeared: in Lower

Sind such materials, especially wood, are too precious to continue long unappropriated. But we can trace the foundations of the lines, and the ditches that surrounded them; probably they will last out the century. There is so little rain, that it takes many a season to obliterate deep marks from the hard, gravelly soil.

And now for the great lion of Thathá.

The "cities of the dead," I may observe, are the only populous places in Young Egypt. Many of the principal settlements must contain their hundreds of thousands: and these are never re-opened for lodging new arrivals. The reason of the crowding is that the people, being divided into clans, are fond of burying their relations together: thereby the departed souls have the benefit of "spiritual confabulation," and the survivors have no difficulty to find out the grave over which they wish to chaunt the Koran or to recite supererogatory prayers. Ghostly benefit is also to be derived by sleeping in the neighbourhood of some holy man. The practice has its sentimental side, but the demerits are greater than the merits. At this moment (March, 1876) we are threatened with an attack of real Plague from the Persian Gulf, where such interment has made Kerbelá a focus of infection.

This spot, as the first *coup d'œil* must convince you, is one of peculiar sanctity. In A.D. 1500, Jam Tamáchi, the Sammah Prince (about whom presently), by order of a distinguished saint, built a mosque upon the hills which he called Mekli, or

rather *Makkali*, "Mecca-like," for virtue and sanctity;[1] and directed that thenceforward this should be the holy *locale*, in supersession of Pír Pattah[2] on the Bhagár Creek, formerly the pet *Père Lachaise* of defunct Sindis.

Presently another distinguished saint, Miyán Malúk, discovered, by the following peculiar test, that the Mekli hills had, in the olden time, been honoured by the revered presence of Hasan and Hosayn, the grandsons of Mohammed. An ignorant goatherd was in the habit of driving his flock over the rocks, and every day he observed, with increasing astonishment, that the animals studiously avoided planting hoof upon a certain place. The next thing in due order was a vision, which the seer did not quite understand, but which, when communicated by him to two learned and pious individuals, caused them to perform their orisons with such fervour, that neither they nor others could question the preternatural nature and origin of the "unction." They marked out the spot with stones; a governor of Thathá walled it round, another built a grand dome over it, and thus it gradually rose to the dizziest height of sanctity.

Men hastened to be interred on the Mekli hills;

[1] Munshi Lutfullah's Autobiography (p. 283) derives the name from a fishwoman who lived here before the city was built.

[2] Murray's Handbook (pp. 482-83) says that the abolished cemetery was Pír Panjah, ten miles south of the present town, and suggests that it deserves to be "worthily described." Nor can I explain what the writer means (page 481) by "a range running from west to north."

it is calculated that the burial-ground contains, within its six square miles, not less than a million of tombs. Saints and santons to the number of three thousand—seventy-four of them immortal names in Sindi story, but very uninteresting ones to you, sir—there depositing their venerable mould, increased its value as a cemetery to a prodigious extent. Like the stony-hearted Kevin, who obtained from Heaven that all buried within the compass of the Seven Churches shall be saved on the Day of Judgment, their Moslem Holinesses obtained permission, when they shall rise again, to carry the bit of hill bodily, contents and all, into the Courts of Paradise. No wonder that it was and is considered a luxury to be inhumed in such a locality; no wonder that people were and are made to pay for it![1]

From a distance the effect of the scene is imposing. The summit of the rocky ridge that looks eastward upon the city of Thathá is crowned by an immense Íd-gáh, where public prayers are recited on the two great festivals of the Moslem year, called the Íds. It is the usual long wall; with a low flight of steps leading to the central niche, where the preacher stands, and with tall slender minarets of elegant form springing from either extremity. As the inscription shows, Yúsuf Khan, Governor of Sind, built it in A.H. 1043–1633. Behind the Íd-gáh rises an infinite variety of mausolea and

[1] Yet Captain Hamilton, in 1699, found only forty-two "fine large tombs, which, from the plain, appeared to be a small town." One of them had cost two "lack of rupees," then worth £25,000.

sepulchres, many ruined by the earthquake's shock, more crumbling to decay beneath the "winnowing wings of Time;" a few, and but very few, preserved by the pious hands of descendants and disciples. Vaulted domes, arches, and towers; porticos, gateways, and colonnades, rise in long succession above shapeless heaps and mounds, whose remains no ivy, loved of Bacchus,[1] invests with its green winding-sheet. The piles of stone are naked, desolate, and unaltered, as on the day when they sank to earth; here and there a tuft of parched-up grass and a thorny tree bowed by the winds and bare of leaves, adding desolation to the desolate spectacle. Many of the edifices, the tombs of Amirs, Jams, and Sayyids, must have been the labour of years and years. In some the cupola, surrounded by a ring of smaller domes, rests upon a single or a double colonnade, enclosing a gallery and platform, broken by pointed arches in each of the four fronts; others are girt by lofty stone walls, forming square courtyards, with gates leading to the different doorways. Some consist of heavy marble canopies, supported by light fantastic columns, and sheltering a parallel line of tombstones; and many are built of coloured and glazed Dutch tile and brick, which, by-the-by, might rival those of old Rome. No chiselled stone could have a sharper edge or a truer form: so carefully is the material mixed and burned, that it rings like metal, and breaks almost as clean as

[1] The historians of Alexander remark the absence of ivy, with one exception, in these regions.

glass. When stained and glazed, they look as if enamelled; and nothing can be richer than the appearance of the inscriptions, in large white letters upon a dark purple ground. They were probably made by Persian bricklayers, who are celebrated throughout the East for their skill in this craft. The gaudy "Chíní Gumbaz," (porcelain domes) as they are called at Haydarábád, in the Dekhan, have more the appearance of pleasure-houses than mansions of the dead, as they stand out bright and singular from the general expression of monotonous melancholy; whilst upon all pours down the gay radiance of an Eastern sun, and the azure reflection of a cloudless sky, its hues of undying brightness contrasting tritely, yet how impressively, with the transitory memorials of earthly splendour!

We pass over the hill. Every now and then some strolling Fakír, grim as the ruins amidst which he stalks, frowns at the intrusion of the stranger, or a pariah dog barks when we approach, and flies frightened by the echoed sound of its own voice. If we enter a mausoleum, the noise of our footsteps, returned by the hollow ground, disturbs the hundred tenants of the porticos, the niches, and the projections of the domes.

A closer inspection is by no means favourable to the view. There is a satiating minuteness in the details of decoration with which the tombs are covered; in the largest and most magnificent, every stone of the edifice itself, its walls and its gates, is elaborately carved in relief. Your eye rejects the

profuseness of square and circle, spiral and curve, diamond and scroll-work, flowers, border-pattern, and quotations from the Koran in characters whose chief beauty is illegibility. In vain you look for a straight line; the architects were not sufficiently artful to succeed in the simplicities of art: they are like the goldsmiths of India, who can make anything but a plain flat surface. As a traveller justly observes, the effect of the *tout ensemble* is an "appearance of tinsel tawdriness which results from injudicious over-ornament."

In these countries very little of "the history of a people is to be learned from their sepulchres," and the Moslems want the mania of historical epitaph and laudatory inscription which as often render our Christian monuments the means of mirth as of melancholy. Here the date of the "debt having been duly paid," sometimes a turban or a name, and rarely a Persian couplet or a verse from Holy Writ, are the scanty scraps of information afforded to the inquirer concerning the venerable defunct. That long tombstone of white alabaster, under the bold cupola lined with blue and varnished tiles, painted with flowers and arabesques so as to resemble the richest porcelain, is an exception to the general dulness, and bears rather a pretty idea:

> "Weeping thou didst enter this world of woe,
> Smiling thou departedst to that land of joy!"

This is the mausoleum of a Sayyid who, wonderful to relate, is said to have been a Kázi, a judge, and

yet an honest man. He died in the odour of sanctity, literally as well as figuratively, amidst an overpowering aroma of musk from the apothecæ of Paradise. If you have any little pain flying about you, Mr. Bull, such as a twinge in the side or a slight abrasure of the skin, now is your time. Rub it against the alabaster (with faith, mind), and you will assuredly recover. This is one of the great advantages of having holy places close at hand; where hospitals, dispensaries, and surgeries do not abound they are *impayables.*

You may wish to know what supernatural and preternatural powers are attributed to the saints of Sind. I offer you a *résumé* of the miracles which most commonly edify the mind and confirm the belief of the Faithful:

Causing the birth of children, especially in cases when the ages of the parents render prolificity a physical impossibility. Also, on occasions of ingratitude being shown by such parents, obtaining from Heaven that the blessing of issue may be summarily withdrawn from them.

Curing all kinds of diseases and complaints, structural, organic, and what not. The *modus medendi* is, generally, the administering of a drop of water to the patient—water-cure in embryo, you observe—or passing the hand over the part affected, a rude form of animal magnetism. The maladies are of the class upon which the hydropathist and the mesmerist love to exercise their natural magic, such as deafness, dumbness, blindness, hysteria, and

nervous affections; but failures are common, and success must, I fear, be pronounced rare and unsatisfactory. However, men forget the failures and remember the successes.

Under the third head may be ranked a vast variety of extraordinary feats, such as saving, when invoked by them, shipwrecked mariners or lost travellers; appearing in person at a distance to protect a friend against unseen danger; changing female to male (never the reverse), seniors to juveniles, sots to scholars, sinners to saints, and Káfirs (Infidels) to El-Islam; saving a person's life by directing the stroke of death to another quarter; exercising dominion over birds, beasts, and fishes; causing youths' beards to grow; living on nothing, like English "fasting-girls," for an unconscionable time; totally abstaining from drink and sleep; watering a whole caravan with the contents of a single pipkin; ordering the wild trees of the forest to produce honey and clarified butter; restoring existence to the dead; putting to flight the Fiend and his emissaries; intuitively knowing men's minds and secret thoughts; compelling inanimate objects to act as though they had vitality and volition; breaking through walls and doors in spite of chains and fetters; visiting Hell for the purpose of saving one of its victims; and flying bodily up to Heaven.

Briefly to trace the career of a single miracle which happened under my own eyes: A boat sails, we suppose, from Karáchi to Bombay. About the Gulf of Kachh (you recollect the Kanthus of Ptolemy?)

a hurricane obliges the crew to put back. During the violence of the storm they were praying much more lustily than they were working, and being natives of the same village, they all implored the aid of one Pír, the live patron-saint of the place. Well, they were saved. In due time, when they return to their families, and talk over the affair with their friends, feeling that the adventure in its simple shape is ordinary and uninteresting, they will begin, consciously or unconsciously, to make it more presentable by adding a few ornaments. The head liar of the party, and there is always at least one, swears by Mohammed's beard that as he ejaculated "Save me, *Miyán Mitho!*"—Reverend Mr. Sweet, a plebeian, but a very celebrated name in the Valley of the Indus—the form of the holy man rose before his eyes, bidding him be of good cheer, for that assuredly no harm should come to him. The rest of the crew either believe the invention, or wisely pretend to do so; or they foolishly lose reputation, and subject themselves to be dubbed "Atheists" and "Infidels" by contradicting it. The saint, on the other hand, when consulted, is sure to declare that, hearing a sorrowful voice calling from afar upon his name, he threw his spirit in the direction of the sound; perhaps, also, he will condescend to accept a little present or two.

A fair basis for carrying weight is now laid, and the superstructure may or may not become gigantic. If favoured by circumstance, the young miracle grows apace in strength and station. After

a few years' careful nurture and consequent development, it developes into adult form. The ship sank to the bottom of the sea, whence the Pír raised it with his potent hand. Then it blooms through a glorious manhood of celebrity and, in green old age, it looks forward to being embalmed in the leaves of some Persian book for the instruction and edification of posterity. Hume did not believe in (modern ?) miracles, because he never saw one: I do not for the converse reason, having seen so many. And in the XIXth Century the Protestant half of the Western world utterly rejects and ignores what the Catholic other half most firmly holds to; whilst the few indifferent content themselves with proposing a "Scientific Commission."

By this time you must be deadly tired of saints and their performances, Mr. John Bull, especially as you are one of those sturdy-minded Northerns who do not require everything to be

"—— oculis subjecta fidelibus,"

before it can take its seat in the penetralia of your reason and belief. Before we leave these reverends, I must, however, with your permission, translate that short ode which some poetic hand has inscribed upon one of the walls in honour of his Murshid, or spiritual teacher. It is, I should inform you, the production of a Súfi, a tribe of mystic devotees who hold tenets somewhat similar to the Platonists and the Gnostics of your faith in early days, and it teems with the commonplaces of their poetry:

the negative entity of the World of Matter, the positive existence of the human Soul as a Particle of the Eternal Spirit; enjoyment of what the Hindus call Máyá, or the illusions of mundane existence, and devotion to earthly, the imperfect type of heavenly, Beauty and Love.

I.

They[1] deem the world a lovely dream,
  Floating before man's waking eyes—
A dream of phantom weal and woe;
  Unreal smiles, illusive sighs.

II.

They question not His will, nor why
  He placed them in this passing scene,
That bars them from those happy realms,
  Thro' Memory's mist yet dimly seen.

III.

By them a thought, a sigh, a tear
  In lonely meditation shed,
Are held far holier acts of prayer
  Then bended knee or bowéd head.

IV.

Their Masjid's roof is Heaven's high vault,
  Its walls, the horizon's ample pale,
Its floor, fair Nature's wide expanse
  Of stream and sea, of hill and dale.

V.

On flowery meads, in vocal glades,
  Where tuneful choirs sing hymns of praise,
'Neath perfumed shrubs, near bubbling rills,
  They love to pass their similar days.

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[1] The third person plural in Persian is politely used for the singular: "they" for "he." I have retained the Oriental idiom, the present for the past, "they deem" for "he deemed:" and the reader may consider the lines an exposition of the tenets of the sect, as well as the eulogy of a Master.

VI.

Their lips shrink not with Záhid[1] fear,
  To taste the wine-cup's bubbling kiss,
Nor shun their ears the cithern's song
  That brims their souls with earthly bliss.

VII.

Their eyes may rest on woman's face,
  On youth and beauty's form divine,
Where parted sparks of heavenly light,
  In clear reflection purely shine.

VIII.

Love knows with them no carnal joys,
  No sensual sweets, no low desire;
They nurse its bright and holy flame
  As Guebres feed their perfumed fire.

IX.

Their only good, good done to man
  To harm mankind, their only ill:
All other good and ill they hold
  The wild caprice of mortal will.

X.

Life is to them the arch that spans
  That dark abysm—Eternity;
They build not on its narrow way,
  But tread it, Allah! seeking Thee.

Turning tent-wards, we come upon another venerated locality, a walled inclosure, surrounded by lofty Pípals—the *Ficus religiosa*, a sacred tree amongst Hindus, and probably the origin of our debated "poplar." During this morning's ride I remarked to you some places of Hindu pilgrimage; certain upright stones stained with vermilion, and decked with huge garlands of

[1] The Záhid is an ascetic, or rather a Philistine, to whom wine and music and the Súfi are abominations.

withered flowers, upon the margin of a small deep tank, girt round by grottoes and caverns, Nature-cut in the mass of honeycombed limestone, near Kalyán Kot. Here, again, we have traces of the same "Gentoo"[1]-worship, as we see by that recent attempt at delineating a lady of masculine habits mounted upon a peculiar breed between the tiger and the king of beasts. The personage depicted is Singhuváni, the Lion Rider,[2] a local incarnation of that multinomial goddess, Devi, Durgá, Parwati, or, as we allegorize her, Active Virtue. If you take the trouble to look into Ward's Hindoos, into Moor's Pantheon, or any other popular work upon the subject of Hinduism, you will marvel how she earned so respectable a title, Active Viciousness appearing to be the general character which Mythology assigns to her.[3]

[1] From the Portuguese "Gentío," a Gentile, a heathen, mostly limited to idol-worshippers, but sometimes applied to Moslems.

[2] The ancient Hindus well knew the habits and peculiarities of the lion; their modern descendants confound its name and nature with the tiger.

[3] Nothing can be more absurd than the effect produced by Hinduism, smartly dressed up, as it has been in European clothing: a system of wild superstition explained, emblemized, and typified by Western speculators till its very form ceases to be recognizable.

The male Triad of the Hindus, Brahmá, Vishnu, and Shiva, are merely personifications of the Almighty power, the Brahm, or Demiourgos, in the three several being-modes of Creation, Preservation, and Destruction: the female Triad is that same power in exertion; their very name, "Saktí," tells us so, clearly as language can. Durgá is the active destroying phase of the destroying deity Shiva who, in Hindu thought, leads directly to reproduction, and she is elaborately anthropomorphized, or, let us say, made a personal goddess—now an angel, then a fiend—*les extrêmes se touchent.* To consider her the "ideal personification of active

You look towards me for some explanation of those stones, daubed with red. Mr. Bull, as you may chance to repeat my conversation at home, I must place the seal of silence upon my lips, much as I regret so to do. But if you are not thoroughly tired of the article Faith, I can read you a lesson upon certain peculiarities observable in this corner of the world, which may set you thinking awhile.

El-Islam, the religion promulgated by Mohammed, was, in his day, sufficiently pure Deism; the Eternal Being is as impersonal as could be expected, taking into consideration the difficulty of making the idea intelligible to the Perceptives and Reflectives of a barbarous race. The Faith conceived, born, and bred amongst the rugged hills trodden by the Wild Man, formed a *point de réunion*, round which collected all the scattered and hostile tribes. For awhile the human stream stood gathering bulk; presently, chafed to fury by intestine commotions, and driven headlong by the winds of passion, it overflowed its margin, and poured down like a desolating torrent upon the civilized world about it.

But when the excitement of invasion and battle, of plunder and massacre, had passed away, the heterogeneous mass of converts, forcibly incorporated with the original stock of the Faithful, found time

virtue incarnate on earth," employing all her celestial weapons "against Maïssassoor, the buffalo-headed demon of vice," etc., etc., is to graft a Western upon an Eastern idea, to the utter confusion of all ideas upon the subject.

and opportunity to shuffle not a few of their old tenets and predilections into the system of monotheism thus forcibly thrust upon them.

The banks of the Indus were, in remote ages, the cradle and hot-bed of Hinduism; Mulután was its stronghold, and Sind was as abundant in Budhism, as it was in the Brahmanism that destroyed it. The Delta had Holy Places in numbers, and marks of the old religion still extend far westward of the mountains that separate us from the deserts of Mekrán. How, or at what time, the descendants of the conquering Arabs made these venerated spots their own, history, being written by themselves, of course says not. Probably they took the first opportunity to bury some distinguished corpse in the place which they determined to appropriate; and then, in spite of the pagans, connected the site in question with their own faith. One thing you may observe: almost every celebrated *locale* in Sind still displays distinct signs of original Hinduism; moreover, the worshippers of Brahma have Sanskrit names for the sainted *incolæ* of the principal mausolea; and the Polytheist, as well as the disciple of Mohammed, continues to attend the fairs and pilgrimages which periodically recur at the tombs and other Holy Places.

And most amusing to an indifferent observer are the zeal and violence with which the "professors" of the two rival creeds advance and refute their claims and right of property to the disputed person of some noted devotee.

Before leaving the ex-capital of Lár, we will, please, lay in a store of what is usually known as "Thathá-work," probably because made at Hálá, north of Haydarábád. The material is a cylinder of Bhán, or willow-poplar (*P. Euphratica*),[1] soft and easily yielding to the turner. The lacquering is done by applying successive layers of sealing-wax—yellow, red, green, and so forth—to the article, whilst made to revolve by the lathe, and lastly, the patterns are punched and cut out at different depths by hand. This rude decoration is a favourite in Sind; you will see it on the constable's staff, the bed-posts, and the ox's yoke, as well as on work-cases, *étuis*, and cigar-boxes.

[1] This is supposed to be the "willow" upon which Hebrews hanged their harps.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURE OF THATHÁ IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It is related by the chronicles of antiquity that in days gone by, and in ages that have long fled, Sind was a lovely land, situated in a delightful climate; a fertile plain, traversed by the beneficent Mehrán,[1] with large, flourishing, and populous cities; orchards producing every kind of tree and fruit, and gardens that were the reflection of Irem,[2] and the envy of the Seven Heavens. It was governed by a powerful monarch, who had mighty hosts and impregnable forts; whose counsellors were renowned for craft, and whose commanders were celebrated for conduct. And the boundaries of his dominions and provinces extended as far as Kanoj and Kashmír, upon whose south-western frontier two towering cypresses were planted by one of the Ráhis—the Hindu Rajahs of Sind.

[1] The classical and poetical name for Father Indus, very little known beyond its banks. So "Hapi," the Nile, was known to ancient Egypt as Tesh-Tesh, and by a variety of other names.

[2] A celebrated Paradise, or garden, made in Arabia by one Sheddád—very useful in Oriental comparisons.

During the Khalífat of the Chief of True Believers, Umar the son of Khattáb (whom may Allah bless!), it was resolved, with the permission of Allah, to subject the sinners of Sind to the scimitar of the saints-militant. But it so happened that the captain of the Moslem armament, being opposed by a Brahman general, was killed and, after much slaughter, his troops were discomfited; many were slain, and the rest were made prisoners.

Again, at the time when great Usmán (upon whom be Allah's approval!) occupied the seat of power, it was ordered that one Hákim, a confidential agent, should be sent to Sind to spy out and discover the state of affairs; but the reporter caused the expedition to be abandoned by saying that the water was black, the fruit sour and poisonous, the ground stony, and the earth saline. When the Caliph asked him what he thought of the inhabitants, he replied, "They are faithless." [1]

Then, during the rule of Ali (may his name be exalted!), a force passed over from Mekrán, and was opposed by a large army of the hill-men; but the Moslems, calling on the Most High, began an impetuous attack, and the noise of the shouts terrified the foes, who cried for quarter whilst they

[1] That Hákim must have been a most discerning traveller; his brief account of Sind and the Sindis is a perfect specimen of pregnant truth. It beats even the midshipman's proverbial reply to some question concerning the manners and customs of the Maskat people: "Manners they have none, and their customs are beastly." Sindi history repeats the dictum of Hákim in modern days, apparently not understanding its profound satire.

fled. From that time, on occasions of conflict, the "Allahu!" was ever heard amongst those mountains. But when the tidings of the Khalífah's death arrived, further advance was stopped.

Now the land of Serandíp (Ceylon) is of the Ruby Islands; from this had been sent some Abyssinian slave-girls, with many valuable jewels and presents for the high and mighty Lord of the Faithful, Abd el-Malik bin Marwán, the Ommiad, and for his deputy, Hajjáj bin Yúsuf, Lieutenant of Mesopotamia, whose capital was Basrah (Bussorah). By chance the eight boats that conveyed them were driven by a storm into one of the ports of Sind on the Sea of Omán, and the robbers of the place seized them as plunder. When the Moslem agents represented to the King of Serandíp that the property belonged to the Khalífah, he said, "If this your tale be true, pay a ransom and buy release!"

In that assemblage were certain women in the purity of El-Islam, who had intended performing the Pilgrimage to Meccah, and visiting the capital of the Khalífah. One of these, seeing herself a captive in the hands of the uncircumcized, raised her hands to heaven and cried out thrice, with a loud voice, "Hear us, O Hajjáj!"

This intelligence being conveyed to Hajjáj, when he heard that the woman had complained thrice, using his name, he arose from his seat, unsheathed his sword, and replied, three times, "Labbayk, I attend thee!"

Umar bin Abdullah said to Hajjáj, "Commit this momentous business to me; I will proceed to El-Sind and El-Hind." But the Lieutenant replied, "I have consulted the astrologers, and they report that the period has arrived for the setting of the star of Unbelief, and for the bright dawning of true Religion in those benighted lands; in short, that El-Sind and El-Hind will fall to the hand of my son-in-law and nephew, Mohammed bin Kásim El-Sákifi."

In the course of days, Abd el-Malik, the potent monarch, departed to his home in Paradise, and his son El-Walíd became in his stead Allah's Shadow upon Earth. When his power was settled on a firm basis, Hajjáj urged him to renew the war with the Infidels, for the purpose of releasing the Moslem captives and of punishing the Hindu transgressors. So the new Khalífah issued all necessary orders to the public treasury, for the preparation and the equipment of a force.

In one month was collected an army of 15,000 men, 6000 of whom were horse, 6000 riders on tall Bukhti (Bactrian) camels, with 3000 foot, and five catapultas for levelling forts, together with rockets, fire-arms, and other instruments of war, as used by the unbelievers of Rúm (Constantinople).

The host of the Moslem marched from Mesopotamia through the province of Fárs (South Persia), and passed along the deserts of Mekrán; then, taking boat, they arrived at the mouth of the mighty Mehrán, and ascended the eastern bank of

the stream, to avoid the host of Káfirs which had collected to oppose them on the western road. They advanced without opposition, till at length they saw before them, on the other side of the Indus, the tall walls and huge dome of Dewal,[1] the principal port in Sind.

Mohammed bin Kásim then directed the chief of his engineers to make vessels for the passage of he river, and to build a bridge: this was done by filling large canoes with stones, and by laying planks crosswise from side to side, after fastening them firmly with wedges. Then, by the help of Allah, the army of El-Islam began to pass over, and with showers of arrows confused the Infidels that pressed forward to oppose them on the opposite shore. A considerable body succeeded in crossing the stream; cleared the plain of enemies; and took up a position, at the head of the bridge, until the rest of the army could join them.

When the General had collected his host he performed the duty of Imám[2] at their head; and then, causing the camel-saddles to be heaped up in the form of a pulpit, he addressed the soldiery as follows:

"The river is in your rear, the foeman is in your front; whoever is ready to yield his life, which act

[1] Supposed to be the modern Thathá. It was called "Dewal," or "Debal," from its celebrated Dewálya, or pagoda; literally, the "house of the Deva, or god;" and the Arabs and Persians still know it by no other name.

[2] The "Imám," in Moslem devotional exercises, is the fugleman who prays in front of a family or a congregation.

will be rewarded with the eternal happiness of the martyr warring in the cause of Allah, let him remain and enjoy the honour of conflict. And if there be any one among you who, on further thought, hath not spirit to oppose the enemy, let him remember that the road of flight will be no longer open: he will assuredly be drowned in the River, or else fall into the hands of the Káfir. So let these now take leave of us, for brave men determine either to do or die."

Of the whole force, only three, one under the pretence of an unprotected parent, another of a motherless daughter, and a third of want of means, left the army. The rest declared that they were only anxious for battle.

For some days the Infidels, in fear and dismay, made no attempt to fight. Presently, reproached and taunted with cowardice by Jaypál, their Captain of War, they issued swarming from the gates, with horses sheathed in armour, and war-elephants with steel Haudahs; and their leader, as was the custom of the Hindus in that day, carried during the fight an iron mace, pointed and spiked; and with it he clove the head of every warrior whom he smote. After a bloody battle, which lasted until the setting of the sun, the Moslems retired with saddened hearts; the world was yellow before their eyes; they saw nothing before them but defeat and disgrace, nought behind them but despair and destruction.

On the next morning Jaypál again came forth

with his host of armed warriors and beasts, and again he forced his way through the soldiery despite all their opposition. At first the army of El-Islam became confused; but Mohammed bin Kásim, in alarm, offered up the incense of his prayers and groans at the shrine of the Most High, who favoured him, and at length vouchsafed to him the victory. Jaypál's war-elephants, plied with rockets and missile fire, took flight, and in their confusion fell back upon their own people, many of whom were thus destroyed; and crowds perished at the gates of the city, vainly attempting to flee from the dagger of Destiny.

Now, in the centre of the Fort of Dewal was a place of idols, forty rods high, and on it a dome[1] also rising forty rods; the summit bore a silken flag with four tongues, the work of a potent necromantist. None of the Islamites knew this, till, on the evening of the day of victory, an old Brahman, issuing privily from the fortress, came and stood at the gate of the pavilion in the presence of Mohammed bin Kásim.

"I learn from my books," quoth the idolator, "that this country will be conquered by the scimitar of the strange religionist; that the appointed time is at length come, and that thou art the instrument in the hand of Fate. I am here to show thee the

[1] Probably the pyramidal "Gumat," spire or tower, which rises from the parallelogram and covers the holy of holies. The Dwáriká Pagoda is doubtless built much in the same fashion as the "Dewálya" of ancient Thathá.

way.[1] Those before our times constructed this temple as a talisman. Until the spell is broken thy difficulty and danger endure. Order some stratagem, so that the banner on yonder dome, together with that part of the edifice, be thrown down."

Mohammed bin Kásim took thought that night. In the morning he consulted the engineer of the catapultas, who said, "If thou givest me ten thousand pieces of silver as a reward, I will undertake, by some means or other, to bring down the flag and cupola in three shots; if I fail, let my hand be cut off."

At the blast of the trumpet the host assembled in battle-array, each cohort taking its place round the green banner which belonged to it. Every man stood silent as the dead, whilst the machine, laden with a ponderous stone, was brought to bear upon its distant mark; and a universal shout of "Dín! Dín!"[2] broke from their breathless lips as the shivered flag-staff flew far away, bearing with it the talismanic banner.

Again the instrument was charged; this time its heavy load dashed against the dome, which rocked and swayed as from the effect of an earthquake. The bearded warriors then drew their scimitars, and, led by the chieftains, moved onwards in order and rank, silent with expectation.

[1] This recalls to mind the Christian priest who, having discovered, or pretended to discover, or supposing that he had discovered, in the Book of Daniel the future greatness of the Saracen Empire, admitted a party of Arabs into Damascus.

[2] "Faith! faith!" the old Arab war-cry.

A cry arose within the fort. The besiegers turned their eyes in the direction of the sound. When the veil of dust which concealed the temple floated away upon the pinions of the breeze, not a stone remained visible to mark the place where the lofty pyramid-spire once stood.

Again rose the loud cry, "Dín! Dín!" and the turban'd ranks, bearing the battering-rams, dashed furiously at the fortified entrance. The warders and defenders of the walls, struck with preternatural terror, fled their posts. In a few minutes the split planks and gates torn from their hinges afforded an easy passage to the assailants. Thus was Dewal lost and won.

For three days there was a general massacre of the inhabitants. The victors then brought out the Moslem prisoners, and captured immense property and treasure.

Before throwing down the pagoda and substituting the mosque and the minaret in its stead, Mohammed bin Kásim, ordering the attendance of the Brahmans, entered the temple, and bade them show him the god they adored. A well-formed figure of a man on horseback being pointed out to him, he drew his sabre to strike it, when one of the priests cried, "It is an idol and not a living being!" Then, advancing towards the statue, the Moslem removed his mailed gauntlet, and placing it upon the hand of the image, said to the by-standers, "See, this idol hath but one glove; ask him what he hath done with the other."

They replied, "What should a stone know of these things?"

Whereupon Mohammed bin Kásim, rebuking them, rejoined, "Verily, yours is a curious object of worship, who knows nothing, even about himself."[1] He then directed that the Brahmans, to distinguish them from other Hindus, should carry in their hands a small vessel of grain, as mendicants, and should beg from door to door every morning; after which he established a governor at Dewal, and having satisfactorily arranged affairs in that quarter, embarked his machines of war in boats, sent them up the river to Nerunkot (Haydarábád), and advanced with his army by land in the same direction.

* * * * *

To-morrow morning we start early, along the beaten track, to Shaykh Rádhan, the next halting ground.

[1] A somewhat similar story is told of Mahmúd of Ghazní, the first Moslem Prince that took the title of "Sultán," now affected by a host of petty Arab chiefs. Entering as a conqueror the great pagoda of Dwáriká, he had the usual religious wrangle with the Brahmans, who besought him to spare their idol-god. He smote it with his mighty Gurz (mace), when the hollow figure was found to contain immense treasure in diamonds and precious stones.

After all, these Moslems simply misunderstood the Hindus. The latter would have told them that the idol is only the manifestation of the god; the Kiblah, the point of prayer; the holy-fire of the Guebre, the Jerusalem of Christianity, the Meccah of El-Islam. A learned Roman Catholic will assure you that he looks upon a statue or a picture as the photograph of a parent or a friend. But *the* question is, What do the ignorant think of it? Why do they prefer, for instance, one Madonna to another? And, finally, is the use of the image equal to the extent of its abuse?

CHAPTER IX.

SHAYKH RÁDHAN—FEVERS—THE HOWLING WASTE.

WHEN we reach Jarak,[1] then, Mr. Bull, you have my full permission to perform a pilgrimage to the banks of the Indus, and to become as classical and intensely rapturous as you please, or as discontented and grumblingly matter-of-fact—with you, I know, it is a toss-up which. We cannot conveniently visit it this dark morning, though it is only three or four miles off; moreover, in the appearance of the stream about Thathá there is little to interest the most excitable mind.

The shades of night seemed to be dispersed by a silvery flood which, pouring down upon us from the eastern sky, scattered itself abroad in jets and streaks; then, suddenly as it appeared, the light faded before your eyes and deeper darkness than before, investing the forms of earth, hung from the gigantic ceiling above our heads. This is the "false dawn," as Orientals call it. They suppose that the "Shams" (sun), rising from her nightly couch

[1] The word is written in a variety of ways: Jerruck (old style), Jarak, Jirkh, Jhirak, and Jhirkah. I choose the simplest.

amidst the glooms of the nether world, casts her first look upon us through a hole in the mountain of Káf,[1] and then, still mounting upwards, she is for a while concealed from view by the dark flank and misty peaks of the fabled range.

And now appears the "true dawn," pale at first, brassy-yellow, and cold, but gradually reddening and warming as the orb of day approaches the horizon. It is accompanied by a damp and chilly wind, the Dam-i-Subh, or breath of the morning, which Moslems consider the sign that Nature is offering up her first tributes of praise and worship to the Eternal Author of her being.

You will soon be a proficient in the study of "mornings and evenings." Own that when you left England your mind was misty in the extreme upon the subject. You had a dim idea that day begins about 5 a. m. in summer, 8 a. m. in winter—your day at 9 a. m. all the year round, not with a view of dawn, but an inspection of the breakfast-table. So I doubt not that all I have been showing to you is a novel as well as a curious sight.

A beautiful sunrise! It is, generally speaking, a tame affair hereabouts compared with the sunset. A bank of cloud fantastically shaped, brighter than burnished gold below where illuminated by the unrisen luminary, and darkly purpling above, lies upon a ground of glowing crimson sky,

[1] A fabulous affair, made, by Arabian geographers, to encircle the earth, and translated, in English dictionaries (why, Heaven knows!), "Caucasus."

which softens off towards the upper part of heaven's dome into the sweetest imaginable rose colour. The sun

> "Looks through the horizontal misty air,"

slowly topping the blurred and dotted line of the horizon that seems loth to part with the lower limb; its aspect is red and raw, as if exposed to the atmosphere of a polar latitude, and for a while it retains the egg-like form in which it first appeared to view. We can now look Sol in the face without a wink.

This is the hour when the mighty Enchantress, Refraction hight, loves to display her choicest feats. See that noble fortress, with towering keep and lofty flagstaff, rising above yon long range of buildings, avenues of spreading trees radiating from it in all directions, and a broad expanse of water sleeping in its cradle of cape, and promontory, and shelving shore under beetling bank and darkling hill—of what does it remind you? Windsor Castle?

And now what do you see? Three broken-down hovels of wattle-work, a withered tree and half a dozen stunted bushes on a barren plain of black mould, crusted over with the glittering efflorescence of salt. No wonder that Poesy, the amiable purloiner of all Nature's choicest charms, has long since made the theme her own. And no wonder that her bantlings still continue to work the subject in every possible form of commonplace.

Turning from the poetical to the practical, let

me direct your vision to that place full of low bastard-cypress.[1] Do you see a pearly white drop hanging here and there from the top of a feathery branch? It is not dew, but tamarisk-honey, *turanjebin*, as the Persians call it; manna, as we have mis-named it. Here the people use the "Ugam" or "Maki" for medical confectionery; a biblical acquaintance of mine discovered that this stuff was the identical article with which the fugitives from Egypt were fed in the wilderness. I ventured some objections, especially a compassion for the internals of the House of Israel; for I assure you, Mr. Bull, the effect of this "turanjebin" is the reverse of astringent. But my jibe served no purpose. He had discovered "manna in the wilderness," and he preferred throwing out the trifling distinction between meat and medicament, to parting with his *trouvaille*. And he was treading the path which greater "rationalists" had marked out. Burckhardt, following Seetzen, was also of opinion that the manna of Scripture distils from the *tarfá*, or tamarisk. "Háji Ibrahím" is right when he states that the gum is called "mann" (manna) by the Bedawin; but he notably deceives himself, and the truth is not in him, when, to make out a stronger case, he believes that the tamarisk nowhere now yields it, except about Mount Sinai.

[1] *Alias* Tamarisk. Curious that this shrub has been confounded with the tamarind-tree by so profound an Orientalist as the late Baron de Sacy: "*On les eût pris pour les gros* tamarins," etc., is his mis-translation of طرفا (tarfá).

These people make one lose patience altogether. The idea of feeding for forty years on a mild cathartic! Either accept your miracle or reject it, but do not play fast and loose with it, nor offer rational explanations more incredible than the miracle itself.

Mr. Bull, once for all, you must not attempt to ride over bridges in the valley of the Indus. Never mind the risk of a roll down a slippery bank, nor the chance of finding a quagmire in the centre of a canal, covered over with a deceitful crust of whitish, hard-looking mud, nor the possibility of being swept off your clambering steed by a thorny branch on the far side. These are problematical; the bridge is a positive personal danger.

You are looking at that tiny raft, garnished with extinguished lamps, and self-moored against the side of the broad canal which we are skirting. Yesterday was the sixth of November, on which fell this year's Diwáli, a great Sindi-Hindú festival and merry-making. It is here the fashion to dive into futurity by means of one of the rude barques which you have just seen. The worshipper of the river, after offering up his prayers to Father Indus and to Mother Lakshmi,[1] the Indian goddess of good fortune; repairs in the evening to the bank of some flowing stream; launches his craft, and sits gazing at it with anxious eye. If, dancing gaily over the inky surface, it preserves its onward

[1] The home-writer *will* cleave to "Luxmee" (Laksmi), which is much like "srimp" for "shrimp."

career till some bend conceals it from view, he decides that the lamp of his days will burn brightly and steadily through the dark course of the coming year. But, on the contrary, should some angry ripple engulf the offering, he prognosticates with melancholy foreboding that his happiness or his life is fated to meet with many a storm. In some parts of Sind the scene on the Diwáli-night is marvellously picturesque: the black river lit up with thousands of glow-worm lights, shedding their fitful raylets upon sombre bank, ruined tomb, and lofty grove.

Our road is the usual style of thing in these regions, a collection of trodden lines stretching over a wide waste. We leave the silt-plain upon which Thathá stands, and ascend a hilly district formed by the ribs of limestone-rock which compose the petral portion of this Unhappy Land's formation. Every now and then we cross some hard, dry flat, covered with fragments of yellowish stone; these places follow one another as steps; the highest may be a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Indus, and the absence of tamarisk and other shrubs shows at first sight that no water, save an occasional shower of scanty rain, has fallen here for years.

Those tombs crowning the hill by the wayside are of unusual shape: small stone cupolas, supported by four square columns of delicate proportions. They mark the memorable spot where fell certain mighty chiefs, doing immortal deeds in

some petty feudal squabble. To relate the heart of the affair would take a Sind minstrel three good hours, and involve the recital of twenty impossibilities and about a thousand proper names, including patronymics. Intensely exciting all this would be to the Lagháris and Lasháris, two great Beloch tribes, the Clans Campbell and Chattan of this part of the world; but I fear, Mr. Bull, that it would be morphine to you. Shift the scene of Waverley to Afghanistán, or let Robert Bruce become Akbar Khan: would it not paralyze the hand of the mightiest magician that ever created worlds with a quill?

"What has halted our camels at this hour of the day?"

I understand. The lazy rascals, our servants, preferred mounting to marching, and dozing upon the soft couch of Quiet, in the shape of a load of boxes, to doing their duty in looking after our property. The consequence was, that the impatient brute that brought up the rear of the line broke its nose-string, shook off its burden, and gently slipped away into the jungle to meet a body of friends and relations.

It is no use storming at the men now; the more you scold, the less they do. We must apply ourselves to recovering the fugitive. Fortunately there is a village not very far off, so we shall find no difficulty in procuring the assistance of a "Paggí," or tracker.

The fellow rises from his slumbers under the

wadded cotton-coverlet, and stares wildly at us, as if we were the Interrogating Angels[1] *in propriâ personâ.* We take care not to lose sight of him at first, otherwise he is sure to play camel, and, according to the custom of a wild country, to get out of what he fancies harm's way with all possible speed. The least the poor devil expects is the loss of his half a dozen goats, and a good beating for not being richer. That present of a rupee, however, gives him some confidence: he begins to think that we are fools; and the promise of another, confirming his suspicions, makes him absolutely courageous.

See how artistically my savage addresses him to his task. He ties on his slippers with packthread, winds his sheet tight round his waist, and, squatting upon the ground, scrutinizes the foot-print before he starts, with all the air of a connoisseur, making meanwhile his remarks aloud:

"He is a little, little camel—his feet are scarcely three parts grown—he treads lightly on the off fore leg, and turns this toe in—his sole is scarred—he is not laden—there he goes—*there—there;* he is off to the jungles of Shaykh Rádhan! Now, Sáin,[2] your slave is ready."

As we are going to pitch our tents just above that identical forest, we may send on the remaining

[1] Munkir and Nakír, two worthies in Moslem divinity, long since introduced by the genius of Byron to the home-reader.

[2] "Sáin," in Sind, is the "Sáhib" of India, the "Sir" of England; philologists derive it from the Sanskrit "Swámí," a lord or master.

quadrupeds with the servants, and accompany our Paggí to watch his proceedings.

Is it not surprising how he runs along the trail, scarcely appearing to look at it, and yet following its every twist and turn with the sagacity of an old greyhound?

We pass over beds of sheet-rock, almost as smooth as crystal; we pursue roads where your eye and mine can see nothing but a confused mass of fresh and faded foot-prints; we descend slopes of hard silt, upon which you cannot detect the shade of a mark; our tracker never stops for a moment. The faculty is born with him; his forefathers have been trackers for generations, and he tracks as a pointer-pup points, or an hereditary stock-broker buys stock. It has become an instinct; it is no longer a reasoning faculty. Moreover, he has nothing to distract his thoughts; he is "all there." Similarly, a man with one idea makes a fortune, where a man with a dozen sorely fails.

Now he pauses upon the verge of the tangled wood, but only for a brief breathing-time, and in order to secure his shoe.

"There, Sáin, I told you he was going to Shaykh Rádhan."

"Thou didst. Sháhbásh, be a king!"—equivalent to your "Well done!" Mr. Bull. "Art thou to catch him?"

"At once, Sáin; he stopped here to browse, and he has only just left the place. See, the grass has not yet risen from the place where he trod."

The man proves the correctness of his assertion by leading us straight up to a thicket, over whose topmost branches appear the fugitive's long neck, warily outstretched, and the bright black eyes, nervously fixed upon us. The sight of pursuers seems to paralyze all energies; it feels that the right course would be to wheel round and trot off without delay, but somehow or other this is not to be done. The Paggí walks quietly up, seizes the wooden nut, still sticking in the right nostril, and tying a new string to it, secures submission without a struggle.

The Sindi is celebrated for tracking as the Arab of Tehámah or the "Red Man" of North America. He is the only detective the country affords, and he forms an uncommonly efficient force. If a soldier has deserted, a house has been robbed, or a traveller has been cut down, show him a footprint, and he is sure of his man. He will describe the person you seek with unerring accuracy, and he will follow the trail for any distance, no matter what means are taken to baffle him. Shoe your horse the wrong way, wear pads over your feet (thieving slippers, as the natives call them), shift from boot to nudity, and again from nudity to boot; squat, stand, spring like a kangaroo, walk on all fours like a dog; do every thing you can to throw the human bloodhound out, and still, if he be a well-trained specimen of his breed, he will catch you. I never could understand, by-the-by, why your rural police disdain the use of trained dogs. Perhaps the practice would be "un-English?"

These camels are fated to be the plague of us to-day. You see before you the encamping-ground —a gravelly flat, bounded upon one side by a low, irregular line of broken and craggy hill; on the other, by a rapid descent, leading to the thickly-wooded strip of stiff clay which skirts the right flank of Father Indus. You could scarcely mistake the place, even were I not to point it out. Look at the thousand fragments of black bottles, in these regions the unmistakable tokens of the white man's presence; and you will not wonder at a cut hoof.

We must not pitch here. The wind is howling madly over that platformed hill upon which stands the saint's tomb, but we can make the old walls a screen and, from behind these defences, laugh at the impotent wrath of Boreas, the Shimál. Our servants, I need not tell you, have lost, or sold, all our iron tent-pins, and as for expecting wooden pegs to hold in such a soil with such a strain upon them, it would be the height of "griffinism."

Men relate of a celebrated sportsman in the old country, that when requested by a friend not to indulge him with the excitement of being overturned in a gig or tandem, he at once ran the vehicle up against a bank and sent its contents flying into a neighbouring field.

Now, were I at all disposed to enjoy a similar rare bit of practical wit, I have an excellent opportunity of gratifying myself. To see a single-poled tent blown down in windy weather over a friend's

head, is perhaps even more funny than pitching him out of a dog-cart. But I will content myself this time with sketching you an outline of what the spectacle would be, instead of drawing it from life.

You are sitting, we will suppose, quietly at dinner, quaffing lukewarm, muddy ale, and eating curry and dust to the sound of an aërial concert, far more powerfully than pleasantly performed.

All of a sudden, cr—a—ck!—cr'ck!! The mainstay of your canvas-abode has been torn up from beneath the stone placed to keep it firm in the ground. You spring off your chair, overturning the same, and make instinctively for the exit. You are just in time to be caught and rolled over by the hinder Kanát, or fly, whilst the pole, bisecting your table as neatly as the "Saladin feat" was ever performed, descends upon your humped-up shoulders, and instantaneously "floors" you amidst a mass of broken boards and scattered provisions, flanked by the ruins of your washing-stand, cot, and chest of drawers, and covered over with a weight of tent-cloth, which allows you to kick, call, and struggle, but which positively forbids you to escape. Up rushes your gang of domestics, jabbering and gesticulating, in dire dismay, for they are owed a month's wages: you feel a vice-like grasp upon your ankles, you are mercilessly drawn, against the grain, over the hard ground; and you display yourself once more in the face of day, with hair *à la chinoise*, white garments the colour of brown

paper, and a face which, in its mask of turmeric-powder, boiled rice, dust, and the proceeds of a cut from the broken beer-bottle, would scarcely be recognized by your own mother. Perhaps, the tenour of your thoughts harmonizes with the exclamation of the gentleman in the "Felon Sowe:"

> "Wist my brethren at this hour,
> That I were set in sic a stoure,
> Sure they would pray for me!"

Some years ago, a similar event, "ryghte merrie" for one's friends, occurred to the humble individual your guide. Substantial houses in this part of the world are built, you know, of sun-dried brick-walls, supporting rafters of Babúl or Mimosa wood, and over these a thick layer of mud, with perhaps a little gypsum, is spread to form a roof. The material is usually composed of saltish clay, hurriedly pounded and imperfectly mixed; you may observe that wherever it touches the ground your abode is scooped out by the action of humidity as effectually as if a pickaxe had been applied to the foundation. As the building, under such circumstances, is safe to fall as soon as an opportunity presents itself, the natives are careful every year to repair the peccant part.

Now it so happened that my corps was ordered into "country quarters" in a queer old hole called Mohammed Khan's "Tándá," that is to say, a bunch of houses with a wall round them, from afar not unlike a collection of Termite-hills. The "fortified village," which stood on the left bank of the

celebrated Phuléli river, was a square inclosure of mud-curtain, raised at least twenty feet high, lest a stray breath of wind should temper the burning summer-heat; and it contained some nine habitations, built much as above described, and separated by narrow lanes at least a cubit deep in dust. The property had been let by some native chief to our Government for public purposes, so the necessary yearly repairs were of course neglected.

Rain had fallen all night. In the morning, where dust had been, mud was; and our clay-houses were literally wet through. Not dreaming of any danger, I was sitting in my "drawing-room" (an apartment comparable to nothing but a gravel-pit roofed and furnished), reading with an old Afghan Munshi his favourite Rahmán's pathetic dole concerning the melancholy uncertainty and the empty vanities

"De dá dunyá."[1]

Plump! Half a ton of wall scattered without the least warning upon the "drawing-room" floor!

Pedagogue and pupil both jumped up from their chairs, and in hottest haste dashed through the "Tattis," a kind of thorn fence, and a well-known Oriental and therm-antidotal contrivance. We escaped through the door in time, and only in time, to see the entrance hermetically sealed behind us; the lute used on that occasion being sundry square

[1] "Of this world;" part of the refrain of a popular ode composed by the great Pakhtú poet, Abd el-Rahmán, familiarly and affectionately called "Rahmán" by his fellow-countrymen.

feet of fallen front-wall. We shall pilgrimage to the place in due time.

Within the twenty-four hours, three out of the nine houses that composed the Tándá lay in ruins. The things melt away after a night's rain like ice in a London ball-room.

There is excellent sport in these three little Jhíls, or ponds, below us: torpid sheets of thick fluid left behind by the last inundation, with the bottom of fetid black mud baking in the sun, where the waters have been drawn off by evaporation. Among the fat sedges, tall grasses, and matted reeds, in every stage of vegetable existence, from germination to decay, we find the glossy ibis (*Falcinellus igneus*), grey crane (*Grus cinerea*), the stork, the spoon-bill, the noble demoiselle (*Anthropoïdes virgo*), the giant "kullum" (Kulang, or *Grus virgo*), and the flamingo (*Phœnicopterus roseus*), who raises a brilliant shawl over his shoulders, by exposing the upper and under wing-coverts. Of humbler livery, but more useful, are the fawn-coloured pelicans (*Pelicanus crispus*), used as decoys after their eyes are sewn up; the goose (*Anser Indicus*), very tame and stupid; the bar-fronted goose and the lag-goose (*Anser cinereus*), the mallard (*Anas boschas*), excellent eating here as everywhere; the widgeon (*Mareca Penelope*), the gadwall (*Anas strepera*), the coot (*Fulica atra*), and the dunlin (*Tringa cinedus*). The ornithology of Sind has been pronounced by a competent observer to be allied with Asia Minor, North-western Arabia, and North-eastern Africa,

rather than with Kachh and Gujrát, the nearest parts of the Indian peninsula. On the high dry shores you remark the sand-grouse (*Pterocles arenaria*) of six species, especially the "painted" (*Pterocles Alchata*); the Francolin partridge (*Francolinus vulgaris*), the quail (*Coturnix communis*), the sand-partridge, Chakkar or Chikore (*Caccabis*), the crested lark (*Alauda cristata*), the stone-chat, (*Saxicola*), the desert-bullfinch, and the Isabelline shrike. You have only to wander into the acacia woods that line the banks, and a herd of half-wild buffaloes will afford you a good chance of larger stuff for the pot; and if you stay long enough with your feet in the water and your head in the sun, although we are getting into the heart of the cold weather, you will most probably be able to pronounce *expertus* upon the pleasures of a Sind ague.

Fevers, I may inform you, in this part of Asia are of two kinds. One is a brisk, bold fellow, who does his work within the day, permitting you to breakfast, but placing his veto upon your dining; the other is a slow, sneaking wretch, who bungles over you for a week or a fortnight.[1] The former

[1] This may appear to savour of bravado, in which case the appearance is deceitful. At a distance, Yellow Jack, earthquakes, cholera, the plague, the Cuchillo, and similar strange enemies to human life, look terrible, because indistinct; the heart does beat a little quicker when we fix thought upon them. But as soon as you find yourself amongst the dangers, you forget to fear them, you are afraid to be afraid, and a little habit makes them, generally speaking, contemptible: you expected giants, you find pigmies. Besides, I have been fortunate in opportunity of training, being brought up, as it were, in the midst of cholera: one easily learns

appears as a kind of small shivering, first; then as a sick headache, which, after a few minutes, feels as if a cord were being tightened round your pericranium; your brain burns as if it were on fire; your head throbs as though it would burst; your skin is hot, and hard as a riding-glove. Presently your senses leave you; to delirium succeeds congestion; you pant and puff, all your energies being applied to keeping the breath in your body; you fail therein, and you are buried that evening. The slow fever attacks you much in the same way; only it allows you leisure to send for a doctor, who pours cold water from an altitude upon your shaven poll, administers mercury sufficient to charge an average-sized barometer, and blisters you, generally, with mustard and other plasters, from the nape of your neck to the soles of your feet.

I never saw a patient recover from this mode of treatment without entering into the feelings of the poor decrepit Hindu, who cursed the meddling hand that clawed the holy mud out of his mouth as he was comfortably dying upon the banks of the Ganges, and by means of a draught of "fire-water" sent him back to the world of matter, a far baser bit

to think lightly of such things in youth. And every one who does or can think becomes, by some means or other, a fatalist on a small scale, after a few years in the East. "Kismet" and "Nasíb" are so often, so continually, in your ears, that at last they sound themselves into a kind of reality: an entity east, a nonentity west, of the Cape. Perhaps I should say "rarity" instead of "nonentity." The Spaniard, for instance, despite his Catholicism, is often fatalistic as the Arab. And what is the Calvinist?

of humanity than he was before, with the prospect of a few million years in vermin form.

If you wish to see how peculiarly uncharming in this state of *demi-toilette* are the *appas* of a certain romantic old maid called Solitude, whom many a fool admires and courts before he has seen her, you have only to set out with me for an evening's walk. We shall not meet a human being, or descry a vestige of man's work, in the country about Shaykh Rádhan.

"Oh, the howling waste!"

Now let us look at its denizens. High in the blue air, still catching the light of the set sun, the king-vulture wheels in gigantic circles, and the jack-daw-like crows are screeching with their usual noisiness as they skelter towards their dormitory, some distant tree. The matchlock or the rifle must at some time or other have been busy upon this rugged spot, otherwise its inhabitants would not stand in such evident awe of us. See how the lynx, with tapering black-tipped ears always pricked-up, slinks away, covering itself with every little bush or stone, skilfully as the best-drilled Light Bob. The antelope stops for a moment, instinctively feeling that a foe is near; bends her graceful neck, celebrated as her eye in the Arab's poetry,[1] sights our advancing forms, and then, bounding off, shapes her rapid course towards some region of security. That old grey boar, slowly returning from an

[1] Alluding to the beautiful line of Lebíd that describes the antelope turning her neck towards her newly-yeaned young.

evening excursion to its home in the neighbouring Belá (forest) or Shikárgáh (preserve), is not quite so timorous as its neighbours; it mends its pace when we approach the line of direction, but a certain look, and a grunt that accompanies the glance, give us to understand that it has at least half a mind to revenge upon us the foul wrongs which its kind has sustained from the hands of ours. We will let Aper pass, if you please; its tusks are long, curved, and sharp as a Persian dagger, and it has a dexterity in the use of weapons which renders its practice of offence and defence sufficiently imposing, especially to a walking-stick. You stand to stare at those two pugnacious animals upon the sheet of rock hard by. It is a pair of shepherd-dogs, apparently bastard Kelat-greyhounds: they have had some "difference" upon some unknown subject, and they are settling the affair of honour with their natural weapons, exactly as if they were British privates fighting it out in a quiet, cosy way. A most ridiculous sight is this apparently causeless and yet most vicious and violent "set to;" they wrangle, worry, bite, roll each other over, and howl with concentrated rage as well as pain: the apparent absence of anything to quarrel about makes the vehemence of the quarrel appear the more remarkable.

Observe in the far distance our long string of camels returning after their day's grazing in the forest. The hazy, misty atmosphere enlarges their bodies to a prodigious size: we can discern no legs,

only a shoal of long necks and ostrich-forms, floating and sinking, pitching and swaying, over the successive undulations of the distant ground. Some English Eastern-travellers have opined that that Great Unknown, the literato who baptized the animal "Ship of the Desert," must have derived the idea from seeing it at a time when, under the effects of the mirage, its form appears and disappears on the horizon, as a vessel does upon the surface of a swelling sea. Methinks, however, the conjecture assigns somewhat too much to the power of Comparison, and a trifle too little to the operation of Analogy.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEVEN HEADLESS PROPHETS.

INSTEAD of marching directly upon Hiláyá,[1] we will turn off, if you please, to the left of the Haydarábád road, and make for a certain fisher-village called Kinjara-ji Miyáni. There lies the lake which gives it a name; a shallow piece of water with reedy banks, embosomed in low hills of the usual uninteresting cut, and of the normal unpicturesque hue. I have nothing to say about the settlement, it being the "or'nary" Sind thing, which you have seen half a dozen times, and which I have described unto the exhaustion of synonymes. But you must allow me to slip in a few words concerning the ancient history of the place, in order to render what follows intelligible.

"In the days of old," thus Asiatic legends always commence, even as European children's tales with "once upon a time," a celebrated city rose at the north end of the Sunahri, or Sonahri, Dandh

[1] There are no buildings at Hiláyá, but a well affords good water; the camping-ground is on a canal, near several large Babúl trees. "Dandh" means a natural tank.

which during floods forms part of the Kinjar water. It was the capital of the Sammáh dynasty, a Sindi tribe that ruled the land for many years before it fell into the hands of the Moghal; and here, about A.D. 1380, was the seat of empire of Jam Tamáchi, the son of Júnur. That prince, the fourth of his dynasty, was celebrated for his beauty and valour; his open hand, like the warm showers of spring, made the hearts of his subjects expand, and his clenched fist,[1] like the icy breath of the Destroyer, paled the cheeks of his rivals and his foes. He was truly the Shadow of Allah cast upon earth's face. He sat on the cushion of sovereignty, firm as the tall hill that spreads out its giant skirts over the subject plain: both the storms of foreign war and the shocks of internal disturbance were equally unavailing to shake the foundations of his prosperity.

In the fifth year of the magnificent Jam Tamáchi's reign, Shaykh Bahá el-Dín,[2] the majestic saint of Multán, being urgently invited by his disciples at Thathá to grace with his presence the happy land of Sind, was induced to comply with their prayer. To such an extent did he delight men's minds by his spirit-stirring words and deeds, that the said disciples (may their and their father's graves be desert!) abominably resolved to kill him and eat

[1] In Persian metaphorology the open hand is the symbol of generosity; the closed fist, of austerity, avarice, or violence.

[2] Popularly Baháwalhak, corrupted from Bahá el-Hakk—Light of the Truth, *i.e.*, Allah. His name is invoked by all the Moslem tribes, from Multán southwards, and his biography has been made the subject of many a tedious volume.

him; expecting thereby to secure for themselves the perpetual benefit of his presence, and to raise their recreant selves to a high degree in the spiritual world. A strange way, you remark, to propitiate a holy man: a very common one, I assert, in the wilder parts of Central Asia, as any sceptic may learn by asking the Afghan Hazárehs how they came by the number of saints buried on their mountains. As regards devouring the venerated defunct, it is done with the superstitious popular idea that whoever tastes the flesh or blood of a great Santon, thereby eats himself holy, as Templars dine themselves "learned."

However, the miscreants were defeated in the design. One of the saint's trusty followers discovered the plot, proposed to save his superior by sleeping in his bed that night, and was graciously permitted to enroll himself in the ranks of that distinguished body—the Moslem army of martyrs. The accursed Muríds[1] then took the corpse, "bryttled" it, boiled the choice cuts, and were preparing for their holy and cannibal meal, when (O never-failing expedient in the hands of the Eastern romancer!), struck with an unknown fear, they looked loathingly upon

> "The poor remains of what was once a saint;"

put them into a pot, and cast it upon the broad bosom of Mehrán. The vessel was presently found

[1] A Muríd is a "disciple," opposed to a Murshid, or "spiritual instructor."

by seven hungry men of the Mohána, or fisherman-caste, who devoured its contents in ignorance of their nature, and who at once, by virtue of the same, quitting vulgar piscation, became fishers of humanity and men of Allah, very holy, and, apparently, very fond of meddling, as sometimes happens, with matters that in no way concerned them.

You see that tall, grey old ruin of hewn stone upon the hill overlooking the lake. It was built there by the same Jam Tamáchi, for the purpose of affording his beautiful bride, Núren, the daughter of a fisherman, a view of the humble scenes in which she was born, and which, incredible to relate, she continued to love, even after her elevation to the dizzy height of regal dignity. To that palace the seven Walís, or Santons, repaired, and demanded the right of ingress, rudely as the German missionaries addressed poor King Theodore of Abyssinia. Indeed, so authoritative was their tone and manner, that the very warders, an order of "gentlemen" who in Sind are not a whit more affable than the footmen of Belgravia, dared not turn up their noses at the sight of pedestrians knocking at a great man's door. And when these individuals appeared in the presence, instead of joining their palms, prostrating themselves, trembling, and looking exanimate with fear, Pom! they squatted down upon the rich rugs, and stared in the Jam's face for at least five minutes. Cats, be it observed, are proverbially admitted to this

privilege in England; but, in a purely Oriental country, a low fellow venturing to try the experiment would probably leave the hall of audience plus a solid bastinado, and minus half his natural number of toes. No wonder, then, that the Jam, just and generous as he was, could not, for the life of him, prevent his cheek turning livid and his beard curling crisp with very rage.

"King of kings! we are here by order of Heaven to protect thee and thine against the impious attempts of the Moghal!"

The Jam started.

Unacquainted with Sind history, you must be informed that the high and mighty Alá el-Dín (Aladdin), Emperor of Delhi, had fixed the eye of concupiscence upon the fair valley of Sind; and, like certain modern rulers, by no means contented with a frontier Indus as the "natural boundary of Western India," he had been doing all his possible to fix a quarrel upon the Sammáh chief. The latter, knowing that the weaker always goes to the wall, in Asia as in Europe, had smilingly put up with many an insult and injury. Hence the reason why, when the Moghal was alluded to, the Jam started, whilst an expression of curiosity and encouragement replaced the angry cloud which had settled upon his countenance.

The Seven Fishermen then proceeded to inform him that directly under the walls of the capital was the head of a large land-serpent, whose tail terminated at Delhi, six hundred direct geographical

miles, not including an occasional coil. They added, that as long as the animal continued in that position, Sind had nought to fear from the Lords of India, and they concluded by asking and obtaining the Prince's permission to thrust an iron spit into the snake's nose, for the purpose of curbing any erratic vagaries in which it might be disposed to indulge.

Long and loud laughed the cits and wits of Thathá at the senile credulity of the Jam, their ruler. They had no "Charivari," it is true, but the want of that civilized invention was more than compensated by the infinitude of sarcastic odes and sneering epigrams that daily issued from the local pens. Now Jam Tamáchi, like many other very great people, ancient, medieval, and modern, had a nervous horror of the hum, the buzz, and the sting of that spiteful little insect called a satirist. Moreover, although he well knew that his only chance of escaping with a whole skin was to remain dead-quiet till the swarm which had settled upon him thought proper to seek another subject, he could not curb his impatient spirit. The result of his irritability was, that after vainly threatening to impale, roast, or chop in pieces the authors of his annoyance, and after enduring an increase of virulence for a few days, at length, in an evil hour, he ordered the spit to be wrenched out of the ground.

The iron was pulled up reeking with gore, and was shown to the sceptical Thathá-ites. Then

the smirk of self-esteem and the sneer of scorn gave way to another kind of look. They fell upon their knees before the Prince and his holy advisers; awe-struck and confounded into belief, they supplicated the Seven Fishermen to intercede with Heaven for them, their children, and their country. But these personages informed them that the thing was impossible, that the snake had

"Turned his head where stood his tail,"

and that Sind had for ever lost her protecting spell.

Jam Tamáchi, as I have said, was renowned for exceeding equity. He acknowledged that the Fishermen were blameless: indeed, he owned that their conduct throughout the affair had been everything it ought to have been. Only he insisted upon the paramount importance of obedience in the subject; and he told them flatly that unless that serpent's cranium returned within the twenty-four hours to where it was before, he should consider it his melancholy duty to make their heads and the rest of their persons part company. Justice, he remarked, was a very fine thing, but——

His arguments are not worth recording. The fact is, he was unconsciously conscience-smitten; angry with himself, a person whom he could not punish, he naturally became anxious to find some one upon whom he could vent his royal rage. The Seven Fishermen asked for nothing better than the Crown of Glory. So Jam Tamáchi obliged them in

that little matter by directing their throats to be cut from ear to ear, and their heads to be wrenched, as the custom was, off their bodies.

But conceive the dismay of the king, his courtiers, his counsellors, his captains, and his commonalty, when the last Body, immediately after decapitation, rising slowly from the cordovan, upon which it had knelt during the operation, stood bolt upright, grasping its head in its outstretched right hand. And furthermore, imagine, if you can, the state of mind in which the terrified throng heard the bloodless lips pronounce this unpoetic rhyme :

> "Aror[1] shall burst its dyke, and flow
> Hákro perennial to the main :
> And fish shall swim, and lilies grow[2]
> Where Sammáhs plough the sultry plain !"

Now the "band" or embankment of Aror was a leaden wall, thrown across the Indus many years before the time of Jam Tamáchi, by the prayers of an honourable husband and father, who, to save spouse and daughter from the tyrant Dalurá's[3] importunities, diverted the main stream westward

[1] Aror, the old Rájput-capital of Sind, lies, as we shall see, east of the Indus at Rohri. In 1855 Captain Kirby, who should have known better, thus mistranslated these lines :

> "When broken shall be the band of Aror,
> And the water shall flow over Hakrah,
> Where shall be the fishing of the Samma ?"

[2] Alluding to the "Lorh" the "Beh" and the "Paban" (*Nelumbium speciosum*), which has an edible root, and to the "Kuni" or "Puni" (*Nymphæa pubescens*), whose tubers are eaten raw, roasted, or boiled.

[3] Chapter XXVIII.

into its present rocky bed, and escaped from the ruthless king's capital, *viâ* that new cut, the present Indus. As for Hákro flowing, no one thought it possible that the old, deserted, dried-up bed would ever be restored to its pristine state; and yet there stood a corpse, pertinaciously and positively assuring them, that the Sammáh tribe of Sindis, who for the most part inhabit the sandy and sterile eastern frontier towards Jaysalmír, should dine on such luxuries as Pallah[1]-fish and aquatic roots.

Satisfied, apparently, with the amount of commotion caused by its display of eloquence, the Corpse turned upon its heel and deliberately walked out of the audience-hall, through the crowded streets in the direction of the Eastern Desert.

Then arose the second Trunk, and with the malicious eagerness with which man communicates bad news to man, pronounced these prophetic words:

> "Steeds, gaunt and blue,[2] pour from the North,
> And matrons walk the crowded way:
> Then, Sind! incline thy stubborn head
> Before the strangers'[3] sabre sway."

That martyr left the palace amidst a fresh thrill of horror. Besides the sceptre of Delhi, the natives

[1] Chapter XXIX.

[2] A grey horse, in Persian and Sindi, is called "blue." The term would be applied to the light-coloured Arabs upon which our Cavalry in India is generally mounted. There is nothing more curious than the peculiar colour-blindness which seems to haunt the modern Prakrit tongues.

[3] In the original "Tájyáni," a word with a plurality of significations, or rather, with none in particular.

of Sind feared only the Afghan sabre. Afghanistan, you know, sir, is north of Sind, and the idea of their already too gay dames and too coquettish damsels being allowed to go about the streets and bázárs, without any let or hindrance whatever, was hard for them to stomach. The threat of slavery, the "tail of the storm," fell almost unheeded upon their ears, so stunned were they by the outburst that preceded it.

The third Corpse, probably pitying their mental tortures, changed the subject and became extremely oracular and ambiguous:

> "For years and years broad Ár shall flow,
> But when it dries by Fate's decree;
> Then the Beloch shall sell his bairn
> For silver pieces two and three."

Now the Ár, or Bhagár, once the westernmost fork of the Indus, whose embouchure is now called the Piti, Pittri or Pitte Mouth,[1] was of no particular importance to the people of Thathá: moreover, in those days they knew little, and they cared less, about their future rulers, the Beloch, a tribe of wretched hill-barbarians. Modern Sindis would have recognized in a moment the mystic meaning of the quatrain, which points unerringly to the social position of that people in the present day, when the descendant of a Talpur, or royal Beloch, and the progeny of a low-caste Sindi Machhi are equal as

[1] Murray's "Handbook" (p. 475) calls it "Pilti." The Baghár, or "destroyer," has long ago "silted up;" it cannot admit craft drawing two feet, and the main stream has moved off to the Juá (Jooá) mouth, at least thirty miles to the south-east.

two pennyweights in the well-poised balance which British Equity holds before an admiring world.

But lest the crowd should, we must suppose, think themselves quite out of the scrape, Body number Four, after going through the usual preliminaries, began to predict a direct and direful disaster:

> "I hear from Lár the sound of strife,
> I see the hosts from Siro haste;
> Then, Sind! from 'twixt the South and East
> The brand of war thy shores shall waste."

Here was a terrible conglomeration of misfortunes; a war beginning from Lár (Lower Sind); again the prospect of those abominable Afghans attacking Siro (the upper districts), and the certainty that both provinces would be involved in the common calamity. Intensely bitter became the reflections of the Thathá-ites, when the current of their thoughts was diverted by another prediction, which acted upon the mental palate like a sugar-plum after a black-dose, to reverse Tasso's savoury epic image:

> "Káro Kabáro's walls shall view
> Fierce combat raging half a day;
> The Mirmichí shall routed be,
> Then, Sind! once more be blithe and gay."

And the doubt as to who or what might be these Mirmichí, a word which has no precise meaning, by exciting the curiosity, aroused the spirit of the auditors in no ordinary degree. They actually experienced a sort of pleasurable excitement—as

Mediterraneans do whilst miracles are performed—when the next Headless Trunk, rising from its knees, followed the example of its vaticinating brotherhood:

> "The Mirmichí! who may teach ye
> The surest token him to know?
> His lady fair wears double tails,
> And down his neck the ringlets flow."

The Jam and all the crowd, who knew for certain that their own hair was regularly every morning, after being washed with *met*, or fuller's earth, and perfumed oil, combed out and tied in a knot upon the polls of their heads, and that the locks of their lovely spouses were plaited into a single *queue* with scarlet ribbons and strings of seed-pearl, now felt assured that the rough handling predicted for the Mirmichí (common fellows who did not know even how to make their hair look decent!), could not by all the quibbling and quirking, the twisting and torturing, of any mantologist in the land be made to apply to themselves. Had they been an English audience they would most probably have greeted the speaker with a loud "hear, hear!" or a general hurrah. Being Sindis, they gesticulated and jabbered till the last Defunct, determined that, as his brethren had begun to "curry favour" with the ignorant of caviare, he would not be outdone in "pandering to popularity," rapped out these words:

> "Come, come, ye men! and sit in peace
> Beneath the Nángar's[1] sheltering shade:
> Beyond Púrán no roof-tree plant,
> Nor let one hearthstone there be laid:"

[1] The name of Thathá: *see* Chapter VII.

and, following in the steps of his fraternity, left the Darbar.

When the predicting was all over, crowds, as you may imagine, followed the predictors in order to see what became of them. They must have had the vitality of worms and the legs of horses, those Holy Men, for they walked right on end, with the most important bit of themselves under their arms, to the banks of the Púrán River, at least sixty miles off. At length, reaching a palace called Ámrí they fell to the ground bereft of motion, and were there buried by those who had the curiosity to watch to the last this peculiar display of pedestrianism. Their sepulchres, which are shown to the present day, prove, or ought to prove, I suppose, that what is said to have occurred, occurred.

Some of these rugged rhymes are palpably of modern growth; others are ancient, and have probably been handed down from father to son for generations past.[1] You would scarcely believe,

[1] Who will write a volume on uninspired prophecy?—it ought to be most amusing and interesting. The Eastern world is full of curious predictions; for instance:

The Chinese expected harm from a foreign tribe ruled by a woman.

The Burmese learned from their Merlin that they would be invincible until a ship without oars or sails stemmed the Irawaddy.

The Sikh Gurús predicted the conquest of Sind to take place in the Sambat year 1900 = A.D. 1844.

The Southern Africans, as the late Mrs. Ward ("Cape and the Caffres") informs us, felt beaten when they saw the long-foretold sea-waggons touch their shores. And, to quote no others, Shah Mahmat' Ullah predicted in verse the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857-8, "one hundred years after the Christians shall have ruled in Hind."

Mr. John Bull (unless, at least, you heard it from so well-informed a *compagnon de voyage* as myself), the effect they have exercised upon the fortunes of this province. The Lycophronic designation "Mirmichí," after being applied successively to the Indians, Afghans, Jats, and others, descended in due course of time to the next ruling race, the Belochs. *Variæ lectiones* began to creep in. The last couplet of the sixth Corpse's quatrain was thus amended:

> "Their locks are black as jet above,
> Their raiment darkly blue below;"

a description applicable to the inhabitants of half Central Asia. When, after many petty squabbles with Bombay (so they interpreted the origin of the storm from between south and east), a force marching from Lower Sind, under Sir John Keane, threatened them with war; and, finally, when Sir Charles Napier hurried down from Sakhar *viâ* Hálá, to attack Haydarábád, with his men mounted on gaunt "blue" steeds, the self-named "Mirmichí" felt certain that their hour was come. They fought, but with diminished spirit, and thus the prediction, as we so often see in such matters, verified itself. To the present day the Sindis swear by these prophecies: the Bhagár creek has shrunk; the proud Beloch has lost the privileges which the ruling race once enjoyed; matrons and maidens *do* walk the streets much more than they used; and Karáchi, "beneath the Nángar's shade" (*i.e.*, not far from it),

has ousted Haydarábád from its ancient position as capital of the country. True, the dyke of Aror remains, the Hákro has not yet provided the hungry Sammáhs with fishes or loaves, and there has been no battle at the place called Káro Kabáro. But these are little flaws which must be regarded with the indulgence usually extended by you, sir, to poesy, painting, and the other trades which deal wholesale in imaginative material.

Pray look not so contemptuous and high-minded at what you term the "poor devils' credulity." This is a weed which grows all the world over, in every age and in every clime. Superstition is a constant quantity. Whenever the public mind, civilized or barbarous, becomes excited, it flies directly to the preternatural and the supernatural, even as a gentleman in distress goes to the bottle.

I could support this assertion by many an example, but not having time to dress and deck it in the elaborate garb it deserves to wear, I prefer, with your permission, to leave it in the naked form of a *dictum*. But before parting with the subject, I recollect reading a legend in some old French book which matches so admirably with what I have just been narrating, that for the life of me I cannot help recounting it for your edification in my own way.

As one Dennis, of beatified memory, was trudging in company with a little knot of friends towards a muddy town and camp, then called

Lutetia Parisiorum, and garrisoned by a legion of pagan Romans, he came upon one of their outposts on a hill not far from the end of his journey. The spirit moved the holy Areopagite to turn into one of the leathern tents, tenanted by the fighting-men, and to begin a discourse, which presently collected around him half a century of soldiers, and hundreds of the Lixæ, or camp-followers.

The harangue, I take the liberty of presuming, as such is almost invariably the case, began with questions about the soldiers' immortal souls, and passed into an exhortation anent "mending their ways," figuratively, not literally, and becoming good Christians. From which proper field for excellent advice, and abundant prosing, it slipped insensibly into a dangerous bit of debatable ground, violent abuse of heathenism and heathens, young and old, male and female, priests, laymen, and vestal virgins, pell-mell.

"*Id nimis est bonæ rei,*" said a frowning old Triarius, or grenadier, six feet and a half high, with a beard like a bear's back, and a face gridironed with scars.

"*Fac teneat maxillam, tunc,*" cried a pert Veles, or light-infantry man.

"*Nil facilius! hîc it,*" growled the veteran, walking off to the tent of his centurion.

The *vieille moustache* was right. Captain Caius Flaccus Luscinus Æmilianus Indicus, who derived his second cognomen, or agnomen, from having served twenty years in India with the * * *

Buffs, disliked nothing more than a Frenchman, save and except only a Christian and a "parson-cove." Military law was not quite so deeply studied, or so well defined, in those days, as it is now. The gallant officer found little difficulty in making out a case of high treason against the holy St. Dennis and his friends, who, by-the-by, had done absolutely nothing but shake over their bare feet at the prospect of appropinquate martyrdom. All were seized, were unmercifully kicked and mauled, lest decapitation might not be a sufficient punishment, and finally were beheaded with extreme brutality, for their clothes formed so ragged a perquisite, and their pockets were so painfully light, that no amount of supplication would induce Calcraftus, the lictor, to do his work like a gentleman.

The saint was the last to suffer. In the fervour of his orisons, he had quite forgotten one thing, namely, that his bones, which might be so useful in healing the bodies and souls of mankind, would be quite lost to the world, if thrown, as they were likely to be, into the nearest ditch, to moulder away in obscure corruption. So, leaving his six friends, whose faith did not enable them to perform such feats, St. Dennis rose from the blood-stained ground, and carrying his head, whose frontal portion frowned like a Saracen's upon the discomfited pagans, he walked directly into the "City of Mud," where, after a short consultation with the Very Reverend the Diocesan of that diocese, he was duly "put to bed with a shovel," in

the firm and pious hope of becoming, at some future time, a ton or two of reliques.

I forget whether the hard heart of Captain C. F. L. Æ. Indicus was melted by the occurrence; or whether he simply ejaculated in Latin, *Ce n' est que le premier pas qui côute*, and died as he lived, a pestilent heathen. But I recollect that there is, near Paris, a place called Montmartre, the Mount of Martyrs, where the Sacré Cœur, the ugliest edifice in Christendom, is building, and I consider the name proof-positive that the event above detailed really occurred.

And you cannot need reminding, sir, that during the eventful years, '48, '49, '50, and '51, all kinds of Welsh and German predictions about crowned heads, war, famine, and grave-diggers, were flying about in the mouths of men. None, of course, believed in, though all knew and quoted, them: had they turned out true, which unfortunately they did not, they had as fair a chance of descending to posterity as the rhymes of the Seven Fishermen.

CHAPTER XI.

SUNDAN AND JARAK—BUDHIST REMAINS.

SUNDAN and Jarak are two places to which I am about to introduce you, rather for the ceremonial and uniformity of the route than with the expectation that you will derive much pleasure from the acquaintance.

I dare say the journey from Kinjar to Sundan, the nearest village on the Haydarábád road, was thus noted in your diary:

"Rose early, mounted old Arab, lost the way three times; cold and comfortless; heavy sand and hard rock, all up and down hill; did not arrive at encampment-ground till 9 a.m.; five hours doing 10 miles. Only birds, stone-chats and wheatears, crested larks and vultures. Place where tent stood, dirty and disagreeable. Breakfasted as usual, slept, awoke at 2 p.m. Splendid afternoon. Dined at 3; at 4, walked 2—3 miles to see some large domed tombs; I am sick of them, but that man B. will insist upon my doing all the sights. All to be seen was a troop of beggars,

calling themselves 'Fukyers,' who looked very surly before I gave them a few coppers. Returned to tea; went to bed under quilt first time since leaving dear old England."

And I have no doubt, O unromantic senior! that you chronicled the next day's march in a very similar style.

We started, you may remember, *en route* for Jarak, winding along the skirts of many ridgy heights, now descending into the thickly-wooded plain that lines the margin of the river, then again ascending its western barrier of stony hills, many of them strewed with Moslem tombs.

About half way we passed a long Shikárgáh, which has gained a perdurable ill name: the high-road now runs above it to the right or East. This is supposed to be the hunting forest where those flinty-hearted despots, the Talpur Amirs, "like the first Norman in Bolderwood, razed a populous village to the ground, and transported its inhabitants to a distant district, because the crowing of the cocks and other rural sounds of its human and bestial population disturbed the game in the neighbouring preserve."

When you are in the highly moral and philanthropic mood (you are liable to such complaints by fits and starts, sir), what food for reflection and dissertation does such a fact afford you! The stony bosom of despotism, the "Beautiful Tyrant" and his harp, William the Conqueror, and William surnamed Rufus; "the *caput mortuum* of tyranny distilled

down step by step, from its first outbreaks in the insolence of place and the intoxication of success, till it ends in the destruction of *villages* (the plural), and the expulsion of a *population* (rather an extensive singular!) for the creation of hunting-ground." These, I repeat, are pregnant themes.

Then came to mind that dear old Oliver's rod-taught lines upon the subject of Deserted Villages, teeming with images of lovely ruralities and romantic ideas of purity and happiness, which your boyish fancy was erroneously wont to associate with country-life. And, though grim Reason suggested that these Caligulas of Sind had a perfect right to do what they pleased with their own, how willingly you turned an ear to the small still voice which informed you that the ruin of that ungodly race, and the plunder of their landed property were retributively decreed by "Providence."

However, about all this there is much rank misapprehension, the growth, I conceive, of a hot-bed of "humbug." It is a curious illustration of Sathanas and his Scriptural quotations, that whenever good Madam Britannia is about to break the eighth commandment, she simultaneously bursts into much rhapsodizing about the bright dawn of Christianity, the finger of "Providence," the spread of civilization, and the infinite benefit conferred upon barbarians by her permitting them to become her subjects and pay their rents to her. Examine this Shikárgáh-tyranny-grievance, once quoted by every writer and writerkin who touched

the subject. In Sind each component house of a flourishing village would be razed to the ground, carried ten miles off; re-erected and re-inhabited at the probable expense of two and sixpence per domicile. Moreover, I regret to say that the Sindis, like foreigners in general, having no word to explain your "home;" attach none of those pretty ideas to the place in question which supply Mr. John Bull, Mrs. B., and the children, with matter for eternal maudlin. Finally these maligned Shikárgáhs did abundant good. They retained the moisture which they produced; they served as dykes to the River, and they prevented Ahriman the Desert, encroaching upon Hormuzd the fertile Valley-plain.

You remarked, as we passed by, the parched grass smouldering under our horses' hoofs. This Shikárgáh appears to have a fatal facility of catching fire: I have passed through it half a dozen times, and always found some part of it burning. Here it was that three young officers of the 2nd Queen's, then marching northward under Sir John Keane, lost their lives. A court of inquest assembled, and recorded a verdict of accidental death. The men of the regiment, of course, were furious, as they had a prospect of fighting the Belochs; and, although there was no evidence to prove that the enemy had been guilty of foul play, they were more than willing, like soldiers generally at such conjunctures, to find some pretext for waxing immensely ferocious and bloodthirsty. Such is the

way in this part of the world. You seldom hear of men going into battle without some aggravated personal grievance, such as the loss of an officer, a friend, a dog, a wife, or a box. One old Scotchman, in Afghanistan, never spared a life, it is said, because the women were in the habit of crying out "Amán!" (quarter!) which Sawney, translating into a petition for "a mon," considered a liberty so gross and immoral as to justify any amount of severity. And yet, how severe we are, upon the Russ!

Probably the poor fellows had set fire to the jungle in order to start the game, and a sudden change of wind had brought the flame down upon themselves. You can scarcely imagine how easy it is to be burned to death in one of these places. Beneath the tall tamarisk, acacia, mimosa, and shári or willow-poplar, the common tree in this part of Sind, is a mass of matted underwood, luxuriant sedge, rank weed, and long grass, all of which, in the dry season, are inflammable as German tinder. Your servants and camels pass through, say, an hour before you, smoking their pipes and dropping fire in all directions. You follow them probably by another and neighbouring cut, jogging slowly along, thinking of breakfast or whistling for want of other occupation. Suddenly a sharp crackling and a loud roaring behind you make you prick up your ears; you look round, and see a huge tongue of flame, playfully attempting to lick your back. In a frantic state of mind you clap spurs to your steed

and, if fear do not deprive it of the use of its limbs, or if, on the other hand, fear do not urge it onward so blindly that the bough of a tree sweeps you off its back and stuns you; if the path before you be not bright with red-hot ashes, upon which no horse will tread; and finally, if the fire fail to catch you up behind, or to meet you in front (for one of these five contingencies you must be prepared), escape is possible. *Vice versâ,* there will be a Court of Inquest. If on foot you probably climb some tree, an act of infatuation which many, situated as you are, commit; you are asphyxiated by dense rolling clouds of hot black smoke spangled with little bits of burning straw; the flames are roaring for you below; you leap wildly from your ill-selected place of refuge; you——

As, mounting the brow of a hill, we caught sight of a line of water inclosed by jungly banks still purpling in the imperfect morning light, I elevated myself, if you recollect, upon my stirrups; I extended my right arm and, with the impressive expression of countenance with which an effective cicerone standing at the Camaldoli pronounces the apophthegm, *Vedi Napoli e poi muori,* I looked at you and exclaimed—

"There, sir, flows the monarch of Indian rivers, the far-famed, the classic Indus!"

Now, a year or two after your return home you will probably forget *les actualités* of the scene. You find it necessary to suppose facts, you have discovered that the Childe-Harold-style "goes down"

society's throat much more glibly than that of Mathews or Smollett, the querulous and the *blasé*, therefore you will become impressionable, romantic, poetical, semi-sublime, *et cetera.*

And one of these days, when my ear detects you describing to a delighted lady audience "the strong, the overpowering emotion with which I contemplated the scene of Alexander's glories:" when you are caught asseverating that "never before did the worship of water or water-gods appear to me so excusable, as in observing the blessings everywhere diffused by this mighty and beneficent stream,"—

Then I shall whisper in your ear, "No, Mr. John Bull, you did nothing of the kind. You looked surlily at me when I attempted, by allusions to the Chrysorrhoäs and other life-giving waters, to kindle the fuel of enthusiasm latent in your bosom; and you remarked that the river wasn't broader than the Thames at Black'all. This you corrected to the Thames at Green'ich, and between Greenwich and Blackwall you stuck till we reached the margin of the stream. Whereupon you swore that it was still as a mill-pond; foul as a London sewer; shallow, flat-banked, full of sandy shoals, snags, and sawyers; briefly, an ugly sight: your only admission was something about a "fine river property." Even the lovely Acacias, whose yellow locks drooped gracefully over the wave, as if they were so many Undines gazing fondly into their natal depths, could not force admiration from you.

Jarak is the first town you have seen not built

upon the alluvial flat formed by the Indus. It occupies the summit of an irregular height, an eastern buttress of the Kirthár Mountains (Hálá hills), the last of the broken chain along which we have travelled. These flat-topped mounds generally rise about one hundred feet above the plain; and their areas vary from fifty yards square to half a mile or so. The spur of rock, upon which the town is built, forms a headland projecting into the river, and thus checks its excursions towards the westward. Burnes praised it highly, and Sir Charles Napier long regretted that he had not chosen it, instead of Haydarábád, for barracking his Europeans.

The hill-cantonment was slightly fortified; now we can trace only the foundation-lines. You see below the town that hard dry flat, composed of sandstone and covered with a *débris* of iron-ore instead of the vegetable matter one usually expects plains to bear. At one time, when garrisons were cheap, the place was considered a good position for a large depôt; it commands the navigation of the river; it would never want good water and supplies, and it is situated in a healthy climate near a place of some importance, the grand mart to which the wild mountaineers of Belochistan resort for pleasure and profit. Then Jarak became an outpost, the garrison consisting *in toto* of a company of Sepoys detached from a regiment at Haydarábád, and drilled by a solitary lieutenant, "the officer commanding at Jerruck." Some years ago, here also was the head-quarters station of the Camel Baggage

Corps, a mixture of men and beasts, very efficient in time of war, but uncommonly expensive in peace, compounded by the conqueror of Sind as a sedative to another complaint in the constitution of the Indian army, namely, the inconceivable quantity of kit and baggage with which we are popularly supposed to be in the habit of marching. What terrible things these pet grievances are!

And now "Ichabod" is written upon Jarak the soldier is gone and a Deputy-Collector has made it his head-quarters: you see his mud bungalow on the top of that mound to the west, standing some 350 feet above the native settlement.

We have not spent an exciting day. We passed an hour or two pleasantly enough in directing our spy-glasses at the lads and little lasses, who were disporting themselves in the muddy waters of the "Classic." After which, we walked through the alleys, were barked at by the pariah dogs, stared at and called Káfirs by the small boys—blessed effects of British liberty!—we were giggled at by certain painted dames with roguish eyes, and we were sedulously avoided by the rest of the population. But we did not remain long in the streets: I know no place where one of your thorough-bred continental-English *flâneurs* would be more out of gear than in a Young Egypt townlet.

Descending the western side of the hill, you remarked an attempt at sculpture, a huge misshaped form which I informed you was Hanuman,

the Hindu monkey-god. And I took the opportunity to remark that the worshippers had just decorated his countenance with a coat of vermilion, not solely for the purpose of rouge, but as a compliment to his baboon-deityship, a practice anciently Western as well as Eastern. Then we stood for a few minutes to see a native horseman, exercising his charger on the plain below; teaching it to bound off at full speed when it felt the heel; to stop dead when the rein was drawn, with the best chance of injuring its back sinews; to canter over a figure of 8, gradually contracting its dimensions till the quadruped leant over at an angle of 45°; and to gallop like mad whilst the owner threw himself over the off-side, and, hanging by his left heel to the cantle, picked up a spear from the ground. Then we returned home to dinner, and now here we are; sitting upon the banks of the Indus, and wondering what we are to do next.

I recollect a somewhat curious event which occurred at Jarak, and as it illustrates certain Oriental states of mind and phases of feeling which you, Mr. Bull, have long since forgotten, I will forthwith recount it to you. Before Sind was thoroughly settled by our bayonets, little Jarak was committed to the safety of one Z—— Khan, a Persian pretender to the throne, who, having fled his native country in consequence of an attempt at rebellion, turned *condottiere*, and took service, with his troop, under Sir Charles Napier. Receiving orders to garrison the town, the worthy descendant

of the ancient Isma'ilíyyah[1] at once assumed command, issued proclamations directing the timid inhabitants to board and lodge his men gratis, levied a kind of tribute from all who could pay it, unmercifully bullied all who could not, and, in short, invested himself with all the outward and visible signs of royal rank and dignity.

Some weeks the Khan spent in his new kingdom, leading a life after Sancho Panza's own heart; perhaps exceeding a little in the drinking and love-making lines. His followers, following his example, "eat, swilled, and played," till Jarak became another Nineveh on a very small scale. The Beloch, having nothing better to do, had threatened to attack it a dozen times or so, but the Khan, a Shí'ah, laughed at their beards. Were they not hogs of Sunnis? Had he not dishonoured all their mothers? And had he not done the strangest possible things to their father's graves? Whose dogs were they, that they should dare to face the death-dealing scimitar of the Iroonee?[2]—mouth the word well.

A parenthesis! Collect the noted liars and

[1] A sect that had the power of producing the Old Man of the Mountain, of whom Christendom has heard and read so much. His castle "Masyad" may still be seen in the Northern Libanus, near and west of Hamah (Hamath). No one knows anything about the tribe, whose features proclaim it to be Persian. "Tancred" found it worshipping the gods of Olympus; and the "Asian Mystery," by the Reverend S. Lyde, has added but little to our scanty stock of information. I could not find out whether there is any modern *locum tenens* of Hasan Sabúh, *alias* Sayyáh; or any traces of his Fidawís, or disciples.

[2] Iran, generally pronounced Iroon, Persia; Iroonee, a Persian.

boasters, the Munchausens and Gascons of both hemispheres; I will back the first pure Persian I chance to pick up against the whole field. Also, of all the clever fellows in the East, they are the cleverest:—was not even the "great Eltchee" outwitted by some second-rate Persian diplomatist?

One evening the Khan had just finished his supper, and was preparing for a game of backgammon or chess, which he was sure to win, as no man dared to win it from him: the drinking-cups and the bottles were ranged in a line before him; the musicians were twanging and howling in a corner of the room; every thing was prepared for a quiet "at home;"

When, all of a sudden, half-mad with fear, rushed in an unfortunate Sindi, bringing the intelligence that a body of at least fifty thousand Beloch (two of the cyphers were as usual *de trop*) had arrived within a mile of Jarak; that he himself had seen them, and that he had hurried on to give warning, lest the Khan and his Rustams should be attacked unawares.

You, sir, or I, under such circumstances, would most probably have tossed to the fellow a handful of rupees, and then would have turned out to inspect the guards, and to make preparations for a set-to; —possibly dispositions for a retreat, should such measure be deemed advisable.

"Seize that pup of unmarried parents," roared the Khan in tremendous wrath; "here with the pole! Where are the rods, Bábá-segs (dog-papas)?"

The attendants, thus designated, indignant as their master at the affront offered to him, were proportionately active in resenting it. In a second the Sindí was on his back; in another his ankles were lashed tight to the stout staff supported upon two fellows' shoulders, and long before the minute was over, four stout ruffians were "quilting" the unfortunate's soles and toes, even as upholsterers' boys in Italy beat out the stuffing of old mattresses, whilst their master stood ejaculating, *Wurin! Wurin!!*[1] with all the dignity of a Kajar. The Khan was in no mood to be merciful, and it is a common practice among Persians, when you prescribe a sound flogging, to make any one who spares the sufferer share his fate.

When at length the Sindi had fainted from pain and loss of blood, the Khan was graciously pleased to deliver himself of a wave of the hand, which the executioners understood to signify that a *quantum sufficit* of chastisement had been administered.

"And what was he beaten for?"

What for? for the abominable crime of showing his belief that child of man could possibly be so audacious as to conceive the project of attacking such a personage as the Khan.

Two hundred years ago you would not have put the question. Let me refer back to the history of your own island for a proof. None will do

[1] "Strike!" The word is Turkish, a language preferred by the present ruling family of Persia, who are Kajar Turks, on account of its severe and dignified sonorousness.

better than a short extract from old Androwe de Wyntoune's "Orygynale Cronykil" of Scotland (A.D. 1420).

When David II., after nine or ten years' captivity in so-called "Merry England," was ransomed by his nobles, he journeyed northward, and arrived with the slenderest of retinues at Berwick, where

> "Upon the morn, when he
> Should wend till his counsel privy,
> The folk, as they were wont to do,
> Pressed right rudely in thereto:
> But he right suddenly can arrace
> Out of a macer's hand a mace,
> And said rudely: 'How do we now?
> Stand still, or the proudest of you
> Shall on the head have with this mace!'"

In the nineteenth century you are disposed to think that the "just Kynge Davy" was guilty of a gross outrage, in threatening to crack the polls of his subjects, who, after doing so much for, were pressing forward to see and greet, their ransomed sovereign; and you cannot but wonder how the priestly bard brings himself to justify his liege's violence by this encomium upon the subject of "radure:"

> "Radure in Prince is a gude thing:
> For, but radure, all governing
> Shall all times but despised be."

In Sind still, as whilome in England, if you do not occasionally shake the bit and administer a severe twitch or two to remind the animal that it has a master, it is sorely apt to forget the fact, or to

remember it only with the intention of changing places with him at the very first opportunity.

But you have had time to bury such barbarisms in oblivion. When Mohammed Ali Páshá of Egypt was dying, you wondered what could be the use of a proclamation which threatened instant beheading to any man that dared assert the ruler was defunct. We semi-Orientals perfectly understood the object. In many Eastern countries, the moment the throne becomes vacant all the *canaille* and *mauvais sujets* of the different cities, and all the wild tribes in their vicinity, begin to run riot, to rob, ravish, and plunder, like unspeakable Turks, *à tort et à travers;* and the successor to the vacant seat of dignity, after probably a year's hard fighting ending with a dearly-bought victory, which enabled him to blind, and now enables him to poison off, or otherwise "suicide" a few uncles, brothers, cousins, and other kinsmen, has to march an army against his own subjects, with the unpleasant necessity of diminishing their numbers by the axe, the cord, and the stake, and of injuring his revenue by leading a host of human locusts through the land.

However, to conclude my tale of the Khan: Scarcely had the wretched Sind's lacerated stumps been stuck in a neighbouring dunghill, the recognized treatment for the complaint under which he was suffering, when down came the Belochs upon Jarak in the most ferocious and rapacious of moods. Finding no arrangements made to oppose them, they scaled the puddle-parapet, dashed into

the town, cut to pieces every beardless man[1] they met; and although they failed to secure the august person of the Khan, they did not fail to appropriate the contents of his cellar and harem. The potentate lost much valuable property in wines and other liquors. It was not till some weeks afterwards that he recovered his wives; and when he did, he did not, somehow or other, appreciate the value of the goods in question.

Jarak is about ninty-one miles along the road from Karáchi. We have now left behind Lár, or Lower Sind: this is Wicholo,[2] the "central region." You can feel that we are travelling northwards; the air becomes sensibly drier, and more biting in the nights and mornings. During the summer-season the mid-day heats are fiercer, as the last breath of the sea-breeze is exhaled upon the plain of Jarak. Many will tell you it reaches Haydarábád: I cannot say that I ever felt it, but there may be exceptions, especially when the south-west monsoon blows strong.

You now see the Indus in the depth of the "dries." You can hardly understand the might and majesty of its flow when in flood. The yeasty brown stream seems to double its breadth: it rushes down with a rapidity which turns your head to look

[1] Young Persia, like the Turkish soldiery, generally shaves the beard.

[2] Our geographers usually divide the province into two parts, Upper and Lower Sind; the point of demarcation being Hálehkandi, a town situated a few miles north of Haydarábád. The natives, with more topographical correctness, distribute it into three districts.

at it, and when the storm-wind is abroad, the tall white-crested waves, the dark swirling eddies, and the "pot-holes" that pit the raging surface, impress you with a sense of awful power. The biggest native barges are like straws in its dreadful embrace: they are whirled round and round in the maelstroms, buffeted by the chopping seas, and tossed by some half a dozen gales blowing from as many points of the compass, rudely as were the long ships of the Macedonian: they are lucky to escape being dashed upon a shore or swamped by some vicious "Lahar," or rapid. Jarak Reach, indeed, on account of its breath and its exposure, has a very bad name with navigators.

Before we leave Jarak I must point out to you the place whence came the Budhist bricks in the Municipal Museum of Karáchi. From the river-bank you can see, about three miles down stream, a low, flat-topped hill, overlooking the river, close to the village of Shaykh Tárú. The country people still preserve the tradition that here was a "Káfir fort," the stronghold of King Manjíra in the days before the Moslem invasion. Mr. W. Cole, when Deputy-Collector, found, during a chance visit, a large fine-grained brick which induced him to trench across the mound. Presently he came upon the top of a wall, and, having cleared it down to the level of the hill-surface, he opened a building about 85½ ft. square. The material was of brick, each 15½ in. by 9½ and 2¾ in.; the courses were laid without other cement than the fine mud

of the Indus, mixed with some fibrous substance. The base showed a bold moulding, and at intervals of six feet appeared square projections, as for pilasters. The potteries were in great variety, some moulded and others cut when the clay was soft: most of the human figures were defaced, but the iconoclast had not taken the trouble to break up the architectural ornaments in terra-cotta. From the accounts of the Chinese travellers, we should have expected to find a vast number of "Stoupas," or tumuli; such, however, has not yet been the case. The only other ruin at present known is the "Thúl Rukan," in the Naushahro District. It is a cylindrical tower of burnt brick, with pilasters and flower-shaped mouldings, said to resemble certain Budhist remains in the Panjáb. But the people attribute it to Jám Nindo (Nizam El-Dín), of the Sammáh dynasty, in the later XIVth century, and excavation produced no object of interest. And the Párkar or south-eastern district still supports a temple containing an idol of great sanctity, and much frequented by the Jains, or Victors,[1] the modified Budhists, whose schism assumed a definite shape about our IXth century.

[1] Properly Jaina or Jina, and popularly derived from Ji, victorious. They deny the supremacy of the Gods; the inspiration of the Vedas (Scriptures), and the distinction of Caste: their temples are known by the images of their Tirthankúras—*they who have crossed over*, viz., from phenomenal life to absolute existence.

CHAPTER XII.

KOTRI.—THE RUINED INTRENCHED CAMP—THE TWO ROADS TO HAYDARÁBÁD.

A SKETCH of the history and geography of the country?

No, Mr. John Bull. In the first place, the subjects have been treated by a host of industrious Oriental students—myself included. Secondly, our failures in interesting you, and the *per se* deadly uninteresting nature of the theme, do imperatively forbid my making another attempt, at present.

Oriental history,[1] sir, may be distributed into two categories. The ancient is a collection of wildly imaginative and most unartful legends and traditions, preserved or invented by individuals who were, like old Livy's authorities,

> "for profound
> And solid lying much renowned;"

and from whose mighty mass of dross and rubbish no workman less cunning than Niebuhr, Arnold, or

[1] These remarks are intended as a general character of Oriental historiography. The exceptions are many; suffice it to quote El Tabúri and Ferishtah.

Mommsen, could extract the smallest quantity of ore.

The chronicles of the times that range within authenticity are masses of proper names, connected by a string of adventure spun out with peculiar fineness; impartially told, as the most unimportant events are at least as diffusedly detailed, like Victor Hugo's later novels, as the most important; abounding in digressions so unskilfully managed that you fail to discover when the author starts for, or returns from, his by-trip; prolix where they should be concise, and compendious where minuteness is desirable; full of the valueless facts of history; void of the valuable philosophy of history, and generally deficient in all that highly-educated Europe has determined to be the "duty of a wise and worthy writer of history."

As an instance: "In short, after the capture of Aror, the metropolis of the province, all the dependent States becoming tranquil, the people returned to their usual avocations, and felt grateful to Mohammed bin Kásim. He constituted Hárún the son of Kais, the son of Ráwáh, the Ásidí, governor of Aror, and with the dignity of Kází he invested Músá, the son of Yakríb, the son of Tái, the son of Nashbán, the son of Usmán, the Sákifi; and he constituted Widáh, the son of Ahmed the Nejdi, commandant of the city of Brahmanábád; and he gave the fort of Ráwar to Naubat, the son of Dáráz, and the land of Koráh to Bazl, the son of Haláwi. Then he turned towards Multán, and on

his way arrived at the stronghold called Báhijeh, whence Kulsur, the son of Chandra, the son of Silabij, a cousin of Rajah Dáhir, and his enemy, came forth and tendered his allegiance. After that, they conquered the fort of Sakhar, and left Attáh, the son of Jumáhi, to hold it. Then, seizing Multán and all its dependencies, forts, strongholds, and other places, Kázimah, the son of Abd-el-Malik, the son of Tamím, was left at Mahpúr; and Dá'úd, the son of Músá, the son of Walíd the Hammámi, being a trustworthy man, was appointed governor of Multán."

Now Brahmanábád—a fancy name by-the-by, because the word is half Sanskrit, half Persian, consequently wholly un-Sindian—was one of the principal cities in Sind, and the fortress of Multán has ever been the "key of Western India." Yet the author dismisses them summarily as he does unknown Mahpúr or obscure Báhijeh.

The rhyming annalists (as amongst us in ancient times, there are poetic historians in the East) may be characterized as a body of court-flatterers, who select for their uninteresting effusions some theme which sounds musical enough in the prince's ears to provoke his liberality. Both, poetic and prosaic, are full of such vehement, iterated, and unblushing falsehoods, that the perusal of their pages presently becomes a painful task. And, finally, there is a fatiguing monotony in the very stuff of Oriental history. Invariably some humble hero or small statesman, as in the Argentine Republic,

raises himself in the world by his good sword, pen, or tongue. Either he or his son dethrones an effete dynasty and, with the full consent of the people, constitutes himself their rightful despot. In the course of three generations the new family grows old, imitates its predecessors, and produces nothing but a swarm of villains, cowards, and debauchees, the last of whom is, with rigid retributive justice, in due time dethroned by some other small statesman or humble hero. And so on.

The history and geography of Sind in the olden time are equally and exceedingly unsatisfactory.

A mighty contrast with Old Egypt, Young Egypt contains few memorials of by-gone ages, and no monuments of antiquity to occupy whole generations of modern students. Hindu writers are all but silent upon the subject, infinitely as it interests their race, for whose glories they do not care a "brass farthing," as Mrs. Bull says. The Moslem accounts of it commence in the first century of the Hijrah. Concerning the mighty torrent of palæo-Sanskrit-speaking peoples which, many generations before our æra, poured from the bleak hills and blooming valleys of Central Asia to deluge the plains of Upper Hindostan, nothing but the bare fact has descended to us. Perhaps the most important result is that the river gave rise to the term "Indian," properly meaning a riverine of the Indus. But wonderful is the history of words. When your daughter recites, "Lo, the poor Indian," *et seq.*, she little recks that she is applying to the savages

of the New World the ancient and honourable racial name derived from the river you see before you. Ask her how the confusion arose.

Briefly, between the trips which the Macedonians made down the Sindhu (Indus), in B.C. 326, and the march of the Moslem up its banks (A.D. 711), there is a hopeless blank of ten centuries. Though passed and repassed by the countless hordes that hurried eastward to enrich and enjoy themselves in

> "The land of fatal wealth and charms,"

not an inscription nor even a stone remains in the country to mark a single station. The province is a sloping surface of silt and sand, through which the Indus cuts its varying way with a facility that passes description. A few feet of brickwork built up in the bed might diverge the stream into another channel; cause the decline and downfall of a metropolis and twenty towns; convert a region of gardens into a silt desert, and transfer plenty and population to what a month before was a glaring waste.

As regards the ancient course of the Lower Indus, infinite has been the speculation, the theorization, the dissertation, the argument, and the contradiction upon this much vexed, and now most vexatious subject. But listen to the voice of reason, as proceeding from one Dr. Lord ("Memoir on the Plain of the Indus"):

"The river discharges 300 cubic feet of mud in every second of time; or a quantity which in seven

months would suffice to form an island 42 miles long, 27 miles broad, and 40 feet deep; which (the mean depth of the sea on the coast being five fathoms) would consequently be elevated 10 feet above the surface of the water. Any person who chooses to run out this calculation to hundreds and thousands of years will be able to satisfy himself that much may be done by causes at present in action towards manufacturing Deltas."[1]

This morning we pass over the long flat which occupies the right bank. The country looks less barren and desolate; there are fewer heaps of drifted sand, and there is verdure besides that of Euphorbia, Asclepias, Parkinsonia, Capparis, Tamarisk, and wild Indigo. We acknowledge the presence of fields: little square plots, in lines of raised clay, to contain and distribute the fertilizing fluid drawn up by the Persian wheels from the canals and cuts that branch off from the main stream. At this season only the stumps and stubbles of maize and millet, wheat and barley, stud the hard, dry ground. But large scattered villages dot the plain, and the inhabitants look healthy and well-doing, compared with the pallid, squalid, meagre wretches in the Delta, who after every sentence complain of "Ghano Tap" (much fever).

To-day's encamping ground is execrable, close to an expanse of ribbed sand and slimy pools whence

[1] The solid matter transported by the Nile is computed at 240 millions of cubic yards per annum, or an area of 2 square miles 50 feet thick.

the waters of the inundation have just retired, and far enough from any village to prevent our procuring what man need never want in this corner of the East—milk. We must endure the discomfort as we best can.

There, Mr. John Bull, lies our destination, Kotri, the "fortlet." Formerly it was a thick tope (grove) of date-trees, clothing the right bank of Father Indus. It had a small mud-*enceinte* for the defence and the protection of stores, one of those straight-curtained, round-towered, glacis-less things, under whose walls was dead-ground enough for a couple of regiments to dine in perfect safety. It had a habit of falling, too; the saltpetre, in the sun-dried brick, ruins buildings as quickly as those Lilliputian miners the white ants, or the *teredo navalis* in the Lower Indus. This was the chief station of the old Indus Naval Flotilla, a branch of the Indian Navy, or Bombay Marine, appropriated to the navigation of the river whose name it bears. Consequently, a few scattered bungalows were run up by the officers, and a foul bázár of mud-huts, thatched with foul palm-leaves and crowded with foul natives, supplied the wants of the small flat-bottomed steamer-fleet anchored to the bank. There was no Travellers' Bungalow, as usual in those days, where these refuges for the destitute were most wanted; and the necessity of pitching tents added to the discomfort of arrival at so-called civilized places. There were *compatriotes* within hail; there was a library, a billiard-room, a mess,

an acquaintance or two; there were petticoats as opposed to "Ghagrís" (native skirts); but how were we to leave our canvas-homes? The place was somewhat advanced; consequently, it was literally full of plunderers. Even the housebreaker was not unknown, and a whipping-scene generally opened the day.

Now mark the *differentia*, and note how the Railway, the Steamer, and the Telegraph have overshadowed everything in these places. The northern bank has been fronted with a masonry quay, along which the rails run, with a dwarf wooden pier, and with Ghats, or flights of landing-steps. The most noteworthy buildings are the station, which is to be enlarged, the goods-sheds, and the tall tower of the water-tank. The two huge telegraph-masts for the aërial line are our landmarks from afar: their elevation, 150 feet, was expected, but fails, to keep the wires clear of "country"-yard-arms. The Indus Flotilla, now entitled the "Sind, Panjáb, and Delhi Railway Steamers," proudly bear their own flag, a red cross upon a white ground, and are provided with an excellent floating dock worked by hydraulic pressure—you see that huge ruddy hull, contrasting with the white paddle-boats? The few bungalows have been multiplied or enlarged for offices. The dirty bázár is a tolerably cleanly affair, away from the river, and lining Miyáni Road; it contains the usual trio of requisites: the *pakka* market (brick and mortar), the Kárdár, or petty judge, and the Faujdár, a native

chief of police. There is a neat Travellers' Bungalow, where, they say, you are served by the Goanese messman with a decent dinner. Mr. Edulji keeps a boarding-house and billiard-room but, unfortunately, it is also a liquor-shop, much frequented by railway-guards, engine-drivers, and so forth. There is a band-stand under the trees on the river-bank, and there are two fine spacious gardens which yield excellent fruit, flowers, and vegetables—here we speak of the "mango crop." One belongs to Mr. A. Wilkins, Superintending Indus Flotilla; the other to certain Banyans, who resent intrusion by demanding "bakhshísh;" the latter, of course, prefer something that pays—onions and greens, for instance—to the vanity of flowers.

The old British fort has been provided with a front-verandah, and converted into a civil hospital: the towers of the back-part are level with the ground, and the new part of the building contains the stores of the Indus Flotilla. We will visit it, despite the absence of Dr. Keelan, to inspect a spirit-specimen of the famous Biscobra, the Chandangú of Gujrát, generally called the poisonous lizard; the Sindi "Khann" opposed to the harmless "Gohíro," or Monitor, and to the "Gíloi," or common lizard of the sand-hills, the latter eaten by some castes. This lacerta varies from 8 to 10 inches in length; the head is distinctly ophine, and its triangular flatness, combined with the thinness of the neck, mimics the Thanatophidia: the

succedaneum for a tail is a knobby knot much like a small gherkin. The young are patched white and purple; after maturity they become a muddy-green and buff. The Biscobra is so rare that many old Anglo-Sindis have never seen one: it usually haunts rubbish-heaps, old stables, and deserted godowns. Lately three were found in the Kotrí-fort. There is a curious coincidence in the statements that its bite is certain death. Captain Hutchinson, commanding the I. F. S. S. *Frere*, assured me that a boy had lately died four hours after the wound, and Colonel Beville also believed in a similar event in Gujrát. The specimen examined in the Civil Hospital showed what seemed to be fangs; but they were very small, and apparently unadapted to drain a large poison-bag.

Kotri, having its two Churches, Catholic and Protestant; Government School, Library and Mechanics' Institute; Travellers' Bungalow and Municipal Garden; Civil Hospital and "lock up," now politely termed "subordinate jail;" Dharamsálá, or lodging for native travellers, and Dhák, or cattle-pound, a civilized institution found in every part of our Province, at length aspires to reach a Sanitarium. The rough road to the North is swept by an almost constant gale, objectionable for descending steamers; and at Galiun, on the left bank, the village at the head of the new Phuléli, some four and a half miles up-stream, a floating-hospital might offer a certain change of air. During the south-western monsoon the sea-

breeze there is strong and regular, whilst it fails at Haydarábád. Indeed, there seems to be no reason, save medical crochets about fever and freshets, why the whole camp should not have been built upon this charmingly picturesque reach, some 1800 feet wide, formed by the left bank of Father Indus. No one feared agues at the old Residency; and the stone-pitched river-wall has been found sufficient to keep out the floods, which are far more redoutable at Kotri. Popular report declares, that next to Dísá, Haydarábád is the least sickly station in Western India; but the latter now never numbers 300 white faces, and, if not fatal on paper, its glaring, glittering, glowing site upon a yellow ridge of arid, barren, naked rock, swept by a furnace blast, that threatens heat—apoplexy, renders it one of the most uncomfortable in the Province.

There is little improvement in the morality of Kotri. The Sindi has preserved all his hereditary taste for petty larceny; and when he or some impudent Hindi breaks into your house, the Deputy-Collector, far from daring to flog him, will "give him seven days"—whereat he inwardly chuckles. On the other hand, the steam-ferry is a great change for the better. Formerly there was a boat, which, after poling up-stream and being carried far down by the current, landed you at the "Entrenched Camp." The scene of embarkation gave rise to many a comedy of riding and baggage beasts. Some of the horses hopped into the conveyance readily as Icelanders; many required a rope to the foreleg, and

a long pole applied by two boatmen to the hind-quarters of the recusant, till it had nothing to do but to fall upon its nose or spring into the boat. The camels were embarked from an inclined earth-plane leading to the water's edge; they fought hard till four men hauled away at the rope tied round the fetlock of the near arm, whilst a dozen pushed and hammered at the rear. With ten beasts this part of the play usually wasted four hours.

The old ferry lasted till 1854. Now there is a steam-barge, annually leased out on contract and commanded by a Parsi captain, and at the civilized wooden and matted bridge, even a wild camel would hardly boggle. Instead of landing you opposite the ex-Agency, whence a dusty, rutty slip of plain, called a road, led to Haydarábád, you are disembarked straight opposite Kotri; and here you find the conveniences of two ferry-stages, a rest-house, and a carriage-shed. The clump of mud-booths and hovels is the old Gídú jo Tándo, now raised to the rank of Gídú Bandar; and hence the favourite evening ride and drive, a fine *pakka* road, with abundant mile-stones, and a treble avenue of trees, mostly Ním, deposits you, after three miles and a half, in camp. Barouches-and-pairs by the dozen await the arrival of steamers: the main objection to them is the unrighteous use of the whip; the Jarvey genus is bad enough at Bombay; here it is pernicious bad. You find some incoherence in the curious

contrast of civilization and semi-barbarism: a London carriage degraded into a hackney, and filled with Banyans in the uncleanest cottons, who pay a few coppers for the privilege of mimicking the ruling race. But, as you say, Aden was worse.

For the sake of auld lang syne we must visit the Agency and old road. I last saw the former in 1849: it was then a humble building, somewhat in the form of a six-dozen claret-chest, magnified and white-washed; with a barren court-yard on the east, and a garden, grove, and sundry small bungalows to the south. Now it is a dismal ruin, with nothing standing but a shell of inner hall; the spectacle takes away my breath. The outer wall, which, loop-holed and banquette'd, had driven off the host of Beloch swordsmen headed by Mír Sháhdád, is level with the onion-growing ground, and the whole compound has become a neglected grove of sombre Babúls. Who would fancy that the defence of that wall by the Light Company of H.M's. 22nd Regiment, under Captain Conway, directed by Major Outram, had ever given rise to a treatise on the defence of field-fortifications? Surely it would be well, even at the expense of a few rupees, to keep up a place to which so many and such mighty memories cling! Our utter want of sentiment in this matter is not honourable to us, Mr. John Bull, and, as far as Sind is concerned, our main work has hitherto been that of adding modern to ancient ruins.

Behind the Agency stands, or rather leans, the

large bungalow built by the late Captain Stack, one of the worthies of the Province, who, after long years of hard labour, published the first Anglo-Sindian Dictionaries, one of them containing some 12,000 words.[1] The Agency-bázár has changed its name to Mír Khan Lori jo Tándo, as if to show how speedily Sind can recover from the stranger's transient rule. The late Hasan Ali, one of the Talpur Amírs, had established himself, with garden, villa, and dispensary, close to the scene of conflict which began the ruin of his race. And the only building in a fair state of preservation is the small whitewashed block of masonry which covers the descent of the underground-wires—this, also, is typical of the times.

The old road forms by far the more picturesque approach to Haydarábád. It begins with a pair of glorious fig-trees, surrounded by broken-down stone benches: I was not wrong, you see, sir, in forecasting (1850) that "the trees, if watered, and not eaten by goats, will shadow the next generation;" they have now grown to a thin forest of tamarind and mimosa. The approach to the ex-capital is highly characteristic. Emerging from the grove, and the network of canals and watercourses which thread straggling crops of thorns and "fire-plants," we see on the left a spur of the ridge crowned by a round-towered and rain-streaked fort, the work of the

[1] "A Sindhi and English Dictionary," by Captain George Stack. Bombay American Mission Press, 1849. One vol., 240 pages. Also "English and Sindhi Dictionary," 1851.

Kalhóras; inside it a long flight of admirably stucco'd steps leads to the gaudy shrine of Sháh Mekkái, with its lattice-work of blue tiles. He was a native of Meccah, as his name denotes;[1] he came, about A.D. 1260, from Herat to Sind, during the days when a Káfir Prince ruled Nerunkot, or Haydarábád, and he has left a large progeny of Sayyids upon Indus' banks. I am rejoiced to see that the good old saint has not yet been "improved off." The tiger has left an empty cage; but the cluster of houses at the foot still turns out loud clamourers for *Cherímeri*, the local "Bakhshísh." Further on to the right you pass the burial-ground, which contains so many of the 78th Highlanders and the 86th Royal Irish: after the fashion of the country, it is divided into Catholic (East) and Protestant (West): moreover, it is in a most disreputable state; many of the tombs, tilted up by weather and the jackal, are utter ruins, and the *enceinte* shows as much gap as wall. The general aspect of indecent neglect will, we hope, make some one take up arms in its defence. The contrast of this unseemly state of things with the English cemetery at Goa, kept in excellent order by the Portuguese, is not flattering to national pride. Here the fort looks its best, and here we used to enter by a sally-port which is now closed.

The modern "Bellasis Road," so called after a

[1] Mr. E. B. Eastwick is clearly in error when he asserts (Murray's Handbook, p. 484) that "Sháh Makkái was so called from his having made several pilgrimages to Makkah."

meritorious officer lately deceased, runs from Gídú, and has also its novelties. The first which strikes us is the aqueduct, raised upon a long line of arches, a "survival of the unfittest," an obsolete system which we once believed had not extended beyond the classical and the mediæval ages. Mr. Robert Brunton, C. E., must surely know his business best; but has he never heard of a Karíz? We can hardly conceive why the water was not taken from a higher horizon up-stream. The cost would have been increased; on the other hand, three pumping engines are a serious and permanent drawback. Still, a bad aqueduct is better than none, and the ex-capital of Sind will be supplied with pure drink long before the actual capital. On the right of the road is a huge compound, the Insane Asylum, built by, and called after, Mr. (now Sir) Kowasji Jehangir Readymoney, opened in July, 1871, with eight wards for natives and one for Europeans, besides officers' quarters, hospital, and work-sheds. Scandalized by its size, we are somewhat consoled on hearing that this madhouse, formerly at Larkána, is intended for all the cracked brains of Sind, not for a city-cum-camp numbering only 35,000 head. Where the road forks into three, we turn to the left, ascend a sharp pitch, and find ourselves upon a ridge, once a waste, where the straggling lines for the troops, and the bungalow of the Collector, my old friend Colonel Rathborne, once stood; now it is a large and regularly laid out camtonment. The markedly new features are the stiff church of St.

Thomas, turned askew to front east and west; the huge Kacheri (court-house), with the short walls facing north and south; the white-washed Travellers' Bungalow; the large Telegraph-compound; the substantial lines of the 1st Beloch Regiment, and the "Munsiff's" office, two Gothic pent-houses —what Fury has extended this horror to long-suffering Sind?—looking exactly like the porter's lodge of some pretentious suburban villa. You are now at Haydarábád—the habitation of Haydar, the Lion.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAYDARÁBÁD—FORT—TOMBS AND TOWN.

HAYDARÁBÁD, the ex-capital of Sind, occupies the central length of a Doab, or riverine islet, formed by the Indus, flowing three and a half miles to the west, and by one of its multitudinous branches, the Phuléli, a mile and a quarter eastward. The site of the city is a knobby ridge of limestone, a "Mukattam," called the Ganjá hills, some thirteen miles long, and trending parallel with the river, north and south; they rise a few feet above the silty alluvial plain, and here and there they break into dwarf cliffs; you see the middle length at the Parsi Dakhmeh ("Tower of Silence") and the northern end at the tombs of the Kalhóra kings. The fancied advantage to be derived from commanding ground probably pointed it out in ancient times as a proper place for a stronghold; its pagan name was Nerun-Kot or Nerun's Fort;[1] the city was built by Ghulám Shah Kalhóra in A.D. 1768,

[1] Murray is in error (p. 483) when he makes it Nírankot, or "Water-fort."

and it fell into our power immediately after the battle of Miyáni, February 17, 1843.

The Kila'ah, or fort, stands upon a spur of the long narrow ridge which carries the city. Its form is an irregular oval, about three quarters of a mile round, and containing some thirty-six acres. The *enceinte* is composed of tall crumbling revetments of ill-baked brick, thick at the base, thin at the crest, and resting internally against earth piled upon the natural rock. No angles, no outworks save engaged round-towers, and few embrasures for large guns. The spear-headed battlement of Persia runs along the crest to shelter matchlockmen, and these *ramparts coquets* are rendered useless by the surface being broken into half a dozen spiky projections. Down the height of the wall are long apertures which our Iranian neighbours call Damágheh (nostrils); they act as drains and loopholes combined, and their peculiarities are the crossbars of whitewashed masonry, generally numbering five. The defences appear as if a few rounds of grape would level them with the plain: an appearance the reverse of deceitful, this boasted stronghold of the boastful Talpur being one of the weakest of the strong-looking fortresses in our corner of Asia. On the north side the citadel was separated from the city by a moat forty feet broad—not forty yards as Dr. Heddle made it—and the bridge led to one of those perversely-intricate main-gateways whose bastions and semicircular curtains have always yielded to a *coup de main.* This part is well preserved, and

the pavilion capping the inner tower is a favourite point with photographers.

The Fort formed at once the place of defence, the treasury, and the residence of the native rulers. The interior was a *haute-ville,* with a promenade round the ramparts; a densely crowded town of wynds, *cul de sacs,* and narrow, crooked lanes; squarelets and guards; Darbárs and mosques, lines and barracks, Palaces and dwelling-houses, harem and stables. Many of the tenements, whilome the abodes of royalty, were spacious, and were made comfortable enough by the conquerors, especially after glass windows, here required for the cold season, were added to the wooden shutters.

The ground-plan of Haydarábád Palace was laid out as follows. You entered by a dwarf door, more generally by a doorway without a door, opening from a narrow *impasse* into a quadrangular courtyard; on your right was the private *Musallá,* or chapel, a low wall subtended by a stucco'd floor: opposite stood the stables; on the left rose the kitchen, the servants' huts, and the offices, while the body of the house monopolized the fourth side. The dwelling-place consisted of a deep verandah, resting on wooden pillars and fronted by a chunam'd parapet: the men's, or public and state rooms, met you as you entered; those of the Zenánah, the Harem, as you call it, were under arrest behind them: low doors connected the several items, and the interior was purposely made as dark as possible, to temper glare and to secure privacy. Some apart-

ments were lined with gypsum and elaborately decorated with coloured arabesques, somewhat in the style of our stencilling; the "painted chamber" in Mir Sháhdád's house still shows the meeting of Ranjit Singh with Lord Lake; and Major Outram yet sits drinking with his wife. The tinting gave a pseudo-Moorish look to the interior, and in the richest houses, the ceilings, with their large rafters, were lacquered, painted, and heavily gilt. Some of the rooms were revetted, like dairies, with painted tiles from Hálá and Multán. The inner walls held a number of Ták, or niches, the cupboards and safes of the East, and when I first saw them, in 1845, they were not a little dilapidated. The Amírs and their courtiers, taken by surprise at the results of Miyáni and Dabbá, hastily box'd and buried, *more Asiatico*, their gold ingots and jewels under the thresholds, in the house-walls, and in other places which a western would seldom visit with the hope of finding treasure. This secret, becoming generally known, caused abundant harmless excitement among the conquerers: Europeans as well as natives did little, for the first six months, but diligently rap with staves every foot of stucco, to judge by the sound whether the spot was hollow, and consequently worth the trouble of breaking into. There were, I believe, a few finds which did not reach the hands of the prize-agents.

Let us now ascend, by one of its two winding staircases, the central Burj, or Thúl, that tall round watch-tower which first announces the Fort. You

are struck by the resemblance of the view with the well-known panorama of the Cairene citadel. We stand upon the limestone range, a counterpart of Jebel Mukattam, and look westward over a river flowing upon a meridian. Beyond the mud-built city, the new town representing the Ezbekiyyeh, and the port-village, here Gidú, there Bulák, the tawny Indus, no unworthy brother of Father Nile, runs through its valley of glorious fertility, a dense line of the darkest verdure. Westward beyond the ribbon of greenery crouches the Registán, the "sand-land," the Desert; of leonine hue flushing rosy in the rising sun-rays, and absolutely recalling the wild, waste Libyan shore. Here and there it is spotted with a conelet and a rock-buttress, keeping the bed from wandering westward, and realizing the Koranic idea—*El-jibálu autád*—the hills are tent-pegs, viz., to pin down Earth. Even the minutiæ correspond after a fashion. The big round tower, the "native" *enceinte*, and the arched aqueduct are features common to both, while the ruinous mausolea of the Kalhóra princes remind you of the desolate tombs of the Mamlúk Kings. Even though Pyramids are wanting, the battle-fields of Miyáni and Dabbá, visible on clear mornings, remind you of the far-famed Napoleonic victory. You have seen, and you will see, many points of resemblance between the valleys of the Indus and the Nile, but none, perhaps, so striking as this. Yet national pride again has a fall; Nature is the same in both, but,

alas for our works of art! Egypt is governed by her own people, Sind by the careless stranger.

The windmill-like bastion of huge proportions, on which we stand, was erroneously supposed to have been the treasury of the Amírs; now it bears a flag-mast and four guns, and around it are the ruins, dating from 1857, when the interior was cleared. Within the northern entrance, the "painted chamber" has become a State prison, containing Sayyid Sálim of Maskat, and opposite it, another *antiqua domus* is condemned to a similar destiny. Near them are a quarter-guard, turned into a library and faced by two guns, and a tank, of *pakka* masonry, still building. The whole of the western extremity is occupied by a huge arsenal of brick and tile, a circle broken into sixteen angles, and showing an interior of magnificent distances. It still contains some of those marvellous Jacob's rifles, four-grooved, and provided with a kind of rapier-bayonet; and Captain Burgess, R.A., who is in charge, will show us a curious blade, probably French, made at Haydarábád in the Dekhan, whose trade-mark somewhat resembles that of famed Andrea di Ferrara.

With the exception of a guard-house at the gate and a few trifling remnants, the rest of the *terre pleine* is a desolate broken surface, a field of grisly ruins, showing where we have pulled down and not rebuilt. I could hear nothing of the large pit, or pits, sunk in the solid rock, like Joseph's Well in the Cairene citadel. There was a something

remarkable in their semblance, and the Sindís, as is the wont of barbarians when anything natural or artificial strikes the eye, assigned to them a highly fanciful origin. These are the works of demon hands, shafts sunk in the rock at a time when an idol-worshipper was Lord of Nerun-kot, for the fell purpose of incarcerating Shah Mekkái,[1] *alias* Mall Mahmúd, Mohammed the Brave, that holy personage whose mortal remains rest in yonder south-western shrine.

We now issue by the Northern Gate, and follow the Táhir-Bázár-Road, which skirts the native town. This thoroughfare has on the left a masonry drain, and to the right the naked limestone foundation of the citadel, especially conspicuous about the old wicket. Ancient Haydarábád contains nothing worth describing. It is a mass of terraced mud-houses, with here and there a dome, a minaret, a bit of bázár, or a heap of ruins. The principal habitations are double or many-storeyed structures, extensive as to area, with naked, glassless windows, placed jealously high, and with dependent court-yards carefully invested, like Somersetshire fields, by stiff-looking walls of puddle. The improvements are the disappearance of many pent-roofed hovels, and the exchange of dark, narrow, dusty or muddy alleys for broad streets, which, however, catch the sun, and harbour the wind.

Amongst the things of the past are the tall

[1] My first edition furnished what Murray calls (p. 484) "a ludicrous and apochryphal legend about this worthy."

flag-staves: when a brother officer forwarded home certain sketches for publication, the artist kindly provided them with yards and sails. Almost all the tenements boast of verandahs, and here we are deep in the region of Bád-gírs, or wind-catchers. You see, on every roof, these diminutive screens of wattle and dab, forming acute angles with the hatches over which they project. Some are movable, so as to be turned to the south-west between March and the end of July, when the monsoon sets in from that quarter. The wind, rushing down a passage in the wall, enters the room by a slit on a level with the floor: in England you are still studying "Tobinization," that is, how not to let in the cold heavy draught just under the ceiling, where it presses down and thickens the impure stratum. We have learned much from barbarians, Mr. John Bull: the suspension bridge is nothing but the swinging cradle of Peru and the Himaláyan Jhúla, or twig-bridge. Yet there is one great drawback in these "breeze-catchers": during boisterous weather they make your domicile a dust-hole. Haydarábád is not far north enough to know the luxury of Tah-khánás, or underground-rooms, where you may pass the awful length of a summer day dozing as coolly and comfortably as if you were on the Rhine or in the Pyrenees. You will see them first at Shikárpúr.

Except in the main thoroughfares, old Haydarábád will show us little or no bustle; and as we ride through it, the people, long accustomed to the

presence of Europeans, scarcely glance at the "Balá," or endemic calamity, to whose horrors habit has hardened them. Anonyma knows that it is vanity to beckon us; the Fakírs have learned the fallacy of begging from us; the curs have forgotten to bark at us, and even the juvenile population does not taunt us with Infidelity. Every here and there we see a Beloch soldier chaffering at a stall, and an officer's servant sauntering about in the luxury of indolence; but the numbers have sadly fallen off, and I suspect that the Haydarábádis would willingly see more of us.

We resume our drive along the Táhir-Bázár-Road: I am bound for my old home, and, if you will accompany me, you shall not, sir, be over-troubled with reminiscences. Here novelties meet my eyes at every turn. The foul old Kangan-Khádi tank, the "crow-eaten," a favourite name in Sind, generally known as the "town tank," was a rough, unartificial pool; an energetic municipality has made it a pretty piece of water, 60 yards broad and 400 long, crossed by a pair of bridges, flanked by two Ghats (flights of steps), and evidently a favourite place for gardens and country-houses. A little beyond it lies the Phuléli, half-river, half-canal, the latter, in Sind, having been originally constructed to resemble, as much as possible, the natural watercourse. From the bridge we look northward at the fork where the newest cutting joins the oldest: as the water and boats show, it now flows all the year round; yet the people have

had the sense to conserve the grand "Tamáshá," or jollification, which greeted the first appearance of the flood in the merry month of May. On the right side also, a fine Ghat has been built, and the trees are thick and shady as of yore.

The avenued road now leaves the prim police-station to the right; we turn off left, and after a few yards, or a total of a mile and a half from the fort, we enter old Mohammed Khan's Tándá,[1] or walled-village, which has now taken the name of Karam Ali Sáin. It still boasts of two gateways, the inner divided from the outer by a turn to the left and another to the right, but half the external door lies on the ground, and Time, besides defacing the stencilling, and carrying off the painted tiles, has pierced a dozen gateways in the walls. At the second door we rattle the huge cylindrical padlock of iron to warn away the women; and the old man who guards the place objects to our entering: he is easily satisfied by an explanation and a rupee.

What a change within! Some twenty-five natives, mostly negresses, haunt the houses which lodged our corps. The mess-house, to which so many recollections attach, still stands, thanks to its foundation of baked brick; but the front is converted into an open stable for human beings. Here lived the actors in the famous "Phuléli Regatta;" there W—— hatched all the troubles which prevented us feeling too happy. Yonder

[1] Not to be confounded with the better known "Mohammed Khan-ká Tándá," twenty-one miles south-east of Haydarábád.

is the house which fell down, nearly crushing its inmate and his Munshi; the fireplaces are still half filled up, and the floor is grown with Yawási, or camel-thorn. How small and mean are the dimensions which loom so large in the pictures stored within the brain. Here T—— played Peeping Tom upon his father and mother-in-law; there B—— temporarily buried the "young person" when the police-master gave orders to search the house. How strange are the tricks of Memory, which, often hazy as a dream about the most important events of man's life, religiously preserves the merest trifles! And how very unpleasant to meet one's Self, one's "Dead Self," thirty years younger!

Adieu, old home! I shall not perhaps see you again, but it is not in my power ever to forget you.

* * * * *

We will change the scene, and drive to those distant domes of glittering white which you saw from the fort-ramparts. On the way, remark that hollow in the ground where the bricklayers are at work; it will fill during the inundation, and the contents will fester slowly under a torrid sun, whilst the north-eastern winds will convey the aroma to city and camp. In my day Haydarábád was literally girt by these sheets of water, the remnants of the last summer-flood; beautifully verdant above, thick as horse-ponds below, resting on beds of slimy mire, and walled by banks of dark purple mud. They are mostly abolished, and the dangerous pool to the north-west of the fort is now being lined with

masonry. No wonder that the churchyards of Sind were so fearfully full, considering the short time that populated them. At Karáchi the corpses of camels were allowed to poison the air, as if a little more death were really wanted. Thathá was a mass of filth; and Haydarábád, Sakhar, and Shikárpúr had their miasma-breeding pools as close to the walls as any subaltern, sighing for "a bloody war or a sickly season," could desire. Something has been done in the paramount matters of drainage and cleanliness; still there is much to do. Witness Haydarábád and her brick-pits, and Karáchi with her fetid Chíni backwater, and without her canal from the Indus.

We pass over familiar ground made unfamiliar by change. I recognize the old artillery lines and the billiard-room, but not that fishmarket, nor the slaughter-house, built far more strongly than the Haydarábád fort. That is John Jacob's house, upon which he spent Rs. 20,000, and which he sold for a song; who but he would have fronted it east and west, thrown out those round towers, and have chosen a graveyard as the site of his home? Again the huge *enceinte* of mud-wall, the deep well, and the long aqueduct which Mr. Gillespie expected to carry water up-hill; all these features of the enormous jail are utterly new.

And now we are at the tombs of the kings, Kalhóra and Talpur. They lie upon the furthest extremity of the Ganjá ridge, and one glance tells you that those to the north are fine old works,

whilst the southern are modern and miserable imitations. We will begin with the best of the series, that dating from A.D. 1768, and covering the saintly founder of Haydarábád, Ghulám Shah Kalhóra. Like the Makkái tomb, this is girt by a mud-fort, the work of the Talpurs; you enter and find a large *enceinte* covered with the *detritus* of ruined graves. A platform of white marble, surrounded by balustrades of carved sandstone, supports the quadrangular edifice, which has a raised façade to the east: it supports a central main-dome, resting upon a polygonal drum, and there is a domelet at each corner. All the exterior was covered with the finest Kási or porcelain'd tiles; but nothing has been repaired for the last forty years, and now, perhaps, it is too late: the casing bulges from the walls, and in places strews the pavement. The dark interior is remarkable chiefly for the tomb of Jaypúr marble, which the Rájput artists seem to handle like wax; the flutings of the open work are delicate in the extreme, and the general effect is a lacery of stone. The walls bear many inscriptions, amongst which we read:

> "Ghulám Sháh-i-Dín, Khusrav-i-Daurán.[1]"

And we see on the archway, amongst other verses:

> "The King of the World, Ghulám Shah,
> Before him the firmament kissed the earth."

The platform on the roof is even more interesting.

[1] Ghulám (the Slave), King of the Faith, and Chosroes of the age.

To the east we trace the course of the old and new Phulélis, winding through the well-foliaged ground; in clear weather we can distinguish the battle-field of Dabbá, some four miles to the east, and a denser clump of trees shows, at about the same direct distance to the north-east, the mean and ugly obelisk which commemorates the glories of Miyáni. Many villages, sparkling like carnelians amid the emerald-green of the Ním-tree, speak well for the fertility of the plain. To the south-west lies new Haydarábád, with its school tower, like that of a village church, its big jail, and other new-fangled accessories, whilst the old city is a dense heap of dark houses, here sinking into suburbs that fine off into gardens, there prolonged by the ridge on which Camp stands. In this direction the Fort looks well, bounding and guarding the ex-capital with its curtains, its towers, and its tall donjon-keep.

The Mujáwir, or guardian of the tomb, informs us that the similar mausoleum immediately to the south, a polygon instead of a parallelogram, and provided with domelets ridged perpendicularly like a musk-melon, is that of Ghulám Nabi, a brother of Ghulám Shah,[1] dating from A.D. 1785. We condole with him upon the state of the beautiful tombs, and promise to make interest with the Collector, who, in turn, kindly promises to do all he can; but what is that with an eighteenpenny rupee? Our guide's chief anxiety, however, is to preserve

[1] The Gazetteer assigns it to Sarfaráz Khan Kalhóra, son of Ghulám Shah.

his blue-rocks.[1] The English soldier, who dares not venture within the enclosure, flushes the half-tame and half-sacred birds by stone-throwing, and shoots them when out of bounds—this is Tommy Atkins all over!

The southern or Talpur group is, I have said, a a base imitation, a mere forgery, hardly worth a visit, except to study the decline of art. Here stencilling takes the place of porcelain tiles, and the curry-dish dome, with double finials, becomes a favourite form. The lines are stiff and ungraceful; the work is cheap and mean, always excepting the actual tomb, which is of Jaypúr marble, sometimes inscribed, and often inlaid with black patches, much in the shape of hearts and diamonds. The head-stones of the chief tenantry are adorned with real turbans of portentous size, and with long strings of mock-pearls.

We will return home through New Haydarábád, which has risen since 1850. Beyond the jail begins the outbreak of schools. The battlemented clock-tower denotes the Engineering (public). Near it lodges the Protestant missionary, whose chapel, a pillar'd bungalow, is on the other side of the road: he presides at the Church Mission School (private). Beyond him is the Roman Catholic missionary, who is building himself a house: he presides at the Catholic Mission School (private). Besides which there are the High School, which prepares for matriculation at Bombay; the Normal; the Anglo-Vernacular; the Vernacular of two species, Moslem-

[1] The *Columba intermedia*, or common blue pigeon of Hind and Sind.

Sindi and Hindu-Sindi, and, for aught we know, half a dozen others. I should not wonder, sir, if the new Revelation, the Endowment of Research, should first be proclaimed in Sind.

"The age and body of the Time, his form and presence" are also shown by the ubiquity of the police. Here we have the Town-police, dressed in dark green with blue turbans; the Armed-police in Kháki (dust-colour), and drilled to use Brown Bess, besides the Secret-police, half a dozen detectives, periodically changed. Tappál Road shows us the post-office, and the large civil hospital, officers' quarters, and perfect "sick-bays" in their day. And, lastly, New Haydarábád ends with a dozen blocks of European barracks, and with the Beloch lines to the south.

The Sepoys are drilling, so we have an opportunity of inspecting them. The Beloch element has been pretty well "eliminated;" and the Pathán or Afghan is taking its place. Truth compels me to own that the men are no longer what they were: for this decline the military authorities have only to thank their own folly. As Irregulars, the privates enlisted only for five years; when the good conduct of the corps, in Abyssinia and elsewhere, promoted them to the rank of Regulars (Nos. 27 and 29, Bombay Native Infantry), the shorter term was changed to life-enlistment. This bane of the service may save money, although I doubt even that; after fifteen years, when a man can be invalided under a pension of Rs. 4 per mensem, he

often becomes desperately home-sick; he malingers, and, with characteristic Eastern tenacity of purpose, he ruins his constitution for life. The good form of Highlander who once enlisted is now becoming unknown: he will not be bribed by a full pension of seven monthly rupees for which he must serve forty years, whilst there is none between that and fifteen years' service.

My gallant friend, Colonel Beville, C.B., Commanding No. 1, Beloch Regiment, has obliged me with his views upon "The improvement of the pension rules of the native army—discharge of native soldiers—and abolition of annual invaliding committees;" and the opinions of so old and distinguished a soldier, published in 1873, should not be withheld from you, Mr. John Bull.

"The above subject is worthy of all our consideration; indeed, it is one which I have long felt imperatively demands attention, as being connected so deeply with the contentment and efficiency of the native army; *my experience of many years leads me to regard the present pension rules as a failure.* The discharge of native soldiers, and the present regulations for annual invaliding committees, are equally so. I am very certain that to a great extent they tend to encourage malingering; they cause great dissatisfaction throughout all ranks, and they seriously affect the efficiency of a regiment by men incapacitated from age and debility being retained; and I am also very sure that they keep the most soldierlike race from enlisting.

"In my own regiment, when originally raised, a man enlisted for five years, at the end of which time, if he elected for discharge he received it. If he wished to remain for a further period of five years, it entirely depended on his character and efficiency as to whether his Commanding Officer accepted his services. There was no pension, no gratuity, and never was a service more popular, as proved by the number of 'Oomedwars' (cadets) always ready for any vacancy; such a thing as a recruiting party in those days was unknown.

"Let me, however, fairly record that the above system, though so popular with the men, had its disadvantages; inasmuch as by the time a Sepoy had become an efficient and thoroughly drilled soldier, he had little more than half his service to run, and the number of recruits at drill, and men hardly fit to take the field, was unusually large.

"But a change came o'er the scene, and good and faithful service in the field, when a regiment true to its colours and the Government it served was the exception in those days, induced the Government, ever ready to recognize meritorious service, to reward the regiment I refer to with all the privileges of the pension rules, transferring it at the same time to the line. Even at that period, knowing the class of men it was intended to reward, and to draw, if possible, into a more binding contract with the State, I urged the advantage of admitting the regiment to the benefit of the pension rules, but earnestly deprecated forcing on the men the *enlist-*

ment for life system. I opined it would prove distasteful to them, and prejudicial to the efficiency of the corps.

"To introduce in those days a healthier system was no easy matter, and according to regulations was the change carried out: the option, however, being given to all men to take their discharge on the expiration of the term for which they had enlisted, or, in accepting the pension rules, take the oath for life service. The very cream of the regiment, upwards of 400, accepted the former offer; all entreaties and argument pointing out the advantage of the pension in their old age being so much waste of breath, the State losing as fine a body of soldiers as it has ever been my fortune to see. The utmost persuasion of myself and officers alone retained the remaining portion. Could more ample proof have been desired to show the correctness of the opinion I had formed? I had obeyed the order, though it well nigh broke my heart.

"Though a comparatively young soldier in those days, the responsibility of command had early devolved on me, and it could not but induce me to ponder over what appeared such an extraordinary antipathy on the part of the men to the pension regulations, which ensured a provision for old age; but the rapid diminution of 'Oomedwars,' and the necessity of sending out recruiting parties, all tended to show that, at all events, those 'most deeply interested' did not regard them in the same beneficial light. Ten or twelve years' additional experience in

the working of these rules, and the system of annual invaliding, have shown to me beyond a doubt how ill adapted they are to carry out the intentions of a beneficent Government. Six years ago I officially recorded that 'enlistment for life' was the ruin of my regiment, and, I believed, the bane of the Native Army. I am more than ever confirmed in that opinion, and am impressed with the necessity for reform.

"I would now submit for consideration a remedy which would be merely a combination of the original limited enlistment system, but with gratuity or pension regulations, under some such arrangement as follows:

"*Let all men be enlisted for a period of ten years;* at the expiration of that time let the option, to good and efficient men only, be given of a further period of five years, those who elect for discharge, those whom it may not be considered desirable to retain, to be discharged with a gratuity of six months' pay. After completion of fifteen years' service, the same arrangement as above, but with twelve months' pay as gratuity. Any man, however, in the opinion of the commandant and his medical officer physically unfit, to be pensioned on three-fifths of the present rates. After twenty years' service precisely the same course, but with eighteen months' pay as gratuity, and four-fifths of the present rate of pension if physically unfit.

"After twenty-five years the full pension as at present laid down, 'fit' or 'unfit,' if asked for.

"*All annual invaliding committees I would abolish;* they are destructive to the efficiency of a corps, while the principle of the system I propose will make the commandant and his medical officer wholly and solely responsible that their regiment is fit to march at a moment's notice, which I can unhesitatingly say is not the case at present.

"It would, in cases, be found that from six to ten per cent. of the men would be unequal to the hardships of an Abyssinian or indeed any campaign. I may be wrong in the ratio I have fixed, that is a question which I have not sufficiently studied, as not being in my line. I am only desirous of endeavouring to the best of my abilities to point out what experience has shown me to be a faulty system, giving the principles of what I feel convinced would be an improvement, and trusting that more able writers than I am may be induced to take up their pen on a subject so deeply interesting to the native army.

"If I am not mistaken, there are many who have served in that noble service, the old Panjáb Irregular Force, who can give much valuable information on the working of the limited service *versus* enlistment for life system, and I hope those who can do so will not be backward in coming forward.

"*The contentment and efficiency of the native army is a vital subject to the Government we serve;* for, depend upon it, as the education of India progresses, expensive armaments must decrease, the enormous expenditure of our European Forces must be reduced, rendering it more necessary than ever

that our native army, by increased efficiency *in all respects*, may be equal to the duties which I am assured must ultimately devolve on it.

"'Fidelis et constans' must be its motto, and any lover of the old service (and I trust there are still many) who can aid the Government in bringing about that happy consummation should cheerfully give the subject his thoughtful consideration.

"The United Service Institution of India has happily been a great success, and the organizers of it have earned the gratitude of the army. It freely invites all to co-operate, I may say, in the instruction of the army; let that invitation be freely accepted,—it will tend much to rouse the zeal and the *esprit de corps* which formerly existed, and which has so sadly waned of late. The Native army has a brilliant future; make it a contented service—disciplined, efficient, above all things, *well armed and properly officered*—and it will yet be a glorious service."

Observe, sir, that my friend has hit the happy medium between over-long and over-short service, the latter now becoming the rule of Continental Europe, where national armies are taking the place of standing armies. A term of three years may make a soldier of the intelligent and well-educated Prussian; but the system becomes a caricature, not a copy, when adopted by other nations. Before 1848 the Austrian Army was one of the finest, if not the finest, in Europe. See what the three-year service has now done for it!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HINDUS OF SIND—THEIR RASCALITY AND THEIR PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

We pass a week or so at Haydarábád, sir, to prepare your mind and body for the trips which I have in store for you. And now for a few words upon the subject of the native races. The population of Sind, "the extreme western limit to which Hinduism in these days extends," is composed of Moslems and Polytheists. The former, being nearly four times the more numerous, represent the great mass of the community; whereas the latter are, with few exceptions, the trading members of the social body.

As I told you before, Sind, at the time of the Arab invasion (A.D. 711–12), like Afghanistan, Multán, and the regions that lie to its north, was one of the strongholds of Hinduism. It is probable that many of the ancient Rájput families, who survived the capture of their country, escaped the persecution of their deistical conquerors by flying eastwards to Jaysalmír, and the adjacent

provinces, where their faith was, and still is, the State-religion. The present Hindu population consists principally of the castes that have immigrated from the Panjáb, Kachh, and Káthiawár; this their language, dress, manners, and appearance amply testify, though now, naturalized in the country, all save their learned Pandits have forgotten the story of their origin.

Late as the eighteenth century, the Hindus of Sind, we are informed by a traveller, were ten times more numerous than the rival sect. Hinduism, however, like Judaism, has ever been an eyesore to the Moslem, and the means which he adopts to remove it, although violent and unjust, are not the less efficacious. In Persia, for instance, the Jew is popularly supposed to sacrifice a Moslem child on certain occasions. Whenever a boy disappears, a hue and cry is raised; requiring an object, it directs itself against the persecuted body: their houses are attacked and plundered; they are dragged before the least impartial of judges; their oaths and their testimony are regarded as the whisperings of the wind, and the scene ends either with the "question," or with an order to admit the accused into the ranks of the Faithful. And when once the proselyte's foot has crossed the threshold of the Mosque, all hope of retreat is permanently cut off, the punishment of apostacy from El-Islam being as certain as it is tremendous.

In Sind the same cause, bigotry, modified for its purpose, worked the downfall of heathenism,

which, had we not taken the country, would probably not have outlived this century.

The Talpurs, the last reigning family, came from the hills of Belochistan, and settled upon the sultry plains below, first as the disciples, then as the feudal followers, of the saintly ruling race which they at last dethroned. Years spent in the enervating climate of the Valley dulled the bravery and hardihood of the mountaineer, but left him all his ignorance and fanaticism, covetousness and cruelty. A Talpur chief of the last generation refused even to place a watch for repair in the hands of an accursed "But-parast," or idol-worshipper.

In the West there are many, in the East few, exceptions to the Arabs' political axiom,

"The prince is the religious pattern of his people;"

and here the subjects, seeing the sovereign's propensity for persecution, copied the model as closely as they could.

No Hindu ventured to pronounce the name of the village Alláhyára jo Tándo,[1] because of the holy syllables that begin it; he could not touch a paper written in the Arabic language, because that character was the character of the Koran; or rather, I should say, supposed to have been the character by Oriental ignoramuses in palæography. No one dared to open a Moslem book in his mother tongue, the Sindi, for fear of being seen to peruse

[1] The Village of "Allah's-friend"—the latter words being the proper name of some Moslem.

the inceptive formula, "In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate." It was always in the power of two Moslems to effect the conversion of a Pagan by swearing they saw him at a cockfight on Friday; that he pronounced, in their presence, the word Mohammed; or even that he had used some such ambiguous phrase as "I will go with thee." The Moslem Sindis in the present day deny these assertions; the Hindus exaggerate them; the truth lies between the two, and I believe them both.

Sometimes circumcision was made the penalty of crime: when a Hindu Banyan, or shopkeeper, falsely charged a Sepoy of Dr. Burnes' guard with theft, the Amír at once ordered the Kázi to do his work upon the offender. Nothing easier than to make a Moslem in those days. The patient was taken before the judge, where, after being stripped of his old clothes, the ceremonial ablution was duly performed, and he was invested in the garments that denote the Faithful. A crowd of jubilants then chaired him to the Mosque; prayers were recited over him, he was directed thrice to repeat Mohammed's creed, and if he did it fluently, a minor miracle was proclaimed to the world. Next came circumcision, the eating a bit of beef, a change of name, a feast, and, lastly, a very concise course of instruction in the ceremonial part of the new "True Faith."

But the consequences of becoming a proselyte extended far enough. El-Islam, like many other beliefs, professing to respect the convert, despises

and distrusts him. In Sind he was compelled to enter a certain caste, one of no high degree; to marry in it, and to identify himself with the mongrel mass it contained. He rarely rose to fortune or distinction; and he seldom could command the respect of his co-religionists, who suspected the reality of his attachment to the strange creed, and his hankering after the idolatry of his forefathers. If, on the other hand, conscience or discontent drove the proselyte into a land where he might recant without danger; or if an opportunity, such as our seizure of the country, presented itself, the return to Hinduism, when practicable, was accompanied with many a disagreeable. In some towns, where Polytheists were few and could not afford to reject a wealthy and influential applicant, large presents to Brahmans, rigid expiatory penances, and a Tirtha or water-pilgrimage, were the price of re-admission to the religion of their ancestry. But this was not always possible. There were many places where the recanter was not received; he had eaten the flesh of the cow, and he had drunk impure water; for the rest of his life, therefore, he must dwell in the house of his family, an outcast, a defiled man, whose touch, like the leper's of yore, was pollution; separated from his wife, powerless over his children, with nothing but the dreary prospect, held out by his gloomy faith, to console him under a life of uncommon trials.

With the vulgar, the excitement of making one convert bred a desire to make another and yet

another. When opportunities were rare, they were obliged to content themselves with mobbing the Pagans: Friday, the Moslem Sunday, being generally selected as the time for these small St. Bartholomew displays. There were few towns in which a Hindu could safely leave his house between Thursday evening and Saturday morning.

All this the persecuted race endured doggedly in the *spes finis.* Sulking under the sabre-sway of their rulers, they revenged themselves indirectly; upon the lower orders by grinding the faces of the Moslem poor; upon the upper classes by acquiring power to be abused, by fomenting intestine and family feuds, by corrupting the principal officers of the State, and by sadly confusing all ideas of *entente cordiale* with neighbouring and allied kingdoms. Thus, despicable and despised as they were, they failed not to prove themselves essentially dangerous. And the same were the position and the conduct of the Jews in Syria, before a kind of constitutionalism made all faiths *theoretically* equal.

Superiority of intellect was on their side. The Hindu has a mathematical and arithmetical mind; the Moslem is, generally speaking, notably deficient in the power of mastering the exact sciences, the exceptions being the Egyptians, and some rare individuals amongst the Turks, Persians, Arabs, and Moors. This I believe to be the first cause of a phenomenon which attracts every observing eye in India; namely, that when the Polytheist and the Monotheist meet on equal terms, the former either

ruins or subjects to himself the latter. Other qualities accompany this form or constitution of the brain in the worshipper of Brahma. The "mild Hindu," as we miscall him, is one of the most bloodthirsty of men. He is a dark and deep-seeing plotter, an admirable eventualist where anything villainous is the event: what land but India could have kept up Thaggí for centuries?—what was the Fehmgericht (Vehme) of Germany, or the Fidawíyyat of Hasan Sabáh,[1] in organization, combination, or duration, compared with it? He is remarkable for passive courage, in suffering braver than any woman: he will inflict injuries upon himself with the *sang froid* of a Leæna, provided you hold out to him the one inducement, wealth. With the money for his rent or his debt concealed about his person, to be produced when things are going too far, he will allow himself to be suspended by his thumbs or his heels till he faints; he will shriek under the lash, swearing that he has not a pice, and he will inhale finely-powdered cayenne with all the endurance, but very little of the stoicism, of a North American Indian. His constancy requires nothing but a cause to dignify it. Such is his passive courage. At the same time, place a weapon in his hand and point to the bristling breach; desire him to charge up to a gun like an Afghan or a Turkoman, he will look at you,

[1] Or Sayyáh—about his name annalists still differ—the Grand Master of the Assassins, and organizer of that remarkable order. See Chapter XI.

remonstrate, hang back, turn tail. This is not his pluck. Remember, I am speaking of the Sind Hindu, not of the Sikh, the Rájput, the Nayr, and other races which are educated to active courage, if I may use the expression. Finally, he is a "fly-sucker," as the people say, a lean, parsimonious, half-naked wretch, living, with lakhs at his command, on coarse bread and sugar-arrack; when the Moslem with a few thousand rupees would be faring sumptuously, and emptying his purse upon silks and satins, horses and dancers. Nor is this thriftiness by any means a despicable quality: it goes hand in hand with indefatigable industry.

At last Hindu arts prevailed, as might be expected, over the strong arm. The younger Talpur Amírs, the sons and nephews of the original Chár-Yár, or the four friends and brothers who expelled the Kalhóra dynasty, acknowledged their utter inability to dispense with heathens in managing their miserable territory: a score of them could not govern a country about the extent of England and Wales. Nor could they collect their paltry revenue, though the total produce of the province was not greater than the income of a British *richard* of the second or third class. The Princes had degenerated from the hardy savage virtues of temperance, sobriety, and morality affected by their progenitors; they devoted to pleasure the time demanded by business, and they willingly entrusted to the hands of Banyans, most unjust stewards, the management of their estates, and in some cases of their subjects.

Hence, even in the days of the Amírs, the Hindus and the Moslems were divided into two classes, creditor and debtor, the money-lender and the money-borrower.

The worshipper of Brahma eminently possesses the peculiarity usually attributed to the middle-class and the lower orders of Scotchmen; the habit of carrying out in practice what all people admit in theory, the truth that "blood is thicker than water." The Hindu no sooner establishes himself upon a firm footing than he extends a helping hand to his family generally, even to his cousins twenty degrees removed. Nor does he stop here. Relations may be expended: the "caste-brother," as he is called, cannot. Thus the rulers of Sind were soon surrounded by a host of civil officers, revenue-collectors, secretaries, and scribes, all of the same persuasion, all playing into one another's hands, and all equally determined to aggrandize themselves, their family, and their race, no matter by what means. The result of this almost unopposed combination was that the Princes, notwithstanding their powers of life and death, the "tabby-cat" and circumcision, were never safe from frauds so barefaced that it moves our wonder to hear them told. The Billí, or "she-cat," I must tell you, was an indigenous instrument of torture, furnished with claws to tear the flesh of the questioned.

Of Menu's four great divisions we here find only three: the Brahman, the Waishya (trader), and the Shudra, or servile man. The second caste, royal

and military, in Sind, as elsewhere, is of doubtful origin: every follower of Nának Sháh,[1] even were he the son of a sweeper, assumes to himself the style and title of Kshatriya. The social position of the race prevents its putting forth that multitude of outcaste-branches which, like the Mángs and Mhárs, the Pásís, and Chandálas of India, spring up from the transgression, voluntary or involuntary, of a single arbitrary religious ordinance.

The Sind Brahman is by no means an orthodox specimen of his far-famed class. His diet is most inaccurate. Although he avoids beef and fowls, he will eat fish; also the flesh of wild birds and certain meats, such as venison, kid, and mutton; he shrinks not from the type of creation, an onion, and he enjoys the forbidden luxury of strong waters. Instead of confining himself, as he should do, to the study of grammar and the Scriptures, to his prayers or to his "pastoral duties," he may be seen bending over the ledger, squatting on a counter, and even exercising the command of a kitchen. When we first took the country, Brahmans owned to me that their fellow caste-men sometimes actually married widows; but of late years, after being soundly rated by the Hindostani Sepoys, whom they respect, they seldom contract these irregular and impure unions.

[1] A Kshatriya of the Dedi tribe, born A.D. 1469, at Talwandí, near Rajahpúr, in the Lahor Parganá; early converted to Nagornai, or Theism; travelled in Arabia, Persia and Hindustan; denied that he could work miracles; founded the Sikh faith; died A.D. 1540, and was buried at Kirtipúr on the banks of the Ravi river. His disciples and successors were the "Gurús."

There are two principal families of priests in Sind, the Pokarno and the Sársat. The former, supposed to have immigrated from Upper India, worship Vishnu, the second person of the Hindu Triad; support themselves by judicial astrology and ceremonial law; marry in their own caste, and claim from their ecclesiastical brethren a superiority which the others admit by receiving the "water of their hands." The Sársat, or Sársudh, properly Sáraswátiya, from the Saraswati river, are worshippers of Shiva, the Destroyer, and of Deví, his Saktí, wife or active form: in education, appearance, and manners, they exactly resemble the votaries of Vishnu.

Knowledge amongst Sind Brahmans means a slight acquaintance with the simpler parts of Sanskrit grammar, and sufficient of the classical language to understand oft-read works upon astrology and magical formula, and the volumes that contain the intricate practice of their faith. Some few have perused the Shrí Bhágawat, fifth of the eighteen Puránas or religious and quasi-inspired poems; and here and there an individual has had the industry to form a superficial acquaintance with the Sanhita or Summary of the Yajur, the White Veda. The increased facility for travelling to distant lands with a possibility of return, has of late years induced several Brahmans to venture far from the banks of the Indus, to wander amidst the classic shades of Kási (Benares), and to sit in the colleges of Calcutta: the extent of their acquirements proves that

the race is by no means deficient in power and intellect. Few of the priestly order, except when engaged in commerce, know anything of the Persian language: they consider it a profane study of erotic verses, "light literature," and tales ill-suited to the gravity of a churchman and a scholar. But they have little objection to the compositions or even the tenets of that mild heretic, Nának Shah, the apostle of the Sikhs, principally, I presume, because the mass of his followers praise and honour, revere and fee, the Brahmans.

The Brahman in Sind shaves his head, leaving a single lock upon the poll; he removes the beard, and induces the mustachios to droop heavily over his mouth, in order to distinguish them from the closely-clipped honours of the Moslem's upper lip. Upon his forehead he places a horizontal or a perpendicular mark indifferently, whereas in India the perpendicular "Tilak," as it is called, distinguishes the adorer of the Preserver from the worshipper of the Destroyer. His dress is generally that of a common Sáhukár, or trader, a white or red turban, the Pokarno preferring the red, the Sársat the white; an Angarkhá, or cotton coat with a very short body, tight sleeves, and long flowing skirts; a Dhotar, or waist-cloth, generally salmon-coloured with an ornamental edge, bound round the middle; a shawl or a Chádar (sheet) thrown loosely over the shoulders, and the peculiar Sind slippers of anything but of leather. In his hand is a sandal-wood rosary of twenty-seven grains; and constant habit has

gifted him with the power of muttering and telling his beads mechanically; and rings of gold, set with pearls, adorn the lobes and shells of his ears. A few Sársat Brahmans dress in the style affected by the Ámils, or Revenue officers: the Pokarno, however, consider the costume unclerical, and eschew it accordingly.

Of the Wáni, Banyan, or trader-caste, there are five great families in this country, the Lohána, the Bhátiá, the Sehtá, the Panjábi, and those called Waishya: the latter word, properly meaning the third or trading class of Hindús generally, is here used in a limited sense to signify operatives and mechanics, opposed to merchants and shopkeepers. According to the wont of Hinduism, each division is split into a number of insignificant bodies, who have their proper names: these are derived from their place of residence, or from peculiarities of dress and appearance, and are perpetuated by their furious *esprit de corps*, and by their violent jealousies of one another, when the absence of a common foe allows them to indulge in the luxury of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Most significant, too, are some of their taunts. For instance, the Lohána, in general, say of the Khudá-wádi, one of their subdivisions:

> "*Khudá*wádi *Khudá* khe ghere wanjan:"
> The Khudáwádi deceive the Khudá (Self-existent One; God).

A dull pun, but a sharp cut at the excessive cunning of that race. The Hindus are litigious as the Moslems, only they prefer the civil courts,

whilst their rivals resort as readily to the criminal tribunals. There is no Sindi, however wild, that cannot now understand "Rasíd" (receipt) and "Apíl" (appeal).

Divided according to their occupations, the Sind Banyans are of two classes. The multitude employs itself in commerce, sometimes in cultivation; the select few become officers under Government, and take the title of Ámil.

The Sind trader has lived so long amidst, and in subjection to, the stranger, that he has unconsciously, but palpably, emancipated himself from much of the galling bondage of a faith, which fears progress as much as destruction. Tempted by the hope of wealth, he has wandered far and wide from his native shores, to sojourn for years in lands where nothing but a popular prejudice, expressed by the proverb:

> "It is ill-omened to slay a Hindu, a Jew, a woman, and a dog,"

preserves him from destruction. And when he returns from the lands of the Mlenchha, the mixed, impure, and non-Hindu races, he is honoured instead of being excommunicated by his fellows. As he is accustomed to long voyages, he sits down on board ship, and boldly "cooks bread," instead of crunching parched grain, like the Indian. The diet prescribed by his religion being unsuited to cold countries, it is quietly laid aside for one more generous and cosmopolitan. He eats flesh without the animal being killed by a single sword-cut in

the name of the Sikh "Gurú." He uses leather-slippers, with the points flattened upon the vamp. He shaves only the back of the head, leaving, like the Jew, long love-locks on either side; and for a turban he substitutes a red embroidered cap with a fork behind. So also he has diminished his ablutions; he has extended his potations to "Jagrí," a kind of rum distilled from molasses, and in many other little ways he has so dressed and trimmed his original rigid Hinduism that it has become as presentable a thing as its natural awkwardness and want of adaptability permit it to be.

The Banyan receives but a scanty education. After learning a few religious notions and ceremonies, quackeries and nostrums, he goes to a schoolmaster, who teaches him to read and write the alphabet, and to explain the mysteries of the character which enters into his father's books; to add and multiply only, subtraction and division being considered *de trop*, and to indite a formal letter of business. Nothing can be ruder than the symbols which denote his complicated accounts: it is a system of stenography which admits none but initial vowels, and which confounds the appearance of nearly a dozen distinct consonants. These conclude his course of study: he then takes his place in the shop, where, if you please, we will leave him to cheat and haggle, to spoil and adulterate, and to become as speedily rich by the practice of as much conventional and commercial rascality, barely within the limits of actual felony, as he can pass off upon

the world. His books have never yet been admitted as evidence in a court of law, as was the case with the Hindus of India, till, under our rule, they lost even that sense of honour.

The Ámils, or Government officers, the class created by the ignorance and inability of the Moslem rulers, are the most influential and, conventionally speaking, the most "respectable," body of Hindus in Sind. They are distinguished from their fellow-religionists by their attire. The bigotry of the court forbade them to shave their beards or to wear turbans: they lost the right of placing the "Tilak," or sectarian mark, on the forehead; and they were compelled to trim the long drooping moustachios which the Hindú loves. Under the present *régime*, although sumptuary and costume regulations are utterly out of date, they still affect the Siráiki-topi, the peculiar Sindi cap, the English chimney-pot inverted, that is, with the brim upwards, and made of brilliant and often parti-coloured stuffs. They use the loose shirt under the cotton coat, and the wide drawers gathered in at the ankle, as in wear amongst the Moslems. They are a light-complexioned, regular-featured, fine-looking race, athletic compared with their brethren, from the liberal use of a meat diet; somewhat corpulent in consequence of their predilection for sweets and clarified butter; uncommonly proud of their personal appearance, and not a little fond of rich dress. They are easily distinguished from the True Believers by their features, which are fatter and less aquiline.

Moreover, they now often affect the "Tilak," and their shirts and coats button on the left side.

The literary attainments of an Ámil are not extensive. In his boyhood he is sent to a Moslem Akhund, or pedagogue, and learns to speak, read, and write the Persian language, or rather the kind of Lingua Franca which passes for Persian among the educated classes in India and Sind. His pronunciation is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of an Englishman speaking French with a purely British accent, and with a vocabulary like French of the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe. His style is equally solecistic, as he learns grammar by rote, without ever dreaming of the difference betwixt noun and verb. In choosing words, he jumbles together the learned and unlearned, obsolete and neological, slang and pure provincialisms: not unfrequently, when run hard for terminology, he introduces a Sindi term, with or without the benefit of a foreign termination. The effect may be compared to a contractor's "lady" in the Brazil, "Here, Vossé, bring *águar* and *limper* the floor," or to a sporting friend's, "Moi drinkerai with vous," addressed to a Gallic *homo unius linguæ*. His ignorance of the difficult arbitrary idiom of the beautiful, sonorous, expressive Persian is complete and striking. He translates the phraseology of his uncouth mother-tongue literally into the literary language; and thus his speech is always ridiculous, and not unfrequently it becomes offensive, by producing some unintended, but unmistakable, *double entendre*.

Imagine the effect of rendering, How do you do? by *Comment faites-vous?*

After laying in a moderate stock of words and sentences, the Ámil proceeds to the perusal of certain works upon the subject of petitions, addresses, and epistolary correspondence, not inferior in manner and matter to our "Complete Letter Writers." He learns by heart the directions, the beginnings, and the endings, the "Sir-I-have-the-honours;" and the "I-have-the-honour-to-remain-Sirs;" and by much diligence he masters the important distinction between "Sir-of-high-degree," and "Sir-of-exalted-station;" Ali-shán, the former, being applied to nobles, gentlemen, and equals generally; Ali-jáh, the latter, to "respectable" persons and inferiors. He then peruses a poet, and a romance or two, with the view of "getting up" common-places, and of "cramming" quotations, which may be produced as a proof of a liberal education. His preparatory studies conclude with a few simple arithmetical rules.

Our Ámil now, by the assistance of a kinsman or a caste-fellow, obtains permission to squat upon the floor of some Daftar or Government office, amongst a crowd of scribes, clerks, and cadets. The aspirant, thus upon the point of entering "life," devotes the energies of his mind to mastering the complicated tricks and devices in which his craft deals; and his juvenile efforts are carefully seconded by the precepts and practice of his seniors. He learns to read out a paper to his employers, altering

sentences and paragraphs to suit the sense he wants, and, when acting secretary, to jot down, without hesitation, exactly as much or as little of what is dictated to him as may suit his purpose. This is a system which nothing can check but an actual perusal of all letters, or the plan adopted by Típú Sultán. The ruler of the Mysore could neither read nor write: so, to obviate danger of deception, after dictating his orders to one secretary, he sent him into a closet, and put the paper into the hands of a second. If word had not been set down for word, the head of the writer at once paid the penalty: old Mohammed Ali Páshá of Egypt also hit upon a similar precaution. Our Ámil acquires the arts of writing a good feigned hand, and of copying documents with deceptive skill; he becomes dexterous at making a fresh paper look old and worn, as a London Jew at manufacturing a Guido; and he practises till perfect, with laborious industry, the many ways of forging a seal. The "Khatm" in Sind, as in many parts of the Eastern world, is what the signature is in the West: Europe once knew the practice, especially in the days when many a "Dominus Episcopus" was compelled to confess, "Scribere non possum." This prelude to his career concludes with the acquirement of considerable knowledge concerning the best and safest way of receiving and administering a bribe. He is now a Munshí (secretary),[1] prepared to do his duty to his

[1] In Persia the title is given only to men of learning: in India every fellow who can read a page of Hindostani, or scrawl a

master by deceiving him whenever deception is profitable; and to the Government, that employs both, by plundering it to the utmost extent which his means and opportunities permit him.

The Sindi is our scribe's mother tongue; but as he never peruses the works which it contains, he is ignorant of all beyond a mere colloquial knowledge. His private studies are mostly religious. If he incline to the faith of Nának Shah, he learns to read and write certain excerpts of the Granth, or Sikh scripture. He prepares for himself a Pothi, or prayer-book, but, too idle to learn the Gurumukhi modification of the Devanágari, or modern Sanskrit alphabet, used in the Holy Writ of the Panjáb, he copies in the Nasta'alík, or common Persian character, the select passages of some friend's breviary. These are hymns to the Creator, to the Great Incarnations, to the Saints, and to Jendá Pír and Udhhero Lál, the Indus and his minister; astrological tables, the "Book of Fate," formulas for calculating lucky and unlucky days, magical charms, and medicinal prescriptions.

Contrary to the usual practice of Hindus, the Ámil class marries late in life, in consequence, I believe, of the expense attendant upon their nuptial ceremonies. Some few live and die bachelors, a rare and exceptional state throughout the nearer East. Most of them are grossly immoral, addicted to gambling, and to the abuse of spirituous liquors.

wretched note, arrogates to himself the name, which is derived from Inshá, *belles lettres*, especially correspondence.

From mixing much with the members of another faith, and possessing a little more knowledge than their neighbours, many become Dahri, or materialists, owning the existence of a Deity, but dissociating the idea from all revelation, and associating it with the eternity—"Azal" the past, and "Abad" the future—of matter in its myriad modifications. A few are Atheists in the literal sense of the word, but they rarely trust their secret to a stranger. All these freethinkers are formidable. Infidelity, by which I understand the rejection of any local system of religion, is less common in the enlightened East than it is in the civilized West: but the European seldom thinks proper, or takes the trouble, to make converts to his disbelief; the Oriental does and, aided by his superiority in learning over the herd, he practises perversion frequently with great success. To judge from the progress of the Súfi, or mystic tenets, in Persia, and the Vedantic philosophy in India, especially that bastard form of Hinduism, the Brahm-Samáj, which in England you term — Heaven knows why!—"Brahmo-somaj," a mixture of theoretical Pantheism with pure and practical Theism will presently become the faith of the learned and polite in both countries.

In Sind there are not many castes of Shudra, or servile Hindus; and the few that exist have adopted the thread of the twice-born, the sectarian mark, and the diet, dress, and manners of Banyans. The same is the case with the Nayrs of Malabar, and

other similar castes in India, who, together with the functions and employment, have taken to themselves the rights, of a higher family. The principal trades are the Wáhun, who lives by toasting different kinds of grain;[1] the Khatti, or dyer; the Hajjám, who combines the employment of cupping and shaving; and the Sochi, who makes cloth-slippers, but leaves leather-slippers to the impure Mochi, the outcaste that dresses and works leather.

In Haydarábád and the other large towns there are several families of the eclectic religionists called Sikhs.[2] The wild tracts of country in the east of Sind contain some curious tribes of outcastes; and in several parts of the province a variety of mendicant orders, as numerous as the begging-friars of Southern Europe, exercise their offensive profession. This, the fluctuating population, not actually belonging to the region, I have already described.[3]

The Hindu's religion has, like the Moslem's, been contaminated by contact with strangers, especially the Sikh; the latter is a heretic Hindu, and therefore a more dangerous antagonist than the Musulman, who attacks Polytheism with all the ignorant violence of a Monotheist. Still there is

[1] Many cereals, such as rice, wheat, Bengal-"gram," holcus, and others, are boiled, dried, and toasted upon iron plates, to be eaten on journeys, and at different religious epochs.

[2] They were pleased to admit me into their order, but the ceremonies of initiation are under the seal of secrecy.

[3] "Sindh, and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus." London, Allen, 1851.

no lack of bigotry among them. The votary of Vishnu or Shíva will often, for a consideration or with an object, represent himself as inclining to Christianity; but not even once, as yet, has he taken the irrevocable step: the beefsteak or the baptism. If he has nothing to gain by apparent attachment to "master's creed," he opposes, strenuously enough, everything that offends his conviction and his prejudices. A friend, then vaccinator in Sind, found serious difficulties to contend with when he attempted to spread the blessing amongst the Hindús of Karáchi. The pragmatical pagans believe small-pox to be a manifestation of atrocious Devi herself: they therefore bury instead of burning her victims; and they look upon all precautionary measures as direct acts of hostile aggression upon their deity. Yet, as is the case with all men, they abound in contradictions: when a babe falls sick, the father runs for a doctor as well as a priest; and when it dies, he laments not the less because his progeny has died of a goddess.

The Hindu women in Sind, like the Jewesses in Europe, are superior in personal appearance to their lords. Many are beautiful, with correct features, magnificent hair, classical figures, though not free from high shoulders the prevalent defect of India, and clear olive skins, sometimes lighted up, on the cheeks and palms of the hands, with the faintest possible pink. The eyes are perfect; as amongst these races generally they are *the* feature: hence, possibly, the habit of hiding all the rest of

the face in the "nose-bag." Their charms are, however, ephemeral; and all who have enough to eat, and who are not worked too hard, become, quadruped-like, fleshy and corpulent. A simple diet, a life spent almost in the open air, and an unartificial toilet, consisting, *in toto*, of a white or quasi-white veil thrown over the head, a loose bodice to support the bosom, a long and wide petticoat of red-spotted stuff, and sometimes a pair of slippers, preserve them from the hundred nervous and hysterical ailments of dyspeptic civilization.

The Hindu women are less educated, but also less fond of pleasure (which here means, feasting, hard drinking, and flirtation, to use a very mild term), than the Moslemahs. I must make an exception of Shikárpúr, where, when we first took the country, liberty had transgressed the limits of license. Their vanity, the ruling passion of the sex, finds a safety-valve in an extensive display of grotesque ornaments; of metal rings in the ear, the nostril, the cartilage of the nose, on the wrists and fingers, ankles and toes; of necklaces, and of large ivory circles, white or stained, covering all the fore-arm. Being under strict surveillance, and hourly liable to bodily chastisement, administered with no sparing hand, they are good, hard-working, and affectionate wives. Their love for their offspring, the great feminine virtue of the East, is an all-absorbing passion, beautiful despite its excess. To the Hindu mother, her child, especially her son, is everything. From the hour of birth she never

leaves him day or night. If poor, she works, walking about with him on her hip: if rich, she spends life with him on her lap. When he is in health, she passes her time in kneading and straightening his limbs. If he is sick, she fasts and watches, and endures every self-imposed penance she can devise. She never speaks to or of him, without imploring the blessing of Heaven upon his head; and this strong love loses naught when the child ceases to be a toy; it is the mainspring of her conduct throughout life. No wonder that in the East an unaffectionate son is a phenomenon; and no wonder that this people, when rage makes them offensive, always begin by foully abusing one another's mothers.

Own to me, Mr. John Bull, if you have candour enough, that in this point at least civilization gains nothing by contrast with barbarism. With us the parents are engrossed during the infancy of their offspring by other cares, the search for riches, or the pursuit of pleasure. During the troublesome days of childhood the boy is consigned to a nursery, or is let loose to pass the time with his fellows as he best can; then comes youth, accompanied by an exile to school and college; then the career or profession, and lastly, the marriage and the "young family"—a *coup de grâce.*

In civilization, too, there is between parent and child little community of interests and opinions: the absence of it is the want of a great tie. Often the former has authority over the latter, and abuses

it; or the latter, being independent of the former, presumes upon it. The one may be a Roman Catholic and a Conservative; the other, a Methodist and a Manchesterian: both are equally ready to fall out "on principle" about their "principles." The contrary rules in these lands. Opinions are heir-looms; religious tenets cannot differ; politics are confined to politicians; "principles" there are none, and every household instinctively feels, and moreover acts upon the feeling, that its only safeguard against the host of enemies without, is perfect unanimity within doors: *every* household, I say, excepting, of course, the great, all whose members are rivals, and who hate each other with the vivacious family-hatreds of Honourables or Hibernians.

I will end this subject with relating to you why the Hindu sect called *Daryá já Shewak,* disciples of the Sea, that is, the Indus, adore Udhhéro Lál. Ahú, the bigoted Kází of a fanatical Moslem King of Thathá, ordered all the heathen to adopt the True Faith, under pain of losing their heads unless the step were taken within ten days. The unfortunate Pagans thereupon repaired to the River and prepared for it a "Deg," or dish, containing cooked rice, sugar, and clarified butter. These delicacies were effectual, and presently a spearsman on a white steed emerged from the flood. He went straightway to the Kází's Mahkameh, or court, and dared him to sit upon the water without other boat but his shawl. The reverend

gallantly accepted the challenge, and did not cry for aid till he was nearly drowned; thereupon the rider, placing his five finger-tips upon the cloth, left on the corner five marks—a custom long perpetuated by the Moslems[1]—and kindly saved his adversary. He disappeared, assuring the people that within ten months he would be born under the name Udhhéro Lál, of a Banyan woman at Nasrpúr, on the Phitto river, some fourteen miles east of Haydarábád. The promise was kept, and the young Incarnation became a blessing to his tribe by confounding the Moslems in many religious controversies. He kept up this practice during a long life, and finally died at Cheráo, north of the old capital. His memory is still green: the River-worshippers visit him once a month, and on the 1st of Chaitya (March-April) there is a crowded Yátrá, or pilgrimage, to the place.

[1] This, of course, is the Hindu version. The Moslems certainly affect five white spots upon the indigo-dyed sheets, thrown over the shoulder, but they would hardly thus perpetuate the memory of a defeat inflicted by rival Religionists.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SINDI MAN—HIS CHARACTER, AND ESPECIALLY WHAT HE DRINKS.

THE Sindi, by which I understand the mass of the population, is the lineal descendant of the ancient Hindu race that possessed the country, with a slight admixture of Persian, Arab, Beloch, Bráhui, and Afghan blood—you shall hear something of these races at a fitting time. Hence, doubtless, his more muscular frame and robust general appearance: the connection with the superior sub-family has, however, possibly from local causes, failed to produce a strictly speaking improved development. His complexion varies from a deep muddy chocolate colour, the sign of the lower orders, to the darkest olive of Southern Europe: his features are frequently high and thin, regular and well cut; the forehead, unlike the feeble brow of India, is tall and arched: the head is, comparatively speaking, well rounded, and nothing can be finer than the eyes, the hair, and the beard, especially the two latter.

The social position of the Sindi in his own country has, for a long term of years, been similar

to that of the Saxon in England during the age immediately following the invasion of the Northmen. Hence it is that, contrary to what might be expected from his physical superiority, his *morale* has sunk below the average of Western India. His is emphatically a conquered race. Inhabiting a valley with a hot-damp climate, the most unfavourable, as opposed to a cold-dry, the most favourable, to manliness; exposed to the incursions of the hardy natives of the frigid and arid mountains that look down upon it, he had, perhaps, the bodily strength, but he lacked the firm will, and certainly the vigour of mind, to resist invasion, or to shake off the invader. As we see him now, a Chinese compared with a Tartar, the contempt to which he has subjected himself by his self-conviction of inferiority, and the absence of any object which might infuse energy into his actions, have formed and fixed him a very slave.

The principal occupations of the settled Sindis are feeding flocks and herds, agriculture, and manual labour. They own the worst land in the province, the tracts lying near the tails of canals, where the inundation seldom extends, because the feoffees, whose estates lie about the head, will not take the trouble, or go to the expense, of excavating the beds. The only remedy for this evil would be to confiscate the whole or part of the said estates. He also holds the grounds cut off from land and water transit; whilst the Beloch feudal lords and their throng of vassals secured for themselves most

of the fertile and productive tracts. Generally speaking, they are miserably poor: theirs is a bald and squalid wretchedness which must be witnessed to be understood. I have seen whole families picking up off the roads and highways the grains of barley they might chance to find there. And under our rule the Moslem is even more wretched than he was under the native Princes.

Throughout Sind, the Hindu element preponderates in the cities and towns, the Moslem in the country: the former everywhere represents capital, the latter labour. There are few districts in this part of Asia where the cultivators are not bankrupts, only prevented from failing, as it were, by its being the interest of the creditor not to ruin his debtor beyond a certain point. The way by which this comes to pass in Sind is as follows. The peasant paid one-third and one-half the produce of his fields to the ruler, Amír, governor, or collector: we will suppose that he paid it in kind, to make the hard condition as favourable as possible to him. Upon the other moiety, or two-thirds, he and his family had not only to subsist till the next harvest, but also out of it he was required to economize the wherewithal to sow his fields when the season came round. Here lay the difficulty. The peasant could not save; and if he could, he would not save: so when seed was required, he went to the Hindu, the usurer and attorney of the little parish; and, after immense trouble, he borrowed, at the rate of about cent. per cent., mortgaging at the same time the

coming harvest, the smallest quantity of grain deemed necessary. He was then a ruined man.

Besides receiving an enormous rate of interest, the creditor, who can read, write, and compute, turns the ignorance of his debtor to profit by keeping his accounts in a state of confusion most advantageous to the only one that understands them, himself. The wretched Moslem "Ryot,"[1] after paying off his liabilities half a dozen times or more, is still as deeply indebted as ever. Under the native rule it was, and under any system it would be, the same. As for discharging the debts of the Great Peninsula, and starting the community "clear" in the world, as the phrase is, I doubt whether the revenues of Great Britain would suffice. Only, where natives govern, they keep up larger establishments, markets for produce, than we do; and they will more easily remit the rate demandable from the agriculturist. The frequent wars, tumults, and invasions, too, have one good effect, allowing the ground to lie fallow for awhile. Our rule is, and must ever be, by the very nature of our tenure, a few Englishmen amongst millions of Hindus and Hindis, a cut-and-dry, mechanical, and unelastic system, equally distasteful and disadvantageous to the Princes and to the people.

The Hindu's reed-pen is a rod of iron, and abjectly the unhappy Sindi trembles before it. I

[1] In the Europeo-Asiatic jargon, "Rayah" is the Turkish, "Ryot" the Indian, peasant: both, you would scarcely believe the feat of Cacography, being one and the same Arabic word, Ra'iyyat, رعية

was forcibly struck by an example of its power on one occasion when travelling down the Eastern River-valley. My tent was pitched near a little village; and the natives, who in those days considered every European a petty sovereign, were careful to come out *en masse* and pay their respects to the hat and shooting-jacket. Amongst the last visitors was a fair specimen of the race that has been most unjustly designated as "mild and lowly;" a dirty, cringing Hindu, with Shylock writ large in every line of his lean, cold, greedy, hungry countenance. With his long legs depending from the saddleless crupper of his diminutive ass, whose nostrils were split to improve its wind, he suggested nothing but an ourang-outang bestriding a Newfoundland.[1] Dismounting and standing up, he began humbly to detail his grievances, insisting particularly upon the bad conduct of some unhappy Musulman Ryot who would not pay his debts legally contracted.

"Hast thou seized his corn?" I asked.

"Of course, great Rajah: but it is not enough!"

"Hast thou sold his cattle?"—without them the poor wretch could not plough a square foot of field.

"Certainly. Long may your Rajahship flourish! but he still owes me rupees."

"Hast thou taken his wife's jewels, their clothes,

[1] The pure Hindu holds donkey-riding a disgrace. The intolerance of the Moslem ruler compelled these Banyans to adopt the lowly *monture;* the force of habit continued the practice, and only now they are beginning to exchange it for the horse and for the carriage.

the ornaments of their children, their furniture, and so forth?"

"Yes, but he was so poor: what were the things worth?"

"And thou hast not turned him out of house and home?"

"He sits in the jungle, great Prince."

"Then, man of dense brains, what wouldst thou have me do? What wouldst thou do thyself?"

My friend was evidently of opinion that, by science and vigour, blood might be extracted from a turnip; and he hinted not obscurely at a mode of torture which, he assured me, under the native Princes, was never known to fail. From his account of it I should agree with him, the alternative being literally pay or die. In vain I attempted to illustrate the homely proverb above quoted; vainly I represented that we civilized Europeans allow no corporal punishment for debt, only a compulsory residence in certain Government bungalows. My Hindu affected to believe what I was saying: he left me, not daring to grumble, but looking his profound dissatisfaction at having come across so thick-headed, and at the same time so imaginative, a conqueror.

In the East, Mr. Bull, such a scene is impressive, and perhaps matters were never worse than in 1876. It is, indeed, my firm conviction that, unless the Moslem Sindi be protected by the strong arm of the law against his Hindu oppressor;

in fact, by some form of the Encumbered Estates Bill, the whole body will be irretrievably ruined.

During the last quarter-century a few Sindis, women as well as men, have studied the manners and customs of their conquerors sufficiently to become domestic servants in European establishments. They are preferred to those of the Panjáb and of India generally: my short experience of the Sindi in this form is all in his favour, and the Indus Flotilla can speak well of his honesty and fidelity.

The nomadic Sindis who inhabit the hills in the western, and the oases in the deserts of the eastern, frontier, are taller, stouter, and hardier men than those settled upon the Indus plains. In appearance many are scarcely to be distinguished from their Beloch neighbours; and the latter, in some cases, have learned to respect their bodily strength and their fitful valour. They live by fishing and hunting; by breeding horses, camels, goats, and sheep; by resorting to the low country for employment, when agriculture is at a standstill, and by cultivating patches of ground to provide them and their families with bread.

The dress of the common Sindi is a cotton shirt of problematical whiteness, and distinguished by its shortness from that of the Beloch: his overalls (Kánch) also are tight at the ankle, not wide as the hill-man's, and the favourite colour is indigo-blue. His turban (Patká) is loosely wound: at times he wears the inverted broad-brim (Siráiki-topi) and, if well-to-do, a Lungi, or waist-scarf.

His daily bread is a thick, flabby cake of Bájri-flour, a kind of grain, intelligibly described in dictionaries as "*Penicillaria vulgaris.*" It is mixed with water, well kneaded, flavoured with salt, and baked without leaven on a clay-plate: reeking with rancid butter, and greenish in colour, it has a particularly uninviting taste. This food is considered very heating, so the people almost live upon it during the cold weather. For the rich there are about fifteen kinds of "Rot," as the stuff is most appropriately called, bread made of different grains, or cooked in particular ways; some of them, the sweet varieties, rather resembling buttered-toast coated with coarse brown-sugar. The national drinks are milk and water, not mixed. The luxurious eat Pulláus, your "Piláffs" borrowed from corrupted Turkish: the dishes are dressed in a pseudo-Persian style, and the contents are meat, chiefly mutton, fresh and dried fish, vegetables, fruits, game, and other delicacies. All smoke the water-pipe, which in these regions is a peculiar-looking affair, composed of a large, roundish vessel of clay, baked red, with a long, thin neck: into this is inserted the stem, supporting the monstrous "Chilam," or bowl, which may contain three or four ounces. The smoke, passing through the water, is inhaled by a reed-pipe that projects from the side of the reservoir. There are several varieties of tobacco: the best, called Shikárpúri, would, I believe, if properly cured, form a valuable article of commerce. It is now terribly sweated by

being stacked in cocks, covered with matting so as to exclude the air: hence its inferiority of flavour. Formerly it was used only for smoking: now the people have learned to like snuff, a fine powder somewhat like that of the Bombay Parsís.

One of the great causes of the Sindi's degeneracy is the prevalence of drunkenness throughout the Province. All ranks and creeds, sexes and ages, drink hard; the exceptions being a few religious men and dames of godly lives. Oriental-like, they sit down to their cups with the firm intention of disqualifying themselves for arising from them. There is no wine made in the country, the grape being rare, and generally used for eating. The alcohols are distilled from raw-sugar or dates, with the addition of a little mimosa-bark, and other ingredients. When pure, they are fiery as æther or sal volatile, and the novice hesitates which to loath the most, the taste or the smell of the potion. Sometimes it is perfumed with musk, citron-peel, saffron or rose-leaves, and the spirit is blunted by a plentiful admixture of molasses or sugar-candy. The nobles prefer European preparations, especially the strong and sweet, as curaçoa and noyau. Some of the Parsís who traded in these articles when we first took the province made considerable sums of money.

The alcohols, however, like the wines and opium, are confined to the higher orders, and those who can afford such luxuries. The common people content themselves with the many preparations of

the deleterious Bhang, in England called "Indian hemp":[1] and so habituated have they become to it, that, like drinkers of laudanum, they can scarcely exist without it. Near all the large towns there are particular places, called "Dáirá," where regular topers assemble to debauch in public. Our Government has wisely taxed the hemp, which under the native Princes almost every peasant grew for himself: the "Dáirás" should also be licensed or limited in number by some means or other, as they are most prejudicial to the well-being of the people. The building contains a single large, open room, generally in a garden planted with basil and other odoriferous plants; there must be a lofty wall to exclude the gaze of passers-by; but spreading trees and a bubbling stream, the scene in which the Persian loves to wrestle with Bacchus, are rare luxuries in this land. About sunset, when the work of the day is happily over, the "Bhangís," as the *habitués* are termed, the name being considered light and slighting even by those who indulge in the forbidden pleasure, begin to congregate, each bringing with him his hemp, his pipkin, his Asa,[2] or staff, and other necessaries. Ensues a happy half-hour of anticipation. All employ themselves in washing out the leaves with "three waters;" in pressing the mass between the

[1] Bhang (in Persian, Bang), is the name of the herb, *Cannabis sativa* or *Indica*, and also of the favourite preparation of it presently to be described.

[2] The dwarf club with which the drinkers triturate the small leaves, husks, and seeds of the plant, and mix with milk or water.

palms, blessing it lustily the while, in rubbing it down with the pestle, in filling the brass-pot with water or milk, and in sweetening the nauseous draught, with irrepressible glee at the nearing prospect of the favourite enjoyment. After drinking or smoking the drug, the revellers fasten on the water-pipes placed ready upon the floor, and between the long puffs they either eat little squares of sweetmeat, to increase the intoxication, or they chew parched grain and crunch cucumbers to moderate its effects. After about half an hour the potion acts, and each man is affected by it in a different way. One squats, stupid and torpid, with his arms wound round his knees, and his long beard shaking, like a browsing goat's, with every nod of his falling head. His neighbour may prefer a display of musical skill, in which he perseveres solely for his own benefit. Another, delighting in privacy, throws a sheet over his head, and sits in a corner of the room, meditating intensely upon the subject of nothing. A third talks bald, disjointed nonsense; a fourth, becoming excited, begins to perform a *pas seul*: if of choleric complexion, he will, Irishman-like, do all he can to break some dear friend's head. And the multitude, the "old hands," sit quietly looking on, occasionally chatting, and now and then entertaining one another with lies, the most improbable, incoherent, and grotesque, that ever shifted from mortal lips to mortal ears. There is one peculiarity in the assembly. If a single individual happen to cough,

to sneeze, or to laugh, all the rest, no matter how many, are sure to follow his example. And the effects of the continuous and causeless convulsions of the lungs and cachinnatory muscles upon a bystander, not in "Bhang," are striking.

The social meeting usually breaks up about 8 p.m., at which hour the members, with melancholy countenances, retire, like strayed revellers, to their suppers and their beds.

You have read, I suppose, Mr. Bull, some execrable translation of a certain spirit-stirring tale, "Monte Christo." Perhaps you remember that truly Gallican part of it, in which the hero administers to his friend "Hashísh," the Arabic name for prepared Indian hemp, and the romantic description of what "Hashísh" did to that friend. You must know that these are the effects of Cannabis, not in the deserts of actuality, but in the fair fields of imagination, in the fairy world of authorism, where men are generous, women constant, the young wise, the old benevolent. I have often taken the drug, rather for curiosity to discover what its attractions might be, than for aught of pleasure ever experienced. The taste of the potion is exactly what a mixture of milk, sugar, pounded black pepper, and a few spices would produce. The first result is a contraction of the nerves of the throat which is anything but agreeable. Presently the brain becomes affected; you feel an extraordinary lightness of head; your sight settles upon one object, obstinately refusing to abandon it;

your other senses become unusually acute, uncomfortably sensitive, and you feel a tingling which shoots like an electric shock down your limbs, till it voids itself through the extremities. You may stand in the burning sunshine without being conscious of heat, and every sharp pain is instantly dulled: I have heard of a Sindi stoker drinking Bhang before entering a newly drawn furnace to plug the tubes in the after-part of a boiler at work. Your cautiousness and your reflective organs are painfully stimulated; you fear every thing and every body, even the man who shared the cup with you, and the servant who prepared it; you suspect treachery everywhere, and in the simplest action you detect objects the most complexedly villainous. Hence Bhang has the name of a "cowardly drink," and we are probably wrong to speak of fighting-men being "Bhang'd up." Your thoughts become wild and incoherent, your fancy runs frantic; if you are a poet, you will acknowledge an admirable frame of mind for writing such "nonsense verses" as the following:

> "The teeth of the mountains were set on edge by the eating of betel,
> Which caused the sea to grin at the beard of the sky."[1]

[1] Dr. Herklots ("Qanoon-e-Islam," p. 76, Madras Edition, 1863) quotes these lines as an "enigma," and gravely explains the signification which he supposes them to bear. They form part of a poem consisting of "nonsense verses," a favourite mode of trifling in the East, and composed, men say, under the influence of Bhang. Despite this small mistake, I know no work upon the subject of the South Indian Hindís that better deserves a reprint, with notes and corrections, than "The Customs of the Musulmans

If you happen to exceed a little, the confusion of your ideas and the disorder of your imagination become intense. I recollect on one occasion being persuaded that my leg was revolving upon its knee as an axis, and I could distinctly feel as well as hear it strike against, and pass through, the opposite shoulder during each revolution. Any one may make you suffer agony by simply remarking that a particular limb must be in great pain: you catch at every hint thrown out to you, nurse it and cherish it with a fixed and morbid eagerness that savours strongly of insanity. This state is dangerous, especially to a novice; delirium-tremens and catalepsy being by no means uncommon terminations to it. The generally-used restoratives are a wine-glassful of pure lemon-juice, a dozen young cucumbers eaten raw, and followed by a few puffs of the Shíshah (water-pipe). You may conceive the state of your unhappy stomach after the reception of these remedies. Even without them you generally suffer from severe indigestion, for the unnatural hunger of Bhang-intoxication excites you to eat a supper sufficient for two days under ordinary circumstances.

These are the effects popularly associated by the Orientals with drinking Bhang, and those which I myself experienced. Almost every "Banghi," however, feels something that differs from the sensations of his neighbour. Hence you will read half a dozen descriptions and not understand how

of India." The first edition dates from 1832, and it has lived over one generation before its value was discovered.

the writers can be describing the same thing. Like æther and chloroform, the drug acts differently upon all organizations; a hint to such authors as Professor Johnston, the "Chemist of Common Life," who, without personal experience, borrow from one source and expect that it will apply to all. And, of course, the more habituated a man becomes to the use of the drug, the more pleasurable the excitement it produces. It has two consequences which appear to vary only in degree, "the horrors" during the fit, and indigestion after it.

The extensive use made of the preparation by the mystics of the East, and the multitudinous visions and presences with which their maudlin moments have been enlivened, have caused the drinking of Sabzeh, or "verdure," as the Persians call it, to be held by ignorant free-thinkers a kind of semi-religious exercise. A Súfi bard thus addresses his *poculum*, allegorizing its spirit as well as its matter, its inner contents and its outward form.

I.

O of heroic deed and thought sublime
And words of fire, mysterious fosterer,
Imagination's font[1]
And Inspiration's nurse!

II.

To the dull Past thou lend'st a rosier tinge,
Brighter bright Hope emerges from thy stream,
And, dipped in thee, young Love
Glows with a holier flame.

[1] In the original, "Sabgh"—an allusion to Christian baptism.

III.

Gaunt Poverty, grim Misery, love to find
In thee their best, their sole mediciner.
Thy potent spell alone
Can smooth Pain's horrent brow.

IV.

And, Siren bowl, in thee the Sage beholding
Types not obscure of Matter's shifting scene.
Of deepest thought derives
Sad salutary stores.

V.

Above, Eternity without beginning,
Below thee lies Eternity unending:[1]
Thy narrow walls pourtray
The puny bounds of Time.

VI.

Within whose circlet lies the World, a speck
Upon th' immense of being, like the mote
That momentary beams
In Day's all-seeing Eye.

VII.

And on thy brim the drops so passing sweet,
Withal so bitter in their consequence;
In them, Friend, mind'st thou not
Life's clogging pleasances?

VIII.

Man is the heedless fly that comes and goes,
Flutt'ring away his little span of Time,
Till, passing to his doom,
He flutters never more.

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[1] The Moslems have cut eternity into two halves: Azalíyyat, "beginninglessness," and Abadíyyat, "endlessness."

IX.

The annals of the world one tale repeat,
"At such a moment such a one expired."
Of this all mindful live—
Mirza,[1] prepared to die.

The almost universal abuse of Bhang throughout the province has doubtless much to do with the Sindi's natural vices, inertness and cowardice, lying and gasconading. *Lente*, without the *festina*, has now become his motto for the management of life. The herdsman passes his day under a bush, alternately smoking, drinking hemp, dozing, and playing upon the reed. The "navvy" on the canals, a large class in these regions, scratches up the mud with a diminutive hoe, deposits it in a dwarf-basket, toils up the bank at the rate of a hundred yards an hour, and after concluding each laborious trip sits down, groaning heavily, to recreate himself with a pipe, and to meditate upon approaching happiness in the form of Bhang. Your boatman on the river will, if you permit him, moor his craft regularly at noon, to enjoy his cups, and not to get through his work too quickly. So it is with the peasant at his plough, the huntsman, the fisher, the workman, the shopman; in a word, with everybody.

The Moghals, in ancient times, used to blunt the intellects of state-prisoners by giving them every day before breakfast a cupful of what is called "Post." A dried poppy-head or two was infused

[1] The name of the bard, who addresses himself, *more Persico*, at the end of his ode. His poetry might be improved as regards the working out his metaphor; I leave it intact as a specimen.

in warm water, allowed to stand the whole night, and in the morning squeezed till none of the juice remained in it. The draught was cooled with ice or snow in the hot weather—admire the exquisite delicacy of Indian politeness!—and it was sweetened, and perfumed, before being administered to the patient. After a few months his frame became emaciated, his brain torpid and inert; and these symptoms did not cease developing themselves till death was the result of the slow-poison too long continued. On the other hand, if wanted for the throne, the "Postí" was deprived of the potion for some weeks; and his head was supposed not to have suffered material and organic injury. Surely this admirable engine of state-machinery might find its uses in Europe!

The Sindi, by drinking his Bhang after dinner, instead of before breakfast, allows himself some chance against the destroyer; but his health, bodily and mental, cannot but suffer from its effects. Unlike Bhang, opium is considered a "brave drink." It is usually taken in the form of "Kusumbá." A *quant. suff.* is levigated with a wooden pestle in a metal-pot, and strained through cloth into the palm of the hand. "Kusumbá" is extensively used to produce what we unjustly call "Dutch courage," and the valour of the Beloch swordsmen at Miyání, where they made two of our Sepoy-regiments run, was, it is said, highly indebted to it.

The Sindis, like the unhappy Italians of the last generation, have long felt the weight of foreign

fetters inherited from their forefathers; unlike the ancient Anglo-Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons, they have none of the sturdiness and glorious phlegm with which the Northerner bore, without succumbing to, the *execrabile onus* of a master's arm. A race of slaves is not necessarily cowardly: witness the Nubian and other African bondsmen, than whom the world does not contain a more determined, dogged, and desperate set of ruffians. But the Sindi is constitutionally a poltroon: his timidity is the double one of mind and body. This remark, I repeat, by no means applies to the wilder tribes; and superior climate and the habit of danger have made many of the clans, the Jakhrás, for instance, almost as brave as the Beloch. An exception to the general rules of Oriental resignation and Moslem fortitude, the Lowlander cannot talk or think of death without betraying an abject, grovelling fear, and even his Bhang will not give him courage to face the bayonet with common manliness.

Their preponderating development of cautiousness may account for the falsehood and the vaunting propensities of the people. They deceive because they fear to trust; they lie because truth is not to be told with impunity or without an object; they boast because they have a hope of effecting by "sayings" what there are no "doings" to do. The habit soon becomes confirmed, especially amongst these Easterns, who exaggerate and overdraw everything in pure hate of nature and things natural. "Shahbásh Pahlawán," ("Go it, my *heroes!*") cries the Tindal,

or skipper, of your Dhundi,[1] at every stroke of the sweep handled by his trembling "braves." If a score of half-naked boors congregate in a dirty village, they will call it a "Shehr," a city. The chief of a petty tribe must prefix the title of "Malik," king, to his ignoble and cacophonous name. Your escort, half a dozen ragged matchlock men, dubs itself a "Lashkar," an army; and when you ride over to some great man's palace, accompanied by a single domestic, your horse-keeper is gravely termed your "Sawári," or retinue. The noble boasts that his clan musters 50,000 men, all perfect Rustams,[2] or Camelfords, for fighting: every individual of that 50,000 will, if you believe him, convince you that:

"His joy is the foray, the fray his delight."

Take up a horsewhip, and "Rustam" will infallibly decamp as fast as the portable armoury of weapons about his person allows him to do. And so on with every rank and condition of Sindi Southron.

Yet so curiously contradictory is human nature in this part of the world, that Sindis as well as Beloch have been found to act "Badlí" for a few rupees. The word means a "substitute," that is, a man who hires himself to confess and be hanged for a murder which he never committed. Before this custom was suspected by the conquerors—and

[1] See chap. XXIX.

[2] The Persian hero: a kind of Hercules, Sampson, and Solomon combined: although a Pagan, he will, say the Shí'ahs, escape eternal punishment by reason of his valour.

Sir Charles Napier would never thoroughly believe in it—many an innocent man doomed himself to death. I once asked a "Badlí" what had induced him to become one, and he replied as follows:

"Sáin! I have been a pauper all my life. My belly is empty. My wife and children are half-starved. This is Fate, but it is beyond my patience. I get two hundred and fifty rupees. With fifty I will buy rich food and fill myself before going out of the world. The rest I will leave to my family. What better can I do, Sáin?"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SINDI WOMAN—ESPECIALLY HER PERSON AND DRESS.

In treating of the fair sex, we ought, I suppose, Mr. Bull, to commence by a sketch of superficialities, of personalities.

The first thing remarked by the Eastern traveller home-returned to the streets of his native or neighbouring town, is that scarcely any two individuals resemble each other. In the most civilized European countries there has been such a mixture of blood and breed, that an almost infinite variety of features and complexions, shapes and forms, has long been grafted upon the original stock which each region grew. He thus explains to himself how it was that during his earlier months of wandering he thought all the men he met brothers, all the women sisters; and he remembers that, till his eye became familiar with its task, he could trace no more distinction between individuals than a Cockney would discover in two white sheep of a size.

Caste,[1] in this part of the Eastern world, groups

[1] This corrupted Portuguese word (*casta*) may venially be applied to the half-Hindu Musulman of Sind and India; though,

the population of a country into so many distinct bodies, each bearing a peculiar likeness to the other, and all a general relation to the characteristic face and form of the tribe. Rank makes some difference of colour: the higher it is the fairer the skin;[1] and wealth gives a delicacy of feature and figure not to be found amongst the ill-fed, ill-clad, and hard-worked poor. But not the less they fail to destroy the family resemblance which naturally exists between individuals of the same country, age, and creed.

I must request you to be present at the unpacking of a Sindi gentlewoman of high degree; during which operation I shall lecture upon the points most likely to interest you, sir.

Observe, she stands before you in her Burka', ungraceful prototype of the most graceful mantilla, which has frequently, and not inaptly, been compared with a shroud. Its breadth at the shoulders,

properly speaking, no such distinction prevails in the world of El-Islam.

[1] So much so that a Hadís, or traditional saying of Mohammed, declares that none of his descendants shall be dark-coloured men. Even amongst the negroes of Central Africa, we find the chief lighter-tinted than his subjects. The fact results, doubtless, from a selection of species; the fair skin being generally sought after. This is almost the only point on which I dare to differ with the learned Dr. Darwin's theory of development. According to that most candid and honest of authors, one of the glories of our age, the blackest of a black race, and the flattest-nosed amongst flat-noses, should be the model of beauty. My experience is distinctly the reverse: wherever in the four quarters of the world, I saw a pretty woman, she was generally admired. This is a question of fact *versus* theory, and I will not obscure it by supposing any ideal type of beauty universally recognized by the human brain.

narrowing off towards the feet, makes it look uncommonly like a coffin covered with canvas: the romantically inclined detect a "solemn and nunlike appearance in the costume," and the superstitious opine that the figure thus arrayed "looks like a ghost." The best material is thick home-made cotton-cloth, which ought to be white, but, like a Suliote's frock, it is too often "*d'une blancheur problématique:*" a strip of coarse net, worked lattice-wise, with the small *œils de bœuf* opposite the eyes, covers and conceals the face. This article is a test of "respectability," and is worn in token of much modesty and virtue: satirical Sindis, however, are in the habit of declaring that it is a bit of rank prudery, and that the wearer of the Burka', so far from being better, is generally a little worse, than her neighbours. Our dame is very strict, you may see, in "keeping up appearances:" in addition to the mantilla, she wears out of doors a long wide cotton "Páro," or petticoat, for fear that chance should expose the tips of her orange-coloured toe-nails to a strange man's ardent gaze.

She is now in her indoor-costume. Over her head, extending down to the waist behind, is a veil of Thathá-silk, with a rich edging, the whole of red colour, to denote that the wearer is a "Subhágan," or happy wife; widows and old women generally dress in white. The next garment is a long wide shift, opening in front, somewhat after the fashion of a Frenchman's *blouse;* the hanging sleeves are enormous, and a richly-worked band or gorget

confines it round the throat. At this, the cold season, it is made of expensive brocade; in summer, Multán-muslin would be the fashionable stuff. There are no stays to spoil the shape: their *locum tenens* is a harmless "Gaj," spencer, or bodice of red velvet, in shape and duty like the Roman "strophium;" it fits the form as tightly as possible, concealing the bosom, and fastening behind. The "terminations," of blue silk or satin, are huge bags, very wide at the back, to act as *polisson* or *crinoline*, and narrowing towards the extremities sufficiently to prevent their falling over the foot. These are gathered in at the ankles; and correct taste requires this part to be so tight, that our dame never takes less than twenty minutes to invest her lower limbs in the "Sutthan," or pantaloons. I must call upon you to admire the "Náro" (trowser-string): it is a cord of silk and gold, plaited together, with a circlet of pearls at both ends, surrounding a ruby or some such stone set in wire, and concealed by the coils of the pendant extremities. A peculiar importance attaches to this article; and *sustí dar band-i-izár*, or "laxity about the trowser-string," conveys a very insulting innuendo. Concludes the toilette with slippers, a leathern sole, destitute of hind-quarters, whose tiny vamp hardly covers the toe-tips: its ornaments are large tufts of floss-silk, various-coloured foils, wings of green beetles embroidered, or seed-pearls sewed, upon a ground of bright cloth. To see the wearer tripping and stumbling at every second step, you would imagine that the

Sindi man had, like the Celestial, knowingly put a limit to his wife's powers of locomotion. But no, sir, it is only "the fashion;" licensed ridiculousness. If you ask the gentlewoman what she thinks of her European sister's toilet, she will sneer, and tell you that it is a collection of "little rags."

A red silk veil (Chúni or Rawa), a frock of white muslin, through which peeps the crimson bodice, and blue pantaloons, own that the lady's costume, though utterly at variance with *Le Follet*, and calculated to drive *Le Petit Courrier* into a state of demency, is by no means wanting in a certain wild and picturesque attractiveness. It is decent, too: amongst Orientals generally, the result of seclusion is a costume utterly unfitted for male society.

And now for the dame's *personale*. Her long, fine jetty locks, perfumed with jessamine and other strong oils, are plastered over a well-arched forehead, in two broad flat bands, by means of a mixture of gum and water. The "back hair" is collected into one large tail, which frequently hangs down below the waist and, chief of many charms, never belonged to any other person: it is plaited with lines of red silk, resembling the trowser-string, and when the head, as frequently happens, is well shaped, no coiffure can be prettier. Her eyes are large and full of fire, black and white as an onyx-stone, of almond shape, with long drooping lashes, undeniably beautiful. I do not know exactly whether to approve of that setting of Kajjal, the *fuligo* of the Roman fair,

which encircles the gems; it heightens the colour and defines the form, but also it exaggerates the eyes into becoming *the* feature of the face, which is not advisable. This cosmetic is lampblack, collected by holding a knife over the flame of a lamp, and applied, with a glass, leaden, or wooden needle, called a "Míl," to the edges of the eyelids. Men prefer Kohl, or raw antimony finely triturated; this gives a bluish colour. Upon the brow and cheek-bones a little powdered talc is applied with a pledget of cotton, to imitate perspiration, a horrible idea, borrowed from Persian poetry, and to communicate, as the natives say, "salt" to the skin. The hair is washed with argillaceous "Met," or fuller's earth, called in Hebrew and Arabic "Tafl," and by the Persian "Gil-i-Sarshui," or head-washing clay; it is quarried at Haydarábád and other places, and used as soap. The poor mix it with rancid oil of mustard; the rich with rose-leaves and various perfumes. The cheeks are slightly tinged with lac-rouge, a vegetable compound which I strongly recommend, by means of you, sir, to the artificial complexion-makers of the West.

The nose is straight, and the thin nostrils are delicately turned. You, perhaps, do not, I do, admire their burden, a gold flower, formed like a buttercup, and encrusted with pearls. There are several kinds of nasal ornaments: the usual wear is a large metal ring fixed in either wing, or a smaller circle depending from the central cartilage. When removed, a clove, or a stud of silver of similar

shape, is inserted into the hole to prevent its closing. The bit of black ribbon which connects it with the front hair is strictly according to the canons of contrast. The somewhat sensual mouth is well formed; the teeth are like two rows of jessamine-buds, the dentist and the dentifrice being things unknown; and moles, imitated with a needle dipped in antimony, give a *tricolor* effect to the oral region. The lips and gums are stained with a bark called Muság, which communicates to them an unnatural yellowish tinge; it is not, however, so offensive to the eye as the Missi[1] of India. As a large ear is much admired, that member is flattened out so as to present as extensive an exterior as possible; and as pale palms and soles are considered hideous, those parts, the nails included, are stained blood-red with henna. This Eastern privet has two effects upon the skin; it is an astringent as well as a dye: unlike the noxious metallic compounds of Europe, it improves the hair; the smell is fragrant as hay, nor is the trouble of applying it great. Orientals suppose that it spoils by keeping, but they are in error; when leaving India, I took several bottles of it, carefully corked and waxed, round the Cape, and a five months' voyage did not in any way injure their contents. To prepare it, the dried leaves must be pounded in warm water or rice-gruel,

[1] A powder of vitriol, steel filings, and other ingredients. It is rubbed into the roots of the teeth as an antiseptic, and a preservative against the effects of the quicklime chewed with betel-nut; the colour ranges between rust and verdigris; the appearance is unnatural and offensive.

ten or twelve hours before use; it should then be placed for a while in the sun, or exposed to gentle heat. The paste, which stains the nails and every part of the skin except the scalp, is applied with a brush, from the roots to the points of the hair, after being well cleaned with soap or pearl-ash: five or six hours suffice to produce a deep brick-dust hue, which a paste of indigo-leaves, called at Damascus "black henna," speedily converts into a bottle-green, and, lastly, into a jetty, lustrous, crow's-wing colour.

Finally, hair on the arms being held an unequivocal mark of low breeding, it is carefully removed by means of a certain depilatory called "Núreh." This stuff is composed of orpiment or yellow arsenic (1 oz.), pounded and mixed with quicklime (4 oz.), till the compound assumes a uniform yellowish tinge. It is applied to the skin in a paste made with warm water, and must be washed off after a minute or two, as it burns as well as stains. The invention is ascribed by Western authors to the fastidious Sulayman (Solomon), who could not endure to see the hirsute state of H. M. Bilkís of Sheba's bare legs. A depilatory is still wanting to civilization: even Bond Street perfumers have none which they can recommend to their customers; but I will not puff this rude receipt. Our beauty, you see, wears no stockings; but callosities, and other complaints which call for the chiropodist and *Papier Favart*, are not likely to offend our eyes.

But, though we have pronounced the costume on the whole picturesque, there is, I must confess,

something grotesque in the decoration of the person: both savage and semi-barbarous peoples can never rest content with the noblest handiwork of Creation. They *must* gild refined gold; tattoo or tan, paint or patch, a beautiful skin; dye or chip pearly teeth, and frizzle or powder "hyacinthine locks." Deadly sins against good taste are all these adulteries of Art, which should copy, and not attempt to improve upon, Nature. But polished Europe, so far from being free from them, is the very worst of offenders: witness the crinoline, the chignon, the tall heel, and the Grecian-bend, not to speak of those abominable pendula called earrings.

In point of ornaments, the Sindi charmer's taste is execrable. We now own that a Sevigné adds nought to the charms of a fine forehead, nor takes aught from the uncomeliness of an ugly brow; and that a simple black velvet band is at least as becoming as circles of massive metal or gaudy stones. Unhappily, however, for polite Europe, although the daughter condemns as out of date what the mother delighted to wear, her daughter will certainly revert to it because her mother did not, and her grandmother did, wear it. In the East there is none of this feeling. The comparative scantiness of the toilet calls for a number of ornaments which, like other things Oriental, are neither changed nor renewed: handed down as heirlooms in the family, they form a considerable portion of its wealth, and they are constantly accumulating; the interest upon the outlay of

capital being the intense gratification which the proprietors experience in displaying them.

The popular frontal jewel is a ponderous concern of gold, set with crystals or stones of any or of no value. It is generally divided into three parts, a centre-piece occupying the middle of the forehead, and flanked by smaller side-pieces that rest upon the temples. There is a lighter form of the same triptychal article, but both are too expensive to come within the means of the poor. The whole ear, lobe, helix, and little ear, is so covered with weighty ornaments in the shape of gold-rings, studs, jewelled or enamelled stars, and bell-like pendants, that it and its appendages require to be supported with tiny chains. Varieties of the necklace are as disagreeably abundant. One kind, worn tight round the neck, is formed by simple or double strings of small or large beads of gold, silver, or glass threaded on silk: another is a similar ornament of embossed metal: a third is a solid torpue, looking more like an instrument of punishment than a personal decoration; and very little better than the English dog-chain of latest fashion. The finger-rings are generally plain, broad or narrow circles of metal: the rich ornament them with precious stones, and the very fashionable wear upon the thumb a little looking-glass, in which they are perpetually viewing their charms. They never use the Indian "bangles," thin rings of stained glass or sealing-wax, of which well-dressed women carry a dozen to each wrist. On the arms, besides a number of wristlets, bracelets, and armlets

of gold, silver, or ivory, in the shape of rings, studs, flowers, and chains, solid, hollow, or filled up with melted rosin, the dame suspends a talisman or two, called a Ta'awíz:[1] it is carefully preserved, and justly considered the most valuable part of her trinkets. This Grigri, as Guinea calls it, is usually a slip of paper with a quotation from the Moslem's Holy Writ; some curious spell to avert the Evil Eye, or a song to some dead Saint,enclosed in a small silver case and fastened on by black silk threads, very old, and use-browned. A friend of mine who had earned local celebrity for writing them, showed me an ancient gentlewoman who for two years had borne the mystic words

"C———d Me,"

of course in our vernacular, curiously and confusedly dispersed, letter by letter, throughout the squares, circles, and lozenges, in which the precious document abounded. And although my friend had on one occasion explained to the old widow, in excellent Sindi, the purport of her "preservative," she, insisting wrong-headedly, as seniors at times will, upon the fact that she had worn the article in question during a very prosperous period of her life, decidedly refused to discard it.

The anklets, as you see, resemble the armlets in all points, except that they contain a greater mass

[1] These are the "characts" of ancient days, commonly used in different parts of Europe; and by no means unknown to the modern, as holy medals, scapulars, and *hoc genus omne*, prove.

of metal. Perhaps the prettiest is a silver ring supporting a fringe of small circular bells which tinkle at every motion of the owner's feet. The rings on the toes have not an unpleasant effect, and the common circlets of enamelled silver suit the colour of the henna remarkably well.

Now the Sindi lady stands before you in her veil, frock ("chemisette" would sound prettier, but be decidedly incorrect), bodice, pantaloons, and slippers; painted, patched, and dyed; be-ringed, be-necklaced and be-charmed literally from head to toe, both parts included. Her attitude is not ungraceful: she carries herself well, she never stoops and, observe, she has high but not round shoulders. She holds a silken string attached to a tassel that contains a bit of musk, and to the nice conduct of this scent-bottle she devotes much of her attention. In reply to our salutations she raises to her forehead the right hand, never the left, and briefly ejaculates "Salám." If we ask her to sit down she will take a chair, but, being in the habit of squatting, she will certainly place at least one foot upon the seat, to assume, as nearly as possible, the position most familiar to her. If she drops her pocket-handkerchief, an article of toilet used to be looked at, not to use, she is more likely to pick it up with her toes than with her fingers: Easterns are all more or less quadrumanous. In her continual adjustment of her veil, I see a little *ennui* as well as coquetting; she is tired of conversation; she is not prepared for aught savouring of facetiousness, being "upon her

dignity," and she longs for a water-pipe. Now, while she is puffing it with immense satisfaction, inhaling every atom into her lungs, and sedulously displaying, at the same time that she pretends to conceal, her arm and waist, I will oblige you with a hasty sketch of her life, as true to nature as I can draw it.

Our visitor spent her early years in the "Harem," where she was frequently chastised by her mama, and where she scolded and romped with, pinched and scratched, the slave girls, and conducted herself generally in a way which would have horrified the correct Mistress Chapone. Long before her teens she was a miniature of her parent in dress and ornament, and she was painfully wide-awake, knowing much that she ought not to have known. At the early age of six she was mistress of the art of abuse and the rudiments of play, here synonymous with cheating: the games generally preferred are dice, cards, and several kinds of backgammon played with kauris, or Indian shells (*Cypræa moneta*). Then began her "serious" education: she was taught to cut out and sew dresses; to knit and embroider; to repeat a few prayers and, as no expense was spared to make her perfect, a matronly pedagogue attended to teach her the reading of her mother tongue, and the letters rather than the words of the Koran. Of course, she was not allowed to write, on account of the dangerous practices to which that attainment leads. But she wasted almost as much time as our maidens do upon music; the only difference being

that, instead of eliciting dismal sounds from the pianoforte, she drummed upon the timbrel, and she sedulously exercised her voice. From that somnific thing the drawing-master, and from the torments of the professor of dancing she was spared; the former being yet to be, the latter a purely professional, and by no means a respectable, "party" in this part of the world. *En revanche*, she learned in the Gynæceum a style of saltation which is best described by the French lady's exclamation, at a Bombay "Nách," "*Mais, mon Dieu! c'est un cancan!*"

Her tenth year found her prepared, in body as in mind, to become a matron, and eagerly enough she looked forward to the change, because she shrewdly suspected that, in the holy state, her liberty would not be so sadly curtailed. She was early debarred the enjoyment of accompanying her mother's slave-girls to the well, the place of *réunions* and of *conversazioni;* the "scandal-point" and the "pump-room" of each little coterie. To her, life became dull and drear as that of an English country house. One of her father's neighbours determined to obtain her for his lad; not because either father or son had seen, admired, or loved the child, but the connection appeared good, and the youngster was old enough for a wife. So a she-Mercury was despatched to the mother of the future bride, with many compliments, and with most stringent orders to remark the furniture of the house, the conduct of its inmates, and particularly the age, countenance, complexion, demeanour, gait, manners, and accom-

plishments of the daughter. The latter, on the other hand, was warned by her parent to conduct herself with the nicest decorum; to squat with her veil almost covering her head; never to reply till addressed two or three times, and by no means to spit: as her vivacity appeared likely to get the better of prudence, she was soundly slapped, to induce a grave and reflective turn of mind.

The visit passed off well, without, however, any thing being concluded. The "Wakíleh"[1] hinted at the object of the call, but her hosts, being people of fashion, merely replied, with the falsehood of *convenance*, that they "had no present intention of marrying their daughter." This, as the artistic ambassadress, who had grown old in the art of making every one's business her own, knew perfectly well, meant that they intended doing so at the first possible opportunity. Thereupon she returned to her employer and reported success.

As a second visit of the kind must not take place before the month has elapsed, the parents of the *damoiseau* and the *demoiselle* spent their time in collecting all manner of information about the future couple from friends and neighbours, and the latter systematically withheld objectionables, because they expected a feast when the affair came off. The next *ambassade* was decisive, and a lucky day was

[1] The "go-between," or "Mrs. Gad-about," as this class is called by an English lady, who wrote an amusing and, curious to say, an accurate book about India (Mrs. Mir Hassan Ali's Observations on the Mussulmans of India, 1832).

fixed upon, at a decent distance, for the preliminary rite of betrothal.

On the appointed evening the groom's relations of both sexes assembled, and repaired with music and fireworks to the bride's house, carrying a present of bijouterie and dresses. They found everything prepared for their reception; the men's rooms were strewed with pipes; the "Zenánah," or Gynæceum, was spread with the best carpets, and hung with huge nosegays of strong-scented flowers. The intended was publicly dressed in new clothes of the most expensive description, and ornamented with the garlands, and the jewels sent by the *prétendu;* henna was then placed upon her hands, and she was seated in a conspicuous part of the room, the centre of all attraction. There she continued for a while, modestly confused, with eyes fixed on the ground. Her mother, then summoning the barber's wife, or rather the female-barber, an important personage on these occasions, desired her to carry a pot of milk and a tray of sweetmeats into the gentlemen's apartments. This the old wife did, and, with much jesting and raillery, made the party eat, drink, and be merry. She stayed with them till they all recited, with raised hands, the Fátihah, or opening chapter of the Koran. The father of the bride, who was concealing his intense delight at getting rid of the "household calamity," namely, a daughter, under a mingled expression of grief and shame, appointed a day for the nuptial ceremony. Next took place a great *fête*, beginning with a feast, and

ending with music and dancing; the festivities continued for about a week, and with them concluded the preliminary rite, betrothal.

After this stage of the proceeding it is considered somewhat dishonourable to break off a match. At the same time, there is no such vulgarity in El-Islam as a suit for breach of promise, a demand for coin wherewith to salve wounded feelings and broken heart. Nor is there any religious impediment to a dissolution of the engagement. After the ceremony, as before it, the bridegroom is never, strictly speaking, allowed to see his intended; but as, all the world over, that formidable person, the mother-in-law, is disposed at this stage of the proceedings to regard her new son with favour, such events are by no means so rare as they should be.

The maiden was married about a year after her betrothal, a delay politely long, as hurry towards matrimony is considered a suspicious sign. No sum of money that the family could afford was spared: the feastings and merry-makings began a month or six weeks before the ceremony. All that Sindian art could do was put into requisition to make the bride look as pretty as possible. Cosmetics, oils, unguents, dyes, perfumes, depilatories, the paint-brush, and the tweezers, were pressed into the service; each matron and every attendant abigail of the hundred visitors having some infallible recipe for

"Enhancing charms—concealing ugliness,"

and, with truly feminine pertinacity, insisting upon

trying it. The wonder was that, what with their vellications and shampooings; eternal bathings, and stuffings with Chúro[1]; frictions with sandal-wood and pitiless scourings with Pithi,[2] they left the poor girl any beauty at all. Most of the torment was exhausted upon the bride: the Hajjám, or barber, contented himself with "cleaning" the male patient; and the friends of the family exercised their active minds in dressing him up, so as to give him as much as possible the appearance of a "gentlemanly-looking young man."

To describe at full length all the meaningless puerilities and the succession of feasts that constituted the "marriage in high life" would be a task as tedious as profitless. Briefly to sketch them, both families kept open house and invited the whole body of their relations morning and evening; drinking, smoking, and chatting all the day, and filling up the night with dances, in which professional performers displayed their charms; whilst singers and bands of unmusical instruments screamed, jingled, and rattled outside the doors for the edification of the excluded vulgar. A number of presents passed between the bride and the bridegroom; a series of visits kept their relations, to use a native phrase, in the state of "washerman's hound

[1] An unleavened cake of wheaten flour made into dough with clarified butter, and mixed with brown sugar—a bilious mess, popularly supposed to increase the delicacy of the skin.

[2] A succedaneum for soap, composed of sweet oil and the flour of "Másh," a kind of phaseolus.

'twixt house and pond."[1] Dresses and jewels were canvassed, prepared, tried on, and scrutinized with religious care; the bridal paraphernalia,[2] consisting of clothes, toilette-cases, trinkets, garlands, and a number of articles of furniture, especially mirrors, were sent by the future husband to the wife, and, finally, expiatory ceremonies were performed so as to defeat all the malevolent intentions of the Fiend and the Evil Eye.

Next came the Church's part of the solemnity. On the appointed evening, the Kázi, or the Mullá, was invited to the house of the bridegroom's father, where he found a gathering of both families, the sex, however, being strictly excluded. Then the man of learning, in set phrase, thrice asked the maiden's parent, who had constituted himself her trustee, whether he agreed to marry his daughter to such and such a person. He replied solemnly in the affirmative. Thereupon the marriage-settlements were made; and, as the father of the bride wished to give as little and to receive as much as possible—moreover, as, passing strange to relate,

[1] "Dhobi ká kuttá, na ghar ká, na ghát ká;" literally, "belonging neither to house nor ghát," or landing-place, upon whose steps the men of suds are wont to ply their vocation.

[2] This is the "Jahez," or dowry: it is the wife's property; it descends to her children and, in case of her dying without issue, it belongs to her nearest of kin. The settlement made by the bridegroom is called the "Mahr:" it is a religious and Koranic obligation, without which no marriage is lawful: as, however, the bride is allowed to remit an indefinite portion of it, it is more generally owed than paid.

the father of the bridegroom seemed possessed by a spirit of direct opposition—the scene that ensued was generally animated, but by no means always decorous. It ended in the old way when a thing must be done, by both giving up a little to each other. Then the Kázi, rising from his seat, began to recite Arabic prayers, benedictions, the formula nuptial-contract, and certain chapters of the Koran, setting forth the beauties of matrimony, and the lovely lives of sundry hen-pecked Patriarchs and Prophets. Concluded this affecting part of the rite with a general congratulation and a heavy pull upon the father of the bridegroom's purse by the man of Allah, and by all those who could find the least pretext to assist him in the operation. The Koran does not permit Kázis to take fees for marrying, reading prayers or preaching to, and burying the Faithful. Revelation having been unaccommodating in this little matter, the reverends are obliged to content themselves with daily pay, occasional benevolences, and grants of land. Presents of camels, horses, gold-hilted swords, dresses of honour, ornaments, and jewellery, were showered about in such profusion that even to the present day poor Paterfamilias feels the effects of a liberality, which nothing could have provoked but the absolute certainty that upon it depended his own good name, and the respect of all his fellows.

At last the nocturnal procession took place. The bridegroom was bathed, dressed, garland'd, and

adorned with all the attention due to so important an occasion. Mounted on a white horse magnificently caparisoned, and surrounded by a crowd of relations, friends, and spectators, with flags and fireworks, musicians, gymnasts, and dancing girls, he paraded the streets, visited the mosque if he had time, and at last reached the bride's house. He then dismounted, and was led or carried into the courtyard, where the women of the family received him: he entered the male assembly, and was almost immediately removed to the "Zenánah," where the bride awaited his coming. A number of uninteresting ceremonies followed, and, finally, the "happy two" were left together with the pleasant certainty that at dawn they must rise to bathe, dress, say their prayers, and receive the congratulations of their friends.

Our Sindi gentlewoman (she signifies that she wants another pipe) then entered upon life in real earnest. She was permitted by her Faith to call upon her parents once a week before the birth of the first child; but all the terrors of religion, stripes included, are directed against the wife who dares to visit her home without her husband's order—what, then, can the poor woman do but duly and openly disobey them? She did so once a day, sometimes twice, and her husband, as might be expected, felt the results. Availing herself of the privilege of ripe womanhood, she added smoking and the chewing of betel-nut to her other accomplishments. She spent

hours in decorating herself, not to fascinate, as she ought to have done, the eye of her spouse, but with the strictly feminine object of exciting, by a display of dresses, the envy, spite, and rage of her family, friends, and "society" in general. She punctually attended all feastings and junketings, nor did she neglect the fairs at the tombs of Saints, and other religious assemblies, where religion is usually the thing least thought of. She had promised, by proxy, not directly as our better-halves do, to "love, honour, and obey" her goodman: she did neither this, that, nor the other. Old Sa'adi, the Oriental moralist (about as moral a writer, by-the-by, as Pietro Aretino, or Pigault Lebrun), makes it the sign of respectability in a house, that woman's voice should never be heard beyond its walls. The fair Sindi knows nought of Sa'adi, and cares about as much for the old fogy's tests and opinions: she scolded her husband with womanly vigour, loudly and unrespectably, at all hours.

After the birth of the first child the *petites misères de la vie conjugale* began to gather. The wife had been indulging a little too freely in the pleasures of—brandy. Her spouse discovered the circumstance, and chastised her corporally for the same. He should have begun that discipline earlier. Instead of bowing her head, she swore, with a howl, that his face was a "black Creation of Allah's." He, highly indignant at the truth of the observation, retorted by many a curse in query-form, to

which she replied categorically. A furious quarrel was the result. Fortunately for our visitor, Sind belongs to a civilized people, who systematically hang every man that kills his "rib." The Koranic law concerning adultery is utterly inadequate for the moral wants of any community; hence the use of the sack or the scimitar in El-Islam. Where we rule, we should remember that, when taking away a man's only means to secure his honour, it is our duty to provide him with some other preservative; and this, generally speaking, we have not done. The frantic outburst of debauchery which followed our occupation of Afghanistan and Sind was a caution not to upset, at a moment's notice, the "Rasm," or country-customs, which are esteemed by Moslems second only to "Farz," or express Koranic injunction.

When the couple retired to rest that night, the husband, reflecting for the first time upon the many blessings of polygamy, half-determined to take to himself a second wife, and the wife, indignantly running over the list of her grievances, firmly resolved to provide herself with a *cicisbeo*. She would have demanded divorce from "that man" but for two reasons; in the first place, by such step, she would have forfeited all her claims to the "Mahr," or settlement; and secondly, she did not anticipate much happiness in returning home to be scolded by her mother, lectured by her father, snubbed by her brothers, and be sedulously watched

and guarded by all. But she did not fail, knowing how much it would annoy her husband, to call upon "dear ma" as often as possible; to detail all her miseries; and to throw "dear ma's" words in his face at every opportunity. Finally, she threatened him with her pa; and she complained to her big brothers with such assiduity, that the spouse, quite *excédé*, presently provided her with a lawful rival, she him with an unlawful one.

In Moslem countries polygamy is the exception, not the rule. It is confined to the upper and the wealthy middle classes, who can afford themselves the luxury; and a first wife, who is always *the* wife, is seldom superseded unless issue be wanting, or incompatibility of temper render the measure advisable. The equitable law of the Koran concerning the marriage-settlement effectually prevents the abuse of divorce on an extensive scale: the rich few may, the many poor cannot, afford to pay every woman whom they wish to put out of doors. Wives are limited to four, the number fixed by the Koran and approved of by experience. One quarrels with you; two are sure to involve you in their squabbles, which end only to recommence, because they are equally matched; and, when you have three, a faction is always formed against her you love best, so as to make her hours bitter. But four find society and occupation for themselves; of course they divide into two parties, but you, oh husband, are comparatively comfortable.

You must not run away with the opinion, Mr. John Bull, that all four occupy the same apartments. Were that the case, there would soon be murder in the house. Each has her own suite of rooms, her attendants, and her private establishment. In their intercourse there is much ceremony; no one calls upon her "sister," or rival-wife, without sending a previous message, and the relatives, friends, and acquaintances of the one are not expected to show any attention to the other. A certain amount of discipline is maintained by the wife, No. 1, who commands the brigade, and the law of the Koran condemns the Moslem that allows himself to show, although he may feel, undue partiality for any one of the four. Fortunately for Sind, the fair sex is not so skilful in toxicology, as are the dark dames of India, nor have they the stout hearts and sturdy arms which often render the burly beauties of Afghanistan truly formidable to their husbands.

After what I have told you about our visitor, you will readily believe that she is not so good a mother as the Hindu woman. She considers every child a disadvantage, as it robs her charms of their freshness; she quotes the Sindi equivalent of *le premier embellit, le second détruit, et le troisième gâte tout;* she becomes impatient under repetition as the belle of New York or Boston. She has to make the most of her time, expecting to be an old woman at thirty, and maternal duties are apt sadly to interfere with the pursuit of excite-

ment, and the enjoyment of pleasure. But she also feels that her position in society (and what will not a woman do for position?) mainly depends, for existence and continuance, upon her offspring. If she has not a son, she will be cast aside as soon as wrinkles appear, like an antiquated piece of furniture doomed to the lumber-room till it falls to dust. Her rivals, against whom she has fought through life—all for hate, of course, not for love—with the spirit of a heroine, and the zeal of a Jesuit, will gloriously win the day: her husband will despise her till he forgets her; her family will neglect her as an unprofitable person; briefly, there is no knowing how dark her future fate may be. So she does not utterly neglect her children; in their infancy she sees that they are fed and bathed, and, as they grow older, she takes more care of them: they now become the weapons with which she hopes, by Allah's aid, to drive the "sister-wife" out of the well-fought field.

Soon our Sindi dame, after prolonging the evil day as much as possible, will turn her back upon pleasure; and apply herself either to unremitting intrigue for the benefit of her offspring, or become very devout and disagreeable, inveighing bitterly against the vanities of the world, for the usual reason, because she can no longer enjoy them; and censuring the "young people of the present day," because she belongs to a past generation. Her sons and daughters will grow up; in her turn she will

become a mother-in-law and a grandmother. Then her husband will pass away; she removes her ornaments, refrains from perfumes and scented oils, dresses herself in unwashed white garments and, exactly as if she had been a British matron, traditionizes about, and anticipates reunion in "another and a better world" with, her "poor dear Ján Mohammed." And so on: the lights wane; the stage darkens; the curtain falls.

END OF VOL. I.

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