CHAPTER I.

Prepare to depart for Multan — Guja Sing — Fête Champêtre—The Lodiana School—Shah Shuja and Shah Ziman—Cross the Sutlĳ—Altars of Alexander—Description of the Punjab Country—Gardens of Multan—Shrine of the Faqir Shums-i-Tabriz—Heat of Climate—Description of Multan—Mussulman Tombs—Manufactures of Multan—Saman Mul—The Besak—Ameer Khan—The River Teenmu—Proceed
2 DEPARTURE FOR MULTAN.

to Karur—Huts of the Villages—Cross the Sinde—
Ferries over the Indus—Arrival at Purawur—Tufan.

After returning to Lodiana from my first visit to Kashmir and Little Tibet, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, I formed a design of visiting Kabul. The direct route would have been through Lahore and Peshawur; but my principal reason for not taking that road was, that I had been wandering in Kashmir, Little Tibet, and the Maharajah Runjit Sing’s territories, for the best part of the year. I had been considered and treated as his guest, and had taken leave of him in his capital but a month or two before.

On the twelfth of March, 1836, I quitted the hospitable roof of my friend, Captain (now Sir Claude Martine) Wade, and left Lodiana for Multan, intending to proceed thence through the Sulimani mountains to Kabul, in company with the Lohani kafilas, or caravans, after having delayed my depa-
ture for a few days, in order to be present at the return of the mission which Runjit Sing had sent to Calcutta, with presents for the King and Governor-General. Lallah Govind Jus, a confidential servant of the Maharajah, was its chief. Guja Sing, the second in importance, was a well-looking and intelligent young dandy, often wearing the splendid yellow dress of the Sikhs, and sometimes the full uniform of a British general officer. He had a great turn for mechanics, and exhibited a theodolite of his own making; and a model of the steam-engine, made for him by Mr. Prinsep, of Calcutta. He affected to say, at least so I was informed, that he had seen little that was new there, excepting the ships of war, which he allowed were wonderful; but it was too evident that he well-knew he had only to recross the Sutliff to astonish his inquiring countrymen, and when discoursing on his favourite topic, mechanics,

\[ \text{GUJA SING.} \]
the energy of his manner, and his animated conversation were certainly not the offspring of oriental indifference. About two years ago, at Amritsir, he fell from a window into the street when intoxicated, and was killed. It would seem that he was desperately bent upon procuring an English wife. He fell in love with a lady at Calcutta; and was, it is said, prevented from marrying her only because it became known that he had already two or three wives in the Punjab. He wished to have remained there altogether, but Runjit sent down a request that nothing of the kind should be allowed; and even went so far as to desire that he should be put under arrest, if he persisted in the latter determination. On his return, he commenced, without knowing one syllable of English, a serious flirtation in the language of the eyes (which seems to be the same all over the world) with some lady at Delhi.
Before I started, I was present at a fête champêtre given by Captain Wade, upon the occasion of the arrival of the mission. There was native dancing, singing, and sword playing. All the beauty and fashion of Lodiana were assembled to see the fireworks and illuminations. Characters from all quarters beyond the Sutliff were also present, magnificent Sikhs, scheming Kashmirians, pensioned Afghans, and supplicant envoys from Great and Little Tibet. The next morning there was an examination of the boys of the Lodiana school, conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Wilson and Newton, the American missionaries, who deserve the greatest credit, and something more, for their voluntary superintendence, and its results. To say nothing of the surprising answers given by the students, particularly to geographical questions, the examination was well worth attending, if it were merely to
see the motley assemblage of which the school was composed. The first in rank was the young Nawab Abdul Ghias Khan, nephew of Dost Mahomed Khan of Kabul. Next to him came three or four young Sikhs of an ennobled family—amongst them was Bissen Sing, a nephew of Kosheal Sing, Runjit Sing’s chief jemadar, or captain, as he is called, *par excellence*; and also a son of Kissenchund, the Sikh Vakeel or envoy resident at Lodiana. The rest of the school was composed of rising young Munshis and Baboos of great promise. After reading a passage in English, the boys were required to translate it carefully into Hindustani, and this was usually done with great correctness, and very little hesitation. Upon my return to Lodiana this year, I found that the school existed no more. The parents of the boys, Mussulmen and Hindus, had become alarmed at the enforced observance of Christian religious exercises,
and withdrew their children from the school altogether.

Baron Hugel, with whom I had travelled from Kashmir, and myself, were introduced by Captain Wade to Shah Shuja and Shah Ziman, the pensioned ex-kings of the country I was going to visit. We found Shah Shuja sitting on a chair, in a recess, or rather doorway, of his house, with a vista, formed by two rows of attendants, that diverged from it as from a centre. He appeared to be a man aged about fifty, of the middle size, good-natured, and port-wine complexioned, looking more like a gentleman who had lost an estate, than a monarch who had lost his kingdom. He wore a dark-coloured robe, a white turban, and white cotton gloves. Baron Hugel had been received with great distinction by Runjit Sing; I had come in for a share of it; every application which the Shah made to the
Government went through Captain Wade; and yet he allowed neither of us a chair, but kept us standing the whole time. His brother, Shah Ziman, resided in a different part of the building: we went to see him also: we stood; he sat on the ground, pale, thin, dejected, and counting his beads. He asked much about Kashmir, and said that the shawls were not now so fine as they used to be. “I remember,” he said, “when the finer fabric could be drawn through a ring.” He was praising the beauty of Kashmir. “Yes,” remarked the poor blind monarch, “Kashmir is certainly beautiful, and the air and water are good; but,” he continued, with a melancholy shake of the head, and a sigh as deep as I ever heard, “Kabul, Kabul! what is Kashmir to Kabul! and I shall never see it again!” We were surprised to hear from Captain Wade, that in spite of their common misfortunes and fate, the two brothers were
not on the best terms with each other. The next morning, Shah Shuja sent us several trays, containing the best display of native cookery that I had seen in the East; it had probably been superintended in management by the ladies of the haram.

I think Lodiana the most interesting station in India, and that Captain Wade held the most important appointment, as political agent to the Sikhs.

After a night's dâk, or journey in a palanquin, I found myself at the village of Dhurmkote, and my horse in waiting for me. Two days' ride, over a flat and fertile country, brought me to Firozapore, a place only remarkable for the lofty walls of its fort; which, in the distance, appeared to rise from the plain like a thick and regular clump of trees. Since the late meeting of Lord Auckland and Runjit Sing, it has
10 Hurriapore and Pak Patan.

been put in a state of repair, and a new cantonment has been formed there, as being the nearest place to the Sikh capital, Lahore; thither, too, in case of need, the British cavalry and horse-artillery could arrive in a few hours after crossing the river.

The next day, I was ferried across the Sutlij, after an hour’s ride from the town. The river here is somewhat more than two hundred yards in width, from the Punjab side; and it was then so shallow, that the ferrymen jumped into the water, to assist in dragging the boat ashore. The banks all around were flat, sandy, and uninteresting. On the same day, I arrived at Gullah, about seven miles in the interior; and from thence passed through Pak Patan, a considerable village, built on a mound, rising alone from a perfect flat. The last place mentioned by Arrian and Quintus Curtius, in their account of Alexander’s march to-