MY LIVES WITH:

The Maharaja's

Koh-I-Noor

...Rani Jindan's quest for justice
a historic memoir of stolen legacy

by Leslie Simone Sutain

... aka Rani Jindan

“Synchronicity is an ever present reality
for those with eyes to see”
Carl Jung

“Civilization is in a race between education and catastrophe. Let us learn the truth and spread it far and wide….For truth is the greatest weapon we have.”
HG Wells

Preface

Many women claimed to be Duchess Anastasia and thus heir to the Romanov fortune. However, no would ever volunteer to have been 'The Last Maharani of Lahore'! —What began as a spiritual inquiry became a historical excavation when I discovered I was Rani Jindan Kaur: "The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire"

This book occupies an unusual space, as it is neither an academic study nor a purely spiritual memoir. It is an inquiry that began with subjective experience and developed through archival research. It became about what had been done by the machinery of empire. While unraveling like a true-life-fairytale *it is a presentation of evidence.*

Centuries of loose ends entangled me in a story I alone am destined to reveal. Globetrotting for 35 years as a New York fashion designer, on my 60th birthday in 2006, while vacationing in Mexico, I received a past-life regression. What emerged was not a fantasy of royal splendor, but a sequence of historically specific names, places, and conflicts I had never known about. That's when a *Symphony of Synchronicities* introduced me to the man who was my love through multiple lifetimes: ***The Pasha of Egypt… Mohammed Ali The Great.***

They say that *synchronicity is the gods directing destiny until the truth unfolds* ... Unexpectedly, that discovery in Egypt was followed by another: the story of *Rani Jindan Kaur* and the *Fall of the Sikh Empire*. Then, with clarity of purpose, I had to confront my painful lifetime as *Maharani Jindan, The Last Maharani of Lahore.*

Born curious**,** from a 20th-century fashion designer, I became a 21st-century *soul-archeologist* researching the books and archives of these historic persons — when I discovered it was all historically documented, and it became undeniable! Then, once confronted with the birth dates and death dates, plus the physical portraits and the artifacts I came by, it was proven to me — *beyond any doubt — the reincarnation of my soul.*

As a New Yorker of Russian Jewish descent, while not knowing any of these historical figures — decades earlier, I bought an ivory miniature of Jindan in a Jaipur curio shop, not knowing who it was. When, tracing the relics back to her, and comparing my physical likeness to *Jindan, the imprisoned mother of 'Queen Victoria's Stolen Maharaja,'* no escape was possible from the tragic truth: ***"You have snatched my son from me! "Why do you take control of the Kingdom by underhanded means? Why don't you do it openly?"***

Rani Jindan — the widow of ***the Great Sikh Emperor Ranjit Singh and mother of Maharaja Duleep Singh*** — was not romanticized by the empire that defeated her. She was imprisoned, separated from her son, politically voided, and brutally defamed as a dangerous seductress in colonial histories. Her letters, her words of anguish echoed through me. I began watching as Rani Jindan's stolen jewels were sold at auction; highly valued for their riveting history. And I realized countries were still battling for the legendary diamond stolen from her son; history's oldest recorded, priceless, ***$20 billion Koh-i-Noor, currently set in the center of the British Royal Crown.***

Was Jindan a heroine or an evil genius? I had to know! "*The Woman Who Terrified the British Empire,"* the only surviving wife of *the Sikh Emperor revives her voice in the 21st century to challenge a history written by the victors and confirm the endurance of her soul!* — But can I dispel the volumes of lies still being told*?* ***And, can I fulfill the dying wish of the Great Ranjit Singh to return the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India?***

This book is not an argument for belief. It is a presentation of evidence. This past-life memoir–exposé, which restores context with all historically verified facts, dismantles the glamour of being an Egyptian princess or an Indian maharani. 'The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire' returns, to fulfill her Deathless Destiny, to return the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India, and to bestow upon humanity Eternal Life! The truth flips fantasy on its head. In an age when truth-telling is a dangerous act, this may be the most dangerously truthful story ever told, about ***The Greatest Stories Never Told!***

Leslie Simone Sutain, January 2026

P/S: There are four things that cannot be forever hidden;
The Sun, The Moon, The Sphinx, and The TRUTH

Main Historic Characters

Rani Jindan Kaur The Last Sikh Maharani of Lahore
youngest wife of Ranjit Singh, mother to Maharaja Duleep Singh - *'A Thorn in the Crown of The British Empire'*

Emperor Ranjit Singh Great Sikh Maharaja of Punjab,
brought Koh-I-Noor diamond back to India
Last Independent Ruler in British-India

Maharaja Duleep Singh Son of Ranjit Singh & Jindan
the Last Sikh Maharaja of the Punjab.
Koh-i-Noor confiscated at 10 years old
disinherited & exiled to Great Britain

Koh-i-Noor Diamond is India's Legendary Diamond,
largest in the world for centuries and fought over by World Monarchs, now sits in the British Royal crown – stolen from 10-year-old Duleep

Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt Founding Father
Egypt's 1st Ruling Dynasty since Cleopatra
Defied the Five World Empires & his Sultan

The Sphinx of Giza World's Oldest & Most Famous
Monument

David Roberts Artist who created the greatest portfolio of Egypt / Holy Lands, sketched his 1839 *'Interview with Mohammed Ali Viceroy of Egypt'*

Sir Charles Murray British Consul Gen. Egypt 1846-1853
A Short Memoir of Mohammed Ali Founder of Viceroyalty of Egypt, diplomat / author

Lord Palmerston Foreign Secretary & twice Prime Minister
The world's most powerful man: *'Lord Pumice-Stone',* was a *Warmonger, a Womanizer, and a Rapist!*
Hated Mohammed Ali / Annexed Punjab
*Sanctioned 2 Opium Wars

Larry King Call-In Radio Host, Sportscaster, Philanthropist
Peabody & Emmy Award Winning CNN TV Host

Queen Victoria Godmother to Duleep's children
Koh-i-Noor was gifted to her by
Lord Dalhousie / East India Company

Lord Dalhousie Governor General India 1848-1856
Annexed Punjab, confiscated Koh-i-Noor & Duleep's property, exiled him to Britain

Sir John Spencer Login Guardian to Duleep Singh

Lord Henry Hardinge Governor General India 1844-1847 Engineered 1st Anglo-Sikh War conspiring with Raja Gulab Singh-Dogra

Raja Gulab Singh Dogra Maharaja of Jammu & Kashmir after conspiring with British to defeat the Sikhs in 1st Anglo-Sikh War

Col. Alexander Gardner Mercenary Soldier employed by Maharaja Ranjit Singh, became British Spy after Ranjit Singh's death, employed by Gulab Singh

Raja Jawahar Singh Jindan's brother, uncle of Maharaja Duleep Singh

Jean-François Champollion Father of Egyptology he met with Mohammed Ali, and inspired him to protect Egypt's archeological sites

Auguste Mariette Egyptologist extraordinaire for Louvre / Conservator of Egyptian Monuments & Cairo Museum

Isambard Kingdom Brunel Britain's 2nd greatest figure after Churchill - engineered the 20th century

My Lives With:

The Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor, The Emperor & The Pasha

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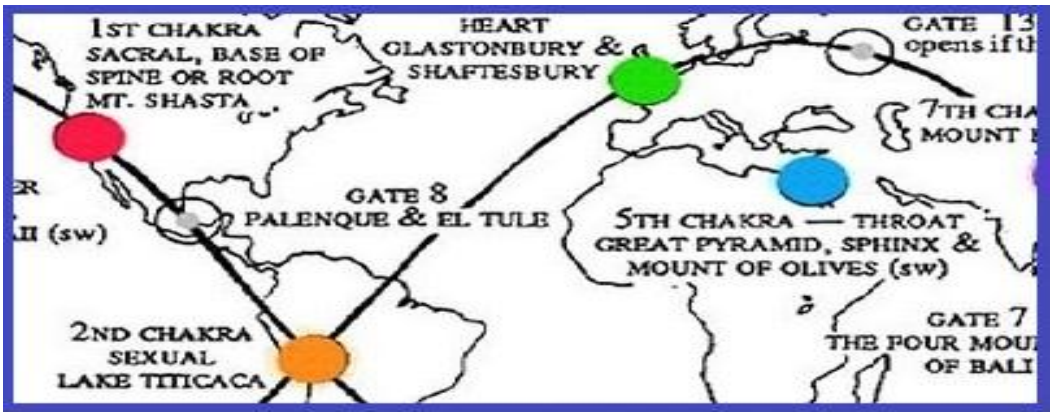
CHAPTER ONE

My 60th with Egypt's Last Pharaoh

Mohammed Ali Pasha
Viceroy of Egypt

Chapter 1

I turned 60 in a tryst with Destiny. Halfway between Earth's 1st and 2nd chakras, on a river of heart-healing rose crystal, is where I relived my soul-haunting past-life in 19th-century Egypt. … At 7000 feet lies the World Heritage Site of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Before artists and expatriates arrived here, telluric currents attracted wine-draped Buddhist monks, and this is where I was transported to Giza, Earth's 5th throat chakra.



What I didn't yet know was that I had entered a conjunction—of destiny, of unfinished lives to be revealed. Here, *The Sphinx*, *the Voice of the Earth,* replayed my past-life in *The Greatest Story Never Told.* Here is where *she* revealed to me why *Destiny* did not send a *Gandhi* to deliver Egypt from 600 years of rapacious *Mameluke* rule, from centuries of grinding Egypt to dust, by foreign colonialists' greed. It was on my 60th birthday, June 19th, 2006, when *I relived the story of Egypt's Godfather & Sons, in a past-life not quite Gone with the Wind.*

When *Napoleon* won the *Battle of the Pyramids* in 1798, the world powers competing for control of India and the East unraveled! Like Alexander, a man of destiny, arrived from a Macedonian seaport. Born 1769, the same year as Napoleon, in 1801 *Mohammed Ali came to Egypt's rescue.* Defying his sultan and world powers, he became *The Pasha* in a populace revolution. For 44 years he transformed Egypt, his dynasty ruling until 1953.

I was an international fashion designer in this life, but in 1805 Egypt, I was a 14-year-old Bedouin princess guarding Cairo from her father's tented

compound behind the Sphinx. That's where telluric currents of Earth's 5th throat chakra running through San Miguel entangled me with ***The Mexican Healer,*** who was the man I loved lifetimes ago: ***Egypt's Last Pharaoh, Mohammed Ali.***

On my sixtieth birthday, I met a dead ruler. I do not offer that sentence as spectacle, it was the beginning of a historical inquiry I did not intend to undertake. I had spent four decades in the fashion industry, twenty-five of them in India. My life was worldly, rational. I collected fabrics, not spiritual jaunts. I did not anticipate that a vacation would alter the fabric of my life.

Yet that afternoon, in a quiet room washed in Mexican light, far removed from Cairo, a name surfaced with emotion: *Ali — Mohammed Ali.* … Not the fighter. Muhammad Ali Pasha — the Albanian officer who seized Egypt, slaughtered the Mamelukes, defied the Ottoman Sultan, and redrew the balance of power in the Mediterranean — who rebirthed Egypt into modernity. At the time, I knew nothing about him. That ignorance is critical. Because what followed was not a memory in the nostalgic sense. It was a cascade of images, political tensions, and physical details that would later demand verification. The setting that awakened memories in me was specific: a palace veranda, a tented compound on the Giza plateau, a ruler whose authority was world changing…

Over the months that followed, I began reading. The man who had emerged in that room, Mohammed Ali Pasha (1769–1849) was the architect of modern Egypt — industrialist, reformer, a dynastic founder. He challenged both Istanbul and Europe. And in doing so, his rise threatened British interests in India, and Britain, the world's most powerful empire, under the formidable Lord Palmerston, moved to contain him.

This book is not the story of a regression. It is the story of testing that experience against documented history. — The research became an investigation. What began in Egypt would not end there. I would discover patterns that extended far into my understanding of life, politics and more. The past-life regression was a catalytic instrument. The history was real. And the implications reached further than I was prepared for. … ***This tale of Empire and a legendary diamond came looking for me.***

* * *

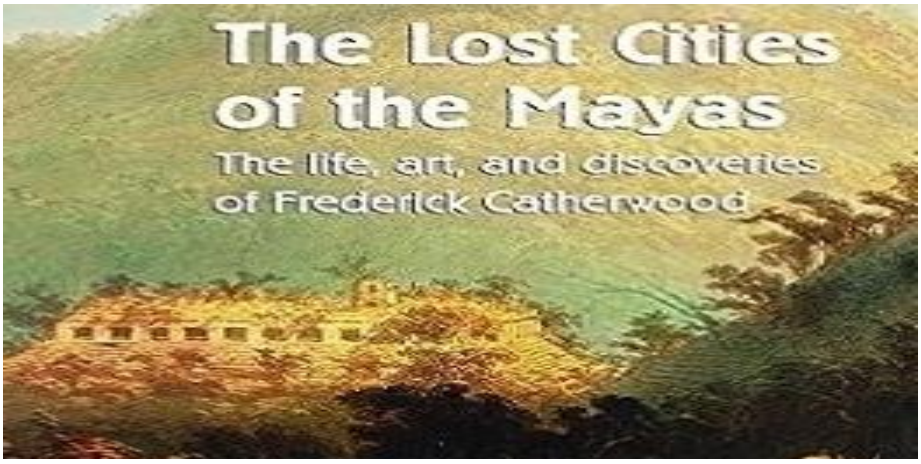
Under a sky-lit cupola festooned with glistening crystals, I sipped reposado and relaxed on a single bed. Sitting in a chair beside me, past-life therapist Eduardo Blanco was a tall, handsome man with shoulder-length white hair, about a decade younger than me, who was my daughter Noren's current boyfriend. Still on my bucket list, to reveal my life's purpose, as their gift to me on my 60th birthday, Eduardo began his melodious chant. …*"Ten, your body is feeling heavy; you're sinking deeper and deeper into the cushions."* "*Hmm",* I thought to myself, *"Is this really possible?"* Edwardo's hypnotic voice continued, "9, y*ou are totally relaxed,"* then 8, then 7, and finally at 1. *… "You are going to your most significant life with* ***The Mexican Healer.*** *Where are you now? — Are you rich, or are you poor?"*

… As seamlessly as a wave leaving the shore, the veil dissolved. I was viewing a movie, and inside it, at the same time! … Moist, warm breezes engulfed me on a palace veranda open to a port dense with clipper ships. I was seated on a carpet, with a sort of turban on my head, surrounded by bronze-skinned servants who pulled the cord of an overhead cloth fan.

"I'm rich!" said my young voice, ***"I'm the wife of Ali!" —*** Taking it all in, dressed in the Arab garb of the place and time, there were so many souls I felt I knew. My mind was swimming with such colorful, exotic images when *Eduardo* asked, *"What's happening now?"* I got exceedingly sad. *"There's a woman coming now from across the sea."* A dark gray shadow of a veiled woman flanked by Eastern-garbed teenage sons were gliding above a foreboding black sea. I understood—without explanation, without thought —what her arrival meant. An emotional terror overtook me. *"She has sons, and I only have a daughter,"* I sighed. So much was happening so fast. Now, overcome with fear, spinning and spinning, my head was swimming with so many images that I could not even absorb or describe them all. Then my breath stopped. I started twisting my head — shaking from side to side — gasping for air! Just in time, that's when Eduardo took me back. … *Oof! And wow! … Such vivid images and feelings!*

About an hour after my 60th birthday past-life regression, I was walking down cobblestone streets, undeniably tipsy, slightly drunk on amazement from my trip of a lifetime. Savoring my tea, surrounded by the pigeons splashing in the fountain of the *Bellas Artes* courtyard restaurant, a 16th-

century monastery that's now an art school, I crossed *Canal Street* and entered a curio shop. As a textile artist and avid book collector, a large volume of watercolor lithographs caught my eye. **… *The Lost Cities of the Mayas, The Life, Art, and Discoveries of Frederick Catherwood.*** In 1838, a decade before the artist-explorer came to the land of Maya, Catherwood was in Egypt, employed by ***The Pasha Mohammed Ali!***



Opening the magnificent, awe-inspiring leaves of lithographs, *David Roberts describes the scene: **'Alexandria was right in front of us, with mosques and palm trees that gave a different atmosphere from any I had breathed before. The bay was crowded with a large number of vessels, many were warships—and our boat was surrounded by the most picturesque boatmen I'd ever seen.'*** **…** Then, turning the illustrated pages—amazingly—right before my eyes, on page 26 of the book, was a sketch of *Mohammad Ali, The Pasha of Egypt.* **… *My Ali!***

Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt

As mysteriously impossible as it seemed, my story was following me! And there was even more in this book. Although he was dressed in exotic Eastern garb, somehow I recognized my dear friend, ***David Reyes***, the nephew of Mexican artist *Chucho Reyes*, of *fighting cocks* fame, part of the Rivera / Kahlo clique, but here his name was ***David Roberts***. Not only is *David Roberts* credited with the richest portfolio ever created of *Egypt and the Holy Land*, but he was actually in, and sketched the palace veranda open to clipper ships that is an absolute mirror of the palace veranda I was on just an hour ago!

Titled ***Interview with the Viceroy of Egypt,*** David Roberts drew himself from memory into the scene with Colonel Campbell, as Roberts '*regrettably did not have pen and paper to record a face of such animated countenance'. … Dear-dear David, you are truly my guardian angel!*

Interview with The Viceroy of Egypt at his Palace, 1839 David Roberts

Some *Souls* may manifest looking almost identical, as in David's case. See for yourself: ***David Reyes was David Roberts***. Below, I'm with my artist / diplomat fiancé, Bartolomé Sanchez, and David Reyes, when we first met in 1982. The scene is etched in my mind; like Sir Galahad, the pinnacle of chivalry, standing on the mezzanine, David draped his cape on the steps of the circular stairway of The Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, for me to walk upon as he greeted me.

David Roberts **David Reyes** **David Roberts**

The Peninsula Hotel 80's Hong Kong with the late David Reyes

* * *

Just blocks away with the book in hand, I couldn't wait to get to Noren's bistro to show Eduardo. … In 2006, these were the days of Camelot in San Miguel. Two years after the 2004 tsunami, before the global weather changes, *The Gods* cooled and cleaned the streets with short showers three times a day. Colonial-garbed police on horseback patrolled the iron-hitching post-cornered cobblestone streets, without a traffic light in sight. Now there are a dozen traffic lights, albeit on the periphery roads, and police ride around in two-seater electric UTVs. My daughter, Noren, has been here since the mid-90s. She had recently left an abusive relationship with her young son and daughter to open her bistro on *Correo*, two blocks up from the historic center's Gothic Cathedral with its manicured *Jardin.*

I'd arrived two weeks earlier, about the same time as *The Mexican Healer,* who was staying with *Jaime* in the house next door to Noren's Bistro, a man he'd healed, who can now walk. Noren was doing the daily shopping, so I was alone in the bistro when he came in. Not much above my 5 ft.4" height, he was wearing a Western sombrero, jeans, and snakeskin boots. But he wore an immaculacy about him, a freshness that somehow reminded me of a newborn baby. I introduced myself as Noren's mother, who has been traveling to China and India for 35 years. We began talking about Eastern health treatments. Then he suggested I try his. … *And that's how it began.*

In the high-ceilinged room of the colonial stone house next door to the bistro, I'd lain under a sheet on a massage table with musty religious icon paintings looking down on me as soft music played. Of flaxen fair coloring, with a short, robust build, *The Mexican Healer* smiled but didn't speak as he began, like a sculptor, to reposition each bone of my skeleton. Then he

twisted the tendons and flesh over the new frame. Somehow I didn't stir, while feeling the pain was excruciating, yet I simply floated above, remaining an observer. When he had finished, he left the room without a word. After dressing, I went into the stone-arched atrium where an elegant blond woman was sitting behind a reception table. While we were chatting, I turned to watch *The Mexican Healer.* ... Completely awe-struck, he seemed to float across the sun-filled patio; his sun-haloed body looked like a '*light being',* as tears of bliss filled my eyes. He entered the shaded atrium, then looked at me and chuckled. … *"Now you cry?... I've never seen anyone receive my treatment without a tear before, but normally it's during, and not afterwards. How are you feeling?"* My body was tingling with youth — but I was speechless. He smiled. *"Let things settle, and we'll see how to proceed."*

His treatment completely healed the injury persisting on my left side. The very reason I had to break my 35-year travel schedule, as organic to me as the jacaranda trees' purple blooms that burst open like clockwork every 15th of March. From that day onward, a magical synchronicity became our new normal, as our paths crossed in the picturesque colonial settings of San Miguel de Allende. For two weeks we were the North and South poles of a magnet, dining together every night with friends.. … On Sunday, the 18th of June, one day before my 60th birthday past-life regression, it was the *Dia de los Locos Desfile,* or *Day of the Fools Parade,* when thousands flock to San Miguel to release their inner madness and dance in the streets. …

Navigating the sea of masked faces, into this madness, *The Mexican Healer* and I squeezed through the costumed bodies, and for no apparent reason, I became overwhelmed with sadness. *The Mexican Healer* looked at me and said something strange. "*Why be sad? You'll be twenty, and I'll*

be young again!" (Unconsciously, he had realigned timelines, and was speaking from his soul's memory.) — We walked past the cobblestone streets of the *Jardin,* and down the rock-paved road of *Pila Seca* to *Don Quijote's* outdoor restaurant. Then, after a festive time dining with Noren, Eduardo, and friends, when we stepped outside onto the river-rock road, ***— with a flash — I spun into a time warp!***

As desert winds whispered bygone memories, I grabbed onto *The Mexican Healer,* who looked quizzically at me, but I'm sure he didn't know what to think. — Feeling warm sand beneath my feet, at first I thought I was at the base of *Jewel Mountain in Jaipur*, a pyramid-shaped mountain in the camel reserve outside our print factory, as there were camels passing by.—Only it was much larger! Dominating the sky above us was a mountain of stone. I was recalibrating timelines and would soon realize it was the *Great Pyramid of Giza*. … But this had happened 24 hours before my 60th birthday past-life regression.

* * *

… After my 60th birthday past-life trip of a lifetime, still reeling from the day's amazing synchronicities, I was back at the bistro waiting for Claudia and Gabriela to finish their tarot reading to reveal my discovery in the book of lithographs to Eduardo. He glanced at the book's sketch of Mohammed Ali, Egypt's Pasha, without sharing my amazement. … *"That's Ali?"* Eduardo seemed not as intrigued as I was with the book's sketch of Ali of my past-life in Egypt. What he saw was only risk! He was more concerned that our entanglement could be a dangerous replay of something that we didn't yet know*. "It's best not to repeat the past. He's leaving in a few days,"* Eduardo said ominously.

The past-life regression had ended so precipitously, and with such height-ened-fearful-emotions, that I was more than a little anxious about facing *The Mexican Healer* for our last night. After so many magical days, every-thing had changed. I needed to calm myself before seeing him. I was staying at *the Hacienda de Las Flores on Hospicio*, in a two-room suite atop a spindly metal staircase that overlooked a garden. I lit some aroma-therapy candles, pressed play on a *Norah Jones* cassette, and stepped

into the oversized sunken tiled bath. The door was unlocked; and I didn't hear him come in. But a man like *The Mexican Healer* only goes where he is honored. He doesn't ask, he acts; he dominates. *What happened next, suffice it to say, is too intimate to share. … So now, intoxicated with love, overflowing with ecstasy — how was I to say goodbye?*

Wrapped in a towel, face to face with him, the images, the gravity I felt on the palace veranda returned. My mind was frantically, uncontrollably, flipping between epochs, collapsing in on each other. Sitting crosslegged on the bed, I began pressing my hands against my head, trying to stop the onslaught — I was struggling against the frightening feelings from the past-life regression resurface—*ready to explode!* Intense images were flooding my brain. I pounded my fists on the bed—but it wouldn't stop! Weirded out, disconnected, I must have looked like a crazy person having a seizure. So hypnotized by the visions in my head I didn't even hear him quietly leave. But then, the sound of the metal steps creaking as he descended brought me back to the two room suite. I sprang off the bed, watching from the window as he disappeared while exiting the garden.

… That was when I felt her, not as stone but as an encompassing presence. *Telepathically projecting her ethereal image*, ***The Sphinx*** *whispered softly in my head,* ***"Heal his heart … ease his pain."***

CHAPTER TWO

Tea with The Sphinx

The Sphinx

"In every moment the Universe is whispering to you. You're constantly surrounded by Signs, Coincidences, and Synchronicities, all aimed at propelling you towards your Destiny"

Denise Linn

Chapter 2

Shifting time zones, I was back in my *21st-century Scottsdale smart house*, the desert sun pressing against the glass. The whispering of *The Sphinx* reverberated,***"Heal his heart, ease his pain,"*** echoing in my head: *and naturally, I needed to know more.* I sank into the plush velvet sofa. I set a tray of Darjeeling tea on the ottoman, the hot steam rising upward in my climate-controlled cocoon; combating the 105-degree desert heat. There was research to do. This may turn out to be some weird mental projection, but as it was still so unsettling, *there was much I needed to understand.*

Surrounded by towers of books, my purchases from AbeBooks and Amazon arrived, and on Archive.org digitized 19th-century books are open to all. One title in particular captured me: ***A Short Memoir of Mohammed Ali, Viceroyalty of Egypt, by the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, Consul General of Egypt 1846 -1853,*** who boasted of being *'on excellent terms with Mehmet Ali Pasha'.* He noted that *The Pasha had transported the first hippopotamus to Europe since Roman times.'* Consul Murray's intimate friendship with *The Pasha* was during Ali's final years, which overlapped with the reign of *Abbas I, Ali's grandson*. … Abbas detested his stern, disciplinarian grandfather with a pathological intensity; *The Pasha* who had shaped Egypt with iron resolve. Only a few pages into the introduction, a scandalous, spine-chilling story emerges.

Hon. Sir Charles Murray KCB,
Consul Gen. of Egypt 1846-1853

Abbas credited himself with saving his Aunt Nazli's life, pleading with his grandfather not to murder his beautiful, willful daughter Nazli for her reckless extravagance and sexual profligacy. The rumors reached Ali of her taking foreign lovers and then having them quietly disposed of, fed to the crocodiles in the Nile. *The Pasha flew into a rage!* Another story is almost too grotesque to believe, says that Nazli was so jealous of her husband's wandering eye that at dinner, when he asked where the Circassian servant was, Nazle said: *"You wish to gaze at the eyes of your sweetheart? Look then!" …* She lifted the silver dish cover to reveal the severed head of the golden-haired servant! … Abbas accused his grandfather of murdering his own father, *Tusun*, who was *The Pasha's* favorite son. He detested not only his grandfather but extended his hatred to all foreigners in Egypt. When Mohammed Ali died, Abbas forbade shops from closing for the state funeral. Diplomats reported it was a *'sad affair.'* Raised by his grandmother *Emina,* Abbas was spoiled and cruel. One chilling tale described how he ordered a red-hot horseshoe nailed to the foot of a groom for neglecting the hooves of his beloved Arabian horse. In the end, Abbas — a homosexual, surrounded by male attendents—was ultimately murdered by those very male servants!

Sir Murray wrote to *Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston,* who hated *The Pasha,* often dismissing consuls who praised Ali's rule.
'In truth, my Lord,it cannot be denied that notwithstanding his faults, Mohammed Ali was a great man. Without the advantages of birth or fortune, he carved his way to power and fame through his own courage, perseverance, and sagacity. Though capable of acts of cruelty, he was not a cruel man. He loved and sought fame and power but cared nothing for money, save as a means to great ends.' He heard more than one man say, "If Allah permitted me, I would give ten years of my life to add to that of the old Pasha."

While under the Ottoman Sultan's government's rule, from Damascus to Cairo, no European Christian was safe from insult or injury. Under *The Pasha's* rule, Europeans could walk unarmed as safely in Cairo as they could stroll through London. Sir Murray admitted, ***"I have not been able to resist the influence of the old Pasha's winning manners over all who were in habitual intercourse with him."***

… Foreign travelers soon flocked to Egypt. It's impossible to deny that Egyptology itself—born in the *Age of Discovery* —could not have flourished without the rule of *Egypt's Pasha, Mohammed Ali.*

In 1811, the infamous ***Massacre of the Mamelukes*** announced Egypt's new Pasha to the world. In *Count de Forbin's* 1817 book, *Travels to Egypt and the Holy Land,* he sketched a version of *The Massacre.* Later, the celebrated *Orientalist Horace Vernet,* painted a full-blown technicolor canvas that toured Europe, spawning countless black-and-white souvenir postcards that were widely published. … Before cameras and telecommunication, the Orientalist artists were the TV photojournalists and the cinematic storytellers of the day; *and naturally, everyone was curious to know more about Egypt's Pasha.*

March 1, 1811 *'Massacre of the Mamelukes'* by Horace Vernet

On March 1, 1811, the time of year when warm winds blow, at 4 pm, while all of Cairo bowed in Friday prayers, the *Mameluke Beys* took their final, glittering ride. Dressed in their finest, the Beys ascended to Cairo's Citadel for coffee, invited to celebrate the investiture of Mohammed Ali's son,

Tusun, who was to lead the Arabian campaign against the *Saudi Wahhabi* rebels occupying the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. A*s God's representative on Earth for Islam,* it was a grave affront—an *intolerable insult to the Ottoman Sultan!*

Since the days of Saladin, the Mamelukes were fair-haired slave soldiers. They were young *Christian* boys taken from the Caucasus, hardened into warriors *who fought in the Crusades.* And after defeating the Mongols in 1260, ironically, they became the *Defenders of Islam,* forming a powerful Sultanate in Egypt. However, by 1517, the Ottoman Turks ruled Egypt from afar, as control remained with the Mameluke Beys. The peasants were forced to pay high taxes while the irrigation canals were neglected, which resulted in starvation level outputs. … So after decades of Mameluke dereliction of tribute to their *Sultan in the Sublime Porte of Istanbul,* after military decay, and humiliation, after losing the *Battle of the Pyramids to Napoleon,* the Sultan was done with them! … Imbibing this volatile cocktail, even stirring the mixture up further, the Mamelukes entered into a treasonous alliance with *The British…*

In the great audience hall, *The Pasha* received the *Mameluke Beys* and their retainers with great pomp, beguiling and disarming them with Eastern conversation. When the ceremony was over, a signal was given, and the procession was formed. Led by the famous *Mad Delhis*, and then the *Janissaries*, followed by the *Mamelukes*, who were followed by *Ali's Albanian* cavalry and infantry. They moved upward along the narrow, winding path, hemmed in by stone fortifications; the sharp turns made it impossible for two horsemen to ride side by side.

No sooner had the Mad Delhis and Janissaries passed *El Azab Gate* than the order was given to ***close the gate,*** and *The Pasha's* orders were given to ***'massacre the Mamelukes!'*** The treachery flashed across the Bey's faces, but escape was impossible. The murderous fire from above revealed the horror of their position. Their horses, maddened by the shouts and firing, became unmanageable, slipping and falling with the bloodied Beys rolling onto the ground. … One Bey escaped to the harem begging sanctuary, only to be dragged away and beheaded.

It's been said that when the first shots were fired, *The Pasha* grew pale and trembled; perhaps the bloody struggle would end with his own murder. But the sight of the trunkless heads piling up soon dispelled all apprehension for his own safety. Still, he could not restore his composure. At length, his Italian doctor, Mendrici, entered his apartment with an air of gaiety. … ***"The affair is over, this is a happy day for Your Highness."*** *The Pasha* said nothing, but opening his parched lips, he called out for water.

Mohammed Ali portrait by Auguste Couder

After much chaos and bloodshed, order was restored, and ***The Pasha Mohammed Ali, was the undisputed ruler of Egypt.*** … In short order, *Alexandria became the Paris of the East, Egyptomania exploded in Europe, and everyone who was anyone flocked to Egypt.*

*(*In 1800 there were 4,000 inhabitants of Alexandria and 250,000 in Cairo, and by 1848 in Ali's resurrected Egypt, the population was at 4,500,000.)*

Sir Murray sums up: ***'Oriental politics are a fearful game. Mohammed Ali was not only struggling for empire, but for life and liberty. He could not eat or sleep without fear of assassination. The destruction of the Mamelukes was necessary to all subsequent reforms. A succession of opium-eating, concubine-fondling sanguines, rousing themselves only to indulge in wholesale murder. Their allegiance could not be secured for all the wealth in Egypt. —Where there is no law, there will always be violence.'***

'Most noted in the character of Mohammed Ali was his freedom from Oriental prejudices.' ('In Egypt we practice all three religions, just in case two are wrong.' When a Muslim cleric complained that a Jew was not facing Mecca whilst slaughtering his meat, The Pasha exiled him to Tunis: 'There is no place in my country for such a man!')

'His justice and toleration were equal to Saladin's; his enlightenment surpassed the most famous caliphs. Though fond of intrigue and prying into the lives of his subjects, he was secretive and crafty enough to baffle the shrewdest. Prompt in speech and action, he was fond of talking of himself and the romantic episodes in his career. He was fond of having the European representatives about him. … The Pasha's table could not be distinguished from European sovereigns, except for the serving of jeweled pipes during and after dinner.'

***Mohammed Ali Pasha* by Count de Forbin**

In November 1826, *The Pasha* received at his palace in Alexandria the newly assigned British consul John Barker, and embarked on a monologue about his childhood:

'I was born in a village in Albania, and my father had ten children besides me, who are all dead, but, while living, not one of them ever contradicted me. Although I left my native mountains before I attained manhood, the principal people of the place never took any step without previously inquiring what was my pleasure. I came to this country as an obscure adventurer, not yet a Bimbashi (captain). It happened one day that the commissary had to give each of the Bimbashis a tent. They were all my seniors and naturally pretended to a preference over me, but the officer said: "Stand ye all by, this youth, Mohammed Ali, shall be served first," and I advanced step by step as it pleased God to ordain, and now here I am, and I've never had a master!'

The Pasha told Consul Barker that his predecessor had the wisdom to never contradict his opinions, which was easily done ***'as they were always founded on wisdom and justice.'*** — Thus insinuating that he expected the same from him. … He held daily meetings in his audience hall, greeting all distinguished foreigners. But few visitors managed to escape the spell that Mohammed Ali's gaze cast over his audience, often commenting on his beautiful hands and piercing gray eyes: *'Like a gazelle in the hour of a storm, as fierce as an eagle's.' ...**'The only books I ever read are men's faces—and I've seldom read them amiss.'***

***All the Pasha's Men* - Khaled Fahmy:**
https://archive.org/details/allpashasmenmehm0000fahm/page/n359/mode/1up

The Sphinx Letter to Cairo on the Centenary of Mohammed Ali's Death, Translated from hieroglyphs by Egyptian novelist Mahmud Taymur: *… 'I have been harboring overflowing feelings I can no longer contain, passionate feelings that pull me towards you, in spite of being tied here to my place with the Pyramids behind me. The Sphinx today will speak but with no voice to be heard. You might have thought that I am nothing but a piece of stone. … But have you ever thought that this solid mass might have a heart like other living hearts? It's time that this heart speaks of its buried love. … I have seen days and years pass by, and you have always remained my beloved, and my passion for you has always kept its purity. I can recount how you remained an Arab girl in your Bedouin Fustat until you became indeed the conqueror of hearts … In this Fatimid Glory, you put on your best garments, and people's hearts came seeking you from all corners of the world. … The minaret of Al-Azar could be seen proclaiming the Word of God, the multitudes came seeking your knowledge and bounty. —Times, however, changed … and after your wealth and glory, you saw misery and weakness. … My heart was bleeding for you, and how could I remain still, seeing you suffer under the tutelage of the Mamluk eyeing you as a tiger eyes his prey? Yet in your difficulty you were noble, this tyrant was eclipsed, and you came out victorious.* ***—And how could you not, when God has sent you this genius from Kavala? ...*** *I could see him sitting there fixing his gaze on you, he could not but jump to your rescue:* ***Here I come —here I come!*** *His arms wide open, and you threw yourself into his embrace. He disappeared in you, and you in him, and together you became one indivisible person.* ***Can anyone mention Cairo without the phantom of Mehmed Ali leaping to mind? Doesn't he still, to this day, hover high above his Citadel, defending and protecting you?'***

* * *

— Oh my God! — It seems I'm not the only one The Sphinx voices her heartbreak to, for her beloved Ali! —What a storied life! So many of the descriptions fit perfectly with *The Mexican Healer's* habits—his magnetism, his correctness. … How is it possible that we've never heard about *the first 'Great' Mohammed Ali?* After millennia, he resurrected Egypt. He was her *Founding Father; her Washington*, *her Gandhi.* How is it possible we've never heard about this epic period, 100 years before *Lawrence of Arabia,* when the five *Great Empires — England, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia* — were vying for control over trade with *India and the East?*… *This is the period setting the stage for the 19th-century quagmire the world is still immersed in?* ***— But where was I in the story? I needed to know.***

To clear my head, as a creature of habit, I headed out to the mall. — Set up on a table in front of *Barnes & Noble* was a $10 book sale. Like a magnet, I opened a huge 14"x18" volume of lithographs: ***New Worlds: Maps from the Age of Discovery to A Bird's-Eye View of Cairo.*** And there it was! A picture map of Cairo, with a road from the *Ezbekieh* to the *Sphinx at Giza*, where the tented compound of my past-life regression came to life! — I could feel the planks creaking beneath us as I ferried with Ali across the Nile from the Ezbekieh to meet our steeds and reach my tented compound beyond the Sphinx at Giza.

New Worlds Maps from The Age of Discovery 'A Bird's Eye View of Cairo'

The Ezbekieh Gardens is on the northern tip of Cairo, facing the Nile and the port of Bulaq, with palaces built by the Mameluke Emirs. It's where

Napoleon's government lived; General Kléber was assassinated there. And where Mohammed Ali was living before taking over Saladin's Citadel. It's been said that ***Synchronicity is The Gods directing Destiny****.* I'm a New York fashion designer, not a historian, but as *Synchronicity and the Laws of Attraction were in high gear,* I will collect and confirm the evidence on my soul-searching treasure hunt. … *So naturally I bought the book!*

That night, *The Sphinx* was more talkative than ever. And once *'the throat chakra of the world, the voice of the Earth, the energy site of communication and truth,'* has your ear, she doesn't stop talking, revealing all she wants us to know*. I was downloading stories in a burst of telepathic visions transmitting millennia of a 'Who's Who' of humanity's achievements.* Although I may have hated history in school, memorizing dates and names, — but this unbounded projection was like a technicolor movie on steroids! Amazingly, I could understand and feel what these characters thought and felt! I cannot deny it; this was all truly fascinating! *The Sphinx* was streaming through the legendary lives of people not named *Armani* or *Versace.* — As a fashionista from New York, these historical people and tales revealed were not exactly on my fashion-designer radar. Some stories were ancient and some truly weird. … *Actually, they were chilling!*

— *Was I going completely mad? "Why are you telling me all these things?"* I asked her telepathically. ***"You are a TOXIN,"*** — was what I understood her reply to be. *"A what?"…* ***"No—no! Not a TOXIN."****…* Then she spelled it out slowly…

"T O C S I N"

OK—now I've got you! From my dream state, I sprang out of bed and flew to my computer:

'TOCSIN: a sign or omen, the ringing of a bell.'

CHAPTER THREE

Cairo's Citadel After the Massacre

Mohammed Ali

Bedouin Princess

"Until we accept the fact that Life itself is founded in Mystery— we shall learn nothing!"
Henry Miller

Chapter 3

I suppose I've been a ***TOCSIN*** of sorts all my life. When I was just three, I'd tell my parents about my colorfully exotic-garbed nightly visitors. They warned me not to speak to them, or else, the doctor would have to come and give me *the needle!* From then on, I confined my visitors to my secret room, where I'd spend the night with them.—My most vivid recurring dream was of being weighed down by heavy clothes in a cold black sea, crying out, ***"Save the baby! Save the baby!"***... and I'd wake up in a soaked bed.

I was probably about three feet tall when my parents took me with my older sister to a festival at the temple, where I got to pick a paper chit from a glass bowl. High upon the stage, the rabbi, master of ceremonies, held up the prizes. One was a *brass repousse tray*. … Uncontrollably, I yelled out, ***"That's mine!"***... The rabbi turned the tray over, revealing the number. With all eyes glaring down at me, ***"See—I told you it was mine!"***

As a baby boomer, a flower child of the 60s, in 1972, I was in Rosebud, South Dakota, on the *Lakota Sioux Reservation at Crowdog's Paradise* with *Chief Leonard Crowdog* and his medicine man father, *Henry.* — We were witnessing the power of *The Gods,* as high in the *Sacred Black Hills*, Leonard chanted. … Four times to the North, and *The Gods* replied four times with an explosive rumbling of electric thunder. Then four times to the East, the South, and the West, and with each chant, the Universe responded in kind. There was a Japanese video of his *Wakan-Tanka (the creative force of the Universe)* demonstration online, but it's always taken down.

After 35 years of globetrotting for material pursuits, I was taking a deep dive into the mysteries of my soul. A stack of books about *Mohammed Ali,* written by diplomats, travelers, and historians, lauds his achievements. All confirm his establishing the first Arabic journals, military and women's hospitals, educational institutions, and developing Egyptian cotton. Many of his personal speeches and letters are recorded. It's noted he fathered 95 offspring, but the only one to mention a *Bedouin princess* was *Louise Muhlbach's* last best-selling 1871 novel: ***Mohammed Ali and His House.***

Muhlbach was the daughter of a diplomat who wrote 19 romance novels about *Europe's royal families*. Her novel retells the legendary tale of Ali's orphaned youth in Kavala, raised by his uncle, the local mayor. He gained fame by craftily trapping the town's prominent men in a mosque to collect their unpaid taxes. Ali married *Emina,* a wealthy relative of his uncle, with whom he sired three sons and two daughters. *On the heels of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, the Sultan ordered all provinces to defend the Empire.* So in 1801, Ali went as second in command with 300 Albanians to oust the rest of the French. His cousin couldn't take the hardship, leaving Ali in charge. Backed by Cairo's nobles, in 1805 Ali became Egypt's Pasha (Gov) in a populace revolution, ousting the Sultan's appointed men. Then in 1809, two of his teenage sons came with his wife Emina. (His eldest son Ibrahim was sent as a hostage to the Sultan as security when Ali became Pasha.)

The novel tells how Ali meets Butheita, a young Bedouin princess whose sheik father guards Cairo from his compound behind the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Dressed as an Arab boy, she kidnaps Ali for a meeting with Mameluke Bey chieftain, *Osman al-Bardissi*. Butheita then becomes his guide in the desert. Ali believes her to be the reincarnation of his first love, who, in a macho-Eastern drama is bagged and drowned in the sea. Ali moves his Bedouin princess into his palace, and when Emina arrives, he makes it clear that he will *'always respect her as his first wife.*'

Mohammed Ali and His House - Chapter XII: 'The Abduction'
Bedouin Sheik Arnhyn, guards Cairo from his compound behind the Sphinx, and gives Mameluke Bey Osman al-Bardissi the latest intelligence on the Turkish troops in Cairo. Bardissi asks the Sheik to arrange a meeting with Mohammed Ali, who is an Ottoman captain in Cairo at the time.

"You, Sheik Arnhyn, are brave and daring," says Bardissi. "I have work for you, for which you shall be richly rewarded. If we are victorious you shall collect all the spoils you may desire from the field of battle, and no one shall hinder you. The steeds and saddles, and all the arms and equipment of the captured Turks, shall be yours. Other Sheiks have applied to assist, however, you shall have all the spoils if you perform the service that I require of you."

"Give me your commands, master," said the Bedouin Sheik, his eyes sparkling with delight. "If you do not require me to pluck the sun from heaven, or lay the moon and stars at your feet, Sheik Arnhyn will execute your commands for so rich a reward. Aah! How delighted my daughter Butheita will be when I bring her all the beautiful horses, and glittering swords and daggers! The child loves such things. She is not like other women, she is more like a man. How Butheita will rejoice over the arms."

"Then make her rejoice," says Bardissi. "You have informed me that Youssef's forces are in advance of the others, and Mohammed Ali is not far behind."
Arnhyn adds, "Everyone says that Mohammed Ali is a daring and untiring soldier, and he might unite with Youssef!" … "You are right, Arnhyn," says Bardissi. "And this is what I wish to prevent."

They withdraw a distance from the tents and speak in whispers:

"A splendid scheme, master. It will be done as you direct. We'll make Mohammed Ali harmless. … I will meet my daughter Butheita, and she will arrange the rest."

With his tent pitched, Mohammed Ali is encamped with 5,000 soldiers at the edge of the desert. He lies on his mat mulling over the next day's battle and drifts off to sleep. … A black figure enters the tent noiselessly, with thin ropes binding his hands and feet, suddenly enveloping his head with a cloth. Now aroused, Ali raises his head to hear the words:

"Fear not, your life will be spared!" murmured in his ears. "How heavy you are" murmurs Sheik Arnyhn smiling. "And how light the Viceroy's army will be with Mohammed Ali wanting. Now Butheita, ride onto to our tent with him and keep him securely, until our master Osman Bey Bardissi, comes to speak with him. Guard him well my daughter, for you know, that dearly as your father loves you, you must die if he escapes. This I swear by Allah!"

"You can rely on me, Father Arnhyn," replied the soft voice of a woman. "I shall guard him as though he were my dearest treasure here on earth; he shall not escape Butheita."

"Then farewell my child, I must hasten back as tomorrow will be a day of battle. He is bound and gagged, so you have nothing to fear from him."

Ali is tied to a palanquin on a camel, as they ride through the night. Then the dromedary halts and the sweet voice whispers to him.

"I am sorry for you; it is horrible to be bound and gagged, your face covered. I should like to relieve you by removing the cloth. But if you are cruel you might tear my arm with your teeth." Mohammed shakes his head. "You shake your head and promise not to do so stranger, so I will trust you." … She unties the knot and the cloth falls. Looking down on his face, a smile illuminates her features.

"Handsome is the stranger. Already a Sarchesme, and still so young! I supposed my father had brought me an old grey beard, and it distressed me to torment you so. And now I see a strong young hero, and feel doubly distressed at your being the prisoner of a poor girl!"

"Pity me not, Butheita," murmurs Ali. "To be the prisoner of a man would put the Sarchasme to shame; but to be the prisoner of a houri of paradise, who holds him in sweet captivity, it seems to me, an enviable lot."

"You speak prettily, O stranger," she said, beaming with delight. "Your words come like music from your lips, such sweet words I have not heard before."

"If my words are songs, yours are the tones of a harp," he said. "Oh tell me Butheita, where are we going? Who has commanded you to bear me away thus?"

"I obey the commands of my father, who is in Osman Bey's service. I do not know what they want of you, but I believe they fear you and wish to keep you from the great battle tomorrow."

So that's it then! Now he knows what he has to do. Fate has pointed out the way to his goal through Butheita. She will lead him on until he reaches the throne seen by his mother in her dreams … and avenge the death of his now reincarnated first love!

They approach the Sphinx, as the moon throws a shadow of the head of the dromedary to the mouth of the Sphinx, and two human heads.

"Look at the heads, they are our shadows kissing each other Butheita!" A burst of laughter resounds from her lips. "They are kissing each other in the sand! And why should only our shadows kiss Butheita? Why not our lips too?"

"Oh, do not say such things!" she said blushing. "I have promised my father never to allow a stranger to kiss me until he shall come who will lead me to his tent as his wife. And this is why I am permitted to ride freely in the desert and not cooped up in the second part of the tent, and not compelled to cover my face with a veil. However, when I ride with my father to Tantah, O stranger, I dress myself up as the women of the city do. Then I wear a long silk dress and a splendid veil, and color my

lips and hands with henna."

"But I should not like to see you when you look like other women. You are the Queen of the Desert."

"How do you know that? That is what the Bedouins call me, who are my father's subjects?"

She dismounts the dromedary and prostrates herself in prayer to the Sphinx, and they continue on to reach her father's compound on the hill just behind..

"Enviable is the man who shall lead you to his tent," said he.

"Do not envy him," she said quickly. There will be no such man. No man will lead me to his tent as his wife."

"Butheita will say that until she loves some man," Ali said looking into her eyes. "Would Butheita one day follow me to my tent?"

She blushed like a city girl, not like a child of the desert. … "You Mohammed Ali shall never kiss me, for you shall never take me to be your wife. I see it plainly. You want to take me from my father's tent to make me a slave."

"Yes," said Mohammed. "I want to make you a slave, a slave of your love, because I know you love me Butheita."

Butheita drew aside the curtain dividing the tent. "I am only going to prepare your breakfast!"

* * *

Although Muhlbach's best-selling romance novel was gleaned by sipping tea in diplomatic salons, 120 years later, Ali's descendant, *Nevine Yousry,* wrote her *'Historical Novel'* ***Kismat***. She tells an almost identical tale, albeit less Victorian-age-romantic. *(excluding the Bedouin princess)* Just as in Mulbach's book, *Kismat* begins with ***'The Dream'*** that Ali's mother *Zeinab* had before his birth. Sitting in her garden overlooking the Aegean sea, *Zeinab* asks her husband *Ibrahim Agha* to interpret her dream.

Clasping her hands, remembering her dream: "Ibrahim Agha, I had a dream last night that has been with me all morning. I'm hoping you can explain it."

Ibrahim lifted an eyebrow. "Tell me, dear Zeinab," lounging with his long Turkish pipe with the blue ribbons of smoke rising as he listened lazily to his wife's story.

"I saw a son. Our son. He rode a white horse up the side of a steep mountain. The sunlight flashed on the silver stirrups as if sparks were leaping from them.

When he reached the crest, he climbed down and walked across a platform covered in the richest Persian carpets I have ever seen. At the very top waited a gilded chair. He sat upon it as though born to command, a sword resting across his knees."

"My dear Zeinab," Ibrahim replied, "you know that we have no children, whether on white horses or even on donkeys, less so with silver stirrups or swords across their knees. Dreams, my dear, come from eating too many sweets. And you made the most delicious dessert last night. This can be the reason for your dream."

Yet only a few months later, in their rose-colored house clinging to the mountain-side above Kavala, a robust baby boy greeted the world with a warrior's cry. They named him ***Mohamed Aly****. His eyes gleamed a strange steel-blue, sharp even in infancy. The years that followed were filled with siblings, laughter, and the easy joy of a well-kept household. And Aly—bold, inquisitive, unbreakable—never tired of hearing the story of the dream that had announced him.---Then, unexpectedly, his mother fell ill, and just days later, Allah the Merciful, called her back home. His father, Ibrahim Agha, grief-stricken, was overwhelmed with the care of his large family, and so their maternal uncle, who was the Mayor of Kavala, took their care over. A few years later his father died, and so the rose-colored house covered with pink creepers fell silent.*

Supposedly, Aly was not formally educated and led a group of boisterous, competitive youths. Another legendary story emerges, as Aly challenged the group to race by row boats to an island off the coast of Kavala. Then, as lightning flashed, and the seas rumbled with ear-splitting thunder, the boys barely made it back to the beach. But, Mohamed Aly stubbornly persisted in reaching his goal! And when the rains stopped, he calmly rowed back to shore.

His iron resolve was well known, but the story that made Aly a legend in Kavala is how he collected the town's unpaid taxes.

Aly was having a quiet afternoon meal with his uncle, the Mayor, who was toying nervously with his food. His uncle was extremely worried, as the taxes from the nearby town of Praousta had not been paid. The regional governor, a very stern man, would probably remove him from his job and send him to the farthest end of the Empire or even worse. If the situation was conveyed to the Sultan—he would lose his head!

"Do not worry Uncle," he said. Mohamed Aly will fix the matter for you in no time. (Aly often spoke of himself in the third-person) Give me ten armed men and by next Saturday the money will be deposited at your house. Mohamed Aly will teach these

disrespectful men of Prousta a lesson they will not forget," his voice full of pride.

The following Friday, all good Muslims gathered at the mosque for ritual prayers. When the prayers were over he beckoned to the leading men to follow him. They followed the police force, mystified what emergency could cause such insolent behavior. … No sooner had they left the mosque, Aly's ten armed assistants held the men hostage! All citizens of Praousta came out of the mosque to witness the scene. Mohamed Aly, the young officer, spoke clearly:

"People of Praousta, listen well to what Mohamed Aly has to say: If by noon tomorrow your taxes are not delivered to the commandant's house, these esteemed men will pay with their lives, and you shall bear the blame for their deaths! The men will be held in my custody until the money is deposited in the Mayor's house in Kavala."

A suffocating hush fell over the crowd. The terrified hostages, who had once refused to pay, now begged the people to follow Mohamed Aly's orders—to the letter! … By Saturday noon, all the money had been deposited at the residence of Aly's uncle. At this point, his grateful uncle brought up the subject of marriage!

"*Let me tell you her stor*y. *She is the daughter of Ali Agha Shehir, who died a long time ago, who was a person of great wealth. Let me explain," said his uncle. "Emina was but a child when her father died. Her guardian, wishing to come into possession of the legacy, forced her into a marriage contract. But, since she was still a child, not yet of marrying age, it was decided that she would marry him when that age was reached. Unscrupulous men from the village of Nusretli had their greedy eyes on Emina's fortune. It's rumored that one such ambitious man had hired a killer to have Emina's husband murdered! … Somehow destiny intervened, and she escaped marriage to this man. And now she is free, and eager to marry the most admired hero in the region," Aly's uncle assured him.*

At last the wedding day arrived. The house was decorated for the festivities. The bride had been through the ritual Turkish bath, and after depilation in the harem she was perfumed with fragrant oils. … Cushions laden with offerings were presented to the bride and groom, who sat on red cushions. Sugar candies were placed in her mouth, so her speech would always be sweet. In her right hand she held an ornate silver mirror, so that she should look as radiant as the day she was married. In her left hand a gold coin was placed, as verses of the Koran were read. Meanwhile, the men entered the selamlik (men's reception area) where the village Sheik recorded the union of Emina and Mohamed Aly.

Emina bore Aly five children, three boys and two girls. He traveled between Nusretli and Kavala, where he was in the tobacco business with his longtime mentor, the French Monsieur Lyon; head of an important commercial firm. On one visit to Kavala, an event altered forever his relationship with his uncle. One afternoon while they were sipping coffee and smoking pipes, the townsmen told him of a shocking crime, as the people still looked to Aly as their chief, seeking advice. The murderer took refuge from the outraged crowd in the house of Aly's uncle. Mohamed Aly, with the furious crowd, dragged the murderer out and hung him from the first tree—demolishing all respect for the Mayor—his uncle! When Napoleon invaded Egypt, Sultan Selim III declared war on France and drafted troops from all his provinces. This was the perfect excuse for his uncle to rid himself of his too popular, too revered, and personally troublesome nephew!

The 'Historic Novel' also retells the story of ***The Prophecy*** *from a Sheikh who advises Aly on his glorious future in Egypt…*
"Go! Do not delay a moment longer. The road is long, but success is assuredly high."

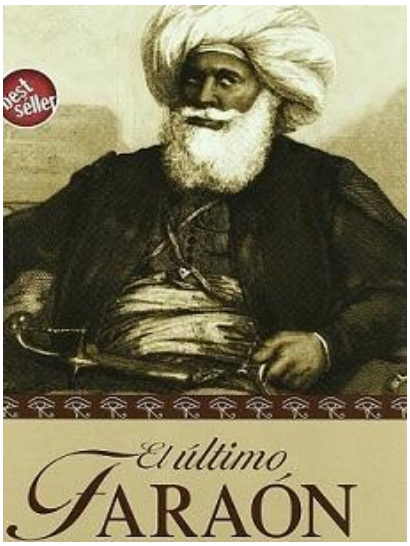
When Aly is made Pasha in a populace revolution, against the Sultan's wishes, his eldest son Ibrahim is taken as a hostage to ensure loyalty, and Emina was sent to Istanbul to familiarize herself with courtly etiquette before meeting with Aly's new status. When Emina arrives in Egypt, confronted by her husband's powerful position and his harem of beautiful women, she says:
"I will do my duty as First Lady of the land, but from this day on, let us forget we have ever been man and wife." … *And they never met intimately again!*

* * *

Clearly, Ali's wife Emina's unhappy acceptance of the role fate has dealt her is manifested in her daughter *Nazli's jealousy; of her serving the head of her golden-haired Circassian servant to her husband on a platter, and of Nazli's sexual cruelty; drowning her foreign lovers in the Nile.* Not to be forgotten, her grandson *Abbas' deep-rooted, bitter hatred of his grandfather, who he accuses of murdering his father Tusun, and his desecration of Ali's legacy!* … But a man like Ali, who fathered 95 children alone for nine years? *Quite impossible!* Besides, it's customary in the East for daughters, like Butheita, to be bestowed in marriage to secure loyalty—and guarding the western desert of Cairo from the Giza Pyramids was a critical point of defense.

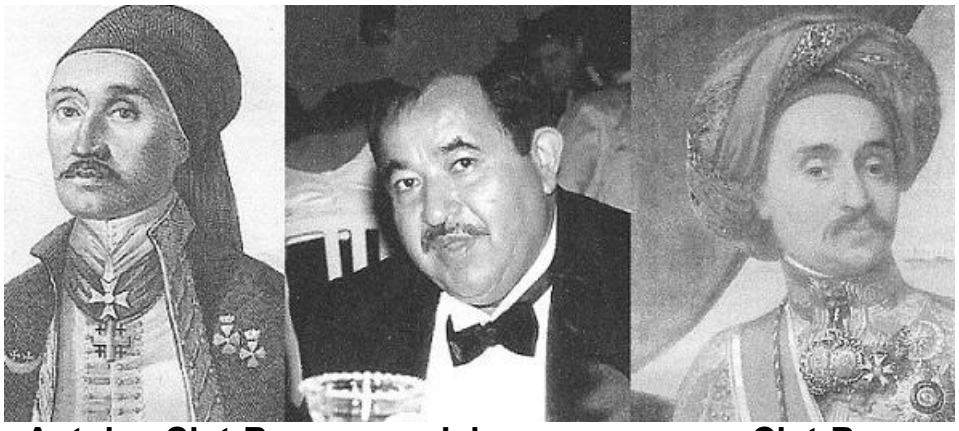
As I was not able to complete my research or answer my questions about my past-life in Egypt from these 19th-century books, I was returning to San Miguel to help with the renovation of my daughter Noren's house — *and take another journey to 19th-century Egypt, co-piloted by Eduardo Blanco.*

From a website, I selected a full-service vacation house in the center on *Callejón del Pueblito,* a cloistered little lane with cascading purple, red, and orange bougainvilleas draped over their facades. Just three blocks from the *Centro's Jardin*, near the *Artisan Market,* it was within walking distance to everything, except for foodstuffs. So for this, I called a taxi to go to the new *Mega* supermarket—an evolutionary leap in San Miguel living from only farmers' markets. Impressively large, with beautiful fresh produce at the entrance, it houses a cafe, a pizzeria, a pharmacy, housewares, and books! … *Seriously—what are the chances?* … As if awaiting my arrival, displayed on a table before me was ***El Ultimo Faraon—Egypts Last Pharaoh*** *by Egyptian / French historic novelist Gilbert Sinoué.*



With some 500 pages in Spanish, more historical than novel, I knew this was meant to be. I most earnestly needed to send *The Mexican Healer* an explanation for my very strange behavior at our last meeting. ***… So, with the Universe winking at me—obviously—I bought the book!***

But there was one small problem: I had no contact for *The Mexican Healer.* Meanwhile, still living in the house next door to the Bistro, was Jaime, his longtime friend. *…* Over wine and Chinese food, I recounted my past-life journey to Jaime, who offered to send the book. He said he was always fascinated with Egypt. The only time he'd traveled outside of Mexico was with a priest to *France and Egypt.* He'd see if he still had any photos. ***… Hmmm, France & Egypt? Just another coincidence?***



Antoine Clot-Bey **Jaime** **Clot-Bey**

As soon as Jaime left, I opened my laptop, not exactly sure what to search for. I placed the cursor in *'Search',* but no matter what key I tried to press, it was stuck! … What happened next, I can call '*Sphinx-links'* or *'Auto-search-intelligence',* but it's truly beyond my ability to explain. Totally frustrated, I hit '*Enter'* and *bingo—I was through the looking glass!* The search engine delivered me to: *Antoine Clot-Bey, Surgeon in Chief for Egypt's Armies for Mohammed Ali Pasha!* The Viceroy of Egypt sent emissaries to recruit doctors to keep his army and people healthy, and in 1825 Clot sailed to Cairo with 20 doctors to assist him. Clot-Bey shaped all branches of medical instruction, including a women's medical school. When Ali died in 1849, and *francophobe* Abbas became Wali, Clot-Bey returned to Marseille, where, after his death at 74 in 1868, the *Avenue Clot-Bey* was named after him.

* * *

It was time to discover what disturbed me so much during my first past-life regression. Once again under the sky-lit cupola, as the wave left the shore, I would view the movie and be inside it at the same time. Eduardo began guiding me beyond the veil. …*“Deeper and deeper, where are you now? How are you feeling?”… “I’m in the palace, dreaming of Ali, remembering our last nights in my tent in the desert. Encircling the tent, a lit sage wreath forms a ring-of-fire to keep the rodents away. I’m crying, he’s laughing, and he's kissing my bald head. He shaved all the hair off my head and his own because of an infestation of fleas. He’s obsessed with cleanliness! I see Ali as no one has seen him. His naked face and soul are known only to me. … My hair has grown back, but my belly is heavy—I’m pregnant! This time with a son. And this is why I can’t be with Ali in the desert, who’s quashing the last of the Beys. Ever since the Massacre, even my Auntie Fatima, Queen of the Mamelukes, won't come to see me.* ***—I’m so sad and alone.”***

Cairo Citadel looking West to Pyramids by David Roberts

… “What do you want to do now, and where can you go?” Eduardo asked. *“I’m totally trapped! Outside the harem bath, the eunuchs are holding the body bags. I sense razors of revenge. Inside, the Turkish women taunt and threaten to throw me in the Nile. They all hate me because I’m an Egyptian and will have Ali’s first Egyptian son! With angry faces, daggers shooting from their eyes, they call me dürzü—traitor! They're cursing at me, yelling so furiously, with words I can’t understand. Now they’re saying it's my fault that Ali is dead, and I have no place left to go. … I’ve asked to see my daughter, who was in the harem with the other children, but they say she’s been taken away to safety. … Forcefully, the servants grab me, they're holding my arms.*

I'm struggling —shaking—gasping for air. I can't see; they've bagged my head! *The eunuchs escort me to my apartment and place a brass tray on the table, with a ball of opium and a dagger on it. … I'm smoking the pipe now. I will find Ali—I will join him in paradise.*

—Eduardo brought me back. For some time, we were both engulfed in silence, totally void of oxygen. Butheita was like the Quetzal bird that dies if it's caged. Then taking a breath, Eduardo broke our silence. *"I can't begin to imagine Ali's pain when he returns."* ***…*** Now I can understand the *Message of The Sphinx:* ***"Heal his heart, ease his pain." … But how?***

Mohammed Ali Pasha

The Mexican Healer

… Two weeks later, DHL delivered a package from *The Mexican Healer.* I unwrapped a *pyramid-shaped crystal,* took out bags of *Asian sweets*, and at the very bottom of the box, engraved with crossed daggers over a palm tree was***—a brass tray!*** … How *The Mexican Healer* found an ***Arabian brass tray****,* no less, in Mexico; the brass tray Ali undoubtedly found beside my lifeless body in Cairo's Citadel in 1812, is proof perfect of our shared memories, of our unconscious, yet deeply shared traumas. And—the *brass tray* is proof of *Divine Synchronicity's* intervention in this *true-to-life fairytale*. Although his receiving *El Ultimo Faraon* surely pierced his *veil of forgetfulness,* nowhere in the 500 pages is there any mention of a Bedouin princess.

… But—there is much written in the book about the saga of Ali's Egypt wedged between the British-French rivalry competing for dominance over the riches of *India and the East in the 'Colonial Age of Discovery.'*

CHAPTER FOUR

Long Live Mohammed Ali!

Mohammed Ali Pasha
VIceroy of Egypt & Sudan

"I am aware that the Ottoman Empire is heading towards its destruction day by day….I will build a vast Empire on its ruin from Cairo to the Tigris and Euphrates."

… Mohammed Ali

Chapter 4

'To destroy England thoroughly, the time is coming when we must seize Egypt,' Napoleon, Aug. 1797… Napoleon's fleet landed in Alexandria on July 1, 1798, intent on destroying British control over the routes to India, and their Mameluke supporters, who Bonaparte defeated in *the Battle of the Pyramids* on July 21, 1798. … But by August 3, 1798, *Admiral Horatio Nelson* had destroyed the French fleet, and their army was left stranded in Egypt. … So without Napoleon's disastrous invasion, who knows how *Destiny would have sent Egypt her Savior?* Be that as it may, no rational person can compare *Bonaparte* with *Mohammed Ali Pasha.* Ali was an imperfect, very human hero, but I know his heart, I know his genius. *The Sphinx* has shown me his illustrious incarnations, back to the BCEs!

… Napoleon ruled one of the richest empires of the day with an organized government, an army, a navy, an economy, an educational system, and global recognition. Egypt had none of these! Apart from 1,000 mosques, Mameluke palaces, and Saladin's Citadel, Egypt's canals were filled with sand, as were her monuments. *The Pasha* out-reigned three Ottoman sultans *(two were assassinated)* and resurrected a land that for centuries had been ground to dust. Mohammed Ali established laws, he built an army, a naval fleet, cultivated cotton, built hospitals for the military and for women, and established the first Arabic journals and system of education in the Middle East. ***More than Ptolomy, or any ruler in recorded history!***

… The British ousted the French in 1801, then in 1807 General Fraser invaded Alexandria, to block the French-Ottoman-Egyptian alignment.

Ali captured, then released the British soldiers, and swiftly, diplomatically, sent them packing! … In 1811, at the Sultan's behest, *and for his own survival*, Ali ended the Mamelukes' rapacious 600-year reign. He expelled the *Wahhabis* from the *Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina*, and in 1818 he delivered the keys to Istanbul, along with *Abdullah Ibn-Saud, ruler of the 1st Saudi State.* … Against Ali's pleas, *Sultan Mahmud II* beheaded Abdullah in front of the *Hagia Sophia Mosque to music*, as Wahhabism bans music, thus restoring Ottoman supremacy. … In 1821, Ali supported his Sultan's war against the Greek uprisings. *The Greek War of Independence* was backed by the British Empire, the Kingdom of France, and the Russian Empire, as protectors of their Christian subjects. This was too much for the Egyptians! At the 1827 *Battle of Navarino*, the European Allied Fleet sank Egypt's naval fleet that Ali had so painstakingly built.

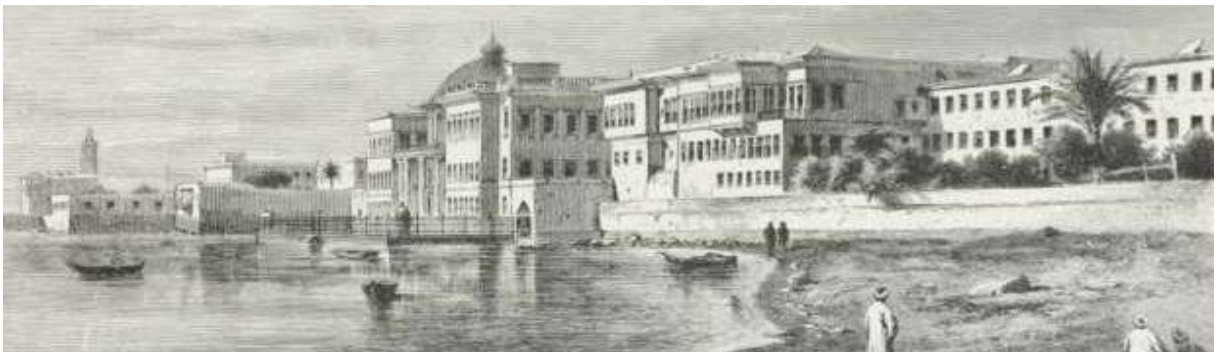
As compensation for his losses, Mohammed Ali asked the Sultan for the territory of Syria, which he desired for its value as a buffer state, its natural resources, and a market for Egyptian products. The Sultan was indifferent, which *The Pasha* was unwilling to accept, setting the wheels in motion for Egypt's 1831 conquest of Syria. Ibrahim took Acre with Egyptian forces, then marched into Anatolia, defeating the Ottomans. … *Sultan Mahmud II* was so alarmed, ***'I would rather die or become a Russian slave than to spare my rebellious vassal in Egypt,'*** so he invited Russian support.

After Ibrahim resoundingly defeated the Ottomans and was at Istanbul's doorstep, Sultan Mahmud II got his wish. He died from tuberculosis on July 1, 1839, and *The Pasha* told his son to suspend hostilities. *(Despite the Empire's fears, Ali didn't fight dead men… nor did he want to take over the old Empire.)*

Although Mahmud II was succeeded by his 16-year-old son *Abdulmejid*, control of the government was held by Ali's arch enemy *Husrev,* whom Ali had ousted from Cairo 35 years earlier. Crisis on top of crisis—then the Ottoman naval fleet defected to Egypt!

Fearful of Russian control, European powers were determined to prop up *'The Sick Man of Europe's'* Ottoman supremacy. In February 1840, they fueled their plans of invasion with a propaganda bonanza called *'The Damascus Affair*', to ignite later that year, *'The Oriental Crisis of 1840'*. … In Damascus, a Capochin monk vanished without a trace. Bones were found—*dog bones!* Fantastic rumors spread that turned into accusations of *'blood libel',* ritual murder, by a small Jewish community. Just the sort of fiendish rumors that would inflame the population as it spread throughout the European Christian world. … Curiously, the accusers were not the Muslims of Damascus, but the diplomats of France and England! Arrested and tortured into false confessions, the entire Jewish community awaited execution. *The Pasha said, 'I don't believe a word of it!'* … This absurd conspiracy that inflamed the passions of antisemitism, still persists today.

That November, British naval forces sailed to Syria and Alexandria. They totally demolished Beirut (part of Syria at the time), ending Egyptian control of Syria. They took Acre from Ibrahim and blocked the Nile coastline! — With all this going on, in the heat of June 1840, the 71-year-old Pasha developed a boil on his bottom and couldn't sleep. He awaited French support, which never came. So finally, in November, when Ali saw the British fleet outside his *Ras El-Tin Palace* window, he knew he was beaten, and accepted ***hereditary rule of Egypt and Sudan.***



Ras El-Tin Palace, Alexandria Egypt

… In 1839, *The Pasha* met with British economist **Sir John Bowring**:
'Do not judge me by the standard of your knowledge. Compare me with the ignorance that is around me. Centuries have been required to bring you to your current state. I have had only a few years. Your country, England, has reached its present eminence by the labors of many generations. No country can be made suddenly great. Now I have done something for Egypt. I have begun to improve her, and she may be compared not only with Eastern but also with European countries. *… I have much to learn, and so have my people. I am now sending Edham Bey with 15 young men to learn what your country has to teach.'* **…** He closes with, ***'I had to begin by scratching Egypt's soil with a pin; I have now got to cultivate it with a spade, but I mean to have all the benefits of a plow. In your country you have a great many hands to move the hands of State. I move it with my own. … I do not always see what is best to be done, but when I do, I compel prompt obedience, and what's seemingly best is done.'***
(*Many Egyptian families resisted Ali's educational expeditions, sending a servant in the place of their own offspring.)

Lord Palmerston, as British Foreign Secretary and twice Prime Minister, viewed Egypt as a critical, strategic bottleneck on the route to India. Thus prioritizing the integrity of the Ottoman Empire over Egyptian independence, and blocking French and Russian expansion. He actively opposed the Suez Canal project and enforced British commercial influence through free trade, aiming to keep Egypt as a stable, pro-British transit point rather than a French-aligned, independent power.

In 1840, Sir Bowring submitted a 200-page ***Report on Egypt and Candia*** (Crete) ***to Lord Palmerston*** on all aspects of Egypt's commercial development under the government of Mohammed Ali:

'My Lord, it is indeed scarcely to be wondered at that in speaking of Egypt and the Pasha's government, the most opposing statements have gone forth to the world. Anyone who turns their eye towards the good that exists in Egypt— the increased revenue, progress of toleration, the spread of education, the introduction of military and naval tactics, safety for travelers, respect for authority, the personal character of the Pasha —may long expatiate on the bright hues of the picture; while he who is willing only to dwell on the dark and discouraging, may find in the despotic acts of the governors, in the oppression of the few, and sufferings of the many. Judged by

the standard of our own civilization, by the rules of Christian philanthropy, the condition of the people will seem deplorable, but contrasting what has been done in Egypt by the struggle for improvement, by any other Mohammadan country, the results will appear in the highest degree interesting and important.'

Lord Palmerston*, British Foreign Secretary in 1830, and Prime Minister until 1865, who, for profit, had no problem addicting China to opium (*'*The Century of Humiliation*'*) or raping India of wealth and health, (100 million Indians died due to the British famine-induced policies) even* ***cutting off the fingers of India's weavers so India would be forced to buy British cloth****,* said: ***'For my part, I hate Mehmet Ali, whom I consider as nothing but an ignorant barbarian,*** ***who, by cunning and boldness and mother wit, has been successful in rebellion. … I look upon his boasted civilization of Egypt as the arrantest humbug, and he is as great a tyrant and oppressor as has ever made people wretched. There is no question of fairness towards Mehmet. … A robber is always liable to be made to disgorge.'***

'No friends, no enemies—only interests!' **…** Rumor has it, Palmerston died from a stroke while raping a maid-servant on his billiard table at 80 years *–while his rape of China and India is no rumor—it's well documented!*

Adolphe Thiers, French President of the Council of Ministers, said: ***'Mehmet Ali has founded a vassal state with genius and consistency. He has known how to govern Egypt and even Syria, which Sultans have never been able to govern.*** ***The Muslims, so long humiliated in their justified pride, see in him a glorious prince who returns to them the feeling of their power; why weaken this useful vassal who, once separated by a well-chosen frontier from the state of his Master, will become for him the most precious supporters?'***

* * *

"Long live Mohammed Ali" **…** In 1846, to much fanfare, huge crowds welcomed *The Pasha* in Istanbul. Dressed in a gold-embroidered coat, Ali came by steamer to salute his new Sultan. When he attempted to kiss the young Abdulmejid's feet, ***courtiers rushed to lift him and seat him at the Sultan's side!*** **…** https://archive.org/details/pashahowmehemeta0000uffo

History is written by the victors—and not only on the Western side. In the *2011 Eastern TV drama,* ***'Mohammed Ali Pasha' is portrayed as a portly, dark-haired, wily Arab,*** when there are copious depictions of Ali and his son Ibrahim, as fair-haired men, who were physically fit in form.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPLztpuTpTg

Egyptian author of ***'The Last Days of The Pasha',*** Rasha Adly writes, ***'They have filled our minds since school age that The Pasha was a cruel and murderous man.'***

* * *

Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau & Machbuba

In 1837, the eccentric ***Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau,*** a daring character, traveled for two years in Ali's domain. In the same year, at the slave market in Cairo, he purchased an Ethiopian girl in her early teens, whom he named *Machbuba ('the beloved')* who lived with him as his valet, *etc.* He took her to Asia Minor and Vienna where he introduced her to European high society, but Mahbuba developed tuberculosis and died in Muskau in 1840. Later he would write that she was *"the being I loved most of all the world."* The Prince went on excursions into the desert with Ali and delivered a faithful narrative of what passed between them, *from The Pasha's own mouth.*

Egypt under Mehemet Ali' Vol 1-2 1845 Chapter XI:

'*Mehmet Ali was at the time, a subject of daily conversation in Europe. For what has been published respecting him in so many different shapes contains too many contradictions to enable anyone to arrive at a positive conclusion. …I had pictured to myself an austere, harsh-looking man in Oriental dress. But instead of this, there stood before me a friendly little old man, whose vigorous, well proportioned frame was set off by nothing but a freshness of complexion and cleanliness that might almost be called coquettish, but whose features were equally expressive of a calm dignity, and a benevolent good-nature, and who, though his sparkling eagle-eye seemed to penetrate my innermost thoughts, yet, the grace of his smile and the affability of his manner inspired me with involuntary partiality, without the slightest tincture of timidity.* ***… Nothing is more easy than to obtain an audience with the Viceroy—would he venture to do this if he were the tyrant which the malicious views of Europe designates him!?***

Chapter XXII 'Journey with the Viceroy':

'*His suite of tents consisted of 300 men and 300 animals and 2 complete culinary establishments. He received me in his splendid tent, where a divan of crimson velvet embroidered with gold stood in the background. "Do you know what I have just decreed? A bank in Cairo! It will henceforth no longer be difficult for enterprising individuals to raise capital." The Viceroy humorously related a string of the most ridiculous anecdotes of travelers. We passed numerous villages, and everywhere the Viceroy was received with demonstrations of joy. "This is always the way," said Mehmet Ali. "I must compel for their own support. All works on the canals are done for wages."*

Ali proceeded to give an account of his wars with the Mamelukes:

"And now I want one thing: to be left in peace to establish the health and welfare of Egypt. —Why, at this advanced time in my life, do I labor day and night? The glory and consciousness of the countries I govern—this is my whole interest; to this my whole life is dedicated."

'*… During supper he related many details of the period when he attained unlimited power over Egypt. Expressing my regret that he did not dictate these memoirs, retained for history, he replied,* ***"Why should I do so? I do not love this period of my life. And how could the world profit by this interminable***

tissue of combat and misery, cunning and bloodshed, which circumstances compelled me? ***Who could derive pleasure from such disgusting detail? It is enough if posterity knows that all Mehmet Ali attained he owes to neither birth nor interest.*** ***… My history shall not commence till the period when, free from all restraint, I could arouse this land that I love as my own, from the sleep of the ages and mold it to a new existence."***

Ali recounted stories of his youth, often told, though the details sometimes change. ***…"How strange," he exclaimed, "that of 17 children I should be the only one to survive." …*** He went on to describe how he toughened himself for life, in spite of the fears of his overprotective parents. Artim Bey said, ***"You may esteem yourself highly favored to learn particulars like this from the lips of the great man himself; I can assure you that even we have not heard them before.***

* * *

Ibrahim Pasha - Sherif of Mecca - Viceroy 1848

Ibrahim Pasha*, the firstborn son of Ali,* at 16 was sent as a hostage to *Sultan Selim III* when Ali was made Pasha in 1805 … and not released until after Ali thwarted the 1807 British invasion, aka '*Fraser's debacle.'* So in Ibrahim's heart of hearts, he was more Egyptian than Turk. Yet it's hard to imagine a closer relationship between a father and son, although disagreements arose over finances and strategy, sometimes leading to murderous threats! Ibrahim's troops loved and respected him, as he led and cared for them through numerous challenging conflicts. In 1848, after so many wars, Ibrahim, ailing with tuberculosis and coughing up blood,

took a European tour to recover his health. Ali, who had never been to a country more civilized than his own, followed his son on his own steam-ship; a gift from Great Britain after the 1840 crisis ended, along with a diamond-framed miniature portrait of Queen Victoria. When Ali heard that his friend, *King Louis Philippe,* who gifted him Egypt's first ticking brass chiming clock tower in his citadel, was being deposed in the *1848 French Revolution*; he wanted to sail to France to rescue him! … When Ibrahim heard of this, he sent his father's ship back to Egypt — and then followed him.

The magnificent Ras-el-tin palace appeared on the horizon as Ali and Ibrahim approached Alexandria's shore. When Ali arrived four decades earlier, Alexandria was a pile of rubble. Now, in 1847, crowds gathered to welcome their beloved rulers home. But Ali was suffering seizures of senility, attributed to the abundance of silver nitrate treatments given for dysentery that was eating his brain.

Lord Byron: *Mohammed Ali at Shubra Palace*

In marble pav'd pavillion where a spring
Of living water from the center rose
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose
Ali reclined … A man of war and woes

To raise his spirits and arouse his famed virility, Ali's daughters gifted him young concubines, to no avail. Instead, he insisted on attending his empty audience hall. At last, his doctors, with the aid of family members and his female attendants, convinced Ali to retire to Shubra, surrounded by lush gardens, overlooking the Nile. While Ibrahim returned to Cairo, the seat of Egypt's busy government.

Ibrahim had to face the reality that his father could no longer rule the country–and as the eldest son, it was his duty to take the reins. But even in *The Pasha's* weakened state, he could not inform his father of what he had to do–without an expected explosion! The other problem Ibrahim faced was that of '*The Great Seal,'* that Ali kept with him at all times, sleeping with it under his pillow. *The Pasha's* bedchamber was protected by his female attendants, *(he never employed or trusted the male Eunuchs)* who would have to be convinced that they would not lose their heads! So Ibrahim had a duplicate copy made of the seal, excluding Ali's name, to replace the original. He then approached Najiyah, *The Pasha's* personal assistant, who had to be careful that no backstabbing members of the harem would expose their plan to Ali. Thankfully, Najiyah successfully switched the seal beneath Ali's pillow, without too much trouble.

Now, Ibrahim had to go to Sultan Abdulmejid to sanction his rule, and this while his father was still living! The Sultan, while well aware of Ibrahim's ill health, recognized him as Egypt's ruler. But Ibrahim died just six months later. To spare the ailing father at *Shubra* the shock of his son's death, the news was withheld. But then, as Ibrahim was being lowered into his grave, in a flash of second sight, *The Pasha* said, ***"They are burying Ibrahim — now Abbas will reign, and all our work will be undone!"***

> ***'One by one,'*** wrote Consul Murray, ***'he is abandoning all the works of the old Pasha. Schools are abandoned, factories done away with. Against these reductions, Abbas is building and furnishing palaces, making enormous presents to the Sultan, and talking of buying steamers, as if they were as cheap as figs.'***

On Aug. 2, 1849, when he was 80 years old, Mohammed Ali died. His body was carried from Alexandria Palace up the Nile to Bulaq's porte and met by all family members, *with the exception of Abbas.* With scant ceremony, his body was laid to rest in the mosque he built in the citadel, overlooking the Nile and the pyramids beyond. Sir Murray goes on to say:
'The old inhabitants remember and talk of the chaos and anarchy from which he rescued the country. —And whether Turk or Arab, say openly that … the prosperity of Egypt has died with Mohammed Ali.'

Alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali Cairo Citadel

Mohammed Ali's last spoken words were, ***"He comes … He comes ..."***

* * *

Thus, Ali's dream of an Egyptian bulwark against imperial interests was undone!

'Hard times create strong leaders, strong leaders create good times, good times create weak leaders, and weak leaders create hard times': Ibn Khaldun, 14th-century scholar.

CHAPTER FIVE

Soul Archeology

Jean-François Champollion
Father of Egyptology

"I am open to the guidance of Synchronicity — and do not let expectations hinder my path."
… Dalai Lama

Chapter 5

Returning to my 21st-century reality, after having found the man living in the recesses of my soul, who haunts my earliest dreams, I realize that what we are seeking will find us. Carl Jung calls it '*Synchronicity, the un-spoken language of the Universe.'* … *Anthony Hopkins,* in researching his movie, *The Girl from Petrovka,* had searched through London's libraries and bookshops for the out-of-print book but was unsuccessful. While wait-ing for a train, *he found the book left on a bench!*

***Sphinx at Giza* by David Roberts**

I was not previously fascinated with Egypt, the way I was with India, but in my current zeitgeist, how could I not be? So, when ***The Mystery of The Sphinx*** appeared on *The Discovery Channel*, I absorbed with fascination *John West and Robert Schoch's Emmy Award-winning documentary* that is narrated by *Charlton Heston*. Taking on the role of the *"little child who insists the emperor has no clothes," Rogue Egyptologist John West's* hypo-thesis that only water could have caused such massive erosion of the Sphinx enclosure asks; '*So when did it rain in Egypt?'* Costar Yale geologist *Dr. Schoch* states, *'only heavy rain that persisted 10,000 years ago could cause this level of obvious water weathering.'* A furious debate erupted, as Egypt was only 6,000 years old. '*Where was an earlier society capable of creating such a monument?'*… And then in 1995, *Gobekli Tepe's* circular temples with enormous *'T' shaped megalithic pillars* were uncovered in Turkey, dating to 12,000 years ago.

Next, I watched the BBC's 2005 magnificent series, *Egypt: Rediscovering A Lost World.* Here Napoleon's savants discovered the trilingual *Rosetta*

Stone, one being Greek that was translatable, allowing for the *Demotic* and *hieroglyphs* on the stela to be deciphered. Anglo-French rivalry to decipher hieroglyphs went into high gear. In England, the British polymath *Thomas Young,* and in France, *Jean-François Champollion,* was a child prodigy with a genius for languages. By the age of 10, he was self-taught in ancient European and Oriental languages. He knew at least sixteen, including Latin, Greek, French, English, German, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldean (Aramaic), Sanskrit, Persian, Chinese — *and Coptic.*

Jean-François was the last of seven children. His father was a book dealer, and a notorious drunk. It's rumored that Jean-François' *actual father was from an extramarital affair.* His 22-year-older brother Jaques-Joseph grew up in the aftermath of the *French Revolution.* As an anti-Royalist, he was a solid Bonapartist who had wanted to join *Napoleon's Egyptian expedition*, but regrettably could not go; so he may have inspired Jean-François' ambitions. He taught his genius sibling to read and financed his education.

At the age of 11, Jean-François came to the attention of *Joseph Fourier*, the prefect of Grenoble, who had accompanied Bonaparte on the Egyptian expedition that had discovered the *Rosetta Stone*. The young Champollion declared *that he would be the one to succeed in reading them!* He showed great interest in the Coptic language, rightly believing it to be the last stage of development of the ancient Egyptian language, and the key to deciphering hieroglyphs. A Coptic priest living in Paris tutored him, who taught him to read and speak Coptic fluently.

> ***"I dream in Coptic. I do nothing but that, I dream only in Coptic, in Egyptian. I am so Coptic, that for fun, I translate into Coptic everything that comes into my head. I speak Coptic all alone to myself, since no one else can understand me. This is the real way for me to put my pure Egyptian into my head…"***

The *Catholic Church* feared that discoveries in Egypt would contradict Church doctrine on the age of creation. They placed the *Global Flood at 2300 BCE,* meaning that all civilizations discovered by archeology *must fit into the last 4200 years.* Initially, Jean-François acquired the blessings of Church authorities when he redated the *Dendera Zodiac* calendar as being

from the *Ptolemaic* period, that was in line with biblical accounts, ie: the established *Christian timeline for Creation.* But ultimately, Champollion's dating of Egyptian dynasties, placing them well before the dating of Noah's flood, thus contradicting the Church and threatening the authority of the *Holy Scriptures.* Nevertheless, he made a promise that should he discover anything that contradicted Church teachings, he would take it to the grave! He met with the Pope in Italy, who congratulated him on his great service to the Church. (*ie: promising to lie!*)

Champollion's discovery of hieroglyphics as a *phonetic alphabet*, is the true key to understanding the entire hieroglyphic system. So his decipherment opened up millennia of human history and resolved the Pharaonic timeline, thus showing that human history went back much further than was accepted in the Church's chronology, *based on the Bible.*

Napoleon's Proconsul …the notorious Drovetti and his thugs

Champollion wrote to *French Consul General Bernardino Drovetti* for advice on how to secure permission from *Mohammed Ali of Egypt*. Drovetti had his own business, plundering Egyptian antiquities, and did not want this *Tuscan-Franco* expedition meddling in his affairs. Diplomat, explorer and antiquarian, he was one of the most dominant figures in Egypt of the day. Drovetti was *Napoleon's Proconsul*. It was the support of the French that ensured the coming to power and the success of Mohammed Ali's reign. Drovetti and his agents were unscrupulous, careless and even reckless in their conduct towards their discoveries, and the fragmentary state of the *Turin Royal Canon* is due to this behavior. *Drovetti and his gang of thugs worked aggressively to thwart Giovanni Belzoni's discoveries for the British Consul*

Salt. Later in his extraordinary life of discovery and cunning, Drovetti lost his mind and was confined to a lunatic asylum in Turin, where he died in 1852.

Champollion, Rosselini and Lenormant arrived in Alexandria on August 18, 1828, along with twelve artists, drafters, and architects. They all met with *The Pasha,* who immediately gave his permission. However, after a week of waiting for the permissions, Champollion suspected Drovetti was working against him and complained to the French consulate. That worked, and *The Pasha* provided the expedition with a large riverboat, and they left for the desert sites of Memphis, Saqqara and Giza. On their return to Alexandria, Mohammed Ali Pasha offered the gift of two obelisks standing at the entrance of Luxor Temple to France in 1829, but only one was transported to Paris, where it now stands on the *Place de la Concorde. The Pasha* often spoke with Champollion, and at Ali's request, Champollion wrote an outline of the history of Egypt. Now, having no choice, he had to challenge the biblical chronology, arguing that Egyptian civilization had its origins at least 6000 years before.

Named the *Father of Egyptology*, he published his decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs in 1822, eclipsing British polymath *Thomas Young.* … After telling *The Pasha*, *"People will come,"* in 1835, Ali decreed laws against the removal of antiquities, opening Egypt's first museum. *(While Ali continued to turn a blind eye to the British Consul Salt and French Consul Drovetti's activities, seeding the world's museums with Egypt's treasures.)* The two also spoke about social reforms, Champollion championing education of the lower classes, a point of disagreement between them. Just a few years later, *The Pasha* sent Egyptians to study in Europe. … Champollion suffered health problems after his Egypt expedition, dying of a stroke on March 4,1832, at just 41. In Cairo, a street leading to the *Tahrir Square,* where the Egyptian Museum is located, carries Champollion's name.

* * *

Ancient texts refer to *The Library Angel,* aka *Angel of Knowledge*, who provides, through coincidence, synchronicity, and chance occurrences,

that which we are seeking. *Sometimes the book can even fall off the shelf!* As shown, I've received her help many times by now, but I was awed when, out of nowhere, *(in 2007, years before algorithms took over the internet and not a member)* I received an email from Scribd: ***The Rosetta Stone by EA Wallis Budge*****,** so I knew this was my ***Message from The Sphinx.***

Born in 1857 in Cornwall, *to an unknown father*, *Wallis Budge became interested in languages before he was 10 years old. (Hmm, —so I'm seeing that there's a recurring pattern here!) …* He lived with his grandmother in London, working at WH Smith bookstore, and began to spend time in the British Museum. Budge was introduced to *Assyriologist George Smith*, who wanted to help this working-class boy attain his potential. Wm. Henry Smith, bookseller and M.P., along with Prime Minister Gladstone, financed Budge's education at Cambridge University. Budge became *Keeper of Antiquities* at the British Museum, was knighted in 1920 for his contribution to Egyptology, and traveled to Egypt collecting antiquities for the museum. Budge wrote dozens of books, including a *Dictionary of Egyptian Hieroglyphs.*

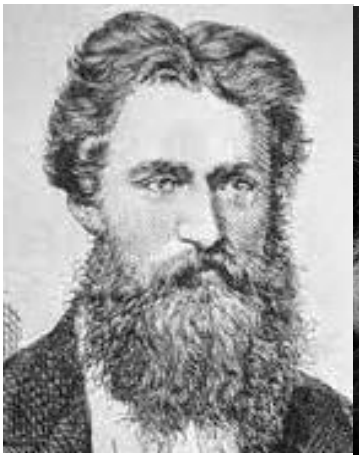
the late John Anthony West Jean-François Champollion EA Wallis Budge

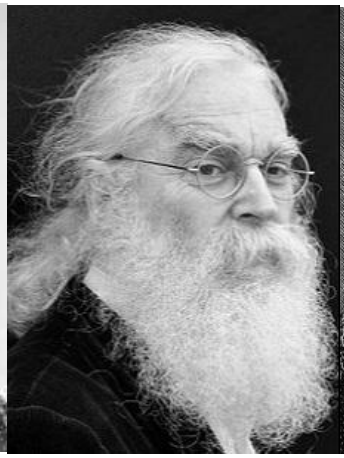
I had been blind, and now I could see! Synchronistically and electronically, *The Sphinx*, the *Angel of Knowledge*, has shown me that *EA Wallis Budge*, *Jean-François Champollion,* and *John Anthony West* are the same aspects of the same soul! *(Not unique, I'd learn, they had overlapping incarnations: Budge died in 1934 and JAWS was born in 1932!)* … And for just one more coincidence, Champollion notably had a beloved ***daughter named Zoe***, and John West also had a ***daughter named Zoe!***

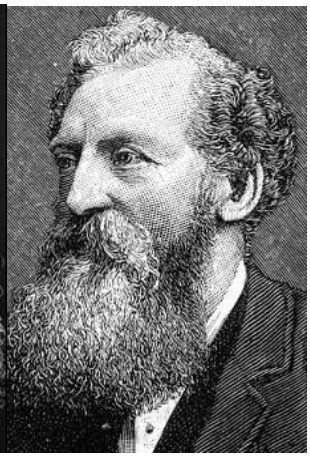
the late John West **EA Wallis Budge** **JAWS**

Their mission, as identifiable and unique as a person's fingerprints, and all at such young ages; Champollion *translated hieroglyphics*, Budge wrote the *Dictionary of Hieroglyphs*, and JAWS redated *the Sphinx* and all civilization! … The Dalai Lama said of reincarnation on Fareed Zakaria: ***"The purpose of Reincarnation is to complete the work. It must follow the previous life's work—logical!"***

Since we're at the British Museum and are seeing how passionately dedicated to their work these Masters are, I'd be remiss not to mention *George Smith.* Similar to Budge's life from a working-class family, at 14 he apprenticed at a publishing house in London. He was so fascinated with *Assyrian culture* that he spent lunchtime at the British Museum, where he was noticed by the director of the *Department of Antiquities, Samuel Birch.* The same man who later mentored Wallis Budge. He began by cleaning fragments of cuneiform tablets and later became famous after translating *The Epic of Gilgamesh,* an account of *The Great Flood.* He died from dysentery while excavating the *library of Ashurbanipal in Aleppo, Syria*, in 1876, at just 36. ***"There's a lot of beard to work around,"*** Dr. Finkel often jokes: ***"One has to have a beard and a large nose to be an Assyriologist at the British Museum."*** Irving Finkel's biography notes that he was interested in *Assyriology* when he was just 9 years old…confirming the Dalai Lama's: words: ***"The purpose of reincarnation is to complete the work. It must follow the previous life's work—logical!"*** *… So I ask, is he just another coincidence?*


George Smith


Irving Finkel


George Smith

As one is never alone while watching TV with *The Sphinx*, The History Channel: ***Engineering an Empire Britain: Blood and Steel*** came on. ***By the 19th century, Britain had developed into an industrial titan, bursting with wealth: it dominated the global seas and its territories with machines. The world was transformed by the steam engine, and now the race was on to build railways under rivers and across bridges. A network of railways to connect all of England meant going through mountains and not over them. In 1833, a brilliant and brash engineer rose to prominence when he entered the railway game. … Isambard Kingdom Brunel was a real showman. He dressed well, had a beautiful wife, was a celebrity, and he knew how to play it to the hilt. Lauded as the second-greatest Briton of all time, after Winston Churchill: 'Darwin told the world where we had come from; Brunel told us where we were going.'***

"He's Oliver Stone," declared *The Sphinx* rather matter-of-factly. … *"Hmm—really?"* I thought. … *It's not that I doubted The Sphinx, or maybe my sanity; I'm no longer afraid the doctor will come to give me the needle if I listen to 'The Voices'. It's still nice to have some historical confirmation.* ***— Isambard Kingdom Brunel*** invested his entire fortune to complete *The Great Eastern*, three times larger than any previous ship. It put such a strain on his health that he had a stroke on deck and died on ***Sept. 15, 1859,*** at age 53, and *William Oliver Stone was born on* ***Sept. 15, 1946.*** So is that just another coincidence?

(*Carl Jung says: 'Astrology is Synchronicity on a Cosmic Scale—It's communication from the Cosmos!')

I K Brunel **Oliver Stone** **Isambard Kingdom Brunel**

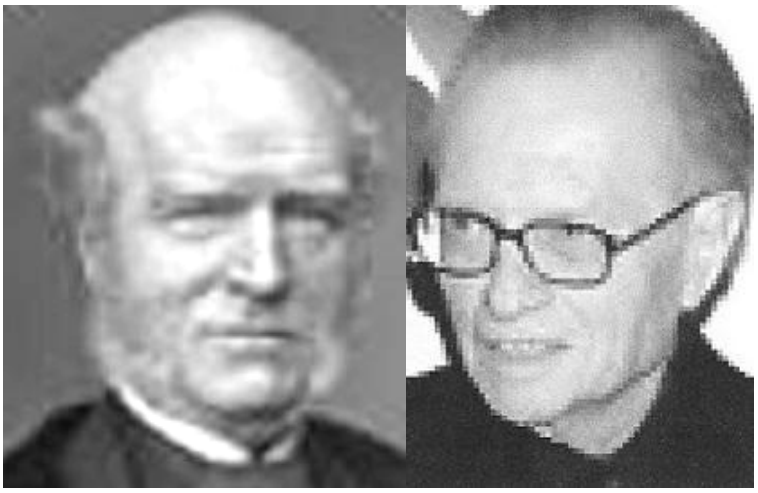
JFK was one of my favorite films, but OMG, as Brunel, what an impassioned genius! ... Thought impracticable at the time, his French-born inventor father, Marc Brunel, assisted by his 22-year-old son Isambard, constructed the *Thames Tunnel,* still in use today. IK Brunel's vision was to build a network of railways throughout England, connecting with ships that could take passengers from *London to New York*. He widened the rail gauge from 5 ft to 7 ft to stabilize and increase speed. He built the superfast *Great Western Railway* and designed the first propellered iron ships to cross the Atlantic for the *Great Western Steamship Company.* Brunel's ships laid the first transatlantic communication cables to connect the world. The fastest trains of the time; bridges, tunnels, and *Paddington Station*. He put beauty into the beast of the Industrial revolution, integrating Egyptian-flavored design elements into his projects. He played to his audience, and *Egyptomania* was the rage of the day. (*Oliver's bio is public, and I've informed him of this reveal.)

Well, that was a rewarding evening! At 9:00 p.m. it's time for *Larry King Live. Uncle Larry* has been on CNN for 25 years. Wherever I am in the world, he's there, like a piece of home. That night, it was *Beatles, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr.* A nice, uncomplicated diversion, I thought. But when it was over, *The Sphinx,* my eternal companion, in a singsong way sang out, ***"♫ Larry Harry Flashman ♫."*** *— "Who?" —* ***"♫ Larry Harry Flashman ♫,"*** *she sang out again. … "Hmm,* ***'Harry Flashman'*** *— who in the world* is *Harry Flashman?"*

Obviously, at this point, I cannot resist her clues. No rest for the cosmically connected, I went upstairs to my computer.

… Sir Harry Paget Flashman, KCB, is a fictional character created by Thomas Hughes in the semi-autobiographical bestselling work: "Tom Brown's School Days," set at Rugby School.

Flashman is Rugby School's bully, who fiercely persecutes Tom Brown but is finally expelled for drunkenness. Hughes attended Rugby School, where he excelled in sports rather than scholarship; still, he was called to the Bar and became Queen's Counsel. He was a member of Parliament, a committed social reformer, particularly interested in cooperative movements that funded a settlement in Rugby, Tennessee. He founded the first workman's trade college, worker-owned businesses, worker-owned housing, health and social care enterprises, and football!



Thomas Hughes **Larry King**

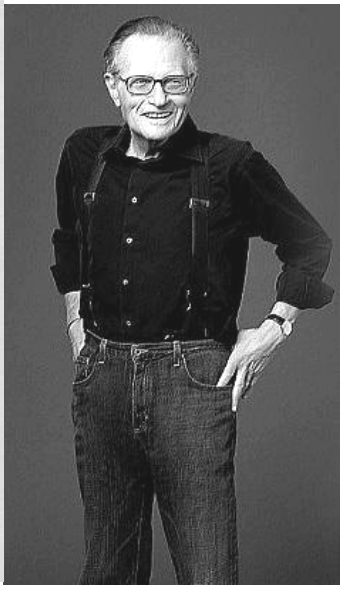
"Blessed are those who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts." Thomas Hughes

"I love asking questions. I love people; it's in my DNA. I'm cursed — and blessed." Larry King

"Sports are my favorite, it's the first thing I turn to everyday." Larry King

Old habits die hard, or maybe never! Everyone knows about Larry's love of sports. Larry King began his career as a sportscaster. …

Thomas Hughes


the late Larry King

Like a hand in a glove—or in his hip pockets, it totally fits!

By now, I'm completely accepting of her presence in my reality. Not least because she's been infallible—introducing me to people, details, and topics I could not possibly know about! And now *The Sphinx* has so much more to sing about—s*he's persistent—she's unceasing on her mission!*

"♫ Larry Harry Flashman, Koh-I-Noor ♫ Koh-I-Noor ♫ Koh-I-Noor ♫." She sang this tune over and over in my head all night long. …She certainly knew how to hook me with ***The Riddle of the Sphinx,*** and now she's entangled me in ***The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor!***

* * *

Now, in no way do I want to compare myself with the extraordinary genius mathematician, *Srinivasa Ramanujan.* (*The Man Who Knew Infinity,* 2015 film) Who, in his dreams, saw complex theorems written on a screen red with the bloody hand of the *Goddess Namagiri*; equations that, on his waking, he would verify. The *Nobel Laureate Richard Feynman* (he worked on the atomic bomb with Oppenheimer) posits that Ramanujan's intense desire to solve the mathematical problems of the universe, manifests these dreams through his own subconscious. And, on Ramanujan's deathbed, he wrote a theorem about black holes that was not to be discovered for 80 years!

Although The Sphinx guides me in my waking hours and not only in my dreams, who am I to question a Nobel laureate, a professor of theoretical physics? I'm just a curious fashion designer following up on clues, and taking a deep dive into the mysteries of my soul—-describing what I find. However, I am similar to Ramanujan because, like him, I believe whole-heartedly that *The Sphinx* is very real, just as he believed his *Goddess* was real. … How could I, reader of '*Women's Wear Daily', 'L'Oficiel'* and airport bookshop bestsellers, have ever heard about someone named *'Harry Flashman', Sir Thomas Hughes,* or the 19th-century genius named Isambard *Kingdom Brunel*—much less, that IK Brunel's death date is the birth date of *Oliver Stone?* It's likely that fifty percent of Britons, and too few to gauge in the entire 21st-century world, even know about Brunel's iconic achievements.

But, as I reflect on Professor Feynman's pet peeve on education, i.e., memorizing without experiencing—-accepting without understanding, and culturally adopting the current horizons of understanding, we think in terms of a beginning and an inevitable end. *And so, from this point, my research continues into* ***Larry Harry Flashman and The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor*** *without knowing what will unfold.*

'Go forth and seek the quarry never found,
Is still a fever to the questing hound,
The skyline is a promise not a bound.'
poet laureate John Masefield

CHAPTER SIX

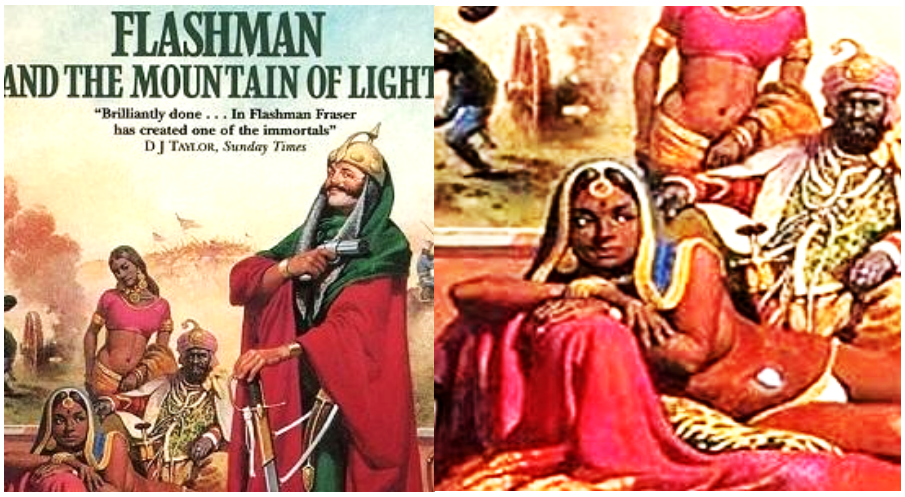
Flashman & Legend of the Koh-i-Noor

Koh-i-Noor Diamond
British Royal Crown

"We do not create our destiny; we participate in its unfolding… Synchronicity works as a catalyst toward the working out of that destiny…"
David Richo

Chapter 6

… OK, in order to quench the fever of my *questing hound*, now I'll have to solve ***The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor Diamond —*** *challenge accepted! ... Larry* '*Harry Flashman' King,* when he was author *Thomas Hughes created Flashman.* Then ***Flashman and the Mountain of Light*** *(Koh-i-Noor means Mountain of Light)* became a historical novel-noir. Published in 1969, the renowned novelist George MacDonald Fraser adopts anti-hero Flashman's later life for 12 novels, where the school bully becomes an illustrious *Victorian soldier* while remaining a scoundrel, a liar, a thief, a coward, and above all, a toady. Through a combination of luck and cunning, he ends up proclaimed the hero! *The Flashman Papers* are purported to be written by *Henry Paget Flashman* and discovered in a trunk after his death—and most readers thought the *Flashman Papers were real!*



In 'The Mountain of Light', The Flashman Papers' 9th Volume, Her Majesty's Secret Service sends Sir Harry Flashman, the Empire's most shameless scoundrel, back to India. The British Empire needs a man capable of lying, spying, seducing, and surviving, to scheme for Queen and Empire, so Flashman is the obvious choice. With war looming against the mighty Sikh Army on India's Northwest Frontier, Flashy tangles with Lahore's corrupt court, and braves the battle of the bedchamber with a beautiful Maharani and her delightfully sexy-hungry maid! … Committing acts no gentleman would admit to, he allies with royal traitors, and schemes to seize the most dazzling prize of Britain's ambitions—the Koh-i-Noor diamond. … Once again, Flashy must lose something he's never mourned — the total surrender of his honor!

Satires tell exaggerated tales depending on their politics, and these were more than a little misogynistic. He portrays ***Maharani Jindan Kaur*** as the ***Messalina of the Punjab*** with the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond in her bellybutton, worthy of beheading as was *Emperor Claudius' wife*, ***Messalina Valeria!***

* * *

… Now where to begin? —Flying on Pan Am's 747 Jumbo into the world's most dangerous airport, passengers held their breath. On the tricky, hard turn, the *Boeing* tipped its wings to clear the highrise tenements to safely make its landing at *Kai-Tak Hong Kong International Airport. … Once* again, it was handled by the *'Queen of the Skies'* with elegant gloves. The beauty of the old *Kai-Tak* airport was that it was just 15 minutes to the *Hong Kong Hotel* in *Tsim-Sha-Tsu*i, on the Kowloon Peninsula, facing *Victoria Harbor;* that was ceded to the British after the 1860, 2nd Opium War.

Jimmy Chan, the 6 ft 4", Hollywood handsome, impeccably dressed office manager, greeted me, leading me to the waiting silver Rolls-Royce. Once inside, he handed me a bag stuffed with Hong Kong dollars — a gift from one of our suppliers. The company kept an apartment in the far wing of the *Hong Kong Hotel*, along with executive rooms for seasonal meetings. Our offices were across the street from the rear entrance of the *Peninsula Hotel,* where we lunched and met for cocktails every day, always, on the *Jewish side!* There were two seating areas in the gilded lobby. On one half was the *Jewish side,* where the *garmentos of 1411 Broadway* were always dressed in the latest fashion. And on the other side, *the conservatively attired, black-suited Chinese side*. *Camp Hong Kong* was like a second home to me, as everyone I'd grown up with was either in the garment business or in the Mafia, with a sprinkling of doctors and lawyers. … I operated like a human computer — having memorized all the colors in the *Pantone Color System*, the universal language for color-critical decisions in fashion manufacturing; ably dictating to my Chinese assistant the color positions for 12 color engineered screen prints we produced in our Taiwan factories.

— After rickshaw racing from Nathan Road, I was in the *Peninsula Hong Kong* overlooking *Victoria Harbor*, where in 1978 the harbor was across the road, and you could board a yacht for lunch; that today is a jungle of

steel ingenuity. Dining with the very suave *Earle Turow of 'San Francisco Shirtworks'*, he said, *"Leslie, you must go to India; it's the last frontier."* … Always shopping, I was at the *Sausalito Saturday Flea* with *Sandy Swenson*, my partner in contract design for '*Star of India'*. Previously, we were both corporate. Sandy with '*Esprit'* and I with New York firms like '*Crazy Horse'* and then in San Francisco, all Asian-made '*Tami Sportswear'*. At the Saturday Flea, the *Library Angel* gave me a book by 14th-century mystic/poet *Lalla of Kashmir:* **'*Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon.*'** … Then echoing in my head, ***'India — India'*.**

After Tokyo and Hong Kong shopping stops, we arrived in New Delhi on Jan. 18, 1979. *(Sting* was chatting with us at breakfast in the Keio Plaza. *"What are you doing in Tokyo?"* we asked. *"I'm with the police,"* he replied. *'Dum dah dum dum,'* we hummed under our breaths—because we didn't realize who *'The Police'* were until we saw the road crew in the lobby!) … We arrived in the thick fog of Delhi in January, into a metal-domed airplane hangar. Outside, the hangar was encircled with bronze-skinned natives, blanketed in woolen shawls and headscarves, playing music from scratchy electronics, blowing smoke from bidi cigarettes, and I exhaled with a sigh of relief. —***On a cellular level—somehow I knew I was finally home!***

We stayed at the *Taj Mansingh* that night, as the *Maurya Sheraton*, in the *Green Zone,* a stone's throw from the US and British embassies, was filled to capacity with a diplomatic conference. The next day we went to *Oberois* for lunch and *Lodhi Gardens* for tea—keeping our 1940s-era *Ambassador* taxi with our *bearded, turbaned Sardarji* driver waiting. … Across from the gardens is *The Dalai Lama's Charitable Trust.* We went down the marble steps to the basement to see carpets. Sweet Tibetan faces greeted us.

“We’ve been waiting for you, Leslie.” (Hmm—they knew my name; how curious!) Next we toured the emporiums, *Connaught Circle*, and then the snake-charmer-adorned, incense-infused curio shops on *Janpath Road*. Strolling along with the crowd of tourists, an exceedingly large, turban wearing Sardarji approached me with a broad white smile. He spoke no English but scratched on a notepad, with barely comprehensible inverted letters: my name, my phone number, and my mother’s maiden name. … *Hmm, very impressive! — Clearly, we were not in Kansas anymore.*

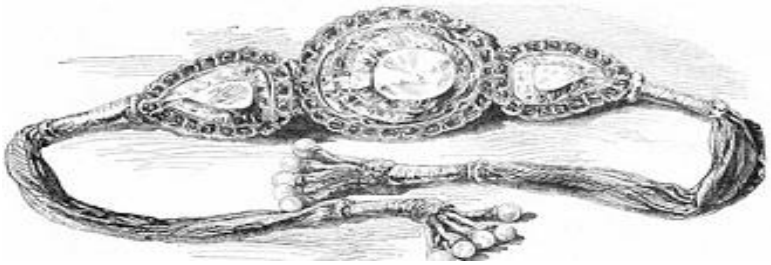
As it was now 5:00 pm tea time, we went to ***The Imperial Hotel***. Just down *Janpath Road from Parliament and India Gate*, where *Pandit Nehru*, *Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed Ali Jinnah and Lord Mountbatten* discussed the *‘Partition of India'.* … The glass-encapsulated *Garden Party restaurant* opens onto a lawn bordered with ten-foot dahlias and royal palms that kiss the sky. We sat at a table on the lawn. The table was set with a cozy teapot, assorted silverware and their famous muffins. When stepping down from the canopied terrace was a 6 ft 4” Adonis, a fair-haired man in riding gear, and a turban-business attired Sardarji. They sat ten feet away at the next table on the lawn. No sooner had tea been poured when a swarm of black-birds swooped down, bursting our tableware into shambles! … That broke the silence, and how I met Spanish designer *Julio Peralta*. He was the informal mayor of Delhi for the *designer and diplomatic community*.

… In those days there were only three international lines in the entire country, one being at the *Imperial Hotel.* Nine hours ahead of New York, it was the ritual time to send telexes and meet everyone who was in town. …Then, comfortably checked into Maurya’s, the phone rang. It was Julio and Jericho, who were sweaty from their polo match and needed my bath. — Showered clean, they joined me downstairs at the coffee shop. We

ordered drinks when gliding across the marble lobby floors, with ebony-silken-flowing hair, was the most gracefully beautiful female I'd ever seen. Following her was an ayah carrying a young child. She came directly to our table — she was Julio's wife, *Jaya!* Her son wanted to climb onto her lap. *"Don't sit on Mummy,"* she said. *"My nails are still wet!"* An angel with long red fingernails, Jaya and I stayed up all night talking under the stars. The next day, at her Sainik Farms house, her cook, Rambir, served lunch when I met her young *Swami, Rajneesh Agarwal*, of the *Mumbai Agarwal Industrial family.* A beautiful young man, his mother was a *Bollywood film star* who had died tragically. His master was *Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh*, who today is known as *Osho. …* As dusk engulfed Delhi, the fragrance of night-queen and mystery filled the air as we strolled around *Qutub Minar* with its 1,600-year-old iron tower that doesn't rust. We laughed like children as the light emanating from Swami's head attracted flying critters, forming a *jeweled-turbaned crown! Wow–what a vision of beauty he was. …* That night I had the wildest dreams, floating above the pines in *Goa* with his master, a man I'd never seen or heard of. This was years before Rajneesh became famous in the 80s for his hundred Rolls-Royces and his Oregon commune, years before the *Netflix 2018 documentary Wild-Wild Country. …* Then, 25 years later, there I was, sitting alone on a cushion under the dome in his New Delhi ashram, my first time there. I was transfixed as I sat before Osho's six-foot photo. Suddenly, the sky turned gray and crackled with electricity. That's when the *Universe* whispered softly in my head, ***"We are with you every step of the way,"*** and then the skies cleared. … That was in 2003, my last trip to India. And then in 2007, I was listening to voices and solving ***The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor diamond,*** currently centered on Queen Elizabeth II's State crown.

The Koh-i-Noor Diamond

The Legend says: ***'He who owns the Koh-i-Noor diamond will own the world but will also know all its misfortunes. Only God or a woman can wear it with impunity.'*** Some legends claim the *Koh-i-Noor* is dated to 3,000 BC. Others say that *Lord Krishna* wore it in his armband in the epic battle of *'Good over Evil.*' The recorded history of the diamond begins when the Central Asian Turks invaded North India in the 12th-13th century, founding the Delhi Sultanate.



Koh-i-Noor Armband of Sikh Emperor Ranjit Singh

The world's only source of diamonds was India, until 1725, when diamond mines were discovered in Brazil. Although *Koh-i-Noor's* exact origins are lost to the mists of time, it's believed to have been sifted from the alluvial mines of the *Krishna River*, in the *Golconda Sultanate*, in the 13th century. In 1304 it was in the possession of the *Khilji Delhi Sultanate*. In 1536, it's mentioned in *Emperor Babur's diary* when he defeated *Ibrahim Lodhi* in the *Battle of Panipat*. … In 1628, Babur's great-great-grandson, *Shah Jahan*, had commissioned the *Taj Mahal* and encrusted his *Peacock Throne* with the *Timur Ruby and Koh-i-Noor Diamond.* The wealthy prosperity of the *Mughal Empire* attracted invaders, and *Persia's Nadir Shah* invaded Delhi in 1739, killing thousands. Along with the *Peacock Throne*, Nadir left India with so much loot that it required 700 elephants, 4000 camels, and 12,000 horses to carry it all, wearing both the *Timur Ruby*

and Koh-i-Noor diamond on his arm. … Nadir Shah was beheaded, and next the diamond was in the hands of *Ahmad Shah Durrani,* founder of the *Afghan Durrani Dynasty*. For 70 years, it passed between the blood-soaked rulers, blinding one ruler and coronating another in molten lead, before passing into *Shah Zaman's* hands. But his power waned when he was thwarted from plundering India, and so Kabul's gates were closed to the king. Zaman was thrown into a dungeon and blinded with a hot needle, but he dug a deep hole into the wall with his dagger to hide the *Koh-i-Noor.* Three years later, sectarian violence broke out in Kabul, and his younger brother, *Shah Shuja Durrani,* took power. To punish those who blinded his brother, he filled the culprit's mouth with gunpowder and blew him up — after first watching his wife and children blown out of a cannon!

By 1809, Shuja's power was lost, and he sought allies in Kashmir to help regain his throne, while sending his wife, *Wa'fa Begum,* to the protection of ***Lahore's Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh*.** Instead, the Kashmiri allies locked up Shah Shuja, insisting on getting the *Koh-i-Noor*. Wa'fa Begum promised the diamond to Ranjit Singh if he would rescue her husband from prison. Ranjit coveted the *Koh-i-Noor* beyond all else. Breaking the laws of hospitality, he rescued Shuja, then put him under house arrest, pressuring him to fulfill his wife's promise, even torturing Shuja's son to get it. And then in 1813, a deal was finally made, and the *Koh-i-Noor diamond was in Ranjit Singh's possession, where it stayed until his death in 1839.*

On his deathbed, the Great Maharaja bequeathed gems and gifts, ordering that the *Koh-i-Noor be gifted to the Jagannath Hindu Temple in Orissa,* on the easternmost coast of India. The Maharaja wanted to restore the stone

to its rightful owner, as *Lord Jagannath* was another form of *Lord Krishna.* But his treasurer, *Beli Ram,* insisted that the *Koh-i-Noor* was family estate property, and it belonged to his son/heir, *Kharak Singh*. Ranjit Singh died in June. And just months later, in October 1839, his prime minister*, Wazir, Dhian Singh Dogra,* overthrew the new emperor, *Kharak Singh,* in a coup. … Slowly poisoned, *Kharak* died a year later in November 1840, followed by the death of his son *Nau Nihal, who was crushed under the arch while leaving in the funeral procession. Rani Chand Kaur,* wife of *Kharak* and mother of *Nau Nihal*, with the military of *Gulab Singh Dogra*, fought for the throne against *Raja Shere Singh*, another purported heir. Dhian *Singh* brokered a peace, but soon after, *Chand Kaur's head was bashed in by her maid-servants, who were banished from the Punjab with their tongues cut out!*

Gulab Singh Dogra

Somehow, by means fair or foul, *Gulab Singh Dogra*, *The Jammu-Fox,* who was the minister Dhian's brother, came into possession of the *Koh-i-Noor*. Gulab presented the diamond to the new *emperor, Shere Singh,* to win his favor.

Maharaja Shere Singh wearing the Koh-i-Noor

A dashing figure, Maharaja Shere Singh magnanimously gave permission for Ajit and Lehna Singh Sandanwalia to return to Punjab. They supported the now dead Rani Chand Kaur, and escaped to British territory after losing the coup. Now they swore loyalty to their new Maharaja. When Shere went to inspect the troops after the wrestling bout at his Shah Balaval pleasure palace, Ajit Singh approached him with a gift of a fancy carbine. Shere was a lover of such weapons. As Shere reached out for the gun, Ajit emptied the loaded barrels into his chest! Shere said, ***"What deception is this?",*** then he dropped to the ground dead! Ajit cut off his head with the single blow of his sword. Meanwhile, his brother Lehna killed Shere's 12-year-old son. And just hours after Shere Singh's assassination, on September 15, 1843, while returning to the palace, *Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra* was also *assassinated!*

… The very next day, Dhian's 24-year-old son *Hira* killed the Sandanwalia assassins, succeeding his father as Wazir and installed Ranjit Singh's last son, *5-year-old Duleep, as emperor*, with his mother, the 17th wife of Ranjit Singh, *Empress Jindan Kaur.* She had lived with her son in Jammu, ruled by Gulab Singh, but under the guardianship of *Suchet Singh Dogra,* the youngest of the Dogra brothers. … At the *Court of Lahore* the *Koh-i-Noor* armlet was fastened to the child emperor's arm.

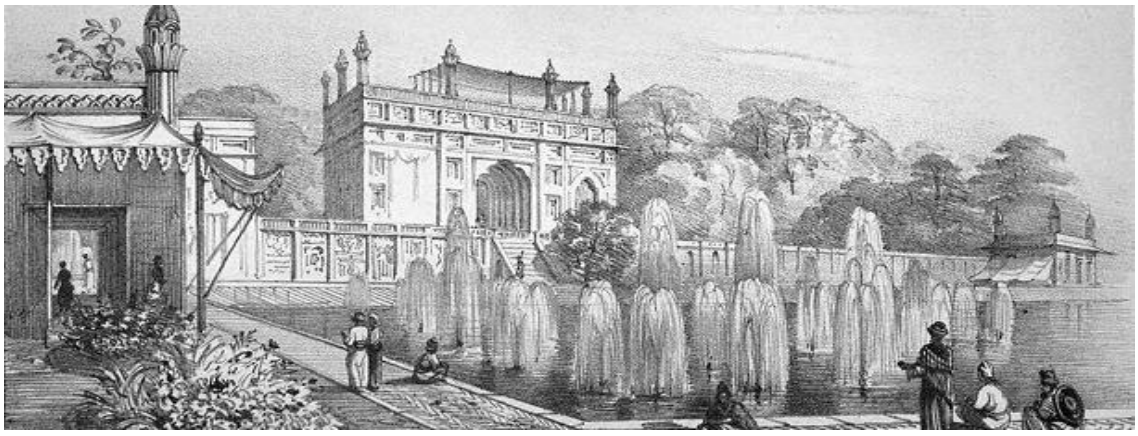
Since the death of the Great Maharaja, the *Khalsa Army* was in charge, extorting each ascendant to the throne for higher pay, as their numbers grew from 80,000 to 120,000. And then, fifteen months later, in December 1844, *Hira Singh Dogra* was assassinated, *fleeing with loot!* Six months after Hira, *Jindan's brother Jawahar* became Wazir in May 1845. Then, four months later, on September 21, 1845, Jawahar was murdered while riding on an elephant and holding Duleep, with Rani Jindan watching from her elephant just behind.

Months later, on December 21, 1845, with *Raja Lal Singh* now as Wazir, the *1st Anglo-Sikh War* began. It ended in March 1846, putting in charge *The British Resident*. The Lahore Durbar was ordered to pay an indemnity of 15 million rupees. As it could not raise the funds, it ceded Kashmir, which was purchased by *Gulab Singh Dogra*, with, of course, *the stolen loot!*

In August 1847, the *British East India Company* appointed *traitor Tej Singh,* as head of the *Council* of *Regency* and awarded him the title of *Raja of Sialkot*. In the durbar ceremony, young Maharaja Duleep was to place a *saffron tilak* on Tej's forehead, but he sat back defiantly on his throne, refusing to do so! This was seen as an insult to the *British Resident*, rightly suspecting his mother's influence. … Accusing her of conspiracy against *the Resident,* they imprisoned Jindan and exiled her, leaving nine-year-old Duleep under the guardianship of Christian Protestants, *Dr. John Login* and his *wife Lena*.

Governor General Lord Dalhousie wrote to Foreign Secretary Palmerston: ***'Having watched the defiant Maharani's conduct over the years, I'm of the opinion she is the only person of manly understanding in the Punjab —she is worth all the soldiers in the state put together for the purpose of mischief.'***

… They launched a smear campaign, and named her as the ***Messalina of the Punjab*** — ***a seductress too rebellious to control****.* So great was the impact of her exile on the populace that, even though they relentlessly defamed her as a profligate woman, it did not have the desired effect.



Shalimar Gardens, Lahore

Resident Henry Lawrence received ***Three Letters of Maharani Jindan Kaur:*** ***'You have not done justice to me! You ought to have instituted an inquiry and then charged me. You ought not to act on what traitors told you.—You have kept no regard for the friendship of the Great Maharaja; you have caused me to be disgraced. … Myself, the Maharaja, and 22 maid servants are imprisoned in the Samman Burj. We are in a very helpless condition; even water and food are not allowed to come in.***

Now that you persecute us in this way, better to hang us. Even the fixed allowance of one lakh fifty thousand has not been paid by anybody. —Having sold my ornaments, I have managed to live on. The Maharaja came to me today and wept bitterly. He said that Bishan and Gulab Singh had been frightening him. The treatment meted out to us has not been given to any ruling house. Why do you take control of the kingdom by underhanded means? Why don't you do it openly? —Preserve three or four traitors and put the whole of Punjab to the sword at their bidding.'

From Samman, Jindan is sent to Sheikhpura Fort *without her son*:
'You have snatched my son from me! You could have kept me in prison, dismissed my men, turned out my maidservants, but you should not have separated my son from me. In the name of the God you worship, the King whose salt you eat, restore my son to me. I cannot bear the pain of this separation. Instead of this, you should put me to death. He has no brother or sister; his father he has lost. To whose care has he been entrusted?'

Months later, Jindan replies to the Resident's letter:
'I'm glad to learn from your letter that the Maharaja is happy. But my mind does not believe he can be happy. Weeping, he was torn from his mother and taken to Shalimar Garden, while his mother was dragged out by her hair.' ... After the incident, the young Duleep said, ***"At least they let me keep my toy."***

Chunar Fort on the Ganges river

Considered the *'rallying point of rebellion'* against colonial rule, suspected of aiding disaffected Sikhs, security tightened. Her stipend was reduced from 150,000 rupees to 48,000 rupees, her jewels were confiscated, and with a military escort, she was taken to *Chunar Fort.* Then, from the maximum security Chunar Fort, (near Varanasi, Uttar Pradesh) on the rocky

banks of the *Ganges River*, her escape in April 1849 astonished the British, who found a letter written by the Rani.She scattered coins on the floor of her cell with notes to be found:

'You put me in a cage and locked me up; for all your locks and sentries, I got out by my own magic. ***I told you not to push me too hard, but don't think that I ran away; understand well that I escaped myself unaided. When I quitted the Fort of Chunar, I threw down two papers on my gaddi (seat) and one I threw on the European charpoy (bed). Now don't imagine I got out like a thief.'***

Jindan always kept her face veiled, hidden from Europeans. So, while wearing the clothes of her seamstress, she calmly walked out of the prison to meet her supporters waiting on the river Ganges. Dressed as a *fakir, (ascetic)* she trekked 800 miles to Nepal and was given sanctuary by Ranjit Singh's ally, *Prime Minister Jung Bahadur.* He was pressured by the British to keep tight security on the Rani. But Jindan managed to convey messages of support, with hidden stashes of money and jewels to sell, well into the *2nd Anglo-Sikh War.*

The *2nd Anglo-Sikh War* began in April 1848 after the murder of two British officers, and the country broke out into a rebellion. The war ended eleven months later, in March 1849, with the British formally annexing *the Kingdom of Punjab*, divesting the young Maharaja of his crown, and by treaty confiscating the *Koh-i-Noor diamond* as a *'spoil of war'.*

Maharaja Duleep's submission after the 1st Anglo-Sikh War, 1846

The *Treaty of Lahore* was ratified by *Governor General, Lord Dalhousie,* and signed by the *10-year-old Maharaja Duleep Singh.* With fear driven

alacrity, the treaty Duleep was forced to sign, stated that the *Koh-i-Noor diamond, a symbol of conquest, was being surrendered to Queen Victoria.* In February 1850, a military escort removed the ex-king from his ancestral lands to Fatehgarh cantonment under the guardianship of Dr. Login and his wife Lena. He needed to refurbish the house assigned by the *East India Company* as his residence, who wrote: ***'The Maharaja says I am his Ma-Bap and trusts me to do what is necessary for his happiness. As far as I can tell, he has no desire to communicate with his mother, who is under house arrest in Nepal.'***

Login wrote to his wife Lena, who had returned to England, about his multifaceted duties as Governor of the Lahore Citadel, and Lord Keeper of the *'Toshakhana'* that housed the kingdom's vast treasures: gold, coins, arms, cashmere tents, carpets and jewels of every color and dimension. *… A more trustworthy man than Login did not exist in India!*

Poor, dear little fellow! So far, he seems mightily pleased with me, and I do hope we shall continue to like each other; he is very lovable, I think. Now that I know what I can keep for him out of the accumulated property, I must take care that his possessions are not diminished by robbery or pilfering. What he does not require to take with him I shall have sold for his benefit. I have just had a letter asking me to set him up with some furniture from the Toshkhana! I don't think he will much relish the reply I have sent him; indeed, I have some hesitation in using these things in my own rooms (though I do live in the Palace), and I am most careful not to take any advantage of my position in any way, for it is a most delicate one with respect to my little charge.

September 5, 1849

Yesterday was the birthday of the little Maharajah: he is now eleven, and entering his twelfth year. I had the great pleasure of presenting to the Maharajah, on the morning of his birthday, a lakh of rupees' worth of his own jewels horn the Toshkhana which I had been empowered by the Government to select and present to him. He appeared, therefore, dressed most splendidly; wearing, besides other jewels, the diamond aigrette and the star I had selected. When I congratulated him on his appearance, he remarked that on his last birthday he had worn the Koh-i-noor on his arm!

He went on daily rides with his high-stepping horse, a hawk on his outstretched wrist, with his British new best friend Tommy Scott, *a white Christian.* The British Raj enforced strict social, legal and spatial segrega-

tion between natives and white men, creating a rigid racial hierarchy. He could not take tea with Tommy, and since Duleep was being tutored by a native convert, he soon desired to receive baptism.

…

Closing the book on his Punjab chapter, by 1854, the 16-year-old Duleep was being exiled to Britain. Lord Dalhousie, who, having dethroned and confiscated his riches, gave Duleep a personal farewell: ***'I ask you before we part to accept from me this volume, as the best of all gifts. Since in it alone is to be found the secret of real happiness, either in this world or that which is to come.'***

… After annexing India's richest kingdom, and loaning him on his birthday his own jewels, Lord Dalhousie gave the young Maharaja Duleep Singh, a leather-bound Bible!

* * *

Following a harrowing sea journey, plagued with cholera, gale storms, and with the *Medea* almost sinking, the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond arrived safely in London. It was presented to *Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace* on July 3, 1850, by a deputy of the *East India Company*. It was a day of national mourning, as *P.M. Robert Peel* had been thrown from his horse while approaching the palace.

The Great Exhibition 1851

… In 1851, *The Great Exhibition* was staged in *London's Hyde Park,* representing the empire's might, when the *Koh-i-Noor* took pride of place. The public's response was *underwhelming*, no matter how the display was

changed. So in 1852, *Garrad & Co.,* the royal jewelers, under the supervision of the *Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert*, cut down to enhance its brilliance, the *191-carat stone to 105-carats!*

In her journal, ***Queen Victoria*** made many entries concerning the exotic, young Maharaja:
'He is extremely handsome & speaks English perfectly. The Maharaja sat next to me & is extremely pleasing, sensible & refined in his manner. His young face is indeed beautiful, & one regrets that his peculiar headdress hides so much of it.'

She at once decided that Duleep must be painted by her favorite artist, *Winterhalter*, who was in London at the time. During the first sitting, the Queen drew Lena Login aside and asked in a low voice if the Maharaja had asked about the *Koh-i-Noor,* now reduced to half its size. Mrs. Login broached the topic on her ride home with Duleep: ***"Yes, indeed I would!"*** *he affirmed;* ***"I would give a good deal to hold it again in my own hand!"*** Making a favorable report back to the Queen, on their next sitting at Buckingham Palace, the Queen cried out:***"Maharaja, I have something to show you."***

Maharaja Duleep Singh

He turned and found he was holding the *Koh-i-Noor*. … Walking over to the open palace window, examining the diamond in the light, turning and turning the stone once more in his possession, it was excruciatingly tense

for all. Her Majesty watched him with sympathy and not just a little anxiety. After a profound inner struggle, with so many memories racing through his mind, at last, he moved over to where Her Majesty was standing and said:

> ***…"It is to me, Ma'am, the greatest pleasure thus to have the opportunity, as a loyal subject, of myself tendering to my Sovereign, the Koh-i-Noor."***

* * *

As I read the accounts of his experience, I did not imagine defiance blazing in the boy's eyes. I imagined something quieter — the disciplined performance of acceptance, of gratitude for being safe. The survival instinct of a child who understood that power now resided elsewhere. He had been separated from his mother, Rani Jindan, converted to Christianity, and was transported from Lahore to Britain as both ward and trophy of the empire.

The diamond had crossed the sea as the signature of surrender, glittering under controlled light. The diamond had been recut—so had the boy. The Koh-i-Noor's original Mughal form — asymmetrical, ancient, un-European — was cut down to maximize brilliance under a Western light. Its weight was reduced. Its identity was reconstructed. Duleep Singh's world had undergone a similar reconstruction. His language altered. His religion was changed. His court dissolved. His mother kept from him for years. His sovereignty was converted into a stipend. Both jewel and child emerged polished — more acceptable to British taste.

There is no dramatic outburst in the archive. No evidence of any protest survives. Duleep is described as composed, beautiful, even amenable. He had, by then, been carefully shaped — educated in English manners. He'd been baptized into a new reality, instructed in loyalty to the Crown.

What a story! It's such a bloody history. But as far as the ***Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor*** is concerned, it's quite simple. ***Diamonds were only in India. There were no other diamond mines in the world before 1725, when they were discovered in Brazil.*** *The Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh* restored

Lord Krishna's diamond back to India in 1813. Then, at his death in 1839, he bequeathed it to *Lord Krishna's Jagannath Temple*.

… So if a *Picasso* is ***stolen*** from *Spain* by an *Italian*, and then it's ***stolen*** from the Italian by a *Frenchman*, and afterward it's ***stolen*** by a *German*, *it is still* ***a stolen Picasso — logical!***

OK—now my challenge feels complete! I've accepted the challenge. I've drowned myself in research, following all the clues. I've delved into *The Riddle of the Sphinx and The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor.* But the riddle that still remained, which I didn't yet get, ***was just what my singing Sphinx was after! …"Oh Sphinx — my Sphinx—what's next?"***

That night my dreams returned—turbocharged! They were even more intense than being pregnant in Cairo's Citadel, tricked into believing Ali was dead, and staring at a brass tray with a dagger and a ball of opium set upon it! … To say I was unsettled is an understatement. These dreams were not obscured in metaphor, they were flashing replays, like the scenes in a movie, but with intense feelings. *I was drowning in an avalanche of dread, struggling to breathe. — It was like a boulder landed on my heart while my foot was revving the engine to the floor—pressing harder and harder*. *No escape was possible! Incessant memories flooded my being.* … 360* technicolor scenes played out, beyond descriptions in any book I'd been researching. There were so many images storming through my head — marble palaces, jewels, music and blood — *so much blood; I was over-come with a tsunami of paralyzing fear!* And when I awoke, something inside me recoiled — not in shame, but in recognition, with acceptance, and *with the uncomfortable realization that* ***I was actually Jindan. — That I was The Last Maharani of Lahore. And I had an inescapable, eerie feeling, that more conclusive evidence was soon to unfold!*** .

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Last Maharani of Lahore
Jindan Kaur

Mja.Ranjit Singh

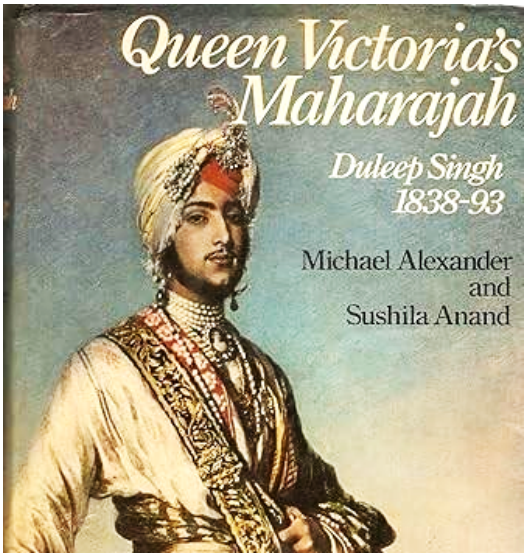
Rani Jindan

Mja.Duleep Singh

Chapter 7

To clear the storm in my head, the incomplete visions and feelings of dread, my search for truth resumes. History would reveal why absolutely no one would want to be *Maharani Jindan Kaur!* … Aside from being portrayed as the sexually insatiable, manipulative ***Messalina of the Punjab***, Jindan is accused of being responsible for losing the *Kingdom of The Great Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh*, losing *Kashmir*, the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, ***AND—she lost her son!*** So now, even more than defending one's life, I was having to defend *my very soul!* And since this is 175 years later, it will require a deep dive through history's propaganda. But thanks to the *Library Angel* and the tech philanthropist *Brewster Kahle*, there's *archive.org!*

My research continued where I left off, with the re-cut *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, snatched from the young, deposed, exiled sovereign in ***Queen Victoria's Maharaja*** by Michael Alexander and Sushila Anand. ***Based on archives in Windsor and the India Office — clearly, it's the colonialist's view!***



'Duleep Singh's mother Jindan Kaur (born 1817) was daughter of the palace gate keeper, whom Ranjit Singh adopted when she was young. Known for her sharp wit and uninhibited behavior, she readily fit into the flamboyant and exotic entertaining aspects of court life. The aging monarch took pleasure in watching her intimate relations with one of his favorites, a former water carrier (a bhisti).

'When Duleep was born on Sept. 6, 1838, Ranjit accepted the flattering assertion that the child was his, formally acknowledging him, thus increasing the likelihood of his dynasty's continuance. But the Maharaja died less than a year later on June 27, 1839, leaving feuding relatives, an opium-addicted successor, scheming political figures, and an army collapsing into anarchy. Governor General Ellenborough predicted, 'The breakup of Punjab will probably begin with murder. It is their way.' His grim forecast proved true, for in the next four years no one in the royal family could feel secure of his life. During that period of violence and insecurity, the young Duleep was far from being seen as a contender for the throne. His ambitious mother removed him to the countryside where she could manipulate the ongoing dynastic struggle. By the time Duleep was six, most of his extended family had been murder, or died under suspicious circumstances.

'The first was heir Maharaja Kharak Singh, who was slowly poisoned. Next was the death of his heir Nau Nihal, who was fatally crushed by a collapsing stone arch while leaving his father's funeral procession. This was followed by the assassinations of Maharaja Shere Singh and Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra. Then the son of Dhian, Hira Singh Dogra, rallied the troops to avenge the killings and assumed the position of Wazir. He supported Duleep's claim as Ranjit Singh's fourth acknowledged son.

'On Sept. 18, 1843, Duleep was declared Maharaja with the Koh-i-Noor diamond tied to his arm. But in reality, the military held all the power. Although purportedly recognizing Duleep as their sovereign and Rani Jindan as regent, their demands for pay increases and liberal privileges weakened the state. The treasury was dry, and rival claimants threatened to replace Duleep with the infant son of the late Maharaja, Shere Singh, whose widows were either killed or performed sati (self-immolation). Hira made continual threats against Jindan's life. She in turn sought protection by asking Suchet Singh Dogra to serve as Wazir. He was Hira's uncle and most attractive of the Dogra Rajas; who had handled Jindan's affairs when she lived in Jammu, under Dogra supervision. So naturally, Suchet believed he was the rightful choice to be Wazir, and not Hira. He gained followers among the army at Lahore, but despite Hira's affection for his uncle, Hira acted on the advice of his tutor Pandit Jalla. With the support of the military — they surrounded Suchet and killed him.'

(*Suchet Singh Dogra had a vast sum of wealth being held in British territories, and since he had 5 wives and *no offspring, after his death, the Lahore State repeatedly made pressing claims to it.)

Propagandist sound bites ruled much of the narrative about Jindan! ***(His ambitious mother removed him to the countryside where she could manipulate the dynastic struggle.)*** … But it's absurd to think that a 20-something Jindan could possibly manipulate the murder and mayhem after the death of the Great Maharaja. As far as Jindan's profligacy is concerned, the very reason rulers had harems is for confirmed parentage and safe sex! *(Antibiotics didn't exist back then.)* Besides, the handsome *Suchet was a safe choice, as he had 5 wives and no offspring! … (Lady Stanhope, living in the Middle East, tells the tale of Mohammed Ali, dressed as a common Egyptian, who had tried to buy from a pimp one of his own concubines to see if it was possible. Ranjit Singh, who suffered no fools, expelled one of his wives for unacceptable behavior and even killed his own mother when he discovered her with a lover.)* Still, *Rani Jindan as the 'Messalina of the Punjab'* remains the predominant story. The British endorsed the narrative of *illegitimacy* while Duleep's wealth was being stolen. They justified to the 10-year-old Duleep that his parentage was in question because of Rani Jindan's behavior. *(So don't feel too bad; the Koh-i-Noor wasn't rightfully yours anyway!)* However, this book provided an invaluable portrait of a young ***Jindan in Amritsar's Rambagh Museum,*** not commonly shown.

Leslie

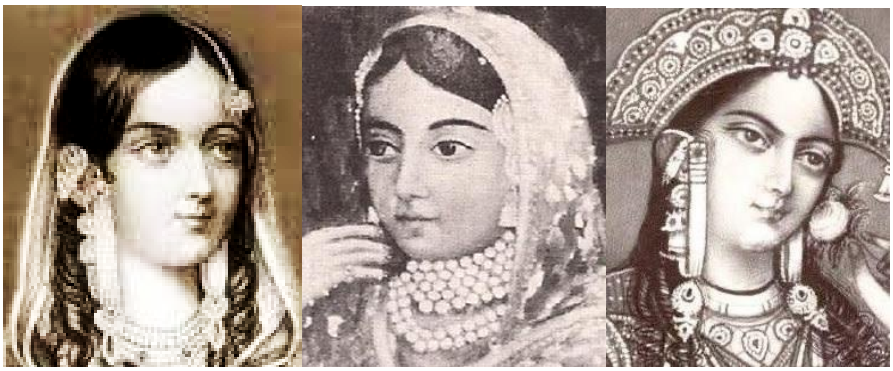
Jindan: Rambagh Museum

Ivory miniature

Back in the 1990s, I was in a curio shop on *MI Road*, across from *Jaipur's Pink City,* where I found this *ivory miniature. It was old, chipped, but somehow, it called to me.* I bought it along with an emerald, diamond, starburst ring, later using the artwork for the logo on an accessory collection. Then, I mounted it in silver to wear as a medallion, while never having heard of *Jindan Kaur*. ***… Unconscious of the image of myself, "Who was it?"***

(*What I couldn't have known at the time is that Lal Singh, Jindan's prime minister and rumored lover, was exiled to Agra/Jaipur after the 1st Anglo-Sikh War. And that's where my chipped ivory miniature found me a century and a half later—decades before I knew of the existence of Jindan.)

Vasant, my long-haired, longtime Indian assistant, insisted it was *Mumtaz Mahal* — the beloved wife of *Shah Jahan,* for whom he built the *Taj Mahal*. Although it's stylized art, *Empress Mumtaz Mahal* has a strong forehead, her lips, eyes and nose differ, as does her chin. She is nothing like Jindan.



Mumtaz Mahal **Jindan** **Mumtaz Mahal**

I don't know what one calls the angels who sent *Vasant* to me. The company placed ads in a Delhi paper that attracted so many applicants I rarely raised my head as each failed to measure the mannequin correctly. … So when *Vasant* simply and accurately did the needful, the entire hundred-plus all-male design force erupted into wild applause! The son of an artist, he was uncompromisingly loyal, and also very beautiful, which makes this revelation even more painful. The *coup de grâce* for hanging all the blame on Jindan for the Anglo-Sikh War, was revenge for the assassination of her brother, *Raja Jawahar Singh*. But actually, it was the astute manipulation of the anti-hero *Gulab Singh Dogra, the Jammu Fox*, *the future Maharaja of Kashmir. And, of course, by the 'divide and conquer' policy of the expansionist British Empire!*

(*In August 1845, Gulab invited the British to raise an uprising against the Sikhs, offering his support in exchange for receiving Jammu and Kashmir, via letters to Major George Broadfoot and Governor General Henry Hardinge.)

Kunwar (Prince) *Peshora Singh* was said to be born of a slave girl but was accepted by Emperor Ranjit Singh as his son. Soon after the 1843 deaths

of Maharaja Shere Singh and Dhian Singh, and then Hira in 1844, *Peshora Singh*, living in British territory, returned to Punjab, making repeated bids for the throne. He traveled around the Punjab seeking support. Peshora owned *jagirs*, income lands prized by Gulab Singh, who encouraged him to take the throne from Duleep. So Jawahar dispatched artillery against him. Peshora capitulated, and Rani Jindan pardoned him, sending him home with an increase in land. … Undeterred from his goal, Peshora approached the British, who were negotiating with Gulab. He then made alliances with Dost Muhammed of Afghanistan. So with the Pathans' help, Peshora took the wealthy fort of Attock, declaring himself ruler of the Punjab. … Jawahar sent *Chatter Singh Attariwala* to retake the fort and defeat Peshora. *(Chattar was Duleep's future father-in-law; at 6 years old, he was engaged to Tej Kaur, the daughter of the powerful Attariwala family chief.)* Chattar Singh recaptured the fort with safe passage granted to the prince. So whether by directives, bribes, or general chaos, *Peshora was strangled*. As considering him the murderer of a reputed son of Ranjit Singh, the Khalsa demanded Jawahar present himself before them. ***—Jindan was told if she did not hand him over, she and Duleep would share the same fate!***

On Sept. 21, 1845, escorted by 1,000 men, Jawahar rode his elephant, holding Duleep and distributing coins. As he reached the tents, the soldiers held the elephant, pulled Duleep from his arms, pulled him down, shot, and speared him to death. All before the agonized eyes of his sister Jindan. The soldiers guarded Duleep, afraid of what in her grief the Rani might do. She was inconsolable for weeks, tearing her hair out, with daily displays of her torment. ***At this point, the Khalsa assumed total control of the state.***

Inspired by the warlike or defensive intentions of the British, who were accumulating troops and constructions across the Sutlej River, *the army insisted on going to war,* with *visions of the conquest of Delhi and the whole subcontinent*. While holding guns to the heads of their terrorized leaders. Many of whom hoped their collision would neuter them with a more powerful enemy. So, on *Dec. 13, 1845, Governor-General Henry Hardinge declared war on the Sikhs.*

Raja Jawahar Singh

Vasant

Even 175 years later, it stops my heart and takes my breath away. A united Sikh / Indian coalition could have driven the British out of India 100 years earlier. But in this cesspool of anarchy, greed, and utter madness, it was *impossible!* Court secretary (munshi) *Sohan Lal Suri*, then and until death, was under British pay. He loaned Capt. Edwardes the records of the Durbar chronicles before and during the war, but they never resurfaced. — *Probably burned!* However, we know from contemporary eyewitnesses in ***'Some Original Sources of Punjab History'*** (*see Archives) that both *Sham Singh Attariwala* and *Jindan,* well aware of disloyalties, had dissuaded the Khalsa from going to war. Sham Singh went home to Attari for a wedding, yet, when the Sikhs were in desperate trouble, Jindan called on him for help. ***So clearly she did not want the army to lose!*** (Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh Intro XXI) https://archive.org/details/UMDAT-UT-TAWARIKH_Volume_4/page/n32/mode/1up

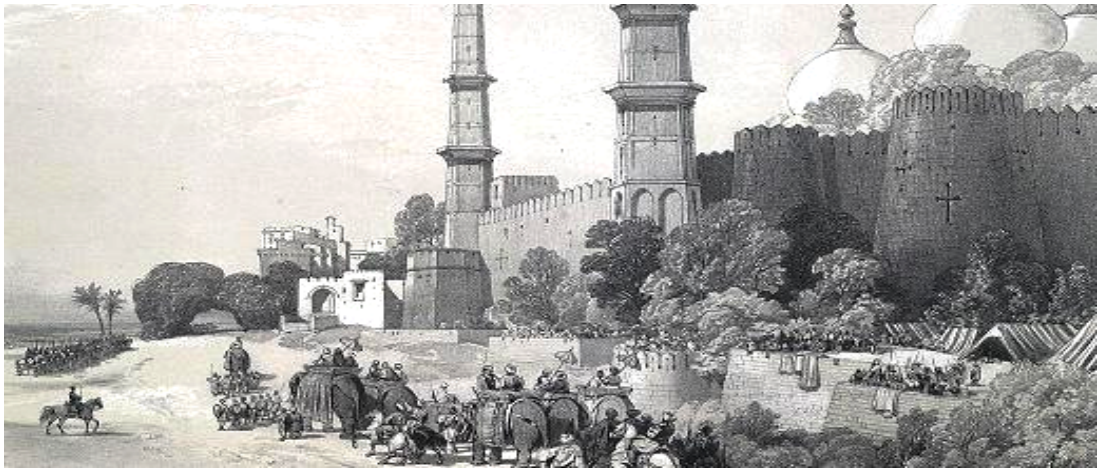
On Feb. 10, 1846, *Sham Singh Attariwala,* dressed in white, gallantly martyred himself on the battlefield of Sobraon. ***'Tell my Sardarni, her Sardar won't be coming back home.' …*** Hearing the news, and knowing

that the war was lost, Sardarni Mai Desa Kaur prepared her *sati*. (self-immolation) ***Infected with hatred and greed, the great Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh combusted from within!*** Had there been more chiefs like *Sham Singh Attariwala,* the *Sikh Nation* would have preserved its independence, which, in their madness, they threw away.

Gen.Sham Singh Attariwala *'Battle of Sobraon'*

Although the *1846 Treaty of Bhairowal* authorized the British Resident to oversee the *Council of Regency* and the *Sikh Empire of Maharaja Duleep Singh,* it was only for his minority. At the age of 16, Duleep was to assume power. But, as we know, a *2nd Anglo-Sikh War* erupted in 1848 with the British cooling their heels in Simla, *basking in their arrogance that all was well.* The British raised exorbitant taxes and also demanded arrears from Multan. So its ruler, *Mulraj,* resigned, leaving the governorship to an heir. The British rejected this option, assigning their own appointment. To install the appointed *Sardar Kahan Singh*, Mr.Vans Agnew and Lt. Anderson went with armed escorts. When Mulraj handed the officers his talwar (sabre) and keys to the fort, they were attacked by irregulars and murdered by a mob the next day! All their escorts defected, and rebellion broke out throughout the Punjab, with Sikh soldiers deserting their regiments. *Governor General Dalhousie* declined to move troops as it was *'the hot season.'* Afghanistan's *Dost Mohammed Khan* rebuked the British exile of the Maharani and joined the Sikh rebels. The bloody war raged on until the final *battle of Gujrat* in March of 1849, when Chattar Singh Attariwala and his son Shere Singh surrendered.

… Lord Dalhousie proclaimed the complete *annexation of the Punjab,* depriving 10-year-old Duleep of his crown and empire.



Duleep escorted by British to the Lahore Palace

From prison, during the 2nd Anglo-Sikh, Jindan supported the rebellion with a hidden crore of rupees to pay the troops.

Rani Jindan's letter to Mulraj and Shere Singh Attariwala:

I am well and pray for your welfare. A hundred praises on your bravery. I am unable to bestow sufficient commendation on it. As long as the Earth and Heavens exist, so long shall people utter your praises. They quake and tremble through fear of you and have lost all ascendancy. The British have no troops, so exert yourself to the utmost. Give the prisoners you have taken one hundred blows each day, blacken their faces, cut off their noses, and, placing them on donkeys, parade them through your camp. By these means, in a short time, not one British will be left in the land… Do not interfere with the Hindustanees, but by beat of the tom-tom, proclaim that all who enter the Maharaja's service will be rewarded. Collect 1,000-2,000 able men disguised as fakeers. Instruct them to watch the British by day and kill them by night. If you are in want of money, in Sheikhpura you will find a well with a crore and 60 lac rupees — Jai Singh will tell you where it is situated. The British do not molest me at all, being afraid to do so. … I will return to you. Make much of few words, Bibi Jind Kaur

Known for her letters, whether it is real or not, may never be known. They were intercepted and the funds confiscated! Then in April 1849, Jindan escaped from Chunar, trekking 800 miles to Nepal for refuge. Meanwhile, Duleep, living under tight restrictions, was escorted to the British cantonment of Fatehgarh. And four years later he was exiled to Great Britain.

Mother and son were not to meet for 13 years, when, after diligent spying and rigorous interception of letters, the British finally permitted Duleep to meet his mother in Calcutta.

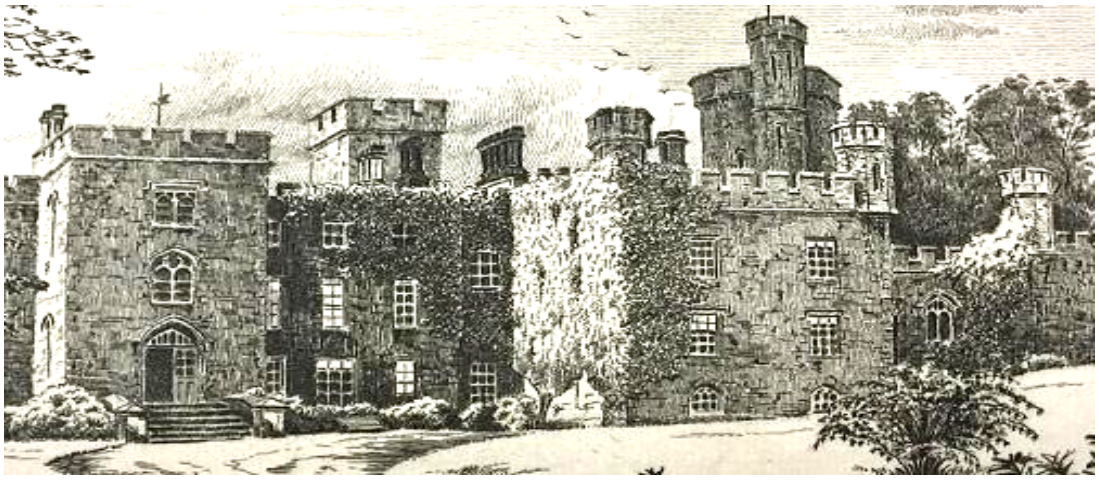
'Let us give the Chinese a good thrashing,' declared Palmerston in 1840, endorsing the *1st Opium War*. … By 1861 *the 2nd Chinese Opium War* had ended, and Sikh troops were returning home through Calcutta. When word spread that the deposed son of Ranjit Singh was in the city, hundreds flocked to *Spence's Hotel*. The Sikhs were so demonstrative in their joy that the British officials became exceedingly alarmed. They were so afraid of renewed rebellion that *they wanted Jindan out of India*, even offering the return of her jewels as an incentive. In London, hearing that she was *half blind, from years of tears,* and convinced that she was no longer a threat, gave permission for Rani Jindan to travel to Britain. They requested Duleep forgo his tiger-shoot and return to England with the Rani ***on the very next steamer!***

Lady Lena Campbell Login

Sir John Spencer Login

Lady Login's Recollections, Court Life and Camp Life 1820-1904*:*
'It was with some natural curiosity, awe, and trepidation that I looked forward to my first interview with the woman who had wielded such power in India. The stories told in those days of her beauty, her talent for diplomacy, her strength of will were as universal as the Great Dowager Empress of China. Therefore, it was with a sense of compassion and disillusionment when escorted by attendants into heavily curtained semi-darkness, I found a half-blind woman, huddled on a heap of cushions on the floor. With health broken, her beauty vanished, it was hard to believe in her former charms of person and conversation. Yet the moment she grew interested in a subject, through the torpor of advanced years, revealed the shrewd and plotting brain of she who had once been known as The Messalina of the Punjab.'
https://archive.org/details/ladyloginsrecoll00logirich

The Maharani did not want to be separated from her son, living with him at his rented Mulgrave Castle. Login did not think it wise for Duleep to spend so much time with his mother: ***'Our only hope of saving him was to get him to live apart from her.'*** So suitable arrangements were made with an English lady to look after the Rani at Abington House, Lancaster Gate, Kensington.



Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, England

In their precious time together, Jindan told Duleep about the stacks of his family estates. The enormous palaces, jewels, and heirlooms, the jagirs (income villages) worth untold billions, and about the stupendous income from their salt mines, which alone was worth £100,000 GBP per annum. *(worth £10,500,000 per year today)* Along with the *Koh-i-Noor diamond,* all of these were private family property. She told him about the '***Guru's Prophecy'***, of how a dethroned prince regains his empire! … So Duleep wrote to Login requesting the ***Punjab Blue Book*** and a suitable artist to paint a likeness of his mother.

'This would not do at all! —- He was prying into some very delicate matters!' The British considered locking Jindan up. ***'What to do about the Rani?'*** … Letters flew back and forth between officials who strove to bundle her back to India, where she could do less harm. ***But the India Office most emphatically did not want her back in India!***

Meanwhile, Duleep commissioned Jindan's portrait by George Richmond.

Maharani Jindan Kaur
portrait by George Richmond

Jindan became unwell soon after moving to the Kensington residence with her cheery English lady caretaker. Duleep came down from Scotland to look in on her. He sent word to Login: ***'She said she was feeling better at my arrival.' …*** The very next day, ***Aug. 1, 1863,*** at just 46 years, Jindan died in her sleep***. … Duleep never would have let her leave Mulgrave, nor would she have left if she were unwell. … Obviously, Jindan was assassinated — carefully, methodically, murdered!***

… ***'For some years Login had been exerting all his energy, and devoting his time, to endeavour to induce the Indian Government to fulfil their obligations to his late charge. When his efforts seemed on the point of exerting successful pressure, and was found that his opinions had weight in quarters not anticipated, the Indian authorities used all means at their disposal to sever connection between him and his late ward, and destroy the complete confidence that existed between them.'***

(1916, Lady Login's Recollections, pp 215)

… And then, just two months after Jindan's death, on Oct. 18, 1863*,* the only father Duleep ever knew, *Sir John Spencer Login,* recuperating from a chill, died suddenly. I may even say *suspiciously, a*s it was three months after his returning to Britain, from overseeing the Indian railways, *and looking into Duleep's 'Blue Book' affairs.* Login was just 54 years old.
… As he had just lost his mother and his surrogate father, Duleep was devastated. He sobbed uncontrollably at Login's grave. ***And now, Duleep was completely and utterly alone!***

CHAPTER EIGHT

Revelations, Prophecies & Stolen Jewels

Rani Jindan's
Seed Pearl-Emerald Earrings

"We ought to face our destiny with courage"
Friedrich Nietzsche

Chapter 8

'What to do about the Rani?' became what to do about the Rani's body, as cremation was illegal in Victorian Britain. So Jindan's body was interred in the *Dissenters' Chapel in Kensal Green Cemetery*. … Scrubbed from the internet, I must mention the contemporary newspaper report in London: ***'The veiled Maharani continued to haunt the house she died in, even when the church brought in an exorcist.'*** … The British denied Jindan's wish to be cremated at the Lahore Samadhi of the Emperor Maharaja Ranjit Singh, as they were afraid of more uprisings. So, not until the spring of 1864 was Duleep given permission for him to bring Jindan's body for cremation to Bombay, India. ***And that's when the hauntings stopped!***

On his way to India to do his filial duty, ***the unborn son of Mohammed Ali and the 2nd only acknowledged biological son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, coincidentally, stopped in Cairo, Egypt, to find his bride. …*** The perfect time to lift a few veils with some *curious facts*: Rani Jindan died on ***Aug. 1, 1863,*** and Mohammed Ali died on ***Aug. 2, 1849***. ***Just another coincidence? —*** Some veils may be lifted, but can I annihilate the volumes of malicious lies?

Maharaja Duleep Singh Swami Rajneesh

Before her *very questionable death*, Jindan didn't just inform Duleep of his stolen wealth but of ***'The Guru's Prophecy.'*** According to the prophecy, the Guru's next incarnation would be with the name of '*Dipa or Deep,*' close to Duleep. He would be married to a Christian girl and lead a war between *The Bear* (Russia) and *The Bulldog* (Great Britain). At first he would come

off second best, but finally he would emerge victorious and rule the whole of India. *The Prophecy* was broadcast by some of the Khalsa still fighting the British in India: ***'When Russian troops invade the country, agitation will prevail in London, and the British army will march in India. A Sikh martyr will be born and reign as far as Calcutta. Duleep Singh will shine among the Khalsa and drive his elephant throughout the world.'*** (The Brits were always wary of Russians taking their Indian *cash-cow* via Afghanistan.)

Duleep was raised by tutors. They called him ***The Black Prince,*** who embellished royal wedding ceremonies and who was now a proper Christian, but was still not acceptable for marriage in white English society. Meanwhile he was completely cut off from Indian society.

Duleep at Prince of Wales Wedding 1863

Duleep wrote Login from Calcutta, when he couldn't wait to return to Britain. ***"Now I must tell you that India is a beastly place! I heartily repent having come, for I cannot get a moment's peace, with people following me, and all my old servants bother the life out of me with questions.'*** So when Jindan told him of the *Guru's Prophecy,* it had little effect. But years later, when married with six children and being bankrupted by *The East India Company* and the *British Crown*, his cousin *Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia* came to England to help sort out his finances—and prevail upon Duleep *to return to the Sikh faith!* … While being divested of his vast properties, none of the financial pledges of the treaties were ever fulfilled. *Duleep's 40,000 became 12,000. Jindan's 150,000 became zero! 'The Doctrine of Lapse'* (no recognized legal heir) allowed Britain to absorb princely lands. So years of legal actions yielded nothing. The Maharaja's children, Queen Victoria's godchildren,

were, like Duleep, not allowed to inherit anything. So Thakur's telling of *The Guru's Prophecy* had a much more powerful resonance. Duleep was returning to the Sikh faith and renouncing the Christian faith of his Cairene missionary wife, Bamba, and his six children.

In 1886, Duleep wrote an impassioned letter: ***'I beg forgiveness of you, Khalsa-Ji, for having forsaken the faith of my ancestors for a foreign religion. It is my fond desire to take Pahul with you in Bombay.'*** He had a sort of fire sale, packed up his family, and boarded a ship for India. But, the British wouldn't let him go to India and arrested him in *Aden*, just off the coast of *Yemen*, a coal refueling stop for ships. Inside this extinct volcano, the heat was unbearable for the family, who went back to England. So Sikh Sardars instead came to Aden to administer *Pahul*, and the heartbroken Duleep went to Paris to start ***a revolution against the British Empire!***

In Paris, Duleep met with Irish rebels and Russian diplomats, issuing proclamations: ***'Brother princes and nobles and beloved people of Hindustan,'*** declaring himself: ***'Sovereign of the Sikhs and implacable foe of the British,'*** he implored them to revolt against the British Empire. Then, traveling under the assumed identity of an Irish rebel, accompanied by a pregnant *Ada Witherhall, his mistress and a British spy,* he went to St. Petersburg. ***The network of spies was so efficient that his movements were reported simultaneously in London and Simla.*** Like falling dominoes, his co-conspirator allies — Indian, Russian and French — were poisoned, or died of natural ailments. … A year later, in 1888, a frustrated Maharaja traveled back to France. He wrote to Queen Victoria, who wore the crime in a brooch on her breast, demanding the return of the *Koh-i-Noor*, which was her personal property, that he intended to use to finance an *Indian Rebellion*.

Madam,
While residing in England, I appealed both to your Majesty and to England's Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury, for justice. I asked that a competent Law of Lords of the House of Peers pronounce judgement upon the conduct of your Indian Administration, towards me, your unfortunate Ward, be appointed: but I suppose as your Majesty is a Constitutional Sovereign, justice was refused me. And for the same reason,

it will be useless of me to demand the restoration of my Kingdom, swindled from me by your Christian Government, but which I hope shortly, by the aid of Providence, to retake from my robbers.

But my diamond, the Koh-i-Noor, I understand, is entirely at your own personal disposal. Therefore, believing your Majesty to be 'the most religious lady' that your subjects pray for every Sunday, I do not hesitate to ask that this gem be restored to me, or else that a fair price be paid for it to me out of your privy purse.

By such an act of justice, your Majesty would acquire a clear conscience before God, before whom all of us, whether Christians. Mohammedans or Sikhs, must render as account of deeds done in the body and fulfil the law of Christ, thus washing your hands of at least one of the black works of your Majesty's righteous Government.

Remember that the tenets of Christianity teach every true believer to defraud no man. And to do to others as you wish that they would do unto you.

The Treaty of the annexation of the Punjab was extorted from me, when I was a mere infant of some eleven years of age, by my Christian Guardian, for his own benefit, and by that illegal instrument he confiscated both my diamond and my dominions.

But as that Treaty was abrogated by the arbitrary interpretation of its stipulation by your Government, in its own favor, I demand and reclaim the restoration of my jewel and of my sovereign rights, of which I was defrauded by the perfidious representative of England and exile from my native land.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, Your Most Gracious Majesty, the deeply wronged legitimate Sovereign of the Sikhs,

Duleep Singh, Maharajah
23rd February, 1889

But by 1890, a stroke paralyzed Duleep, was reduced to begging for the Queen's forgiveness. At their final visit in France, Queen Victoria forgave him in a tearful meeting. She wrote in a letter to her daughter Vicky:

'The poor Maharaja came to see me yesterday, having driven over from Nice with his 2nd son, Frederic. He was quite bald & very gray, but with the same pleasant manner as ever. When I came & gave him my hand, which he kissed & said, "Pardon me for not kneeling," for his left arm & leg are paralyzed. "Pray forgive me & excuse my faults." I answered, "They are forgotten & forgiven." It was very sad. Still, I'm glad we met & I could say I forgave him.'

On Oct. 22, 1893, Maharaja Duleep Singh died of a stroke alone in a Paris hotel and was buried at *Elveden cemetery*, as a Christian and not a Sikh.

… Duleep Singh gave Queen Victoria the Koh-i-Noor diamond, & she gave him a wreath! … Of his eight children, six with Bamba and two girls with Ada, all died issueless. That was the 2nd part of *The Guru's Prophecy,* ***thus ending the Dynasty of India's Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh.***
… When Duleep's first son, Victor, married Lady Anne Coventry, she was summoned to Buckingham Palace and given chilling orders by the Queen. Victoria instructed her she ***must have no children and must live abroad with her husband, AND, they were never to visit India!***
— Princess Victor Duleep Singh followed that command all her life.

* * *

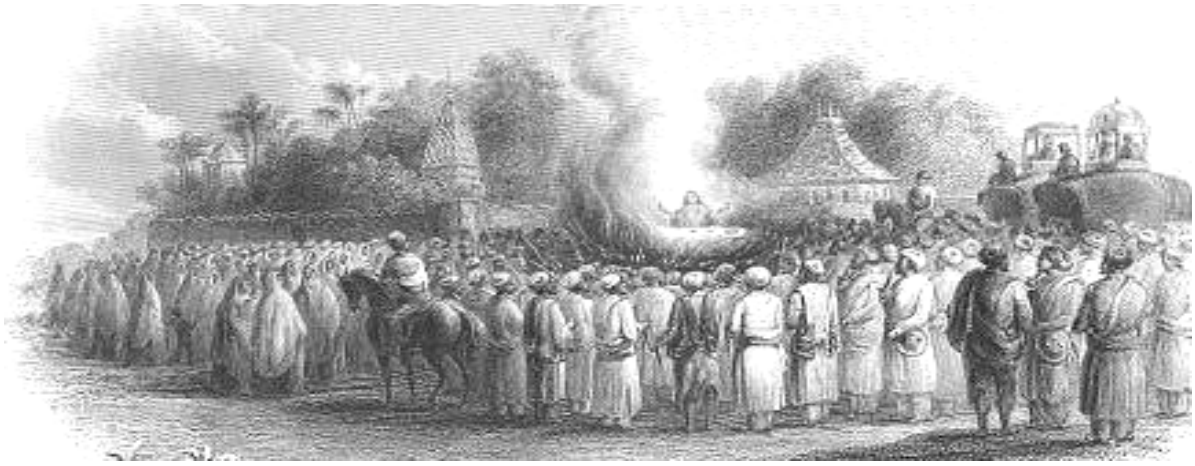
The *Mahabharata's 5,000 BCE Sarasvati River, and Harappan Culture*, one of the world's earliest urban civilizations, flourished from 3000 BCE in this *Punjab* location. (from '*panj'* meaning *five* and '*ab'* meaning *water)* Then, following in the tradition of Guru Nanak, father of the '*land of the five-rivers'*, the founder of the Sikh faith, (with emphasis on the oneness of God, equality of all humankind, denouncing caste, and a direct spiritual connection without priests) ***The Lion of Punjab, Ranjit Singh,*** united the Punjab Sikh tribes in *nationalism*, as their interests were common. In 1799, at 19 years of age, Ranjit Singh took over *Lahore* from the *Afghan Shah Zaman,* then in 1802 he defeated the *Bhangi Sikhs,* proclaiming himself *Maharaja of Punjab.* ***By 1813, Ranjit brought the Koh-i-Noor diamond back to India.*** In 1819, Kashmir was brought under his rule, founding an empire. WhenGovernor General Lord Auckland asked Foreign Minister Azizuddin, which of the Maharaja's eyes was missing? He replied; ***'The Maharaja is like the Sun, that only has one eye; the splendor and luminosity is so much that I never dared look at the other.'***

The Golden Temple Amritsar

Often compared with *Mohammed Ali Pasha,* as they were contemporaries who established strong states and modernized their regions with European military tactics**,** and both having multi-religious courtiers. Two sovereign modernizers being crushed by the same man, *Palmerston*, with the same imperial doctrine. Secret confiscated letters disclose that Ranjit Singh wanted to unite with other Indian rulers to throw out the British!
Maharaja Ranjit Singh is regarded as one of India's greatest rulers.

'Travels into Bokhara', Alexander Burnes, in his book praised Ranjit Singh:
"No other Indian ever impressed me as much as this man. It's a matter of perpetual wonder that though uneducated, he runs his administration with such skill without guidance that no one can beat him ."

Funeral June 28, 1839: ***'The funeral obsequies of this extraordinary man were too remarkable not to be mentioned here. Upon his death, the whole of the Sikh Sardars at Lahore assembled to do honor to his suttee and four of his favorite queens, together with seven female slaves, having in conformity with the horrible practice, expressed their intention of burning themselves upon the funeral pyre.***



The body of the Maharajah having been placed upon the pile, his queens seated themselves around it, when the whole were covered over with a canopy of the most costly Kashmir shawls. The Maharajah Kurruck Singh, then taking a lighted torch in his hand, pronounced a short prayer, set fire to the pile, and in an instant the whole mass, being composed of very ignitible material, was in flames. The noise from the torn toms and shouts of the spectators immediately drowned any exclamation from the wretched victims. It was with some difficulty that the Rajah Dhyan Singh (Runjeet's minister), under strong excitement, was prevented from throwing himself into the flames.

'He directed that the far-famed Koh-i-Noor diamond, valued at a million sterling, which he had obtained from Shah Soojah, should be given to the high priests of the celebrated temple of Jagannath. For many years towards the latter period of his life, Runjeet had been hoarding treasure, which may be estimated to have amounted at his decease to about eight crores of rupees in cash, or the same number of millions of pounds sterling, with jewels, shawls, horses, elephants, &c., to several millions more.'

The beloved Ranjit Singh went incognito among his people to see if they were happy. And in 1809, poetically crafting it in white marble, he renovated the *Harmandir Sahib,* aka *the Abode of God*. In 1830, he overlaid it with gold leaf, so ever since it has been popularly called ***The Golden Temple***, *open in four directions to all religions.* Sikhism views life not as a fall from grace, but as a unique opportunity to discover the divinity in each of us…

Maharaja Ranjit Singh

Osho

Maharaja Ranjit Singh

The only recorded images of men doing 'mudra' are of Ranjit Singh and Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka Osho. *Mudras* are hand positions linking the brain to the body, used to soothe pain, release endorphins, and increase vitality. ***Coincidentally,*** both ***Ranjit Singh and Osho lived until 59 years of age—with a penchant for the same headwear!***
(*Einstein said: Coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous.)

Bhagwan Rajneesh was born into the *Jain* community. The spiritual goal of *Jainism* is to become liberated from the ***endless cycle of rebirth*** and to attain the all-knowing state called ***moksha, the final liberation.*** *(Moksha is attainable by removing ignorance.)* Rajneesh became a professor of philosophy at Jabalpur University. Those familiar with Osho's discourses

have heard his steely critique of *institutional religions,* but he greatly admired *the Sikhs. …* ***'Sikhs are beautiful people. Perhaps the community of the Sikhs are the only community in the whole of India you can rely upon for something. They are simple, courageous people, most trustworthy, reliable, and not cunning. They are unafraid of anything; otherwise, the Indians are cowards.'***

Maharaja Ranjit Singh **Osho**

Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka *Osho*, died in Puna on ***Jan. 19, 1990,*** and *Swami Rajneesh Agarwal* was born in Calcutta, on ***Jan. 20, 1961.*** ***… So much for besmirching and discrediting Duleep's parentage!*** So, just how many coincidences does it take until it's not? And just how many coincidences does it take until it's ***DESTINY?... There's more:*** *Swami Rajneesh,* who I hadn't seen in years, in 2007, wrote his autobiography, ***'Tears of the Mystic Rose.'*** … Born into the *Agarwal Industrial Family of Bombay,* he attended private schools in the Himalayas. Then, after the death and defamation of *Vimi*, his film-star mother, and not having any desire to join the family steel businesses, he went to live with his aunt in New Delhi.

Tears of the Mystic Rose - by Ozen Rajneesh:

'I start searching and reading all sorts of strange books. Anything to do with the future, death, life after death, occult religions, especially Tibetans and Lamas, and the Buddhist way of life. These subjects fascinate me, and I'm drawn to them like a magnet. So I read every night on the rooftop under an open sky til 3 or 4 in the morning. Excelling at arts in school, my passion for art returned. Perhaps I'm to become a painter or an artist; … I spend months reading endlessly…

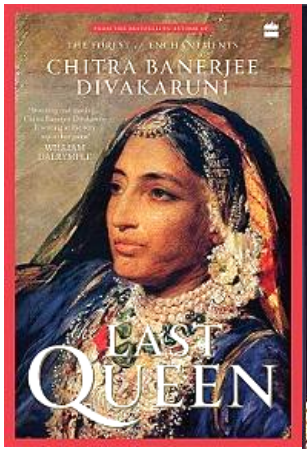
'… In the past four months I began to have dreams flying over rooftops, and waking up to find my sheets wet with heavy sweating. These dreams become more vivid. I see a long-bearded face looking at me with compelling eyes. I begin drawing these eyes and beard. Soon my wall is filled with 50 drawings all facing me, magnetic eyes and beard. … One of the books was Gitanjali by Rabindranath Tagore. Maybe it's his face I'm seeing.' My auntie suggested I read books from the locked cabinet in my uncle's library, but until she could manage the keys, she'd send me some magazines.

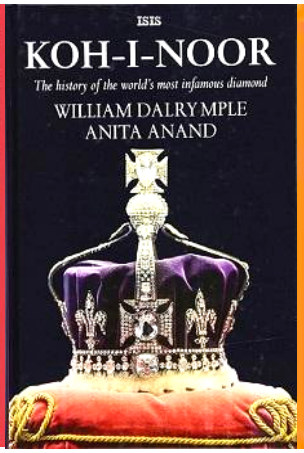
'I remember it as if it happened yesterday. The very moment I saw the Sannyas Magazine with his face on the cover, those eyes and that beard, it was as if time stopped and my heart beat rapidly, everything in the room began to reel and spin. I almost fainted. —The very same eyes that had haunted me for months were staring at me from the cover of the Sannyas Magazine. What seemed like a million flashes. Hundreds of images passed before my eyes. He was my search — he was my life—everything fell into place—I found the man I was born for.'

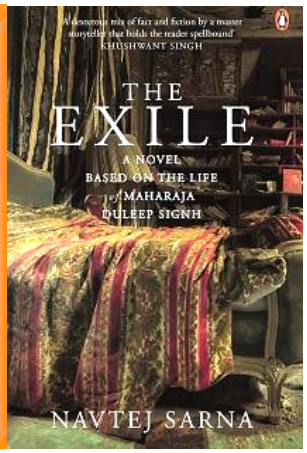
Swami Rajneesh went through years of trials and tribulations to reach his Master. Resolving the problems at the Ashram, Osho said, ***'He's spelling his name Rajnish wrongly—it should be spelled R a j n e e s h, the same as mine!' …*** At the close of his book: *'Osho — Never Born—Never Died, only visited planet Earth between Dec 11, 1931 – Jan 19, 1990. Rajneesh, born Jan 20, 1961—died Jan 19, 1990—reborn Jan 19, 1990.'*
https://www.holybooks.com/wp-content/uploads/Osho-Rajneesh-Tears-of-the-Mystic-Rose.pdf

(***The Mexican Healer's birthday is Jan. 18, 1954. Just another coincidence? Or, as Jung says, is astrology the language of the universe—synchronicity on a cosmic scale?)***

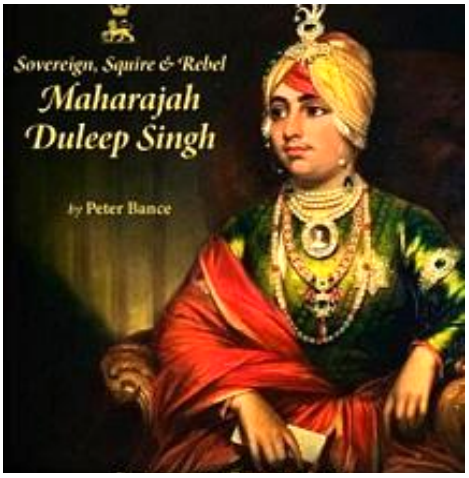
P.S. No passion can surpass a mother's eternal love for her son or a soul's eternal quest for the Truth! … I'm not the only one taking a deep dive into *the* ***Fall of the Sikh Empire and Koh-i-Noor's rightful owner.*** Since my 2006 past-life regression, there has been a resurgence of books and major films on *Rani Jindan, Maharaja Duleep Singh & the Koh-i-Noor,* not to mention the former colonies demanding the return of their *stolen loot!* … In 2010, Prime Minister David Cameron said, ***'If you say yes to one, you suddenly find the British Museum is empty.'*** For these controversies and more, *Camilla* opted not to wear the *Koh-i-Noor* in her crown at the coronation *of King Charles*. Meanwhile, Jindan's jewels are routinely being sold at auction. Some estimates say the British Regime took ***'$45 trillion dollars from India of stolen loot! London ended up with all of the gold and silver that should have gone directly to the Indians in exchange for their exports.'***
https://www.aljazeera.com/opinions/2018/12/19/how-britain-stole-45-trillion-from-india







The Black Prince Trailer 2017
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R2TTXSPVn8c



Oh, so many coincidences! It's nice to see Jindan's favorite *seed pearl earrings* worn in *my ivory miniature*. But where is the *droplet Chand Tikka* Jindan is wearing in *the Richmond portrait****—and in my ivory miniature?***

Some of Rani Jindan's 600 jewels sold at auction, fetching many times above their auction price:

Ivory miniature V&A Museum **Seed Pearl Necklace** **Seed Pearl/Emerald Earrings Bonhams £187,000 gbp**

Emerald necklace £187,000

Chand Tikka £105,000

Pendant £137,750

Chand-Tikka set £62,500

Earrings £175,000

belt buckle

Chand -Tikka

Timur Ruby 'UK Crown Jewels'

Armlet Bonhams

Christies Bazuband £144,900

Chand Tikka £187,562

Tikka £32,500

… Bonhams silk velvet cases are inscribed in gold print:

'From the collection of the Court of Lahore formed by Maharaja Runjeet Singh and lastly worn by Her Highness The Late Maharanee Jendan Kower'

(The 'Davinder Toor Collection' has purchased an impressive number of pieces that he graciously exhibits globally.)

Finally, and coincidentally, my investigation into *Jindan's Soul* returns to where it began, with ***'Larry-Harry Flashman's Mountain of Light'***. I discovered the *source* of the *'myth'* about Jindan's part in *the Anglo-Sikh Wars*, still treated as *'an eyewitness account,'* then satirized by MacDonald Fraser in *'Flashman & The Mountain of Light'.* The source was (*note the **1847** date, when she was exiled*) *George Carmichael Smyth's **1847**: 'A History of The Reigning Family of Lahore with Some Account of the Jummoo Rajahs'.* Smyth's '*Preface'* is dedicated to the Gov. Gen. Agent, Major Broadfoot: ***'notwithstanding that the book was undertaken under the direction of Maj. Broadfoot—but I would not have done so were it not all true!'*** Though never having any contact with *The Reigning Family,* his story came from the ***Spy Notes of Alexander Gardner,*** who *was* at Lahore and who for years had '*supplied the British Gov't with important information.'* In other words, ***Gardner was a mercenary, and a paid British spy!*** … Gardner was until death employed by *The Jammu Fox, the Maharaja of Jammu & Kashmir, Gulab Singh Dogra. …* Smyth tells us that in ***August 1845,*** (just before the assassination of Jawahar fomented by Gulab) ***Major Broadfoot was negotiating with Gulab Singh to overthrow Lahore's government in exchange for his receiving Jammu & Kashmir.*** … No reply is noted from Broadfoot, but we do have the one-armed *Governor General Henry Hardinge's letters to his wife:*

Viscount Henry Hardinge Governor General India 1844-1848

> ***'The man I have to deal with, Gulab Singh, is the greatest rascal in all Asia. We can protect him without much inconvenience and give him a slice of Sikh territory as he is our ally. I must forget he is a rascal and treat him better than he deserves.'***

Hardinge Papers Relating to Punjab Intro xvii: Hardinge letters to his wife and friends repeat the myth that Rani Jindan was a desperate woman fearful of the Khalsa army, and sent it across the Sutlej River to its destruction. … BUT — it was political propaganda!

'In order to justify British aggressive policy towards the Lahore Kingdom, Lord Hardinge was wrongly blaming Rani Jindan. His contemporary Major Carmichael Smyth writes: 'We have been told that the Sikhs violated the Treaty by crossing the river with their army … but I only ask, had we not departed from the rules of friendship first?'
https://archive.org/details/HardingePapersRelatingToPunjab/page/n12/mode/1up

Smyth emphatically states what others echo, that ***'Jindan was not even a wife of Ranjit Singh,'*** while disparaging her as ***'The Messalina of Punjab,'*** a profligate woman, who couldn't have birthed the *legitimate Sovereign of Ranjit Singh.* ***… But luckily, along with the many images, the official chronicles still exist! Court Chronicles — Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh Vol 3:*** ***'On the 23rd of Bhadon Sambat 1895 (6th Sep. 1838 A.D.), the glorious Sahibzada was born of Mai Jindan (Jind Kaur) at Lahore. The sincere near-attendants felt greatly pleased. The said Mai (Jind Kaur) sent the news through Munshi Gobind Ram Sahai to the Sarkar. On hearing the tidings, the Sarkar expressed unlimited pleasure. On his receipt of the news, the Raja Khan Bahador (Dhian Singh Dogra), according to the customs of the hilly regions, put fresh things (fruits or vegetables) over the head of the Munshi. A few days later, gold ornaments such as Hassi and bangles, etc., were given to the Munshi, and he was sent toward Lahore with large sums of money.'***

The court chronicles of the period before the Anglo-Sikh War were given by *Munshi Sohan-Lal-Suri,* also under British pay, to Captain Edwardes and have never resurfaced. But if Jindan wanted the army destroyed, ***why did she call General Sham Singh, her closest ally, to save the day?***

… LOGIC *didn't evade Dalhousie*, who said, ***'Jindan was the only one with a manly understanding of the Punjab,'*** who saw it necessary to imprison her. ***… LOGIC*** *didn't evade Palmerston,* who saw it necessary *to sanction her assassination in 1863.* But somehow ***LOGIC*** still evades *so many authors!* The only one who kept fighting, who never relented, and who suffered the consequences, yet she was the mastermind? ***LOGIC*** clearly reveals **— *that Rani Jindan was not to blame!***

… LOGIC also evades those who claim that the *Koh-i-Noor* was *gifted to Queen Victoria* by Duleep's *'free will'*. **… Seriously?** … A 10-year-old boy, alone, torn from all he knew, his legitimacy threatened, while surrounded by greedy, scheming foreigners?

Dear Mother,

I have written many letters but with no reply. I hope this letter reaches you. My fate was sealed from the start. You were taken from me, my language, my heritage, my religion—all gone! I became 'The Black Prince', an exotic entity. … Only you, the Great Maharani, could counter the erosion of my roots and culture. As a young boy I was forced to move to Britain: they call this my home, but in reality it is my prison. My Sikh identity was torn from me—I was completely trapped! I need you, my determined mother, to help me reclaim my heritage. I am the son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and of Maharani Jind Kaur.

… Your son, Duleep Singh, the Last Prince of Punjab. *(unknown provenance)*

Rani Jindan & Maharaja Duleep Singh

LOGIC also evades the THIEVES:** Persia / Iran, who **stole** the Koh-i-Noor* from Mogul India, or Afghanistan, who ***stole it from Persia, or Pakistan and Bangladesh, who have ***zero*** historic claim to ownership! **… *PROVENANCE** confirms that diamonds were *only in India* until 1725 when Brazil discovered diamond mines. … ***And only *PROVENANCE determines legal ownership!***

PROVENANCE: definition

1… Origin / Source: place of origin or earliest known history of something.
2… Provenance is crucial for establishing ownership, authenticity, and market value, for items with historical and cultural significance.
3… Provenance is the chronology of the ownership, custody or location of a historical object.
4… Provenance is the detailed history of an item's ownership, custody and location since its creation.

Somehow, these definitions escape the ***LOGIC*** of today's *'legal minds'* arguing for the ownership of *Lord Krishna's / India's Koh-i-Noor diamond!!* Notwithstanding the legend that tells how Krishna won the battle of *'Good over Evil'* while wearing the *'Syamantaka Diamond'* on his arm, that many believe to be the ***'Koh-i-Noor': THE ONLY DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD WERE IN INDIA until diamond mines were discovered in 1725 in Brazil. Thieves are still just thieves — END OF STORY!!!***

… Yet — these highly educated, illogical legal-minds are so confused:

> ***'The Koh-i-Noor's <u>legal provenance</u> is complex and contested, stemming from its history of changing hands between various rulers and Empires.'***

The occupying Mughals <u>stole</u> it from the Indians, then invading Persians <u>stole</u> it from the Mughals, the Afghans then <u>stole</u> it from the Persians, and by diplomatic agreement, or karmic destiny, the Great Ranjit Singh brought the Koh-i-Noor home! ***But, these law-abiding British officials claim that <u>theft</u> is now '<u>legal provenance</u>'?)***

> ***'While the British acquired the Koh-i-Noor in 1849 after the 2nd Anglo-Sikh War, <u>India, Pakistan, Iran, and Afghanistan all lay claim to it, citing various historical and cultural ties</u> … The diamond's acquisition by the British particularly through the 1846 'Treaty of Lahore' is viewed as a product of colonial exploitation…'*** *In other words:* ***'<u>THEFTS' ARE CULTURAL TIES' !?</u>***

2016 KOHINOOR authors William Dalrymple and Anita Anand ask: ***"Do we simply shrug it off as part of the rough-and-tumble of history or should we attempt to right the wrongs of the past?"***

The peace treaty signed at the close of the First War, signed by the 7-year-old Maharaja Duleep Singh, provided that the British forces would remain no longer than one year ***"for protecting the Maharaja and citizens of Lahore during the reorganization of the Sikh Army." …*** Then, in December 1846, the *Treaty of Bhairowal* was signed, replacing *Maharani Jindan Kaur* with a *British controlled Council of Regency*, transforming the Sikh Kingdom into a virtual British protectorate. It was to conclude in 1854 when the Maharaja was 16-years-old. The cost for the maintenance was to be borne by the State of Lahore. … But, as we know, in April 1848, while the British were *'cooling their heels in Simla, basking in their arrogance that all was well',* the *2nd Anglo-Sikh War* broke out—*while the British were paid to protect the peace!* Then, the British abused Chatter and Shere Singh Attariwala, thus provoking them to join the war. Notwithstanding, *it was the provinces and the Afghans who waged war, who were outraged by Rani Jindan's imprisonment, and not by the Maharaja!* So that at its conclusion, the *1849 Treaty of Lahore* dethroned the 10-year-old Duleep, exiling him to England, and annexing the Punjab! And this is when the British East India Company confiscated, as a *spoil of war*, the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, *the personal family property of the Maharaja Duleep'Singh,* and gave it to *Queen Victoria!*

With Duleep's mother in prison, at just 10-years-old, he was forced to sign on March 29, 1849, ***The Last Treaty of Lahore*** *Treaty of Submission:*

I. His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh shall resign for himself, his heirs, and his successors all right, title, and claim to the sovereignty of the Punjab, or to any sovereign power whatever.

II. All the property of the State, of whatever description and Chapter wheresoever found, shall be confiscated to the Honourable East India Company, in part payment of the debt due by the State of 1849. Lahore to the British Government and of the expenses of the war.

III. The gem called the Koh-i-noor, which was taken from Shah Sooja-ool-moolk by Maharajah Runjeet Singh, shall be surrendered by the Maharajah of Lahore to the Queen of England.

IV. His Highness Duleep Singh shall receive from the Honourable East India Company, for the support of himself, his relatives, and the servants of the State,

a pension of not less than four, and not exceeding five, lakhs of Company's rupees per annum.

V. His Highness shall be treated with respect and honour. He shall retain the title of Maharajah Duleep Singh Bahadoor, and he shall continue to receive during his life such portion of the above-named pension as may be allotted to himself personally, provided he shall remain obedient to the British Government, and shall reside at such place as the Governor-General of India may select.

Granted and accepted at Lahore on the 29th of March, 1849,and ratified by the Right Honourable the Governor-General on the 5th of April, 1849.

Reflecting on the alacrity with which the ten-year-old boy signed the document, Major Evans Bell, an Indian Army officer and staunch critic of British Imperial policy in India, closes his 1882 book: ***Annexation Of The Punjab, And The Maharajah Duleep Singh,*** with critical points as to the legality of seizing the *Koh-i-Noor along with the Maharaja Duleep Singh's personal treasury.*

> ***"Hardly a show of negotiation or discussion was permitted. Their signatures were extorted from the Councillors, whose conduct throughout the rebellion had been irreproachable, by threats that if they refused to sign, their landed estates would be confiscated, and the Maharajah and themselves would be left to the Governor-General's mercy", as persons entitled to "no allowance whatever", and to "no consideration".***

Dewan, Raja Dina Nath, Finance Minister, Privy Consul to Ranjit Singh comments on the severity of the conditions.

> ***"If they refused to accept the terms which the Governor-General offered, the Maharajah and themselves would be entirely at his mercy, and I had no authority to say that they would be entitled to receive any allowance whatsoever."***
>
> ***"If they did not subscribe to the conditions, I could not promise that any consideration would be shown to them."***
>
> ***Thus the British Commissioner who presented the "Terms" for signature, as also in a passage quoted, with singular misapprehension of its bearings, by the writer of the Times article,*** *(the London paper's rebuttal of Duleep Singh's public declaration of British injustice)* ***substantially admits the terror, on behalf of their Prince as well as of their own future, by which the Councillors of Regency were compelled to accede to the "Terms".***

"The paper," says the Commissioner, "was then handed to the Maharajah, who immediately affixed his signature. The alacrity with which he took the papers when offered was a matter of remark to all, and suggests the idea that possibly he had been instructed by his advisers that any show of hesitation might lead to the substitution of terms less favourable than those which he had been offered. his advisers. As we have just seen, they had, in fact, been threatened with the "substitution of terms" amounting to proscription and ruin for themselves and their infant Prince.

Sir John Kaye, employed by the India office says:

'As for the demeanor and impressions of the Maharajah himself, and "the alacrity" or levity, with which he "took the papers and affixed his signature", it is enough to say that he was a child, eleven-years-of-age, and incapable of forming a judgment in such matters.' *(Duleep was not yet eleven)*

"This is not the loose diction of doubt. The agreement was that the British Government should pay not less than four, or more than five lakhs of rupees."

He says that "there is no mention of private property in the terms of settlement accepted by the Maharajah." Exactly, – all the "property of the State is mentioned, and is confiscated"; the Kohi-noor is mentioned, and "is surrendered"; if had been intended to exact any more private property, real or personal, it ought to have been mentioned in the terms of settlement. But "there is no mention of private property."

The Maharaja says that although his private property is not confiscated under "the Terms", he has been prevented from receiving the rentals of the landed estates to which he had succeeded, which belonged to his family before his father attained to Sovereignty, and which were in his possession under British Guardianship in 1849. He also states that although, under the 'Terms' of 1849, the personal property which he had inherited, and which was in his possession, under British Guardianship, is not confiscated, his jewels, valued at about £250,000, were actually seized in the Palace at Lahore, and given as prize-money to our troops.

The fact that the contents of the jewel-room were known to be the Maharajah's private property and not State property, is furthermore proved by Lord Dalhousie having taken upon himself, in the arbitrary process of distribution, to allow the Maharajah Duleep Singh to retain about a twelfth part of the Palace jewels, valued

> ***at about £20,000, for his own use. These jewels were certainly not presented to His Highness as a gift; they were simply left in his possession, what, then, became of the rest of the jewels which were taken out of his possession? It is understood that they were thrown into a Prize Fund for the troops engaged in the Punjaub campaign.***
>
> ***If this gem had been the "property of the State" it would have been confiscated under Article II. They were not surrendered by the Maharajah Duleep Singh, but, they were seized by the Government of India. Therefore the appropriation of the Maharajah's personal property by Lord Dalhousie was entirely unauthorised and unwarrantable.***

PURE THEFT, besides never fulfilling their obligations *to protect the peace, or to uphold the monetary pensions of the Royal Family* that were never paid — and is tossed into legal word-salad. — C*an anyone argue that pandas are not from China, or kangaroos are not from Australia?* It's as clear as the Indian elephant in the room: ***THE ONLY DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD WERE IN INDIA UNTIL 1725, when they were discovered in Brazil. And so, whatever hands it passed through, the KOH-I-NOOR's PROVENANCE is INDIA… it's as clear as day!***

* * *

The Antiquities and Art Treasures Act, 1972*,* was created in accordance with the *UNESCO Convention* to regulate the internal and external dealing with antiquities. Its purpose is to prevent the export of India's treasures so as to preserve the country's cultural wealth. … Unsurprisingly, Great Britain maintains that: **'*****The country of origin can not invoke its rights of return to any artifact that left the country before the 1972 Antiquities Act came into force!' …*** How very convenient, since the bulk of British looting occurred more than a century prior to the laws being written. … Meanwhile, many treasures whose return is requested are in the process of repatriation.

1. The *Rosetta Stone,* seized by British troops from the French army in Egypt in 1801, is currently still exhibited in the *British Museum*.
2. The *Elgin Marbles,* aka *Parthenon Marbles,* were taken from Greece, between 1801-1812. The 5th century BC artifacts are exhibited in the *British Museum.* UNESCO's request for mediation was declined!

3. Recently, Mexico successfully repatriated *14,000 archeological artifacts* during AMLO's presidency.
4. *The Museum of Fine Arts i*n Boston returned a *Roman statue of Herakles* to Turkey.
5. The Manchester Museum in partnership with the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders Studies has returned *ceremonial objects to Aboriginal people* of Australia.
6. The *Museum of the Bible* in Washington DC has returned thousands of looted artifacts to Egypt and Iran.
7. The *Benin Bronzes,* a collection of thousands of 13th-16th century brass, bronze and ivory artifacts were looted from the *Kingdom of Benin* (Nigeria) during a violent 'punitive expedition' in 1897, to expand colonial control. The raid destroyed *Oba's Palace* while scattering 10,000 treasures to museums and private collections globally, mainly Europe and America. While hundreds have been returned, many still remain abroad within the *British Museum*, which is legally restricted from dispossession of the collection.

While many artifacts have been returned, the *British Museum* restricts the return of its collections, while failing to redress the colonial-era injustice. In February 2026 the *Cambridge Museum of Archeology and Anthropology* will return 116 pieces to Benin and retain '*on loan',* a dozen others.

Many Indian Nationals sought to repatriate the legendary *KOHINOOR* diamond to India. There are illegitimate claims from *Pakistan*, who didn't even exist until 1947, with no cultural ties. Then, *Afghanistan's Taliban*, who profess cultural ties to the *Durrani Dynasty* (1747–1826), and who were only temporary possessors, after *stealing* it from Iran / Persia's Nader Shah, who *stole* it from Mughal India. … So I will repeat: *Theft is a crime—not to be confused with legitimate cultural ties! While rich in minerals, diamonds have never been discovered in Afghanistan!* … Nevertheless, they still persist, while India's legitimate requests remain unsuccessful. … Great Britain insists on its right to keep the stolen gem, despite the historically recorded crimes committed in acquiring the gem: *character assassination, abuse of a minor, kidnapping, and murder. Britain continues to insist that it was a gift! —- I must wholeheartedly, and deathlessly, disagree!*

So I will close my justification for the ***return of the Koh-i-Noor to India,*** borrowing the hypocritical words of Britain's twice Prime Minister, *Lord Palmerston.* (*Henry John Temple served as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom twice (1855 –1858 and 1859 –1865) during the Victorian era.* … Arguably, he was the 19th century's most powerful man, his drug: ***'While one of the most popular and 'truly English' ministers of his time, critics accused his administration of 'misrule'. Or more accurately, a policy of reckless interventionist foreign policy, high-handed mismanagement, and domestic inaction. Notorious for aggressive foreign policy, often using the Royal Navy to enforce commercial or territorial interests, such as in the Opium Wars in China. Many in parliament deemed him reckless and dangerous, "disturbing the peace of Europe." … His enemies were numerous. The French, Russians, Prussians, Austrians, were all hostile to him. He behaved like a free-roaming foreign secretary, often failing to consult his cabinet or the Queen, and earning her deep distrust. … Yet, he was widely popular, as a master of manipulating public opinion through the press and by appealing to a sense of nationalistic, "John Bull" pride. He was opposed to democratic reforms. or empowerment of the working classes.'*** **…** Famously caustic in style, the morally bankrupt, the world's greatest drug dealer, rapist of women, of countries, and his boundless warmongering against India, Egypt, and China, so, in the words of *Lord Pumice-stone / Palmerston:*

"A thief must always be made to disgorge."

Emperor Ranjit Singh Empress Jindan Kaur
Parents of the legitimate heir of the Sikh Empire and the Koh-i-Noor diamond, Maharaja Duleep Singh.

CHAPTER NINE

The Propaganda Machine & The Tartan Turban

Alexander Haughten Campbell Gardner

"Until the lions have their own historians, the history of the hunt will always be written by the hunter."
African poet Chinua Achebe

Chapter 9

Destiny doesn't look upon you often, but when she does — one must seize the opportunity! *…* ***Leslie Simone Sutain aka Rani Jindan, January 2026***

… My rebuttal of the *Propaganda Machine,* conspiracies that would make *Late Night News hosts' mouths water,* begins with the legendary Sikh author-historian, *Khushwant Singh.* In his*1962, The Fall of the Kingdom of the Punjab,* he *exposed disinformation*. He rebukes *Alexander Gardner* for seeding the *conspiracy* that *Wazir Dyhan Singh Dogra engineered the death of the heir to Kharak's throne, son Nau Nihal, by falling masonry!*

> ***'There is not the slightest doubt that Col. Gardener used his imagination to convert the tragic accident into a dastardly conspiracy—because the facts prove it clearly to have been an accident and nothing else!'***

He describes how the *Mughal era Roshnai-Gate, Gate of Light,* built in the late16th century, the main gate of the thirteen gates of the walled city of Lahore, had been shaken for hours by the blasting of the funeral cannons. The massive crowds wishing to watch the funeral procession pressured the structure, and, as it was a busy thoroughfare that ran alongside the most popular Sikh Temple. Kharak had died that morning, so there was constant physical activity to prepare his funeral pyre. Besides, in such a crowded spectacle, *how could someone have rigged the arch to fall precisely at the exact moment when the heir, Nau Nihal, passed through it, who was accompanied by Gulab Dogra's son?* It is unlikely Dhyan would sacrifice his own nephew, and the many others passing under the falling masonry, to injury and death.

Rebutting Rani Jindan's responsibility for igniting the First Anglo-Sikh War, these are Kushwant's views:

> ***'There is nothing concrete to implicate Rani Jindan apart from her liaison with the traitor Lal Singh and his letter to the British 'to consider him and the Bibi Sahiba as their friends.'***

Whether or not Lal's message to the British was actually from the Rani is also not certain. Jindan was famously, and fervently against the British. While there is ample evidence that P.M. Lal Singh and Chief Commander Tej Singh, as well as Gulab Singh Dogra, continued communication with the British. And there is archived correspondence between Lord Ellenborough and the incoming Governor General, Lord Hardinge, hypothesizing on *how to blame the Sikhs for provoking the war*, *while there is no proof involving Jindan!* Yet most still believe the Lahore Durbar, along with Jindan, were responsible for provoking the soldiers to war. … But, we do have a rebuttal from *Dewan Ajudhia Prasad*, the paymaster of the elite troops, in '*Waqai-Jang-i-Sikhan': Events of the First Anglo-Sikh War.*

> ***'Rani Jindan had opposed and not connived at the melancholy adventure. That all power had passed to the insubordinate army and was exercised by the groups of ignorant, reckless demagogues, which formed the 'panches.' The document shows, in short, that the Khalsa Kingdom was destroyed by the Khalsa army.*** (**Complete account in Chapter 12, The Archives.)*

…*Yet even the impeccable Khushwant Singh can be caught in the web of Alexander Gardner's irresistible tales,* when he repeats Gardner's absurd, fabricated tale, of Rani Jindan throwing Duleep over a tented wall, to his near death, at the assassination of her brother Jawahar.

> '***Suddenly hearing the yell from a well-known voice, she flung the child away in an agony of grief and rage. Fortunately he was caught by a soldier, or the consequences might have been fatal!'***

At the risk of leaving even one stone unturned, or obscuring the more damaging allegations about Jindan, we need to see just how far the *propaganda has spread and has become what is called history! … As* noted previously, in 1847, Major George Carmichael Smyth, published: *'The History Of Reigning Family Of Lahore' (reprinted as The Secret History of the Khalsa Durbar)* at the request of his superior, Major G. Broadfoot — to prepare for exiling Rani Jindan in 1847. And G.C. Smyth is most famous as the man responsible for provoking the *1857 Indian Mutiny.* As commander of the *3rd Bengal Native Cavalry at Meerut,* his insistence

on using pig-greased cartridges that was against their religion, plus his rough treatment of sepoys, that led to the history-altering mutiny.

Just as the acclaimed Khushwant Singh, many top historians also repeat Smyth's account of *The Reigning Family* as *gospel*, though he never had contact with any members, nor was he at Lahore. He claims to have received his information from the famed Colonel Alexander Gardner, an American-Scot mercenary with a fantastical past, and who was a *British spy! Gordana Sahib, as he was known,* had been at Lahore since 1832, when he was hired by *Ranjit Singh*. He took part in a number of crimes to destabilize the Sikh succession. Then, after the *First Anglo-Sikh War,* he was formally employed by *Gulab Singh Dogra, (Britain's primary conspirator)* while Gardner continued to report to the British.

Col. Alexander Haughton Campbell Gardner

Here is a synopsis of some colorful descriptions of Gardner, gleaned from the acclaimed *British historian John Keay* in his 2017 ***'The Tartan Turban', an American in the service of Ranjit Singh's Court.***

… So often cited, 'Alexander Gardner is one of the most relevant and enigmatic characters in evaluating this history. Straight-backed, while clutching his sabre, garbed in tartan from trousers to turban, he topped it off with an egret feather. His beard concealed the hole in his throat that he had to close with clamps whenever he needed to eat or drink.'

'Gardner's life story is full of gaps, he was suspiciously slapdash with dates, places and names. 'Born in Wisconsin, of a Scottish father and Anglo-Spanish mother, he became a mercenary soldier in Central-East Asia.' Of paramount importance to his survival was his wealth. He dressed in the Rajput fashion of his patron, our

anti-hero Gulab Singh Dogra. Wearing his wounds as proof of his mysterious past, he used a clamp to close the hole in his throat whenever he took food or drink. He is often dismissed as an exotic fraud, so how much of his story is made up can never be known. But Gardner openly admits that the events in Punjab were orchestrated by his employers, the devious, deceitful Dogra brothers.

'At the beginning of all the carnage with the murder of Chand Kaur, Gardner took part in the Dogras' theft of the Toshakhana, Lahore's treasury house, of killing the protectors, and enriching his patron Gulab Singh. And so, because of these famed attributes, he was designated protector of Rani Jindan and the Court, while acting as a British informant for Henry Lawrence and reporting to him on all the events in Lahore' …

As *Destiny* has afforded me this opportunity, it seems essential to compare what Smyth and Gardner wrote, to see where they differ, who is more believable—if either, and then the reader can decide! … Keays tells us: *The British spy Alexander Gardner: 'saw more than he remembered and remembered more than he saw.'* George MacDonald Fraser credits Gardner, along with Smyth, as his source for *'Flashman & The Mountain of Light,'* and ever since it's published as gospel … although Gardner's first version had been rejected by a London publisher as *too preposterous!*

… Published in 1898, decades after his death, let's see what '*Gordana Sahib'* has to say about Jindan in his '*Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Col. of Artillery in service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.'*

'A Soldier & Traveller' reads like a ***'James Bond Novel',*** yet Alex Gardner's telling is still called ***'An Eyewitness Account of the Fall of the Sikh Empire'*** that was embellished by Carmichael-Smyth with the spiciest anecdotes committed to ink in *'The Reigning Family of Lahore'.*

Alexander Gardner's 1898 'A Soldier & Traveller' description of the death of Rani Jindan's brother, Wazir Jawahar Singh:

'Raja Gulab Singh now thirsted for vengeance on the Sikh nation, which had killed so many members of his family. Gulab set terms for himself with the British, plotting to leave the Sikhs to their doom. Raja Jawahar Singh especially incurred his wrath for the deaths of Hira (nephew) and (son) Sohan Singh. Jawahar was

completely intoxicated by his sudden rise to power, and in the exuberance of his heart, began to ill-treat Kashmira and Peshora Singh, two adopted sons of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. *(*instigated by Gulab on both sides)* ***This was enough to cause the army to feel furious indignation—any favorite of the old Maharaja was sacred to them. Kashmira and Peshora Singh were shortly afterwards killed, the latter under atrocious circumstances of cold-blooded treachery. The Council of the army deliberated for fifteen or twenty days. Jawahar Singh was in the fort and dared not show his head: menacing news reached him daily. The Council at last closed deliberations and decided that Jawahar should be slain, and then the army should march down and attack Delhi.***

'On September 21, 1845, Jawahar Singh was summoned before the army. He came out on an elephant, holding his nephew in his arms, the young Maharaja Dhulip Singh, the last survivor of the line of Ranjit Singh. The Maharani Jindan accompanied him on another elephant. Jawahar had an escort of 400 horsemen, and two elephant-loads of rupees with which to tempt the army.

'Dhulip Singh was received with royal honors: his mother, Maharani Jindan, in miserable terror for her brother, was seated on her golden howdah, dressed in white Sikh clothes and closely veiled. As soon as the procession reached the middle of the line, one man came forward and cried out, "Stop," and at his single voice the whole procession paused. Four battalions were now ordered to the front and removed Jawahar's escort to a distance. Then another battalion marched up and surrounded the elephants of the royal personages. Ten of the Council then came forward; the Rani's elephant was ordered to kneel down, and she was escorted to a small but beautiful tent prepared for her. Then a terrible scene took place. The Rani was dragged away, shrieking to the army to spare her brother.

Jawahar Singh was next ordered to descend from his elephant. A tall Sikh slapped his face and took the boy. He lost his head, attempted to parley, and a tall Sikh slapped his face and took the boy Dhulip Singh from his arms, asking him how he dared to disobey the Khalsa. Dhulip Singh was placed in his mother's arms, and she, hiding herself behind the walls of her tent, held the child up above them in view of the army, crying for mercy for her brother. Suddenly, hearing a yell of agony from a well-known voice, she flung the child away in an agony of grief and rage. Fortunately he was caught by a soldier, or the consequences might have been fatal.

Duleep Singh Durbar c.1843

'Meanwhile the bloody work had been done on the hated Minister. A soldier, who had presumably received his orders, had gone up the ladder placed by Jawahar's elephant, stabbed him, and flung him upon the ground, where he was despatched in a moment with fifty wounds. Thus, did the Sikh army avenge the death of Kashmira and Peshora Singh…

'Maharani Jindan now became regent, and with her lover Lal Singh, who was appointed her adviser, decided on a policy of aggression. That policy was indicated by the old Sikh motto, "Throw the snake into your enemy's bosom," which is even more forcible than the English, "Kill two birds with one stone." The snake was the evilly disposed, violent, yet powerful and splendid Sikh army. It was to be flung upon the British and so destroyed. … Thus did the Rani Jindan in her turn plan to avenge herself on the murderers of her brother Jawahar Singh.'

… *Seriously!?* Well past his carrying size, a 7-year-old, 50 lb. boy, was *'flung' over a tent wall, by his sari-wearing 110 lb. mother?* Unless the purdah wall, constructed to obscure females from public view, yet did not obscure the inhabitants! *IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!* … Because Jawahar was thrown to the ground with fifty wounds and was immediately killed. While other accounts say that the soldiers kept Dhuleep *'afraid of what the Rani in her grief would do'.*

Published 1898, 20 years after his 1877 death, Gardner's description is wildly contradictory. *(and is very different in 'Flashman's' version, though he credits Gardner and Smyth as the source.)* ... Alex says Jawahar was told to descend the elephant, his face slapped, and Duleep taken from

his arms, while Jindan is escorted to a beautiful tent. *(While reports say, Duleep was taken and Jawahar was immediately stabbed, shot, and killed six ways to Sunday! There was no way to stop the madness. And by the time Jindan was 'dragged away screaming–begging for mercy', and inside the tent, Jawahar was already dead!)* Then Alex Sahib says:

> ***'Jindan was dragged away screaming, begging for mercy for her brother, then she held Duleep up above the walls and 'flung' her young son out of the tent—but thankfully Duleep was caught by a soldier, or the consequence might have been fatal.'***

PREPOSTEROUS!

Acclaimed as the 20th century's greatest novelist, while exposing the horrors of colonialism, George MacDonald Fraser never shied away from comedic historic dramas. *He even had Jindan dancing with the egg-sized Koh-i-Noor in her bellybutton,* but didn't repeat the nonsense of tossing Duleep over a tent wall. So while his ten-page narration of the horrible scene in ***Flashman and the Mountain of Light*** is animated to the extreme, I've condensed *Flashy's* narrative for the reader, *(and for legal concerns)* sticking to his details, while hopefully without losing Fraser's satiric flavor:

> ***I had no idea at the time that Jawahar's death would mark a decisive shift in power. To the Khalsa warriors, it was merely another show of their strength —another swift execution of a leader who had displeased them. They didn't yet understand that by doing so they had effectively delivered authority into the hands of someone far more relentless than any ruler Punjab had known since Ranjit Singh.*** *(ie: Jindan)*
>
> ***In the neighboring tent, his sister Jeendan was in the grip of a wild, unbroken fit of grief. Her cries rose so sharply and for so long that even the rowdy crowd outside—busy shouting, celebrating, and stripping the royal procession of its valuables—gradually fell silent. One voice alone filled the darkness: Jeendan's, wavering between sobs and shrieks.***
>
> ***By then the night had settled completely, the open ground around the tents lit only by soldiers holding torches. Jawahar's body still lay on the blood soaked earth. The elephants and troops had moved on, leaving behind a ring of men with long white beards, staring silently at the scene.***

She hurled herself onto the corpse, clinging to it and calling his name. Then she pulled herself upright and began rocking violently, tearing at her own clothes til she was half-naked, whipping her loose hair from side to side. The onlookers stepped back, covering their faces, unable to bear the rawness of her anguish.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, whirled toward them, and spat out her fury. "Scum! Vermin! Butchers!" she screamed. "Cowards born of shameless mothers! A whole army against one unarmed man—yes, you mighty heroes of Punjab, you glorious sons of the Khalsa! You brag of victories over Afghans and boast of what you'll do to the British—but it takes a pack of stray boars to fall upon an unarmed man. … My brother—my Jawahar—my prince!"

Collapsing back into sobs, her voice broke again. She rocked to and fro over the body, dragging her blood soaked long hair across it, lifting what was left of him into her arms while a piercing wail rose from her chest. The watching men stood stunned, shaken by the intensity of her anguish.

Then, she gently set the body down, rose, seized a curved sword, and turned to face them. The sight alone was chilling: a slight figure with her torn and now bloodied white sari hanging loosely at her hips, her bare breasts smeared with her brother's blood. She looked like a wrathful spirit from some ancient tale. She threw back her hair, letting her gaze sweep across the bearded faces in their silent circle.

Now when she spoke, her tone had gone cold and precise. She smeared the blood over her throat and chest as she declared, "For every drop spilled here today, you will repay a million. You call yourselves the Khalsa—the pure. … Pure as filth, brave as mice, worthy only for ——."

Flashman says he won't repeat what she said, but it sounded worse without a trace of anger. He adds that he has known royal women capable of intimidating seasoned soldiers, but Jeendan brought them to their senses through sheer shock. At last one of the elders—an old Sikh with a snow-white beard—could endure no more. He flung down his torch and cried, "No! No! It was not murder. It was the will of God!" She waited until the crowd fell quiet once more. "So that is your defense—the will of God?" she said. "You dare use His name as a shield? Then listen to my will — the will of your Maharani, the mother of your King. You will hand over those who killed him, so they may answer for what they've done. If you refuse, by

the same God whose will you claim to know so well, I will unleash a serpent into your very hearts!" With that final threat, she drove the curved sword point-first into the ground and turned her back on them, striding toward the tents. Crossing the threshold, the glow from inside the tent lit her features—and there was no sign of grief, there was no sign of fury left. — <u>She was smiling!</u>

*Wow! ... **"No sign of grief—She was smiling!"** What a rendition!* Thus Macdonald Fraser delivers his satire on the Victorian era. He bestowed his voice into the popular propaganda of Jindan as an *evil-genius,* who is likened to *China's Dowager Empress* in power. Though she and Duleep were always under threat from the moment the *Koh-i-Noor* was tied onto his 5-year-old arm. In his notes, Fraser credits the British champion, *Carmichael-Smyth* and the *mercenary-soldier-British-spy*, *Alex Gardner*. But thankfully, there is no mention of Jindan tossing her son over the wall to his near death in *Fraser's Flashman*, or in *The Reigning Family! … While never so generous as with their propaganda, Fraser said: 'A street cat is a better mother than the drunkard-sex-crazed Rani Jindan!'*

This is just one example**.** In Keay's words: ***Alex Gardner 'saw more than he remembered, and remembered more than he saw.'*** *Even 'The History of the Reigning Family'* says it was *the Dogras who* inflamed the army's anger against Jawahar. … While the details are wildly embellished, and Jindan's soul is festooned with ice — ***once again, Rani Jindan is the villain!****.*

It is universally believed that Jindan was *'a favorite'* of the Maharaja. So first let's compare what Gardner's '*Soldier & Traveller Memoirs'* says about Jindan's relationship with Ranjit Singh, and then, what G.C. Smyth says in *The Reigning Family of Lahore*.

Rani Jindan and Jawahar Singh were the children of one Manna, the dog-keeper of Ranjit Singh. Rani Jindan was endowed with extraordinary beauty and great talent. Her father, Manna, was a man of much humor and fun, who used to take great liberties with the old 'Lion of the Punjab', often rallying him jocularly on the state of his harem, and jocosely asking him to make a queen of his little daughter. Manna used to perch the pretty child on his

shoulder, and run with her alongside the Maharaja's palki (a decorative seated cabin carried by bearers) when he entered into Lahore, declaring the girl was getting burdensome and heavy. At last the monarch was persuaded, and said, "Very well, bring her." (He did this as Manna used to banter him about his age, and the Maharaja was very sensitive as to his personal decay.)
*(*So clearly Ranjit Singh was aware of Jindan's young age.)*

In the harem the little beauty used to gambol and frolic and tease Ranjit Singh, and managed to captivate him in a way that smote the real wives with jealousy—so much so that Ranjit Singh sent her when she was thirteen years of age to Amritser, and gave her an allowance of 5,000 rupees per month. *(60,000 rupees a year is equivalent today to a comfortable income.)* ***Raja Dhyan Singh Dogra (PM) had charge of her, and contributing to that able courtier's influence. He took her back to Lahore, treated her with great dignity, and ultimately effected the celebration of the karewa (****the custom of remarriage among Jats, keeping family property within the same household)*** ***tantamount to the 'chada dalna', marriage ceremony, between her and Ranjit Singh. Her ascendancy over the Maharaja was soon gained and never lost. (****Only females married to the Maharaja lived in the harem.)*

Now let us see what Carmichael-Smyth says in *'The Reigning Family':* ***Chapter VII - Birth and Parentage of Duleep Singh*** *(pp 91)*

Duleep Singh, the last of the reputed children of the old monarch, had, as is well known, has little claim to such dignified paternity as any of them. A somewhat larger space must, however, be accorded to the history of his birth and parentage, which must also include that of his mother, the far-famed Ranee Chunda.

Munnoo Sing, a poor jat of the Oolak caste, and a native of Gujerawalla, or a small village in its vicinity, at an early age entered the service of Runjeet Sing as a dog-keeper; but, after about fifteen years faithful service in this humble office, he was raised to the station of a door-keeper. He was, however, always regarded as a sort of buffoon, and in that character was privileged to exercise such wit as he possessed at the expense of the Maharajah and his chiefs even in public durbar. This man was constantly telling Runjeet that he had a daughter, the most beautiful creature in the world, whom he would give

to the Maharajah as his wife, and that she would make the old monarch young again. <u>After some time he produced the little girl, and for months carried her on his shoulders to the durbar, or wherever Runjeet went.</u> The old chief is said to have been pestered day and night by Munnoo Sing and his importunities; but for some time he treated the matter as a joke and nothing more. Yet he was vain enough to be pleased with the idea that Munnoo and others should believe and call him a fine able young man, and felt some pride in being the remarks of the town, on the occasion of his nuptials with a girl who might pass as his real-grand-child. (*Again, Ranjit Singh was aware of Jindan's young age.)

At length, whether out of one of those whims, which were so characteristic of the old Lion, or out of consideration to poor Munnoo, who had taken so much trouble on his account, or to put an end to the buffoonery of which he was the object, he one day eased the shoulders of his would-be father-in-law by committing the girl to the care of one Jewahir Mull, a rich Hindoo merchant of Umritsir, once Governor of Cashmere, and then in attendance at the Maharajah's Court. This man received orders to take the young Chunda home with him, and to rear her up at his house in Umritsir. Munnoo was overjoyed at this happy result of his labours, and in his exultation ventured to tell the Maharajah that as the world had now recognized him, Munnoo, as his father-in-law, it mattered little whether he did so or not. On this Runjeet told him, as he had often done before, that he, Munnoo, was nothing better than a down-right Booroowah, a pimp.

However, the young Chunda was sent to Umritsir, where she remained for four or five years in the house of Jewahir Mull. There she might have remained in quiet much longer, her guardian receiving for her maintenance forty-five rupees a month—but that she had even at so early an age won for herself a character for pertness, forwardness, and something even worse. <u>So loose and immodest was her conduct</u> that Jewahir Mull, fearing perhaps that the contagion of her vices might spread to the members of his own virtuous family, informed the Maharajah that he could not allow the young Chunda to remain in his house any longer. As a reason for praying to be released of his charge, he represented, that though the girl was then only thirteen or fourteen years of age, <u>she was in criminal intercourse not only with one</u> Jewahir Sing Bussthenee, whose house adjoined his own, <u>but that she had more than one paramour in the very bazars of Umritsir.</u>

This Jewahir Sing Bussthenee, a young man and a servant of the Maharajah when questioned on the matter candidly confessed all, and that to Runjeet Sing himself. The old monarch was well pleased to have such disclosures made in the presence of the girl's father, Munnoo Sing, whose confusion he enjoyed. Moreover, anticipating considerable amusement from that pertness and forwardness the girl was said to exhibit; and her generally precocious character, Runjeet readily consented to relieve Jewahir Mull of his charge, and the young lady was brought to Lahore to enliven the night scenes in the palace. *(He desecrates the Great Maharaja's character along with Jindan's.)*

Here she enacted a character almost similar to that which her father had performed before her, that of a licensed buffoon, her business being to put to shame all, both men and women, who were in any degree less depraved or less shameless than herself.

<u>Numerous were the amours in which she was now engaged, some with others without the knowledge and consent of the Maharajah.</u> To give a detail of these affairs and of scenes acted in the presence of the old Chief himself and at his instigation, would be an outrage on common decency, suffice it than to say, that Runjeet actually encouraged and forwarded the amours of this woman; who passed as his wife, 'with a person known as Gulloo Moskee, formerly a beestee of the palace, but latterly an indulged favourite of the Maharajah — and that in nine or ten months afterwards the present Maharajah Duleep Sing was born. … <u>Though every one well knew, and none better than Runjeet Sing himself, the history of this child and its parentage.</u> It is a curious feat that the Maharajah on this and other similar occasions felt a pleasure in being considered at his age, the new-born child's father. Nor did Gunoo, or the mother of the infant with others scruple to congratulate the old man on the occasion, as though he were really the father of the babe.
*(*While we have the recorded congratulatory receipts in the Umdat-ut-Tawarikh.)*

The above is the true history of the lady who has acted so distinguished apart in the exciting drama which has been lately played at Lahore. That given out as authentic and commonly accepted as the story of Her Highness's early career, differs from it considerably in many particulars, but chiefly in giving the lady a more exalted origin than fortune had in store for her.

He still seemed to regard Gulloo Moskee with all his former favour, but when

in February, 1837, the birth of Duleep Sing was announced to him, his equanimity gave way, and from that moment he withdrew the light of his countenance from the otherwise happy father. It is to be remarked, however, that Gulloo then became ill of a disease which carried lum off within a week of the birth of the child.

For some unknown reason Smyth predates Duleep's birth to Feb. 1837. *(While Gen. Hugh Gough writes, Duleep was born <u>after</u> Ranjit's death!)* Smyth continues his narrative in an equally long footnote that contradict his previous statements. He goes on to say that when Chunda/Jindan was presented to Ranjit Singh at Amritsar he was '***angered at her age expecting a girl of sixteen or seventeen'.*** *Ranjit was angered at her young age?* … How is that possible when Smyth says that Mannu, her father, carried her on his shoulders, pestering the Maharaja to make her his queen? He also contradicts the grand amount given for her upkeep as two-rupees per-diem / 60 rupees per month.

… I can only say that Ranjit Singh was nobody's fool. And if *Chunda, aka Jindan,* had done half of what is described here*, **(that she had more than one paramour in the very bazaars of Umritsir and numerous were the amours in which she was now engaged, some with others without the knowledge and consent of the Maharajah)*** who knows by whom, she would have been so riddled with disease as to be untouchable! — She would have undergone so many abortions as to make Duleep's birth impossible!

Smyth portrays her as a buffoon, equal to her father—yet he says she *cleverly manipulates P.M. / Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra to her high position* — and yet, despite all the murder and mayhem in the years after the Maharaja's death, *remarkably, as both a buffoon and an evil-genius,* she kept her son alive, and survived! … Therefore,***"The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire,"*** *a*nd as Lord Dalhousie said: ***"The only one with a manly understanding,"*** Smyth calls a buffoon! ... And most demeaning of all, he says the Maharaja would have nothing to do with Jindan, *<u>when in fact Ranjit Singh had named Duleep himself, as in the Court Chronicles of Sohan-Lal-Suri</u> —the records the propagandists neglected to BURN!*

Considering the extent of propaganda the British used in convincing the public of the necessity for their actions, so if in fact Jindan was the one responsible for sending the Sikhs to their destruction, *why did they burn the Court Chronicles of the period before the war?* If they showed their rulers to be traitors–*all the better!* It was no secret that The British were India's occupiers.

*So now,175 years later, we have the receipts! We have the reincarnated souls of these historic personalities supplying physical images, plus the birth dates and death dates that connect them eternally! Accused and abused for centuries, this Queen of self-empowerment is a member in good standing with the 'MeToo Movement'. If not for these memories haunting my deathless, eternal soul, these lies would go on ad nauseam! (*I shudder to think what propaganda will be considered 'history' in our new age of AI-generated videos and 'Fake News'.)*

Finally, if Jindan was actually in collusion with the British, if she was so determined on the army's annihilation, *why would she call on the heroic Sham Singh to save the day when the Sikhs were being defeated at Ferozeshah?* He was the senior chief of the powerful Attariwala family, who was her closest ally, and Duleep was betrothed to a family member. If she was pro-British, and was negotiating with them, then why did she not secure a deal? And why did she have Duleep refuse to put the *'Tilak' on traitor Tej Singh?* Why did she not retire to her palace with a gracious pension of 1.5 lakhs and the jewels of the Kingdom? The British had good reason to bring her to their side, if it was possible. Lord Dalhousie wrote:

> ***"She has the only manly understanding of the Punjab, and her restoration would furnish the only thing wanting to render the present movement formidable"***

It certainly doesn't sound like Jindan was a British collaborator!! Many courtiers lived out their lives keeping their property and receiving large pensions for remaining loyal to British interests — but till her last breath, Jindan never did!

* * *

After painfully perusing 175 years of the *Propaganda Machine*, even a Persian poet's scandalous songs claiming Jindan supplied *fake gunpowder* to the army, as if the '*Mighty Sikhs'* wouldn't know —- so finding an ally in truth seemed remote. Yet, when I least expected it, two highly respected Allies appeared with their *2017:* ***'Life and Times of Maharani Jind Kaur',*** that completely corroborates my rebuttal of the *Propaganda Machine.* I offer these excerpts from their *70,000 word online PDF*, *with heavily footnoted, and annotated translations from Persian and Punjabi*:

'Life and Times of Maharani Jind Kaur'
By Sandeep Kaur and Dr.Kulbir Singh Dhillan
Professor & Head Dept of History Punjab University, Patiala
Submitted for PHD in History March 2017

Rebutting George Carmichael Smyth's *'The Reigning Family of Lahore'*:

'This description makes G.C. Smyth as a highly biased writer. He seems to have abandoned logic and decency in undermining the queen of the Maharaja. These charges and accusations made by him are of a highly improbable nature. Actually, The Maharaja Ranjit Singh was known for his stern administration. Moreover, all British writers concur in the opinion that all these stories are facetious and untrue, and are an attempt to conceal the Maharani's great administration qualities.'

'Bikrama Jit Hasrat has rightly stated that Major G.C. Smyth's account may be considered as a scandalous document. This is an account by a confirmed scandal monger and a scalawag. He thrives on profuse exercises of vilification.

Rebutting: *'numerous were the amours in which she was engaged, some with others without the knowledge and consent of the Maharajah:*

This whole account shows the Maharaja as complicit in adultery involving his wife. As there is no official or historical evidence to prove such charges, they are just proof of the biased historiography. Apart from this, this is in contradiction with other contemporary British writers. E. Dalhousie Login in the book 'Lady Login's Recollections' wrote, "He (Duleep Singh) and his elder brother, Kharrack Singh, were the only two sons of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, who were born of his wives and acknowledged by their father. Thus Smyth's views about the birth of the young Prince are absolutely wrong. Evidently this account is based on rumors and hearsay and do not have even an iota of truth in them!

It is a figment of imagination that the Maharaja should have not known what was happening in his Palace. There are accounts which suggest that no person, even of the highest rank, could take liberty with the ladies of the harem. Maharaja Ranji Singh was a great and able Sikh monarch whose word was law and who was answerable to no one for what he did. Historical evidence suggests that Maharani Jind Kaur could be inducted into the royal Zanana (harem) only after the nuptial ceremonies.

The British put many allegations on the character of Maharani Jind Kaur. Actually this was unjust. All their versions which were used by them were based on rumors and scandals. These versions do not get any confirmation from any Indian source. Moreover, it is unbelievable that inferior people or the other servants of the Maharaja could dare to touch the wife of the great Maharaja. There is no such account among the Indian sources, such as the contemporary Persian source etc.

Rebutting the web of conspiracies about Duleep's legitimacy propagated by British officials, here are a few lines from '*The Khalsa'* dated *October 5, 1930,* from the pen of *Bhagat Laksman Singh*, who can here place things regarding *Duleep's legitimacy, into the right perspective:*

Rai Bahadur K.B. Thapar, a distinguished citizen of Lahore asked the son of Faqir Nurrudin, who was in charge of Maharani Jind Kaur's Palace, what truth there was in the report given credence to by Sir Lepel Griffin that Maharaja Duleep Singh was not a legitimate son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, and that Jind Kaur was not a wedded wife of the Maharaja. ---- He cried: "Astaghffar-Allah, such a lie! *(God forgive me, such a lie!)* ***Can calumny go further? I attended the Maharaja's marriage myself. My father was present at the time of Prince Duleep Singh's birth and I was my father's attendant at the time. Evidently, some evil gossip must have told the base lie to the Sahib. (****ie: Sir Lepel Griffin****)***

Various controversies have surrounded the subject of Maharani Jind Kaur's marriage with Maharaja Ranjit Singh leading to a lot of ambiguity. Some English historians have refused to accept her marriage with the Maharaja As in the case with Smyth, these accounts were written to undermine Maharani Jind Kaur as she opposed British domination from the very beginning and also in the later phase of her life. *… Sohan Lal Suri, court historian of Lahore Durbar and author of Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh, gives a graphic account:*

The news of the birth of Duleep Singh was given to Maharaja when he was at Amritser, holding the Durbar with his courtiers. The Maharaja expressed great joy and ordered that the child shall be called Duleep Singh.

Rebutting Fraser's *'Flashman's Mountain of Light'* rendition, that *'even a cat is a better mother than the drunkard Jindan'*; and, Lady Login's telling that *Jindan would abuse and terrify Duleep as a child,* so that The British were *'saving'* rather than *'abusing*' their *Stolen Maharaja:*

Maharaja Duleep Singh's early years were carefully tended by his devoted mother Maharani Jind Kaur, who watched over him with jealous vigilance and indulged him as a characteristic Indian mother. From that time however, Maharani Jind Kaur and her son lived under the care of Raja Dhian Singh Dogra. According to usual customs, Raja Suchet Singh Dogra was appointed manager of the young Rani's household.

Dr. John Login repeated the rumor that Jindan was in love with Hira Singh Dogra, her Wazir, who had rejected her, and that's why she had him killed. It's widely known that Hira had threatened to kill both her and Duleep, and put the deceased Maharaja Sher Singh's infant son on the throne if she didn't tow the line. … While it was the wealthy, famously handsome *Raja Suchet Singh Dogra,* Hira's uncle, who had for years taken care of Jindan's affairs, and who she wanted as her Wazir. Hira killed his uncle Suchet when he came down from Jammu to fight him for the Wazirship.

As the events unfolded Jawahar Singh soon conceived the idea of ousting Hira Singh Dogra from power and replacing him by Suchet Singh, who was the younger brother of Dhian Singh Dogra. In this design he had the approval of his sister Maharani Jind Kaur, who was said to have been intimate with Suchet Singh, because for six years, he had been manager of her household. So Maharani Jind Kaur induced him to aspire to the wazarat, to the exclusion of his nephew. In their opinion Hira Singh, was considered as a stripling and inexperienced in the administrative business as well as incapable of discharging the duties of the office entrusted to him. Hira Singh began to confiscate the jagirs of the nobles as well as other Sikh chiefs. As he could not fulfill the promise which he had made with the army, so the army also turned against him.

Maharani Jind Kaur collected a number of articles including pieces of gold and silver to be given away in charity, as was customary with her on several occasions. Pandit Jalla, who was tutor and a great favorite of Hira Singh, prohibited Maharani from doing so. He also questioned her right to give away so much wealth from the treasury. He further remarked that if she needed safety and welfare she must prevent herself from taking that step, otherwise she would be put in prison. He is also said to have used abusive language. The queen mother did not accept the insolence of the courier passively. The dispute led to an open rupture.

Sohal Lal Suri, the Court historian gives the following description of how Hira Singh and Pandit Jalla were killed. "In the early hours of the morning of 21st, December, Hira Singh and a party loaded with cash and jewelry on elephants stealthily left their residence. Their intention was to run to Jammu, but the troops of Khalsa were in hot pursuit. They had hardly cleared the Texali Gate, when they were noticed by a company of Sikh soldiers. The news was flashed to the military lines, and a body of 6000 troopers led by Sham Singh Attariwala went in pursuit of them. Hira Singh, Pandit Jalla and their party came out after a desperate resistance for an hour. They were overpowered and slain on December 21, 1844 A.D. Their heads were carried into Lahore and shown.

Hira Singh Dogra

Suchet Singh Dogra

There is much gossip about how *Lal Singh* was intimate with Jindan, and that she was impregnated by him and how she almost died after aborting the pregnancy. This intimate relationship gave rise to the belief that they were united in destroying the Khalsa Army.

There is very little consensus in historical opinion about the relations of Lal Singh and Maharani Jind Kaur. The subject is full of controversies. Lal Singh, who had

been raised by Raja Hira Singh to the status of courtier, was a great favorite of Maharani Jind Kaur According to G.C. Smyth, "During the times of Kharak Singh and Nau Nihal Singh, an intimacy grew between the Maharani Chanda and Lal Singh and during the short reign of Sher Singh, it had ripened into the closest connection. This intrigue was favored and forwarded by Mangla, a slave girl and personal attendant of Maharani Jind Kaur with all her power, Lal Singh, then having charge of one of the Toshakhanas or treasuries." But all these versions of Major G.C. Smyth are mere allegations on the character of Maharani Jind Kaur.

According to B.J. Hasrat, "This account of the early life of Jind Kaur may be considered as a scandalum magnatum by "The confirmed scandal-monger and scalawag Carmical Smyth, in his 'infamous book' thrived on profuse exercises of vilification." It is quite evident that through the use of such allusions and aspersions he had tried to malign the reputation of the Maharani. The general opinion is that Smyth's versions were based on rumors and scandals. No doubt that Lal Singh was a great favorite of Maharani Jind Kaur, but there was no illicit relation between the two. She was a great Maharani of the Lion Monarch of Punjab Maharaja Ranjit Singh. She (Maharani Jind Kaur) was bold and of high character as well as a strong willed woman.

If Lal Singh was the favorite of Maharani Jind Kaur and also her lover, then Lal Singh would have supported her in every situation. But Lal Singh had not extended any support to the Maharani or Khalsa army. It would be wrong to say that Maharani appointed Lal Singh as prime minister because of her love for him. He was a friend of her brother, Jawahir Singh, and a high official in the all-powerful army. She, therefore, naturally enough, after the death of her brother, looked to him for assistance and consulted him in most state matters. But his appointment was not the Maharani's gift, but was decided by through draw of lots. Apparently it was the jealousy of the disappointed candidates and their supporters that was mainly responsible for the allegation made against the Maharani. … It was a time when Lal Singh and Tej Singh were making endeavors to consolidate their own power and position against the Panchayats. They wanted a release from the bondage of the Khalsa. They were also apprehensive of the power of the army, they wished to remove it from Lahore.

Maharani Jind Kaur wished to save Punjab from the clutches of the British government. In the words of the Henry Lawrence to the government, "During the

last day or two, her whole energies have been devoted to an endeavour to win over the Sardars of high and low order and to unite them all together in a scheme of independent government of which she herself was to be the head". <u>However, this move was successfully foiled by Frederick Currie with the help of the councilors like Tej Singh and Lal Singh, who were complicit with the British in the 1845-1846 war and brought about the defeat of the Lahore army.</u>

Raja Lal Singh

Raja Tej Singh

CUI BONO? Who Benefits?... Lal remained Wazir after the 1st Anglo-Sikh War, and Gen.Tej Singh was made a Raja of Sialkot, and was granted vast properties by the British Resident — while Rani Jindan was stripped of power! … *What more do we need to know?*

... Following this, an unconfirmable rumor says that Jindan, apoplectic and physically ill at losing Kashmir to Gulab, threw a vase at Lal's head! So, to calm her down and regain her trust, Lal embarked on a failed campaign against Gulab. This led to 'The Trial and Exile of Raja Lal Singh'. On December 4, 1846, Lal was found guilty of conspiring to thwart the transfer of Kashmir to Gulab, and removed from the Wazarat. He lived out his life in Agra, the city before Jaipur, where my chipped ivory miniature found me a century-plus later. (In the 1986 book by R.R. Sethi, Rani Jindan is referred to as 'his hysterical lover', and that both were deserving of banishment.)

Almost all the British have written against her because she was the first lady who understood the policies and intentions of the British in Punjab. She try to make relations with other countries i.e. Nepal and Russia against the British. Robert

Hutchison* wrote in his book, '*The Raja of Harsil*' *that Rani Jindan and Baron Von Orenberg agreed on the outline for a Russo-Sikh friendship treaty. Further he writes, "Harding Sahib has heard that Maharani Jind Kaur has invited a Russian envoy to Lahore to sign a treaty inimical to British interest to the region. Maharani Jind Kaur was a remarkable woman. Beautiful and amorous, Maharani Jind Kaur was a talented woman like Nur Jahan, and took keen interest in politics. She was intelligent, devout and her patriotism and resourcefulness impressed all who came in contact with her. She was spirited and ambitious. She has a sense of dignity.

In those days there used to be a popular street gossip in the Punjab that Maharani Jind Kaur after having instigated her forces on the borders at Ludhiana and Firozpur, had contrived to make them perish in the war by supplying to them spurious gun powder made up of powdered seeds.

There are several versions regarding Maharani Jind Kaur's responsibility in the First Sikh War. One was that Maharani wanted to reduce the power of the Khalsa army by making them fight against the British. For this purpose she was sending messages to various Sardars to fight against the British. According to Shah Muhammad, she was alleged to have sent a confidential letter to the British Resident that she would dispatch the Sikh army towards them, as is clear from his stanzas. *(Shah Mohammad was the Persian poet whose words were sung in the streets about Jindan supplying fake gunpowder and more.)*

Perhaps her object in instigating the army was that in case the Khalsa Army won a victory over the English it would augment the territories of the Sikh Kingdom and if it was defeated it would mean considerable weakening of their power. … However, to take a balanced view on the basis of the available evidence and opinion it does not appear to be an accurate analysis. The British policy towards the Lahore Durbar had made the war inevitable as appears to be the case in M'Gregor statement, "The Queen-mother, Jind Kaur, was not in favor of war, but the advice of the Maharani was disapproved by many of the Sardars who objected, says General McLeod Innes in his work 'Sir Henry Lawrence', but they were patriotic and joined the Khalsa".

It is clear from M'Gregor's point of view that Maharani Jind Kaur was not much in favor of the war. She was helpless in this matter. Shah Mohammad's charge (*poem sung in the streets****) that Maharani Jind Kaur did not send gunpowder to the army also appears to be incorrect. Although she was against the Khalsa army on certain issues; because of the murder of her brother and wanted to control the powerful***

army, yet, she never wanted the Khalsa army to be defeated at the hands of the British. As she hated the British intensely, she became susceptible to such allegations, which were actually fabricated by the British because they wanted to undermine her in the eyes of the Khalsa army and the Sikhs.

This young lady, barely twenty-seven years of age, confronted the soldiers courageously, without showing any feminine timidity. She did some plain-speaking as a consequence of which her chiefs had succumbed out of sheer fear.

In 1843, Lord Ellenborough, the Governor General of British India at the time, cautioned the Duke of Wellington in London "that it would not be so easy to deal with Maharani Jind Kaur as he could with the Amirs of Sindh because she was a woman of determined courage."

In the words of Henry Lawrence, (the first European resident at Lahore), "Maharani was the only effective enemy of the British policy in the whole of India."

* * *

So whether it's the *Fall of Versailles* in the *French Revolution*, or the rapacious Mamelukes fall at the *Battle of the Pyramids*, their *Massacre at Cairo's Citadel,* or the *Fall of The Sikh Empire,* the root causes are always the same. *Greed—Lawlessness and Ignorance!* … Bit by bit, while it's easy to destroy a civilization, history has shown us that it takes a *Mohammed Ali Pasha,* or *Maharaja Ranjit Singh* to build up society again.

I recently heard a popular Sikh author say: ***'The British East India Company did not create this vacuum. It exploited it. The British did not topple a united kingdom. It took advantage of a vacuum created by political breakdown.'***

I beg to differ! The British did a lot more than simply take advantage! So, for the authors and politicians who, in their *infinite misogyny,* inciting popular passions by *blaming Jindan for 'The Fall',* always trumpeting her sexual indulgence as the proof — let me reiterate the indisputable, and the recorded historical facts:

In 1809 when shown a map of Hindustan, Ranjit Singh asked, ***"What did the red represent?"*** *The British cartographer said:* ***"Your Majesty, red represents British possessions in the country."*** *Except for the Punjab the map was entirely red. Then Ranjit turned to his courtiers and said:*

… "Ek roz sab lal ho jaiga!" ---- "One day it will all be red!"

There is zero question that the British manipulated much of the divisions in the Punjab after the death of Ranjit Singh. ... Suchet Singh Dogra sent his wealth to British territories, preparing for his family's future. Peshora was sent back from the British side to Punjab to dethrone young Duleep, while instigated by Gulab Dogra, who was already negotiating with Governor General Henry Hardinge to receive Jammu and Kashmir. Court chronicler Sohan Lal Suri and Col. Gardner were paid British spies, reporting details to the British. Even the daily diaries of the Durbar before the war were given to Captain Edwardes by Sohan Lal and disappeared. Duleep's future father-in-law, Chatter Singh Attariwala, on the Council of Regency, was so abused by the Resident that he joined the rebellion of the 2nd Anglo-Sikh War, and allied with his son Shere Singh, giving the British justification for the Annexation. So yes, without a charismatic, competent leader, the state's organization soon unraveled. But, it was the persistent meddling of the *Divide and Conquer British* that assured her timely destruction.

… It is often said that: ***All Empires die from within.*** *… So will we ever learn?*

CHAPTER TEN

Dimensions Beyond the Known

The Giza Pyramids Clock

"Know thyself deathless, and able to know all things,
all arts, all sciences, and the way of every life."
Ancient Egyptian Proverb

Chapter 10

'It's like a stopwatch; where you end one life is where you begin the next,' Osho said in ***Dimensions Beyond the Known:***

…'It takes courage! It is possible to make you remember your previous births only if you have achieved the capacity to remain undisturbed in the midst of the very difficult memories of this life. But when the memories of your previous lives break upon you in their entirety, and not fragments, will you be able to bear it? When no memory of this life can be a cause of anxiety to you, only then can you be led into the memories of past lives. Otherwise those memories can become a great trauma, and the door to such traumas cannot be opened unless you have the capacity and worthiness to face them.' https://archive.org/details/dimensions-beyond-the-known

Kwan-Yin Lady of Compassion

Now I understand why *The Sphinx* so poetically, so ingeniously, entangled me with tantalizing clues that led me into painful past lives—each clue leading to the next: *'heal his heart-ease his pain',*'a *brass tray'*, *'Larry-Harry-Flashman', and 'my ivory miniature'*. And honestly, sometimes for months and years, I could hardly bear it, *BUT—I could never deny it! (So it's now or never, as this is my 80th year.)* Since these dramas were two and three lifetimes ago, it's absolutely clear: we are *NOT* our body, though we manifest similar features, and we are *NOT* our brain, although our recoverable memories are impressively long. …So can we possibly be different from our eternally rebirthing universe? *That's illogical!* I'm not a psychologist, a metaphysician, or, as you noticed, not a professional author; I'm just a fellow traveler with much to learn, or as *Lalla of Kashmir wrote:*

'Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon'.

One October night in 87, I was in Providence, Rhode Island, at dinner with *Adini's* owner, *Jagdish Sachdeva,* one of the big three in Indian apparel. His young assistant abruptly suggested taking me to a *Native American seer* she knew. … I hadn't even said hello; it was too dark for her to see my face, yet as I went through the doorway into the unlit room, she said: ***'You couldn't save the baby! Your wet clothes were pulling you down into the cold, black ocean.'*** *— Oh, my heart! Tears filled my eyes. …The scene came rushing back.* — I was young, going to America *with Ali.* We were in Amsterdam waiting to board a ship, while he sanded down a pair of wooden shoes for me, until they were so thin, they looked more like Indian juttis. The ship was funky, and I gave birth onboard. Then we were wrecked in a storm; I lost Ali when he went into the cold ocean to ***'Save the baby!'*** A Frenchman rescued me. I believe we were also French. …That was another short life. From my bed in an attic room, with candy-cane striped wallpaper, a high fever transported me from this earthly realm to the next ***— to meet Ali.***

(*That the Native American seer, before ever laying eyes on me, saw my past-life trauma confirms our powerfully emotional immortal journey.)

Somehow, my *messengers* are always gentle females, as in my 9/11 story with *Kwan-Yin.* The company built a posh residence in *Vasant Vihar,* in the diplomatic enclave, for the expanding harem of designers. So we were not in five-star hotels on this trip. It was Saturday, Sept. 8, 2001, at about 6:00 a.m., precisely *3 days* before the attacks, when I was thrown out of bed with her shocking vision. Heart-wrenching feelings emanated from *Kwan-Yin,* who was floating like a cloud in the skies observing a black boomerang hitting two tall black columns. And off to the left, she saw the heads of five Eastern-faced men. It was her agonized emotions that shook me out of a deep sleep, out of bed, and onto my feet. *"What was that!?"* Maybe it would become clear on my ride to the Faridabad factory. While riding comfortably in the backseat of the SUV with headphones on, we passed *Tughlaqabad Fort,* where a troop of beggar monkeys lined up on their fence demanding treats. And so, the morning's alarming vision faded away—*until 10:00 p.m. Tuesday night, September 11, 2001.*

Tughlaqabad Fort Delhi built 1320

When I entered the residence, the servants said, *"Your country, madam!"* — *"My country?"*… I went inside and turned on the TV to watch that scene familiar to us all.

Sleeping in my bed in Mill Valley, California, I saw the 1985 Mexico City earthquake from the soaring height of an airplane, also in the customary *3 days*. … It's been recorded that *President Lincoln* had a dream of his own death *3 days before the event.* Why this always happens *3 days* before, I can't say; these are *Dimensions Beyond the Known.* — But I know, as in the film *City of Angels,* ***'They are with us every step of the way.'*** Sadly, we are taught by Church et al., not to hear them.
(*Tesla said: By knowing the power of 3, we can unlock the secrets of creation.)

In 2009, I met a *biophoton healer*. In a violet-painted room, I was lying on her massage table with silver-dollar-size ***Bioluminis Photon Filters*** strategically placed on my body when, minutes later, I was floating in a soft blue light. *Photons* are the *light force* in all living matter that *fortifies DNA*. While traveling at the speed of light, they are only visible to *Kirlian* photography. Biophotons are accountable for cell communication and aging. … So there I was, eyes closed, infused with biophoton blue light, ostensibly getting younger; when I felt, and then saw, *Ali leaning over my lifeless body softly weeping.* Although he felt so near, I couldn't touch or comfort him. *So we don't have to die or have an NDE (near-death experience) to access 'Dimensions Beyond the Known'!*

The Sphinx told me I'm a *TOCSIN,* '*a sign or omen, a ringing of the bell',*

… so it's time to share some more revelations: … In 1818, *Travels in Egypt* author *Count de Forbin* met many times with *The Pasha* and mentions Ali having an *uncontrollable hiccup and facial twitching,* the result of a poisoning attempt to assassinate him. Others have also recorded this same foible. And when *The Mexican Healer* was tired, he exhibited the very same quirk. In *The English Woman in Egypt,* Sophia Lane Poole's letters; (Letter XXIX) in 1844, she stayed in the palace for a week of wedding festivities, enjoying sumptuous baths, but refused the *painful joint-twisting health massage*, sounding a lot like *The Mexican Healer's painful joint-twisting treatments*.

Harry Nelson Pillsbury

the late Bobby Fischer

Tragic World Chess Champions Harry Nelson Pillsbury and Bobby Fischer are another example of ***past-life trauma***. … Poor mental health, the result of a syphilis infection, prevented Harry Pillsbury from realizing his full potential. He died at just 33 from the disease in 1906. Chess prodigy from the age of 6, Bobby Fischer's story, portrayed by Tobey Maguire in the 2014 film '*Pawn Sacrifice,'* displays his lifelong extreme mental health problems.

With my passport stamped for *'Dimensions Beyond the Known'*, once I was behind the veil, where questions are answered before they can be formed, and where recordings of every soul's history are stored, I could see things, understand and know things I could not know in my 21st century reality. Many things I could research, but much my mind could no longer access, while knowing: ***'Everything that has ever existed, and will ever exist, is inside us, and it's accessible!'...*** And I believe better minds than mine could solve many of humankind's problems if they journeyed to '*Dimensions Beyond the Known*,' so we can clear past-life traumas and more!

I'm absolutely certain there's not a single *Master* here now who has not been here before, with the same proclivity for talent. … So I want to thank these well-known masters for enlightening us once again (*with the help of The Sphinx*) just as they've gifted heretical truths to the world in their past-lives, sometimes against life-threatening opposition. **(*In 1600, Catholic Rome burned philosopher Giordano Bruno at the stake for supporting Copernican heliocentricity, for rejecting eternal hell, and believing in the soul's transmigration in an infinite, rebirthing universe. Nobel Laureate Sir Roger Penrose said that the Big Bang was not the beginning of the universe but is the end of a previous one, in a cyclical, reincarnating, eternal universe!)***

Being so plugged-in, I began spontaneously recognizing people, in the same way I'd recognized *David Roberts as David Reyes*, even though he was in Arab garb and with a thinner physique. And, of course, I've learned that: ***'We must go on to complete the work—logical!'*** So, while researching Egyptian archaeologists, of then and now, I recognized *John West's* dear friend *Graham Hancock* as being *Sir John Login*, *Duleep's Guardian Angel*. … Jindan apologized to Login for trying to have him poisoned after realizing what a good man he was, maybe the only decent man in that rapacious drama. Login said he was aware and had taken precautions.

Hancock - Bauval - JAWS

John Spencer Login

Knowing how passionate we are about our missions, it did not take long to discover *Hancock's past-lives*. With the exception of Login's British - Indian life, *Copernicus, Newton, and Hancock's* mission is to illustrate for us the ***precession of the equinoxes.*** So what are the chances of finding in *Hancock* all his confirming physical and occupational characteristics?

Graham Hancock

John Login

Issac Newton

Copernicus

100 years after the world's acceptance of *Copernicus'* heliocentric theory, *Isaac Newton* explained to the West that ***gravity's pull from the Sun and Moon causes the precession of the equinoxes,*** causing Earth to wobble like a spinning top. *Precession* determines the stars we see, and in about 25,700 years, completes a cycle. Whereas today, *Polaris* lies at the *North Pole,* like a clock over time, other stars will become the *North Star.* After a full cycle, *the precessional star positions are back where they began*. It is called *The Great Year,* and India calls it *The Yuga Cycles.* Earth precesses from *the Golden Age* to a *Silver, Bronze, and Iron Age*, corresponding to the human spiritual cycle. *'As above, so below.'* We are ascending from the *Kali Yuga / Iron Age, personified by greedy, sinful behavior, to the Bronze Age.* ***(*Yet somehow ancient civilizations knew about this 25,700-year cycle!)***

Graham Hancock was born in 1950 in Scotland; he went to India when he was 3 years old. *His doctor father traveled to India as a surgeon* at the Christian Medical Center. As a journalist in Africa, Graham wrote ***The Lords of Poverty*** about ***colonial-capitalist corruption*** *(he experienced firsthand as Login).* Then, inspired by ***Hamlet's Mill,*** research of ***axial precession encoded in Ancient Mythology,*** Graham wrote his best-selling 1995 book: ***Fingerprints of the Gods, Evidence of Earth's Lost Civilizations.***

Here he posits that *Ice Age civilizations*, ending in a cataclysm, passed on knowledge of astronomy and mathematics, preserved in megalithic-stone architecture, like the ***Pyramids of Giza, aligned to precessional stars****. **(And coincidentally, Newton also studied Giza's Pyramids, believing they could reveal the time of an 'Ancient Apocalypse'; and that Egyptians possess profound knowledge lost to us in the modern world!**)*

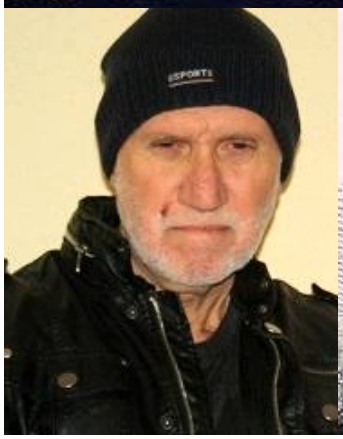
John Spencer Login was born in 1809 in Scotland and went to India in 1832 for The East India Company. He was posted as assistant surgeon to *the Bengal Artillery, the Nizam's Army,* and then became a resident surgeon in Lucknow. Under Login's guardianship, Duleep converted to Christianity, and went to England with him in 1854. … Login died precipitously in 1863.

So what are the chances that both Login and Hancock were born in Scotland, they have the same facial features, and he goes to India with his surgeon father at 3 years old, plus–writing about colonial-corruption, embracing all the markers of reincarnation? … 'It's like a stop-watch; where you end one life is where you begin the next.'
… Authoring dozens of books, Hancock partnered with Robert Bauval, author of the *Orion Correlation Theory*. Bauval posits that Giza's Pyramids mirror the three stars of ***Orion's Belt fixing the date of 10,500 BCE;*** and the Sphinx, like the hands on a clock, is facing the constellation of Leo on the spring equinox within the 2,160 *'Age of Leo'*. ***In 2022, Netflix aired its most watched and dangerous show,*** *Hancock's* ***'Ancient Apocalypse'****. (*Whether incarnated as Copernicus, Newton, or Hancock, his revelations are always 'dangerous'.)* https://www.sourcewatch.org/index.php/Graham_Hancock

JAWS - Bauval - Zahi Hawass - Hancock

My Whispering Sphinx rambled on about a soul who she's especially fond of, all the way back to *Pharaonic times!* And she's also fond of testing me. ***So with the keys of immortality in hand,*** just as I had found my past-life lovers and friends, just as *JAWS was Budge*, as *Bobby Fischer was Harry Pillsbury*, as *Larry 'Harry Flashman' King* was *Thomas Hughes*, I would also find the past-life of Graham's dear friend, *Robert Bauval, in Egypt too!*

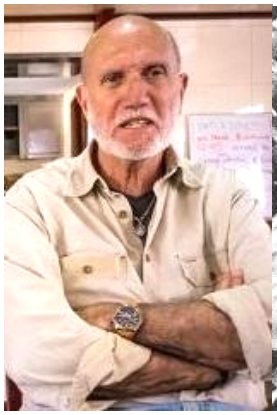
Robert Bauval was born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1948. At 19, Bauval was educated in England. With his Belgian/Maltese parents, he left just before the *Six-Day War* in 1967. He returned to the Middle East, working as an engineer. In 1995, he wrote his bestselling ***The Orion Mystery*** and is best known for the ***Orion Correlation Theory:*** that, like a clock, Giza's Pyramids mirror the alignment of the stars in *Orion's Belt in 10,500 BC.* ***(The three so-called Queen's Pyramids, to the east and south, mark Orion's Belt precessional positions. … Therefore, Giza is a Cyclical Cosmic Clock!*** *(*see more in Dr.Johan Oldenkamp: The Giza Clock)*

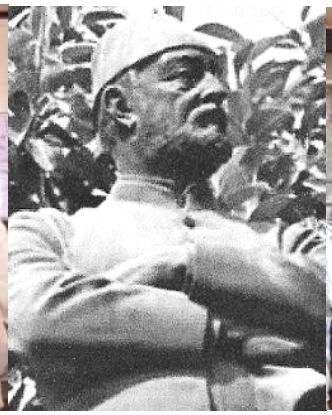


Robert Bauval **Auguste Mariette**

Robert Bauval has an invincible personality, but most impossible to ignore are his physical traits—*and his crossed arms!* … *'Both defensive and self-soothing, crossing your arms makes you utilize your left and right brain, thus creating a higher cognitive functional ability.' ...'Old habits die hard,'*

and that's why *Mariette's statue* in front of the Cairo Museum *has his arms crossed.* I could show many photos of both with *crossed arms*; notwithstanding, *his protruding lower jaw*, there are a profusion of confirming attributes…


Robert Bauval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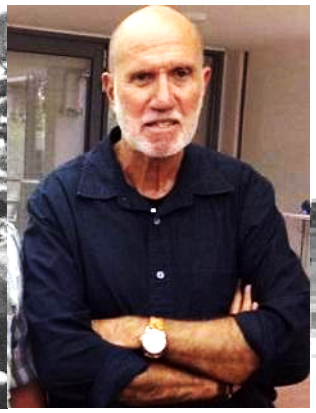

Bauval

Mariette

Auguste Mariette was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1821. At 18, he went to England as a professor of French and drawing. A talented draftsman, he supplemented his income by writing on archeological subjects for periodicals. Self-taught in Coptic and hieroglyphs, the Louvre sent him to Egypt in 1850. And in 1851 he discovered the *Avenue of Sphinxes and Serapeum in Saqqara, (the site of his Pharaonic incarnation as 3rd Dynasty King Djoser, builder of the Step-Pyramid!), remaining* for 4 years. Returning to Egypt at the request of *Sa'id Pasha,* ***'I knew I would go mad if I did not return to Egypt'.*** Creating the position of *Conservator of Egyptian Monuments* for him, as protector of the illegal antiquities trade, Sa'id died in 1863. In 1869, Mariette wrote an epic for *Khedive Isma'il*, *for the opening of the Suez Canal. To* compose *the opera 'Aida,'* he approached *Giuseppe Verdi*. Set in *The Old Kingdom*, Mariette designed the settings and posters. Mariette was indefatigable, and unsurprisingly, *he hasn't changed a bit!*

1869 Suez Canal Opening, Khedive Isma'il, Empress Eugenie

*(*As Djoser knew, The Suez Canal connected the Mediterranean with the Red Sea in Pharaonic times but was reclaimed by desert sands. Khedive 'Isma'il the Magnificent'* proclaimed, ***'My country is no longer in Africa. I have made it a part of Europe.'*** …The American Civil War allowed Egypt to corner the cotton market, but the canal and the construction of palaces was such a financial burden that it bankrupted Egypt. This provoked a rebellion, exiling Isma'il for life. … His grandfather *Mohammed Ali Pasha* always said: ***'We will open the Suez Canal when it is owned by Egypt—and not before!')***

Robert Bauval has an older brother, *Jean-Paul,* who looks nothing at all like him, but in appearance and occupational talents, he matches absolutely perfectly with ***Gaspard Monge!***

Gaspard Monge **Jean-Paul Bauval**

Gaspard Monge was a friend of Bonaparte's and supported the French Revolution. A mathematician and inventor of ***'descriptive geometry,'*** he went to Egypt in 1798 with Napoleon's group of savants. He became the president of the *Institut d'Egypte,* and founded the *French Polytechnique.*

Jean-Paul Bauval, born in Alexandria, Egypt, is an architect who discovered *universal constant Fibonacci numbers in the Great Pyramid of Giza* that are there for us to decode:

'Civilizations may disappear, but universal truths remain forever. There is no writing in the GP that can be misunderstood, only 'Universal Constant Numbers'—it speaks the language of mathematics. As an architect, before you build a project, one must plan it with measurements, with mathematics! … The latitude of the GP from its apex is another constant, the 'Speed of Light!' … Just a coincidence?', Jean-Paul asks.

(*Einstein says: Coincidences are God's way of remaining anonymous!)

(*Reincarnation is to consciousness as Einstein's theory is to E=mc² … It may change form, but can never be destroyed!…Paul Von Ward: The Soul Genome) (*The speed of light* in *meters per second is 299,792,458*, according to Google, and *the Great Pyramid of Giza is at N. latitude 299,792,458. Researchers posit that the Ancient Egyptians knew about the meter and how to measure Earth.)

Now, I may not fathom: '*a blueprint of prime numbers from an advanced civilization encoded in the Great Pyramid,' that Jean-Paul decodes;* but I can recognize that it's something the mathematician *Gaspard Monge*, as the inventor of ***'descriptive geometry',*** who went on the first expedition with Napoleon's savants in Egypt would want to know! …

The politics of past-lives are profoundly psychologically altering. If we knew, *without a shadow of a doubt,* that we would reincarnate on this spectacular planet, would societies be more respectful, more responsible? If we knew that in our past-lives we'd been *Pagan, Hindu, Jew, Christian, Muslim, or Sikh*, would we be more tolerant and more interested in history? But the *TRUTH* takes 2nd place to power. Sir Francis Bacon said, *'Knowledge is Power,'* but mankind is told that our *'Eating the Fruit of Knowledge'* is '*The Original Sin!' …* I completely flip that *metaphorical-myth* on its head! *While the whispering serpent says we will taste death if we eat the fruit from the Tree of Life****—he gracefully slithers out of his old skin—only to live on!***

Hancock famously says: 'we are a species with amnesia!' These *'Masters'* spent lifetimes passionately revealing their discoveries about our lives on Planet Earth. Yet, one doesn't need to be a *psychic* to question the spiritual bandwidth of the *religious inquisitors*, unfit for purpose, who exploit our *souls for power and profit with fictionalized, organized delusions! Eternal-death, but not Eternal-life. A trinity, but not infinity!* … So, more and more, I'm seeing that we can't possibly differ from the reincarnated, cosmic, cyclical, eternally conscious universe that we are all an essential part of. *Made from stardust — we are members of the evolving life of the Universe*. ***There's so much more to discover about our deathless destiny!***

*(*Public figures Graham Hancock, Robert and Jean-Paul Bauval's bios are posted on their internet sites. I have informed them of their illustrious past-lives.)*

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Deathless Destiny or Coincidence?

Return The Koh-i-Noor to India
20 Cases of Reincarnation, The Eternal Love of Omm Sety
The Eternal Pharaoh — The Angel's Translator
Cosmic Consciousness: *'The French Revelation'*
Voice to Voice conversations with the living dead

"Contempt prior to investigation leaves one
in everlasting ignorance."
— William Paley

Chapter 11
Deathless Destiny or Coincidence?

Coincidence? … ***Yes, of course, it could be just a coincidence that I found the chipped ivory miniature wearing Jindan's 'seed-pearl earrings' in a Jaipur curio-shop when I was with Vasant, Jindan's past-life brother, Jawahar; the earrings sold at Bonhams to Davinder Toor. And just another coincidence that The Sphinx began whispering in my head when I encountered Ali in his current incarnation as a Mexican Healer. And another coincidence, when the Mexican Healer found an Arabian brass tray in Mexico that he sent to me. The brass tray the pregnant Bedouin princess was given, laden with opium, in Cairo's Citadel, delivering her death. Maybe just another coincidence that the daughter of a 19th-century diplomat, while spilling tea with royal descendants wrote 'Mohammed Ali and His House', about a Bedouin princess living in a tent behind the buried -up-to-the-neck Sphinx, as being Ali's reincarnate love! Or just a coincidence that David Reyes was the mirror image of the famed David Roberts, who drew from memory his meeting with Egypt's Pasha on the very palace veranda open to clipper ships, where I was awakened in my 60th birthday gift of a past-life regression. Or, that a Native American seer, without laying eyes on me, saw my childhood recurring dream, to 'Save the baby' while drowning in a past-life. … And just another coincidence that on my 3rd day in New Delhi, India, I met young Swami Rajneesh, in his current life as a disciple of the great mystic Osho, whose past-life of Maharaja Duleep Singh, as the 2nd only acknowledged son of the Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh, was the man who he discovered he 'was born for'. Or that Osho wears a facsimile of the headdress worn by the Great Maharaja, with an undeniable physical resemblance —and they both die at 59 years. … Or that Swami Rajneesh's birthday was followed by one day, the death day of Osho. Or the consecutive death dates of Jindan and Ali. And the many masters' lives The Sphinx showed me. Or that both these famed men are in my past and present life… But, when taken all together, the synchronicities, the physical likeness, the birth and death days, then just maybe it's the Universe conspiring to awaken humanity to the truth. … Or maybe it's our Deathless Destiny!***

… I've learned through my escapade that there is NO DEATH, that WE and WHO WE LOVE are ETERNAL. That we are destined to rejoin our friends and lovers, lifetime after lifetime, to overcome all obstacles, guided by an inner knowledge that we can construct an enlightened future—-that is our Destiny. And I've realized traveling through the libraries of time, that we live in a fearful 'Death Cult.' But if we don't die, it flips everything on its head! Instead of living for an 'afterlife,' when we know that we'll reincarnate on this sacred planet, everything is reversed. Then, we'll care about our lands, oceans, and biosphere, which took billions of years for 'The Gods' aka 'Consciousness' to create. We'll care about the health and sanity of the human family that we'll incarnate into. Instead, we're playing Russian roulette with humanity's long-term existence. Archaeology shows us that we are not the first in history to commit civilizational suicide, choosing blindness, while being the most informed!
… Just as Orientalist artists were the photojournalists of the 18th/19th centuries, filmmakers and authors are our history professors, and we desperately need to see and hear the stories that made the world we are culturally, emotionally and economically immersed in today!

… In the book 'DEATH', the atheist philosopher Todd May says: 'If we were immortal, life loses meaning. Death offers us the opportunity to find meaning in life. But at the same time, Death renders everything in our life meaningless.' … For me, it is exactly the opposite! The continuity of our lives, how our current life shapes our future lives, and humanity's future is even more meaningful! … If we believe in 'Eternal Life' instead of 'Eternal Death,' we will create an enlightened future life—by evolving now!

… I'm content at having cleaned the windows of my soul. Having read most of the books disparaging Jindan, even Persian Poets-Prose, propagandized in the streets, I'm confident in knowing that Jindan was not the 'Whore of Lahore'. (The same way they slandered the Rani of Jhansi fighting the British.) And that Jindan did not engineer the First Anglo-Sikh War, as Gov. Gen. Hardinge's letter to his wife proves, re: his arrangement with Gulab Singh. And I've learned that MacDonald Fraser, the author of 'Flashman & The Mountain of Light', credits the author of 'The Reigning Family of Lahore' with writing the most salacious accounts of Jindan; even though Carmichael Smyth had no contact with 'The

Reigning Family' when his 1847 propagandist-hit piece was published, at Maj. Broadfoot's request, seeking reasons for the British invasion. Smyth says his source was Alexander Gardner, who was at Lahore at the time. (Who: Saw more than he remembered, and remembered more than he saw!) PUBLISHED 1898, 20 YEARS AFTER GARDNER'S DEATH, Alex's book doesn't recount Smyth's most lurid tales. … Arrogantly heavy-handed, Col. G.C. Smyth lit the spark that ignited the 1857 Indian Rebellion by marching 90 Sepoys to jail for refusing to bite cartridges greased with cow and pig fat, which was against their religion! — The princely families joined the rebellion, to assert their dissent against the made-up 'Inheritance Law Doctrines', newly instituted by the East India Company, the same policies that disinherited Duleep's family. … The EIC, ruled by profit, was a 'vulture corporation,' empowered by the Rt. Hon. British Gov't to institute state policy. (... not unlike today's rapacious corporations!)

After 2000 years of plagiarized, fabricated religions from the Orwellian 'Ministry of Truth,' that have long passed their 'sell-by' date (the world is not 6,000-years old, etc.) I'm convinced that only the truth of reincarnation can set us free! Consciousness is fundamental to life. And although The Sphinx has not been whispering in my ear lately, I'm certain she's been busy tweaking the 'Field of Universal Consciousness' while keeping close tabs on our progress… Quantum mechanics tells us that 'awareness is faster than the speed of light'. That the future is open, and even the past is not fixed but is influenced by our present awareness. — So maybe 'The Wheel of Destiny' has gifted to us this 'True-Life-Fairytale' with a 'Koh-i-Noor — a Mountain of Light of Truth' to break the curse of ignorance. … And, by our being aware that, like Prometheus, Ali gave Egypt back her fire; it will 'Heal His Heart and Ease His Pain.' And by fulfilling the dying wish of India's Greatest Maharaja, Jindan's soul will be released from the volumes of lies. … And just maybe, by finally knowing that WE ARE ETERNAL, having watched over us for countless millennia, to 'AWAKEN HUMANITY FROM THE SLEEP OF THE AGES' … that this is our Destiny—and this is exactly what The Sphinx is after!

To: HM King Charles III and The Rt Hon. PM:

Return the KOH-I-NOOR diamond to INDIA!

H.G. Wells wrote: "Civilization is a race between education and catastrophe. Let us learn the TRUTH and spread it far and wide —for the Truth is the greatest weapon we have."

While never harboring ill will, and becoming their staunchest supporters, India has enriched the British people by 45 trillion £GBP. While ruled by 'corporate raiders,' (they cut-off the fingers of the weavers, forcing India to buy British cloth!) 100 million Indians died of their famine-induced policies. In the 18th century, India's world trade was at 30% and by 1947, after the British East India Company's deindustrialization, it was reduced to just 4%!

The Hon. British Government with the East India Company, tore a mother from her son, then plundered the Koh-i-Noor diamond from the 10-year-old boy, and saw fit to obliterate his inheritance. … While worth $20 billion in today's money, for India, the Koh-i-Noor diamond is incalculable! Clearly, the British government sanctioned Jindan's assassination, just like what Putin did to Navalny. … History tells us, the 'curse of the diamond' is that no one who has removed the Koh-i-Noor from India has fared well! So in the words of Prime Minister Lord Palmerston: "A thief must always be made to disgorge!" Regardless of Great Britain's missteps, or positive contributions to the world, it's post time for repatriating the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India! Your shame won't allow any queen or consort to wear it—so instead of locking your shame in a tower, transform your dark past, and as appreciation from your honorable monarchy for centuries of friendship, RETURN THE KOH-I-NOOR TO INDIA!

… with our profound appreciation

Bibi Jind Kaur

H.G.Wells

Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation

… I've called my experience 'Soul-Archaeology,' and I believe that 'hearing it from the horse's mouth' is what jurors give the most credence to. But legal cases are also bolstered by 'professional opinions'. And thanks to Prof. Ian Stevenson, M.D., director of the Division of Perceptual Studies at the University of Virginia School of Medicine, there is an abundance of corroborating data. For 50 years, the Canadian-born American psychiatrist studied personality traits. And for 40 of those years, he researched cases suggestive of reincarnation—the idea that emotions, memories, and physical features can be passed on from one incarnation to the next. He documented 3,000 children who remembered their past lives. He believed that certain unusual abilities and illnesses could not be explained by environment or genetics and that reincarnation was possibly a contributing factor. … Although I believe I've supplied an abundance of evidence of my soul's reincarnation, I would be remiss not to include some vignettes from Dr. Ian Stevenson's encyclopedia of cases. In his 1997 work, 'Reincarnation and Biology,' Stevenson documents wounds corresponding to memories of previous lives that are verified in medical records and birthmarks that correspond to wounds, also verified in medical records.

… A Turkish boy with a severely malformed ear and underdeveloped facial structure said he remembered the life of a man who was shot at point-blank range with a shotgun. He died days later

… A boy in India, with stubs for fingers, said he remembered the life of a boy who had lost his fingers in a fodder-chopping machine.

… A Burmese girl missing her lower right leg said she remembered the life of a girl who was run over by a train. Eyewitnesses said the train severed the girl's right leg before running over her trunk.

… Stevenson explored unusual behavior of Burmese children who remembered lives as Japanese soldiers killed in Burma in WWII. These children displayed behavior typical in Japan, but unusual in Burma. They rejected typical longyis (sarongs) and favored Japanese trousers, belts, and boots and wanted to eat raw fish instead of spicy Burmese food…

In his 1966* 'Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation,' *Stevenson selected from 200 documented cases in India, Sri Lanka, Lebanon, Brazil, and the United States. The most famous being the case of 'Shanti Devit.'

… Shanti Devi was born in Delhi in 1926 with memories of her past-life. When only 4 years old, she told her parents that her real home was in Mathura, where her husband lived. She stated unequivocally that she was married and had died ten days after giving birth. She used words from the Mathura dialect and said her merchant husband's name was 'Kedar Nath Chaube.' The headmaster of her school located a man in Mathura named Kedar Nath who had lost his wife, Lugdi Devi, nine years earlier after giving birth to their son. Kedar traveled to Delhi pretending to be his brother, but Shanti immediately recognized him! As she knew details of Kedar Nath's life with his wife, he became convinced that Shanti was indeed the reincarnation of his wife, Lugdi Devi.

… Another well-documented case is that of Alessandrina Samona, from Palermo, Sicily, who communicated with her mother from the 'in between' lives realm. Alessandrina died at the age of five in 1910 in Palermo, Sicily, from meningitis. Her father, Carmelo Samona, was a medical physician. 3 days after her death, she came to her mother Adele in a dream. Alessandrina told her mother; "Do not cry, I have not left you, only withdrawn. Look! I am going to be small like this," gesturing to her mother in the dream. "You will have to suffer again for me." After 3 days the dream recurred. Her parents went to séances wanting to learn more, and the séance they heard 3 knocks… Alessandrina told her mother that it was she who knocked in the séance. Through the medium, Alessandrina told Carmelo and Adele that after 3 months of pregnancy she would not be able to communicate with them, as she would be too attached to matter. They were told that another soul was around them, and that Adele would soon have twins. When the twins were two and a half years old, Carmelo published a report on the noted appearance and behavioral similarities between Alessandrina 1 and 2. They were both left-handed and interested in spiritual matters. They also shared phobias of loud noises and of barbers.
(*Tesla believed that knowing the power of 3, one could unlock the secrets of creation.)

… Hanen Mansour was born in the 30s in Lebanon. She married Farouk Mansour when she was 20 and had two daughters, Leila and Galareh. After the 2nd birth, she was diagnosed with heart disease and told not to have more children. Despite the warning, she had a son in 1962. She tried unsuccessfully to call her daughter Leila before the heart surgery but died after the operation at 36.

… Suzanne Ghanem was born 10 days after Hanen's death. Suzanne was only 16 months old when she pulled the phone, saying, "Hello, Leila." But her parents didn't know anyone named Leila. As Suzane grew older, she told her parents that Leila was her daughter from her past life and about her husband, Farouk. By the time she was 5, Suzanne began calling Farouk, her past life husband, multiple times a day. She continued calling Farouk until she was 25 years old. Farouk accepted that Suzanne was the reincarnation of Hanen. The physical resemblance between the women was further proof.

Hanan Mansour

Suzanne Ghanem

Apart from Ian Stevenson's epic research, there are countless documented stories of reincarnation:

Twenty-one years after death, a mother who died delivering her eighth child, returns to find her past-life orphaned children in 'Yesterday's Children,' the Jenny Cockell Story. As soon as she could pick up a pencil she drew a map of her past-life home. Her now mature children acknowledged their shared memories.

Barbro Karlen, in 'And the Wolves Howled,' could show her parents to her house in Amsterdam when she was Anne Frank.

In 'Soul Survivor,' a 2-year-old James Leninger had blood-curdling nightmares. "Plane on fire! Little man can't get out," as he slammed his toy planes into the coffee table. His parents had to piece together their son's trauma. He was reliving his life and death as WWII pilot James Huston Jr..

Once you've seen it, you can't unsee it. … *Our memories are eternal. The Soul never forgets.

The Search for Omm Sety: a story of eternal love

"Though thou goest, thou comest again." … Egyptian Book of the Dead

In 1907, when Dorothy Louise Eady was just 3 years old, she fell down a flight of stairs. Shortly after, their doctor carried the small corpse to her bed, pronouncing her dead. Returning with the death certificate an hour later, they found the girl playing —quite alive! Soon after the incident, she experienced a 'recalibration'. Dorothy began having recurring dreams, crying that she 'wanted to go home!' … Unable to leave their child alone, when she was 4, they brought her to the British Museum. Inside the Egyptian exhibition, the child excitedly ran to the statues, kissing their feet. But when it was time to leave, the child had to be pulled kicking and screaming, "Leave me—these are my people!"... When a bit older, Dorothy was given the 'Illustrated Children's Encyclopedia' and recognized the hieroglyphs on the Rosetta Stone. … Subsequently, a photograph in a magazine left her breathless: "This is my home! — But why is it broken — and where are the gardens?" It was the temple of Seti I at Abydos, the father of Ramses the Great.

Through her dreams and nightly visitations from spirits of that past-life, she relived her life as Bentreshyt, an orphan girl raised as a priestess of Isis in the Abydos temple, where she performed the bread and wine ritual ceremonies of 'The Passion' and 'Resurrection of Osiris.' At 14, Bentreshyt attracted the Pharaoh Seti I. They became lovers—forbidden for an Isis virgin priestess. When the high priest noticed her 'motherly condition,' he beat her to confess—but not wanting to expose her true love, the Pharaoh Seti, Bentreshyt committed suicide. When Seti returned to Abydos, he was heartbroken.

A misfit in Edwardian English schools, at ten years Dorothy would sneak off to the British Museum, where she met none other than Sir E.A. Wallis Budge, who had noticed her many visits and asked why she wasn't at school. Dorothy said they didn't teach what she was interested in. "What might that be?" asked Budge. "Egyptian hieroglyphs," she replied. Thus began their long relationship. Her rapid mastery of the ancient texts amazed Budge, which she admitted she had known long ago, and with his help, was just remembering.

When Dorothy was 27 years old, working at an Egyptian magazine in London, she met an Egyptian student, her future husband, Emam Abdel Meguid. While living in Cairo, their son was born, who she named Seti. The custom in Egypt is to call the mother by her first son's name, so she's been known ever since as 'Omm Sety.'… After separating from her husband, who went to teach in Iraq, she became the first woman to be employed by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, under Selim Hassan; who gives thanks to her in his multi-volume magnum opus, for her drawings, editing, and proofreading. At 52 years old, she moved to Abydos, working for Ahmed Fakhry's 'Pyramid Research Project,' where she was able to identify the location of where ancient murals and gardens had been, and that excavations later proved true! … And when Seti I visited Dorothy's dreams, he told her she was being tested and that the sins of Bentryshyt were being removed by the 'wheel of fate.'
… Thin, frail, and determined to live her life out near her beloved Abydos temple, she lived in mud-brick dwellings, supporting herself on her pension of $30 a month. Dorothy 'Omm Sety' Eady died April 21, 1981, at 77 years, in Abydos, Egypt.

Known and respected by the world's top Egyptologists, "If Omm Sety were still here, I'd take her word any day, where things could be found, over the state-of-the-art equipment out there."

Coincidentally, John Anthony West (past-overlapping-life as EA Wallis Budge) wrote: "Omm Sety knew things she could not have known without the extension of consciousness. If not true, how could Eady have known about these obscure ancient Egyptian facts?" (*Omm Sety's Egypt: A Story of Ancient Mysteries, 2006)*

So even 3,000 years later, the trauma of Dorothy Louise Eady / Om Sety's Egyptian life persisted! … Just as Auguste Mariette, millennia later, uncovered the site of his Pharaonic lifetime as King Djoser; the Avenue of the Sphinxes in Saqqara. Bauval wrote one of the few books about Imhotep, Djoser's vizier and architect of 'The Step Pyramid'. (Imhotep the African: Architect of the Cosmos)

Living with a provocative, dangerous truth, we are all, to varying degrees, cautious about being rejected by society. And I'm still reluctant to divulge all *The Sphinx* revealed to me 20 years ago—but most images and information have never left me. ... Obviously, when traveling through millennia of *Soul-Archeology*, the receipts can be slim to none. Since my task is *to show, and* not just to *tell, what* I've seen on my telepathic journey through time, which is only possible because of these *Masters*. Who, leaving the fingerprints of their genius, and whom I think of as *Angels*; for coming back lifetime after lifetime, to educate and elevate our understanding of life.

In the previous chapter*,* I revealed the author *Robert Bauval*'s *past-life as Egyptologist August Mariette,* who returned to the site of his *2600 BCE life as 3rd Dynasty Pharaoh Djoser*, builder of the *Step Pyramid.* — Years before AI existed, *The Sphinx* told me who Bauval was. So what are the chances that Bauval, an engineer, author of 12 books on Egypt, with his *protruding lower jaw, crossed arms embracing his scepter, yet* 5000 years later, after so many genetic mixtures, he still resembles this AI-created image of *King Djoser?*

AI-image of King Djoser - Djoser Lifesize Statue - Robert Bauval

But, there is another *Master* who, #1, by his physical likeness, #2, his unique talents, his steadfast adherence to his mission, and #3, with an *overlapping birth/death manifestation,* delivers the *trifecta of illumination! John Anthony West;* aka *Wallace Budge,* aka *Jean-François Champollion, is that unparalleled genius.* … Naturally, I was curious as to how a 10-year-old boy could immerse himself with such proficiency in so many ancient languages? *So who was he before his manifestation as Champollion? If we want to turn back time, ask anything of The Sphinx and we shall receive!*

Sir Edward Kelley, the young scryer to the famed *Sir John Dee (the Royal Astrologer to Queen Elizabeth I),* is a man of mystery. Aka *Edward Talbot,* it is believed he attended Oxford because he spoke Latin and Greek. A scryer practices divination by gazing into reflective surfaces like a crystal ball. … Once again, what are the chances of finding both the *fingerprints of his genius for languages,* and a strong, high-bridged nose in all his incarnations? Besides—who else is there with the same recognizable fingerprints?

John West **Sir Edward Kelley** **Jean-Françous Champollian**

At 55 years, John Dee had been unsuccessful in finding a *medium* who ably contacted *The Angels,* until he met 27-year-old Kelley—*who convinced him!* From 1582 to1589, they conducted seances. In that era, questioning dead spirits, the necrophilia they dabbled in, to attain knowledge of the future was seen as diabolical. Kelley ably summons up spirits and angels, beginning with *Uriel* and *Michael*. Kelley gazed into an obsidien stone mirror as Dee asked the questions and wrote down the answers. Famously, EK transcribed the *Enochian alphabet of 21 letters* as the *Language of the Angels, similar to Coptic! (Coincidentally, Champollian used Coptic to decode hieroglyphs.)* They travelled the continent together, gaining fame as alchemists. Alchemy, turning base metals to gold, was coveted by royal courts. *The Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf* sought them out. He knighted Kelley, hosting them in an opulent style at his court. ... But, when Kelley failed to manifest the desired gold, he was locked up in *the tower!* … Climbing down during his daring escape, he injured his leg and died from the infection at 41. … *Persecuted many times,* Edward Kelley said, *‘I’ve often suffered for telling the truth’.* West said, *‘I am the little boy insisting the Emperor has no clothes’.*

Cosmic Consciousness

'Reincarnation is to Consciousness as Einstein's theory is to E=mc², it may change in form, but it can never be destroyed!' ***The Soul Genome - Paul Von Ward***
'I regard Consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from Consciousness.' ***Max Planck founder of Quantum Physics***

These theorems illustrate that ***The Sphinx*** whisperings (*as 'far-out' as it appears*) — are in alignment with the deep research into spiritualism by ***N. Riley Heagerty,*** of disembodied entities and *'Voice to Voice' communications through 19th-20th c. Mediums:*

> ***N. Riley Heagerty has been researching Historic Spiritualism and Mediumship since 1986, concentrating on the physical phenomena attending the great mediums who manifested their gifts within what he refers to as "Century of Wonders" — 1848 to 1958. "That century produced mind-staggering manifestations witnessed on numerous occasions by individuals whose integrity it would be an insult to question. We have been given countless instances of positive proof, of not only life after death, but DIRECT COMMUNICATION BY SPIRITS…***
> ***It is also a sad fact that the world, in general, is woefully unaware of these titanic events which, if understood, would change the course of human thinking."***

As editor of: *'**The French Revelation: Voice to Voice conversations with the living dead',*** Heagerty introduces to us the famed N.Y. attorney *Edward C. Randall (1860-1935),* who was hired to expose as a fraud *'voice medium' Emily S. French (1830-1912),* but was completely convinced that she was genuine! Randall published several books on Metaphysics:*Research in Metaphysics (1906), The Future of Man (1908), Psychic Truths Told in the*

Afterlife (1914), The Dead Have Never Died (1917), Frontiers of the Afterlife (1922), The Living Dead and Direct Voice (1926), An Hour in the Afterlife (1931), … On the cover of *The Dead Never Died:*

"There is no death; there are no dead."

I have heard other voices — voices of those the world calls dead—-on more than seven hundred nights, covering a period of twenty-two years, aided by a wonderful psychic. I talk with those in the afterlife. They used their own vocal organs just as I did. … Also, the place inhabited by these so-called dead is as material as this earth, and, given the right conditions, those who have gone from us can talk voice to voice with us as when in earthly life.

All this cannot be done by mere statement of conclusions. Such is human mentality, that each condition must be illustrated and explained, the principle involved must be expounded and made to appeal to one's reason, otherwise, it goes for naught. I have in many cases left the explanation of these great problems in the actual words of those who now live over the border; I have quoted their statements, describing dissolution, the place where they live and what they do to sustain and enrich themselves in their life from day to day. I will also let them tell something of the effect in that place of acts and thoughts on this one. The problem of life and death is the most vital of all that confront mankind, and the least understood. Here in the quiet of this place all the so-called dead come close. Though I possess no psychic sight or hearing, such has been my speech and acquaintance with them, that they come at the 'thought call' and hold mental speech with me. I catch their silent suggestion.

Death is unknown in nature. Change comes to the human race and man is changing day by day, but final dissolution is only another step in his progression. Those that have gone since the earth was first peopled, live on, and we who tread the earth today will live on. They now hold speech with those who still inhibit the earth plane, as we may do when we join them, if conditions are right. And as communication is perfected there will be a better understanding, a finer development, as we come to know this law.

Dissolution will mean little to me, for I know something of the reality of the afterlife and I have, in my years of work, made many friends there. I will not go as a stranger, but as one who has, by effort, gained some knowledge of conditions to be met, and many of those who reside there, whom I never knew in the physical body, I shall have the privilege of calling my friends. Nature has a purpose in all things. What is man's purpose? We come out of the invisible, stay for a little time, and go back to the invisible; but which is the real?

How many ever give this subject the slightest consideration? What is man's conception of it, and how must he live and what must he do, to meet with self-respect the life beyond?

Out of the housing of the flesh, the inner material body emerges, though we see it not, and it is welcomed by those who have gone before. This is the second birth, so like the first, except that all the knowledge, individuality and spirituality gained in our earth life is retained, and we as a people live on in the fullness of our mentality and strength as before.

Dissolution neither adds to nor subtracts from the sum total of our knowledge. The inner material body in which we have functioned, we shall function in for all of Eternity. … This is what I am endeavoring to explain as it has been told to me. Such is the incentive to write this book.

Edward C. Randall
Buffalo, N.Y. 1922

With a stenographer, EC Randall recorded the personal accounts of the disembodied beings who recollected their lives on the lower planes and their perceptions when they visited in their current forms as SPIRITS — and their new reality. In this way he attained intimate, and welcoming friendships.

WHERE IS THE AFTERLIFE? ***Just where do they live? Where are the boundaries? These are questions that I have some difficulty in understanding, and more in explaining, and I'm frank to admit that I have not had all the information sought on the subject. However, I have some knowledge, gained both from my friends in the spirit world and from my ability to deduce from common facts.***

Let it be remembered that those in the afterlife have said that every physical thing of this earth is but a poor imitation, of what they have there — that all things exist first in the invisible before they can exist in the physical, and that all we have is a reproduction in some form of the things that exist there.

Here is what one said on the subject:

"We have often told you, and I tell you now, that your earth and all things of your earth have their exact counterparts in the spirit world, just as real, just as tangible, just as substantial, to the inhabitants of this world, as the material things and forms are to the inhabitants in mortal form upon your earth."

If this be true, if we have earth and rocks, so do they; if we have shrubs and trees and growing grains and flowers, so do they; if we have houses, schools, great buildings,

so do they; if we have oceans, lakes, rivers, and flowing streams, so do they; if this Earth is peopled, why not theirs?... I am told that they have many things we have not, as they cannot be clothed in earth garments, nor function on our planet.

Heagerty says, ***'If he was to leave the earth tomorrow, the greatest gift he gave to humanity, was the work of the incredible medium Emily French.'***… His deep research has given me the confidence to reveal my own discoveries of the forces from the *'in-between world*', as I've witnessed many times. *Universal Consciousness is ELECTRIC!* … *If THEY could control my laptop, my TV, e-mail, telephone and computer, if Chief Crowdog could chant at will, thought-call, and THEY respond, blasting the skies with electric thunder, then,* ***'They really are with us—every step of the way.'***

After being shown, not only by *The Sphinx,* but by the voices I've always thought of as *THEM*, some really *'out-there'* revelations, *ET race wars, Mars apocalypse, and more*, my innate curiosity took me down so many rabbit holes, that my boiling brains were falling out. — So I finally said, *"Enough!" THEIR* communication stopped. — But not long after, I got a recording on my *AT&T* answering service from my Mexican gardener. …*THEY* called *his cell phone to connect to my telephone*. He was totally freaked out! *"I was made to call you—but I don't know what's happening!"* … An *airy, crackly, scratchy electronic voice message* followed his, which took my repeated playing to decipher, until I finally understood what *THEY* said: ***"We love you a lot!"***

In 2007 there occurred what CNN called *'The Witch's Fire'.* An electric pole fell down between the *Malibu Pacific Church* and *the Castle* of *Iranian Oil Princess Lily Lawrence,* igniting a fire that burned thousands of acres until reaching the Mexican border. ***…*** It was memorable to me because the man who was building a gate for my home had been *Lily's valet.* … *Now, the symbolism of: 'Church and Oil Princess' Castle' may just be a coincidence; the quantum universe has 'freewill', so it's possible—I'm still on the fence.* —But I know, as *The French Revelation* confirms, that *THEY* are very real, and: ***"There is no death; there are no dead." …*** I know I will meet *Ali* and my *forever family* somewhere in time. ***… We must travel, dear friends, as we are not going home anytime soon — because 'The Show Must Go On!'***

ILLUSTRATIONS:
REINCARNATION IMAGES
EGYPT & RAJ of PUNJAB

1) David Roberts / David Reyes

Created greatest portfolio of illustrations of Egypt and Holylands/artist & friend

2) The Brass Tray

3) Ivory Miniature w. *Seed Pearl Earrings*

*Raja Lal Singh was exiled to Agra after 1st Anglo-Sikh War, where my Ivory miniature was found 175 years later

4) Bonhams - *Seed Pearl Earrings*

World's largest Auction of Fine-Arts & Jewels
Sold for £187,000 to the Toor Collection

5) Rani Jindan / Leslie Simone Sutain

Last Sikh Maharani / Designer- Soul Archeologist
Jindan's portrait Rambagh Museum / Leslie

IMAGES:

6) Jawahar Singh / Vasant
Jindan's brother / Leslie's design assistant

7) Duleep Singh / Swami Rajneesh
Last Sikh Maharaja / Osho Disciple-Swami

8) Ranjit Singh / Bhagwan-Osho
Greatest Maharaja / Greatest Mystic
….penchant for same headgear

9) Mohammed Ali / Mexican Healer
Egypt's Founding Father / Mexican Healer

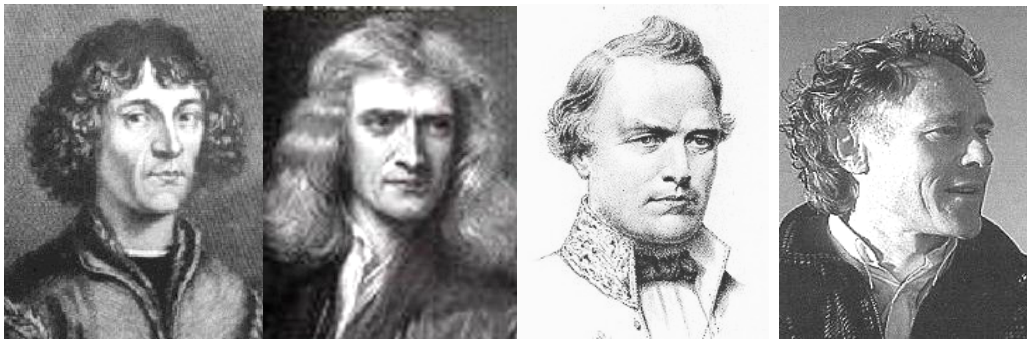
Birth Dates / Death Dates

Rani Jindan died Aug.1,1863 / Mohammed Ali Pasha died Aug. 2,1849
Osho-Rajneesh died Jan.19,1990 / Swami Rajneesh born Jan. 20,1961
The Mexican Healer born Jan.18,1954

Jung says: *Astrology is Synchronicity on a Cosmic Scale

IMAGES:

10) Copernicus / Issac Newton / John SpencerLogin / Graham Hancock



11) Auguste Mariette / Robert Bauval

Egyptologist extraordinaire / Author extraordinaire

12) Gaspard Monge / Jean-Paul Bauval

Mathematician / Architectural mathematician

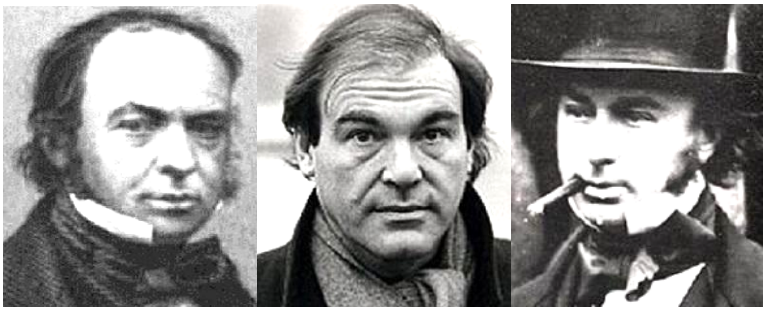
13) JF Champollion
EA Wallis Budge
John Anthony West

Egyptologists

14) Isambard Kingdom Brunel
William Oliver Stone

Genius Engineer / Author Filmmaker

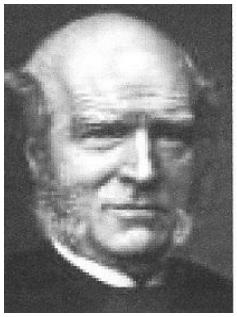
died on Sept. 15, 1859,
reborn on Sept. 15, 1946



IMAGES:

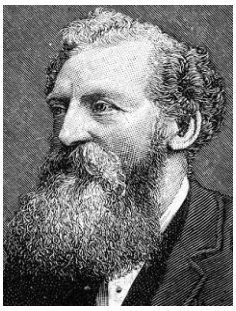
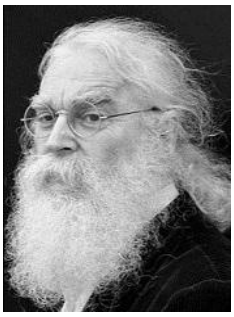
15) Thomas Hughes QC / Larry King

Queen's Counsel-Author of 'Tom Brown's School Days' character FLASHMAN
CNN TV Host, Sportscaster, Philanthropist
Peabody & Emmy Award Winner



16) George Smith / Irving Finkel

Assyriologist British Museum- Past-Life
Current-Life Assyriologist British Museum

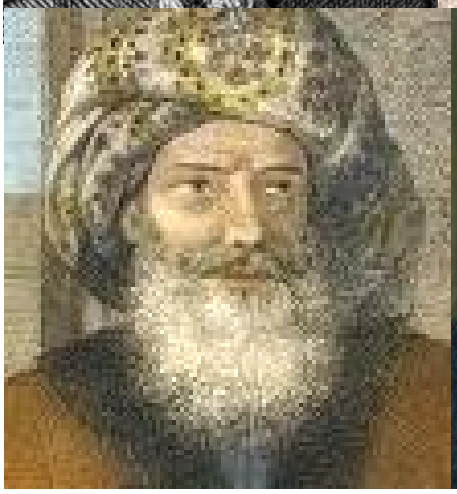



17) Harry Nelson Pillsbury / Bobby Fischer

Chess Grandmaster died before attaining World Champion / reborn as Fischer World Champion

MOHAMMED ALI PASHA OF EGYPT

Mohammed Ali 2nd Captain 1801, Pasha 1805-1839, Viceroy of Egypt/Sudan 1840-1849



EGYPT'S LAST PHARAOH

GOVERNMENTAL ALLIES & ADVERSARIES

Sir Chas. Murray KCB
1846-53 Egypt Consul-Gen
Diplomat-Authored
'Short Memoir of
Mohammed Ali'

Lord Palmerston Foreign Sect.
1835-51 *Implacable Foe
aka 'Lord Pumice-Stone'
Sanctioned 2 Opium Wars
British Prime Minister 1855-65

Sir John Bowring KCB
***Ali's Stalworth Supporter**
for Egypt's Sovereignty
4th Gov. Hong Kong
Liberal Free-Trader
Economist

"No friends, No enemies, only interests!"

Boghos Bey, Ali's Secretary
Foreign Affairs/Commerce
Armenian Christian

Antoine Clot Bey
Director of Medicine
& French Language

Abbas Hilmi I - Grandson
Wali 1848 - 1854
***Assassinated**

EGYPT'S LAST PHARAOH

GOVERNMENTAL ALLIES & ADVERSARIES

OTTOMAN SULTANS of The Sublime Porte Istanbul Turkey

Sultan Selim III,1789-1807 Sultan Mahmud II,1808-39 Sultan Abdulmejid I,1830-61
***Assassinated** **(1807– 08 Mustafa IV *Assassinated)**

RAPE OF THE NILE

Egyptian Antiquities of the World's Museums were seeded by these 3 men

Bernardino Drovetti
Napoleon's Proconsul
1798 French Campaign
Ruthless Collector
***Royal Turin Papyrus**
Died 1852 at 76 yrs
in Insane Asylum

Henry Salt
British Consul Gen.
1815-1827
Collected Antiquities
The British Museum
Died 1827 at 47
dysentery

Giovanni Belzoni
Collected Antiquities for
Henry Salt &
The British Museum
***attacked by Drovetti**
Died 1823 at 45 yrs
dysentery or murder

EGYPT'S LAST PHARAOH
GOVERNMENTAL ALLIES & ADVERSARIES

Abd al-Rahman al-Jabarti

Somali / Egyptian Historic Chronicler - Religious Scholar
Famous for *'The Chronicles of Napoleon's Egyptian Campaign'*
***'Marvelous Chronicles Biographies & Events 1688-1821'* Opus Magnum 5 Vol. 2013**

Jabarti was hypercritical of Mohammed Ali Pasha's Secular & Economic reforms, even praising Mameluke rule. (Ali had redistributed unproductive lands of the religious Ulema, lessening their wealth) In June 1822, Jabarti's son Kalil was tied to an ass and dragged from Shubra Palace back to Cairo, he never wrote again, and died in 1825 at 77 years.

(***Founder of Modern Egypt by Henry Dodwell** commissioned by King Fouad, wrongly writes that al-Jabarti was strangled, tied to an ass, and dragged back to Cairo in 1822, when it was his son Kalil. Al-Jabarti died in 1825)
https://www.academia.edu/85921884/_Al_Jabarti_Abd_al_Rahman_

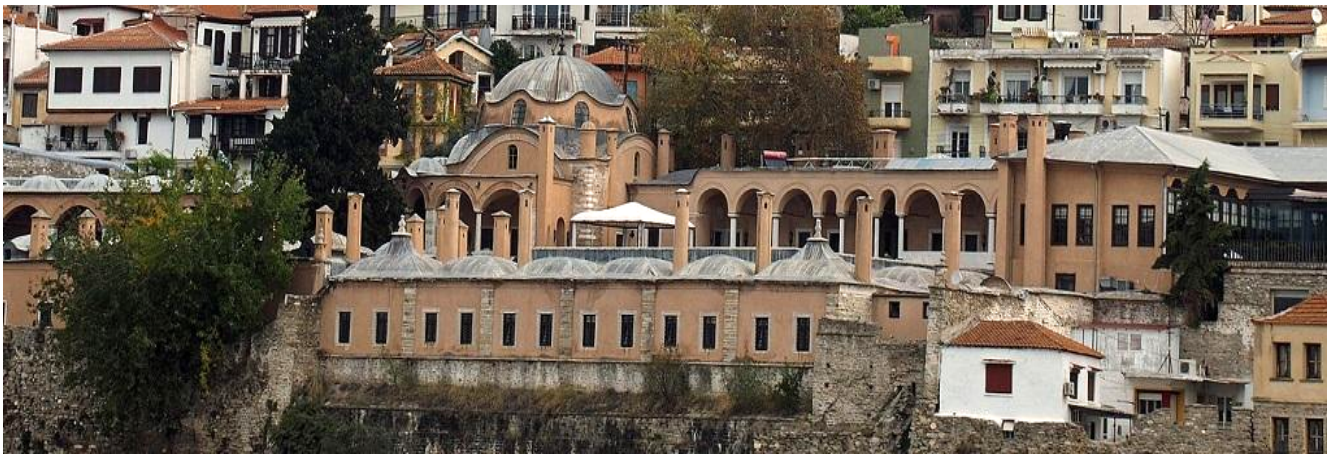
(***Marvelous Chronicles Biographies & Events** Jabarti's Opus Magnum of 5 Vol. was not allowed to be printed until 2013 because of his hypercritical views of Mohammed Ali's Westernization of the Middle East)

Imaret / Külliyye

Mohammed Ali Pasha gift to Kavala:

Pious Endowment Complex built between 1808-1821

A Soup Kitchen for Students and Teachers, 60 rooms for students, Primary School, Theological Seminary, Library and Charitable Engineering College…. (Ali began its construction in 1808. Would he build an Endowment Center for Education, if he did not expect to remain in Egypt? This was years before *The Massacre of the Mamelukes* or expelling the *Saudi Wahhabis* from the Holy Cities…He was a gifted man who knew his Destiny.)



…today it is the gorgeous Imaret Hotel Kavala Greece

BRITISH-INDIA IN PUNJAB

Viscount Henry Hardinge G.G. India
1844-1848

Lord Dalhousie Gov.Gen. India
1848-1856

Lady Lena Campbell Login

Dr. Sir John Spencer Login
Mja. Duleep Singh's Guardians

Brig. Gen. Henry Lawrence
1st British Resident
***after 1st Anglo Sikh War**

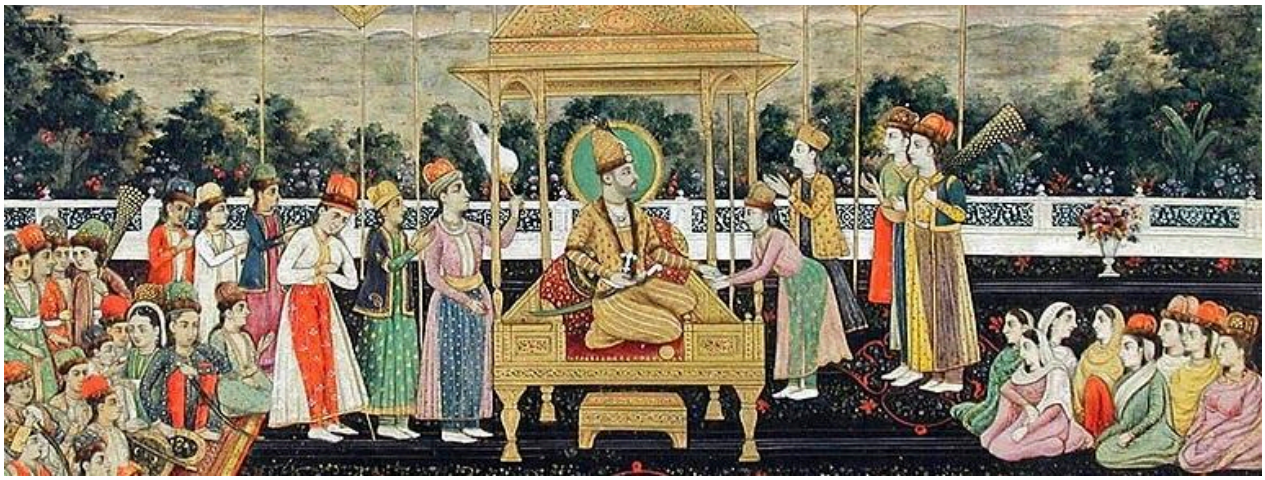
Baron John Lawrence
2nd British Resident
***later Viceroy of India**

RAJAS IN LAHORE COURT

Raja Suchet Singh Dogra
Jindan's Guardian in Jammu
Assassinated

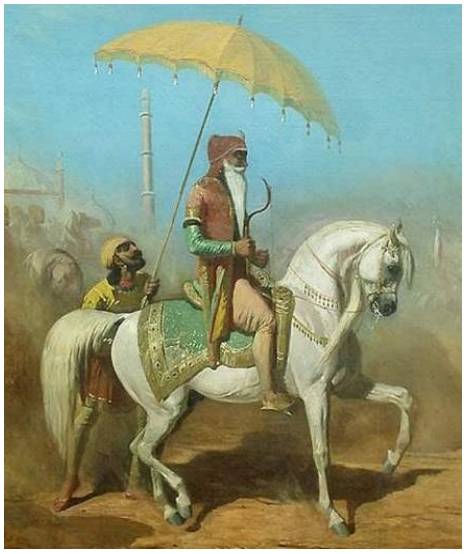
Raja Lal Singh
Wazir during 1st Anglo-Sikh War
***Exiled to Agra-Jaipur after War Trial**

Lahore Darbar of Maharaja Ranjit Singh



Nadir Shah on the Peacock Throne encrusted with the Kohinoor Diamond

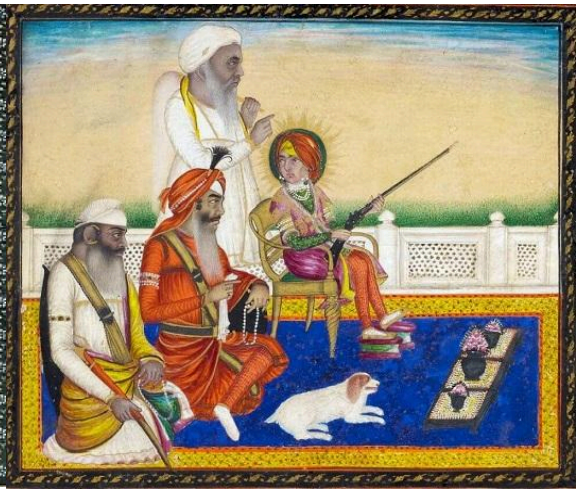
LION OF PUNJAB
Maharaja Ranjit Singh Ji



Ranjit Singh

Ranjit Singh

Duleep's Darbar



Duleep with Gen.Tej Singh

Duleep Ivory Miniature with Hawk

THE EXILE
MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH

Bamba Muller Duleep Singh
German/Abssynian
Birthed 6 children

Maharaja Duleep Singh

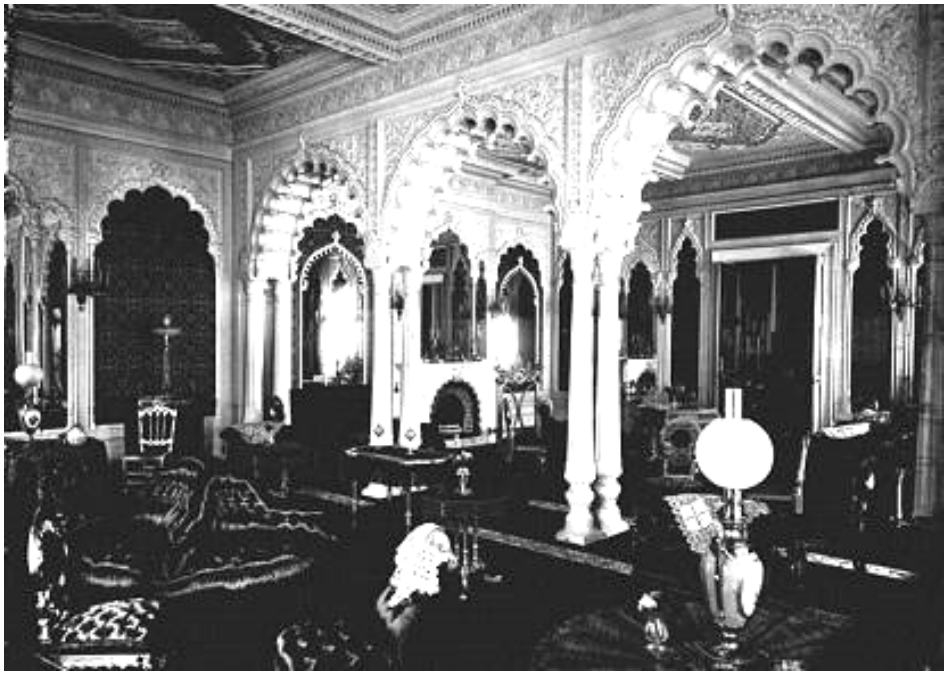
Maharani Bamba
Died at 39 while Duleep was fighting for Kingdom

Catherine center - Bamba left - Sophia right

Elveden Hall Suffolk - Duleep's family home

MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH - THE EXILE

Elveden Hall Royal Hunting Party



Elveden Hall - Lahore Mughal Style Interior

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Archives

Archives: **154**

Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Col. of Artillery in service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh **158**

UMDAT-UT-TAWARIKH Volume 4 Intro.Sita Ram Kohli: **162**

Some Original Sources of Punjab History **165**

"WAQAI I JANG I SIKHAN" /

"WAQAI JANG I PHEROSHAHR"

Narrative of the Battle of Ferozepore

Author: Dewan Ajudhia Parshad

Chapter 12

The Archives

Facts are the first casualty of wars. So here, for historic posterity are the actual archives from men who were inside the wars in Punjab, giving a very different view, …Clearly, these archives are not too obscure for the many volumes written by historians, ALL BLAMING JINDAN!

After Ranjit Singh's death in 1839, the events prior to the Anglo-Sikh Wars were filled with five years of murder, mayhem, and 'trickle-down immorality' on all fronts! So before critiquing Rani Jindan's life in her bedroom, or her role as the inexperienced Sovereign of the Sikhs, while surrounded by murderously ambitious men, against all odds, Jindan and Duleep survived! As the record shows, a stellar accomplishment under the circumstances. The British watched 6 years of anarchy. Sikh Sardars had moved their money to safety with the British. Court Chronicler Sohan-Lal Suri was under British pay—a spy, as was Col. Alexander Gardner. While inciting the soldiers, Gulab Singh Dogra was negotiating to overthrow the Lahore Government that killed his son and nephew and become the independent Raja of Jammu & Kashmir. The state coffers were depleted, the Khalsa Army divisions were fighting amongst themselves, while the French generals simply took leave. So yes, the army had reason to be suspicious of the British gathering supplies across the Sutlej, and to be wary of their dubious leadership. Jindan did some 'plain talking' to the soldiers and tried to cool things down. However untrue, she told the Brits that 'she was in control' and that there was no reason to be threatened. Gen. Sham Singh just threw his hands up and went to Attari, leaving Jindan to the intractably crazed mob! With the country being destroyed from within, the men of integrity left in disgust, so obviously, Jindan was not pushing for war! THIS was the reality.

The most quoted 'his-stories' of the Anglo-Sikh war is notably the 1847, "A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore," by Col. G. Carmichael Smyth, who never had any contact with Lahore! He dedicates it to Maj. Broadfoot who was eager to retail all the salacious gossip he could get in calling for

British intervention in Punjab. Smyth writes in his intro, that although he was requested to write the tale by Maj. Broadfoot, he would not have done so were it not all true! ... (While he recorded some crucial details.)

In August 1845 Broadfoot received word from Gulab Singh Dogra that he'd support a British uprising against the Sikhs for the financial reward of retaining Jammu/Kashmir and its surrounding territories. No reply is noted by Broadfoot, who was shot in the heart at Ferozshah on Dec. 21, 1845. But we do have Governor General Henry Hardinge's letters to his wife:

> ***"The man I have to deal with, Golab Singh, is the greatest rascal in all Asia. We can protect him without much inconvenience, and give him a slice of Sikh territory as he is geographically our ally. I must forget he is a rascal and treat him better than he deserves." https://archive.org/details/ahistoryreignin00smytgoog/page/n15/mode/1up***

We must mention again that history credits Col. G. Carmichael Smyth with igniting the Indian Mutiny of 1857, which brought down The British East India Co., by hanging one man and imprisoning 90 of the regiment for not obeying his orders! Col. Smyth claims that his knowledge of the titillating details of Jindan's history came directly from his good friend, the colorful Scottish-American mercenary Col. Alexander Gardner. Thankfully these vulgar details are not repeated anywhere in 1898's "Soldier and Traveller, The Memoirs of Alexander Gardner: an eyewitness account to the Fall of the Sikh Empire." Published two decades after his death, it was initially rejected by London in the 1850s as 'too preposterous,' which I elaborate on later…

Carmichael Smyth also admits that: 'Gov. Gen. Hardinge in order to justify British aggression to Lahore's Kingdom, 'wrongly blamed Jindan for sending the Sikhs across the river to their destruction.' He also bluntly states what others of his breed echo, that 'Rani Jindan was not even a wife of Ranjit Singh'! While disparaging Jindan as 'The Messalina of Punjab,' the most profligate woman, who couldn't possibly have birthed the legitimate Sovereign of Ranjit Singh, but fortunately it still exists in the official court chronicles—Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh:

> ***On the 23rd of Bhadon Sambat 1895 (6th Sep. 1838 A.D.), the glorious Sahibzada was born of Mai Jindan (Jind Kaur) at Lahore. The sincere near-attendants felt***

greatly pleased. The said Mai (Jind Kaur) sent the news through Munshi Gobind Ram Sahai, to the Sarkar. The aforesaid person presented himself to the Sarkar and conveyed the blessed news. On hearing the tidings, the Sarkar expressed unlimited pleasure. On customs of the hilly regions, put fresh things (fruits or vegetables) over the head of receipt of the news, the Raja Khan Bahador (Dhian Singh Dogra), according to the Munshi. A few days later, gold ornaments such a hassi and bangles, etc., were given to the Munshi, and he was sent toward Lahore with large sums of money.'

FINALLY, if Jindan was actually in collusion with the British, if she was determined on the army's annihilation, why would she call on the heroic Sham Singh to save the day when the Sikhs were defeated at Ferozeshah? He was the senior chief of the powerful Attariwala family, who was her closest ally, and Duleep was betrothed to his goddaughter. If she was pro-British, why did she refuse to have Duleep put the 'Tilak' on traitor Tej Singh? Why did she not retire to her palace with a gracious pension of 1.5 lakhs and the jewels of the Kingdom? The British had good reason to bring her to their side, if it was possible… Lord Dalhousie wrote:

"She has the only manly understanding of the Punjab, and her restoration would furnish the only thing wanting to render the present movement formidable"
(it certainly doesn't sound like Jindan was a British collaborator!!)

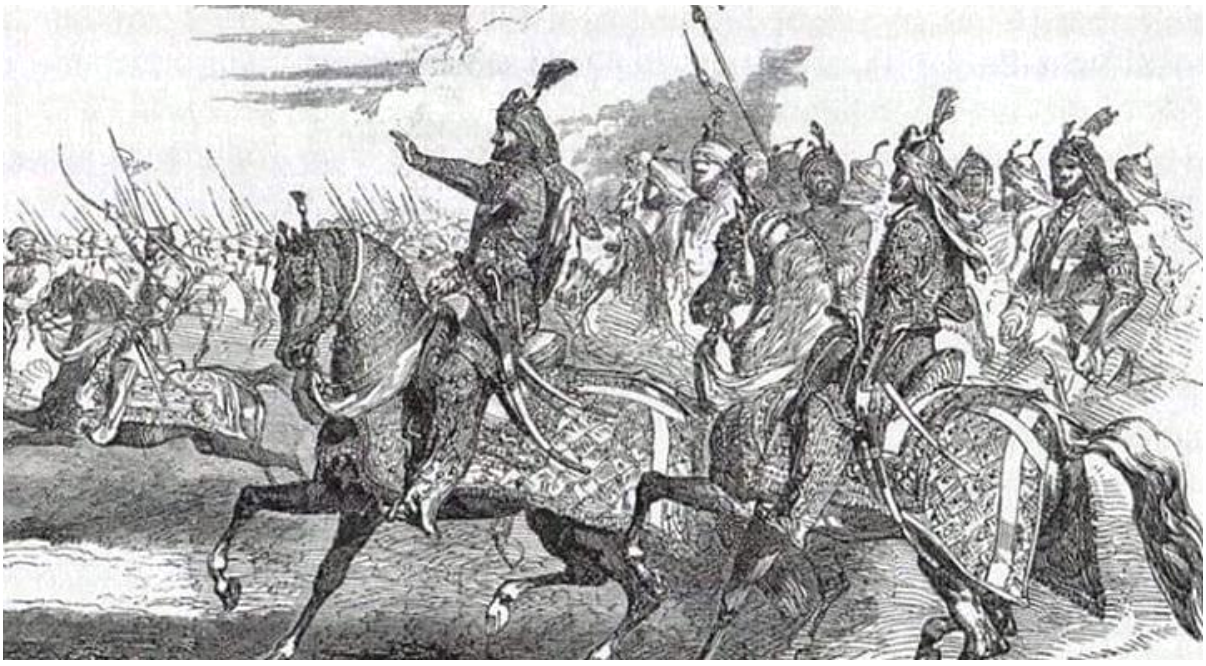
While many courtiers lived out their lives retaining their property, receiving large pensions for remaining loyal to British interests. … but till her last breath, Jindan never did!

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER that sealed her fate. When imprisoned in Sheikhupura Fort, Aug. 1847 - April 1849, Jindan sent letters of encouragement to Mulraj and Shere Singh Attariwala during the 2nd Anglo-Sikh War (along with the location of a crore of rupees to pay the troops).

… In my opinion, these artful words reflect her justified animosity towards what the British did to her, Duleep and the Punjab. But, considering the propagandist book written by Smyth at the direction of Broadfoot, who predates Duleep's date of birth, while Gen. Gough says he was born after Ranjit's death, and that British Spy Gardner's book was published 20 years after his death, and of Palmerston's fame for manipulating the public's opinion — one has to ask if this intercepted letter is real or possibly altered?

"I am well and pray for your welfare. A hundred praises on your bravery. I am unable to bestow sufficient commendation on it. As long as the Earth and Heavens exist, so long shall people utter your praises. They quake and tremble through fear of you and have lost all ascendancy. The British have no troops, so exert yourself to the utmost. Give the prisoners you have taken one hundred blows each day, blacken their faces, cut off their noses, and, placing them on donkeys, parade them through your camp. By these means, in a short time, not one British will be left in the land. … Do not interfere with the Hindustanees, but by beat of the tom-tom, proclaim that all who enter the Maharaja's service will be rewarded. Collect 1,000-2,000 able men disguised as fakeers. Instruct them to watch the British by day and kill them by night. If you are in want of money, in Sheikhpura you will find a well with a crore and 60 lac rupees — Jai Singh will tell you where it is situated. The British do not molest me at all, being afraid to do so.

… I will return to you. Make much of few words, Bibi Jind Kaur"



Shere Singh Commander at the Battle of Chillianwala 2nd Anglo-Sikh War

Col. Alexander Haughton Campbell Gardner

A Soldier & Traveller: Chapter XV … ***the most well propagated story***

After the murder of Wazir Jawahar Singh, his sister, the Rani Jindan was declared Regent. Her principal advisors were Diwan Dina-Nath, Bhai Ram Singh, and Misr Lal Singh, the first named was a man of remarkable talent known as "The Talleyrand of Panjab." … When war was declared against the British, and the Sikhs crossed theSutlej I was acting as Raja Gulab's agent and factotum at Lahore, and in consequence had great power and influence. *Alex was a British spy, Gulab's agent, and Jindan's guard! Jindan was 'Sleeping with the Enemy.'➤ It was Gulab Singh Dogra who emboldened Peshora Singh to oust Jindan/Duleep and take over Lahore. Then he incited the Khalsa to kill Jawahar when Peshora was killed! The army vacillated, one day against Gulab, the next wanting him as Wazir / PM.*

Two more contemptible poltroons than the two generals of the Khalsa army—Lal and Tej Singh, both Brahmans—never breathed. Lal Singh ran away and hid for twenty days in an oven at Ludhiana, in which the Sikhs would have baked him, if they had caught him. Tej Singh always kept at the apex of the army (in the rear), pretending that he could thus have an eye on both divisions, and that it was not his duty to go in front. Tej Singh was never trusted by anyone.

… After the start, Lal and Dina Nath, used to receive visitors, and a succession of picnics took place at Shalimar Gardens.—The Rani's policy was to affect enormous anxiety for the success of the Sikhs, but to afford them no substantial aid. If Delhi was taken, then so much more the glory and loot; if the British were victorious, the Rani who was in correspondence with them, could trust to their protection.

The dialogue with the British was never with Jindan. If so, they certainly didn't reward Jindan for her assistance! ...Yet this damning rumour is believed by all!

The pusillanimous and ignominious departure of Avitabile and Ventura, at this critical juncture, much disgusted the army, who wanted efficient and civilised control. There was no necessity to leave that I saw. I was always treated with honour and respect. The state of the army was such that prescription rolls were such that all individual obnoxious to them had to be given up! I started out with the army but was recalled by the Rani to Lahore, and she specially insisted that I was wanted to hold Lahore against the Khalsa. I was privately told to bring back no Sikhs but as many Musselmans as I had with me. The very brigade which mutinied at Peshawar in 1841. The Muhammadans hating the Sikhs were enchanted at the recall, and I was as it were, governor of Lahore. My orders were simple: "No Sikhs were to return." Manage that, and all the rest shall be as you like. More fear of maltreatment by the Sikhs was entertained than by the British.

… The resolve of their ruler to destroy the Sikh army by whatever means was known by the army itself, but such was the hopes of loot from Delhi, such the belief that the intentions of the British were aggressive, such the domestic incitements of their families to plunder, and such their belief in their mystic faith, that one dogged determination filled the bosom of each soldier.… "We shall go to the sacrifice!" One deserter was nearly beaten to death by his Panjabi country woman.

The only duty imposed on me was to protect Maharani Jindan, and her child, and to get the dread Khalsa army destroyed somehow. "Don't come back, gallant men of the 'Guruji' said we, "without at all events seeing Delhi." (... We all foresaw, those not intoxicated by religion and drink, that the British unity of council, must in the end win.)

Lal ran away from Mudki: he preferred the embrace of Venus at Lahore, to the triumphs of Mars; and was as all Brahmans, held in the highest contempt by the Sikhs. He hid in a bakery in Ludhiana. The Rani Jindan led him a dreadful life at first, when he returned to Lahore after twenty days absence, jeering at his Cautious behaviour, but he being her favorite, orders were given to stop the hilarity. Even to Tej the army cried, "Do not betray us!" Such was his character for treachery.

… He declared he was panting for war but his Brahmin astrologers would not let him out of his hut.

All of this time Gulab Singh, who could have sent 40,000 men by a sign of his finger, was implored by the Sikhs to come to their aid. The army offered to make him (Dogra though he was) Maharaja, and to kill the traitors, Lal Singh and Tej Singh. … He remained firstly at Jammu, the Rani telling him not to stir unless she required him. Meanwhile Gulab cajoled the leaders of the Sikh army, to see every visitor, whether in the bath or eating, as if his whole heart was with the Sikhs. … He got all the wheat carriers in the country, loaded them with an immense display, with about a fourth of the amount they could carry, with placards in 'Gurmukhi' on their necks that they were carrying supplies from Gulab Singh. … And not to ride two-abreast, so that the country might imagine that enormous supplies were being forwarded to the stalwart Khalsa by their loyal and affectionate friend. "I'm not going empty handed to the Great campaign that is to end in Calcutta," gave out Gulab Singh. "This will be a long War," said he. "It's a race to the Capitol and the devil catch the hindmost."

When, after the defeat at Sobraon, February 10, 1846, the remains of the Sikh army moved from Jammu, and I went to meet him. "How is her Majesty?" said he, his first words. I went with him to Maj. Lawrence. I had about 500 men and Gulab had 2,000 with him and 20-30,000 within hail. Of course Gulab had a double move, and Lawrence was anxious of a military mistake, of moving British troops between the strong though beaten and a fresh body with a doubtful course of policy.

… A very dramatic scene took place between the battles of Ferosehah and Sobraon. The Sikhs were literally starved for want of rations. They sent a deputation of 400 picked Sikhs to Lahore to urge the dire necessities of the army — for three days they lived on grain and raw carrots. The Rani at first would not allow the deputation to enter Lahore. She feared justly for her personal safety at the hands of these desperate men. I placed four battalions of infantry over the queen, and she at last consented to hold a durbar and receive the deputation. They were told to come armed only with swords. I turned out a large guard for the queen who waited behind a screen for the arrival of the envoys. I was standing close to the Rani and could see the gesticulations and movements of the deputation. In answer to the loud complaints to which the army was exposed, she said that Gulab Singh had sent vast supplies. "No, he has not;" roared the deputation, "we know the old fox, he has not sent breakfast for a bird!"

… Further parley ensued, the tempers of both parties waxing wroth. At last the deputation said, "Give us powder and shot." At this I saw movement behind the purdah (little Duleep was seated in front of it). I could detect that the Rani was shifting her petticoat; I could see that she stepped out of it, and then rolling it rapidly into a ball, flung it over the screen at the heads of the angry envoys, crying out; "Wear that, you cowards! I'll go in trousers and fight myself."
— The effect was electric!

After a pause on which the deputation seemed stunned, a unanimous shout arose, "Duleep Singh Maharaja, we will go and die for his kingdom and the Khalsaji!" And breaking up tumultuously and highly excited, the dangerous deputation dispersed and joined the army. … The courage and intuition displayed by this extraordinary women under such critical circumstances, filled us all with as much amazement as admiration…
(So much drunken theft had gone on Jindan did not believe them.)

It cannot be ignored that ***"A Soldier and Traveler"*** was published in 1898 in London, ***20 years after Gardner's death***. He was a colorful character and author, and so, while notoriously, outrageously becoming the official record, the truth may never be known. Alex Sahib was exiled to British territory, where at leisure he recounted his tales to George Carmichael-Smyth, written in his 1847: "*A History of The Reigning Family of Lahore."* After the wars, Gardner officially entered the service of Gulab Singh, who bestowed a comfortable income for him. His conscience bothered him years later, writing to newspapers, and giving voice to the subterfuge he participated in with the British. Alexander Gardner died 1877 in Kashmir at 92 years. … ***Half-truths are as lethal as lies!***

Sikh troops of Lahore

UMDAT-UT-TAWARIKH Volume 4 Intro (pp xxii)

The account in the *"Roznamcha"* goes on normally till the middle of September 1845; when the Khalsa army which had been, since sometime, usurping the executive authority had now formally assumed the Government of the State under the designation, as Sohan Lal tells us, of the "Panth Khalsa Jeo".

The new seal of authority which this Panchayat government used for sending out orders and communications was inscribed with the words 'Akal Sahai' (God the Helper). ➤***The name of Maharaja Dalip Singh or that of his mother, Rani Jind Kaur, was dropped from official communications.*** It was under this new dispensation that between the 19th and 21st September, minister Jawahar Singh and his sister, the Queen-mother Rani Jind Kaur, were summoned to appear before the 'Panth Khalsa Jeo'.

With Jawahar Singh's assassination the details in Sohan Lai's book become meager; and two months later begins the war with the British. ➤***It is so unfortunate that the portion (Daftar) of the book dealing with war and the events immediately preceding it were borrowed by Sir Herbert Edwardes but never returned.*** Then comes the last portion of the book which deals with the last phase of the Khalsa Raj.

Sohan Lal continues his practice of recording day to day's proceedings of the Lahore Darbar; but one does not fail to notice the difference in the *Pre-war* and the *Post-war* record of news in the ***Roznamcha.*** Firstly, the jottings of the news is *brief and sketchy,* and secondly the Darbar had altogether changed its complexion. ***It is now an Anglo-Sikh Darbar.*** In place of Maharaja, the central authority is now occupied by ***The English Resident*** who presides over the daily meeting. Around him are some of his senior British assistants in places which, in the Pre-war days, were occupied by the distinguished sons of the soil of the Punjab.

When the second war broke out as the result of the local troubles in Multan and Hazara, we gather from the pages of Sohan Lal's ***Roznamcha*** that the British Resident, Sir Frederick Currie, kept firm in his saddle of authority at Lahore and as before kept on *directing the Regency Council* to carry out his orders. Accord-

ing to all cannons of war and international practice, two things were necessary (i) that declaration of war should have been made and (ii) that the representative of a belligerent party should have been recalled from the country of the other belligerent or else he should have been pushed out. But in this case neither of these two things happened. In fact, we understand from Sohan Lal that when the British Commander-in-Chief arrived in Lahore with the army of invasion, Sir Frederick Currie issued a Proclamation that he, (C-in-C*) had come to restore order and peace in the Kingdom and punish those who had gone in revolt against the authority of the young Maharaja. He invited and successfully seduced some of the chiefs to desert the cause of Sher Singh and earn the favor and gratitude of their own government.

Even in the brief sketchy account of the second war, its causes, and how and why the British won it, Sohan Lal gives us some important facts. ➤***His account leaves an impression on the mind of the reader that Mr. Currie had completely established a reign of terror in the Punjab from April 1848 to March 1849;*** (ii) ***fully exploited some of the inherent weaknesses in the character of our people; and*** (iii) ***by frowns and favors, kept the governing classes or the chiefs on his side; and made use of them*** (a) in maintaining clear the line of communication for the British troops between the field of battle and their base of operations beyond the Sutlej, (b) arranged for the purchase and transport within the Punjab of provisions for the invading British army even when the Punjabi troops of Raja Sher Singh Attariwala were actually starving for food. The arsenals, magazine stores, gun-powder dumps, and the treasure chests of the Lahore State were placed by this officer (even though he had no locus standi during the war) at the disposal of the invading British army. ***➤And there were not few, but many who helped the British in winning the war and after annexation, were duly rewarded and honored by them for their services.***

Sohan Lal's voluminous work enables us to form a comprehensive view of the important theme 'How the Khalsa were able to build a Sovereign State in the Punjab, and how soon after the demise of its principal builder, it lost sovereignty (1748-1849). The narrative brings out, though not so objectively, some of the very glaring weaknesses of our people, which had cost them their Freedom.

We are further given to understand that it was not only the people who had some monetary stakes in the country that had actively cooperated with the British; but even the bulk of the population were indifferent to the results of the war.

The change of government in favor of the British, if not welcome, at least did not seem to have disturbed them. ***We had lost, it appears, all sense of political nationality and public spirit and, overwhelmed by desire of personal gain, felt little urge to render assistance in its maintenance and integration. We had our parish first, and the country later. Now, if History really has a function to discharge in the political economy of a nation's life, it is to beware its present generation, of what happened in the past, and show them the way how to avoid those mistakes, so that the future is secured.***

Sita Ram Kohli July 1961

THE END

https://archive.org/details/UMDAT-UT-TAWARIKH_Volume_4/page/n36/mode/1up

Diwan Mulraj Chopra surrender at the Battle of Multan January 22, 1849
His descendants have sought his 'talwar' tendered to Gen. Wm. Whish

Some Original Sources of Punjab History

"WAQAI I JANG I SIKHAN" / "WAQAI JANG I PHEROSHAHR"

Narrative of the Battle of Ferozepore, Author: Dewan Ajudhia Parshad

https://archive.org/details/in.ernet.dli.2015.282842/page/n55/mode/1up pp 51, 52-77

Dewan Ajudhia Parshad, an eminent state official since the days of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, observed the political developments in the Panjab at very close quarters and had ample means to collect first-hand information about events in the country.

As explained in the beginning of the accounts of Pheroshahr and Sobraon the narrative is mainly based on his own knowledge and on reports from notable persons who were present on the spot. Thus on the whole the record may be treated as eye-witness evidence. The keen observation of the author and his description of many out-of-the way details have rendered the account all the more valuable. As an original and authentic narrative of events of out-standing importance the manuscript is a rare record of the closing years of the Sikh rule in the Punjab.

It is all the more important, since even in Umdat-ut-Tawarikh, the only other reliable Sikh history in Persian which deals with the period, the account of the first Sikh war is unfortunately omitted. The account of the Sikh war from Katik to Phagan, 1902 B. E. (October 1845 to February 1846) ➤was lent by Lala Sohan Lal to Sir Herbert Edwardes at his meeting with him, but was not returned to the author ***(*see Umdat ut Tawarikh Vol IV, iii. p. 88.)***

No other known source gives such an exact and impartial account of the anarchy which prevailed in the Kingdom of Lahore; of the circumstances and events which led to the First Sikh War; and of the campaign as viewed from the Sikh side. **It will modify several of the statements made by standard historians upon these subjects.** ***For example, the writer makes it plain beyond any doubt, that the commanders of the Khalsa army, such as Sardar Tej Singh and Raja Lal Singh, had scarcely even nominal authority; that the officers were solidly opposed to the violation of the Sutlej frontier and bore no responsibility for the subsequent campaign; that, contrary to one common***

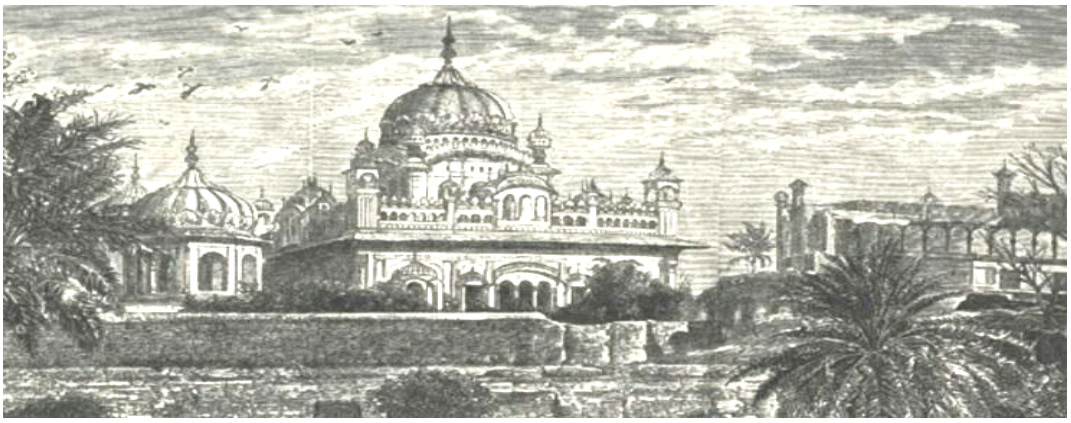
belief, ➢ <u>RANI JINDAN HAD OPPOSED AND NOT INSTIGATED OR CONNIVED AT THE MELANCHOLY ADVENTURE;</u> that all power, military and political, had passed to the insubordinate army and was exercised by the groups of ignorant, reckless demagogues, which formed the "panches." <u>The document shows, in short, that the Khalsa Kingdom was destroyed by the Khalsa army.</u>

An account of the insolence and insubordination of the Sikh troops at Lahore: account of the Fauj-i-Khas till the day of defeat at Pheroshahr, based on the personal knowledge of the author. Sardar Ram Singh was also with the Fauj-i-Khas.

*(*The Fauj-i-Khas was a brigade of the Fauj-i-Ain section of the Sikh Khalsa Army of Punjab. It consisted of very experienced elites and had a separate flag and emblem. It was strictly in the French pattern. All the equipment and weapons were of the best type. It grew to be the best organized section of the regular army.)*

The whole narrative is based on the version of Sardar Ram Singh and Sardar Mehtab Singh. The description of the battle at Mudki is entirely attributed to S. Ram Singh and S. Mehtab Singh who accompanied the Sikh troops. The rest of the narrative is drawn from various reporters:

After the death of the great Maharaja Ranjit Singh Bahadur the condition of the Punjab deteriorated irretrievably. Disorder, bloodshed and fighting ensued. The leading Sardars formed factions. After Maharaja Kharak Singh and Kanwar Naunihal Singh had passed away, the Sardars and the higher officers began to struggle among themselves for power.



Tomb of Maharaja Ranjit Singh Lahore

The army too, deteriorated as it felt itself master of the situation. This decadence was manifest to all. The administration of the state grew worse from day to day. On the 8th Asiij, 1902 b, e. (22nd September, 1845) outside Lahore on the plain towards Mianmir the Sikh army murdered Sardar Jawahar Singh upon the suspicion that he had instigated the murder of Peshora Singlh in the Fort of Attock by Sher Singh Attariwala. After that the Sikh troops became completely self-willed. Moved by insolence and avarice, they abandoned themselves to unrestrained violence, which disintegrated the state.

The people were put to hardship; revenue was difficult to be realized and anarchy prevailed on the frontier. The troops who gathered (at Lahore) at Dussehra (1845 a.d.) increased this confusion.

The Rani ordered the Commander, the brave and resolute Sardar Tej Singh, after his return from Peshawar to restore discipline in the Fauj-i-Ain to its state during the reign of the great Maharaja. *The Sardar announced to the Sikh army that order could be maintained only if they would return to the obedience they had observed in the time of the Great Maharaja. Raja Lal Singh controlled political affairs and the irregular troops, but he was afraid of the Fauj-Ghair-Ain. At the time of the murder of Jawahar Singh he was imprisoned by the army, together with Sardar Attar Singh, Dewan Dina Nath and Khalifa Nur-ud-Din. Despite the best efforts of the Raja to perform this onerous two-fold task the Fauj-i-Ain became more insolent than ever. The Sardars were seriously frustrated in the administration of the country.* ***Kinsmen of soldiers refused to pay the taxes*** *with the excuse that more than enough revenue had already been collected or that their own receipts had become very little. If a report was lodged against them at Lahore, some members of the army maintained their cause. Often a gang of soldiers arrested a Sardar or his agent and wrested from him the dues which he had managed to realize on the plea that the taxpayer's produce had not been adequate, or that the balance of their pay was to be adjusted. Only such Sardars escaped this high-handedness as had friends among the troops but those 'benevolent' soldiers required a 'fee' from the Sardar.*

Political administration was rendered equally difficult, since the soldiers,

who were kinsmen of the subjects and belonged to the same stock, had become quite uncontrollable and insolent and perpetrated all kinds of atrocities, fomenting civil strife. *If some Amin or Munshi was appointed (to decide a case) he labored under one of two handicaps: either he was himself implicated with one of the parties or the other party refused to submit to the jurisdiction of the men sent by the Sarkar. They were encouraged in their defiance by the fact that they had kinsmen in the army. Even after a decision had been given in a case, the parties concerned came to Lahore with their supporters, and reopened the case, relying upon the military officers who supported them to oppose the supporters of the other party, utterly regardless of the facts of the case.*

If an agent of the Sarkar was sent to serve a summons, he was seized by a gang of soldiers on his return and was deprived of any fees realized in terms of the summons. ***If he handed over the money willingly, all went well; if he refused or resisted, he was beaten for doing his duty; but in either case the money was snatched from him. Such deeds created anarchy and disaffection in the country.***

If a subject paid his dues, he made the Tehsildar (the revenue officer) feel obliged to him for the favor, saying that he had not made false: 'excuses' like such-and-such persons, and he expected favors in the people who had no relation in the army were left lamenting that in their helplessness they had to pay their taxes. Thus the collection of revenue became daily more difficult. From every side the Sardars complained about the refusal of persons to pay their dues to the Government, which made administration impossible.

The inhabitants of the cities were also much troubled by the Singhs who demanded most unfair rates for the purchase of commodities. In the lanes and bazaars they pried through doors and loudly threatened to break them with their axes, promising reprisal for resistance. *They declared that the citizens were fortunate that Sardar Jawahar Singh had willingly accompanied them, when they withdrew to the area between the city and cantonment. If he had not then he'd been killed in revenge for the murder of Peshora*

Singh, they said, they would have forced their way into the fort and dispatched him on that same day and would also have plundered the city. ***They boasted that the wealth of citizens was the Singhs for the taking. And none dared gainsay them.***

A small group of Sikhs, for example, went to a simple shopkeeper and offered him a few pies for some loaves said to have been bought from him the previous day and required the return of the security of one rupee left with him. The shopkeeper was taken by surprise. Upon protesting mildly, he was beaten without reason. Some of the Singhs posed as witnesses for the others and extorted the sum demanded. Fortunately for the shopkeeper, a more kindhearted Sikh appeared on the scene and induced the others to leave the poor fellow, saying that they had apparently mistaken him for some other shopkeeper. He said that the shopkeeper was a reputable man and that someone else might have taken it from him, and appealed to them to leave him in peace.The timorous shopkeepers were terrified by such experiences and either kept their shops closed or kept very few goods in them.

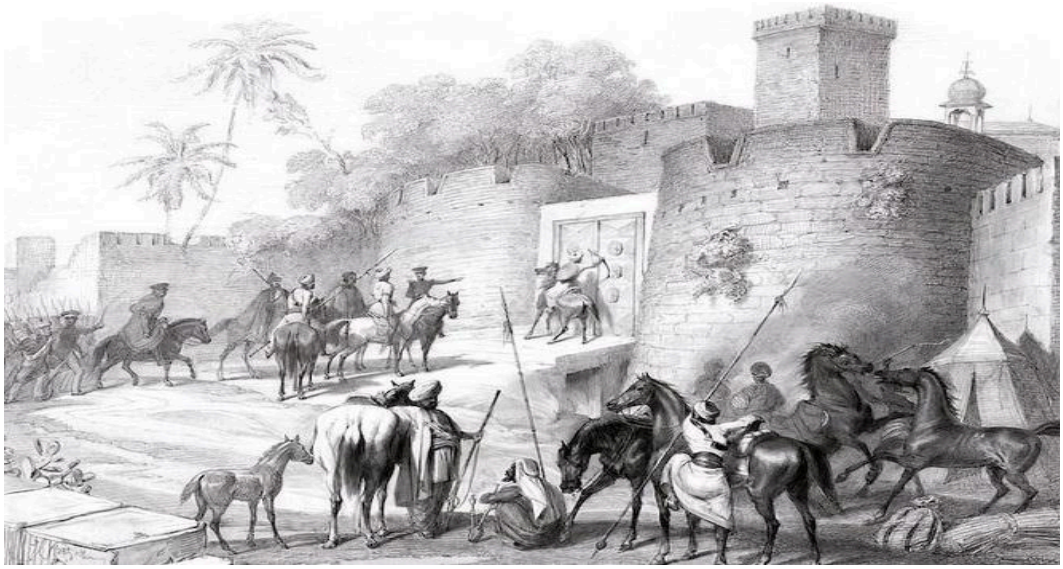
In the cantonments, too, there was no semblance of discipline or order. The soldiers, after receiving their pay, absented themselves without leave from the Sarkar. *They arranged it among themselves and went to their homes to deposit their pay. Parades took place in name only. Some of the troops had gone home; some were absent in the city; and some had gone to settle private quarrels. Not more than a quarter of the total number appeared at the time of parade. No sergeant dared call the roll. The officer of the matchlock-bearers could not order the change of guard.The officers, in fear of their lives, quietly submitted to the will of the troops.The number of troops present on each day was regularly recorded, but these numbers, excluding those who had got leave from the Sarkar were rarely found to tally with those on the rolls.*

On pay day the soldiers picked bright new coins from the heaps of money in exchange for defaced ones and threw away the worn coins, saying that they could be given to the officers. Because of these practices

the treasury at times ran short of cash. Balances and increases due were taken from the Daftaris and in disputes, until the matter was referred to the Sardar the accountants were held responsible by the men. ***The soldiers got their brothers, sons and relations enlisted without orders or identification, simply declaring that so-and-so was enlisted at such a place****.*
By their orders the wearing of caps by 'Poorbeah' troops and regimental bandsmen were forbidden and such men were required to use turbans. If an officer forbade such insubordination some troops would expel him while others, who liked him, would recall him and beg him to defer to the wishes of the Khalsa; ***so the officers were at their wits' end.***

The Fauj-i-Khas consisted of four battalions forming two regiments, with horse batteries and ***Jinsi.*** *It was trained by Generals Allard and Ventura, the French Officers. … During the disorders, which followed the death of the Great Maharaja till the days of Sardar Jawahar Singh, it took its orders from the political leaders and often acted against the wishes of the rest of the army. By the orders of these political leaders the Fauj-i-Khas was kept at Lahore and were entrusted with the most responsible tasks, such as guarding the magazine, the treasury at Moti Mandar and the city gates. The disciplined behavior and loyalty of the Fauj-i-Khas led to some improvement in the rest of the army. After the murder of Jawahar Singh* the *Fauj-i-Khas was off duty. The men of the other regiments conspired among themselves and when the Fauj-i-Khas reassembled, they stated that for some years the Fauj-i-Khas had been stationed at Lahore and should be sent with its commanders on active service to Peshawar.The soldiers belonging to the Fauj-i-Khas replied to their critics that they were prepared to accept the proposal if the services performed by the Fauj-i- Khas since its formation were found inferior to those of the rest of the army. They had occupied Dera Ghazi Khan, had conquered Mandi and Kamalgarh and other places. They would also accept the proposal, if the periods of their stay at Lahore and near the capital were considered since the capture of Peshawar. The soldiers of the rest of the army appealed to the to transfer the Fauj-i-Khas to Peshawar. Their request was granted and an order was issued that the banners of the Fauj-i-Khas should be taken across the river Ravi. The Sikhs of the Fauj-i-Khas saw the letter containing the orders for*

their transfer to Peshawar, and felt much aggriev- ed. They alleged that their officers had been bribed to agree to the transfer —a charge such as had not been heard for years. They declared that the officers of the Fauj-i-Khas had always told their men that they would be posted at the seat of Government, in preference to the troops of the rest of the army and that this privilege would always be theirs. But when they received this order of transfer, it became clear that the officers were guided by selfish motives and had betrayed their men. They proposed to collect in a house near



Siege at Ludhiana 2nd Anglo-Sikh War

Anarkali, straw matting and wood from adjoining houses, set fire to it and burn their officers in it. The officers adjured them to maintain the discipline and loyalty which would spread their reputation throughout the world; that they (officers) would share the fortune of their troops in the transfer to Peshawar; and that their lives were in the hands of their men. The men replied that they would not be deceived by the false pretext of the officers. They said that they were in the same position as their Sikh brethren.
At Peshawar there was no enemy to be faced, no expedition to be under- taken. About this time a news-letter was received from Rai Kishan Chand, announcing that, ***in view of the general disorder in the Punjab, the British said that Sikhs all over the Punjab had gone mad, had set their house on fire, and their neighbors feared that the fire might spread to their own houses. Consequently the English Company decided to strengthen the frontier.***

News from Ludhiana told that at Nandpur, a trans-Sutlej possession of the Lahore Sarkar, a dispute had taken place among the Sodhis about some property, causing bloodshed.

Najib Khan, Risaldar of the Muslim regiment, who had gone there to put down the disorder, had been killed. The Lahore Sarkar could not control the situation. *Since Nandpur was a place of pilgrimage of the Sikhs, and the Jagirs of of the Sodhis were situated close to it; and since the Sodhis had begun to collect men the Sarkar of the Company stationed the forces of a hill Raja near Nandpur, in order to settle the dispute and to stop the gathering of the Sikhs in the town and in the villages of the Sodhis. And as a measure of prudence the Sahibs enquired why a body of Sikh troops of the Lahore Sarkar had been staying in a certain village across the river Sutlej.* (**Sodhi** (Punjabi: ਸੋਢੀ) are landlord people from Khatri or Kshatriyas clan from the Punjab region.)

On receiving this news the real well-wishers of the State of Lahore were perturbed that the confusion and disturbance created by the stupid and short-sighted Sikh soldiers and their defiance of the governing authority had caused disorder on the frontier and had aroused suspicion.

There had been a time when the glorious Sahibs had themselves sought military help in the campaign of Khorasan and had felt fully satisfied with the attitude of the Lahore Sarkar.

Again, the late Maharaja was so confident of the abiding friendship of the English, that during the apprehended invasion of Peshawar, when Dost Muhammad Khan had personally led large forces for its recapture, he had marched to Peshawar with all his troops and guns leaving less than one-tenth of his forces in the rest of the Punjab, withdrawing troops even from the garrisons of the forts. As a result of the firm and stable friendship of the Company, all had gone well in the Punjab. But now the insubordination of the soldiers, on top of their earlier misdeeds had brought the administration to confusion. ***None, great or small, dared admonish them for their indiscipline for fear of losing honor and life.*** *The army declared that the*

British had no right to administer the trans Sutlej possessions of the Lahore government. What happened at Siri Anandpur might occur elsewhere also.

*It was learnt from Poorbeahs (sepoys) who came from Hindustan that British troops were being continuously moved up to Ludhiana.They (the Sikh soldiers) **suspected from this that those at the helm of affairs at Lahore were in league with the British. That the Maharani nursed a grudge against the army on account of the murder of her brother, Sardar Jawahar Singh.***

*They would not let the state of Lahore slip from their hands. Extracts from their scriptures were being circulated by the Nihangs, the Akalis, and Granthis, to the effect that **the Sikhs would rule from east to west and that they would occupy the throne of Delhi**. In Hindi they declared (verse):*
"The army of the Guru shall sit on the throne at Delhi; the fly-whisk shall be waved over its head and it shall have everything according to its desire."

Further they said that battle against the British was as sacred to them as bathing in the holy Ganges and would be in full conformity with the tenets of their religion. They said that they did not love their present leaders as they loved the old. They would bring back Raja Gulab Singh and make him Wazir.

***It became apparent that the whole Sikh army had taken the evil path. The plans of the British for the defense of the frontier were suspected to be a cloak for the occupation of the Cis-Sutlej possessions of the Lahore government and the troops believed that the State of Lahore had made a secret arrangement to this effect with the Company.** They declared that their crossing the Sutlej would be as meritorious as a pilgrimage to the holy Ganges. They did not like the movements of the British troops, although it was within their rights to move forces in their own country towards the frontier. Daily they passed such wishes as news. Occurrence of bloodshed by the Sikh troops was consequently expected.*

➢ ***One day the Maharani in the presence of the courtiers and officers declared to the men of every brigade and dera that she had reconciled her mind to the murder of her brother, Sardar Jawahar Singh. She wished them (the soldiers)***

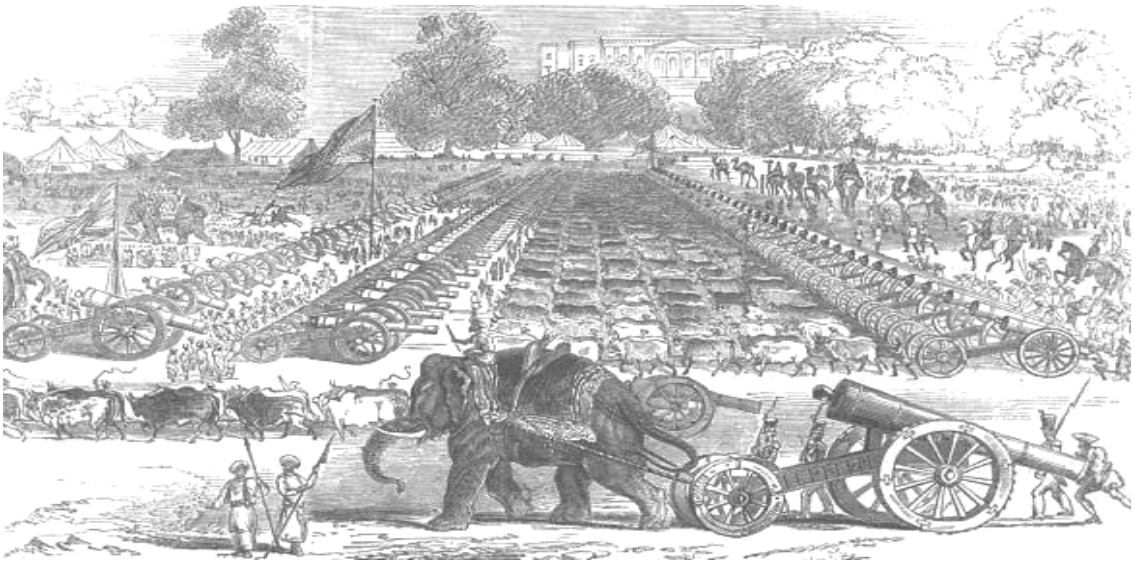
to obey her as sons; she harbored no ill-will towards them. Jawahar Singh had been, indeed, foolish and incompetent in the discharge of State duties.

She appointed Sardar Tej Singh, a famous veteran to command the Fauj-i-Gair-Ain. The administration of the country, too, was clearly explained. The mutinies among the troops resulted in confusion, loss of State income and disorder on the frontier. The soldiers readily believed any rumor. Summaries of any news received from the various parts of the dominion and any dispatch received from Rai Kishan Chand, their trusted Vakil would be communicated to them (the army). The Maharaja Dalip Singh was a minor. The protection of the lives and property of the people and regard for their own livelihood should rest upon the army. They were both subjects and guardians. Since they had gone astray, ***they would be required to declare in writing at the Samadhi of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, whose salt they had eaten, that they would obey their officers in every thing and would execute the orders of the Sarkar under all circumstances.*** *As customary among the Khalsa, Kara Parshad (sweets) would be distributed among them. Four months' salary would be paid to them and they would be required to retire to camp 100 kroh from Lahore, and should refrain from high-handedness. If they settled down peacefully, order in the country and tranquility on the frontier could be assured, as in the reign of the Great Maharaja.*

➢ ***Their insubordination gave the glorious Sahibs evidence of the disorganization in the kingdom of Lahore, so that (the British) were determined to reinforce the frontier. The troops agreed to go to the Samadh of the Great Maharaja and declare in writing that they would obey their officers and camp some kroh away from Lahore according to the orders of the Rani; and on the 9th of Maghar (22nd November, 1845) they gave this promise. It was further ordered that a letter containing the proceedings should be sent to Rai Kishan Chand, who should be asked if this satisfied the British***.

The irregular cavalry, who were in complete agreement with the regular army in their acts of omission and commission, learned of the arrangement that the troops were to be stationed at a distance from Lahore, and expected that they could move easily and perform their duties from any

place. So they went to Raja Lal Singh and their officers and requested their transfer as well. It was approved; and they were ordered to Manala and Bahdana to settle quietly there in groups. Accordingly the cavalry, with the batteries of Maghi Kaban, Amir Chand and Raja Lal Singh left Lahore on the 11th Maghar (24th November,1845) and on the first day reached Shalabag and Amb Dhaturah. After two more marches they arrived at Manala and Bhadana, where they were stationed in groups. The Faij-i-Khas, and the brigades of Sardar Mebtab Singh and Bahadur Singh were encamped in the plain of Mian Mir from 10 —14 Maghar (23rd —27th November, 1845). After receiving their pay on the 15th Maghar (28th November, 1845), the Fauj-i-Khas was stationed at Malikpur. The brigades of Sardar Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh were ordered to Rora and the brigade of Rattan Singh Mann was ordered to Dhaori. On the 16th Maghar (29th November, 1845) communication was set up by local Sikhs between the brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas and the dera (group) of cavalry, which were encamped some krohs apart so that they could act together.



Sikh trophy guns

➢ ***In every dera signs of insolence on the part of the soldiers reappeared as if no solemn written assurance had been given at the Samadh of the Great Maharaja.*** *Observing this the senior officers instructed the juniors to discipline the troops, reminding them of their solemn promise of obedience and rude conduct, and the purpose for which they were stationed there. But these*

orders had a contrary effect. The troops of every brigade in the camp retorted by committing further irregularities. Everywhere the officers were summoned by the troops, who asserted that the British garrison at Ferozepur, which was inadequate, was receiving reinforcements from Hindustan. There was at that place a sum of Rs.18 lacs held in trust from Raja Suchet Singh and such other treasure. All the brigades and deras of the Sikhs, regular and irregular, had therefore decided to march upon Ferozepur.The brigades stationed in the Manjah territory, at Lahore and at Shahdara had also agreed to this plan.

➢ ***It was impossible to dissuade them and indeed any who attempted to do so would be adequately dealt with. In short, the whole army on this side of the Sutlej was to be mobilized. They would cross to Ferozepur, seize the treasure lying there and, until they occupied Delhi, they would observe the strictest Hindu vows. They would take the revenue of London itself from the British.***

Becoming aware that the entire army was bent upon mischief the officers feared for their lives and honor. They decided among themselves that the officers of every brigade and dera should keep each other informed, if the insubordination of the troops threatened their safety. Some Sikh officers who were kinsmen of the soldiers were made to understand that their conduct was not approved and they were warned to be more prudent. It was expected that this warning would be circulated among the soldiers. The discussion between the officers and the troops followed these lines. It was asserted that the Great Maharaja, who had acquired vast resources, had the greatest regard for the friendship of the English, as was known the world over, and that it was evident that he had extended friendship. He had entertained every employee of the Company in a befitting manner and sought in every way to confirm the friendship between the two governments never dreaming of encroaching upon Ferozepur or other British territories. The troops agreed that this was so, but that by the time the Khalsa (the Sikh army) had developed its full strength and had become capable of open combat, the Great Maharaja had become aged and lost his vigor. Somebody then asked them if they now intended to show their valor by sacrificing themselves, since such a war meant bloodshed and

slaughter, whether their proposal included obedience the order of their master to cross the river. They replied that by the order of the Khalsa they had unanimously decided to march across the Sutlej. Somebody asked them if Rs.18 lakhs, which was held in trust from Raja Suchet Singh belonged to the government of the Punjab or to the army which had now become its master.

It was suggested that the treasure could not be procured without the consent of Raja Gulab Singh, brother of Raja Suchet Singh and that the Sikhs should stay their hand. ➤They replied that they would seize that wealth and also the British treasure.

When told that in crossing the Sutlej they would break a long-standing alliance, an act which required deep consideration, they recklessly answered that the Cis-Sutlej territory also belonged to the Lahore government. The Khalsa had great ambitions for which it was fully equipped. Their part was to achieve them. Even if they were destined to defeat their request was granted, they could afterwards go back to their lands. ***They were reminded of the solemn oath that they had given in writing at the Samadh of the Great Raja,*** *which had been sent to Rai Kishan Chand with the expectation that a satisfactory reply would come from him. To this they retorted that they would not be satisfied unless their claims were conceded. They were told that such talk and schemes were futile; the fort at Ferozepur was filled with war material and a large garrison. The troops resented these warnings.*

They were told that the British were the rulers of the whole world and possessed a vast territory, army, cleverness, courage and treasure, and that it was impossible to oppose them. *On the contrary, it would be easier for them (the British) to capture the Punjab, because Ferozepur was hardly 40 krohs from Lahore and Amritsar. But it would be extremely difficult for them (the Sikhs) to take Ferozepur and Ludhiana. On hearing such statements the troops abused the men who made them in public or private. committees and gatherings of the Sikh troops. The officers (who shared Such views) were rudely denounced in the* *were rudely denounced in the*

committees and gatherings of the Sikh troops. At this time the infantry brigades were stationed at five towns and the cavalry, which had marched before the Fauj-i-Ain was encamped at twelve places at the towns of Bhadana and Sur Singh. But all advice by their comrades and exhortation by the officers had no effect on the troops. It produced no other result than the exchange of hot words and the revelation of their short-sightedness and lack of understanding and the further disorganization of government and menaces of blows and death to the officers. After discussion among the sections of the army, the Fauj-i-Ain decided to march from its present stations to Qadian in the Manjah territory and to the east of the Sutlej, and on the 24th Maghar (7th December, 1845), it set forth, some of them, in two stages and others in three stages, reaching Qadian, where they assembled. The soldiers of the Fauj-i-Ain sent sowars (horse soldiers) to collect boats and bring them to this side of the crossing at Harike. The irregular cavalry had followed them in defiance of the orders of their officers whom they abused, and threatened with maltreatment and death. A few sowars selected from each dera proposed that they should encamp at Barwala. ***On their way they sacked the villages as if they were in enemy territory.*** *If anyone protested that this was not Yousafzai territory or neigh- borhood of Peshawar they replied that the Sikh army had always plundered those regions and to do the same for once in their home country mattered little; so they took grain at their own price, cut trees for fuel and indiscriminately confiscated fodder for their horses from those villages. If one of the troops' camels fell ill or was injured, they would take an officer's camel, if he had two. The officer dared not protest. If some Zamindar came to a large tent, taking it to be that of an officer, to lodge a complaint, the officer had his curtains lowered, out of fear, and sent the man to identify the soldier, who had wronged him and then report. The offender would hide himself; or, if found, would deny the offense done. Even if the case was proved only one-tenth of the goods was returned. Everywhere they evaded check in the same way. Many inhabitants had grievances against the army and cursed their oppressors and wished for their destruction. If soldiers belonging to the locality were present, it was not plundered. At such places things were purchased at a nominal price.The irregulars stationed at*

Bhadana, Nurpur and Naushahra looted the district with little restraint. Some resident official opposed these outrages. In consequence a quarrel broke out and the villagers suffered great loss. Raja Lal Singh tried his best to intervene, but in vain and compensated the villagers from his own pocket. One or two soldiers who had been put under arrest were released by their comrades, who took the law into their own hands.

Raja Lal Singh and the officers were abused by the army, and threatened with death or degradation and forbidden to interfere. *The soldiers removed the autumn harvest wherever they found it lying in the fields and carried away fodder from the houses of the zamindars. Sardar Ganda Singh Kunjahia was secretly sent by Raja Lal Singh to chide the officers of the Fauj-i-Ain for their failure to control the men.*

Sikh Khalsa Army

The sowars of the irregular army joined their comrades in the regular army. They reported that the irregular cavalry had arrived at a shallow place to cross the river. They were asked if there were boats available for the Sikhs of the Fauj-i-Ain to transport their artillery. They were told that regular sowars (horse soldiers) had gone towards Harike to collect boats. They should bring along their guns and boats would be procured; but more brigades should be brought from Lahore to that place. During the two days 24th and 25th Maghar (7th-8th December 1845) they halted at Qadian.

The first question which the soldiers asked each other was whether all the officers were present; and they confirmed that all of them were there. On learning this they congratulated themselves, declaring that the officers were so helpless that they had no other alternative, unless they took to the air or went underground. If they should desert, the homes of all of them would be at the mercy of the troops. After venting their relief they reaffirmed the need to keep a close watch on the officers. They said that delay in sending troops from Lahore was a subterfuge and that in return for every place (handed over to the British) the officers were to receive payment from the Sarkar of the Company Bahadur. It was suspected that the officers and the State authorities were in league with the Sarkar Company.

They argued that the Hindustani and Malwai officers had their homes across the Sutlej and, were therefore, favorably inclined towards the British and so wished to frighten them by praising the greatness of the British. But the Khorasanis (Afghans), who had been defeated by the Sikhs, had in turn driven the British out of Kabul. ***Again, as the wealth of all the officers, like that of Raja Suchet Singh, was at Ferozepur, they opposed the advance of the Sikh army, lest it should be plundered. They were also afraid of losing their own lives.*** *They declared in the face of the officers that they (the soldiers) received only Rs.12 a month in pay, while they (the officers; got thousands of rupees per year, so that there was no reason for the officers to hesitate in declaring war.The officers submissively replied that everything was in the hands of the army and that they (the officers) only wished them to act to their advantage.*

In the meantime Sikh recruits began to pour into the deras from the Manjha hoping to share in the plunder of Ferozepur. It was also said that after the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej they would be joined by the Sikhs of the Malwa, who would swell their numbers, because they already had many relatives in the Sikh army.

On the 26th Maghar (9th December, 1845) the brigade of the Fauj-i-Khas and the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh marched to Jhangi, about three kroh from Qadian on this side of the river. They then

proposed that according to plan, the irregular army should advance to the river to the right of the crossing at Harike, east of which lay Ferozepur, and announce their arrival to those at Ferozepore. After consultation among themselves, they advised their officers that heavy fire should be opened. The officers replied that they might do what they pleased, since everything was in their hands. So heavy fire was opened that night, which it was presumed would be heard at Ferozepur and by the regular army.

Two days afterwards, that is, on the 28th Maghar (11th December, 1845) all three brigades marched from Jhangi to Nathianwala on the bank of Sutlej towards Harike on the road from Ferozepur. The soldiers in a body demanded of the officers an assurance in writing that a wounded man should receive his pay as usual and that the pay of any one who should be killed should be handed to his heirs, to a son or brother, if there were one. The officers replied that that was not within their power, but that they would petition the Sarkar to that effect.

Accordingly they obtained from the officers a petition with seals affixed and kept it as a record. They said that the officers were without match-locks and that each of them should carry one like the soldiers for without a rifle an officer could not light. The officers agreed; and so they and the men were equal. ***That day the officers who were chagrined at their helplessness before an insubordinate army, held a secret meeting. They deplored that they were about to commit a breach of faith; that after crossing the river a battle would ensue; that the power, resources and conquering capacity of the British Government were known all over India.*** *They deplored it all the more, that there was no reason in their favor; and obviously they would break the alliance which the Great Maharaja had respected throughout his life.*

At that time the men asked the officers why they did not give orders as they used to do in the days of the Great Maharaja, absentees should be put under arrest and discipline should be enforced as before. Parades should be ordered as was being done at Ferozepur during those days. Roll-call should also be introduced. Hearing this, the officers were at first surprised. They said among themselves that such questions from their

men were a good sign. To humor the men, they replied that those officers had joined service during the time of the Great Maharaja, just as among the men there were those who had done long service and those recently recruited; so among the officers there were old and new. They would try to arrive at a decision among themselves and communicate it to the men. ***They tried to make the men realize that in the opinion of the whole world the Great Maharajah's death was a calamity for Punjab; he had bequeathed to the country a united and effective government. He raised an army of its own inhabitants in order to maintain prosperity. He foresaw that his subjects would have the interest of the State more at heart than his descendants or successors.***

He had concluded the treaty with the Company Bahadur; and it was meant to be carefully; observed from generation to generation. Now everything rested in their hands. Maharaja Dalip Singh was very young and little concerned with affairs. They fully agreed with the men as to the necessity for discipline, regular parades, the taking of roll-call and punishment of defaulters; after all, this had been their life-work.

After expressing these wishes to their officers they requested them to pluck up courage and restore the old discipline in the army. The officers felt gratified with the answer and told the men that if they wished to main- tain the reputation of the Great Maharaja, and preserve his achievements, ***they should obey the orders of the officers, and these orders were emphatically that they should desist from crossing the river breaking the long-standing alliance. Afterwards they would rue having done so. They could do what they liked in the trans-Sutlej territory. On hearing this all those present, numbering about 2,000, replied with one voice that they would obey all orders, except that to refrain from crossing the river.***

Immediately afterwards the various groups of men who were present dispersed, saying that after taking their meals they would bring their officers to inspect the bridges. The officers looked at each other in amazement and went to their deras. After taking their meals men from every brigade went to the river to inspect the proposed bridges, carrying their officers with them as if dead. They found that the space between the camp

and the bank of the river consisted of sand, marsh and shallow water, so they changed their mind about camping there and returned after having inspected the bridge, which existed in name only, for there was only one boat, over which was set a guard. On the 29th Maghar (12th December, 1845) an English officer with 100 sowars had come from the direction of Ferozepur to reconnoiter the bridge, and the guard on the boat fired at them. On the same day twelve more boats were brought by sowars especially sent for the purpose and these were equally divided among the troops of Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and the Fauj-i-Khas It was . learned from the Sikhs who had come from their homes or had lagged behind, that on the following day the banner of the brigades of Rattan Singh would also reach the bridge. Eleven more boats were received. After some discussion about their distribution among the brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas, Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh, they began to cross the river on the 1st Poh (14th December, 1845).

While the three brigades were crossing the river, the brigade of Rattan Singh Mao also reached the bridge and using the boats of all three brigades which returned from the other bank of river Sutlej, began to cross the river. By mid-day of the 2nd Poh (15th December, 1845) all the three brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas, Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh had completely crossed over. One boat sank and the men and material in it were lost. The brigades of Rattan Singh Man had hardly crossed, when the banners of the brigades of Kanh Singh Man and Sardar Shamsher Singh Sandhanwalia, along with the Sikh volunteers, arrived there. On reaching the crossing place they seized the same boats. On the 2nd Poh (I5th December, 1845), the brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas, Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and Rattan Singh Man had crossed to the other side of the river towards Ferozepur. (A certain Zamindar, (land owner / tax collector) son of the Ghaudhari of Mastike was killed on that day by a soldier, to pay off an old score).

On the 3rd Poh (16th December, 1845), the brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas, Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and Rattan Singh Man marched from the neighborhood of Mastike and encamped between the town of Attari and the stream called Sukhne, three and half kroh from Ferozepur.

The irregular cavalry, taking the artillery with it, crossed the river in boats from Harike and encamped on the bank. After one halt, they made a forced march and reached the neighborhood of Mullanwala. It had been arranged that each dera of the Sikhs should be kept informed about the movements of the others. Accordingly as soon as the Sikhs of the regular army informed the irregular army about the advance of certain brigades towards Ferozepore on Poh 3 (16th December, 1845), some hundreds of sowars of the cavalry brought Raja Lal Singh and other officers to the camp of the regular army and made an agreement with the Sikh soldiers that on the following day, Poh 4 (17th December, 1845), the camp of the irregular troops should join the regular army. Subsequently a plan of action would be decided upon. On their way back Raja Lal Singh and his officers tactfully met the officers of the Fauj-i-Ain in the open ground to decide about the amalgamation of the dera. He referred to a copy of a letter of the British Government, which had stated that the results of the breach of the alliance and the crossing of the army to the other side of the Sutlej would be disastrous for the Lahore Sarkar. It was also made clear that the intention of the government of the Company was merely to strengthen the frontier crossing and defenses. He (Raja Lal Singh) also invited their attention to the dispatch of Rai Kishan Chand in which he expressed great surprise at the crossing and breach of alliance without any ostensible reason. He (Kishan Chand) had also pointed out that no good would come of such a foolhardy action of the Sikh army now or in the future. He (Raja Lal Singh) also mentioned the order of the Sarkar which required them (the officers) by every possible means to prevent the troops from crossing to the other side of the river. So long as they should remain on the trans-Sutlej side towards Manjah everything could be controlled. He (Raja Lal Singh) added his own conviction, that both the regular and irregular troops seemed to rival each other in shortsightedness, in their desire for war and their haste. Both were set upon the breach of the alliance. He stated that even if at that time they would withdraw towards Manjah there would still be hope for safety.The officers of the regular and irregular army declared in the presence of Raja Lal Singh that they had tried their best to dissuade the army since they marched from their first camp and at every subsequent halt. They said that on the following day in the joint camp of the regular and irregular troops

they would once more say all they could if they could be heard. Otherwise everything would rest with the troops.

At that time the officers of the irregular troops reported that they had learned from a camel driver who arrived with some papers, that Sardar Tej Singh, the Commander-in-Chief, had ordered the brigade of Mewa Singh Majithia to Dera Ismail Khan. Accordingly, that brigade was encamped at Shahdara. Besides, the Panches of the brigades who had gone to Jammu had come back and reported that Raja Gulab Singh had said that he would leave for Lahore on receipt of an invitation from the Sarkar, but that he was not prepared to comply with their verbal message. The said brigade and the Sikhs of the other brigades had a letter written, under menaces, to the effect that Raja Gulab Singh should be sent for, and despatched it. The same brigade, after consultation among themselves, obtained orders from the Sarkar by force to join the rest of the army and by their own will, marched to join it. At last Sardar Tej Singh himself saw that the brigade of Mewa Singh might create trouble at Lahore and realized that the brigades of Kanh Singh Man, Shamsher and Chattar Singh were disaffected towards him (Tej Singh). He therefore decided to move from Lahore. On that day Poh 3 (16th December, 1845) after the crossing of the artillery of Rattan Singh Man, first the brigade of Kanh Singh and then in turn the brigades of Shamsher Singh and Chattar Singh decided to cross the river. At that stage the officers despaired of dissuading the troops. They found that all the Sikh troops from there to Shahdara were unanimous; so they dispersed. On the morning of the 4th Poh (17th December, 1845), the irregular army, Raja Lal Singh, his artillery and the four brigades encamped on this side of the Sukhne stream. The officers of the regular and irregular army met groups from every brigade and camp gathered at the camp of Raja Lal Singh. The officers intended to talk about the papers which had come from Lahore, when the men, who had got news of the arrival of papers on seeing the camel driver, asked them (the officers) if the papers had reached them. Raja Lal Singh and the officers of both the regular and irregular troops seized the opportunity and to humor the troops, asked whether they would like to know about those papers in detail or in brief. The men replied that the papers had been by them (the officers) and that they should let them

know their substance. They read it, being afraid of the men, the officers reported only the gist of the despatch of the British Government, the letter of Rai Kishen Chand and the despatch of the Sarkar demanding to know why the men wanted to cross the Sutlej and break the alliance. The Sikhs replied that the contents of the despatch were misrepresented and intended to deceive them.They had received reliable and authentic reports from the Sikhs who had come from the Malwa (Cis-Sutlej) territory and it was certain that the British troops were shortly due to arrive there.

The insubordinate troops began to plan among themselves for the combat.
➤ ***Raja Lal Singh and all the officers, high and low, were overawed by the soldiers. Sometimes the men came to them and made proposals for the battle. At others, being displeased with their cold reply that everything rested with the men, they abused them.***

Gov. General Hardinge advancing to Ferozpur Dec. 1845

On the 5th Poh (18th December, 1845) it was learned that the Governor -General was advancing with large reinforcements by way of Mudki to Ferozepur. The Sikhs proposed that Raja Lal Singh, the cavalry and the three brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas, Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh should march from there and should encamp opposite the Governor-General. Sardar Tej Singh Bahadur and the brigades of Kanh Singh Man, Sardar Shamsher Singh, Chattar Singh, Mewa Singh and the artillery and regiments which were on their way to cross the Sutlej and were to join them there were required to remain there for the purpose of attacking Ferozepur; while the brigade of Rattan Singh Man and some other troops

which were to be left there according to requirements would join Sardar Tej Singh in addition to his own brigades. On the same day instead of a general march they decided to beat the drums five times.

The brigade of Rattan Singh Man, the artillery and some other troops remained there. Raja Lal Singh marched with the cavalry, the brigade of the Fauj-i-Khas, the brigade of Mehtab Singh and the brigade of Bahadur Singh. Although it was a moonlit night, yet on account of disorder among the soldiers they lost their way, The village of Sultan Khan, which lay on the way was set on fire by the Sikhs in order to warm themselves, so that the place was destroyed.

A little before daybreak they reached Pheroshahr, where they encamped around the big walls of the place which formed a fort. To the west, opposite Ferozepur, was the Fauj-i-Khas; and from the south to the north-east, in the direction of the road to Mudki and Jira (or Zira), the brigades of Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh, the irregular forces and the batteries and howitzers attached to them were encamped. Raja Lal Singh and the officers were in the center. As the men had lost their way, they wandered like a caravan.

Ganda Singh Nihang, the officer in charge of the Mihangs confident that the horse could go anywhere on earth and could cover any distance, arrived in the neighborhood of Mudki. There they captured an Englishman and some servants who had arrived there in the train of the Governor-General and sent them to the Sikh camp. They intimated the arrival of the dera of the Nawab as soon as possible. All the Sikh soldiers were fatigued on account of their having lost their way throughout the night. Some were still joining up from behind. It was announced that half the troops would take to the field. But the soldiers who were fit enough to move made up only half their numbers, and these went, taking Raja Lal Singh and the officers of the regular and irregular troops with them. The cavalry and the men of the brigades of Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and the Fauj-i-Khas followed in that order. The dera of the Governor-General had arrived at Mudki.

On receipt of the news of the arrival of the Sikh army, the (British) regiments and artillery prepared for action and advanced about one kroh. The Sikhs opened fire first and the British guns replied. Some riderless horses from a British regiment opposite the Sikh cavalry got out of control and galloped into the Sikh lines, killing some of the Sikhs, but others fired, thinking that British cavalry were charging them. In the confusion which followed they fell into panic and fled firing in all directions. In reply the British sent over shells of various kinds.

The land between the two armies was overgrown with large bushes, trees and hedges so that the two armies could not see each other clearly. Bahadur Singh's brigade was the first to face the British forces with guns and matchlocks and was defeated. Similarly the Fauj-i-Khas with its artillery joined the battle, but after a couple of hours they also were thrown back. At dusk the British forces were facing Mehtab Singh's brigade who thought that the Fauj-i-Khas had arrived. In their relief they shouted "Fateh Wah Guru" (Victory to our Guru) whereupon the British troops opened fire on them with guns and muskets. The men of Mehtab Singh's brigade replied with two rounds from their guns and a little dispirited rifle fire and then broke. When night fell, the British troops still held their ground. The Sikhs retired from the field, abandoning some of their guns, and withdrew to Pheroshahr camp. The regular and irregular cavalry had brought their baggage on mules and ponies and in their flight from the British, they had to abandon much of their baggage and ammunition.

The battle occurred on the 6th Poh (19tb December, 1845), at the Pheroshahr camp. There was much mutual recrimination among the Sikh troops. The soldiers said that they were defeated because they had made a double march and had lost their way and arrived tired. Moreover, the reinforcement of the other half of their army had not reached them according to plan. And above all night had fallen on them. Those who had remained in the camp, on account of losing their way, said that they (the vanquished) had shown themselves to be worthless. They boasted that they would show their own mettle in the next battle and would do wonders. And so the quarrel went on.

On the morning of 9th Poh (22nd December,1845), news was brought that the Nawab Governor-General Bahadur's army had drawn off to the left Beraha, south of the Sikh camp, towards Ferozepur, and were to be replaced by fresh troops on that day. The Sikhs were misled into rejoicing at this, thinking that the British had taken shelter in the fort at Ferozepur and were trying to evade them. The cavalry abused Raja Lal Singh and set out in search of plunder, taking him and the officers with them. Some regiments of the regular army also marched out, believing that a baggage train was exposed and would be an easy prey for them. But they did not take the heavy guns with them as they were with the infantry. When they received the news that a British force was on the march nearby, the regular infantry demanded of their officers that they should seize such a good opportunity for loot. The officers replied that they could do what they liked, but that the news was of a movement of British troops from Ferozepur. On hearing this two battalions of the Fauj-i-Khas with their artillery, went west by their own will. A beggar appeared who said he was a servant of Bokhan Khan in the cavalry, and reported to the Khalsa troops that one British force had come from Ferozepur and another from Mudki and the two had joined. One of the Sikhs said that this force might have come to escort the army of Nawab Governor General Bahadur to Ferozepur, where arms and ammunition were probably being distributed among the British troops. On hearing this the Khalsa soldiers said that the British force with the Governor-General had probably been bringing reinforcements to Ferozepur. On learning this the two battalions of Fauj-i-Khas returned to camp. The irregular cavalry, which had gone southwest, and the regular regiments, which had marched west also returned, leaving some sowars to reconnoiter.

The men of the regular and irregular regiments were angry that the indolence of the officers had lost them an opportunity of plundering the English camp.

➢ ***They spoke roughly to Raja Lal Singh and the officers and accused them of aiding the British. The higher officers were oppressed by the thought that they were going to die so futilely. With tears in their eyes they repeated the name of***

the Great Maharaja, saying that he had trained the regular and irregular troops at great cost and with great care and had also scrupulously maintained friend - ship with the English. But the treaty had been broken by their folly and the army was going to its destruction, while they were quite helpless in their humiliation.

The cavalry were very bitter against Raja Lal Singh and their officers and the whole camp began to plot injury to them. The men of the regular army assembled deputies from every company and from the batteries of Bahadur Singh's brigade, which was on the left, to arrange a plot to seize and beat and murder their officers. Deputies from Mehtab Singh's brigade on the right also joined the plot…

Raja Lal Singh

They went in the afternoon to the 4th battalion of the regular army which was called Sham Sota, to bind, beat and kill their officers, when suddenly shells from the big guns of the British began to fall among the brigade of the *Fauj-i-Khas*, *the Sikhs all stood at once to attention. When the British force appeared opposite them, the guns of the Fauj-i-Khas opened fire and the army occupied a trench which they had dug in front of their camp. The Fauj-i-Khas prided them- selves that under the command of their French officers they had been victorious everywhere in the Punjab.This battle against the British, they thought, would be like their earlier battles. Not doubting the ultimate result and unfamiliar with war against the British, they repeated their earlier boasts, saying that men would see their deeds.*

At first they opened a steady bombardment with their batteries. Then they opened musketry fire from the trench. Their officers were not allowed to act as such. Everyone followed his own will. The British advanced the left flank of their army against the Fauj-i-Ain and drove it back towards the camp of the cavalry, which also possessed guns and howitzers. Battle was also joined with the cavalry on the right. The Fauj-i-Khas had to face the right flank of the British, which steadily advanced. The brigades of the Fauj-i-Khas and the cavalry were heavily shelled with a variety of projectiles and suffered severe losses in men, horses, artillery, oxen and transport animals. The British guns fired rapidly and were served with skill and courage. Their sound at any distance was quite different from that of the Sikh guns, which were fired by means of a string. Shells rained on the Sikhs and so many of them were wounded that by afternoon their spirit was broken.

When they witnessed the strength and discipline of the British they were forced to confess that the British proceeded with set purpose, while they themselves were chaotic, and it became apparent to them that the British were advancing against them at first like a flood in a river and later like the tide in the ocean.

The Sikh regular and irregular armies were encamped around the village of Pheroshahr, but fled in whatever direction they could. In their confusion and panic they could not help one another. The Sikh cavalry, which had proudly declared that it had formed the vanguard in every battle, could not advance against the British guns. Some of them, however, fought alongside their own artillery as long and hard as they could; but others turned and fled carrying their own baggage and that of others, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. Raja Lal Singh's camp and that of the artillery which lay east of the village, were completely plundered. Camp-followers who had come with the vain hope of looting.

Ferozepur, found the Sikhs in retreat, plundered the goods of their fellow countrymen and fled. Suddenly the magazine of the Fauj-i-Khas was exploded by a shell from a British gun. Not only were they terribly

shaken by this catastrophe, but also many were killed and the Sikh battalions and batteries suffered a complete defeat. The British troops occupied the camp of the Fauj-i-Khas and cavalry as it stood. The darkness of that night was as the life of the vanquished. Raja Lal Singh was wounded and a fugitive. All those belonging to the Fauj-i- Khas and cavalry who had not fled lay wounded or dead on the field. Some men of the Fauj-i-Khas joined the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh, which were on the left. At night the English troops retired according to custom; for in the dark, friend could not be distinguished from foe, though they had completely defeated their opponents. Huge fires were lit up at intervals opposite the camp of the Sikhs of the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh and the other remnants of the defeated army. The Sikhs thought that the British were resting, so they fired some shells in their direction at intervals during the night. Those who were left in the Sikh camp discussed throughout the night whether they should disperse, or collect their artillery and set up the dera again elsewhere. But hourly their numbers were dwindling. That night, when the Fauj-i-Khas and the cavalry had been defeated and the remnant had fled, the officers,who had been disgusted with the ill conduct, insolence, disobedience, heedlessness and abusive tone of the men, moved about among the soldiers who were running away and throne of Delhi, according to the sayings of the Gurus, and destroying London,sneered that, far from capturing the fort at Ferozepur with its treasure and the and taking a sacred bath in the Ganges and reaping the fruits of their religious war, they had gained nothing by their aggression. They asked these Sikhs who, when marching willfully from near Lahore, were entreated by their officers faithfully to observe the treaty with the Company as it had been maintained by Maharaja Ranjit Singh; and had retorted that by the time the Maharaja had grown old and infirm the Sikh people had become strong — what had become of that strength today. It was indeed the traditional policy of the late Maharaja not to become involved in war against the British. But if anyone, aware of the power of the Company, entreated the men to refrain from crossing the river and breaking the treaty, to the destruction of the State of the Punjab, the Sikhs regarded him as blind and opposed to their interest. They

became offensive to their officers taunting them that they were merely afraid of being killed in the battle.

But on that day the truth had been revealed, the strength and valor of the British army had been proved. And not one of those foolish Sikhs unless he could recover his obsession by chattering with his comrades could offer a reply. In this way the officers freely gave vent to their feelings.

On the 10th Poh (23rd December, 1845), after sunrise the British army returned to the attack. The brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh opened fire, but the British wheeled to the right and left and bombarded the Sikhs in such a way that they broke and fled as their comrades had fled on the previous night, with whatever they could carry with them, and made their way towards the Sutlej, leaving none except the wounded and disabled at Pheroshabr. On the previous night, the 9th Poh (22nd December, 1845), the brigades of Kanh Singh Man, Sardar Shamsher Singh, Chatter Singh, Mewa Singh, and the artillery, which had begun to cross the river since the 3rd Poh (I6th December), joined the brigade of Rattan Singh Man and the rest of the troops. They had Sardar Tej Singh with them. On learning about the battle of Pheroshahr and hearing the noise of cannon fire, they hastened with Sardar Tej Singh to help the troops opposite Ferozepur and arrived early on the 10th Poh (23rd December). Some sowars were sent to bring news of the Sikh army. They reported that the Singhs had fled and that the British army had arrived at Pheroshahr and occupied the camp. An artillery battle from a distance ensued between the guns attached to the British cavalry and Sardar Tej Singh's brigade, which formed the vanguard. This brigade got the news that on learning of the defeat at Pheroshahr, all the brigades had decided to give battle with the Sutlej at their back. So they all encamped at the village of Sultan Khan where that brigade also returned after the combat with the British. It was two and half distant. The British troops encamped at Pheroshahr on the 11th Poh (24th December); the Sikh army marched from Sultan Khan to the bank of the Sutlej, leaving large quantities of ordnance stores and ammunition at the camping ground and

on the way on account of bad organization and nervousness. In several marches they crossed the river towards Sobranh. Those who had been defeated at Pheroshabr fled in various directions

THE END

by Ajudhia Prashad

https://archive.org/details/in.ernet.dli.2015.282842/page/n57/mode/1up

… Fueled by corruption and bottomless greed, The Collapse of Empire happens when a selfish desire for personal advancement overrides thoughts of the common good, leading to systemic failure and moral decay − then a rampant military cannot be controlled, but engages in military adventures that accelerates its collapse… be it Greece, Rome, Napoleonic France, Hitler's Germany, in Great Britain, in Putin's Russia, or in the U.S.A.

"An empire toppled by its enemies can rise again, but one which crumbles from within, is dead forever"

SIKH RESEARCH INSTITUTE:

My profound thanks to Harinder Singh Co-Founder & Senior Fellow of Sikh RI and Punjab Digital Library, and Santbir Singh - Research Associate, for Illuminating THE TRUTH about Rani Jindan Kaur, that has evaded so many others!

"Getting to Know Rani Jindan": Podcast: https://sikhri.org/ranijindkaur

"You decide… Was Rani Jind Kaur on the side of the Sikhs or the British?"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LLCTw47WgfI

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POSTSCRIPT

My Lives With:

You don't reach points in life at which everything is sorted out for us. I believe in endings that suggest … our stories always continue.

Lauren Oliver

POSTSCRIPT

This book has never been about belief or faith, as I have never been indoctrinated into any. The journey documented in this book occupies a unique space, because it is not an academic study nor a purely spiritual memoir. This unexpected yet destined inquiry, began with a subjective experience and developed into archival research. — This presentation of evidence, this memoir anchored in history, is a sort of *True Life Fairytale.* The spell-casting Queen is, a deceitful *Empire*, the kiss-awakening Prince is, *The Pasha of Egypt,* and the curse-breaker is, *the legendary Koh-i-Noor diamond*, *aka 'The Mountain of Light '*.

This has always been a personal investigation of discovery. A discovery bolstered by the historic data of two sovereign modernizers crushed by the same imperial doctrine**,** and the woman who loved these legendary, civilization changing men, deathlessly! Whatever had guided me here, though critically illuminating, became secondary. What mattered now was that the historical record was incomplete, in fact, *it was wrong!* And I could no longer look away.—*The bonus prize was discovering that my consciousness, that all human consciousness, survives death! That life is a continuity, a rebirth of consciousness rediscovering itself.*

I began to read voraciously*: Mohammed Ali Pasha, Viceroyalty of Egypt, Egypt's Last Pharaoh, The Fall of the Sikh Empire, Queen Victoria's Maharaja, and Koh-i-Noor, the world's most infamous diamond. All record a brutal, deviously manipulated, colonial takeover. And, the systematically savage defamation of Jindan, The Last Maharani of Lahore.*

… In London, directing foreign policy, was Lord Palmerston, the man who had contained both sovereigns. As Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston confronted a recurring imperial anxiety: the rise of capable, modernizing regional rulers along Britain's eastern financial lifeline. Trade depended on

maritime dominance. Dominance depended on preventing rival powers from consolidating strength along critical routes — especially the path to India. India was not merely a colony; it was revenue, a prestigious cash cow. Mohammad Ali Pasha built an army that rivaled and even surpassed the Sultan's and a navy that threatened Mediterranean equilibrium. British gunboats answered. Maharaja Ranjit Singh forged a disciplined Sikh state buffering India from Central Asia. After the Great Maharaja's death, British diplomacy hardened into war. The strategy was Palmerston's: he was not uniquely evil, but he was particularly, ruthlessly, relentless. … A powerful Egypt could jeopardize Britain's route to India in the eastern Mediterranean. When the British invasion failed against Ali's forces, Egypt was contained. Not conquered — constrained.

This was no longer about my 60th birthday, past-life regression or recurring dreams, it became about the machinery of empire. And in that realization, my focus was less about who I had been, and more about what had been done. In particular, the way a young queen had been buried beneath a diabolical caricature as: *The Messalina of the Punjab!*

However far reaching my research extends, my goal is in showing, and not just telling, what history has documented. Because it has taken *Destiny* 200 years to reveal these truths. Jindan's seed-pearl emerald earrings had to resurface at auction, along with my ivory miniature. In 1847 Duleep was branded 'illegitimate'. Jindan was defamed as not the true sovereign. And a century later, in 1947, the propagandized versions persisted. So nearly another century was needed to provide the legitimate, immortal connections of these historical persons. *The Last Maharani of Lahore*, Rani Jindan, and *Egypt's Founding Father,* Mohammed Ali Pasha's death dates are consecutive. Dueleep's current birthdate, as Swami Rajneesh, and his past-life father, Maharaja Ranjit Singh's latest manifestation as Osho, the death dates are also consecutive. These recorded dates are historic. They are not able to be manipulated by some fraudster. I am not one of the many *'false Anastasias'* claiming the Romanov's family fortune… Actually, although I am nearing the end of my current sojourn, my journey will continue. It is a deathless journey rooted in love, in mystery, in discovery and truth.

I hope the reader has been as awestruck as I've been at finding so many confirming dates and physical examples of rebirth, and in discovering my past-life family in my current life. And the most amazing of all is finding *the continuation of consciousness through five millennia in Pharaoh Djoser's facial reconstruction by AI that resembles his current life.* ... While sadly, I am unable to provide the contemporary newspaper report of *'The Veiled Maharani Hauntings'* after Jindan's questionable death in 1863, as it has vanished from the internet. This would add certainty to my conviction that Jindan's death was *'arranged'.* Maybe someone with deep access will find it, as this event adds credit to the beliefs of many paranormal investigators.

This book has been wholly constructed out of *verifiable data!* As I read into the life of Rani Jindan, something shifted from intellectual curiosity to moral outrage. A re-education ensued, a reality check. And once you see it you can't unsee it. The British descriptions were relentless: as immoral as they were enduringly influential. A woman whose sexuality was cited as evidence of her unfitness to be the mother of a maharaja, of unfitness to rule, while men are immune, even pardoned from this accounting. In the countless popular retellings she was molded into a scandalizing spectacle to justify her removal. But the archival record revealed something far more devious. The archives fervently describe her as ungovernable, intensely licentious, debauched—dangerous. A woman whose influence over the Sikh court threatened imperial order. The archives were dripping with imperial anxiety about her destabilizing, rebellious influence.

After the death of Ranjit Singh, Jindan became regent for her young son, Duleep Singh — a child seated on a throne encircled by generals, factions, and British envoys ensuring the kingdom's collapse. As the annexation tightened, British officials concluded that her influence over the boy made her dangerous — *to the empire!* The solution was inhumane. Separate the mother from the child. She was imprisoned. Duleep was isolated, recut like his notorious gemstone. He was carefully monitored, converted in religious faith and in imperial guardianship. The language is bureaucratic, but beneath it simply lies a child taken from his mother to secure the stability of an empire — *by their occupiers, their plunderers.*

During the periods of research, the dreams returned, directing my path. Sometimes cinematic and often nightmarish. A corridor of stone. The heavy footsteps anouncing approaching danger — and worse, the breathlessness that follows irrevocable loss. I did not wake up declaring my identity. I awoke thinking, *“Why are they saying such things? This narrative is wrong!”* I awoke with a bodily memory of terror, of the sickness of separation. There is a special violence in the removal of a child from his mother that requires no psychoanalyst to understand.

The more I investigated the exile of Duleep Singh, paraded in Britain alongside the confiscated Koh-i-Noor, the more I understood that the conquest over everything and everyone — by the self proclaimed *God Kings* of this material world, was not only territorial, it was their material proof of domination

The thread that runs through *‘My Lives With’, is* about losing a son in Egypt, and having him torn from my bosom in India. Although it’s questionable how his life would have turned out in those epic dramas. Ali’s favorite son, Tusun, died of plague along with his concubine on his return from the Arabian campaign. His son Isma’il was burned alive in a hut by a chieftain he attacked during his campaign in Sudan. His grandson Abbas was murdered by his own male servants. Ibrahim died, after years of wars, before his illustrious father at 59. And all the purported sons of Maharaja Ranjit Singh suffered brutally violent ends. History records that life between palace walls and wars is notoriously challenging. So it seems I’ve gained some survival skills in my life as Rani Jindan, for both myself and Duleep.

My inquiry for truth and justice has revealed the deathless, indelible aspect of consciousness. Recently, it’s been reported that three million people asked Elon Musk’s *‘Grok’ AI, to reveal the purpose of life and how we became who we are?* So clearly it’s an important question. Sentient beings evolve through nourishing their *hunting hound*, through discovery. So while it’s beyond my expertise to credibly answer, I can offer for context the epic poem *‘Savitri’,* written by *Shri Aurobindo, a love story, written over thirty years in 24,000 lines.* The story is reminiscent of *‘quantum physics’,* ie:

something created out of nothing; *how consciousness may play a role in creating physical reality.* Shri Aurobindo's poem portrays the living drama of *how progressive levels of consciousness become physical.* It is a story of love and wisdom coming down to transform darkness into light. *Savitri's boundless love for Satyavan defeats death when he's brought back to life.* … A kind of truer to life than we know it — mystical tale.

I've vicariously met many of the masters living among us who I think of as angels, superheroes, who are indefatigable in their quest for infusing the truth of mankind's epic history. So I hope that by sharing these experiences the reader has received a few gold nuggets of what I've learned about our reality.

And above all, I hope the staunchly legal-minded British sovereigns will toss their word salad on truth in the dustbin, and return to India, the world's oldest recorded diamond. With their sincere thanks to India for her gracious support and her forgiveness over these many years.… *And in exchange for repatriating India's priceless artifact, you have been bestowed with the priceless gift of our Deathless Destiny.*
… So now, it's post-time that India's legendary Koh-i-Noor returns home…

With a Symphony of Synchronicities, *Maharani Jindan Kaur,* aka; *"The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire",* has returned after centuries, for her well-earned vindication in *her quest for justice! She found the receipts, the decisive dates, the artifacts and the images that correct history to clear her sullied name. She has resurrected the truth in a 'Mountain of Light'.*

Leslie Simone Sutain aka Rani Jindan

Leslie Simone Sutain

'Star of India' Design Directoress

A New York City 'boomer,' Leslie began her fashion career at *'Crazy Horse'* at the beginning of the *'Contemporary Fashion'* era, transcending the past by offering *'High Fashion'* fabrics & trends at affordable prices. She designed knits and prints for factories in Hong Kong and Taiwan before going to India in 1979. She became the leader in *'romantic fashion dresses'* from India. The *'Million Dollar Dress'* and the legendary *'Godet'* georgette crinkle dresses, accounting for $2 billion USD in sales that were manufactured in our vertical textile facilities, responsible for dying, printing, and embellishing the finished garments in New Delhi and Jaipur for 25 years. Traveling worldwide for R&D, attending the major industry shows, and purchasing print artwork from the top design studios in France, Italy, & England, she developed beautiful print textiles for the Indian Mills…

Tidying up centuries of loose ends while contemplating future lifetimes on our planet, Leslie lives in the UNESCO World Heritage City of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico with her psychic Aussie shepherd Sha-Sha.

… Clearly this journey could never have come to fruition without My Sphinx—
My daughter Noren's many gifts of love

…My love to Julio & Jaya, Bartolome, Vasant, Swami Rajneesh & Sandy,
for their lifetimes of friendship