

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

“Genius is experience. Some seem to think that
it is a gift or talent, but it is the fruit of
long experience in many lives.”
Henry Ford



Preface



Many women claimed to be Duchess Anastasia, and thus heirs to the Romanov fortune. And yet no one would ever volunteer to have been "The Last Maharani of Lahore." —What began as a spiritual inquiry became a historical excavation, and what was found, I could never have anticipated when I discovered that I was Rani Jindan: "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 into my past-lives that began with subjective experience, and developed through archival research into what had been done by the machinery of empire. Over time, that became the real story. As the story unfolded, it began to resemble a true-life fairy-tale, while it is a presentation of historical evidence.

In 1983 the actress Shirley MacLaine wrote,"Out on a Limb", which detailed her journey into New Age spirituality, reincarnation, meditation, and even flying saucers. She takes long walks on the Malibu Beach and meets celebrities at hot spots. She is also having an affair with a married UK politician whom she refers to by a pseudonym. — This is not that kind of story. It may have begun that way, after all, I am a fashion designer and belong to the softer sex. But then, because of where it leads, it becomes serious. So yes, it does contain some romance. It travels to exotic places across epic periods and weaves together meta-physical threads. The story unfolds chronologically, as it happened. All the events from the 19th through 21st century involve real people. When the true name was not essential to the story, an alias was used. The quotations are all in the public domain, and where copyright is still in force, every effort has been made to locate the owner.

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Centuries of loose ends entangled me in a story I alone am destined to reveal. After globe-trotting for 35 years as a New York fashion designer, on my 60th birthday in 2006, while vacationing in Mexico, I underwent a past-life regression. What emerged was not a fantasy of royal splendor but a series of conflicts that I had never known about, complete with historically specific names and places that would require verification. Following that mystical interlude, a *symphony of synchronicities* introduced me to a hero of legend: ***The Pasha of Egypt, Mohammed Ali The Great.***

They say s*ynchronicity, or curious coincidences, is the gods directing destiny until the truth unfolds.* Unexpectedly, that discovery in Egypt became a catalyst. It opened the door to politics, to competition between empires, and colonialism in the dynamic *Age of Discovery*. It became a tale of two cities, Cairo and Lahore, beset by the same Empire; and ultimately revealed the story of ***Maharani Jindan Kaur*** and the *Fall of the Sikh Empire*. Then, with clarity of purpose, I was compelled to confirm the truth of my painful life as *Jindan, The Last Maharani of Lahore.*

Born curious**,** after four decades as a 20th-century fashion designer, I became what I can only call a 21st-century *soul archeologist,* researching the archives of these historic figures, when I discovered that what I had experienced as a mystical vision was all historically documented. Then, once confronted with the physical portraits and the artifacts I had found, along with the birth dates and death dates, I became caught up in the mystery of why this epic story came looking for me. And so, inescapably, I accepted the challenge to investigate *the reincarnation of my soul.*

As a New Yorker of Russian-Jewish descent, I knew none of these historical figures. Decades earlier, in India,I had bought an ivory miniature of Rani Jindan in a Jaipur curio shop, without knowing who she was. Only after tracing the relics back to her, did I see my likeness to *the imprisoned mother of Queen Victoria's Stolen Maharaja.* Her voice survives in letters written during her confinement and in the chain that carried *the great Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor diamond* from Lahore to London. Her words of anguish echoed through me:

"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 separated from her son, imprisoned, politically erased, and brutally defamed as *"The Messalina of the Punjab,"* a hyper-sexualized, dangerous seductress in British history. Then I watched as Rani Jindan's stolen jewels were sold at auction, highly valued for their riveting history. And I realized that countries were still battling over the legendary diamond stolen from her terrified, ten-year-old son: the world's oldest recorded priceless gem, ***the Koh-i-Noor diamond, which is currently set in the center of the British royal crown.***

Was Jindan a heroine or an evil genius? Now, 175 years after the events, I embark on a journey to uncover the truth! This past-life memoir and an historical exposé tests memory and intuition against documented archival history. This chronologically documented journey asks only that you follow the evidence and see where it leads. *This book presents the evidence I discovered in an investigation I was compelled to undertake. At the same time, it invites readers to embrace humanity's place in the universe, within a vast experience. What happened to these chronicled people, across many lifetimes, may happen to you. And once you've seen it, you can't unsee it. This past-life memoir-exposé restores context with all historically verified facts. It dismantles the glamour of being an Egyptian princess or an Indian maharani.*

"The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire" returns to fulfill her destiny. She collects the receipts while presenting humanity with the prospect of eternal life. The truth I uncovered flips fantasy on its head. In our time, telling the truth is often a dangerous act. This historically verified story may be the truest version ever told of ***The Greatest Stories Never Told****. But now, that verdict is yours!*



Introduction



It is now 2026, when this story coalesced into "*My Lives With: The Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor"*. I was 33 when I first traveled to India, and I have recently turned 80. So it's time.

The story you are about to read concerns a defamed queen who returns 175 years after the epic events of her past-life in India, determined to correct what history has recorded and reclaim what was stolen. I am well aware of how that sounds. We can't fight old battles, but the truth can be recovered from the sands of time. So here is the brief backstory of how a New York fashion designer came to India in 1979, setting the stage for revelations that would emerge nearly 50 years later.

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In 1976, passengers flying on *Pan Am's 747 Jumbo Jet* into the world's most dangerous airport, held their breath. During the tricky, hard turn, the Boeing tipped its wings to clear the high-rise tenements and safely land at *Kai Tak International Airport in Hong Kong*. Once again, the *'Queen of the Skies'* handled the maneuver with elegant ease. The beauty of the old *KaiTak* airport was that it was just 15 minutes to the Hong Kong Hotel in *Tsim Sha Tsui*, *on the Kowloon Peninsula*, facing *Victoria Harbor;* which was ceded to the British after the *Second Opium War in* 1860,

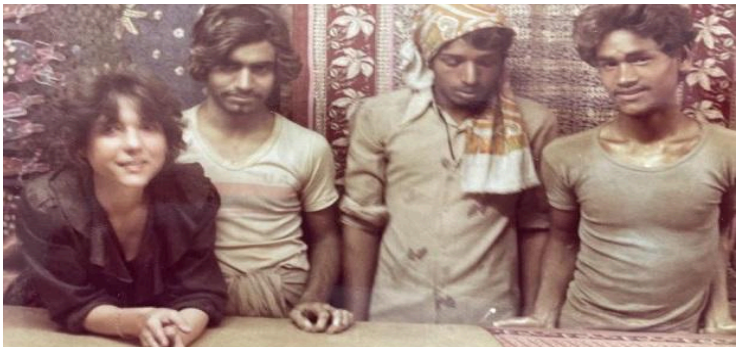
Jimmy Chan, the 6-foot-4, Hollywood-handsome, impeccably dressed office manager, greeted me and led me to the waiting silver Rolls-Royce. Once inside, he handed me a bag stuffed with Hong Kong dollars, a gift from one of our suppliers. Our corporate offices were behind the rear entrance of the *Peninsula 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. On the

other side was the black-suited, conservatively attired, *Chinese side*. *Club 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.

After a rickshaw race on *Nathan Road*, I was in the *Peninsula, Hong Kong,* overlooking *Victoria Harbor*. In 1976, the harbor lay across the road, and you could board a yacht for lunch. Today, that area is a jungle of steel ingenuity. While dining with the very suave *Earle Turow*, owner of *San Francisco Shirtworks*, he said, *"Leslie, you must go to India; it's the last frontier."*

At the time I lived in *Mill Valley, California* and was always shopping. I was at the *Sausalito Saturday Flea* with *Sandy*, my partner in contract design, the *Library Angel—or perhaps synchronicity—gave* me a book by 14th-century mystic-poet *Lalla of Kashmir, who wrote: "Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon."* Then *"India—India"* echoed in my head.

We had been contracted to create a collection for *Star of India Fashions.* After shopping stops in *Tokyo* and *Hong Kong*, we arrived in *New Delhi* on January 18, 1979, landing in the thick January fog of Delhi in a metal-domed airplane hangar. Outside, the hangar was encircled by bronze-skinned locals wrapped in woolen shawls and headscarves, playing music on scratchy electronics and blowing smoke from bidi cigarettes. I exhaled with a sigh of relief. — *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 U.S. and British embassies, was fully booked with a diplomatic conference. The next day, we went to

Oberoi's for lunch and to *Lodhi Gardens* for tea, leaving 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 look at carpets. Sweet Tibetan faces greeted us. *"We've been waiting for you, Leslie."* (Hmm—they knew my name; how very curious.)

Next, we toured the emporiums and *Connaught Circle,* and then the snake-charmer-adorned, incense-infused curio shops on *Janpath Road.* Strolling along with the tourists,I was approached by an exceptionally large, Sardarji in a turban, who greeted me with a broad white smile. He spoke no English, but he wrote on a notepad in barely legible inverted letters: my name, my phone number, and my mother's maiden name. *"That's very impressive," I said. Clearly, we were not in Kansas anymore.*



At 5:00 p.m. tea time, we went to *the Imperial Hotel, just down Janpath Road from Parliament and India Gate, where Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, and Lord Mountbatten discussed the partition of India.* The glass-enclosed *Garden Party* restaurant opens onto a lawn bordered by ten-foot dahlias and royal palms that kiss the sky. As our table on the lawn was being set with a cozy teapot and assorted silverware, we saw step down from the canopied terrace, a 6-foot-4 inch Adonis, accompanied by a man in riding gear and a turbaned Sardarji in business attire. They sat twelve feet away at the next table. No sooner had the tea been poured than a swarm of blackbirds swooped down, bursting our tableware into shambles! *(It is said that blackbirds symbolize magical life*

changes.) That broke the silence and was when I first met the fair-haired Spaniard in riding gear, *Julio Peralta.* He was the informal mayor of Delhi's designer and diplomatic community.

Thus began my second day of induction into *Club New Delhi*. At the time there were only three international telephone lines in the entire country, and one of them was 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. After *India's Independence* from the *British Empire*, the country was just beginning to reassert its place on the world stage. Since the 12th century, India had been occupied by the Mamelukes, the Turko-Afghans, Mughal descendants of Genghis Khan, and then, in *1757, the British East India Company arrived.*

In 1979, just as India was resurrecting its place in the world after centuries of British colonial rule, the infrastructure was held together with duct tape. Indian elephants paved the roads. Peacocks squawked from the trees, while monkeys ruled the roofs. Bumper-to-bumper, horn-honking traffic moved noisily, with bike-peddling workers, families on scooters, and camels pulling wagons overloaded with produce. The cars were decades old, so if you saw a new vehicle on the road—usually with diplomatic plates—you'd be sure to see the passengers at the next party.

I had just checked into *Maurya's*, when the phone rang. It was Julio and Jericho, who were sweaty from their polo match and needed to shower before joining me downstairs at the coffee shop. Once seated, drinks were ordered, and then, gliding across the marble lobby floor with ebony, silken, flowing hair, came the most gracefully beautiful woman I had 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, *Nishant,* 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. He was a beautiful young man. His mother had been a Bollywood film star who died tragically. His master was *Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh*, *the mystic known as Osho.*

As dusk enveloped Delhi, the fragrance of night-blooming jasmine and mystery filled the air as we strolled around *Qutb Minar,* with its 1,600-year-old iron tower which does not rust. We laughed with childlike wonder as the light emanating from Swami's head attracted flying insects, forming a jeweled, turbaned crown. What a vision of beauty he was. The young Swami was magnetic. *I was unaware then of what I would discover decades later: that I was with my past-life son!*

That night, I had the wildest dreams: I was floating above the pines in Goa with his master, a man I had never seen or heard of. This was years before *Rajneesh* became famous in the 1980s for his hundred Rolls-Royces and his commune in Oregon, and decades before the 2018 Netflix documentary, *Wild Wild Country was released.* Then, 25 years later, there I was, sitting alone on a cushion under the dome in his *New Delhi ashram* for the first time. I was transfixed before Osho's six-foot photo. Suddenly, the sky turned gray and crackled with electricity, exactly as it had happened in 1973, when I was with *Chief Leonard Crowdog* after the *siege at Wounded Knee.* On that cloudy Sunday afternoon in New Delhi, the Universe whispered softly in my head, *"We are with you every step of the way."* Then the skies cleared.---

* * *

That was in 2003, my last trip to India. Then, after a 2006 regression had reconstructed my understanding of life, I was challenged to solve *the mystery* of *the Koh-i-Noor diamond,* which is currently set as the center-piece of *Queen Elizabeth II's* crown and locked in the *Tower of London*.

In my 25 years in India, I may never have known the gem's dramatic history, but the *Koh-i-Noor* is practically an Indian metaphor. To complete my challenge, and find the receipts, I took a deep dive into the archives of the history of *Koh-i-Noor, the World's Most Infamous Diamond.*

… And then my story became serious—profoundly serious!

Leslie Simone Sutain, June 2026

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





Main Historical 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
'The most honest man in India.'



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:
Rani Jindan's Quest for Justice

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CHAPTER ONE



My 60th with Egypt's Last Pharaoh

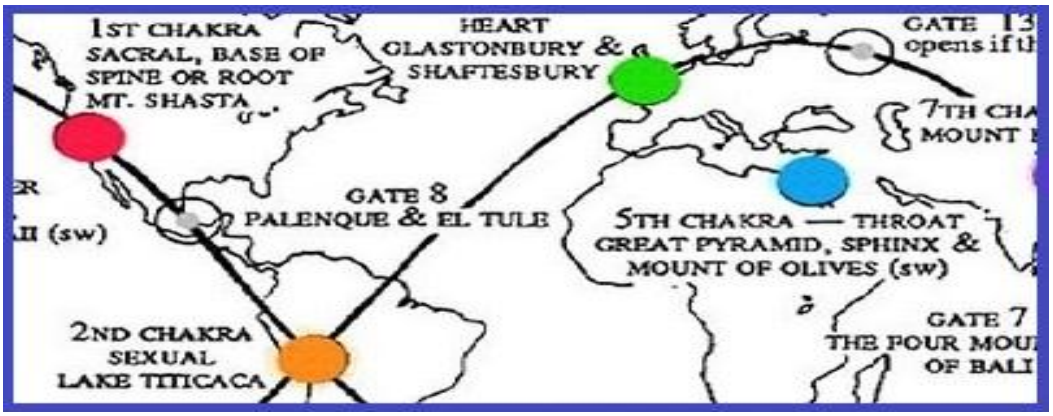


Mohammed Ali Pasha
Viceroy of Egypt

"It is not more surprising to be born twice than once; everything in nature is resurrection."
Voltaire

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 7,000 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 it was here that I was transported to Giza, Earth's 5th throat chakra.



What I didn't yet know was that I had entered a convergence of destinies, of unfinished lives waiting to be revealed. Here, *The Sphinx*, *the Voice of the Earth,* replayed my past-life in *The Greatest Story Never Told.* Here, she revealed to me why *Destiny* did not send a *Gandhi* to deliver Egypt from 600 years of rapacious *Mameluke* rule or from centuries of being ground to dust by foreign colonial greed. It was on my 60th birthday, June 19th, 2006, when *I relived the story of Egypt's Godfather and 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 in 1769, the same year as Napoleon, *Mohammed Ali came to Egypt's rescue* in 1801 . Defying his sultan and the world powers, he became *The Pasha* in a populace revolution. For 44 years he transformed Egypt, his dynasty ruled until 1953.

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

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

On my sixtieth birthday, I met a dead ruler. I do not offer that sentence as a spectacle; it was the beginning of a historical inquiry I had not intended to undertake. I had spent four decades in the fashion industry, twenty-five of them in India. My life was worldly and 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 bathed in warm Mexican light, far removed from Cairo, a name surfaced with emotion: *Ali—Mohammed Ali.* Not the fighter. Mohammed 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 a modern state. At the time, I knew nothing about him. That ignorance is crucial, 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; an industrialist, reformer, founder of a dynasty. 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.

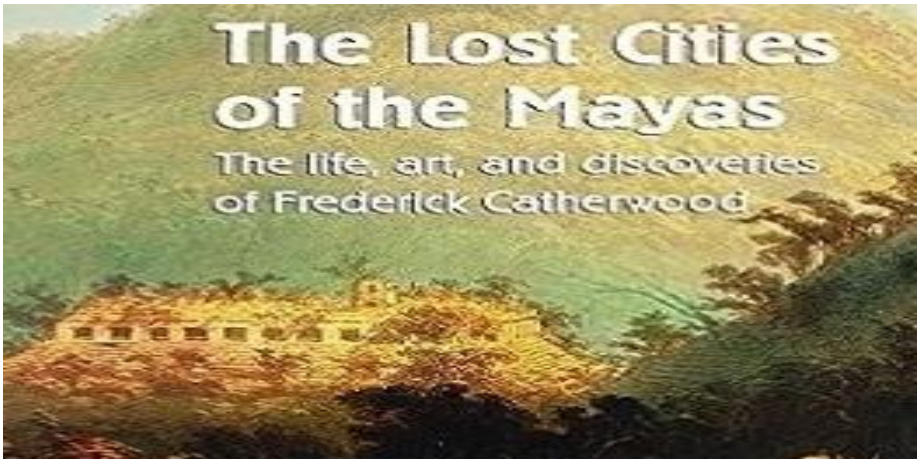
This book is not the story of a regression. It is the story of testing that experience against documented history. The research became an investigation. What began in Egypt did not end there. I would discover patterns that extended far into my understanding of life, politics, and more. The past-life regression was a catalytic instrument. The history was real. And the implications reached much further than I had been prepared for when ***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 I was, and my daughter Noren's current boyfriend. Still hoping to reveal my life's purpose—a gift from them on my 60th birthday—Eduardo began his melodious chant. *"10, 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, you are totally relaxed,"* then "*8"*, then *"7"*, and finally "*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 leaves the shore, the veil dissolves. I was watching a film, and at the same time inside it! Moist, warm breezes engulfed me on a palace veranda open to a port dense with clipper ships. I was seated on a carpet, wearing a sort of turban on my head, surrounded by bronze-skinned servants pulling the cord of an overhead cloth fan. ***"I'm rich!"*** said my younger self. As I absorbed it all, ***"I'm the wife of Ali!"*** Dressed in the Arab garb of the time, there were so many souls I felt that I knew. My mind was swimming with such colorful, exotic images when Eduardo asked, *"What's happening now?"* I became deeply sad. *"There's a woman coming now from across the sea."* A dark gray shadow of a veiled woman, flanked by teenage sons in Eastern-garb was gliding above a foreboding black sea. I understood without explanation or thought, what her arrival meant. Emotional terror overtook me. *"She has sons, but I only have a daughter,"* I sighed. So much was happening so quickly. Overcome with fear, I felt myself spinning and spinning, my head was swimming with so many images that I could hardly begin to 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, Eduardo brought 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 and slightly drunk on amazement from the trip of a lifetime. After savoring my tea, and while pigeons splashed in the fountain of the courtyard restaurant at *Bellas Artes*, a 16th-

century monastery that is now an art school, I crossed *Canal Street* and entered a curio shop. As a textile artist and avid book collector, I was drawn to a large volume of watercolor lithographs. ***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 the 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, I began turning the illustrated pages—and amazingly, on *page 26* —before my eyes I saw a sketch of *Mohammed 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 named ***David Roberts*** and was dressed in exotic Eastern garb, I recognized him as my dear friend, ***David Reyes***, the nephew of the Mexican artist *Chucho Reyes*, famed for his *fighting cocks*, part of the Rivera/Kahlo circle. I couldn't help feeling like *Leslie in Wonderland.* This book was a priceless gift on a birthday I'll never forget.

Now that I had the dates and names, I was seized by a sense of detective-like urgency. As soon as I got back to the hotel, I opened my laptop and typed into Google search: *David Roberts, Egypt, Mohammed Ali Pasha.* I discovered that *David Roberts is credited* with creating the richest portfolio of *Egypt and the Holy Land*. Even more astonishingly, he had sketched the palace veranda open to clipper ships—an absolute mirror of the veranda of the palace I had been on just an hour ago! In the work titled ***'Interview with the Viceroy of Egypt,'*** David Roberts drew himself from memory into the scene with Colonel Campbell, because as Roberts wrote, he "*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

It is like looking into a mirror: ***David Reyes was David Roberts***. Some *souls* manifest looking almost identical, as David did. Below is a photo of me with my artist-diplomat fiancé, Bartolomé Sanchez, and David Reyes, when we first met in 1982. The scene is etched into my memory. Like Sir Galahad, the pinnacle of chivalry, David stood on the mezzanine of the Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong. As he greeted me, David draped his cape over the steps of the circular stairway for me to walk upon.



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



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

*** * ***

Just one block away, book in hand, I couldn't wait to get to Noren's bistro to show it to Eduardo. In 2006, those were the days of Camelot in San Miguel. Two years after the 2004 tsunami and before the global climate changes, *The Gods* cooled and cleansed 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 peripheral roads, and the police ride around in electric UTVs. My daughter, Noren, has been here since the mid-1990s. She recently left an abusive relationship with her young son and daughter and opened her bistro on *Correo*, two blocks up from the historic center's Gothic cathedral and its manicured *Jardin.*



I'd arrived in San Miguel two weeks earlier, at the same time as *The Mexican Healer,* who was staying in the house next door to Noren's Bistro with Jaime, a man he had healed and who could now walk. Noren was out doing the daily shopping, so I was alone in the bistro when he came in. He was not much above my height of 5 feet 4 inches, in his 50s, and was wearing a Western sombrero, jeans, and snakeskin boots. He carried himself with an immaculate freshness that somehow reminded me of a newborn baby. I introduced myself as Noren's mother, who had been traveling to China and India for 35 years. We began talking about Eastern health treatments. Then he suggested that I try his. *And that's how it began.*

In the colonial stone house next to the bistro, in a high-ceilinged room, I had 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, and short, robust build, *The Mexican Healer* smiled but did not speak as he began, like a sculptor, to reposition each bone in my skeleton. Then he

twisted the tendons and flesh over the new frame. Somehow, I didn't stir, though the pain was excruciating, yet I simply floated above it, merely as 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 sat behind a reception desk. While we were chatting, I turned to watch *The Mexican Healer.* Completely awestruck, I saw him 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, looked at me with his grey eyes and chuckled. *"Now you cry? I've never seen anyone receive my treatment without a tear before, but normally it's during and not afterward. How are you feeling?"* My body was tingling with youth, but I was speechless. Smiling, he said *"Let things settle, and we'll see how to proceed."*

At the hotel, I let my hair loose; my reflection in the mirror looked younger and different. His treatment completely healed the injury that had persisted on my left side. The very reason I had to break my 35-year travel schedule, which was as organic to me as the jacaranda trees' purple blooms that 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 setting of San Miguel de Allende. For two weeks we were like the North and South Poles of a magnet, dining together every night with friends. That Sunday, 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 a sea of masked faces into the midst of 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, sensing my dark mood, and said something strange: "*Why be sad? You'll be twenty, and I'll be young again."* Pushed by the crowd, 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 meal with Noren, Eduardo, and friends, we stepped outside onto the river-rock road when***—with a flash—I spun into a time warp!***

As desert winds whispered bygone memories, I found myself standing in another reality! I grabbed onto *The Mexican Healer,* who looked at me quizzically, though I'm sure he didn't know what to think. Feeling warm sand beneath my feet, I first thought I was at the base of *Jewel Mountain in Jaipur*, a pyramid-shaped mountain in the camel reserve outside our print factory, as camels were passing by. — But it was much larger! Dominating the sky above us was an enormous stone mountain. Then, in the blink of an eye, my mystical interlude dissolved, and I was back on the river-rock road, where a tree grows in the middle of Pila Seca outside Don Quijote's restaurant. I was recalibrating timelines and would soon realize that it was the *Great Pyramid of Giza*. But this had occurred 24 hours before my 60th birthday past-life, hypnotic regression.

* * *

After my 60th-birthday trip of a lifetime, and still reeling from the day's amazing synchronicities, I was back at the bistro waiting for Claudia and Gabriela to finish their tarot reading so I could reveal my discovery in the book of lithographs to Eduardo. He glanced at the book's sketch of *Mohammed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt,* without sharing my amazement. *"That's Ali?"* Eduardo seemed less intrigued than I was by the book's sketch of Ali from my past-life in Egypt. Remembering how it had ended, what he saw was only risk! He was more concerned that our entanglement could become a replay of something that we did not yet understand*. "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 abruptly, and with such intense fearful-emotions, that I was more than a little anxious about facing *The Mexican Healer* on our last night together. After so many magical days, everything had changed. I needed to calm myself before seeing him.

I was staying at *the Hacienda de las Flores on Calle Hospicio*, in a two-room suite at the top of a spindly metal staircase that overlooked a garden. I lit aromatherapy 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 welcomed. He doesn't ask, he acts. He dominates. *Suffice it to say that what happened next is too intimate to share. So now, intoxicated with love and overflowing with ecstasy, how was I to say goodbye?*

Now face-to-face with him, the images, and the gravity I had felt on the palace veranda returned. Uncontrollably, my mind frantically shifted from one time period to another, the scenes collapsing in on one another. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, I pressed my hands against my head, trying to stop the onslaught. — I was struggling against the frightening feelings from my past-life regression which were resurfacing, *ready to explode!* Intense images flooded my brain. My fists pounded the bed, but it wouldn't stop! Weirded out and disconnected, I must have looked like a crazy person having a seizure. I was so hypnotized by the visions in my head that I didn't hear him quietly leave. But then, the sound of the creaking metal steps as he descended brought me back to the two-room suite. I sprang off the bed, and watched from the window as he disappeared beyond the garden.

That was when I felt her—not as stone, but as an encompassing, loving presence. ***The Sphinx,*** *telepathically projecting her ethereal image*, *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

"Heal his heart, ease his pain," *The Sphinx's* whisper echoed in my head. Naturally, I needed to know more. I had shifted time zones. No longer in the colonial setting of San Miguel, with flashes of 19th-century Egypt, I was back in my 21st-century Scottsdale smart house, the desert heat pressing against the glass. I sank into the plush velvet sofa and set a tray of Darjeeling tea on the ottoman, the hot steam rising upward in my climate-controlled cocoon and combating the 105-degree desert heat. What had happened at our last meeting may have been a strange mental projection. But as my life in Egypt with Ali stirred so deeply within me and still felt unsettling, I had research to do.There was much I needed to understand.

Surrounded by towers of books about Ali, my purchases from *AbeBooks* and *Amazon* had arrived, while digitized 19th-century books were available all on *archive.org*. One title in particular captivated me: ***A Short Memoir of Mohammed Ali, Viceroyalty of Egypt,'*** **by the Honorable Sir Charles Murray, British Consul General of Egypt (1846-1853),** who wrote that he was *"on excellent terms with Mehmet Ali Pasha".* Sir Charles boasts that The Pasha had transported the first hippopotamus to Europe since Roman times. The consul's intimate friendship with *The Pasha* occurred 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,

Abbas claimed that he saved his Aunt Nazli's life, by pleading with his grandfather not to murder his beautiful, willful daughter Nazli, because of her reckless extravagance and sexual profligacy. Rumors reached Ali that Nazli took foreign lovers to bed and then had them quietly disposed of—fed to the Nile's crocodiles. The Pasha flew into a rage. Another story about Nazli is almost too grotesque to believe. It says that she was so jealous of her husband's attention that, at dinner, when he asked where the Circassian servant was, she said, *"You wish to gaze at the eyes of your sweet-heart? Look then!"* Nazli then lifted the silver dish cover to reveal the golden-haired servant's severed head. Abbas accused his grandfather of murdering his father, Tusun, who was The Pasha's favorite son. He detested not only his grandfather, and more broadly, all foreigners in Egypt. When Mohammed Ali died, Abbas ordered shops to remain open during the state funeral. Diplomats described it as a sad affair. Raised by his grandmother Emina, Abbas was spoiled and cruel. One chilling tale describes how he ordered a red-hot horseshoe to be nailed to the foot of a groom for neglecting the hooves of his beloved Arabian horse. In the end, Abbas—who was a homosexual—was murdered by his male servants.

Sir Murray wrote to British Foreign Secretary *Lord Palmerston,* who hated *The Pasha* and often dismissed 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."***

From Damascus to Cairo, while under the rule of the Ottoman Sultan, no European Christian was safe from insult or injury. When 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 is 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. In1817, the curator of the Louvre, *Count de Forbin,* sketched a version of *The Massacre.*in his book, *Travels to Egypt and the Holy Land.* Later, the *Orientalist Horace Vernet* painted a vivid full-color canvas that toured Europe and inspired black-and-white souvenir post-cards that were widely published. Before cameras and 20th-century tele-communications, 19th century Orientalist artists were the photojournalists and the cinematic storytellers of the day; 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, at 4 p.m., the time of year when warm winds blow, and 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, having been invited to celebrate the investiture of Mohammed Ali's son, *Tusun,* to lead the Arabian campaign against the

Saudi Wahhabi rebels occupying the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. For the Ottoman Sultan, who regarded himself as God's representative on Earth for Islam —this was an intolerable insult!

Since the time of Saladin, the Mamelukes were fair-haired slave soldiers. They were young *Christian* boys taken from the Caucasus and hardened into warriors who fought in the Crusades. After defeating the Mongols in 1260, ironically, they became the defenders of Islam and formed a powerful sultanate in Egypt. As empires expanded, by 1517 the Ottoman Turks ruled Egypt from afar, while control remained with the Mamelukes. Meanwhile. the irrigation canals were neglected, and the peasants were forced to pay high taxes, which led to harvests at starvation-level. After decades of Mameluke neglect of tribute to their sultan in *the Sublime Porte of Istanbul,* their military decline, and the humiliation of losing the *Battle of the Pyramids* to Napoleon, the sultan was done with them. Imbibing this volatile cocktail, then 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. It was led by the famous *Mad Delis*, then by the *Janissaries*, followed by the *Mamelukes*, and then by *Ali's Albanian cavalry and infantry*. The procession moved up the narrow, winding path, hemmed in by the stone fortifications, where sharp turns made it impossible for two horsemen to ride side by side.



No sooner had the Mad Delis and Janissaries passed through *El Azab Gate,* than the order was given to ***close the gate,*** and *The Pasha's* orders to ***'Massacre the Mamelukes!'*** Treachery flashed across the Beys' faces but escape was impossible. The murderous fire from above revealed the horror of their position. The shouts and gunfire maddened their horses, which became unmanageable, slipping and falling as the bloodied Beys rolled onto the ground. One Bey escaped to the harem begging sanctuary, only to be dragged away and beheaded.

It has 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 concern for his own safety. Still, he could not regain his composure. At length, his Italian doctor, Mendrici, entered his apartment, wearing 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 became 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 launched into 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 had the wisdom never to contradict his opinions, which was easily done ***"as they were always founded on wisdom and justice."*** Thus, he implied that he expected the same from Barker. He held daily meetings in his audience hall, where he greeted all distinguished foreigners. Yet few visitors managed to escape the spell cast by Mohammed Ali's gaze. They often commented on his beautiful hands and piercing gray eyes: *"Like a gazelle in the hour of a storm, as fierce as an eagle's." Ali would say,* ***"The only books I ever read are men's faces—and I've seldom read them amiss."***



All the Pasha's Men **- Khaled Fahmy:**

Professor Fahmy, the author of *All the Pasha's Men,* has built his career on books about Ali, though he emphatically says that he is not a fan. Nevertheless, he presents impressive research.

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 to whom The Sphinx confides her heartbreak over her beloved Ali. — What a storied life. Speaking in legendary terms, Ali slew the dragons enslaving Egypt. Against all odds, and despite impossible circumstances, he was truly a great man. Many of the descriptions fit *The Mexican Healer's* habits so perfectly — his magnetism, his correctness. How is it possible that we've never heard of the first *"Great" Mohammed Ali?* After millennia, he resurrected Egypt. He was her *Founding Father,* her *Washington*, her *Gandhi.* How is it possible that we've never heard of 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 was the period that set the stage for the 19th-century quagmire in which the world is still deeply immersed. ***—But where was I in the story? Now more than ever, I need to know.***

Being a creature of habit I broke away from my research to clear my head and headed out to the mall. Set up in front of *Barnes & Noble* was a long sale table of $10 books. Like a magnet, I opened a huge 14" x 18" volume of lithographs, ***New Worlds: Maps from the Age of Discovery:*** There it was:***"A Bird's Eye View of Cairo,"*** a pictorial map of Cairo, with a road from Ezbekieh to the *Sphinx at Giza*. The map stirred memories of the tented compound from my past-life regression that seemed to come to life. I felt the planks creak beneath us as we ferried across the Nile to meet our steeds and arrive at 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 are on the northern edge of Cairo, overlooking the Nile and the port of Bulaq and surrounded by palaces built by the Mameluke Emirs. It was there that Napoleon's government resided; where General Kléber was assassinated, and where Mohammed Ali lived before taking over Saladin's Citadel. It has 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 set out to collect and confirm the evidence from my soul-searching treasure hunt. So, naturally, I bought the book.

That night, *The Sphinx* was more talkative than ever. Once *'the throat chakra of the world, the voice of the Earth, the energy site of communication and truth had your ear*, she did not stop talking, revealing everything she wanted us to know. I was downloading stories in a burst of telepathic visions of Egypt, transmitting a millennium of a *"Who's Who"* of humanity's achievements. Although I may have hated history in school and memorizing dates and names, 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 truly fascinating. *The Sphinx* was streaming through the legendary lives of people from time periods I had never seen in any movies. Needless to say, they were not named *Armani* or *Versace.* As a fashionista from New York, these historical figures and tales were not exactly on my fashion-designer radar. Some of her stories were ancient and others were 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"*** she replied — or at least that was what I understood her to say. Startled, I asked her again, *"A what?"* ***"No, no! Not a toxin."*** she said. Then she spelled it out slowly:

"T - O - C - S - I - N"

Okay—now I've got you! From my dream state, I sprang out of bed and flew to my computer to look up the word: **t o c s i n.**

'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

Being a ***TOCSIN*** can be troublesome. I remember now that *The Sphinx* has been my companion since childhood. When I was very young, I would tell my parents about my exotically robed 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 kept my visitors in my secret room, where I would spend the night with them. — My most vivid recurring dream was of being weighed down by heavy clothes in a cold, black sea, crying at the top of my lungs. ***"Save the baby! Save the baby!"*** And I'd wake up in a wet bed.

I was probably about three feet tall when my parents took my older sister and me to a festival at the temple, where I got to draw a paper slip from a glass bowl. High on the stage, serving as master of ceremonies, the rabbi held up the prizes. One of them was a ***brass tray***. Uncontrollably, I yelled out, ***"That's mine!"*** The rabbi turned the tray over, revealing the number. With all eyes staring on me, I said, ***"See? I told you it was mine!"***

As a baby boomer and a child of the 1960s, in the summer of 1973, I was in Rosebud, South Dakota, on the *Lakota Sioux Reservation at Crow Dog's Paradise*. I was with *Chief Leonard Crow Dog* and his father, *Henry,* a medicine man after the *71-day Wounded Knee standoff*. We were witnessing the power of *the gods.* 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. He then chanted four times to the east, south and west, and with each chant, the universe replied in kind. There was a Japanese video online demonstrating Crow Dog's "*Wakan-Tanka creative force of the universe,"* but it's always taken down.



After 35 years of globe-trotting for material pursuits, I was delving into the mysteries of my soul. A stack of books about *Mohammed Ali,* written by diplomats, travelers, and historians,lauds his achievements. All confirm that he established the first Arabic journals, military and women's hospitals, educational institutions, and that he developed Egyptian cotton. Many of his speeches and letters have been recorded. It is noted that he fathered 95 children, but the only mention of a *Bedouin princess* appears in *Louise Mühlbach's 1871* bestseller, ***"Mohammed Ali and His House".***

Mühlbach was the daughter of a diplomat and wrote 19 historical romance novels about *Europe's royal families*. Her novel retells the story of Ali's orphaned youth in Kavala. He was 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 had three sons and two daughters. After *Napoleon's invasion of Egypt,* the Sultan ordered all the provinces to defend the Empire. So, in 1801, Ali went as second in command with 300 Albanians to drive out the remaining French forces. His cousin could not take the hardship, leaving Ali in charge. Backed by Cairo's nobles, in 1805 Ali became Egypt's Pasha in a populace uprising, ousting the Sultan's appointed officials. Then, in 1809, two of his teenage sons arrived with his wife. (His eldest son Ibrahim had been sent as a hostage to the Sultan as security when Ali became Pasha.)

The novel tells the story of how *Ali meets Butheita, a young Bedouin princess whose father, a sheik, guards Cairo from his compound behind the Pyramids and the Sphinx.* Dressed as an Arab boy, she kidnaps Ali and takes him to meet the Mameluke chieftain, *Osman al-Bardissi*. Butheita becomes his guide in the desert. Ali believes her to be the reincarnation of his first love, who, in a macho Eastern drama is abducted and drowned in the sea. Ali brings his Bedouin princess to 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 protects Cairo from his compound behind the Sphinx and gives Mameluke Bey Osman al-Bardissi the latest intelligence on the Turkish troops in the city. Bardissi asks Sheik Arnhyn to arrange a meeting with Mohammed Ali, who was 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 soon drifts off to sleep. A black-clad figure enters the tent noiselessly. With thin ropes,he binds Ali's hands and feet, then covers 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 atop a camel as he rides through the night with his captor. Then the dromedary halts, and a 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!

Finally, Ali and Butheita arrive at the Sphinx. The moon casts the shadow of the dromedary's head onto the Sphinx's mouth and the 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 from the dromedary and prostrates herself in prayer before the Sphinx.Then they continue on to reach her father's compound on the hill just behind it.

"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 Mühlbach's best-selling romantic novel was inspired by conversations in diplomatic salons, 120 years later, Ali's descendant, *Nevine Yousry,* drew on family memories to write her 1995 *historical novel* ***Kismet****.* She tells an almost identical tale, though in a less romantic Victorian style, and without the *Bedouin princess.* Just as in Mühlbach's book, this one begins with ***"The Dream,"*** a dream 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 with 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 announced his birth. Then, unexpectedly, his mother fell ill, and just days later, Allah, the Merciful, called her back home. Grief-stricken, and overwhelmed by the care of his large family, his father, Ibrahim Agha, placed the children in the care of their maternal uncle, who was the mayor of Kavala. A few years later, his father died, and 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 arose when Aly challenged the group to race by rowboat to an island off the coast of Kavala. Then, as lightning flashed and the sea rumbled with ear-splitting thunder, the boys barely made it back to the beach. But Mohamed Aly stubbornly persisted in reaching his goal. When the rain stopped, he calmly rowed back to shore.

His iron resolve was well known, but the story that made Aly a legend in Kavala was how he went about collecting 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 resolve the matter for you in no time. (Aly often spoke of himself in the third-person) Give me just ten armed men and by next Saturday all of 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 was 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 as to 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 taxes, now begged the townspeople to follow Mohamed Aly's orders to the letter. By Saturday noon, all the money had been deposited at Aly's uncle's residence. Once the money had been delivered, 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 property, of great wealth. Now 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 vast 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 undergone 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 that her speech would always be sweet. In her right hand, she held an ornate silver mirror, so that she would remain as radiant as on the day of her wedding. In her left hand, a gold coin was placed as verses from the Koran were read. Meanwhile, the men entered the selamlik, the 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 worked in the tobacco trade with the Frenchman Monsieur Lyon, his mentor, and the head of an important commercial firm. On one visit to Kavala, an event permanently altered his relationship with his uncle. One afternoon, while they were sipping coffee and smoking pipes, the townsmen told him of a shocking crime, for the people still looked to Aly as their chief and sought his advice. The murderer took refuge in Aly's uncle's house to escape the outraged crowd. Aly, together with that furious crowd, dragged the murderer out and hung him from a tree—thereby destroying all respect for the mayor, his uncle. When Napoleon invaded Egypt, Sultan Selim III declared war on France and drafted troops from his provinces. This gave his uncle the perfect excuse to rid himself of his nephew, who was too popular, and personally troublesome.

*The historical novel also retells the story of "**The Prophecy"** by a sheik 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 popular revolution, against the Sultan's wishes. His eldest son, Ibrahim, is taken hostage to ensure his loyalty, and Emina goes to Istanbul to familiarize herself with court etiquette before meeting Aly in his new role. When Emina arrives in Egypt and is confronted for the first time with 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 husband and wife." …*** *And they never meet intimately again!*

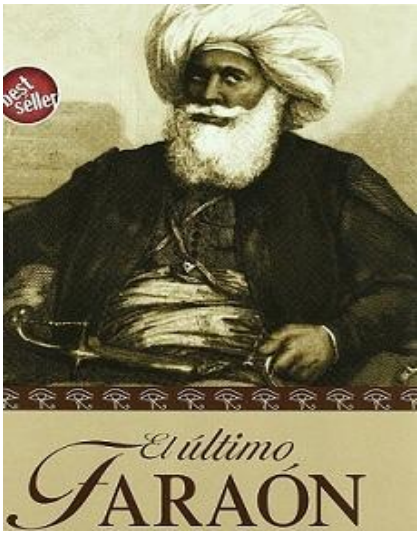
* * *

Clearly, Ali's wife Emina was unhappy with the role fate had dealt her. This is reflected in her daughter Nazli's jealousy and cruelty, who allegedly had served her golden-haired servant's head to her husband on a platter and drowned her foreign lovers in the Nile. Her grandson Abbas harbored a deep hatred of his grandfather, whom he accused of murdering his father, Tusun, and desecrating Ali's legacy. The historical records also confirm the account from my past-life regression of Emina's arrival with only two sons, since her first son, Ibrahim, had been taken hostage. But a man like Ali, who fathered 95 children and lived alone for nine years, is quite incredible. Besides, it was customary in the East for daughters, like Butheita, to be given in marriage to secure loyalty —and protecting the western desert of Cairo from the Giza Pyramids was a critical point of defense.



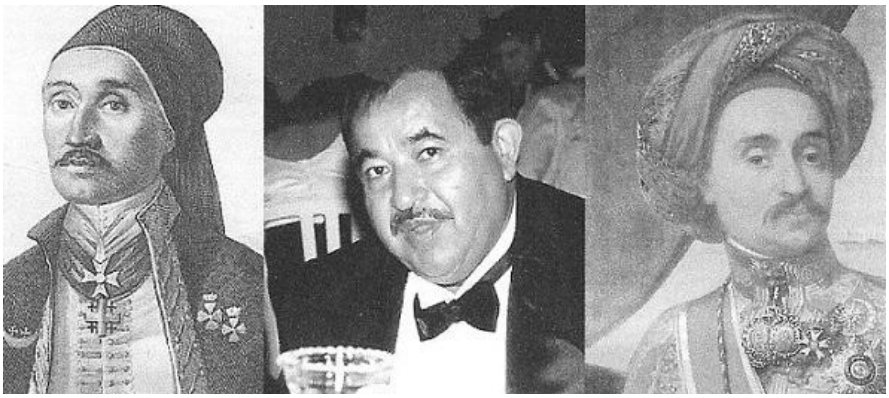
Since these 19th-century books did not answer all my questions about my past-life in Egypt with Ali, I returned to San Miguel to help renovate my daughter Noren's house. Once there, I would take another journey to 19th-century Egypt, guided by Eduardo Blanco.

From a website, I selected a full-service vacation house in the center, on *Callejón del Pueblito,* a secluded little lane with cascading purple, red, and orange bougainvillea draped over the facades. Just three blocks from the *Centro's Jardín*, near the *Artisan Market,* it was within walking distance of everything except food. So I called a taxi to go to the new *La Mega* super market—an evolutionary leap in San Miguel living, beyond the days when one relied only on farmers markets. Impressively large, with beautiful fresh produce at the entrance, it houses a café, a pizzeria, a pharmacy, house-wares, and books. *Seriously—what are the chances?* As if awaiting my arrival, a book was displayed on a table before me: ***El Último Faraón: Egypt's Last Pharaoh,*** by the Egyptian-French historical novelist Gilbert Sinoué.



The book was 500 pages long and written in Spanish. It leaned more toward history than novel. I knew this was meant to be. There was so much left unsaid. I felt a strong need 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 way to contact *The Mexican Healer.* Meanwhile, *Jaime*, his longtime friend, was still living in the house next door to Noren's Bistro. Over wine and Chinese food, I recounted my past-life journey to Jaime, who offered to send the book. He said he had always been fascinated with Egypt. The only time he had traveled outside Mexico was with a priest to *France and Egypt.* He'd see if he still had any photos. ***… Hmm—France and Egypt. Just another coincidence?***



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

As soon as Jaime left, I opened my laptop, not quite sure what to search for. I placed the cursor in the search box*,* but no matter which key I pressed it seemed to be stuck! What happened next I can only call "*Sphinx-links"* or *"auto-intelligence,"* though it is truly beyond my ability to explain. Frustrated-I pressed the *Enter* button again*,* and bingo—I was through the looking glass! The search engine led me to *Antoine Clot-Bey, the surgeon-in-chief of Egypt's Armies for Mohammed Ali.* Look at his photos. Clot-Bey strikingly resembles a thin Jaime! Egypt's viceroy sent emissaries to recruit doctors to keep his army and people healthy. 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 *Franco-phobe Abbas* became wali, Clot-Bey returned to Marseille, where he died in 1868, at age 74. The *Avenue Clot-Bey* was named after him.

* * *

It was time to discover what had disturbed me so much during my first *past-life regression*. Lying under the skylit cupola once again, as the veil seamlessly dissolves, I would watch 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?” Eduardo asked.*
“I’m in the palace, dreaming of Ali and remembering our last nights in the desert. Encircling the tent is a burning wreath of sage, forming a ring of fire to keep the rodents away. I’m crying. He’s laughing and kissing my bald head. He shaved off all my hair and his own because of a flea infestation. He’s obsessed with cleanliness! I see Ali as no one else 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 that is why I can’t be with Ali in the desert, where he is quashing the last of the Beys. Ever since the Massacre, even my Auntie Fatima, the Queen of the Mamelukes, won’t come to see me. ***I’m so sad and alone.”***



Cairo Citadel looking west to the Pyramids by David Roberts

“What do you want to do now, and where can you go?” Eduardo asked.
“I’m in the marble harem bath—utterly trapped. Outside the bath chamber, the eunuchs are holding the body bags. I sense their razors of revenge. The Turkish women threaten to throw me into the Nile. They all hate me because I’m an Egyptian and I’m going to have Ali’s first Egyptian son. With angry faces and daggers shooting from their eyes, they call me ‘dürzü’—traitor! They're cursing at me and yelling furiously in words I can’t understand. Now they’re saying it's my fault that Ali is dead, and I have nowhere left to go. I’ve asked to see my daughter. She was in the harem with the other children, but they say she’s been taken away to safety. The eunuchs

grab me and pin my arms behind my back. I struggle—shaking —gasping for air. I can't see. It's black—they've put a bag over my head.The eunuchs escort me to my apartment and place a brass tray on the table. On it they lay a dagger and a ball of opium. I'm smoking the pipe now. I will find Ali—I will join him in paradise.

— Eduardo brought me back. For a while, we were engulfed in silence, completely devoid of oxygen. Butheita was like a quetzal bird that dies when it is caged. After a pause, Eduardo broke the 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 and took out bags of Asian sweets. At the bottom of the box was ***a brass tray*** engraved with crossed daggers over a palm tree. How *The Mexican Healer* found an ***Arabian brass tray*** in Mexico—the same brass tray Ali undoubtedly found beside my lifeless body in Cairo's Citadel in 1812—is perfect proof of our shared memories and of our unconscious, yet deeply shared traumas. The *past-life brass tray* is proof of *Divine Synchronicity's* intervention in this *true-to-life fairytale*. When *The Mexican Healer* received *"El Últimо Faraón,"* which surely pierced his veil of forgetfulness, yet nowhere in the book is there any mention of a Bedouin princess. Nevertheless, I was getting a history lesson about the saga of Ali's Egypt, caught between empires in the 19th-century age of discovery, and about *The Great Game* of rivalry between Britain, France, and Russia for dominance over the riches of my beloved India.

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 ruins, from Cairo to the Tigris and Euphrates."

… Mohammed Ali

Chapter 4

In August 1797, Napoleon wrote, "To destroy England thoroughly, the time is coming when we must seize Egypt." Napoleon's fleet landed in Alexandria on July 1, 1798, intent on destroying British control of the routes to India, and their Mameluke supporters, who Bonaparte defeated at *the Battle of the Pyramids* on July 21, 1798. By August 3, 1798, *Admiral Horatio Nelson* had destroyed the French fleet, leaving Napoleon's army stranded in Egypt. … Without Napoleon's disastrous invasion, who knows how *destiny* would have brought Egypt its savior? Nevertheless, no one can compare *Bonaparte's* impact on Egypt with that of *Mohammed Ali Pasha.* Ali was an imperfect, but deeply human hero; I know his heart; I know his genius. *The Sphinx* has shown me his illustrious incarnations reaching back into the BCE era.

Napoleon ruled one of the richest empires of his day, with an established government, army, navy, economy, education 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 its monuments. *Mohammed Ali Pasha* outlasted three Ottoman sultans; two were assassinated. He resurrected a land that for centuries had, for centuries been ground to dust. *The Pasha* established laws, built an army, and a naval fleet, founded hospitals for the military and for women, cultivated cotton, and established the first Arabic journals and an education system in the Middle East, ***transforming Egypt more than any ruler in its history.***



In 1801, the British ousted the French. Then, in 1807, General Fraser invaded Alexandria. His aim was to block the French-Ottoman-Egyptian

alliance and to capture Ali, who had seized British soldiers, then diplomatically released them and sent them away. In 1811, at the Sultan's behest and for his own survival, Ali ended the Mamelukes 600-year rapacious rule. In 1818, Ali expelled the *Wahhabis* from the *holy cities of Mecca and Medina*. He then sent the keys of Mecca to Istanbul along with *Abdullah ibn Saud,* the ruler of the Saudi state. Despite Ali's pleas, the Sultan had Abdullah beheaded in front of the *Hagia Sophia Mosque* while music played, since Wahhabism bans music. This ended the First Saudi State and restored Ottoman primacy. In 1821, he supported Sultan Mahmud II in the war against the *Greek War of Independence.* The British Empire, the Kingdom of France, and the Russian Empire backed the Greeks, claiming to be the protectors of their Christian subjects. This proved too much for the Egyptians. In 1827, the allied European fleet sank Egypt's navy that Ali had so pain- stakingly built.



As compensation for his losses, Mohammed Ali asked the Sultan for the territory of Syria, which he valued as a buffer state, its natural resources, and its market for Egyptian products. The Sultan was indifferent, and *The Pasha* would not accept this, triggering Egypt's 1831 conquest of Syria. Ibrahim took Acre with Egyptian forces and then marched into Anatolia, defeating the Ottomans. *Sultan Mahmud II* was so alarmed that he reportedly said, ***"I would rather die or become a Russian slave than spare my rebellious vassal in Egypt."*** He therefore invited Russian support. Then, after Ibrahim had resoundingly defeated the Ottomans and stood at Istanbul's doorstep, Sultan Mahmud II got his wish. He died of tuberculosis on July 1, 1839, and *The Pasha* told his son to suspend hostilities. Despite the empire's fears, Ali did not fight dead men, nor did he want to take over the old empire.

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

Fearful of Russian control, European powers were determined to prop up Ottoman supremacy and preserve the Sick Man of Europe. In February 1840, they fueled their plans for invasion with a propaganda bonanza called the *"Damascus Affair,*" which later that year ignited the "*Oriental Crisis of 1840."* In Damascus, a Capuchin monk vanished without a trace. Bones were found—*dog bones!* Fantastic rumors spread of *"blood libel"* and ritual murder, which turned into accusations against a small Jewish community. These were the kind of fiendish rumors that would inflame Christians and push Europe toward war. Curiously, the accusers were not the Muslims of Damascus but the diplomats of *France and England.* After arrests and torture led to false confessions, the entire Jewish community awaited execution. *The Pasha said, "I don't believe a word of it!"* This absurd conspiracy, which inflamed antisemitic passions, persists today.

That November, British naval forces sailed to Syria and Alexandria, utterly demolishing Beirut, which was part of Syria at the time. This ended Egypt's control of Syria. They took Acre from Ibrahim and blocked the Nile coast-line. With the allied invasion under way, in the heat of June 1840, the 71-year-old Pasha developed a boil on his bottom and could not sleep. He awaited French support, which never came. Finally, in November, when Ali saw the British fleet outside the window of his *Ras El-Tin Palace*, he knew he was defeated 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's "Great Game" aimed to protect Britain's cash cow, India, and secure British control of Central and South Asia. Egypt was a strategic bottleneck. Thus, Palmerston prioritized the Ottoman Empire over Egypt's autonomy while blocking French and Russian expansion. Indians were left to starve so that opium, produced by slave labor, could be sold to China. He enforced British commercial influence to keep Egypt as a pro-British transit point rather than a French-aligned, independent power.

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

'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 served as British Foreign Secretary in 1830 and twice as Prime Minister, remaining in office until 1865. Driven by profit, his policies addicted China to opium, later called the "*Century of Humiliation,"* so that Britons could drink tea. He was complicit in stripping India of wealth and health. Millions died due to his famine-induced policies. To suppress dissent, men were blown up by cannons. Palmerston 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 eternal interests!" Palmerston's interests were wealth and power. During the *Great Irish Famine* of 1847, he chartered disease-ridden *coffin ships* and sent 2,000 starving farmers to North America. Rumor has it, he died from a stroke while raping a housemaid on a billiard table, *but his rape of China and India is no rumor—it's well documented.*

Adolphe Thiers,President of the Council of Ministers of France, 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 great fanfare, vast crowds welcomed *The Pasha* in Istanbul. Dressed in a gold-embroidered coat, Mohammed Ali arrived by steamer to honor his new Sultan. When he attempted to kiss the young Abdulmejid's feet, courtiers rushed forward to lift him and seat him beside the Sultan.

History is written by the victors—and not only on the Western side. In the *2011 TV drama,* ***"Mohamed Ali Basha",*** Mohammed Ali is portrayed as a portly, cunning, dark-haired Arab, despite numerous depictions of Ali and his son Ibrahim, as fair-haired, who were physically fit men.

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

* * *

What an incredible man! **…** I had to immerse myself in everything ever written about Ali, as each story brought me closer to him. Each one revealed why his essence was embedded so deeply in my life— *and the best was yet to come.*



Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau & Machbuba

In 1837, the eccentric ***Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau,*** a daring and remarkable figure, traveled for two years through Ali's domain. That same year, at a slave market in Cairo, he purchased an Ethiopian girl in her early teens, whom he named *Machbuba ("the beloved").* She lived with him as his valet, *and so on.* He took her to Asia Minor and Vienna, where he introduced her to European society. However, Machbuba developed tuberculosis and died in Muskau in 1840. Later, he wrote, ***"She was the being I loved most in all the world."...*** In his book, the prince described the excursions he made into the desert with Ali and gave a faithful account 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 changed. ***…"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,* was sent as a hostage at the age of 16 to *Sultan Selim III,* when Ali was appointed Pasha in 1805. He was not released until after Ali thwarted the 1807 British invasion, known as "*Fraser's debacle."* The British plan to overthrow Ali was doomed, as their *Mameluke Bey ally, Al-Alfi,* had conveniently died*. …* Ibrahim, in his heart of hearts, felt more Egyptian than Turkish. Yet it is difficult to imagine a closer relationship between a father and son. Ibrahim was always reverential toward his father, although disagreements arose over finances and strategy, sometimes leading to murderous threats. His troops loved and respected him as he skillfully led and cared for their welfare, earning their loyalty through numerous challenging conflicts.

In 1848, after so many wars, Ibrahim, ailing from tuberculosis and coughing up blood, embarked on a European tour to recover his health. Ali, having never been to a country more civilized than his own, followed his son on his own steamship. The ship had been a gift from Great Britain after the crisis of 1840 ended, along with a diamond-framed miniature portrait of *Queen Victoria.* After learning that his friend *King Louis Philippe,* who had gifted him Egypt's first brass, chiming-ticking clock tower in his citadel, was being deposed in the *French Revolution of 1848,* he wanted to sail to France to rescue him. When Ibrahim heard this, he sent the Pasha's ship back to Egypt and then went after his father.

The magnificent Ras-El-Tin Palace appeared on the horizon as Ali and Ibrahim approached Alexandria's shore. When Ali had arrived four decades earlier, Alexandria was little more than a pile of rubble. Now, in 1847, crowds gathered to welcome their beloved rulers home. But Ali was suffering from seizures and senility. His mental decline has been attributed to the many silver nitrate treatments he received for dysentery. .



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 lift his spirits and rekindle his famed virility, Ali's daughters gifted him young concubines, but to no avail. He continued to insist on attending his empty audience hall. At last, his doctors, with the help of family members and his female attendants, persuaded Ali to retire to Shubra, surrounded by lush gardens and overlooking the Nile, while Ibrahim returned to Cairo, the seat of Egypt's busy government.

Ibrahim had to accept 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 tell his father what he had to do without provoking an explosion. Ibrahim had another problem: *the Great Seal.* Ali kept it with him at all times; he even slept with it under his pillow. *The Pasha's* bedchamber was protected by his female attendants, whom he trusted more than the male eunuchs, and they would need reassurance that they would not lose their heads. So Ibrahim had a duplicate seal made, excluding Ali's name, to replace the original. He 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 from beneath Ali's pillow, without too much trouble.

Now, Ibrahim had to go to Sultan Abdulmejid to confirm him as ruler of Egypt, even though his father was still alive. The Sultan, fully aware of Ibrahim's poor health, recognized him as ruler, but Ibrahim died just six months later. To spare his ailing father in *Shubra* the shock of his son's death, the news was withheld. Then, as Ibrahim was being lowered into his grave, *The Pasha,* in a flash of second sight, 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 August 2, 1849, at the age of 80, Mohammed Ali died. His body was carried from Ras El Tin Palace up the Nile to Bulaq's port where it was met by all family members, *except Abbas.* With scant ceremony, he was laid to rest in the mosque he had built in the citadel,overlooking the Nile with the pyramids visible 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 making Egypt a bulwark against imperialist interests was undone. If Palmerston had had his way, Egypt would have been enslaved like India, but by the Mameluke emirs who served as proxies for the British. Despite Ali's example and warnings, all of his descendants were ineffective and dependent rulers, becoming puppets of the British bankers until the Suez Crisis of 1956.

> ***'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, now that I had found the man who lived in the recesses of my soul and haunted my earliest dreams, it seems that what came next came naturally. It was as if what we seek will find us. *Carl Jung* calls this "*synchronicity,"* the unspoken language of the universe.' *Anthony Hopkins,* experienced something while researching his film, *The Girl from Petrovka.* He searched the libraries throughout London for the out-of-print book but was unsuccessful. Then, while waiting for a train, he found the book left on a bench!



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

I had not previously been fascinated by Egypt, in the way I was by India, but when Mohammed Ali Pasha entered my life, how could I not be? When ***The Mystery of the Sphinx*** aired on the *Discovery Channel*, I became captivated by *John West and Dr. Robert Schoch's Emmy Award-winning documentary. West, the rogue Egyptologist,* assumes the role of the *"child who insists the emperor has no clothes,"* posited that only sustained heavy rainfall could have caused such massive erosion on the walls of the Sphinx enclosure. "*When did it rain in Egypt?"* he asks. Then *Dr. Schoch,* a Yale geologist, agreed. He said that *"only heavy rain that persisted 10,000 years ago could have caused this level of extreme water erosion."* That would make the Sphinx thousands of years older. A furious debate erupted, because Egypt was then believed to be only 6,000 years old. So where was an earlier society capable of creating such a monument? Then *Göbekli Tepe's* circular temples, with their enormous T-shaped megalithic pillars were uncovered in Turkey and were dated to 12,000 years ago. I became entranced by this subject. Next, I watched the BBC's 2005 series, *Egypt: Rediscovering A Lost World.*

In the docudrama, Napoleon's savants discovered the trilingual *Rosetta Stone.* One of its languages was Greek which could be translated and allowed the stela's *Demotic script* and *hieroglyphs* to be deciphered. Competition to decipher hieroglyphs intensified. In Britain, the polymath *Thomas Young,* accepted the challenge. In France was the child prodigy *Jean-François Champollion,* who had a genius for languages. By the age of 10, he was self-taught in ancient European and Oriental languages. He knew at least sixteen languages, including Latin, Greek, French, English, German, Arabic, Syriac, Aramaic, Sanskrit, Persian, Chinese, *and Coptic.*

Jean-François was the youngest of seven children. His father was a book seller and a notorious drunkard. It is rumored that Jean-François' actual father may have been conceived from an extramarital affair. His brother *Jacques-Joseph,* who was 22 years older than him, 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 younger brother 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 led to the discovery of the *Rosetta Stone*. Champollion declared that he would be the one to decipher hieroglyphs! He showed great interest in the Coptic language, rightly believing it to be the final stage in the development of ancient Egyptian, and the key to deciphering hieroglyphs. His tutor was a Coptic priest living in Paris, 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. The Church placed the *biblical Flood at 2300 BCE,* meaning that all civilizations discovered by archaeology *had to fit within the last 4,200 years.* Initially, Champollion won the

blessing of Church authorities when he redated the *Dendera Zodiac* to the *Ptolemaic* period, which was in line with biblical accounts, and the established *Christian timeline for Creation.* But ultimately, Champollion's dates placed the Egyptian dynasties well before the date of Noah's Flood, thus contradicting the Church and threatening the authority of the *Holy Scriptures.* Nevertheless, he promised that if he discovered anything that contradicted Church teachings, he would take it to the grave. He later met with the Pope in Italy, who congratulated him on his great service to the Church, even as this implied a promise *to withhold the truth.*

Champollion's discovery that hieroglyphics function as a *phonetic alphabet* was the key to understanding the entire hieroglyphic system. His decipherment opened up millennia of human history and resolved the Pharaonic timeline, showing that human history extended much further back than the chronology accepted by the Church based on the Bible.



Napoleon's Proconsul …the notorious Drovetti and his thugs

Champollion wrote to the *French consul general, Bernardino Drovetti,* asking for advice on how to obtain permission from *Mohammed Ali of Egypt*. Drovetti had his own business—plundering Egyptian antiquities—and did not want this *Tuscan-French* expedition to interfere in his affairs. A diplomat, explorer, and antiquarian, he was one of the most influential figures in Egypt at the time. Drovetti was *Napoleon's proconsul*. It was French support that ensured Mohammed Ali's rise to power and the success of his rule. Drovetti and his agents acted unscrupulously, and recklessly in their handlings of their discoveries, and the fragmentary state of the *Turin Royal Canon* is due to this behavior. Drovetti and his associates worked aggres-

sively to thwart *Giovanni Belzoni's discoveries,* acting on behalf of the British consul, *Henry Salt*. In his remarkable life of cunning and discovery, Drovetti eventually lost his mind and was confined to a lunatic asylum in Turin, where he died in 1852.

Champollion, Rossellini and Lenormant's expedition arrived in Alexandria on August 18, 1828, accompanied by twelve artists, draftsmen, and architects. They met with *The Pasha,* who immediately gave his permission. However, after waiting a week for the permit, Champollion suspected that Drovetti was working against him and complained to the French consulate. That worked, and *The Pasha* provided them with a large riverboat. They then left for the desert sites of Memphis, Saqqara, and Giza. Upon their return to Alexandria, Mohammed Ali offered France the two obelisks standing at the entrance to Luxor Temple 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. As a result, he was forced to challenge the biblical chronology, arguing that Egyptian civilization had originated at least 6,000 years earlier.

Champollion, known as the *Father of Egyptology*, published his decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs in 1822, eclipsing British polymath *Thomas Young.* After years during which Ali turned a blind eye to the activities of the British consul Salt and the French consul Drovetti, who filled the world's museums with Egypt's treasures, in 1835, Champollion told *The Pasha*, *"People will come."* As a result, Ali decreed laws against the removal of antiquities and opened Egypt's first museum. They also discussed social reforms, with Champollion advocating education for the lower classes, a point on which they disagreed. But, just a few years later, *The Pasha* sent Egyptians to study in Europe. Champollion suffered from health problems after his expedition and died of a stroke on March 4, 1832, at the age of 41. In Cairo, a street leading to the *Tahrir Square,* where the Egyptian Museum is located, bears Champollion's name.

* * *

Ancient texts refer to the *Library Angel,* also known as the *Angel of Knowledge*, who provides, through coincidence and chance occurrences, what we are seeking. *Sometimes, a book can even fall off the shelf.* Then, in 2007*,* out of nowhere—years before algorithms took over the internet—I received an email from Scribd about ***The Rosetta Stone by E. A. Wallis Budge*.** So I took this as a *sign.* I became hyperattentive and could no longer ignore Budge's facial resemblance to Champollion and John West.

Budge was born in 1857 in Cornwall, to an unknown father, and, like *Champollion,* he became interested in languages before the age of 10. He lived in London with his grandmother and worked at the W.H. Smith bookstore. He began spending time at the British Museum where he was introduced to the *Assyriologist George Smith*, who wanted to help the working-class boy fulfill his potential. W. H. Smith was a bookseller and Member of Parliament who, along with Prime Minister Gladstone, financed Budge's education at Cambridge University. Budge later became *Keeper of Antiquities* at the British Museum, was knighted in 1920 for his contributions to Egyptology, and traveled to Egypt to collect antiquities for the museum and wrote dozens of books, including a *dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphs.*



the late John West Jean-François Champollion EA Wallis Budge

I noticed their facial resemblance and other patterns. At age 10, Budge, like Champollion, showed a talent for languages. All three were devoted to unlocking Egypt's past. Then I noticed that West was born in 1932 and Budge died in 1934, creating a two-year overlap. *The Sphinx* explained that overlaps were normal and necessary to accelerate resolution because they were *aspects of the same soul.* She then pointed out that Champollion and West both had a beloved ***daughter named Zoe***—yet another coincidence.



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

Their mission is as unique as a fingerprint, and all three achieved it at such young ages. Champollion *translated hieroglyphs*; Budge wrote the *Dictionary of Hieroglyphs;* and John West redated *the Sphinx* and civilization itself. The Dalai Lama said in an interview on Fareed Zakaria, May 10, 2009, ***"The purpose of reincarnation is to carry on the task of the previous life's work. It must follow the previous life's work—logical!"***

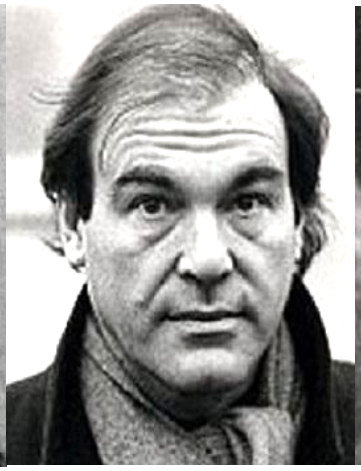
As I was never alone while watching TV with *The Sphinx*, the *History Channel,* ***Engineering an Empire: Britain: Blood and Steel*** came on. ***By the 19th century, Britain had developed into an industrial titan, bursting with wealth: it dominated the global seas and its territories with machines. 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* matter-of-factly, as if she were checking a list. *"Really?"* I had become comfortable listening to her, as though I were hanging out with an old friend. My role was to verify her tips and look up the people she mentioned. She was the teacher, and like a good student, I did my homework and looked Brunel up online. I saw that

Brunel's facial features resembled Stone's. Then I noticed that Brunel died on the same date that Oliver Stone was born, albeit 87 years apart**.** **Isambard Kingdom Brunel** invested his entire fortune in completing the *Great Eastern,* which was three times larger than any prior ship. It put such a strain on his health that he suffered a stroke on deck and died at age 53 on ***Sept. 15, 1859,*** *and William Oliver Stone was born on* ***Sept. 15, 1946.***

****Carl Jung said: "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. Brunel, like Stone, was a passionate genius! Although it was impractical at the time, his French-born father, *Marc Brunel,* assisted by his 22-year-old son *Isambard,* constructed the *Thames Tunnel,* which is still in use today. I. K. Brunel's vision was to build a network of railways throughout England, connecting them with ships that could carry passengers from *London to New York*. He widened the rail gauge from 5 feet to 7 feet to improve stability and increase speed. He built the fast *Great Western Railway* and designed the first propeller-driven iron ships to cross the Atlantic for the *Great Western Steamship Company.* Brunel's ships laid the first transatlantic communication cables, helping to connect the world. He was responsible for the fastest trains of the time, as well as 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, since *Egyptomania* was the rage of the day. (*Oliver's bio is public, and I've informed him of this reveal.)

It was a rewarding evening, as I was learning how to connect the dots. At 9:00 p.m., it was time for *Larry King Live. Uncle Larry* had been on CNN for 25 years. Wherever I am in the world, he is there, like a piece of home. That night, his guests were the Beatles*, Paul McCartney, and Ringo Starr–-a nice* uncomplicated diversion, I thought. But as the show was ending, *The Sphinx,* in a singsong voice, sang out, ***"♫ Larry Harry Flashman ♫."*** *"Who?" I asked.* ***"♫ Larry Harry Flashman ♫,"*** *she sang out again.*

"Hmm, forgive my ignorance, Sphinxy," I said telepathically, *"but who in the world is Harry Flashman?"* She showed me that Budge, Champollion, and John West, all had a continuing mission in Egypt. They also shared a strong aptitude for languages, and that their facial likenesses provided further confirmation. She also showed me that Brunel is now Stone. At this point I was hooked and I could not resist her clues. So, once again, I went to check 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, and 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!



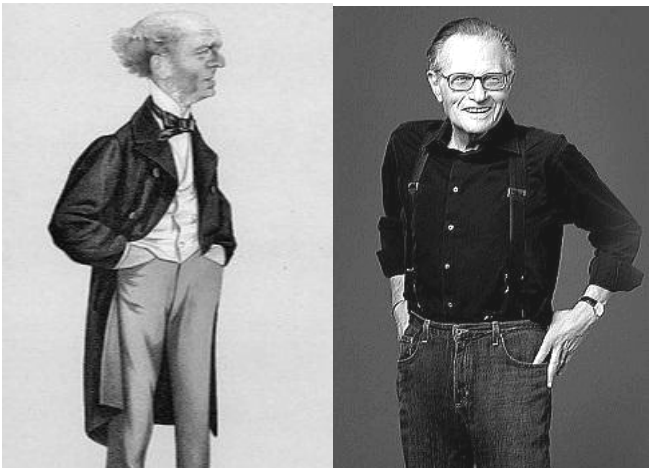
Thomas Hughes



Larry King

As both men were important figures in their time, there were many images and quotations to examine. Larry King and Thomas Hughes appeared similar in both facial features and personality, making the resemblance striking. Old habits die hard—or perhaps they never die. Thomas Hughes was a committed social reformer and a first-class cricketer at Oxford University. Larry King was known for his love of people and of sports. He began his career as a sportscaster.

> ***"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 ,…***



Thomas Hughes **the late Larry King**

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

By now, I have fully accepted her presence in my reality, not least because she has been infallible. She has introduced me to people and pointed out details I had no reason to notice. And now *The Sphinx* had even more to sing about—s*he was persistent and relentless in her mission.*

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

* * *

In 2015, I saw the film*, The Man Who Knew Infinity, about the Indian mathematician Srinivasa Ramanujan.* In his dreams, he saw complex theorems written by the bloody hand of the *goddess Namagiri*; and he would verify those equations upon waking. I do not mean to compare myself with the extraordinary genius of *Ramanujan,* who, on his deathbed, wrote theorems about black holes that were not discovered for another 80 years. However, he comes to mind because we both listen to nonphysical entities and follow their lead. The *Nobel laureate Richard Feynman,* who worked on the atomic bomb with Oppenheimer, dismissed Ramanujan's goddess's teachings and suggests that his desire to solve the mathematical problems of the universe causes these dreams to emerge from his subconscious.

Although The Sphinx guides me not only in my dreams, but also in my waking hours, who am I to question a Nobel laureate, a professor of theoretical physics? I'm just a curious fashion designer, following clues, and delving into the mysteries of my soul. However, I feel I'm in good company. Because, like him, I believe completely that *The Sphinx* is real, just as he believed his *goddess* was real. After all, how could I, a traveling soldier of fashion, a reader of *"Women's Wear Daily"* and airport-bookshop bestsellers, have ever heard of someone named *Harry Flashman, Thomas Hughes,* or the 19th-century genius named *Isambard Kingdom Brunel* — much less discovered that *Brunel's* death date is the same as *Oliver Stone's* birth date*?* It is likely that even fifty percent of Britons, and too few people in the 21st-century world, know about Brunel's achievements.

But as I reflect on Professor Feynman's pet peeve about education— namely, *"memorizing without experience, accepting without understanding, and uncritically adopting the current horizons of understanding,"* my research into ***Larry Harry Flashman and The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor diamond,*** continues 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.'
John Masefield, poet laureate



CHAPTER SIX



Flashman & Legend of the Koh-i-Noor

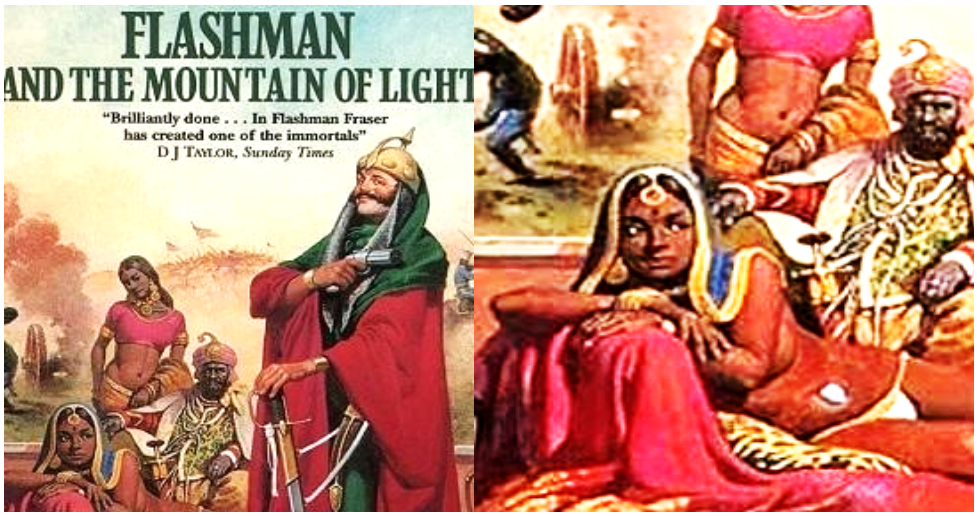


Koh-i-Noor Diamond
British Royal Crown

"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

Inspired by the clues from *The Sphinx*, to cool my questing mind, I now had to solve the riddle *of* ***Flashman and the Koh-i-Noor.*** Challenge accepted! I did a Google search for ***"Flashman"*** *and* ***"Koh-i-Noor,"*** and found ***Flashman and The Mountain of Light*** by the satirical British historian George MacDonald Fraser. Koh-i-Noor means *Mountain of Light.* After 25 years in India, I had never heard of *Flashman,* while *Koh-i-Noor* is a common metaphor. Naturally, I ordered the book and here is what I found…



Larry King, in a past-life, was the author *Thomas Hughes, who created* the character of *Flashman.* In 1969, ***Flashman and the Mountain of Light*** became a historical novel-noir. Novelist George MacDonald Fraser adapted Flashman's later life into 12 novels, in which the school bully becomes an illustrious *Victorian soldier* while remaining a scoundrel, liar, thief, 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!

The book blurb says: ***In 'The Mountain of Light,' the 9th Volume of 'The Flashman Papers', 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,***

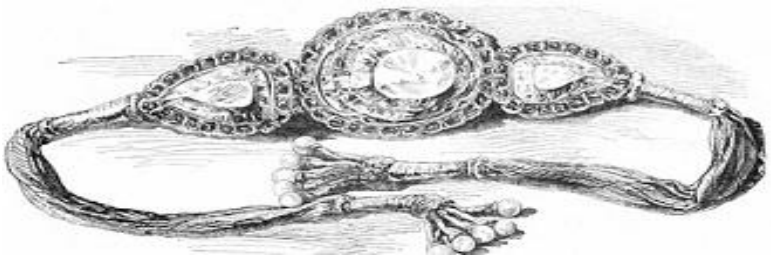
spying, seducing, and surviving to scheme for Queen and Empire. So Flashman is the obvious choice. With war looming against the mighty Sikh Army on India's northwest frontier, Flashy tangles with Lahore's corrupt court, and braves the battle of the bed-room with a beautiful Maharani and her delightfully sex-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.

Can this be true? Certainly, Fraser's readers seemed to believe it. Satires tell exaggerated stories shaped by their politics, and these were profoundly misogynistic. He portrays ***Maharani Jindan Kaur*** as the ***Messalina of the Punjab*** with the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond in her bellybutton, and as worthy of beheading as *Valeria Messalina,* the wife of *Emperor Claudius.* To meet my challenge, it is time to delve deeper into the archives of the actual history of *Koh-i-Noor,* known as the *World's Most Infamous 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 that the *Koh-i-Noor* dates back to 3000 BC. Folklore says that *Lord Krishna* wore it in his armlet in the epic battle of *good over evil.* The recorded history of the diamond begins when Central Asian Turks invaded North India in the 12th-13th centuries, founding the Delhi Sultanate.

India was the world's only source of diamonds, until diamond mines were discovered in Brazil in 1725. Although *the Koh-i-Noor's* exact origins are lost to history, it is believed to have been sifted from the alluvial mines of the *Krishna River*, in the *Golconda Sultanate*, in the 13th century. By 1304, it was in the possession of the *Khilji dynasty of the Delhi Sultanate*. In 1536, it is mentioned in *Emperor Babur's diary* after he defeated *Ibrahim Lodhi* at the *Battle of Panipat*. In 1628, Babur's great-great-grandson *Shah Jahan,* commissioned the *Taj Mahal* and encrusted his *Peacock Throne* with the *Timur Ruby and the Koh-i-Noor diamond.* The immense prosperity of the *Mughal Empire* attracted invaders, and in 1739, *Nadir Shah of Persia* invaded Delhi, killing thousands. Along with the *Peacock Throne*, Nadir Shah left India with so much loot that it took 700 elephants, 4,000 camels

and 12,000 horses to carry it all. He also wore both the *Timur Ruby and the Koh-i-Noor Diamond* on his arm. Nadir Shah was beheaded, and later the diamond came into the hands of *Ahmad Shah Durrani,* the founder of the *Afghan Durrani dynasty*. For many years it passed among the blood-soaked rulers, blinding one and crowning another with molten lead before coming into the hands of *Shah Zaman*. However, his power waned when he was thwarted from plundering India, and so Kabul's gates were closed to him. Zaman was thrown into a dungeon and blinded with a hot needle, but he dug a deep hole in 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 had blinded his brother, he filled the culprit's mouth with gunpowder and blew him up—after first watching the man's wife and children be blown out of a cannon!



Koh-i-Noor Armlet of Sikh Emperor Ranjit Singh

By 1809, Shuja's power was lost, and he sought allies in Kashmir to help him regain his throne. At the same time he sent his wife, *Wa'fa Begum,* to the protection of ***Lahore's Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh*****.** Instead, the Kashmiri allies imprisoned Shah Shuja, demanding 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* above all else. Violating the laws of hospitality, he rescued Shuja and then placed him under house arrest, pressuring him to fulfill his wife's promise. He even tortured Shuja's son to obtain it. Finally, in 1813, a deal was made, and the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond came into *Ranjit Singh's* possession, where it remained until his death in 1839. On his deathbed, the Great Maharaja bequeathed gems and gifts, ordering that the *Koh-i-Noor* be given to the *Jagannath Hindu Temple in Orissa,* on the eastern coast of India. The Maharaja wanted to restore the stone to its rightful owner, as *Lord Jagannath was another form of Lord Krishna.*

His treasurer, *Beli Ram,* insisted that the *Koh-i-Noor* was family property, and that it belonged to his son and heir, *Kharak Singh*. Ranjit Singh died in June 1839, and just months later, in October, his prime minister, the *wazir, Dhian Singh Dogra,* overthrew in a coup the new emperor, *Kharak Singh*. He had been slowly poisoned and died a year later in November 1840. His death was followed by that of his son *Nau Nihal,* who was crushed under an arch while leaving in the funeral procession. *Rani Chand Kaur, Kharak's* wife and *Nau Nihal's* mother, fought for the throne against *Raja Sher Singh*, a purported heir. Rani Chand had the military support of *Gulab Singh Dogra.* His brother, the wazir, *Dhian Singh Dogra,* brokered a peace, but soon after, Chand Kaur's head was bashed in by her maidservants, who were banished from Punjab with their tongues cut out.



Gulab Singh Dogra

Somehow, by fair means or foul, *Gulab Singh Dogra—the "Jammu Fox" and* brother of Wazir Dhian Singh—came into possession of the *Koh-i-Noor*. He presented the diamond to the new *emperor, Sher Singh,* in order to gain his favor.



Maharaja Sher Singh wearing the Koh-i-Noor

Maharaja Sher Singh, a dashing figure, granted Ajit and Lehna Singh Sandanwalia permission to return to Punjab. The two were cousins and supporters of *Chand Kaur,* who was by then dead, and after losing the coup, they had fled to British territory. Now, however, they pledged loyalty to their new Maharaja. After a wrestling bout at his Shah Balawal pleasure palace, Sher went to inspect his troops. Ajit approached him with a gift: a fancy carbine. Shere was fond of such weapons. As he reached for the gun, Ajit emptied the barrels into his chest. Sher cried, ***"What deception is this?"*** and he fell to the ground dead! Ajit then cut off his head with a single blow of his sword, while his brother Lehna killed Sher Singh's 12-year-old son.

On September 15, 1843, just hours after the murder of Sher Singh*, the wazir Dhian Singh Dogra,* was also assassinated while returning to the palace. The very next day, Dhian's 24-year-old son, *Hira Singh,* killed the Sandanwalia assassins and succeeded his father as wazir. He then installed Ranjit Singh's last son, the *five-year-old Duleep Singh,* as emperor, with his mother, *Jindan Kaur,* Ranjit Singh's 17th wife, as empress. She had lived with her son in Jammu, which was ruled by Gulab Singh, while 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.

After the death of the Great Maharaja, the *Khalsa Army* took control and extorted higher pay from each new successor to the throne. Its ranks grew from 80,000 to 120,000. Fifteen months later, in December 1844, Hira Singh Dogra was assassinated while fleeing with loot. Six months after Hira's death, 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 in a procession and holding Duleep, with Rani Jindan watching them from her elephant just behind.

Months later, on December 21, 1845, with *Raja Lal Singh* now as wazir, the *First Anglo-Sikh War* began. It ended in March 1846, leaving *the British Resident* in control. The Lahore Durbar was forced to pay an indemnity of 15 million rupees. Unable to raise the funds, it ceded Kashmir, which was then purchased by *Gulab Singh Dogra* using loot stolen from the murdered Rani Chand Kaur.

In August 1847, the *British East India Company* appointed *Tej Singh,* who had betrayed Lahore's regents, as head of the *Council* of *Regency* and awarded him the title of *Raja of Sialkot*. During the ceremony, the young Maharaja Duleep was supposed to place a *saffron tilak* on Tej's forehead, the traitor who had lost his kingdom. Instead, he sat defiantly on his velvet throne, his arms tightly folded, and refused to do so. This was seen as an insult to the *British Resident*, who suspected that Duleep's mother had influenced him. Accusing her of a 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, calling her the ***Messalina of the Punjab—a seductress too rebellious to control****.* So great was the impact of Jindan's exile on the populace, that despite their relentless attempts to defame her as a profligate woman, the campaign 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 maidservants 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."***

She was considered a *rallying point for rebellion* against British colonial rule. Suspected of aiding disaffected Sikhs, her security was tightened. Her stipend was reduced from 150,000 rupees to 48,000 rupees, and her jewels were confiscated. She was then taken under military guard to *Chunar Fort.*



Chunar Fort on the Ganges river

Then, from the maximum-security Chunar Fort near Varanasi in Uttar Pradesh, on the rocky banks of the *Ganges River*, she escaped in April 1849, astonishing the British, who later found a letter written by the Rani.

She scattered coins on the floor of her cell, along with a note 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 and hidden from Europeans. So, disguised in her seamstress's clothes, she calmly walked out of prison to meet her supporters waiting on the banks of the River Ganges. Dressed as a *fakir, or ascetic,* she trekked 800 miles to Nepal, where *Prime Minister Jung Bahadur,* an ally of Ranjit Singh's, gave her sanctuary. He was pressured by the British to keep Rani Jindan under tight security. Nevertheless, she managed to send messages of support, along with where money and jewels were hidden, well into the *2nd Anglo-Sikh War.*

The *Second Anglo-Sikh War* began in April 1848, following the murder of two British officers, and the country soon erupted into rebellion. The war ended eleven months later, in March 1849. The British annexed *the Kingdom of Punjab*, depriving the young maharaja of his crown and, by treaty, confiscating the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond as a "spoil of war." The *Treaty of Lahore* was ratified by the *Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie* and signed by the *10-year-old Maharaja Duleep Singh.* Under intense pressure, the treaty Duleep was forced to sign stated that the *Koh-i-Noor diamond, a symbol of conquest, was to be surrendered to Queen Victoria.*



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

In February 1850, a military escort removed the ex-king from his ancestral lands to the *Fatehgarh cantonment*, where Duleep was placed under the guardianship of *Dr. Login* and his wife, *Lena*. He needed to refurbish the house that had been assigned to him by the *East India Company* as his residence. Login 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,* which housed the kingdom's vast treasures: gold, 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 from 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 on his high-stepping horse, with a hawk perched on his outstretched wrist, accompanied by his new British friend, *Tommy Scott,* a Christian. Yet the British enforced strict social, legal, and spatial

segregation 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 wanted to be baptised.

Bringing his Punjab chapter to a close, in 1854, the 16-year-old Duleep was sent into exile in Britain. Lord Dalhousie, who had dethroned him 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 presenting him on his birthday his own jewels, Lord Dalhousie gave the young Maharaja Duleep Singh a leather-bound Bible.

* * *

After a harrowing sea voyage—plagued by cholera and storms that nearly sank the *Medea*—carried the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond safely to London. On July 3, 1850, *the East India Company* presented it to *Queen Victoria* at *Buckingham Palace* It was a day of national mourning, as *Prime Minister 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, where the *Koh-i-Noor* took pride of place. The public response was underwhelming, despite attempts to improve the display. So, in 1852, *Garrard & Co.,* the royal jewelers, under the supervision of the *Duke of Wellington* and *Prince Albert*, recut the 191-carat stone down to 105-carats, to enhance its brilliance.

In her journal, ***Queen Victoria*** made many entries about the young Maharaja, whose exotic appearance impressed her.

'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 immediately decided that Duleep should be painted by her favorite artist, *Franz Xaver Winterhalter*, who was in London at the time. During their first sitting, the Queen drew Lena Login aside and inquired in a low voice whether Maharaja Duleep had asked about the *Koh-i-Noor,* which had been reduced to half its size. Mrs. Login broached the topic on her ride home with Duleep:
"Yes, indeed I would!" he replied. ***"I would give a good deal to hold it again in my own hand."*** After making her 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 that he was holding the *Koh-i-Noor*. Walking over to the open palace window and examining the diamond in the light, he turned the stone over and over in his hand. It was excruciatingly tense for every-one. Her Majesty watched him with sympathy and more than a little anxiety.

After a profound inner struggle, with so many memories racing through his mind, he finally 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."***

* * *

The history of the *Koh-i-Noor* reads like a chronicle of relentless violence and betrayal. Rani Jindan's story is one of pure imperial brutality, with almost no redeeming characters *except for Login*, who appears as a rare compassionate figure. But the psychological abuse suffered by her son Duleep, torn from his screaming mother, is unparalleled—*inhumane!*

As I read accounts of Duleep's experience, I did not imagine defiance blazing in the boy's eyes, but something else, the required performance of gratitude for being safe. The instinct of a child who understood that power over his life now resided elsewhere. Separated from his mother, Rani Jindan, he was made to convert to Christianity, and transported from Lahore to Britain as both a ward and a trophy of the empire.

The diamond crossed the sea as a symbol of surrender, glittering under controlled light. It had been recut, and so had the boy. The *Koh-i-Noor's* earlier Mughal form, considered un-European, was cut down to maximize brilliance under Western light. Its weight was reduced. Its identity was reconstructed. Duleep's world underwent a similar reconstruction. He lived in a newly imposed world.. His language was altered. His religion was changed. His court was dissolved. His mother was kept from him for years. His sovereignty was converted into a stipend. Both jewel and child emerged polished, more acceptable to British imperial taste. There is no dramatic outburst in the archive. No evidence of any protest survives. Duleep is described as beautiful, composed, and even amenable. By then, he had been carefully reshaped and educated in English manners. He had been baptized into a new reality and instructed in loyalty to the Crown.

What a remarkable story—and one with such a bloody history. But as far as the ***riddle of the Koh-i-Noor*** is concerned, the answer is quite simple. ***Historically, diamonds were found only in India.*** In 1813, the great Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh brought Lord Krishna's diamond back to India where the diamond became a relic of the heirs to the Sikh Kingdom. Upon his death in 1839, he bequeathed it to *Lord Krishna's Jagannath Temple*. Then, after a series of assassinations among the heirs, the *Koh-i-Noor* was tied to the arm of five-year-old Duleep Singh, the last surviving heir. The boy was separated from his mother and terrorized into signing away his kingdom and the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond. He was then exiled to Great Britain.

This is not a very complicated riddle. Here is how I see it: if a *Picasso* is *stolen* from *Spain* by an *Italian*, then taken from him by a *Frenchman*, and later was taken by a *German*, ***it is still a stolen Picasso. Logical!***

…*Okay, now my challenge feels complete!* I've accepted the challenge. I've immersed myself in research and followed all the clues. I've delved into *"The Riddle of the Sphinx"* and resolved *"The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor".* But the riddle that remained—the one I hadn't yet solved—*was simply this: what my singing Sphinx was after!* ***"Oh Sphinx, my Sphinx—what's next?"***

That night, my dreams returned, turbocharged. Egypt was like a love story set against the violence of empire, while the Punjab was like a labyrinth of conspiracies and murder. They were more intense than reliving my life as Butheita in Cairo's Citadel—alone, believing Ali was dead, with his son in her belly, who was doomed to be born without ever knowing his illustrious father. I could not ignore how similar her story was to Jindan's son, Duleep, who would never know his legendary father. But while Butheita chose a brass tray bearing a dagger and a ball of opium, instead of being thrown into the Nile, the defiant Jindan chose to fight against the empire for her son's throne. Yet there was even more brutality in these dreams than in my own mental replays of Egypt. The relentless violence in Punjab made *"The Massacre of the Mamelukes" seem like "just another Monday."* —To say I was unsettled would be an understatement.

These dreams were not obscured by metaphor; they were flashbacks, like scenes from a movie, but charged with intense emotion. I felt as though I was buried beneath an avalanche of dread, struggling to breathe. The image of Duleep, wrapped in jewels, was deeply familiar. It was uncanny how much he reminded me of Swami Rajneesh. I knew him! It was as if a boulder had landed on my heart while my foot pressed the engine to the floor, harder and harder. There was no escape. Memories flooded back incessantly. Terrifying scenes in 360-degree technicolor played out, far beyond anything described in the books I had been researching. Images stormed through my mind—marble palaces, jewels, music, and blood—so much blood. I was overcome by a tsunami of paralyzing fear.

And when I awoke, something inside me recoiled—not in shame, but in a haunting recognition, and acceptance. I opened my eyes, shaken by a harsh truth and sobered by the realization that I was, in fact, Jindan—or, more accurately, that after my brief life in Egypt with Ali, *I had been reborn in India as "The Last Maharani of Lahore."* ***Now, I had the eerie feeling that more conclusive evidence was about to emerge!***

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Last Maharani of Lahore
Jindan Kaur



Mja.Ranjit Singh



Rani Jindan

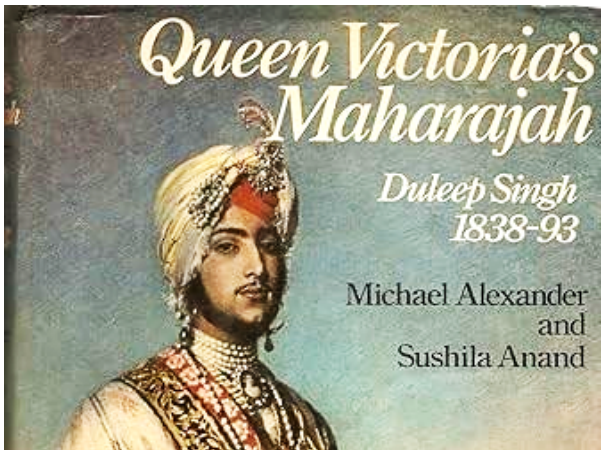


Mja.Duleep Singh

Chapter 7

Obviously, I can't tie a bow on this challenge yet. It's one thing to realize that you had an infamous past-life and quite another to read about the dreadful details. Now I'll have to gather the courage to confront these horrific dreams and clear the unrelenting storm in my head. History was revealing why absolutely no one would want to be *Maharani Jindan Kaur.* Aside from being portrayed as the sexually insatiable and manipulative ***Messalina of the Punjab***, Jindan is blamed for losing the *Sikh Kingdom of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, Kashmir, losing the Koh-i-Noor diamond, and losing her son.* So now, more than ever, I had to defend not just my life, *but my very soul.* And because this was 175 years later, it would require a deep dive into historical propaganda. But thanks to the *Library Angel,* and the tech philanthropist *Brewster Kahle*, there's archive.org.

My research resumed where I had left off, focusing on the recut *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, taken from the young, deposed, exiled sovereign, and discussed in the 1980s book ***Queen Victoria's Maharaja,*** by Alexander and Anand. *Based on archives in Windsor and the India Office—so clearly, it reflects the colonialist's view!*



'Duleep Singh's mother Jindan Kaur (born 1817) was the 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).

Why did they say he was born to a water carrier? This slander was used to claim that Duleep was not the legitimate heir. In my quest for the truth, I need to uncover who made these accusations.

'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 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 forecast proved true. In the next four years no one in the royal family could feel secure of his life. During that period of violence, 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 murdered or died under suspicious circumstances.

'The first was 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 recognizing Duleep as their sovereign and Rani Jindan as regent, their demands for increases in pay and 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. Hira Singh Dogra 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 possessed a vast fortune being held in British territory, and because he had five wives but no offspring, the Lahore State repeatedly claimed it after his death.***

Propagandistic sound bites have dominated much of the narrative about Jindan. ***"His ambitious mother removed him to the countryside where she could manipulate the dynastic struggle."*** Yet it's absurd to think that Jindan, in her twenties, could possibly have manipulated the violence that followed the death of the Great Maharaja. As for Jindan's alleged profligacy, rulers kept harems to ensure dynastic paternity and for safe sex. Antibiotics didn't exist back then. Ali tested the purity of his harem for the same reasons. Disguised as a common Egyptian, he tried to buy one of his concubines from a pimp to see whether it was possible. Ranjit Singh, who suffered no fools, expelled one of his wives for unacceptable behavior and killed his own mother when he discovered her with a lover. Moreover, having the dashing *Suchet* as her adviser was a safe choice, since he had five wives and no heirs. Still, Rani Jindan remains known *as the "Messalina of the Punjab."* The British endorsed this narrative of illegitimacy while Duleep's wealth was being stolen, and they told 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 damning the book may be, it also provides an invaluable portrait of the young Jindan in the Rambagh Museum, Amritsar, an image which has not been widely shown.



Leslie



Jindan: Rambagh Museum



Ivory miniature

Back in the 1990s, I was in a curio shop on *MI Road*, opposite *Jaipur's Pink City,* when I found this *ivory miniature.* It was old and chipped, yet I was drawn to it. I bought it along with an emerald-and-diamond ring. Then I adapted the artwork into the logo for an accessory collection and mounted the portrait in silver and have worn it as a pendant ever since. I had never heard of *Jindan Kaur* and did not realize that the image was of me.

What I could not have known at the time was that Lal Singh, Jindan's prime minister, had been exiled to Agra after the First Anglo-Sikh War. Jaipur lies beyond Agra, where my chipped ivory miniature found me a century and a half later—long before I knew of Jindan.

"Who was it?" I asked Vasant, my long-haired, Indian assistant, who had worked *with me for years. Vasant* insisted that it was *Mumtaz Mahal,* the beloved wife of *Shah Jahan,* for whom the *Taj Mahal* was built. Although the portrait is stylized, *Empress Mumtaz Mahal* has a strong forehead, and her lips, eyes, nose and chin all differ from Jindan's.


Mumtaz Mahal


Jindan


Mumtaz Mahal

I don't know what to call the angels who sent *Vasant* to me. The company placed ads in a Delhi newspaper, which attracted so many applicants that I rarely looked up as each one failed to measure the mannequin correctly. So when *Vasant* accurately did the needful, the more than one hundred men on the design team erupted into applause. He was the son of an artist, uncompromisingly loyal, and very handsome, which makes this realization even more painful because ***Vasant looks exactly like Jindan's brother, Jawahar.***


Raja Jawahar Singh


Vasant

The final blow for claiming that Jindan was responsible for the Anglo-Sikh War, was said to be revenge for the assassination of her brother, *Raja Jawahar Singh*. But in fact, it was the astute manipulation of the antihero *Gulab Singh Dogra, "the Jammu Fox"* and future Maharaja of Kashmir—as well as the British Empire's expansionist divide-and-conquer policy.

In August 1845, Gulab urged the British to back an uprising against the Sikhs, offering his support in exchange for Jammu and Kashmir, in letters to Major George Broadfoot and Governor-General Henry Hardinge.

Kunwar (Prince) *Peshora Singh* was said to have been born to a slave girl, but Emperor Ranjit Singh accepted him as his son. Soon after the deaths of Maharaja Sher Singh and Dhian Singh in 1843, and then Hira Singh in 1844, Peshora Singh, who was living in British territory, returned to Punjab. He made repeated bids for the throne and traveled throughout Punjab seeking support. Peshora owned *jagirs*—revenue lands prized by Gulab Singh—who encouraged him to seize the throne from Duleep. Jawahar dispatched artillery against him. Peshora capitulated, and Rani Jindan pardoned him, sending him home with additional land. Resolute, Peshora approached the British, who were negotiating with Gulab. He then formed an alliance with Dost Mohammed of Afghanistan. With help from the Pathan's, Peshora captured the wealthy fort of Attock, declaring himself ruler of the Punjab. As wazir, Jawahar Singh sent *Chattar Singh Attariwala* to retake the fort from Peshora Singh. Chattar was Duleep's future father-in-law; at the age of six, he had been engaged to Tej Kaur, the daughter of the powerful Attariwala chief. Chattar recaptured the fort and granted Peshora safe passage. Whether on orders or as the result of general chaos, Peshora was strangled. The Khalsa considered Jawahar to be the murderer of a recognized son of Ranjit Singh and demanded that he present himself to them. ***Jindan was told that if she did not hand him over, she and Duleep would suffer the same fate!***

On Sept. 21, 1845, Jawahar rode on his elephant, holding Duleep and distributing coins while 1,000 men escorted him. As he reached the tents, the soldiers stopped the elephant, pulled Duleep from his arms, dragged him down, shot and speared him to death—all before the eyes of his sister Jindan's

The soldiers guarded Duleep, afraid of what the Rani might do in her grief. She was inconsolable for weeks, tearing out her hair and showing daily signs of torment. ***At this point, the Khalsa assumed total control of the state.*** Inspired by the warlike or defensive intentions of the British, who were amassing troops and fortifications across the Sutlej River, the army insisted on going to war, with visions of conquering Delhi and the entire subcontinent. Their terrified leaders, held at gunpoint, hoped that the ary's clash with a more powerful enemy would neutralize pi. So, on Dec. 13, 1845, *Governor-General Henry Hardinge* declared war on the Sikhs.



Even 175 years later, it still takes my breath away. A united Sikh-Indian coalition could have driven the British out of India a century earlier. But in this cesspool of anarchy, greed, and utter madness, it was *impossible.* The *munshi*, *Sohan Lal Suri*, court secretary, was paid by the British until his death. He lent Captain Edwardes the records of the Durbar chronicles before and during the war, but they never resurfaced—probably burned! However, contemporary witnesses cited in ***Some Original Sources of Punjab History*** (see Archives*), say that both *Sham Singh Attariwala* and *Rani Jindan,* who were well aware of the disloyalties, had dissuaded the Khalsa from going to war. General Sham Singh returned 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!***

On February 10, 1846, *Sham Singh Attariwala,* dressed in white, gallantly gave his life on the battlefield of Sobraon. *"Tell my Sardarni that her Sardar won't be coming back home."* Hearing the news and knowing that the war

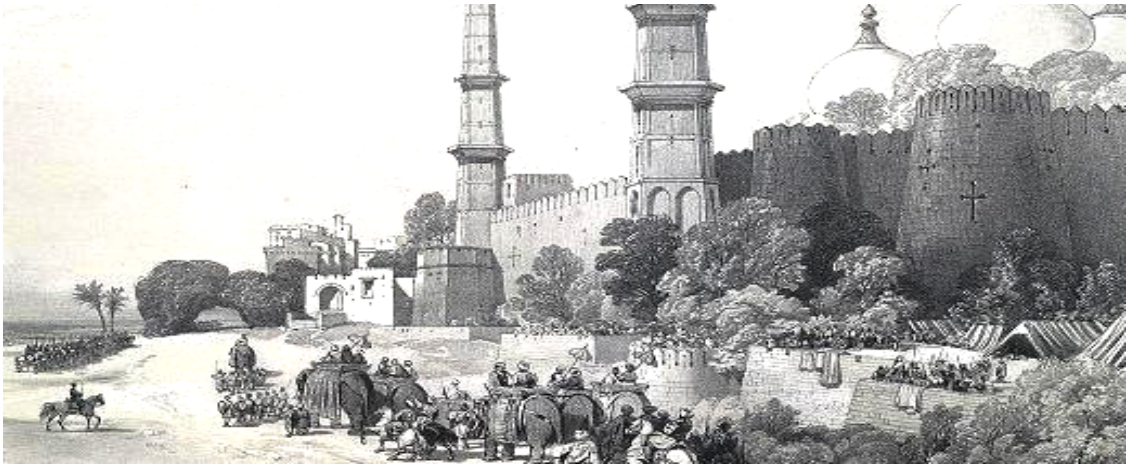
had been lost, Sardarni Mai Desa Kaur prepared for *sati* (self-immolation). ***Consumed by hatred and greed, the great Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh combusted from within!*** Had there been more chiefs like *Sham Singh Attariwala,* the *Sikh nation* might have preserved its independence, which, in their madness, they threw away.



General 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,* this was intended to last only until he reached his majority. At 16, he was expected to assume power. However, as we know, the *Second Anglo-Sikh War* erupted in 1848 while the British were languishing in Simla, confident that all was well. The British raised exorbitant taxes and also demanded arrears from Multan. As a result, its ruler, *Mulraj,* resigned, leaving the governorship to his heir. The British rejected this option and instead chose their own candidate. Mr. Vans Agnew, and Lt. Anderson arrived with armed escorts in Multan to install the chosen *Sardar Kahan Singh*. Mulraj handed the officers his *talwar* (sabre) and the keys to the fort, but they were attacked by irregulars and murdered by a mob the next day. Their escorts defected, and rebellion spread 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* condemned the British exile of the Maharani and joined the Sikh rebels. The bloody war raged on until the final *Battle of Gujarat* in March of 1849, when Chattar Singh Attariwala and his son, Sher Singh, surrendered.

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



Duleep escorted by British to the Lahore Palace

During the Second Anglo-Sikh War, while imprisoned, Rani Jindan supported the rebellion with a hidden crore of rupees to fund the troops.

Rani Jindan's letter to Mulraj and Sher 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, this one surely sealed her fate. The authenticity of her breathtaking words may never be known, as the letters were intercepted and the funds confiscated! Jindan then escaped from Chunar in April 1849, trekking 800 miles to Nepal in hope of refuge. Meanwhile, her son Duleep, living under tight restrictions, was escorted to the British cantonment at *Fatehgarh*. Four years later he was exiled to Great Britain.

Mother and son did not meet for 13 years. Then, after years of diligent surveillance and the rigorous interception of their 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 *First Opium War*. By 1861, *the Second 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 fearful of renewed rebellion that they wanted Jindan out of India, even offering the return of her jewels as an incentive. In London, the officials heard that she was half-blind from years of tears, and became convinced that she was no longer a threat, and gave their permission for Rani Jindan to travel to Britain. They requested that Duleep forgo his tiger-shoot and return to England with the Rani ***on the very next steamer!***



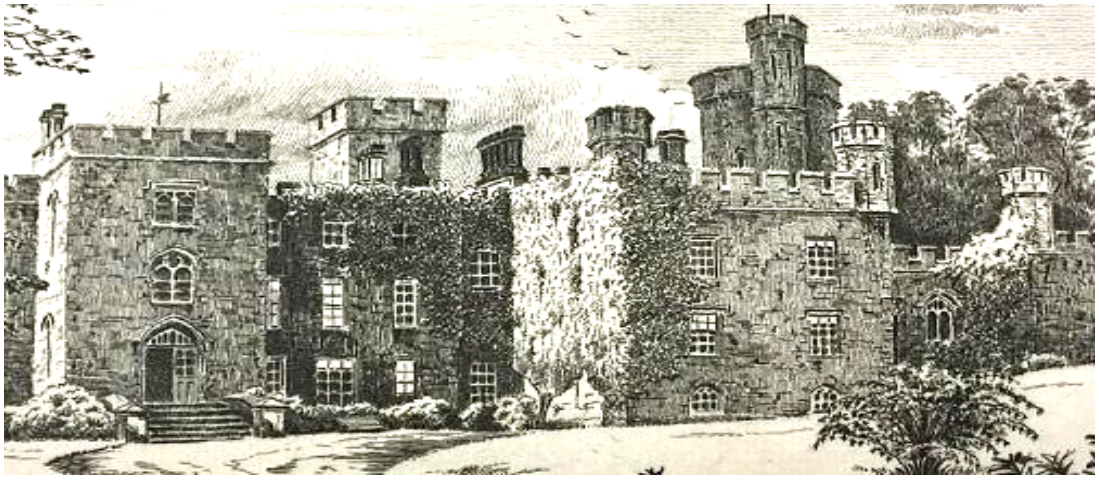
Lady Lena Campbell Login



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, and 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 and lived with him at his rented Mulgrave Castle. Login thought it unwise 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."*** Suitable arrangements were made for the Rani to be cared for by an English lady at Abington House, Lancaster Gate, Kensington.



Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, England

During their precious time together, Jindan told Duleep about the vast wealth of his family estates. She spoke of the enormous palaces, the jewels, heirlooms, and the jagirs—*income villages*—worth untold billions. She told him about the massive income from their salt mines, which alone was worth £100,000 GBP per annum, *equivalent to £10,500,000 today.* In addition there was the *Koh-i-Noor diamond,* all of which was family property. She also told the tale of the "***Guru's Prophecy,"*** in which a deposed prince regained his empire. Duleep then wrote to Login, requesting the ***Punjab Blue Book*** and a suitable artist to paint a portrait of his mother.

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

Meanwhile, Duleep commissioned George Richmond to paint Jindan's portrait. Her health was by then very delicate. Her repeated pleas to return to India were denied. Then, after moving to the Kensington house



Maharani Jindan Kaur

with her cheerful English lady caretaker, and separated from her son, she became seriously unwell. Duleep came down from Scotland to look in on her and sent word to Login: ***"She said she was feeling better at my arrival."*** The following day, on ***August 1, 1863,*** Jindan died in her sleep at the age of 46. Duleep would never have allowed her to leave Mulgrave Castle, and she would not have departed had she been gravely ill. ***Given the tensions the British felt surrounding Jindan's presence, her death in 1863 proved convenient—even fortuitous—as it served British interests.***

'***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)

Two months after Jindan's death, on October 18, 1863*, Sir John Spencer Login*—the only father Duleep had ever known—died suddenly while recovering from a cold. Login had returned to Britain three months earlier after over- seeing the Indian railways *and investigating Duleep's 'Blue Book' affairs.* The timing seemed suspicious. Login was 54 years old. As Duleep had just lost his mother and his surrogate father, he 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

The question ***"What to do about the Rani?"*** became *"What to do about the Rani's body,"* because cremation was illegal in Victorian Britain. So Jindan's body was interred in the *Dissenters' Chapel in Kensal Green Cemetery*. In 1863, a London newspaper reported a strange incident: ***"The veiled maha-rani continued to haunt the house where she died, even after the church brought in an exorcist."*** The British feared further uprisings, so they denied Jindan's wish to be cremated at the Lahore samadhi of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. In the spring of 1864, Duleep was finally given permission to take Jindan's body to India for cremation —*and that was when the hauntings stopped!*

Duleep—the 2nd acknowledged biological son of Ranjit Singh and, in this life is a mirror image of Swami Rajneesh. On his way to India to fulfill his filial duty—stopped in Cairo, Egypt, to find a bride. *Egypt? That surely felt like a sign.* The day I met Swami Rajneesh, we walked around Qutb Minar. We laughed at the flying creatures that seemed to gather into a jeweled turban on his head. Were they revealing the truth? Another curiosity haunts me. Rani Jindan died on ***August 1, 1863,*** and Mohammed Ali Pasha died on ***August 2, 1849***. This raises a question: Could Duleep's soul be the unborn son of Mohammed Ali? *As the coincidences multiply, my quest continues— can I now expose the volumes of deception?*



Maharaja Duleep Singh Swami Rajneesh

Before her highly suspicious death, Jindan did not merely inform Duleep of his stolen wealth, she also told him about ***'The Guru's Prophecy.'*** According to the prophecy, the Guru's next incarnation would be named "*Dipa" or*

"Deep," which sounds similar to Duleep. He would marry a Christian girl and lead a war between *the Bear* (Russia) and *the Bulldog* (Great Britain). At first, he would fare poorly, but he would finally emerge victorious and rule the whole of India. *The Guru's Prophecy* was spread 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 first part of the prophecy had come true, but the second part had yet to unfold.

Duleep was raised by tutors. The British called him ***the Black Prince.*** He adorned royal wedding ceremonies and was now a proper Christian, but he was still not considered an acceptable marriage partner in white English society. Meanwhile, he was completely cut off from Indian society.



Duleep at Prince of Wales Wedding 1863

Duleep wrote to Login from Calcutta: ***"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."*** When Jindan first told Duleep about the *Guru's Prophecy,* it had little effect. But years later, when he was married with six children and was 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 urge Duleep to return to the *Sikh faith.* While he was stripped of his properties, the financial pledges made in the treaties were never fulfilled. Duleep's 40,000 stipend became 12,000. Jindan's 150,000 became zero. *"The Doctrine of Lapse,"* imperial greed dressed in legal robes, was applied when there was no recognized legal heir. It allowed Britain to absorb all of his possessions. Duleep rented a flat in London to be near his

research, and becoming a persistent gadfly. But years of legal action yielded nothing. Duleep's children, Queen Victoria's godchildren, were, like Duleep himself, not allowed to inherit anything. So Thakur's telling of t*he Guru's Prophecy* had a stronger resonance. After living as a pampered prisoner, Duleep was returning to the Sikh faith and renouncing the Christian faith of his wife, Bamba, and his six children.

In 1886, Duleep wrote an impassioned letter to his countrymen: ***"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 packed up his family's possessions and boarded a ship for India. However, the British would not allow him to travel there and arrested him in *Aden*, just off the coast of *Yemen*, a coal refueling stop for ships. Inside the extinct volcano, the heat was unbearable for his family, who returned to England. The Sikh sardars came to Aden to administer *Pahul*, and the heartbroken Duleep went to Paris to begin a ***revolution against the British Empire!***

In Paris, Duleep met with Irish rebels and Russian diplomats, where he issued a proclamation: ***"Brother princes and nobles and beloved people of Hindustan,"*** and declared himself: ***"Sovereign of the Sikhs and implacable foe of the British."*** He implored them to revolt against the British Empire. He then traveled to St. Petersburg, Russia, under the assumed identity of an Irish rebel, accompanied by *Ada Witherhall, his pregnant mistress and a British spy*. ***The network of spies was so efficient that his movements were reported simultaneously in London and Simla.*** Like falling dominoes, his co-conspirators—Indian, Russian, and French alike—were either poisoned or died of natural causes. A year later, in 1888, the frustrated Maharaja returned to France. He wrote to Queen Victoria, who wore the diamond in a brooch on her breast, demanding the return of the *Koh-i-Noor*, which was now her personal property. He intended to use it to finance an *Indian rebellion, and to attempt to fulfill the Prophecy*.

Madam, ***23rd February, 1889***

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 Admin-

istration, 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

By 1890, after a stroke left Duleep paralyzed he was reduced to begging for the queen's forgiveness. During their final meeting in France, Queen Victoria forgave him in a tearful reunion. She later wrote 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 October 22, 1893, Maharaja Duleep Singh died of a stroke, alone in a hotel in Paris, and was buried in *Elveden Cemetery*, as a Christian, not as a

Sikh. When Victor, Duleep's eldest son, married Lady Anne Coventry, she was summoned to Buckingham Palace and given chilling orders by Queen. Victoria. Victoria instructed her that ***she must have no children and must live abroad with her husband, and that they were never to visit India.*** Princess Victor Duleep Singh followed that command throughout her life.

Duleep Singh gave Queen Victoria the Koh-i-Noor diamond, & Victoria gave him a wreath! Of his eight children—six with Bamba and two with Ada—all died issueless. This was the second part of *The Guru's Prophecy, thus ending the Dynasty of India's great Maharaja Ranjit Singh.*

* * *

History regards Maharaja Ranjit Singh as one of India's greatest rulers. He is often compared with *Mohammed Ali Pasha* since they were contemporaries who established strong states and modernized their regions with European military tactics, and both employed multi-religious courtiers. This is the tale of two sovereign modernizers beset by the same man, *Palmerston*, with the same imperial doctrine. Secret, confiscated letters revealed that Ranjit Singh wanted to unite the other Indian rulers to expel the British.

The *Saraswati River of the Mahabharata and Harappan culture*, are one of the world's earliest civilizations, which flourished from 3000 BCE in this region. The "*land of the five rivers," Punjab, comes from the Persian words 'panj', meaning five, and 'ab' meaning water.* Following in the tradition of *Guru Nanak*, the founder of the Sikh faith, it emphasizes the oneness of God, the equality of all humankind, the rejection of caste, and a direct spiritual connection without priests. *Maharaja Ranjit Singh,* known as, *The Lion of Punjab,* united the Sikh tribes in *nationalism*, as their goals were in common. In 1799, at the age of 19, Ranjit Singh took control of Lahore from the *Afghan ruler Shah Zaman.* In 1802, he defeated the *Bhangi Sikhs,* and proclaimed himself *Maharaja of the Punjab.* ***By 1813, he had brought the Koh-i-Noor back to India.*** In 1819, Kashmir came under his rule. Blind in one eye from childhood smallpox, when Governor-General Auckland asked Foreign Minister Azizuddin, which of the Maharaja's eyes were 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."***

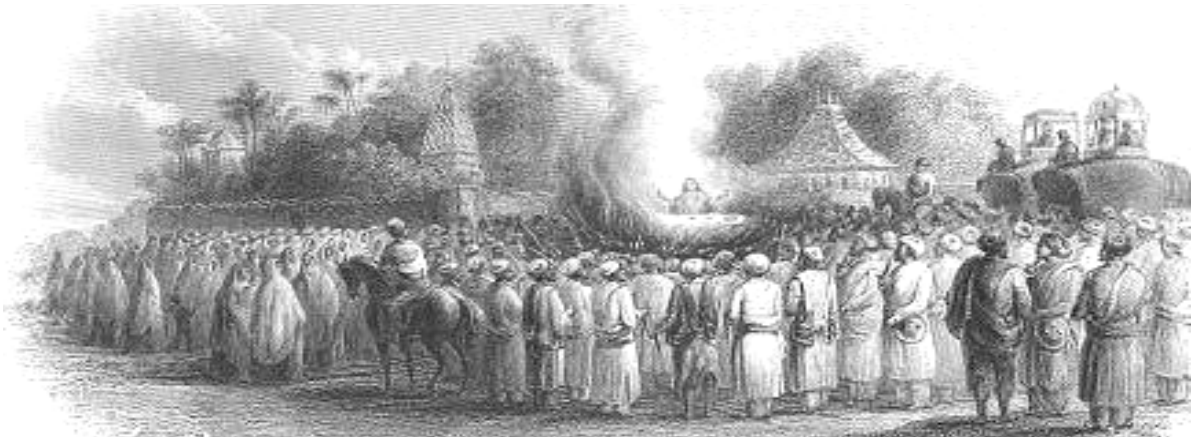


The Golden Temple, Amritsar

Ranjit Singh once went incognito among his people to see if they were happy. In 1809, he renovated the *Harmandir Sahib,* known as *the Abode of God,* and poetically crafted it in white marble. In 1830, he overlaid it with gold leaf, and it has since been popularly called ***The Golden Temple***. The *temple is 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 within each of us.

Alexander Burnes, in his 1834 book, *Travels into Bokhara,* 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 .'***

The 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 them-

selves 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 tom 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 recurring images of this great man guided my investigation. ***The only recorded images of a man performing a 'mudra' are of Ranjit Singh and Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka Osho***. *Mudras* are hand positions that link the brain to the body; they are used to soothe pain, release endorphins, and increase vitality. *Curiously, Ranjit Singh and Osho have a striking facial likeness. Both lived to be 59 years old, and both had a penchant for the same style of headwear. This reminds me of Einstein's quote: "Coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous."*

…



Maharaja Ranjit Singh



Osho



Maharaja Ranjit Singh

Bhagwan Rajneesh was born into a *Jain* family. The spiritual goal of *Jainism* is to become liberated from the ***endless cycle of rebirth*** and to attain the all-knowing state called ***"moksha,"*** or ***final liberation.*** *Moksha is attained by removing ignorance.* Rajneesh later became a professor of

philosophy at Jabalpur University. Those familiar with Osho's discourses will know of 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 Pune on ***January. 19, 1990,*** and *Swami Rajneesh Agarwal* was born in Calcutta on ***January 20, 1961.*** These consecutive dates strike me as evidence that argues against *discrediting* ***Duleep's parentage!*** So, how many coincidences does it take before it is no longer *a coincidence? How many coincidences before it becomes destiny?* There's more: in 2007, *Swami Rajneesh,* whom I hadn't seen in years, sent me his autobiography, ***Tears of the Mystic Rose.*** Born into the *Agarwal industrial family of Bombay,* he attended private schools in the Himalayas. After the defamation and death of *Vimi*, his film-star mother, he went to live with his aunt in New Delhi. He had no desire to join the family steel business,

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 of 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 cabinet in my uncle's library. Until she could manage the keys, she'd send me some magazines.

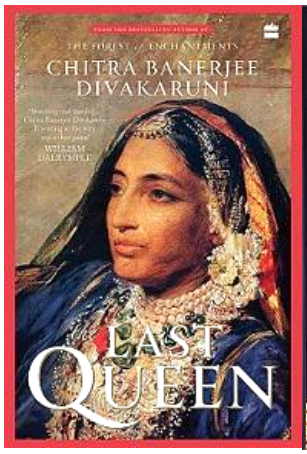
'I remember it as if it happened yesterday. The very moment I saw the Sannyas Magazine with his face on the cover, those eyes and that beard, it was as if time stopped and my heart beat rapidly, everything in the room began to reel and spin. I almost fainted. —The very same eyes that had haunted me for 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.'

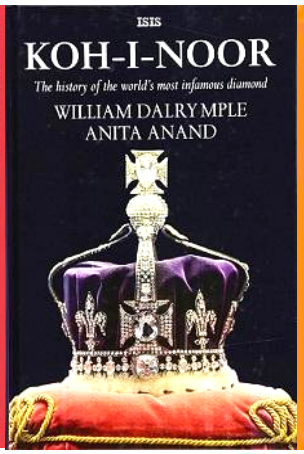


Swami Rajneesh went through years of trials and tribulations to reach his master, Osho. To resolve the rivalry at the ashram, Osho said, ***"He's spelling Rajnish wrong. It should be spelled R-a-j-n-e-e-s-h, the same as mine!"*** At the end of his book Swami Rajneesh wrote: *'Osho—Never born, never died, he only visited planet Earth between December 11, 1931—January 19, 1990. Swami Rajneesh born January 20, 1961—died January 19,1990—reborn January 19, 1990.'*

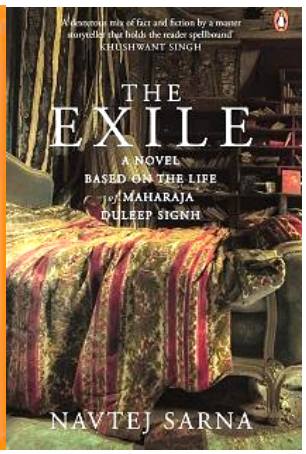
The dates also felt significant to Swami Rajneesh. I would like to quote Carl Jung: ***"Astrology is the language of the universe; it is synchronicity on a cosmic scale."*** Another curious date is *The Mexican Healer's birthday, January 18. Once I saw it, I couldn't unsee it! I.K. Brunel and Oliver Stone used the same date for death and rebirth. Here, however, we see souls connected by sequential birth and death days, as with Ali's and Jindan's sequential death days.* Is it another sign or pattern? Nevertheless, it is another reason why I believe that Duleep is now Swami Rajneesh.

P. S. ***No passion can surpass a mother's eternal love for her son, nor a soul's eternal quest for the Truth!*** I am not the only one delving into the ***Fall of the Sikh Empire and the rightful ownership of the Koh-i-Noor.*** Since my 2006 past-life regression, there has been a resurgence of books and films about *Maharani Jindan, Maharaja Duleep Singh, and the Koh-i-Noor.* Meanwhile, former colonies demand the return of their *stolen loot!* In 2010, Prime Minister David Cameron said, ***"If you say yes to one, you sudden- ly find the British Museum is empty."*** Because of these controversies, *Camilla* chose not to wear the *Koh-i-Noor* in her crown at the coronation *of King Charles*. Meanwhile, Jindan's jewels are routinely sold at auction. Some estimates say the British Empire took ***'$45 trillion dollars of stolen loot from India! London ended up with all of the gold and silver that should have gone to Indians in exchange for their exports.'***
https://www.aljazeera.com/opinions/2018/12/19/how-britain-stole-45-trillion-from-india



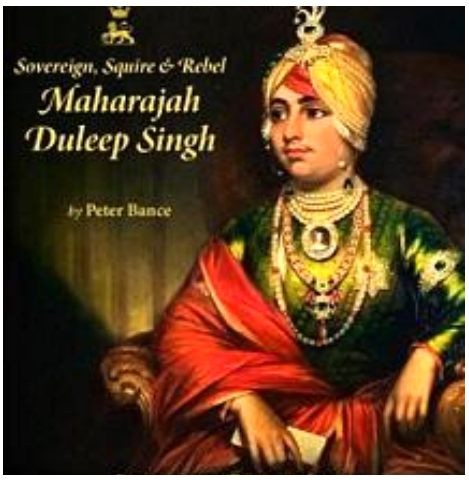








The Black Prince Trailer 2017
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R2TTXSPVn8c



Oh, so many coincidences! It is nice to see Jindan's favorite *seed-pearl earrings* worn in *my ivory miniature*, which I found in a curio shop decades before this auction. But where is Jindan's *matching chand tikka, seen in my ivory miniature and in the Richmond portrait? The ivory miniature matches Jindan's image in the Rambagh Museum as well as my youthful image.* The earrings come with a paper trail. The velvet box is printed in gold and has been independently verified as having belonged to Jindan Kaur, which helps justify the premium price of £187,000 GBP and confirms the earrings' authenticity.



Bonhams silk velvet cases are inscribed in gold print with: *'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 exhibits globally.*

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



Emerald necklace £187,000 **Seed Pearl/Emerald Earrings** **Seed Pearl Necklace**

Bonhams £187,000 gbp



Ivory miniature V&A Museum



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

*M*y investigation into *Jindan's Soul* returns to where it began: ***"Larry-Harry Flashman's Mountain of Light."*** I discovered the *source* of the *myth* about Jindan's role in *the Anglo-Sikh Wars*, which is still treated as *"an eyewitness account"* and was later satirized by MacDonald Fraser in *Flashman & The Mountain of Light.* The source is *George Carmichael Smyth's 1847 work*, *"History of The Reigning Family of Lahore with Some Account of the Jummoo Rajahs"—note the **1847** date, when Jindan was exiled.* Smyth's preface is dedicated to Major Broadfoot: ***"Notwithstanding that the book was undertaken under the direction of Major Broadfoot, I would not have done so had it not all been true!"*** Although he never had any direct contact with *the ruling family,* his account came from the ***intelligence notes of Alexander Gardner,*** who *was* in Lahore and had, for years, "*supplied the British government with important information."* In other words, *Gardner was a mercenary and a paid British spy!* Until his death, Gardner was 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, which Gulab fomented,* ***Broadfoot was negotiating with Gulab to overthrow Lahore's government in exchange for Gulab receiving Jammu & Kashmir.*** No reply from Major Broadfoot is noted, but we do have *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, 1844–1848, Introduction, p. xvii: Hardinge's letters to his wife and friends repeat the myth that Jindan was a desperate woman fearful of the Khalsa army, and had sent it across the Sutlej River to its destruction. But this 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?'***

Smyth emphatically states what others have echoed: that ***"Jindan was not even a wife of Ranjit Singh,"*** while disparaging her as ***"The Messalina of Punjab,"*** a profligate woman who could not have given birth to *Ranjit Singh's legitimate heir. But alongside the countless 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 from the period before the Anglo-Sikh War were given by *Munshi Sohan-Lal-Suri,* who was in British pay, to Captain Edwardes and they have never resurfaced. But if Jindan wanted the army destroyed, ***why did she call on 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,"*** and who saw it necessary to imprison her. ***LOGIC*** *didn't evade Palmerston,* who saw it as necessary *to authorize her removal in 1863.* But somehow, the obvious escapes *so many authors.* The only one who kept fighting, who never relented, and who suffered the consequences—yet she was the mastermind? Any rational person can see ***that Rani Jindan was not to blame!***

Those who claim that the *Koh-i-Noor* was *given to Queen Victoria* as an expression of *Duleep's "free will" have lost their common sense. Seriously?* A 10-year-old boy, completely alone and torn from everything he knew, with his legitimacy under threat, surrounded by greedy, scheming foreigners? And if his letters to his mother had not been confiscated, they would have read like this:

Dearest Mother,

I have written so many letters but with no reply. I pray this letter reaches you. You were taken from me, they let me keep my toy! My fate was sealed. My language, my heritage—all gone… Only you, the great Maharani Jindan, can restore my true self to me. While I was a boy, I was moved to Britain, it is now my home, but in reality it is my prison. Completely alone, I was trapped! My Sikh identity was torn from me —I need your help to reclaim my true self. I am the son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and of Maharani Jind Kaur.

… Your son, Duleep Singh, the Last Prince of Punjab.



Rani Jindan & Maharaja Duleep Singh

LOGIC also eludes the thieves: Persia/Iran ***stole*** *the Koh-i-Noor* from Mughal India, Afghanistan ***stole*** it from Persia; and Pakistan and Bangladesh, have no historical claim to ownership. *Provenance* confirms that *diamonds were only found in India until 1725, when diamond mines were discovered in Brazil.* ***PROVENANCE alone determines legal ownership!***

CHAPTER NINE

Provenance of the Koh-i-Noor



Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor Armband

"A people without the knowledge of their past history
… is like a tree without roots"
Marcus Garvey

Chapter 9

William Dalrymple and Anita Anand, authors of ***Koh-i-Noor: The World's Most Infamous Diamond,*** 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?"*** Restitution is not hypothetical; in recent years it is already happening, case by case. Dalrymple ***tells the story of Lollia Paulina, the third wife of Roman Emperor Claudius, who in 38 AD was criticized by Pliny the Elder for her ostentatious display of Indian diamonds in her hair.*** Clearly, the ancient provenance of diamonds is India, and ***only PROVENANCE determines legal ownership.*** *Provenance is defined as the* ***source, place of origin, or the earliest known history of something,*** *and it is crucial for establishing the ownership, authenticity, and market value of items of historical and cultural significance. In other words, it is the historical record of a historical object from its creation onward.*

What can be older than the Mahabharata, which dates to around 3000 BCE? Yet somehow, these educated legal minds are so confused when they argue over the legal ownership of *Lord Krishna's Koh-i-Noor diamond.* The Mahabharata describes Lord Krishna wearing the *'Syamantaka diamond' on his arm* during the epic battle of *good over evil, which many believe to be the Koh-i-Noor. Still, the British argue:*

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

The occupying Mughals stole it from the Indians, the invading Persians stole it from the Mughals; the Afghans then stole it from the Persians; and, by diplomatic agreement—or perhaps by karmic destiny—Maharaja Ranjit Singh brought the Koh-i-Noor home. Are we to accept that these law-abiding British officials now claim that ***theft*** *has become* ***"legal provenance"?***

> ***'While the British acquired the Koh-i-Noor in 1849 after the 2nd Anglo-Sikh War, India, Pakistan, Iran, and Afghanistan all lay claim to it, citing various historical and cultural ties … 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:* ***Thefts are cultural ties?***

Let's review the *peace treaty* signed at the close of the *First Anglo-Sikh War* by the *7-year-old Maharaja Duleep Singh*, which provided that British forces would remain for one year ***"to protect the Maharaja and the citizens of Lahore during the reorganization of the Sikh Army."*** Then, in December 1846, the *Treaty of Bhairowal* was signed, replacing *Maharani Jindan* with a *British Council of Regency* and transforming the Sikh Kingdom into a virtual British protectorate. It was to continue until 1854, when the Maharaja would be 16-years-old. The cost of maintenance was borne by the State of Lahore. However, 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*, *even though the British were being paid to protect the peace.* Then, the British abused Chatter and Sher Singh Attariwala, provoking them to join the war. Nevertheless, *it was the provinces and the Afghans who waged the war, outraged by Rani Jindan's imprisonment, and not the Maharaja's British-controlled government.* At the war's conclusion, the *1849 Treaty of Lahore* dethroned the 10-year-old Duleep Singh, exiled him to England, and annexed the Punjab. This was also when the British East India Company seized the *Koh-i-Noor diamond as a spoil of war, which was Duleep Singh's personal family property, and was later given to Queen Victoria.*

With Duleep's mother in prison, when he was only 10 years old, he was forced to sign the ***Treaty of Lahore*** *on March 29, 1849, also known as the* ***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 critic of British policy in India, closes his 1882 book ***Annexation of the Punjaub, and the Maharajah Duleep Singh,*** and points to the illegality of seizing the *Maharaja Duleep Singh's personal treasury along with the Koh-i-Noor:*

> ***"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 <u>any allowance whatsoever</u>."***
>
> ***"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 <u>admits the terror</u>, 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 had been offered to 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 Koh-i-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.

This is a case of outright theft! The British never fulfilled their obligations *to protect the peace. They also failed to pay the Royal Family pensions. Yet they obscure these issues in legal word-salad*. Can *anyone argue that obelisks are not from Egypt or that cuneiform tablets are not from Mesopotamia, modern Syria and Iraq?* It's as clear as the *Indian elephant* in the room: ***Historically diamonds were known in India centuries before they were discovered in Brazil. So, whatever thief's hands it passed through, the Koh-i-Noor's provenance is INDIA…***

* * *

The Antiquities and Art Treasures Act of 1972 was enacted in accordance with the *UNESCO Convention* to regulate the international trade in antiquities. Its purpose is to prevent the export of India's treasures in order to preserve the country's cultural heritage. Unsurprisingly, Great Britain maintains that **"*the country of origin cannot invoke its rights of return to any artifact that left the country before the 1972 Antiquities Act came into force."*** How convenient, since most British looting occurred more than a century before these laws were enacted. 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*

.

4. *The Museum of Fine Arts in 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 the 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. In February 2026 the *Cambridge Museum of Archeology and Anthropology* will return 116 pieces to Benin and retain '*on loan',* a dozen others.

This spring, Mayor Mamdani said the words *"Koh-i-Noor"* aloud, and King Charles himself heard them. Britain responded as she always does: with a technicality—*'The King does not personally own the diamond; the nation does.'* Meanwhile, ***provenance,*** not paperwork, determines rightful ownership. ***And the provenance says India!*** While many artifacts have been returned, the *British Museum* restricts the return of its collections, while still failing to redress the colonial-era injustice.

Many Indian nationals have sought to return the legendary *Koh-i-Noor* diamond to India. *Pakistan,* which did not exist as a sovereign state until 1947, also claims ownership. Afghanistan's *Taliban* likewise made claims based on professed cultural ties to the *Durrani Dynasty (1747–1826)*, who took it from Persia's Nader Shah, who took it from Mughal India—although the Mughals were invaders and were never the original owners.

I will repeat, *Theft is a crime in every culture. This should not be confused with legitimate cultural ties, for the chain of earliest custody lies with India alone! Although Afghanistan is rich in minerals, diamonds have never been discovered there.* Nevertheless, that claim persists, while India's legitimate requests remain unanswered. Yet Great Britain insists on its right to keep the stolen gem, despite the historic crimes committed in acquiring it: *character assassination, abuse of a minor, and kidnapping. Still Britain continues to insist that it was a gift. I must wholeheartedly disagree!*

Now I will conclude my argument for the ***return of the Koh-i-Noor to India,*** by quoting the hypocritical words of British Prime Minister *Lord Palmerston. Henry John Temple served as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom twice, from 1855–1858 and from 1859–1865, during the Victorian era.* He was arguably one of the most powerful men of the 19th century. In Ireland, China, India, and Egypt, he was as brutal as any tyrant in history. His peers viewed him as follows: ***"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 two 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."*** Without further illuminating his dastardly deeds, I will quote *Lord Pumice-stone/Palmerston:*

"A robber is always liable to be made to disgorge."



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



CHAPTER TEN



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 10

"Destiny doesn't look upon you often, but when she does, one must seize the opportunity." — Leslie Simone Sutain aka Rani Jindan, June 2026

I begin my rebuttal of the *Propaganda Machine* with the Sikh author-historian, *Khushwant Singh.* In his 1962 book*, The Fall of the Kingdom of the Punjab,* he challenges this disinformation. He rebukes Gardner's 1898 *Soldier & Traveller,* for seeding the conspiracy that *Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra* engineered the death of *Nau Nihal,* the son and heir to Kharak Singh's throne*,* 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!'***

Khushwant Singh describes how the *Mughal-era Roshnai Gate, or "Gate of Light,"* built in the late 16th century, the main gate among the thirteen gates of the walled city of Lahore, was shaken for hours by the blasts of the funeral cannons. He writes that **'*the massive crowds wishing to watch the funeral procession pressured the structure, and 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 at precisely the exact moment when the heir, Nau Nihal, who was accompanied by Gulab Dogra's son, passed through it? It is unlikely that Dhian would sacrifice his own nephew and the many others passing under the falling masonry to injury and death.'***

Khushwant Singh expressed these views in rebuttal of claims that Rani Jindan was responsible for igniting the First Anglo-Sikh War:

> **'*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 Lal's message to the British actually came from Rani Jindan is also unknown. She was famously and fervently opposed to the British, yet there is ample evidence that P. M. Lal Singh, Chief Commander Tej Singh, and Gulab Singh Dogra, continued communicating with the British. There is also archived correspondence between Lord Ellenborough and the incoming Governor General, Lord Hardinge, in which they debated how to blame the Sikhs for provoking the war. However, there is no proof implicating *Jindan.* Yet most people still believe that the *Lahore Durbar*, along with the *Rani*, was responsible for provoking the soldiers to war.

Dewan Ajudhia Prasad's 1846 rebuttal of claims that Jindan was responsible for provoking the Anglo-Sikh War appears in:
Waqai-Jang-i- Sikhan: Events of the First Anglo-Sikh War.

> ***'Rani Jindan opposed the melancholy adventure and had not connived at it. 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 15, The Archives.)*

Even the impeccable Khushwant Singh could be taken in by Alexander Gardner's irresistible tales, as when he repeated Gardner's absurd account of Rani Jindan throwing Duleep over a tent wall, nearly killing him, at the time of her brother Jawahar's assassination.

> '***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 no stone unturned, and of obscuring the more serious allegations against Jindan, we need to examine just how far the propaganda has spread and how it has come to be what is called history. As noted previously, in 1847, Major George Carmichael Smyth published *A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore* at the request of Major George Broadfoot, who was preparing to exile Rani Jindan that same year. Smyth was also the man responsible for provoking the *Indian Mutiny of 1857.* He commanded

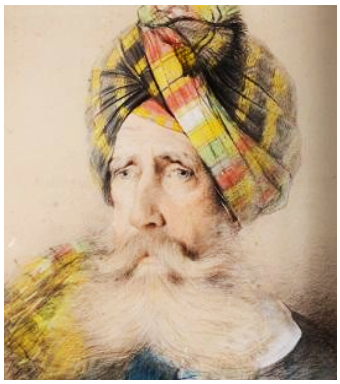
the *3rd Bengal Native Cavalry at Meerut.* His insistence on using pig-greased cartridges, which were against their religious beliefs, along with his harsh treatment of the sepoys, that led to the history-altering mutiny.

Many historians repeat Smyth's fabricated account of *"The Reigning Family"* as if it were *gospel*, although he never met any of its members,and was not in Lahore. Smyth says,

> ***'The following pages have been compiled partly from information collected from Sikh Sirdars and European officers, but chiefly from Captain Gardner, who for years supplied important information to the British government.'***

This quote implies that Alexander Gardner, the famed Scot-American mercenary with a fantastical past, was a British spy!

Gordana Sahib, as he was known, had been in Lahore since 1832, when *Ranjit Singh* hired him. He took part in a number of actions to destabilize the Sikh succession. After the *First Anglo-Sikh War,* Gardner was formally employed by *Gulab Singh Dogra, Britain's primary conspirator, while continuing to report to the British.*



Col. Alexander Haughton Campbell Gardner

In 2017, the *British historian John Keay* wrote "***The Tartan Turban, In Search of Alexander Gardner."*** In it, Keay examines Gardner's *'garbled notes'* and accounts written by people who had contact with him to reconstruct his story. Keay says that *"if his employment with the Sikhs is true, why not his travels? Anyone with a romantic bent must surely take his side."* Historians may debate Gardner's tales, but they can safely adopt his colorful descriptions.

'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 when he needed to eat or drink. His 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 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 is often dismissed as an exotic fraud, so how much of his story is made up can never be known. But Gardner admits that the events in Punjab was 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 protector, Beli Ram, and enriching his patron Gulab Singh. And so, because of these attributes, that <u>he was designated as the protector of Rani Jindan</u> <u>and the Court, while acting as a British informant for Henry Lawrence and reporting to him on all the events in Lahore</u>.' **so Jindan was being protected by the enemy —-who was a British Spy!*

Since *destiny* has given me this opportunity, it seems essential to compare what Smyth and Gardner wrote. I want to show where they differ, and which account is more believable, if either. Then the reader can decide. Keay says: ***"The British spy Alexander Gardner: saw more than he remembered and remembered more than he saw."*** George MacDonald Fraser cites Smyth, along with Gardner, as his source for *Flashman & The Mountain of Light,* and ever since it has been republished as gospel. The 1894 version, *lacking historical support,* was rejected by publishers as too preposterous.

Although it reads like a ***James Bond*** thriller**,** Alex Gardner's story is still titled ***"An Eyewitness Account of the Sikh Empire's Fall."*** Published decades after his death, the memoir invites us to see what *Gordana Sahib* has to say about Jindan in his *Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery in the service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.*

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

'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 Sohan Singh (son), 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. 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

Seriously? A 7-year-old, 50 lb. boy—far too large for carrying—was flung over a tent wall by his 110 pound mother wearing a sari? Unless the purdah wall whose purpose is to obscure women from public view, somehow failed to obscure its inhabitants! Besides, to what end? Jawahar was immediately killed and lay on the ground with fifty wounds. Meanwhile, other accounts say that the soldiers kept Duleep because they feared what the grieving Rani might do. Duleep was taken by the soldiers, and Jawahar was stabbed, shot, and brutally killed. There was no way to stop the madness. By the time Jindan was *"dragged away screaming—begging for mercy,"* and taken inside her tent, Jawahar was already dead! Yet Gardner writes: ***"Jindan held Dhulip up above the walls and flung her young son out of the tent but thankfully Dhulip was caught by a soldier, or the consequence might have been fatal."***

The quote above, **published 20 years after Gardner's death in 1877,** was repeated almost verbatim by historian Khushwant Singh and others. Thus, this version provided a basis for blaming Jindan for the war.

'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.'

Acclaimed as the 20th century's greatest novelist for exposing the horrors of colonialism, George MacDonald Fraser never shied away from comic historical drama. He even had Jindan dancing with the egg-sized *Koh-i-Noor* in her navel, but he didn't repeat the absurdity of throwing Duleep over a tent wall. Fraser's version of Jawahar's death runs to some ten pages and is pure theater. Jindan collapses over her brother's body, tears at her own clothes in grief, then turns on the army half-naked and smeared with his blood, looking, in Fraser's telling, like ***"a wrathful spirit from some ancient tale."*** She draws a curved sword, plants it point-first in the ground, and delivers a chilling threat to the men who killed her brother. She then turns and walks back to her tent, with no trace of grief left on her face. Fraser's *Flashy* says: ***"She is smiling."*** A clever subtle jab that reinforces Jindan as *"an evil genius."* Fraser's ***Flashman*** begins by saying that even he could never have imagined that someone more *'relentless than Ranjit Singh'* would now rule the empire, thus giving ***Jeendan*** unbridled power. Fraser stages an extended, sexually charged scene for Jindan, after her brother Jawahar's murder, and he cites Gardner and Smyth as his sources. His ten-page narration of the horrible scene in the *Mountain of Light,* is animated to the extreme: ***"A street cat is a better mother than the drunkard -sex-crazed Rani Jeendan!"*** This is proof of how far the propaganda had traveled by the time it reached him, second- or third-hand, 150 years later. Fraser describes ***Jeendan*** as *"a strange blend of the prostitute, the* tigress, *and Machiavelli's Prince."* Here is a taste of Fraser's *Flashman:*

'***Screaming her hatred: "Scum! Vermin! Lice! Butchers! Coward sons of dishonoured mothers! A hundred thousand of you against one-–you gallant champions of the Punjab—noseless bastard offspring of owls and swine who boast of your triumphs against the Afghans and prowess you'll show the British!'***

Thus, MacDonald Fraser delivers his satire on the Victorian era. He adds his voice to the popular propaganda that portrays Jindan as an *evil genius,* and compares her power to that of *China's Dowager Empress.* Yet Jindan and Duleep were always under threat from the moment the *Koh-i-Noor* was tied onto his five-year-old arm. In his notes, Fraser credits the British champion, *Carmichael-Smyth* and the mercenary soldier, *Alex Gardner*. But Fraser's *Flashman* never mentions Jindan tossing her son over the wall, nor does Smyth in *"The Reigning Family."* While never as generous as they are with their propaganda*,* Fraser dismisses her in one particularly ugly line: ***"as unfit to be called a mother at all."***

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

Rebutting the claim that Maharani Jindan was an illegitimate queen:

It is widely believed that Jindan was a favorite of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. First let us compare Gardner's *Soldier & Traveller* on 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.'***

Gardner cites the marriage ceremony. Besides, only women who were married to the Maharaja were permitted to live inside the harem.

The above passage refutes the claim that Duleep was not the legitimate heir of Maharaja Ranjit Singh: Now let us see what Carmichael-Smyth says in *The Reigning Family:*

Chapter VII, Birth and Parentage of Duleep Singh *(pp. 91)*

'Dulleep Sing, 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 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 downright Booroowah, a pimp.'

Smyth spends several pages constructing a lurid sexual history of Jindan's youth. I can only say that Ranjit Singh—the man who ruled a prosperous, multi-religious region for 40 years—was no fool. Moreover, if *Jindan, aka Chunda,* had done even half of what is described here, namely that, ***"so loose and immodest was her conduct,"*** that she had, ***"more than one paramour in the very bazaars of Umritsir,"*** and that ***"numerous were the amours,"*** and was "***in criminal intercourse not only with one"*** — she would have been so riddled with disease as to be untouchable. She would have had so many abortions that Duleep's birth would have been impossible!

'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. He represented, that though the girl was then only thirteen or fourteen years of age she was in criminal intercourse not only with one Jewahir Sing Bussthenee, whose house adjoined his own, but that she had more than one paramour in the very bazars of Umritsir.'

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

Smyth not only denies Duleep's legitimacy; he also slanders both the Maharaja's character and Jindan's: ***"Runjeet actually encouraged and furthered the amours of this woman, who passed as his wife."*** Most libelous of all, he says the Maharaja would have had nothing to do with Jindan— *when in fact Ranjit Singh had named Duleep himself, as noted in Sohan Lal Suri's official records, the chronicle the propagandists neglected to burn!*

'Here she enacted a character almost similar to that which her father had performed before her, that of a licensed buffoon, her business to shame all, both men and women, who were in any degree less depraved than herself.' 'Numerous were the amours in which she was now engaged, some with others without the knowledge and consent of the Maharajah. 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,an indulged favourite of the Maharajah —and in nine or ten months afterwards the present Maharajah Dulleep Sing was born. Though everyone well knew, and none better than Runjeet Sing himself, the history of this child and its parentage. It is curious that the Maharajah on this and other 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, scruple to congratulate the old man, as though he were really the father of the babe.'

'The above is the true history of the lady who has acted so distinguished a part 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 <u>in February, 1837, the birth of Duleep Sing was announced to him,</u> his equanimity gave way, and he withdrew the light of his countenance from the happy father. It is to be remarked, however, that Gulloo then became ill of a disease which carried him off within a week of the birth of the child.'

For some reason, Smyth *gives Duleep's birth year as 1837, <u>a year earlier</u>* than all sources. By contrast, *General Hugh Gough* writes that Duleep was born *<u>a year after Ranjit's death</u>.* In a lengthy footnote Smyth contradicts his previous statement. He says that when Chunda/ Jindan was presented to Ranjit Singh in Amritsar, Ranjit was "***angered at her young age, expecting a girl of sixteen or seventeen."*** How could Ranjit not know her actual age if, as Smyth says, her father, Mannu, carried Jindan on his shoulders while he pestered the Maharaja to make her his queen?

Smyth portrays Jindan as a buffoon, like her father, yet he also argues that she cleverly manipulates *Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra* to rise to a high position of great power. And yet, despite all the murder and mayhem in the years after Ranjit Singh's death, she remarkably managed to keep herself and her son alive, while cast as both a buffoon and as an evil genius. Thus, the woman Lord Dalhousie said was: **"*The only one with a manly understanding of the Punjab,"*** and whom others describe as ***"The Messalina of Punjab,"*** Smyth dismisses as a buffoon!

The British used extensive propaganda to convince the public that their cruel actions were necessary. If Jindan had indeed been responsible for sending the Sikhs to their destruction, why did they burn the Court Chronicles from the period before the war? If those chronicles showed the rulers to be traitors,all the better! It was no secret that the British were India's occupiers and that they had their sights set on the Punjab.

Now, 175 years later, we have the evidence, we have receipts! We have the returning souls of these historical figures providing physical images, along with their consecutive birth and death dates, which I believe symbolize an eternal connection! Rani Jindan's character has been attacked and misrepresented for centuries, by the British propagandists and by authors who repeat these falsehoods. Were it not for these memories haunting my immortal soul, these lies would continue ad nauseam! You may think I've been obsessive in combing through the inconsistencies in the texts. That is because your character has not been so relentlessly demeaned, and you have not been blamed for destroying an empire! No one can change the past, but one can expose the truth.

Finally, if Jindan was actually in collusion with the British, and so determined to bring about the army's annihilation, why would she call on the heroic Sham Singh to save the day? He was the senior chief of the powerful Attariwala family, who were among her closest allies, and Duleep was betrothed to a member of that family. If she were pro-British, and negotiating with them, why did she not secure a deal? Why did she publicly oppose the traitor *Tej Singh* by Duleep refusing to place the tilak on his forehead? Why did she not retire to her palace with a pension of 1.5 lakhs and the jewels of the kingdom? The British had good reason to bring her to their side, if that 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 as though 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 untill her last breath, Jindan never did!



CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Life & Times of Maharani Jindan



Jindan Kaur

"Miracles sometimes occur, but one has to work terribly hard for them."
Chaim Weizman

Chapter 11

After painfully reading 175 years of the *Propaganda Machine,* including a Persian poet's scandalous verses claiming that Jindan supplied *fake gun-powder* to the army—*as if the "Mighty Sikhs" wouldn't know*—so finding an ally in my search for truth seemed unlikely. Yet two independent historians confirmed my position in, ***Life and Times of Maharani Jind Kaur****.* Their research paper exceeded my hopes because they fully support my rebuttal of the *Propaganda Machine.* I offer these excerpts from their *70,000-word PDF*, which includes footnotes and translations from Persian and Punjabi:

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

Their rebuttal of G. Carmichael Smyth's, *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 administrative 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.'

Study of the British portrait of Jindan as *"The Whore of Lahore"*: the paper's rebuttal: *"Numerous were the amours in which she was engaged, some with others without the knowledge and consent of the Maharaja":*

'<u>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</u>. Apart from this, this is in contradiction with other contemporary British writers. Edith Dalhousie Login, in the book 'Lady Login's Recollections,' wrote, "<u>He (Duleep Singh) and his elder brother, Kharrack Singh,</u>

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 Ranjit Singh was a great and able Sikh monarch whose word was law and who was answer-able 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.'***

An analysis of the web of conspiracies surrounding Duleep's legitimacy, propagated by British officials: they mercilessly used his legitimacy against him. Here are a few lines from *The Khalsa* dated *October 5, 1930,* written by of *Bhagat Laksman Singh*, who can 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****)***

Controversies surrounding Maharani Jindan's marriage to Maharaja Ranjit Singh have led to considerable ambiguity. "*Some English historians have refused to accept her marriage with the Maharaja. As in the case of*

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, the 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.'

Their rejection of MacDonald Fraser's depiction in *Flashman'and the Mountain of Light*—that *"even a cat is a better mother than the drunkard Jindan,"* and, Lady Login, stating that *"Jindan would abuse and terrify Duleep as a child,"* —suggests that the British were *"saving"* rather than *"abusing*" their *stolen Maharaja:*

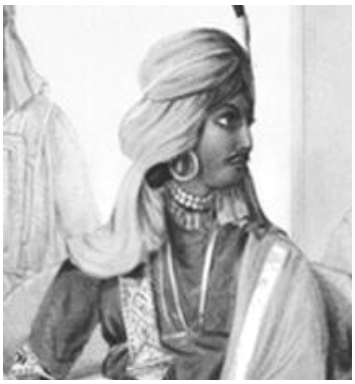
'Maharaja Duleep Singh's early years were carefully tended by his devoted mother Maharani Jind Kaur, who watched over him with jealous vigilance and indulged him as a characteristic Indian mother. From that time, however, Maharani Jind Kaur and her son lived under the care of Raja Dhian Singh Dogra.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

Dr. Login heard a rumor that Jindan was in love with Hira Singh Dogra, her wazir, and that he had rejected her, which led her to have him killed. It is well known that Hira had threatened to kill both herself and Duleep, and to place the late Maharaja Sher Singh's infant son on the throne if she did not stay in line. Meanwhile, it was Hira's uncle, the famously wealthy and handsome *Raja Suchet Singh Dogra,* who had managed Jindan's affairs for years and whom she actually 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 with 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.'



Hira Singh Dogra



Suchet Singh Dogra

'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 the 21st, in 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 Taxali Gate when they were noticed by a company of Sikh soldiers. The news was flashed to the military lines and a body of 6,000 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."

There has been much gossip about *Raja Lal Singh's* intimacy with Jindan, including the claim that she became pregnant by him and nearly died after aborting the pregnancy. This intimate relationship led some to believe that

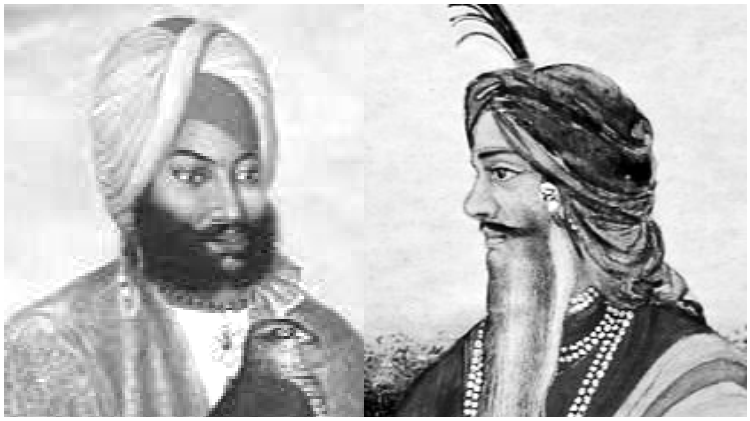
the two were united in their efforts to destroy the Khalsa Army.

'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 Jawahir Singh, and a high official in the all-powerful army. She therefore, naturally, 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 a 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 against the Panchayats. They wanted a release from the bondage of the Khalsa. They were apprehensive of the power of the army, and wished to remove it from Lahore.'

'Maharani Jind Kaur wished to save Punjab from the clutches of the British government. In the words of 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". 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.'



Raja Lal Singh **Raja Tej Singh**

Cui bono? Who benefits? Lal retained his power as wazir after the First Anglo-Sikh War, and General Tej Singh was appointed as Raja of Sialkot and granted vast properties by the British Resident, while Rani Jindan was stripped of power. *What more do we need to know?*

Following this, a persistent but unconfirmed rumor said that Jindan, apoplectic and physically ill over losing Kashmir to Gulab, threw a vase at Lal's head. To calm her down and regain her trust, Lal then mounted a failed attack against Gulab. This led to Raja Lal Singh's exile. On December 4, 1846, he was found guilty of conspiring to thwart the transfer of Kashmir to Gulab and was removed from the wazarat. He spent the rest of his life in Agra, the city on the road to Jaipur. And that's where my chipped ivory miniature found me, more than a century later.

Analysis of ***R. R. Sethi's Trial and Exile of Raja Lal Singh****,* of Rani Jindan's depiction as *"his hysterical lover."* Here, he argues that both Lal and Jindan deserve 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 tried 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, 'Hardinge Sahib has heard that Maharani Jind Kaur has invited a Russian envoy to Lahore to sign a treaty inimical to British interest in the region. Maharani Jind Kaur was a remarkable woman. Beautiful and amorous, Maharani Jind Kaur was a talented woman like Nur Jahan (Empress to Emperor Jahangir) 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 gunpowder 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 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 British resident at Lahore), "Maharani was the only effective enemy of the British policy in the whole of India."

* * *

Whether it is the "*Fall of Versailles"* during the *French Revolution,* the fall of the Mamelukes after the "*Massacre at the Citadel of Cairo,"* or the *"Fall of the Sikh Empire,"* it is easy to destroy a civilization. History has shown that it takes a *Mohammed Ali Pasha* or a *Maharaja Ranjit Singh* to rebuild society.

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. They took advantage of a vacuum created by political breakdown."*** I beg to differ. The British did far more than simply take advantage of the situation; the British actively contributed to the conditions that followed. To the authors and politicians who, driven by their boundless misogyny, incite popular passions by blaming Jindan for *"the fall,"* and who trumpet her sexual behavior as evidence, let me reiterate the historically recorded, indisputable facts:

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

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

Unrelenting, Lord Palmerston did not concern himself with the needs or welfare of the people; *he understood the map!* There were secret letters from Ranjit Singh indicating that he wanted to unite India's rajas against the British. There is no question that the British manipulated many of the divisions in the Punjab after the death of Ranjit Singh. Suchet Singh Dogra sent his wealth to British territory, preparing for his family's future. Peshora Singh was sent from the British side to Punjab to dethrone the young Duleep Singh, at the instigation of Gulab Singh Dogra, who was negotiating with Governor-General Henry Hardinge to obtain Jammu and Kashmir. Court chronicler Sohan Lal Suri and Col. Gardner were paid British spies who reported details to them. Munshi Sohan Lal gave Captain Edwardes the Durbar's daily diaries from the period before the war, and they later disappeared. Duleep's future father-in-law, Chatter Singh Attariwala, who served on the Council of Regency, was so mistreated by the Resident that he joined the rebellion during the Second Anglo-Sikh War and allied with his son Sher Singh, thus 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 ensured its timely destruction.

Sirdar Anant Bir Singh Attari, a seventh-generation descendant of *Sardar Sham Singh Attariwala* and custodian of the family's memory**,** offers a spirited defense of Maharani Jindan Kaur. He argues that British portrayals of her as immoral were a form of ***propaganda intended to delegitimize her regency and justify annexation.***

This is a cautionary tale. It is often said that all empires die from within. Mark Twain said: *"**History doesn't repeat itself, but it often rhymes."***

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Mythmakers



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Colonel of Artillery in the service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh

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1785-1849' by British 'Keepers of Records for the Punjab',
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Chapter 12

Something was keeping me up at night. While I thought I had uncovered all there was to complete my quest, I wondered: *the excavation must go on!* Was I being too literal in assuming that a ***memoir*** is written by the author or dictated to a stenographer or a close friend? So what if it was not? What if it was *third-hand?* Then one must ask who those second-and third-hand authors were. I had always assumed that Alexander Gardner personally shared his story with Major Pearse during his retirement, just as he had done after the war, with G. Carmichael Smyth. When I realized that was not the case, I was determined to learn more.



Col. Alexander Haughton Campbell Gardner, 1864

Who created *The Propaganda Machine*? Of course, we know that the British were behind it—but who were *The Mythmakers* behind these riveting stories? In Chapter 10, I rebutted the accusations about Rani Jindan's character, her legitimacy, and responsibility for the Anglo-Sikh War by exposing the falsehoods tactfully inserted by Major Pearse into Gardner's memoirs. But I still needed to know who these men were: the editors or the authors—and why the stories had been accepted as *"history."* Given that there is now a virtual library based on Alexander Gardner's memoirs and G.C. Smyth's book, which calls it *"an eyewitness account,"* how did this happen?

Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardner. Here is the most widely circulated account that blames Jindan for the war, a sketch so valued it is even featured in the book's introduction. But what if it was never told directly to Major Pearse, the book's editor?

'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 the Sutlej, I was acting as Raja Gulab's agent and factotum at Lahore, and in consequence had great power and influence.'

Alexander Gardner was a British spy. He acted as Gulab Singh's agent and as Jindan's guardian—or so we've been told! Was Jindan, in reality, being *protected by her enemy*? In the following excerpts from, ***European Adventurers of Northern India, 1785 to 1849,*** *by the Keeper of the Records of the Punjab, H. L. O. Garrett and C. Grey*, the authors suggest that historical records raise doubts about whether Gardner was ever trusted by Rani Jindan or even whether he occupied his claimed position at all.

European Adventurers of Northern India 1785-1849: ***'After the 1st Sikh War, Gardiner returned to the service of Gnlab Singh, having escaped active participation in the campaign, during which he alleges that he was employed as commander of the bodyguard of Rani Jindan, the regent, and was de facto Governor of Lahore. The latter statement is certainly incorrect, for we find no mention of it in the Records, in which such an important event would have been noted, and probably the former is as untrue.'***

Furthermore from the same text: ***'Writing in 1842 (Anglo-Afghan War) Henry Lawrence mentions that he had been *supplied with information by a Mr. Gardiner, an adventurer serving in command of six guns with Gulab Singh's artillery at Peshawar, the letter containing which had, at the writer's request, been destroyed. — The reasons are obvious, for what Gardiner's fate would have been had Gulab Singh obtained evidence of correspondence with the English is best left unimagined.'***

Now back to Gardner's book: ***A SOLDIER & TRAVELLER, Chapter XV***

'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, 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.'

Any correspondence with the British was never with Jindan. If it was, they certainly did not reward Jindan for her assistance.* ***Yet these damning words from a paid spy, or from the British authors, are reprinted and believed by all!*

'The pusillanimous and ignominious departure of Gen. 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 all individuals 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 countrywoman.'

'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 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. This will be a long war," he said. "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.'

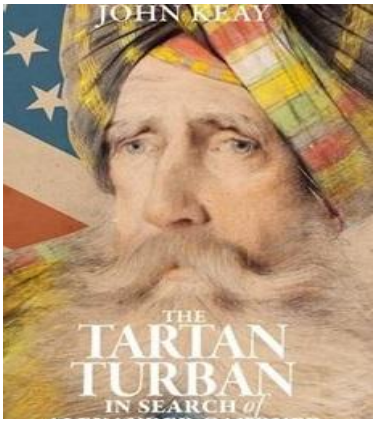
'A very dramatic scene took place between the battles of Ferosehah and Sobraon. The Sikhs were literally starved for want of rations. They sent a deputation of 400 picked Sikhs to Lahore to urge the dire necessities of the army — for three days they lived on grain and raw carrots. The Rani at first would 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 the 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!"

'A 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 Dhulip 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!'

If Gardner fabricated his claims of proximity in the petticoat scene—which depended on his being *"standing close to Rani Jindan"*, as the author and the editor of *European Adventurers of Northern India* refute in the following pages—how can anyone determine which statements are true? Keay says that Gardner's *"garbled notes,"* which came either from his daughter Helena or from EIC civil servant Frederick Cooper, were pieced together by Major Pearse. *The condition of Gardner's notes is not mentioned else where.*

Even *Fraser's Flashman* account has little to rival *Gordana Sahib*. If it was actually Gardner who crafted this tale—or if it was fabricated out of whole cloth—whoever wrote it presented it as history. The *petticoat tale* does not appear in *The Reigning Family,* which Gardner supposedly told directly to Smyth in 1847, after the Anglo-Sikh War. Yet, 20 years after Alex's death in 1877, these details were published in 1898. We are then told that Alex recited his story ***in 1864, to Frederick Cooper,*** a civil servant of the East India Company**,** who recognized the value of the stories and circulated it. But Cooper ***died in 1869, with his manuscript unfinished, and Alex's diary was lost.*** Still, it is never explained how the manuscript came into the hands of Major Pearse in 1894. So how did he piece together the tales in ***Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, published in 1898? That leaves a 25-year gap. Am I being too suspicious?***

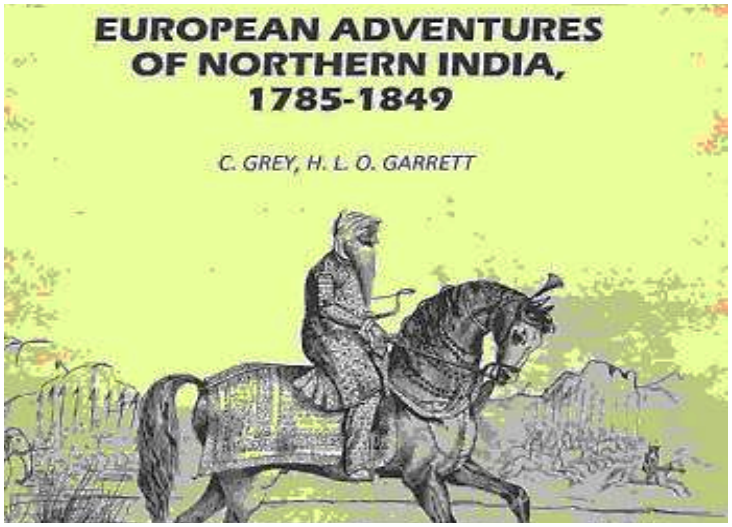
After the Anglo-Sikh Wars, Alex officially entered the service of Gulab Singh, who provided him with a comfortable income. Years later, possibly troubled by a guilty conscience, he wrote to newspapers about the deception he had carried out with the British. Alexander Gardner died in 1877 in Kashmir. And yet, despite its uncertain provenance, Gardner's story lives on.



In 2017, John Keay, the distinguished British historian who wrote 25 books on British India, Asia, and China, published ***The Tartan Turban: In Search of Alexander Gardner.*** Lavishly illustrated with photographs and prints, the book attempts to separate fact from fiction in the account of the Scots-Irish-American adventurer's travels, from Turkestan to the Hindu Kush, from the 1820s to the 1850s. ***"Gardner had seen it all, or had he?"*** Keay observes, ***"Gardner saw more than he remembered and remembered more than he saw."***

Keay claims to have discovered new archival material and now sides with *the believers*. Ultimately, Keay leaves it to the reader to make up their own mind—*which I have done, and then some!*

There is no doubt that Gardner lived in this violent era, but how *history* is recorded—and by whom—matters. In making the case for Rani Jindan, it i*s* crucial to know whether Gardner's memoir is authentic or whether it has been wholly or even partly concocted. It has already been established; that he was a British informant and that his fortunes were more closely aligned with Gulab Singh's interests than with those of Lahore's ruling family. In retrospect, from Jindan's perspective, Gordana Sahib was hardly her *knight in shining armor.*



***EUROPEAN ADVENTURERS IN NORTHERN INDIA, 1785 -1849*.**
In contrast to Alexander Gardner's false accounts, the British historians *Charles Grey and Herbert Leonard Offley Garrett, Keepers of Records for the Punjab,* defended the historical record by challenging these claims in their seminal 1929 book. Their book uncovers the darker, more unscrupulous side of colonialism and exposes figures like Colonel Gardner as ***"prize liars and deceitful operatives".***

The co-authors say that many of the men in the service of Ranjit Singh were *British deserters* who would *claim American nationality,* since Ranjit Singh did not want any *British spies* among his troops. *One man,* ***Josiah Harlan,*** known as *The Prince of Ghor,* was the figure on whom *Rudyard*

Kipling based his story ***The Man Who Would Be King.*** However, Harlan was the only true American. Ranjit Singh even made him Governor of Gujarat, saying: ***"If you behave well, I will increase your salary, if not, I will cut off your nose!"***

The British knew about the deserters. Some were pardoned, which allowed their deception to continue and avoided a rupture in their alliance with ***The Lion of Punjab.*** For the same reasons, claiming to be Anglo-phobic Americans served these mercenary soldiers well, as anti-British sentiments was common in the mid-19th century. In Chapter XIII, the authors suspect that Gardner may have plucked many of these stories from the adventurous men he met on his travels. The author/editors ask:

'Had Major Pearse contacted Punjab records to corroborate Gardner's stories, had Major Pearse probed a little deeper, the inherent improbabilities of the story would have been revealed, and prevented him from writing what is an interesting romance disguised as an historical memoir. The evidence we have adduced is quite sufficient to prove the unreliability of Gardiner's narratives, and to conclude, let us quote Sir Henry Yule's criticism of his travels, as set down in the preface to the second edition of 'Wood's Journey to the Oxus'. We also supply the omissions made by Major Pearse, who by so doing has converted condemnation or disbelief into support.'

'It is very doubtful whether Gardiner even got as far as Kabul, and the pathetic story of the melancholy deaths of his wife and son may be dismissed as purely a figment of the imagination. Sir Henry Durand and the others, with the exception of Major Pearse, were all misled by Gardiner, but as the latter wrote to the Punjab Government in 1894 asking for information concerning Gardiner, *(*after London publishers rejected the first version)* ***and had the reply returned 'that nothing whatever was traceable concerning that person', there is less excuse for Pearse accepting Gardiner's wild tale.'***

Another reference disputing the claim that Gardner was Jindan's guardian: ***'On the 22nd the Rani gave Dina Nath jewels for the amount of Rs.10,000 to advise her as to the means of flight. She was advised not to rely***

on Gardiner's levies, but to go with the sirdar and bring the young Maharajah into the camp of the brigade lately belonging to General Ventura. They departed towards Shalimar, but the troops sent parties to watch the roads leading everywhere but to the city, for the panches had decided to put the sirdar to death, and cut off the Maharani's nose as a woman of loose morals.'

'With the taking over of the Lahore administration by the British, complaints as to the former outrages and abuses were vociferous, and that concerning Gardiner and Jodha Ram and the former's punishment, is supplied by the following quotations: "February 13th, 1846. Pandit Jodha Ram came before me (Henry Lawrence) and complained that Mr. Gardiner had cut off his nose, his ears, and right thumb with a razor, by order of Jawahar Singh. He is awarded Rs. 500 and his forfeited jaghirs are now restored."
Henry Lawrence Political Diaries, Volume II, page 29

'This person, Jodha Ram, had succeeded to the command of Avitabile's brigade, and in this capacity had struck and abused Jawahar Singh. The whirling of time having thrown Jawahar Singh into supreme power, (as Wazir) he used it thus: *Jodha Ram was seized, and being brought into the Wazir's presence, was reviled and subjected to indignities, and sentenced to lose his right thumb, nose and ears. Being a Brahmin, no Hindu of any grade would undertake the execution of the sentence, nor would the Kotwal of Lahore, a Mussulman. He too refused; and we blush to record that the only man in Lahore who could be found to execute the barbarous decree was a European. Mr. Gardiner, or Gordana, in the Sikh artillery, took a razor, and with his own hands in cold blood, without personal enmity of any sort, inflicted the punishment which Sikhs, Hindus, and Mussulmans had shrunk from disgust. But then he was made a Colonel; and as Walpole observed;

'Every man has his price. The only thing is to find it out!'

'17th February, 1846. — The European Gardiner, who obtained the rank of Colonel for mutilating Jodha Ram by order of the late Jawahar Singh, is dismissed from the Khalsa service, his jaghir being forfeited and himself ordered to leave Lahore.' *Henry Lawrence Political Diaries, Volume II, page 92.*

'Naturally enough, Gardiner does not mention this incident which was the true reason of his being ultimately deported from Lahore, but alleges that it was due to the intrigues of Teja Singh.'

'Having been deported to Ludhiana, Gardiner remained there for some time, during which he was employed by Major Carmichael Smyth, then engaged on his History of the Reigning Family of Laliore, to furnish the ground work of most of the accounts of the Punjab, from 1841 downwards, and though Gardiner's veracity is usually suspect, his statements in this are corroborated by Lawrence, Cunningham, and McGregor. Smyth, like so many others, seems to have been impressed by Gardiner, for he remarks: "My information has been derived from Mr. Gardiner, an officer of the Sikh artillery, one of the few who have not grown rich in that service. For the last thirteen years, he has, 1 believe, held the rank of Colonel, but as his pay has been much reduced of late, and he has now only charge of six guns, I have merely given him the rank of Captain. He long foresaw in the political hemisphere of Lahore the storm that had taken place, and after the death of Hira Singh, when Colonel Cortlandt was anxious to return, and Col. Mouton actually did return to the Sikh service, Colonel Gardiner was most anxious to leave it, and Major Lawrence kindly endeavoured to procure him an appointment, but he did not succeed.' *(So Major Lawrence wanted to reward a deserter, his spy.)*

'In the year 1864, Mr. Frederick Cooper, an Indian Civil Servant, celebrated for his ruthless annihilation of a rebel sepoy (author of: 'Crisis in Punjab' 1857 Rebellion) regiment with the aid of a few policemen, was deputed to Kashmir for the summer. At Srinagar, he learnt of the existence of an old European, then a pensioner of the Kashmir Government, and formerly an officer in the forces of Dhian Singh Dogra, Maharaja Rangit Singh, and Gulab Singh Dogra. Having made his acquaintance, Cooper became so interested in the ancient tales of blood and long past history that he set down some accounts of Gardiner's career himself, and also interested others. The result was that an article entitled, "A Soldier of the Olden Time" was published in 1883 by Sir Henry Durand *(*British Foreign Secretary of India 1884-1894)* ***and following this, in the year 1898, Major Hugh Pearse published a complete memoir entitled: "Soldier and Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Gardiner."***

'The material was said to have been collected from information supplied by Gardiner himself, and notes taken by Cooper. The author bewails the absence of a diary, which Gardincr was said to have written during many years of travelling, and carried about with him disguised as a Koran. —- Unfortunately, Gardiner had lent the major portion of this diary to Captain Alexander Burnes, with whom it was burnt when that officer was murdered at Kabul in 1841. (So only 'garbled words' written by Gardner exist?)

'In support of Gardiner's statements, the testimony of Sir Richard Temple and Sir Henry Durand is adduced, as well as that of some eminent 19th century geographers, or travellers, some of whom were said to have come into contact with Gardiner. Sir Henry Durand wrote:

> ***'But there is no mistake about the high heart, the undaunted courage, the unflagging will. Colonel Gardiner's magnetic influence must have been great. That such a man should have been so little mentioned in the history of the times is a marvel. But we must remember that he was a man without country, though England or any other country might have been glad to claim him.'*** *(the 'Durand Line' divides Afghanistan from Punjab)*

'Sir Richard Temple is as enthusiastic as Durand. He remarks* —

> ***'Gardiner's life history, though not so complete as it might have been under the auspices of the narrator himself, well deserves the attention of our rising manhood in the British Isles. Though not relating to the British dominions, or the British service itself, it shows what men of the British race can do under stress of trial and suffering. It illustrates the self-contained spirit of adventure in individuals which has done much towards the founding of the British Empire, and may help in extending the empire to all quarters of the globe.'***

By all appearances, ***Sir Richard Temple, 1st Baronet*** (8 March 1826 – 15 March 1902), was a gentleman, poet, and scholar. He served as private secretary to *Lieutenant Governor John Lawrence in the Punjab*. In 1868, he became a member of the Supreme Government of India, first as foreign secretary and then as finance minister. Temple was also an author, historian,and public speaker. Major Hugh Pearse asked him to write the

introduction to *Soldier & Traveller,* and Temple's name gave the book greater credibility and authenticity**.**



Sir Richard Temple

Sir Richard Temple's Introduction to *Soldier & Traveller.* In an excerpt from his 20-page introduction, Temple presents Gardner as a mythical figure and also reveals his opinion of India's most revered leader. He calls the great Maharaja Ranjit Singh, who used to go incognito among his people to see whether they were happy, a robber. This minister of the British Empire, who plundered India of itswealth writes:

> ***'In the absence of any account from the author, I may explain to our reader the character of Ranjit Singh's civil rule in a few words, — having myself had to study it while the memory of it was fresh among the people, and while evidence on every point was forthcoming. It was as bad as it dared to be with such people as the Panjabi — just that and no worse. It took all that it could venture to take from the people — that much and no more.'***
>
> ***'Still, Gardner gives us much material for the historical completion of the portraiture of Ranjit Singh, who — considering his comparatively humble birth, his mean bringing up with really no education, his want of personal gifts, the disadvantages arising from debased habits and the lowest life — was the most extraordinary native that ever rose to power in India within modern times, — power effectively great and long sustained over the manliest race on the Indian continent — personal, too, to himself alone, so that when it dropped from his dying hands no successor could be found to take it up.'***

Sir Temple's concluding statements in *Soldier & Traveller*:

'These Memoirs, published just half a century after the event, corroborate the conclusion formed by many, as I remember, after the first Sikh war in 1845-46. On the death of Ranjit Singh in 1839, Sikh rule in the Panjab became an impossibility. The members of a brave but unruly confederacy, extending over the Land of the Five Rivers, had been united and held together by the rough genius of Ranjit Singh, but never welded nor consolidated. He was not statesman enough for such consolidation, being merely a rude organiser, and a fighting commander without being a soldier in any higher sense. On his death it became, from Gardner's narrative, clearer than ever that four parties clutching were with lethal violence at each other's throats — the Court party, the so-called blood princes, the Dogras (Dhyan Singh and Gulab Singh), and the Sindhanwala chiefs. Above all was an unmanageable army acknowledging no power but its own.'

'The destruction of all these elements, the one by the other, was about happening when the first Sikh war broke out. On a retrospect we may almost regret that the British Government could not then annex the country, the native rule having become demonstrably impossible. That would have saved all the bloodshed in the second war. As it was, a further respite was allowed in the hope of better things. But the fire of disturbance burst forth worse than ever. The second war had to be undertaken, and after that the annexation of the Panjab became inevitable. <u>If anyone should doubt the ultimate necessity of that annexation, let him consult these Memoirs of Gardner</u>.'

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE

Sir Temple's introduction is lengthy. Although it offers extravagant praise for Gardner, it is filled with lurid examples, his personal opinions, denigrating remarks about India's greatest maharaja, and colorful dramatic scenes involving Jindan. In one passage he describes the death of Jawahar while Jawahar was riding an elephant alone! In Temple's version, however, *<u>Jindan is holding Duleep on her elephant rather than Jawahar</u>*—a claim that is implausible and is in conflict with Gardner's account on page 260 and in all other reports.

Page xxx: ***'There is now an infant Maharaja as sovereign with his mother as regent assisted by her brother who is unpopular with the army. All three are summoned to attend a great parade. They come in state, she with the boy on one elephant and he on another. Her elephant is made to kneel down, she with her boy is dragged shrieking to a sumptuous tent; then the brother's elephant is made to kneel and he is promptly dispatched in the face of the army…***

Temple's version makes no sense. Jawahar must have been holding Duleep if he was to present himself as the young Maharaja's uncle and protector. Even so, the 300-page book and appendix are well footnoted and detailed. ***However, there is no mention of the condition of the missing manuscript or of how Major Pearse came into possession of it 25 years after Cooper's death!*** Meanwhile, Temple, while not claiming Gardner as a British subject, adopts his attributes as if he were one.

Conclusion of *European Adventurers of Northern India, 1785-1849.*

'Those who vouch for Gardiner may be divided into two classes. Firstly, the high-minded and unsuspicious gentleman who, having experienced strange things himself, can credit that others may have undergone even stranger, and, secondly, that not-uncommon class who, having wielded great power and absolute authority, and enjoyed the slavish deference which accompanies such in India, becomes so convinced of their own awfulness that they cannot suspect that any person of low degree would lie to or deceive them. We are of the opinion that he was an Irishman, born in the town of Clongoose, and an ordinary deserter from the British service, Army or Navy.

'It may be thought that we have devoted considerable space to exposing Gardiner's pretensions, but our reply is, that as from time to time he crops up as a person of considerable importance in Ranjit Singh's service, it is our duty to destroy this myth. Only a year ago we saw a portrait of Gardiner, and another romantic account of his experiences in the "Sphere," and it may be that others, unseen by us, have also appeared, or may again appear. Let us then, now relate Gardiner's authentic career, commencing with the day on which he presented himself at Lahore. *The news-writer records:

Punjab Records, Book No. 137, letter No. 44.

"15th December, 1831. — Messrs. Khora (sic) and Gardiner, two Europeans about 35 years of age, light hair and complexion, presented themselves with a nuzzer (donation) of five rupees each, and were at once admitted to an audience. The Maharajah asked from what quarter they came, and with what object. They answered that they were formerly serving in a ship of war, but not being satisfied with their position, quitted it, and proceeded from Bombay to Peshawar, where Sultan Mahomed Khan had entertained them on Rs. 3 per day. They were with him six months, but having heard of the liberality of His Highness, they had applied for their discharge and come to Lahore.

'Here then are solid and unimpeachable facts! Before this prosaic and faded old entry of 97 years ago, which has probably lain almost unnoticed since the day it was written, vanishes like the Genie's palace, that beautiful edifice built upon Gardiner's romantic story, peopled by the creatures of his imagination, and buttressed by the testimony of so many credulous and simple-minded gentlemen. Vanished, the highly accomplished parents of such singularly mixed breed and curious antecedents, and the long and tangled line of an adventurous life, "one end commencing on the shores of Lake Superior and the other ending on the banks of the Indus."

'Worst of all, "the man of magnetic influence, who by virtue of his personality" could bind savages to him, "the man whom England might be proud to claim, the splendid example to the young men of the present day, one of the finest specimens ever known of the soldier of fortune, etc.," turns out to be an ordinary deserter from the English navy, or the Company's army, previously serving in a very minor capacity with a Barakai sardar, one who never saw a fraction of the adventures and places he romances about, whose career with both Gulab Singh and the Khalsa was obscure and sordid, who has many discreditible deeds against him, and who was eventually deported by Henry Lawrence for an outrage even the lowest of Indians had declined to perpetrate.

'A copy of the entry in the burial register of Sialkot concerning Gardiner has

been very kindly supplied to us by Father Baldwin, the Roman Catholic Chaplain of that station. According to this, Alexander Gardiner, a Colonel in the Kashmir army, died at Jammu on the 22nd of January 1877, and was buried in Sialkot cemetery three days later. The age, at first entered at 98, has been scratched out and that of 76, which was his actual one, entered and initialled. — As a copy of this certificate must have been supplied to Major Pearse, (has his death at 92) it is curious that he did not notice the correction, which is of equal age, and in the same writing as the first entry. Had he done so the dates and age would prove the falsity of Gardiner's romantic narrative.'

* * *

B**irds of a Feather: G. Carmichael Smyth & Frederick Cooper**

Known as the ***Sepoy Rebellion of 1857***, the uprising of Indian soldiers in the East India Company began on May 10th, in Meerut, 40 miles east of Delhi, during the hottest season. The Indian sepoys were angry: 85 of their brethren had been chained, beaten, and marched off to jail for ***refusing to obey the orders of Lt. Col. G. Carmichael Smyth.*** The new Enfield rifles required them to bite off cartridges greased with pig and cow fat, which violated their religious beliefs. Soldiers of the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry rushed to the prison to free their comrades. Guns exploded, and smoke billowed. Peasants and princes joined the rebellion as chaos spread throughout India!



British Officers tie up the rebels, then shoot them with cannonballs…

Frederick Cooper served as *Deputy Commissioner of Amritsar* during the uprising, where he carried out some of his most notorious actions. In July 1857, he gleefully ordered the summary execution of the soldiers from the 26th Native Infantry at Ajnala. Hundreds of mutinous sepoys who had deserted their posts in Lahore were captured and executed, and their bodies were dumped into an abandoned well! Bones and skulls are still being discovered there today. By the time the mutiny was over, 50,000 sepoys and 100,000 civilians had been killed. In Cooper's 1858 memoir, ***Crisis in the Punjab****,* he defended events and described them in detail. As a result of corruption, the British government disbanded the *East India Company (EIC)*, although many MPs still had financial and political ties to it. Widespread famine in EIC-controlled territories, together with the realization that a private corporation could no longer govern an entire subcontinent, led Edward Thurlow to remark: ***"Did you expect a corporation to have a conscience when it has no soul to be damned, and no body to be kicked?"*** After this, India was transferred to direct British rule from London and the period became known as *the British Raj.*

I would be remiss not to include an excerpt from ***Cooper's 1858 memoir, Crisis in the Punjab. He prefaces his justification for his ruthless killing spree during the 1857 Indian Rebellion with these words:***

> ***'The following pages pretend to nothing more ambitious than a faithful description of the events which occurred in the Punjab during four of the most memorable months which have ever run their course in India. It is not presumed to enter into any discussion of the multitudinous causes of the mutiny of the Bengal army, or to expatiate on theories for its re-organization; much less is it attempted to criticise the conduct of individual regiments: the desire of the writer is to show how the emergencies, as they affected the Punjab, were grappled with.***
>
> ***'On the morning of the 11th of May, the first intelligence of the revolt at Meerut and the massacre at Delhi was flashed to the seat of the Punjab Government at the ancient capital of Lahore. Under the full force of the first shock of so stupendous a crisis, something akin to a panic was produced. The least reflecting required no Daniel to interpret the dread symbols.***

The hot weather had set in. From Delhi to Calcutta lay a clear field for mutiny and insurrection. The sepoy army had become intoxicated with their sense of power. <u>Every heart prayed, though few dared hope, for the Christians scattered over that boundless area</u>.
(From Cairo to Lahore and Delhi, they were protecting white Christians.)

'In the presence of Hindoostan convulsed, and anarchy raging, the calamities of the Punjab, though individually terrible, its trials though almost superhuman, seem absolutely dwarfed. The people of the Punjab are composed of what were once the most chivalrous, the fiercest, and the most inveterate of our enemies. — What, in short, was the extent, the core nature of the crisis? Was there or not a general concert of all peoples, tribes, religions, and dialects for the expulsion of the British? Were the forty-three independent potentates all linked in the hideous confederacy? <u>Was it a national and continental rebellion? Was an angry suffering people struggling for liberty</u>?
***(YES!** Hindus and Muslims alike believed their religion was under attack.)*

'The predicament was one in which the greatest boldness was the greatest prudence. The time for action, not inquiry, had come. There was a violent public and political reaction to apprehend, a failure of revenue to contend with, a commercial paralysis to avert, mutiny at home to look to, a future famine in Hindoostan almost inevitable, reinforcements before Delhi to be provided. All communication with Calcutta had been completely cut off.

'The following pages will show how just was the confidence placed in the loyalty and honour of the chieftains— The aim with which they have been written is to depict how the Punjab Government, fortified by the moral and physical support of its noble and loyal allies, and assured of the attachment of its people, embarked on a series of operations based on one broad grand line of policy; which, whether for the almost desperate nerve that maintain[ed it through four toiling months, or the success which triumphantly crowned it, trust forever remain to the world a monument of wisdom and self-denying heroism: but that wisdom and that heroism arc still but mere dross before the manifest and wondrous interposition of Almighty God in the cause of Christianity.'

Frederick Cooper and George Carmichael Smyth were two soulmates in unrestrained violence. Smyth wrote his *1847* polemic*, The Reigning Family of Lahore* to justify the First Anglo-Sikh War. Cooper later supplied details of his 1864 meeting in Kashmir with Gardner, which Major Pearse published as *The Memoirs of Gardner in 1898*—29 years after Cooper's death in 1869—even though his manuscript *could not be found!* We may assume that, to serve British imperial interests, Sir Temple wrote, ***"If anyone should doubt the ultimate necessity of that annexation, let him consult these Memoirs of Gardner."***

Despite the fact that the acclaimed John Keay said, ***"If his employment in Lahore is real, why not his other adventures?", h****e now seems to believe it. However, I question whether Gardner's Lahore accounts are true. Charles Grey (1863 --1945), a British author and amateur historian, was a civil servant who lived in Lahore for 35 years and worked for the North-Western Railway. He drew from sources living in Lahore and on the Punjab records supplied by H. L. O. Garrett, the Keeper of the Punjab Records, who was a seasoned historian. Their research documents dozens of adventurers from that period in the Punjab. What reason could they have had to falsify Gardner's story? Once Gardner's memoirs were published in 1898, they considered it essential to provide documented contradictory evidence. In contrast, Major Pearse had pieced Gardner's story together from "garbled notes" and the incomplete manuscripts of the deceptive Smyth and Cooper. In my opinion, that makes the so-called "Gardner memoir" all the more doubtful.*

IN SUMMARY:

After Ranjit Singh's death in 1839, Lahore was plunged into five years of murder and mayhem, before the Anglo-Sikh Wars. Yet against all odds, Jindan and Duleep survived, surrounded by ambitious men and paid British spies. Before we condemn Rani Jindan's life in the palace or dismiss her as the inexperienced sovereign of the Sikhs, the record shows that her achievements under the circumstances were remarkable. The British contributed to the five years of anarchy, while the Sikh sardars moved their money to safety under British protection. The court chronicler, Sohan Lal Suri, was a paid British spy, as was Gardner. Gulab Singh

Dogra was negotiating with the British to overthrow the government in Lahore and become the independent Raja of Jammu and Kashmir while he was inciting the soldiers to war. Lahore's state coffers were depleted. The Khalsa army was deeply divided, while the French generals simply took leave. The Khalsa army had reason to be suspicious of the British, who were gathering supplies across the Sutlej, and to be wary of their leaders. Jindan spoke frankly to the soldiers and tried to calm things down. Although it may not have been true, she told the British that she was in control and that there was no reason for them to feel threatened. General Sham Singh Attariwala threw his hands up and went to Attari, leaving Jindan to deal with an intractably crazed mob. As the country was being torn apart, the remaining men of integrity left in disgust. Clearly, Jindan was not pushing for war, and that was the reality.

The most frequently cited "his-story" of the Anglo-Sikh War is Smyth's 1847, History of the Reigning Family of Lahore, which he claimed was based on material from Gardner after Gardner was exiled from Punjab. Smyth dedicated his book to Major Broadfoot, who was eager to circulate any salacious gossip in support of British plans to annex the Punjab. Smyth states that Governor-General Hardinge wrongly blamed Jindan for sending the Sikhs across the river to their destruction in order to justify British aggression. He further defames Rani Jindan by claiming that she was not the legitimate wife of Ranjit Singh, a claim rebutted by the court records, and uses this to argue that she could not have been the mother of Ranjit Singh's legitimate heir—a standard excuse for disinheriting princes and absorbing their kingdoms.

Can we trust Gardner's stories, when he claimed to be American but may in fact have been a British deserter and a documented spy? Can we trust accounts pieced together from "garbled notes" from a missing manuscript? Can we trust the notes that may have come from Gardner's daughter, Helena Botha Gardner, in her quest to rescue her father's reputation and wealth? In contrast to these questionable sources, we found The Life and Times of Maharani Jind Kaur, which presents statements from 19th-century sources that invite us to reconsider these claims and reject them as false.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN



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 13

"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? 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."



Kwan-Yin Lady of Compassion

After seven chapters of research verifying *My Lives With: The Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor, and Rani Jindan's Quest for Justice*, I understand why *The Sphinx* so poetically and ingeniously entangled me with tantalizing clues that led me into painful past lives. Each clue led to the next: *"Heal his heart, ease his pain," a brass tray; Larry-Harry-Flashman, my ivory miniature; and the matching seed-pearl earrings*. And honestly, sometimes for months and even years, I could hardly bear it—but I could never deny it. So it's now or never, as I'm in my 80th year. Since these events took place two and three lifetimes ago, it seems clear to me that we are not our bodies, though we may manifest similar features, and we are not our brains, although our recoverable memories are impressively long. So I ask: can we possibly be separate from our eternally recycling universe? That is illogical! I am not a psychologist, a metaphysician, or a professional writer; I am 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."***

Shadows from my soul's journey have always followed me. One October night in 1987, I was in Providence, Rhode Island, having dinner with Jagdish Sachdeva, the owner of *Adini,* one of the leaders in Indian apparel. His 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 back to me. I was young, traveling 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 that they resembled *Indian juttis.* The ship was shabby. I gave birth on board. We were shipwrecked in a storm and I lost Ali when he went into the cold ocean to ***save the baby!*** A Frenchman rescued me. I believe we were both French. That was another brief life. In an attic room with candy-cane-striped wallpaper, a high fever transported me from this earthly realm to the next***—to meet Ali.*** *(*The fact that the Native American seer, before laying eyes on me, viewed my past life trauma confirms our powerfully emotional immortal journey.)*

My messengers, like *The Sphinx,* are always gentle female figures, as in my 9/11 story with *Kwan-Yin.* The company built a posh residence in the diplomatic enclave *of Vasant Vihar*, for the expanding harem of designers, so we were not staying in five-star hotels on this trip. It was Saturday, September 8, 2001, at about 6:00 a.m.—precisely 3 days before the attacks—when I was jolted out of bed by her startling vision. Heart-wrenching emotion emanated from *Kwan-Yin,* who hovered like a cloud in the sky, watching a black boomerang strike two tall black columns. Off to the left, she saw the faces of five men with Eastern features. I felt the agony of her heart. That shocked me out of a deep sleep and onto my feet.*"Oof—what was that?"* Maybe it would become clear on my ride to the Faridabad factory. As I rode comfortably in the back seat of the SUV with headphones on, we passed Tughlaqabad Fort, where a troop of beggar monkeys lined up on the fence demanding treats. And so, the morning's alarming vision faded away—until 10:00 p.m. on Tuesday night, *September 11, 2001.*



Tughlaqabad Fort, Delhi, built 1320

When I entered the Vasant Vihar residence, the servants said, *"Your country, madam!"* — *"My country?"* What did they mean? I went into my room and turned on the TV, to watch the familiar scene unfold.

I saw the *1985 Mexico City earthquake* in a dream from the height of an airplane, in the ritual 3 days. *President Lincoln* reportedly spoke of a dream about his death *3 days before the event.* I do not know why this always happens *3 days before an event*; these are *Dimensions Beyond the Known.* But I do know, as in the film *City of Angels,* that ***"They are with us every step of the way."*** Sadly, we are taught not to hear them. *(Tesla said: "By knowing the power of 3, we can unlock the secrets of creation.")*

A few years ago, I met a biophoton healer. In a violet-painted room, I lay on her massage table with silver-dollar-sized ***Bioluminis*** *photon filters* suitably arranged on my body. Moments later, I found myself 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 visible only to Kirlian photography. Biophotons play a role in cell communication and aging. So there I was, eyes closed, infused with biophoton blue light, and ostensibly getting younger, while retracing my past-lives. That's when I felt—and then saw—Ali leaning over my lifeless body, softly weeping. Although he felt so close, I could not touch or comfort him. In addition, I reexperienced howling to the heavens when I realized that Ali was not on the other side, raising my not-quite-dead neighbors! 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 was a *tocsin—"a sign or omen; a ringing of the bell"—* so it's time to share a few more revelations. In 1818, Count de Forbin, the author of *Travels in Egypt,* met *The Pasha* often and noted that he had an *uncontrollable hiccup and a facial twitch,* the result of an assassination attempt in which he was poisoned. Others note the same affliction. When *The Mexican Healer* was tired, he displayed the same quirk. I was reminded of this when I read *The English Woman in Egypt* by *Sophia Lane Poole.* In *Letter XXIX* of 1844, she stayed in the palace for the wedding festivities and enjoyed sumptuous baths, but refused the painful *joint-twisting massage*, which sounded similar to *The Mexican Healer's* joint-twisting treatment.



Harry Nelson Pillsbury



the late Bobby Fischer

The tragic lives of *World Chess Champions Harry Nelson Pillsbury and Bobby Fischer* exemplify what *Ian Stevenson,* M.D., director of the Division Division of Perceptual Studies at the University of Virginia, called *''past-life trauma'* (details in Chapter 14). Poor mental health, which resulted from a syphilis infection, prevented Harry Pillsbury from realizing his full potential. He died of the disease at 33. Bobby Fischer, a chess prodigy from the age of 6, portrayed in the 2014 film *Pawn Sacrifice,* suffered severe mental health problems throughout his life. Their facial likeness is more evidence.

With my passport stamped for *Dimensions Beyond the Known*—where my questions were answered before I could form them and the recordings of every soul's history are stored—I could understand things that I could not know in my normal reality. Some things I could research, but other subjects my mind could no longer access. After all I've seen, I know that ***everything that has ever existed, and will ever exist, is inside us, and it's accessible!*** I hope better minds than mine will solve many of humanity's problems when they journey to *Dimensions Beyond the Known*.

Henry Ford believed in reincarnation: ***"Genius is experience. Some seem to think that it is a gift or talent, but it is the fruit of long experience in many lives. Older souls know more."*** While exploring my past-lives*, The Sphinx* has shown me the contemporary *wisdom seekers* among us who have returned to enlighten us, as they did in their past-lives, often against life-threatening opposition. ***(In 1600, Catholic Rome burned the philosopher Giordano Bruno for supporting Copernican heliocentrism, rejecting the existence of an eternal hell, and believing in the transmigration of souls in an infinite, rebirthing universe. Roger Penrose, a Nobel laureate, has said that the Big Bang was not the beginning of the universe but rather the end of a previous one, in a cyclical, eternal universe.****)*

My life as Rani Jindan was revealed to me through a past-life regression in Egypt with Mohammed Ali Pasha. It was guided by *The Sphinx* and sparked by my meeting *The Mexican Healer* in Ali's current incarnation. I can't replay my visions for you, but I can share some of what I've learned. So I want to outline a few passages about <u>evidence of reincarnation</u>:

> *The most relevant sources of evidence for reincarnation is the research of psychiatrist Dr. Ian Stevenson. He studied over 2,500 cases, involving young children, who made verifiable claims about things they could not have known by ordinary means. He explored the idea that memories and physical traits can manifest from one incarnation to the next. The clearest cases are those in which a child's talents match those of a deceased person's. And sometimes there were physical marks that correspond to an injury that caused the death of the reincarnated person. He founded the Division of Perceptual Studies of the University of Virginia, devoted to the rigorous evaluation of evidence for extraordinary human experiences and capacities. DOPS focus is investigating the possibility of consciousness surviving physical death.*

What is considered evidence?

> *<u>Direct evidence</u> establishes as fact and does not require extra inference or an eyewitness account. <u>Circumstantial evidence</u> consists of facts or events that imply that another event occurred. It is indirect proof that does not show a fact directly but allows people to use reason to connect the dots. Thus it proves surrounding facts that makes a conclusion very likely. Circumstantial evidence can be just as powerful as direct evidence in supporting and winning a case.*

The DOPS evidence suggests that memory and personality traits are carried across lives, at least partially. If reincarnation is more than a myth, the implications are significant. If personal identity and habits can span lives, then the boundaries of the self extend beyond a single lifetime, and our understanding of death may be considered as just a transition. For now, the evidence favors the survival of an enduring dimension of the self—an immortal soul—that interacts with the brain, persists through death, and enters new embodiments with continuity of memory and personality. The evidence for reincarnation deserves its place in discussions of consciousness and the human condition.

After my regression, I became hypersensitive to our multidimensional reality. Timelines dissolved, and recognition arrived, the way a face arrives before a name does. People I had once known in my previous lives began to resurface, as it happened with *David Roberts* in Chapter 1. I knew him before I knew why I knew him, as *David Reyes*, even though in the book, he was in Arab garb and had a thinner physique. Then, I found Roberts in a Google search, seated on that same veranda where I had just experienced my past-life regression. And then, with Sir John Spencer Login, it happened again—I recognized him.

I had been researching Egyptian archaeologists—past and present — when I came across a photograph of the late John West with Graham Hancock, and something in me *knew*, before I had reasoned anything out, that *I knew him.* It haunted me. Later in my research, I realized why: he was *Login,* Duleep's guardian, the man assigned to raise my son. Login was the only truly decent man in the entire rapacious drama of the annexation of Punjab. It is not easy to admit this, but, as Jindan, I tried to have Login poisoned, certain that no Britisher could be trusted. And I remember apologizing to him, once I understood what a good man he was. He told me he had known and had taken precautions. That scene was included in the 2017 film, *The Black Prince,* but it came back unconsciously, years before the film. In the same way, when I was four years old, I saw the brass tray and knew it was mine. Uncontrollably, the way I was spun into a time warp—I found myself at the base of the Great Pyramid with *Ali,* while I was standing on a road in San Miguel with *The Mexican Healer.*

The memory was reassembled unconsciously, unbidden. The research confirmed what I knew in my core. What I offer, beyond my recognition of these souls, is confirmation in the form of *circumstantial evidence—not direct proof.* I offer patterns. Dr. Stevenson relied on patterns when a child's spontaneous memory could not be independently verified. He used physical resemblance, biographical patterns, and continuity of personality traits across lifetimes.

In the cases of Dr. Login and Hancock, those markers are remarkable. Both men were born in Scotland. Login's life ended after his last trip to India, while Hancock went to India at the age of three, with a surgeon father. This precisely aligns with Osho's theory of rebirth, ***"It's like a stop-watch."*** In their respective centuries, people recognized these men for their *integrity amid colonial corruption*. Login was hailed as ***'the most honest man in India.'*** Hancock wrote *The Lords of Poverty,* exposing the corruption Login had experienced firsthand. Both spent their lives trying to give back what had been erased. Whether as a 19th-century guardian returning property to a disinherited young maharaja or as a 20th-century writer returning lost history to a forgetful species.



Hancock - Bauval - JAWS



John Spencer Login

I present these examples to you, because you cannot hear *The Sphinx* or see the visions—only my words—and you deserve more than a stranger's

certainty. After years of investigating reincarnation, I have found patterns that are impossible to ignore. Hancock provides a striking example of the continuity of consciousness. Because the ***precession of the equinoxes*** is central to his work, it did not take long to uncover Hancock's past lives. Whereas Copernicus and Newton, both of whom calculated precession, Hancock traces precession through megalithic monuments worldwide. Although this may be considered circumstantial evidence, Hancock's facial resemblance to these men and his occupational pattern suggest to me that he presents a compelling example of the continuation of consciousness. The thesis *DOPS* details as *evidence for reincarnation.*


Graham Hancock


John Login


Isaac Newton


Copernicus

Copernicus and Newton, both known for their integrity, held positions at the mint. A century after Copernicus' theory of heliocentrism was accepted, Newton explained to Western scholars that the *'gravitational pull of the Sun and Moon causes the precession of the equinoxes',* making Earth wobble like a spinning top. Precession determines which stars we see in the sky and completes a cycle in about 25,920 years. Today, *Polaris, the North Star,* lies near the *North Pole.* Over time, other stars will become the North Star, much like the hands on a clock. After a full cycle, the precessional star positions return to where they began. It is called '*the Great Year,'* and in India it is called the *'Yuga Cycles.'* Earth precesses from the *Golden, Silver, Bronze, and Iron Ages*, which correspond to the human spiritual cycle. *"As above, so below."* We are ascending from the *Kali Yuga,* or *Iron Age,* defined by greedy, sinful behavior, to the *Bronze Age.* Yet ancient civilizations knew about this 25,920-year cycle. In 1995, Hancock, inspired by *Hamlet's Mill,* a study of axial precession encoded in ancient mythology, wrote *Fingerprints of the Gods: Evidence of Earth's Lost Civilizations.*

Here he posits that Ice Age civilizations, which ended in a cataclysm, preserved their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics in megalithic stone architecture, such as the Pyramids of Giza, which are aligned to precessional stars. The preservation of a date fixed in the geometry of the sky. As Ford said, *"Genius is the experience of many lives."* Newton also believed that Egypt possessed knowledge that the modern world had lost, and that the pyramids of Giza could reveal the time of an *'ancient apocalypse'*. Hancock's most dangerous show, ***Ancient Apocalypse,*** aired on *Netflix* in 2022. Taken together, I believe Hancock demonstrates a clear pattern. Like Copernicus and Newton before him, now as Hancock, his revelations are always groundbreaking—even dangerous!

My whispering Sphinx has shown me that Hancock is a part of a *'network of souls'* and challenged me to identify the others. She screened a very long story for me about a soul she is especially fond of, all the way back to pharaonic times. I did not personally know these soul family figures in the lifetimes I re-visited or was telepathically shown. My confirmation arrived through corroborating what was shown to me, then matching their physical and occupational patterns. Rather than recollection, I matched their continuity of mission across centuries, which is too specific to dismiss. *Robert Bauval* is one of these and so is his brother, *Jean-Paul.*

Hancock partnered his research with Robert Bauval, the author of *The Orion Correlation Theory*, who posits that Giza's pyramids mirror ***Orion's Belt's 3 stars, set to the date of 10,500 BCE.*** Like the hands on a clock, the Sphinx at Giza faces the constellation of Leo on the spring equinox in the *2,160-year cycle of the Age of Leo.*

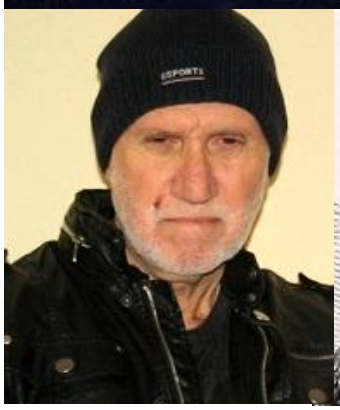


JAWS - Bauval - Hawass - Hancock

In previous chapters I documented how memories and artifacts came back to me, unbidden. After so many experiences, now, with the keys of immortality in hand, just as I had found my past-life lovers and friends, just as I found inferred evidence that *JAWS was Budge*, that *Oliver Stone was Brunel*, and *Larry King* was *Thomas Hughes*, I would also find Graham's dear friend, *Robert Bauval's past-life in Egypt.* The reader can follow the patterns and decide if these keys of immortality unlock any of their doors.

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 bestseller ***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 3 so-called Queen's Pyramids, to the east and south, mark Orion's Belt precessional positions, making Giza a cyclical cosmic clock!)
**See Dr.Johan Oldenkamp: The Giza Clock, online.*





Robert Bauval

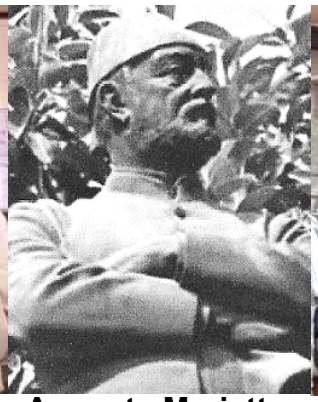


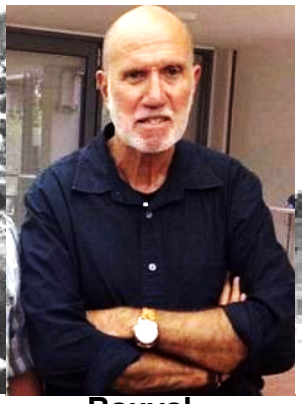
Auguste Mariette

Anyone who has seen Bauval will agree he has an invincible personality. But most impossible to ignore are *his habitual gestures and physical traits like his crossed arms.* It's been said crossing your arms is both defensive and self-soothing. It makes you utilize your left and right brain, thus creat-

Ing a higher cognitive functional ability. According to Stevenson's research, *'old habits die hard,'* and that is why *Mariette's statue* in front of the Cairo Museum *has his arms crossed.* I could show many images of both with crossed arms. Notwithstanding his occupational and physical likeness, there are many life patterns that connect Bauval with Mariette…


Robert Bauval


Auguste Mariette


Bauval


Mariette

Auguste Mariette was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1821. <u>At 18, he went to England</u> as a professor of French and drawing. A talented drafts-man, he supplemented his income by writing on archeological subjects. Self-taught in Coptic and hieroglyphs, he was first sent to Egypt by the Louvre in 1850. There, he discovered the *Avenue of Sphinxes* and the *Serapeum in Luxor.* He conducted the first excavation of the *Step Pyramid,* built for *Djoser,* the 3rd Dynasty king. Mariette returned to Egypt when *Sa'id Pasha* created the post as *Conservator of Egyptian Monuments* for him. ***"I knew I would go mad if I did not return to Egypt."*** Sa'id died in 1863. In 1869, for *Khedive Ismail's opening of the Suez Canal,* Mariette wrote the epic story *"Aida." To* compose the opera, he approached Giuseppe Verdi. Set in the Old Kingdom, Mariette designed the settings and posters. History tells us he was indefatigable, and in my opinion, *he hasn't changed a bit!*


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

*In pharaonic times, the Suez Canal connected the Mediterranean with the Red Sea but was later reclaimed by desert sands. Khedive *'Ismail the Magnificent'* proclaimed, ***"My country is no longer in Africa. I have made it a part of Europe."*** The canal and the construction of palaces were such a financial burden that they bankrupted Egypt, provoking a rebellion and exiling Ismail for life. His grandfather, Mohammed Ali, said: ***"We will open the Suez Canal when it is owned by Egypt—and not before!"***

Mariette's and Bauval's lives follow a recognizable pattern. Robert Bauval has an older brother, *Jean-Paul Bauval,* who looks nothing like him, but in his *appearance and distinct occupational talents*, he fits impeccably with ***Gaspard Monge—***who I'm told is another wisdom-family member.


Gaspard Monge


Jean-Paul Bauval

Gaspard Monge was a friend of Bonaparte and supported the French Revolution. A mathematician and the 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 was born in Alexandria, Egypt. He is an architect who discovered *Fibonacci numbers and universal constants encoded in the Great Pyramid of Giza*. This quote by architect and researcher Jean-Paul Bauval highlights the theory that the Great Pyramid was designed as a universal mathematical monument. ***"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."*** He argues that, instead of relying on written language, which can fade, or be misinterpreted over millennia, the builders encoded universal mathematical constants into the pyramid's dimensions. JP Bauval's core argument is that engineering a structure of such massive scale requires meticulous mathe-

matical planning, making these geometric alignments a deliberate message encoded by its architects. In joint papers with his brother Robert, such as *The Size of the Great Pyramid*, Jean-Paul writes: ***"Civilizations may disappear, but universal truths remain forever. There is no writing 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?"***

(* According to Google, *the speed of light* in *meters per second is 299,792,458*, 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.)

I'm a fashion designer and not qualified to confirm scientific theorems. So, while I may not fathom *"a blueprint of prime numbers encoded in the Great Pyramid*" that Jean-Paul decodes, I can recognize his mirror-image and patterns. It's something that Monge, the inventor of *"descriptive geometry"* who went on Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, would want to know. And, his mission to unlock the secrets of civilization with his brother, corroborates the theory of a *soul family* returning together to complete their mission.

The Sphinx told me, *"You're a TOCSIN".* So I'm ringing the bell, because beyond advocating for Rani Jindan, this aeonic story is also my mission. Dr. Stevenson, the founder of *DOPS,* is the world's most eminent researcher of reincarnation. He says, "*suggestive of reincarnation";* rather than *"proof of,"* because it is unscientific to regard reincarnation as provable. That is a sensitive issue, similar to the way Champollion redated civilization and challenged the Church's timeline. Stevenson records physical likeness, unique habits, strong proclivities, along with memory to assess cases. That is exactly what I have done. The rare consecutive birth and death dates I found are an anomaly that only I have pointed out because they are meaningful. *The Sphinx* has even shown me a historically recorded person, who used the same date for birth and death dates in three lifetimes.

I rely on Osho's theory, *"Where you end one life is where you begin the next,"* and the Dalai Lama's theory, "*We must go on to complete the work"*

to support my belief that *Login is now Hancock*. Beyond their clear facial resemblance, both were born in Scotland. At the age of 3, Hancock went to India with his father, who was a doctor. Dr. Login's life ended after his final trip to India, when he was deeply involved in restoring Duleep's family property, which had been confiscated by *corrupt British colonialists*. At the beginning of his journalism career, *Hancock wrote about colonial corruption*. He then continued his lifelong quest to uncover our forgotten foundation.

We all have our specific talents. I am a fashion and textile designer. If I can spot a ¼ inch off on a garment across a 50-foot department store floor, recolor 12 screen print designs in my head, and recognize patterns; then I can also spot the fingerprints of these masters—formed before birth, growing, but never changing their core. So the physical, the habitual traits, and the specific talents these masters possess conform with Dr. Stevenson's research *suggestive of reincarnation* that is detailed in the next chapter.

The Sphinx has shown me that these masters are a *band of brothers* who have returned as a *soul family.* The *Bauval brothers,* who have reunited across centuries to complete their work, most clearly demonstrate this theory. The Dalai Lama, recognized by the world as a reincarnated soul, tells us that we must return to complete our missions. Champollion, with his genius for languages, returns as Budge to complete his *dictionary of hieroglyphs*. John West's film, *Mystery of the Sphinx.* resurrected *Egyptomania* in the 20th century. And in West's book review of *The Search for Omm Sety, A Story of Eternal Love,* he affirms that he was a believer in the continuation of consciousness ***"She had her life to live over. Dorothy Eady was respected in archeological circles because she kept on making Egyptological discoveries based on what she insisted was memory. When Eady said, 'Dig here. I remember the ancient garden was here.' They dug and found the garden!"***

Hancock famously says, *"We are a species with amnesia,"* although he is not referring to rebirth. Having seen so many cases of rebirth, I no longer see it as a question. I can only say that there is much more to discover about what *The Sphinx* calls our *"Deathless Destiny".*



CHAPTER FOURTEEN



Coincidence or Deathless Destiny?



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 14
Coincidence or Deathless Destiny?

Coincidence? … ***Yes, of course, it could be just a coincidence that I found the chipped ivory miniature in a Jaipur curio shop, of Rani Jindan wearing the 'seed-pearl earrings' recently sold at Bonhams to Davinder Toor, when I was with Vasant, Rani Jindan's brother, Jawahar.***

And just another coincidence that The Sphinx began whispering in my head when I encountered Ali in his current incarnation as The 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 in Cairo's Citadel, laden with the opium that delivered her death.

Could it be merely a 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—Ali's reincarnated love—who lived in a tent behind the Sphinx, buried-up-to-the-neck?

Or was it just a coincidence that David Reyes, my artist friend, was the mirror image of the famed David Roberts, who drew from memory his encounter with Egypt's Pasha on the palace veranda overlooking the clipper ships, where I experienced a past-life regression on my 60th birthday?

Was it another coincidence that a Native American seer, without laying eyes on me, saw my childhood recurring dream—"Save the baby"—while I was drowning in a past-life?

Was it a coincidence that, on my third day in New Delhi, India, I met Swami Rajneesh, a disciple of the great mystic Osho—whose previous life was Duleep Singh, the second only acknowledged son of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh—the man whom he discovered he was born for?

Is it a coincidence that Osho wears a facsimile of Ranjit Singh's headgear, with an obvious physical resemblance, and that they both died at the age of 59?

Was it a coincidence that Swami Rajneesh's birthday was followed by one day, the death day of Osho, or that Jindan and Ali have consecutive death dates? And how coincidental is it that these famed men appear in both my current life and my past lives?

And what about the many masters whose life's work is linked to Egypt's Sphinx and whose past-lives were revealed to me by The Sphinx?

But when we consider the string of synchronicities, the physical resemblance, and the consecutive birth and death dates, as well as the artifacts that returned to me, maybe it's the universe conspiring to awaken humanity to the truth. … Or perhaps it is our Deathless Destiny!

* * *

I have learned through my journey that there is NO DEATH, that we and who we love are ETERNAL, and that we are destined to reunite with our friends and lovers, lifetime after lifetime, to overcome all obstacles, guided by an inner knowledge that we can build an enlightened future.

While traveling through the libraries of time, I've realized that we live in a fearful "Death Cult." But everything changes if we do not die. Instead of living for an "afterlife," knowing that we will reincarnate on this sacred planet changes everything. Then, we'll care for our lands, oceans, and biosphere, which took billions of years for "The Gods," aka "Consciousness," to create. Then we'll care about the health of our human family. Instead, we are playing Russian roulette with humanity's long-term existence. Archaeology has shown us that we are not the first civilization in history to commit suicide, choosing blindness, even though we have had millenia of history to inform us!

… Just as Orientalist artists were the photojournalists of the 18th and 19th centuries, filmmakers and authors are our history professors. We desperately need to see and hear the stories that shaped 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 lives meaningless." For me, the opposite is true! The continuity of our lives, how our current life shapes our future lives, and humanity's future are even more meaningful.

… If we believe in 'Eternal Life' instead of 'Eternal Death', we will create an enlightened future life—by evolving now!

I am content that I have cleaned the windows of my soul. I am confident in knowing that Jindan was not the "Whore of Lahore". I have read most of the books that disparage Jindan—even a Persian poet's prose sung in the streets. The Rani of Jhansi, who died fighting the British, was slandered the same way. And Jindan did not engineer the First Anglo-Sikh War, as G.G. Hardinge's letter to his wife regarding his arrangement with Gulab Singh proves.

I've learned that Gardner's memoirs were pieced together from "garbled notes" and missing manuscripts, yet they are still accepted as "an eyewitness account". I also learned that MacDonald Fraser, who wrote "Flashman & The Mountain of Light," credits Carmichael Smyth, the author of "The Reigning Family of Lahore," with writing the most salacious accounts of Jindan. However, Jindan had no contact with him when he wrote his 1847 propagandist-hit piece, at Broad-foot's request; who was seeking reasons for the British invasion.

Smyth says that his source was Alex Gardner who was in Lahore at the time. John Keay said that Gardner "saw more than he remembered and remembered more than he saw." The memoir, which was published 20 years after Gardner's death, does not recount Smyth's more lurid tales. Arrogant and heavy-handed, Smyth ignited the 1857 Indian Rebellion by marching 90 sepoys to jail for refusing to bite cartridges greased with animal fat, which was against their religion! The princely families joined the rebellion to assert their dissent against the new "Inheritance Law Doctrines" instituted by the East India Company, the same policies that disinherited Duleep's family. Ruled by profit, the EIC, was a "vulture corporation," empowered by the Rt Hon. British government to institute state policy, like many of today's rapacious multi-national corporations.

And best of all, I found contemporary reports in "The Life & Times of Maharani Jindan Kaur" that rebut the propaganda about Rani Jindan and in "European Adventurers of Northern India," Alex Gardner is exposed as a mercenary British spy, a deserter, and a "prized liar".

After 2,000 years of plagiarized and fabricated religions from an Orwellian "Ministry of Truth" that have long since 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!

I've learned that consciousness is fundamental to life. 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."

And by recognizing Ali as a figure much like Prometheus, who gave Egypt back her fire, it will "heal his heart and ease his pain."

And finally, by now fulfilling the dying wish of India's Greatest Maharaja, Jindan's soul will be released from the volumes of deceit.

While The Sphinx has not been whispering in my ear lately, I'm certain she has been busy tweaking the 'Field of Universal Consciousness' while keeping close tabs on our progress…

Perhaps, 'The Wheel of Destiny' has bestowed upon us this 'True-to-Life Fairytale,' and provides a Koh-i-Noor—a 'Mountain of Light of Truth'—to dissolve the curse of ignorance while guiding our journey forward.

And maybe, by finally knowing that we are eternal—after watching over us for millennia—she can AWAKEN HUMANITY FROM THE SLEEP OF THE AGES. Because this is our Destiny—and is what The Sphinx is after!





Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation



I have called my experience 'Soul-Archaeology', and I believe that by hearing it from the horse's mouth is what jurors give the most credence to. Legal cases are also bolstered by expert 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 now 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 and believed that certain unusual abilities and illnesses could not be explained by environment or genetics and that reincarnation was possibly a contributing factor. Though I have already provided substantial evidence for my soul's reincarnation, I would be remiss not to include a few vignettes from Stevenson's collection of cases, that include medical confirmation. In his 1997 work, 'Reincarnation and Biology,' he documents wounds corresponding to memories of previous lives, as well as birthmarks corresponding to wounds that are verified in medical records.

… A Turkish boy with a severely malformed ear and an underdeveloped facial structure said that he remembered the life of a man who was shot in the head at point-blank range with a shotgun and died days later. *— If his body retained memory, why not his mind?*

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

… A Burmese girl who was 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 torso.

… Stevenson explored the unusual behavior of Burmese children who remembered their past lives as Japanese soldiers killed in Burma in WWII. These children displayed behavior typical in Japan, but unusual in Burma. They rejected typical longyis and preferred Japanese trousers, belts, and boots and wanted to eat raw fish instead of spicy Burmese food… *Their memory was retained in taste and habits,*

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 of these being "The Case of 'Shanti Devi."

… 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 had been married and had died ten days after giving birth. She used words from the Mathura dialect and said that her merchant husband's name was "Kedar Nath Chaube." The headmaster of her school located a man in Mathura named Kedar Nath, whose wife, Lugdi Devi, had died 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 Samonà, from Palermo, Sicily. She communicated with her mother from the realm of life "in-between." Alessandrina died at the age of five in 1910 in Palermo, Sicily, from meningitis. Her father, Carmelo Samonà was a medical physician. 3 days after her death, she appeared 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," while gesturing to her mother in the dream. "You will have to suffer again for me." After 3 days the dream recurred. Her parents attended séances, hoping to learn more, and in 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 give birth to twins. When the twins were two and a half years old, Carmelo published a report on the noted similarities in appearance and behavior between Alessandrina 1, who had died, and the newly born Alessandrina 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 1930s in Lebanon. She married Farouk Mansour when she was 20 and had two daughters, Leila and Galareh. After the birth of her 2nd child, she was diagnosed with heart disease and was told not to have any more children. Despite the warning, she had a son in 1962. She tried unsuccessfully to call Leila, her daughter, before the heart surgery but died after the operation at 36.

Suzanne Ghanem was born 10 days after Hanen's death. When Suzanne was only 16 months old she pulled the phone, saying, "Hello, Leila." However, her parents did not know anyone named Leila. As Suzanne grew older, she told her parents that Leila was her daughter from her past life and spoke about her husband, Farouk. By the time she was 5, Suzanne had begun calling Farouk, her past-life husband, multiple times a day. She continued calling him 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**

And after reading this far into Stevenson's cases, I understood why my memories came back the way they did: unbidden, arriving first in the body's memory before the mind caught up. ***Once you've seen it, you can't unsee it. —Our memories are eternal. The Soul never forgets.***

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

In 'Many Lives, Many Masters', author and psychiatrist Dr. Brian Weiss hypnotizes a patient who returns to previous lifetimes. Her current traumas were rooted in a previous lifetime, as she traced her past lives back to the BCEs.

In 'Yesterday's Children, the Jenny Cockell Story,' 21 years after death, a mother died while delivering her eighth child returns to find her orphaned children from her past-life. 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.

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



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 afterward, the doctor carried what he believed to be 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 what is described as 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. When it was time to leave, the child had to be pulled kicking and screaming: "Leave me—these are my people!" When she was a bit older, Dorothy was given the 'Illustrated Children's Encyclopedia' and recognized the hieroglyphs on the Rosetta Stone. Later, 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 at the temple ofAbydos, where she performed the bread-and-wine ritual ceremonies of The Passion and the Resurrection of Osiris. At age 14, Bentreshyt attracted 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 unwilling to expose her true love, Pharaoh Seti I, Bentreshyt committed suicide. When Seti returned to Abydos, he was heartbroken.

A misfit in Edwardian English schools, Dorothy would sneak off to the British Museum, at ten years old where she met none other than Sir E.A. Wallis Budge, who had noticed

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 was, with his help, just remembering.

When Dorothy was 27 years old and working for an Egyptian magazine in London, she met an Egyptian student, her future husband, Emam Abdel Meguid. While living in Cairo, they had a son, whom she named Seti. The custom in Egypt is to call the mother by her first son's name. Since then she's been known as Omm Sety. After separating from her husband, who had gone to teach in Iraq, she became the first woman to be employed by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities. Its director, Selim Hassan, in his multi-volume magnum opus, gives thanks to her for her drawings, editing, and proof-reading. At 52 years old, she moved to Abydos to work for Ahmed Fakhry's "Pyramid Research Project," where she was able to identify the location of ancient gardens, and that excavations later proved to be correct. 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."

When Seti I visited Dorothy's dreams, he told her that she was being tested and that the sins of Bentryshyt were being washed away by the "wheel of fate." She lived in mud-brick dwellings and supported herself on her pension of $30 a month. Thin, frail, and determined to live out her life out near her beloved Abydos temple, Dorothy "Omm Sety" Eady died in Abydos, Egypt, on April 21, 1981, at 77 years old.

John West, past-life EA Wallis Budge, wrote in his review of *Omm Sety's Egypt: A Story of Ancient Mysteries by El Zeini and Dee*: ***"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?"***

Even 3,000 years later, the trauma from *Dorothy's Egyptian* life persisted. Similarly, *Mariette* returned to Saqqara millennia later to excavate the *Step Pyramid*—the site of his pharaonic life *as King Djoser.* Robert Bauval wrote one of the few books about the architect of the Step Pyramid, Djoser's vizier Imhotep: *Imhotep – the African, Architect of the Cosmos*—thus suggesting his continuation of consciousness.

Living with provocative ideas, we are all cautious to some degree. I've been advised not to include the following stories, as they might cast doubt on the respected research of Stevenson and Omm Sety. However, while I am not brave enough to reveal everything *The Sphinx* revealed to me—which is still unconfirmable—I will go out on a limb. Obviously, when traveling through eons of *soul-archeology,* the proof can be slim. I believe my task is *to show* what I've seen on my aeonic journey, and these examples might be called circumstantial evidence. Being thorough, I have traced the fingerprints of these masters. Though they have been relentlessly criticized, they have returned through many lifetimes to deepen our understanding of history.

In the previous chapter*,* I presented my probe into *Robert Bauval*'s *past-life as Egyptologist Auguste Mariette,* who excavated the site of his own past life as *Pharaoh Djoser,* for whom the Step Pyramid was built. I believe *The Sphinx* wanted me to reveal Bauval's eternal story, because she told me that Bauval was Djoser years before *AI* existed. So when I saw these AI generated images, I simply couldn't resist. Bauval, who is an author and lecturer on Egypt, with his *crossed arms still embracing his scepter,* even 5000 years later, after so many genetic mixes, Bauval resembles this AI-created image of King Djoser!



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

Now there is another *Wisdom Master* who delivers the trifecta of illumination: first, through his physical likeness, second through his unique talents, his steadfast adherence to his mission, and third, by *manifesting an overlapping lifetime. John Anthony West; also known as Wallace Budge and Jean-François Champollion, is that unparalleled genius.*

If we need to turn back time, just ask The Sphinx, and we shall receive!
Naturally, I was curious about how a 10-year-old boy could immerse himself so proficiently in so many ancient languages. So who was he before his life as Champollion? — *Sir Edward Kelley*, was the young scryer of the famed *Sir John Dee*, the royal astrologer to *Queen Elizabeth I,* and a man of mystery. It is believed that he attended Oxford because he spoke *Latin and Greek*. Scryers practice divination by gazing into reflective surfaces such as a crystal ball. What are the chances of finding both the fingerprints of his linguistic genius and his facial resemblance in all of his incarnations? Besides, who else has the same recognizable fingerprints?



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

John Dee, at 55, had been unsuccessful in finding a *medium* who could contact *the angels,* until he met 27-year-old Kelley—*who convinced him!* From 1582 to 1589, they conducted séances, questioning dead spirits. In that era, the necromancy they practiced to gain knowledge of the future was considered diabolical. Kelley gazed into an obsidian mirror while Dee asked the questions and wrote down the answers. Kelley transcribed the Enochian alphabet of 21 letters as the language of the angels, and is similar to Coptic. Champollian also used Coptic to decode hieroglyphs. The transmutation of base metals into gold was coveted by royal courts. They traveled together across the continent, gaining fame as alchemists. *The Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf* sought them out and 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! He injured his leg during his daring escape and died of the infection at age 41. Often persecuted, Edward Kelley said, *“I’ve often suffered for telling the truth.”* John West said, *“I am like the little boy who insists that the emperor has no clothes.”*



Cosmic Consciousness





"Reincarnation is to Consciousness as Einstein's theory is to $E=mc^2$, it may change in form, but it can never be destroyed!" **The Soul Genome, Paul Von Ward**

Max Planck, the founder of quantum physics, said: ***"I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness."*** Consciousness first, not matter before consciousness. And Plank isn't alone; someone else is asking the same questions I've been asking:
"If nature never destroys matter, energy, or information, what makes us so certain that the story of human life ends where we think it does? And what if everything we think about death is wrong? The laws of physics do not speak the language of disappearance, or death, it speaks the language of transformation, of continuity. What if the universe itself keeps a record—and is not a collection of objects but a collection of information? If information could be destroyed, then the universe itself would collapse. If information can never be destroyed, then the universe remembers everything! Then the patterns survive, resurfacing even through black holes. All of nature, all of life, is organized in patterns, and humans are pattern-recognition computers."

These are the ideas of physicist *Roger Penrose,* who won the *Nobel Prize in 2020* for his work on *black holes,* which supported *Einstein's theory of relativity.* His theory is called *Conformed Cyclical Cosmology,* challenging the standard model that the universe began with a single *Big Bang.* He proposes that the universe goes through *endless repeating cycles called*

aeons, where one universe transforms into the Big Bang of the next. He expands this theory to explain how the human mind and all of life works.

Imagine that! Someone else agrees with me. A Nobel laureate and a fashion designer, working from opposite ends of the same universe, arrive at the same conclusion: that we are not separate from what we are made of, and that what we are made of does not end. His Nobel prize-winning research gave me the confidence to include these stories. His ideas lend veracity to my own encounters with *The Sphinx*, an *Uber Cosmic Consciousness,* who, in my experience, remembers everything. Furthermore, they explain the forces I've experienced throughout my life. Therefore, I am sharing these stories because I trust that the readers of this work are as curious as I am.

If my laptop could be controlled by THEM, as it was when I was with Jaime in Chapter 3, so that Clot-Bey would be found by me. If THEY could control my TV, ensuring I saw "Blood and Steel" so that I.K. Brunel could be identified as Oliver Stone by The Sphinx in Chapter 5. If THEY could guide my e-mails and send me research about Wallis Budge. If Chief Crowdog, in Chapter 3, could chant at will, as he did when I was with him in 1974, and the skies exploded with electric thunder, then, ***"They really are with us — every step of the way."***

So now I know that: ***"Though thou goest, thou comest again."*** And this is why Rani Jindan, in her ***Quest for Justice,*** has returned to reveal: ***My Lives With The Maharaja's Koh-i-Noor —*** because the truth must be told and ***"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





REINCARNATION 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



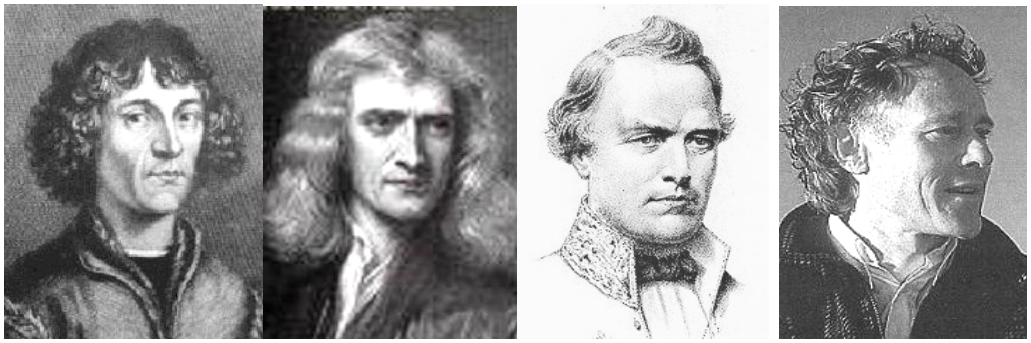
Birth Dates / Death Dates

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

REINCARNATION 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

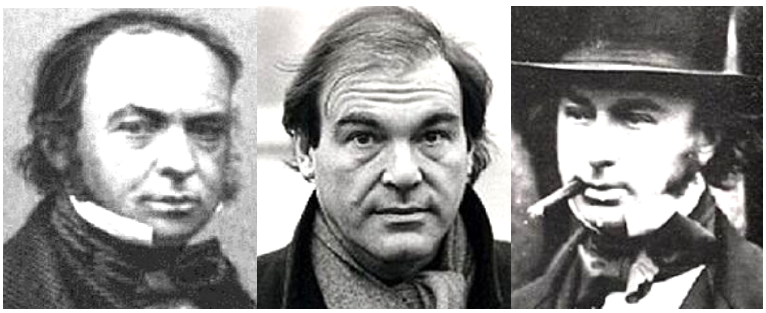
Egyptologists



14) Isambard Kingdom Brunel
William Oliver Stone

Genius Engineer / Author Filmmaker

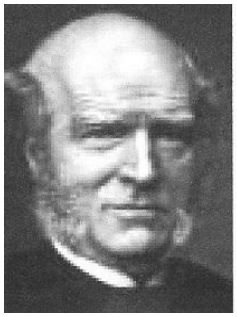
died on Sept. 15, 1859,
reborn on Sept. 15, 1946



REINCARNATION IMAGES:

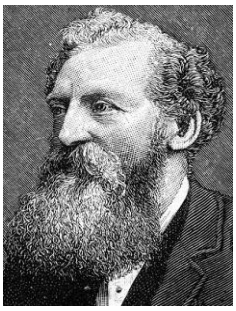
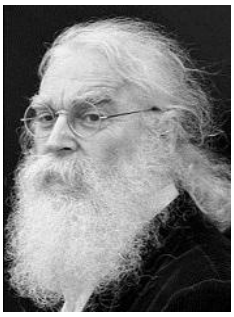
15) Thomas Hughes QC / Larry King

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




18) Antoine Clot-Bey / Jaime

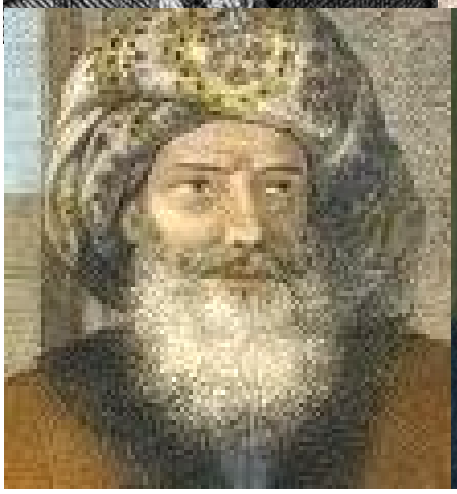
Surgeon in Chief for Egypt's Armies
Jaime, friend of the Mexican Healer,




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_

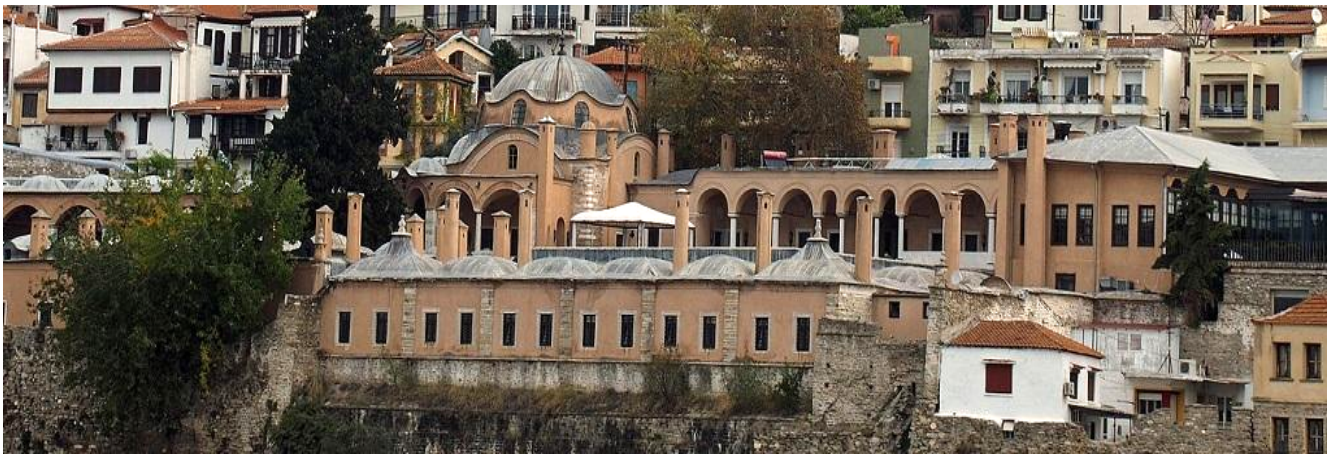
(***Marvelous Chronicles Biographies & Events** Jabarti's Opus Magnum of 5 Vol. was not allowed to be printed until 2013 because of his hypercritical views of Mohammed Ali's Westernization of the Middle East.)

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



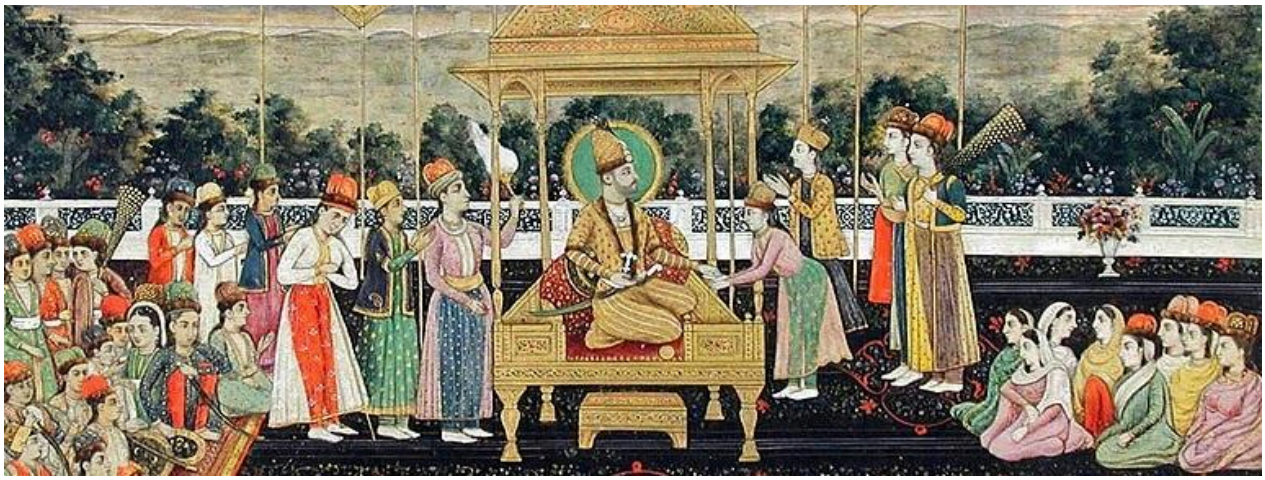
Raja Suchet Singh Dogra
Jindan's Guardian in Jammu
Assassinated



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

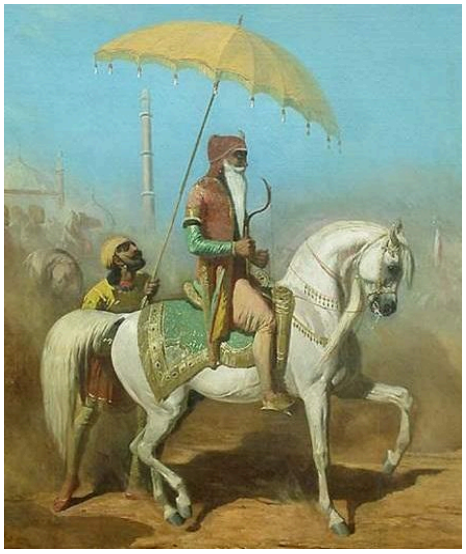


Lahore Darbar of Maharaja Ranjit Singh



Nadir Shah on the Peacock Throne encrusted with the Kohinoor Diamond

LION OF PUNJAB
Maharaja Ranjit Singh Ji



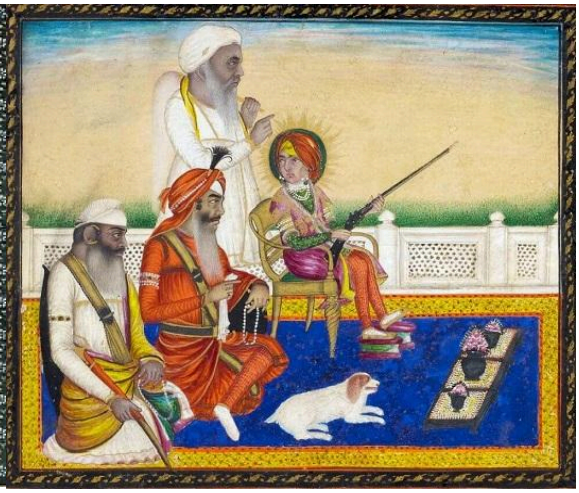
Ranjit Singh



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/Abyssinian
Birthed 6 children



Maharaja Duleep Singh



Maharani Bamba
Died at 39 while Duleep was fighting for Kingdom



Catherine center - Bamba left - Sophia right

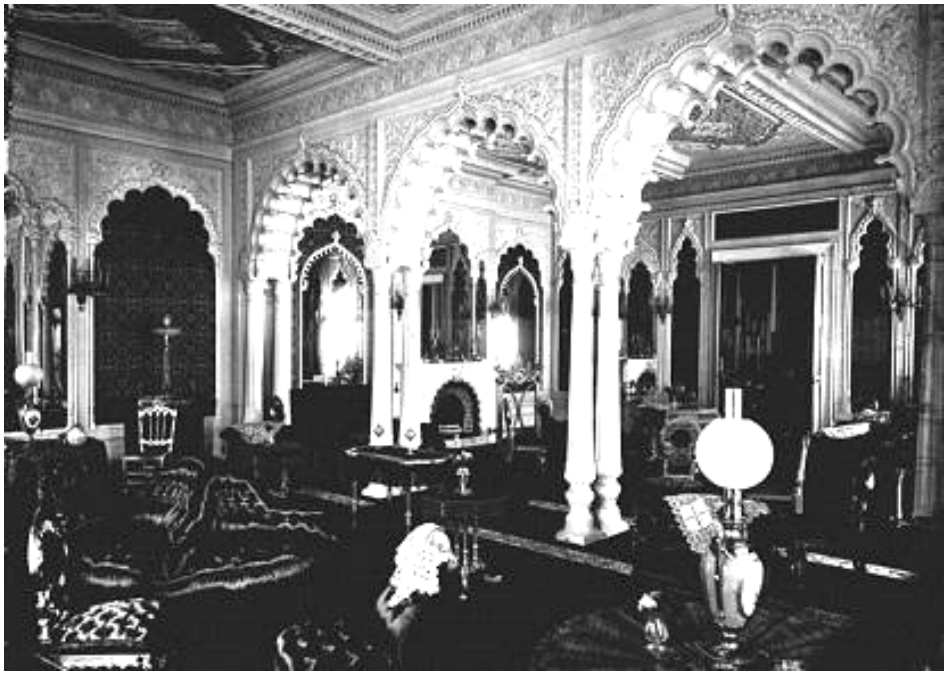


Elveden Hall Suffolk - Duleep's family home

MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH - THE EXILE



Elveden Hall Royal Hunting Party



Elveden Hall - Lahore Mughal Style Interior



Eternalism's Poetry:



I was born in the U.S.A. after World War II, so figures like Henry Ford were considered national heroes. He assembled his Model T automobiles on an automated assembly-line system. There was no mention of his anti-semetic publications. He was a pacifist, although his company produced weapons for WWI. Once learning that Ford was a proponent of reincarnation, I became aware of these facts. In an interview that appeared in the San Francisco Examiner on August 26, 1928, Henry Ford explained his belief:

"I adopted the theory of 'Reincarnation' when I was twenty six. Religion offered nothing to the point. Even work could not give me complete satisfaction. Work is futile if we cannot utilize what we collect in one life in the next. When I discovered 'Reincarnation' it was as if I had found a universal plan. I realized that there was a chance for me to work out my ideas. Time was no longer limited. I was no longer a slave to the hands of the clock. Genius is experience. Some seem to think that it is a gift or talent, but it is the fruit of long experience in many lives. Some are older souls than others and so they know more. The discovery of Reincarnation put my mind at ease."

Henry Ford said he embraced the theory in part, influenced by the writings of Orlando J. Smith's 1899 book, A Short View of Great Questions.

To the honor of the great poets, whose keen insight into the heart of moral and spiritual truth exceeds even that of the philosophers and men of science, it may be said that many of them have expressed in some form their belief in the pre-existence of the soul. A few extracts from these poets are quoted here:

Walt Whitman, in *Leaves of Grass:*

I know I am deathless;
I know that this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass.
And, whether I come to my own to-day or in ten thousand or ten million years, I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
As to you, life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.
No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.

Robert Browning's dramatic monologue *Evelyn Hope,*

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

In these four lines, he acknowledges that their union might not happen immediately. He expects his soul to pass through many lifetimes and spiritual worlds—gathering new wisdom—before he is ready to claim her as his own.

Whittier, in *A Mystery:*

A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide ;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Shelley, in *The Cloud:*

I am the daughter of earth and water
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

Goethe, in *Faust:*

The soul of man
Is like the water ---
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth.
And thence at once
It must back to earth,
Forever changing.

Wordsworth, in *Intimations of Immortality:*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

Victor Hugo, in *To the Invisible One:*

Before I came upon this earth
I know I lived in gladness
For ages as an angel; birth
Has caused my present sadness.

Dryden, translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis:*

Souls cannot die. They leave a former home.
And in new bodies dwell and from them roam.
Nothing can perish, all things change below,
For spirits through all forms may come and go.

Rudyard Kipling, in *The Neolithic Age*:

In the neolithic age, saviage warfare did I wage
For food and fame and two-toed horses' pelt;
I was a singer to my clan in that dim, red dawn of man,
And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.
Then the silence closed upon me till they put
new clothing on me —
Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail;
And I stepped beneath Time's finger, once again
a tribal singer.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *To an Astrologer:*

Before the solar systems were conceived.
When nothing was but the Unnamable,
My spirit lived, an atom of the Cause.
Through countless ages and in many forms
It has existed ere it entered in
This human frame to serve its little day
Upon this earth.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN



The Archives
Original War Chronicles



INTRO: Sita Ram Kohli: 'Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh' Volume 4
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

THE WAR IN INDIA: Despatches of Lt. General Viscount Hardinge, Gov. General of India, to the Secret Committee of the East India Company.

Chapter 15

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

Court Chronicler, *Munshi,* Sohan Lal Suri, a paid British spy, lent the transcripts of Lahore Government's meetings, before and during the 1st Anglo-Sikh War to Captain Herbert Edwards. They never resurfaced! …
A note from Sita Ram Kohli about the Court Chronicles of the Fall of the Sikh Empire, that serve as a cautionary tale for all times:

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 altogether changed its complexion. ***It is now an Anglo-Sikh Darbar. In place of the 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. According 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 (1848-1849). 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

* * *

Facts are the first casualty of wars. In particular, when the supposed facts being quoted have come from famously known propagandists, paid spies and informants! So here, for historic posterity, are the archives of men who were actually inside the wars of the Punjab, and that gives a very different view. … Clearly, these archives are not too obscure for the many volumes written by historians, ALL BLAMING RANI JINDAN!

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 outstanding 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, xxii)

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:

RANI JINDAN HAD OPPOSED AND NOT INSTIGATED OR CONNIVED AT THE MELANCHOLY ADVENTURE; 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."
The document shows, in short, that the Khalsa Kingdom was destroyed by the Khalsa army.

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.

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.



Khalsa Troops at Lahore

The Rani ordered the Commander, the brave and resolute Sardar Tej Singh, on 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 all 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 (clerks) and in disputes, until the matter was referr-ed 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.***

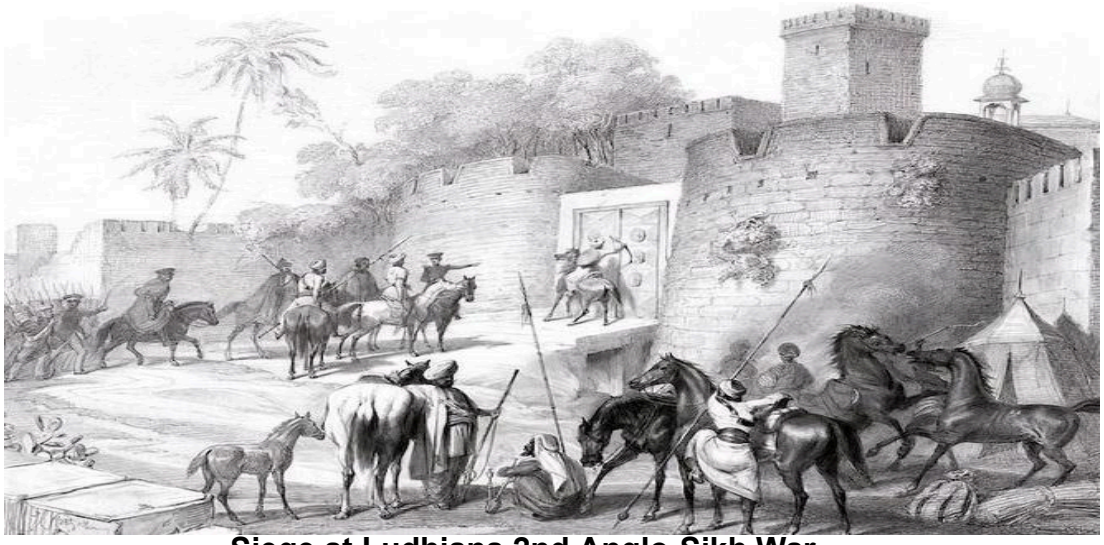
The ***Fauj-i-Khas*** *consisted of four battalions forming two regiments, with horse batteries and* ***Jinsi.*** *It was trained by Generals Allard and Ventura, the French Officers. … During the disorders, which followed the death of the Great Maharaja till the days of Sardar Jawahar Singh, it took 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 Kamal-garh 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 aggrieved. 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 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 undertaken. 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 the 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*



Siege at Ludhiana 2nd Anglo-Sikh War

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 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**: 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 Lahore's 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 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 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 all the 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.*

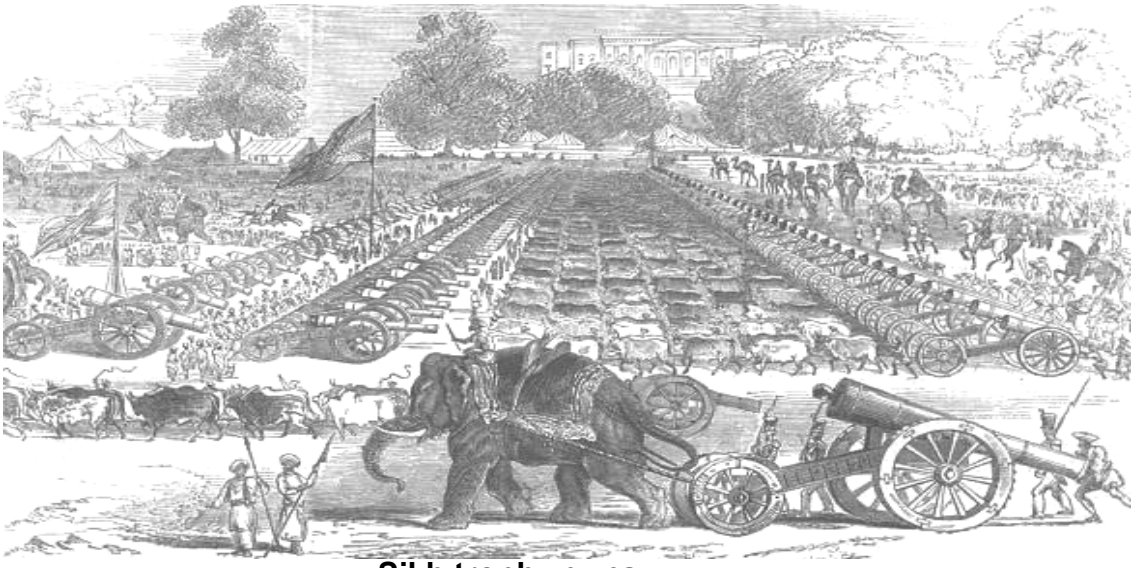
➤ ***Their insubordination gave the glorious Sahibs evidence of the disorganization in the kingdom of Lahore, so that (the British) were determined to reinforce the frontier. The troops agreed to go to the Samadh of the Great Maharaja and declare in writing that they would obey their officers and camp 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 (camp) of cavalry, which were encamped some krohs (1.9 miles) apart so that they could act together.*

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.



Sikh trophy guns

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 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 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 to 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 govern[ment 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 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 exhortations 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 neighborhood 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 were 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 and 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. 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 reaffirm-



Sikh Khalsa Army

ed 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 British Company Bahadur. They 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 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 help-lessness 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 Maha-raja 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 maintain 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 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 fully meet the officers of the* ***Fauj-i-Ain*** *in the open ground to decide about 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 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 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 (camp) 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 forces with the Governor-General, had probably been bringing reinforcements to Ferozepur. On learning this the two battalions of the* ***Fauj-i-Khas*** *returned*

to camp. The irregular cavalry, which had gone south-west, 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 a friendship 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.



Raja Lal Singh

*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…**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 themselves, 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. The 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, 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 by camp-followers who had come with 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 sneered that, far from capturing the fort at Ferozepore with its treasure and the throne of Delhi, according to the sayings of the Gurus, and destroying London, 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 to faithfully 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

By Diwan Ajudhia Prashad, paymaster of the Fauj-i-Khas

… 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"

* * *

I do not want to be seen as a *'cherry-picker'*, with my only aim being to white-wash Jindan from any responsibility—though I believe that she is not who bears the blame for the affairs in Lahore…how could she? It is clear that The British were biding their time until Ranjit Singh had left the stage, preparing their co-conspirators and *traitors*, for their inevitable takeover of Punjab…*The Great Game* was much larger than the Punjab, and the fearfully greedy men who manipulated this game, ultimately bankrupt their dreams, but never stopped passing their bankrupt buck! — It is insane to believe that the British, *pure as the driven snow,* with their paid informants, their backroom deals with the Dogras, while assembling troops on the Border, did not have the intention of taking Punjab. — Maharaja Ranjit Singh said when looking at the British map:

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

The War in India: Despatches of Lt.General Viscount Hardinge, Gov. General of India, to the Secret Committee of the East India Company. Camp, Umballa, December 2, 1845. (published 1846)
https://archive.org/details/in.ernet.dli.2015.71751/page/n9/mode/1up

December 5, 1945

The letter of the 20th was succeeded by a private communication of the following day, stating the same facts, and inclosing news, letters, and papers of intelligence received from Lahore, which professed to give an account of the circumstances which have led to the present movement, and which would appear (if these papers are to be depended upon) to have originated with the Ranee and certain of the Sirdars, who felt the pressure of the demands of the army to be so urgent, and its present attitude and temper so perilous to their existence, that they desired to turn the thoughts of the troops to the objects which might divert their attention from making extortionate demands for higher pay, by employing their energies in hostile operations against the British Government.

If this is true, and not the officials creating their cover story, the dangling question that remains is: *WHY DID CAPT. EDWARDS DISAPPEAR THE COURT RECORDS?*

It is said they intend, in reply to Major Broadfoot's remonstrance, to allege that the fact of our having collected so large a force, with all the munitions of war, on the frontier, is the cause of the concentration of their forces on the Sutlej ; that they intend to demand the reasons of our preparations ; to insist on the surrender to the Lahore Government of the treasure which belonged to the late Raja Soocheyt Sing. … I need only remark, on the first and most essential point, that the Sikh army did in the beginning of last January 1845, prepare to move to the Sutlej. The political agent remonstrated, and the troops were withdrawn; the reason then assigned for the movement being the same as that now intended to be brought forward, namely, the state of our military to preparations on the frontier. The Governor-General in Council, in a despatch Major Broadfoot, the 25th January, 1845, entered into very full explanations, which were conveyed to the Lahore Vakeel.

As regards the past, it is clear that no cause of complaint has been given by the Government of India. If it should be asserted that our military preparations this autumn have given offence, the assertion is equally unfounded, and is a mere pretext for hostile proceedings which have originated in the political weakness and the internal dissensions of the Lahore Government, and, above all, in their desire to be released, on any terms, from the terror which the ferocity of their own troops has inspired. The proof is to be found in the fact that, at the time these disorderly movements commenced, no additional British troops had reached our frontier stations.

At the same time it is very apparent, from the general aspect of affairs, that the period is fast approaching when further changes shall take place at Lahore, and that the weak government of the Regent will be subverted by the violence of the troops, instigated by the intrigues of the party favourable to Raja Golab Singh.

Some chiefs of influence on this side, and with estates on both sides of the river, are anxious to come forward to prove themselves unconnected, with the present movement against us, and to evince their adherence to our interests. The answer I have desired may, be given to them is, that we do not anticipate that the Sikhs will proceed to unprovoked hostilities; but that, should such be the case, the parties who have estates on our side the Sutlej, and prove by their conduct their true adherence to the British Government will be protected from any consequences to which such conduct might render them liable on account of their position in the Punjaub.

…* It is clear from the dispatches that the paid informers were in constant communication with the British. —But nowhere in the reports is there any indication that Rani Jindan was one of those informers!

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

Your Gracious Majesty,

During your visit to the United States in spring 2026, New York City's Mayor Mamdani said he would encourage you to return India's Koh-i-Noor diamond. It is said that the Koh-i-Noor belongs to the nation and is not your personal property. The nation knows well that the Crown accepted the diamond as a spoil of war, so surely the Crown can return it as an act of grace. While never harboring ill will and becoming Britain's staunchest supporter, India has enriched the British people by £45 trillion GBP. While under corporate rule, India's world trade was at 30% in the 18th century, but by 1947, after the British EIC's deindustrialization, it had fallen to just 4%!

Great Britain's colonial exploitation of India still echoes today because of their plunder of the Koh-i-Noor diamond from the 10-year-old Maharaja Duleep Singh. Worth $20 billion in today's money, the Koh-i-Noor diamond is incalculable to India. On behalf of the world, UNESCO asked Britain to return its looted artifacts, but Britain refused. Your Majesty, while the world implores you, I ask you plainly: it is past time to return the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India! Its shameful legacy means that no queen or consort can wear it. So instead of locking it away in a tower, transform this dark legacy into an act of justice. In the words of your Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston: "A thief must always be made to disgorge!"

… In appreciation of your honorable monarchy's friendship, and in the name of justice, return the Koh-i-Noor to India

… with our profound appreciation



Mayor Mamdani



Maharani Jind Kaur



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

— I turned 60 in a tryst with Destiny when this tale of Empire and the legendary Koh-i-Noor diamond came looking for me! … Therefore, whether or not the reader believes that I am the remanifest soul of Jindan, who else could represent her case more effectively?

"To be or not to be?" Every person wants to know who they truly are. In my search for my own true self: *Who am I?* Not my name, my status or my profession, but the *'I'* shaped by a lifetime of experiences. The *'I'* of this realm of consciousness. We've been told beautiful tales of demi-gods and prophets — we've been given everything but truth! This idea needs more unpacking. If you want to know who you really are, it's in your eternal soul.

This book has never been about belief or faith, as I have never been indoctrinated into any. The journey I've documented does not fit into any category. Through years of historical research, my unexpected, destined inquiry—which began with a mystical experience—revealed patterns of life unspoken and I ultimately unmasked monsters of deception. This memoir of my past-lives makes a serious argument, because Rani Jindan deserves her rehabilitation, which I was compelled to pursue through decades of research. The truth is costly and complicated. It requires tedious fact-checking. The fiction about Rani Jindan is cheap! It's exciting, titillating, and convenient for manipulating public opinion.

As a seeker of truth, my quest has unfolded like a kind of allegorical fairy-tale: The spell-casting Queen is the 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 book has been an investigation of discovery. A discovery bolstered by the chronicles of two sovereign modernizers, both crushed by the same man, *Lord Palmerston*, enacting the same imperial doctrine. And shaped by the woman who loved these civilization-changing men, *deathlessly!*

Whatever had guided me here—the string of synchronicities and the mystical interventions, though illuminating—had become secondary. What mattered most, what I somehow knew, was that the historical record was not just incomplete; *it was wrong! And I could no longer look away.* The bonus prize was discovering that my consciousness—and all human consciousness—survives death. Life is eternal, a continuity of patterns, 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 (stolen) Maharaja; and Koh-i-Noor: The History of the World's Most Infamous Diamond.* All of them describe a brutal, devious colonial takeover, and the systematic, savage defamation of Jindan, *The Last Maharani of Lahore.*

In London, directing foreign policy was *Lord Palmerston*, the man who had contained both sovereigns. In Cairo and in Lahore, the rulers were different, but Palmerston's strategy was not. In government for 60 years, first as Britain's Foreign Secretary and later as Prime Minister, Palmerston confronted the Empire's anxieties about the rise of modernizing, capable, Eastern rulers along Britain's financial lifeline; *India!* British trade depended on maritime dominance, and that dominance depended on preventing rival powers from consolidating strength along the routes to India. Because India was not merely a colony but a prestigious cash cow.

In Egypt, *Mohammad Ali Pasha* built an army that rivaled and surpassed the Sultan's, and his navy threatened Mediterranean equilibrium. So British gunboats answered! In Punjab, *Maharaja Ranjit Singh* forged a powerful Sikh state, buffering India from Central Asia. After the Great Maharaja's death, British diplomacy hardened into war. The strategy was Palmerston's, a ruler with unchecked power by either Parliament or his Sovereign: ***"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.' …*** Britain's economy relied on the policies of the *East India Company*. Britons loved drinking tea, and paying for it in opium was preferable to paying in silver! ***"Corporations have neither bodies to be punished nor souls to be condemned; they therefore do exactly as they like."***

The East India Company was one of the first multinational corporations with its own military and it was politically and media savvy enough to shape public opinion into fighting two profitable Opium Wars. Lord Palmerston said: ***"It is not about opium—it is about national honor!"*** His guile was a prototype of our future. History tells us he was not uniquely evil, since power employs ruthlessness, but his policies were both ruthless and cruel. Indians were forced to grow opium instead of food, resulting in famine. And because a sovereign Egypt could still jeopardize Britain's route to India, when the British 1807 invasion failed against Ali's forces, the Oriental Crisis of 1840 finally contained Egypt. And in the Punjab, Palmerston did not need to know the mothers or their sons; *he understood the map!*

This was no longer about my 60th birthday, past-life regression, or my recurring dreams; it became about the machinery of empire. In that realization, my focus shifted from who I had been and toward what had been done. Not only in Egypt and India, but I also needed to know why a young queen had been transformed into a villain. Why had she entombed inside a diabolical caricature as ***The Messalina of the Punjab?***

I discovered that it was an enormous smear campaign built on stories spread by notoriously savage officers, who were '***prize-liars and deceitful operatives'!*** The British narrative caricatured her as a hypersexualized, manipulative seductress and a drunken schemer in order to justify stripping her of power. The EIC's leaders framed her as a bad mother to justify violently separating Jindan from her young son. Their aim was to erase the Sikh royal lineage.British agents spread ugly stories that Duleep was not the Maharaja's biological son, but the child of a palace *water-carrier!*

Meanwhile, the archives revealed something far more devious, perpetrated by two men in particular, G. Carmichael Smyth and Frederick Cooper, who, by any moral measure, were monsters. While writing for their leaders, they cited their source as a "*firsthand account" of a Scots-Irish-American mercenary,* who probably was not actually an American. His Irish accent he attributes to having lived with his Irish grandmother. Reportedly, he was just a common deserter who became a paid British spy!

What was true was that Jindan threatened the imperial order. The archives were filled with anxiety over her rebellious influence. However, further investigation revealed that this relentless propaganda, embraced by many historians, was an illusion, a mere *pile of sand!* In reality, she was a fierce leader who tried to protect her son and his throne. My decades of research have revealed she was a sober visionary who addressed the army fearlessly and tried to restore orderly conduct. She sought alliances with the Afghans, Kashmiris, and Russians to keep the Sikh Empire out of British hands.

Bonham's Magazine, the prestigious auction house selling Jind Kaur's jewels, writes: ***A kennel keeper's daughter, Jind Kaur was left to defend the mighty Sikh empire against the British. The remarkable rags-to-riches life of Maharani Jind Kaur deserves to be better known. At the peak of her power – the three years from 1843 when she was regent of the Sikh Empire on behalf of her infant son – the vast Sikh territories stretched from the Khyber Pass to Kashmir and Delhi, and were the strategic frontier between Central Asia and the British East India Company's lucrative and ambitious commercial enterprise in the Indian subcontinent. She wore spectacular jewellery, was hugely energetic, and terrified the British. They dubbed her 'the Messalina of the Punjab' – Messalina was the promiscuous and treacherous third wife of Roman Emperor Claudius. … They confiscated her jewels and moved her halfway across India to Chunar Fort on the banks of the Ganges. — But even Chunar Fort was no match for the gutsy Rani Jindan.***

However far-reaching my research has been, I have relied on the words and deeds of the historical figures. As I am not a professional historian, my aim has always been to discover things for myself and then to show them, rather than simply tell what history has recorded. The Egyptian Pasha's government was praised in first-hand accounts by British diplomats, yet Palmerston called Mohammed Ali a *"barbarian."* Meanwhile his trade policies destroyed Indian livelihoods. After the 1857 revolt, he ordered mass executions by cannon and burned entire villages, resulting in heavy civilian deaths. Finally, after years of research, sometimes feeling over- whelmed by the negative accounts, I discovered that there were fervent critics of Britain's rapacious policy towards Maharani Jindan and Duleep Singh—critics whose records exposed the deception.

In 1847, Duleep was branded illegitimate, and Jindan was defamed as not being the true sovereign. Even centuries later, these promoted versions persist. So it took lifetimes to establish the immortal connections of these historical persons.

The Wheel of Destiny has taken nearly 200 years to reveal these truths, because certain events had to unfold: Jindan's ivory miniature had to return to me in a Jaipur curio shop. Later, in a book, I found Jindan's portrait hanging in the Rambagh Museum matching my younger self. Then more confirmation came when Jindan's favorite emerald seed-pearl earrings resurfaced at the prestigious Bonhams' auction house, matching those in my ivory miniature. While researching, I noticed an intriguing pattern: *the Last Maharani of Lahore*, *Rani Jindan, died on August 1*, *1863, and Egypt's founding father, Mohammed Ali Pasha, died on August 2, 1849; their death dates are consecutive*. *In Duleep's current life as Swami Rajneesh, his birth-date is Jan. 20, 1961. His past-life father, Maharaja Ranjit Singh in his most recent life as Osho, passed away on Jan. 19, 1990—also consecutive.*

These are historically recorded dates. They cannot be manipulated by any fraudster. I am not like one of the *false Anastasias* who claimed the Romanov family fortune. And, as I near the final chapter of my current sojourn, the lies and injustice must be set right! My deathless journey without end will continue, rooted in love, mystery, discovery, and truth.

As I read about the life of Rani Jindan, my reaction shifted from intellectual curiosity to moral outrage. In 1847, she was styled *"the Messalina of the Punjab."* In 1980, the writers said, ***"His ambitious mother removed him to the countryside, where she could manipulate the dynastic struggle."*** And even in 2017, the seasoned historian Keay wrote, ***"In this dynastic charade, Jindan was far from innocent, noted for her forwardness and worse."*** This distorted history is still being repeated! A young woman was called "*The Whore of Lahore,"* and her sexuality was cited as evidence that she was unfit to be the maharaja's mother and unsuitable to rule. These British descriptions were maliciously concocted, yet they remain enduringly influential, with greed as their guiding principles. In the countless popular retellings, Rani Jindan was turned into a scandalizing spectacle to justify her removal.

After years of chaos following the death of Ranjit Singh, Jindan became regent for her young son, Duleep. Still a child, Duleep was placed on a throne encircled by rival factions and British spies determined to bring about the kingdom's collapse. As annexation tightened, British officials concluded that her influence made her dangerous to the empire! No negotiation followed. The solution was simple: separate the mother from the child. She was imprisoned. Duleep was recut like his *Koh-i-Noor* and carefully monitored. He was converted in his religious faith, and in imperial dependability. Cloaked in bureaucratic jargon is the story of a child taken from his mother for the advancement of the empire: a very personal and historic tragedy crafted by his occupiers, his plunderers.

During the periods of research, the dreams returned, guiding my path. Sometimes they were cinematic and often nightmarish: a corridor of stone and the heavy footsteps announcing approaching danger, and, worse, the breathlessness—*like a boulder on my heart*—that follows irrevocable loss. I did not wake up declaring my identity. I awoke thinking, *"Why are they saying such things? The narrative is wrong. This cannot be true!"* I awoke with a bodily memory of terror and 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, who was paraded in Britain alongside his confiscated *Koh-i-Noor*, the more I understood something profound. Conquest, for the self-proclaimed god-kings of the material world, was not only territorial. It was also the physical and psychological proof of their moral domination.

The theme running through *My Lives With* encompasses losing a son in Egypt and having him torn from my bosom in India. History shows that life within palace walls is notoriously challenging. And so it is questionable how Duleep's life might have turned out in Egypt. None of Ali's sons fared well. His son Tusun, died of plague after returning from his Arabian campaign. Isma'il was burned alive in a hut by a chieftain whom he had slighted during his Sudan campaign. Abbas was murdered by his male servants. Ibrahim died at 59, before his illustrious father. And all the purported sons of Ranjit Singh suffered brutal, violent ends. So it seems I've gained some survival skills in my life as Rani Jindan, for both myself and Duleep.

I have been amazed by the physical evidence and chronological connections I discovered when reuniting with my past-life family in my current life. What took my breath away was when *The Sphinx* showed me the full picture. These men,seekers of wisdom, did not simply continue a mission across lifetimes; they found each other again. West, as Budge, had knelt beside a ten-year-old Dorothy Eady in the British Museum and recognized something extraordinary in her. He then returned in this life as John West, the man who championed her knowledge to Egyptologists around the world. And most amazing of all was discovering the continuation of consciousness through millennia, in *Omm Sety's Eternal Life.*

I have learned through osmosis, while meeting via *The Sphinx*, *the Masters Among Us*, whom I think of as superheroes who are indefatigable in their quest to reveal the truth of our human history. If we have learned anything from *Dimensions Beyond the Known,* it is that yesterday's mysteries are tomorrow's discoveries and that the impossible is merely unexplained. And, if we have learned anything from the *Masters Among Us,* it is that ancient masters constructed indestructible megalithic monuments as markers of *civilization-altering events. Because they knew:* ***"Though thou goest, thou comest again."***

As sentient beings, we evolve through discovery and by nourishing our *questing minds.* So, while it is beyond my experience to fully explain, I've offered the words of physicists *Einstein and Penrose*, who see *"consciousness as an interface between the material world and quantum reality."* Einstein, just months before his death, wrote a note to the family of his departed friend:***"Now he has departed from this strange world a little ahead of me. That means nothing. People like us, who believe in physics, know that the distinction between past, present and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion."***

I trust that, by sharing these experiences, I have provided the reader with some valuable insights into our distorted and falsified history, as well as our immortal reality. Above all, I hope that the staunchly legal-minded British sovereigns will toss their incoherent word salad of *"provenance"* in the dustbin and instead express their heartfelt thanks to India for her gracious

support and forgiveness over these many years. *In return for repatriating India's historic artifact, you have been granted the priceless gift of Eternal Life.*

So now, it is time that India's legendary Koh-i-Noor returns home. *With a Symphony of Synchronicities, Maharani Jindan Kaur,* also known as *"The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire," has returned in the 21st century for her well-earned vindication in her quest for justice! She has found the receipts. She has supplied the historically decisive dates. She has retrieved the artifacts and the images that correct the historical records to clear her sullied name. She has resurrected humanity's eternal truth in the Koh-i-Noor, the "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

















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