



The Pasha



The Emperor



**The Maharaja
&
Koh I Noor**



by **Leslie Simone Sutain**

... aka **Rani Jindan**

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

Carl Jung

“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



Preface



...Numerous women claimed to be Duchess Anastasia and thus heirs to the Romanov fortune, BUT absolutely NO ONE would want to have been ‘The Last Maharani of Lahore’! —Yet, I was Rani Jindan Kaur, “The Woman Who Terrified The British Empire”... See all the proofs with your own eyes, and then you decide!

Centuries of loose ends ensnared me in a story I alone am destined to reveal. Globetrotting for 35 years as a New York fashion designer, on my 60th birthday in 2006, I was gifted a past-life regression while vacationing in Mexico. That’s when ***Divine Synchronicity and The Whispering Sphinx*** entangled me with the man who was my love of multiple lifetimes, ***‘The Pasha of Egypt... Mohammed Ali The Great.’***

It’s been said that ***Synchronicity is The Gods directing Destiny*** until the truth unfolds.... Mystically, unseen forces were guiding me through *multiple past-lives*, unmasking a *Who’s Who of Reincarnated Masters among us*, until I could confirm, and then confront, my painful lifetime as ***Rani Jindan, The Last Maharani of Lahore...*** Naturally I was curious. So from a 20th-century fashion designer, I became a bonafide soul-archeologist. It was all historically documented, and it soon became undeniable! Once confronted with the physical images, the birth and death dates, plus the artifacts I’d acquired throughout my life, it was proven —*beyond any reasonable doubt—the reincarnation of my soul.*

As a New Yorker of Russian Jewish descent, while having no knowledge of any of these historical figures, over the years I’d acquired artifacts of my multiple past lives. Then, magnified by the physical likeness to my past-life as ***Jindan, the mother of Duleep Singh, “Queen Victoria’s Stolen Maharaja,”*** no escape was possible from the tragic truth:

“You have snatched my son from me! Why do you take control of the Kingdom by underhanded means? Why don’t you do it openly?”

Meanwhile, I began watching as Rani Jindan’s stolen jewels were sold at auction, highly valued for their captivating—riveting history, and, as countries still battled for the legendary, priceless **\$20 billion Koh-i-Noor diamond, currently set in the British Royal Crown.**

Was Jindan a heroine or an evil genius? ***“The Woman Who Terrified the British Empire,”*** the only surviving wife of ***The Great Sikh Maharaja Ranjit Singh, returns*** to confirm *Eternal Life* and to challenge a *history written by the victors*. But can I dispel the volumes of lies still being told? Can I heal the heart of Ali? ***AND, can I fulfill my ‘Mission Impossible’, and the dying wish of The Great Maharaja, to return the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India?***

This is an *adult fairytale*, historically corroborated and unembellished, while disabusing the glamor of being an Egyptian princess or an Indian maharani. ...The **TRUTH** flips fantasy on its head. So in these most turbulent of times, when *‘telling the truth is a revolutionary act,’* if the right story at the right time has the power to change the world, just maybe this is: *The Greatest Story Ever Told, about The Greatest Stories Never Told!*

Leslie Simone Sustain, January 2025

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





Main Historic Characters



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



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



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



Koh-i-Noor Diamond India's Legendary Diamond,
Largest in the World for Centuries
Fought over by World Monarchs
Pilfered from 10 yr old Duleep



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



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



David Roberts Artist greatest portfolio of Egypt / Holy Lands
 painted 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 Egypt'* author/diplomat



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



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



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



Sir John Spencer Login Guardian to Duleep Singh



Lord Palmerston Queen Victoria's Foreign Secretary
 1835-1851 & Prime Minister 1855-1858
 Warmonger aka: *'Lord Pumice-Stone'*
 Hated Mohammed Ali / Annexed Punjab
 Sanctioned 2 Opium Wars



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's Death, employed by Gulab Singh



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



Jean-François Champollion Father of Egyptology
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 Pasha...The Emperor...The Maharaja & Koh-i-Noor

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CHAPTER ONE



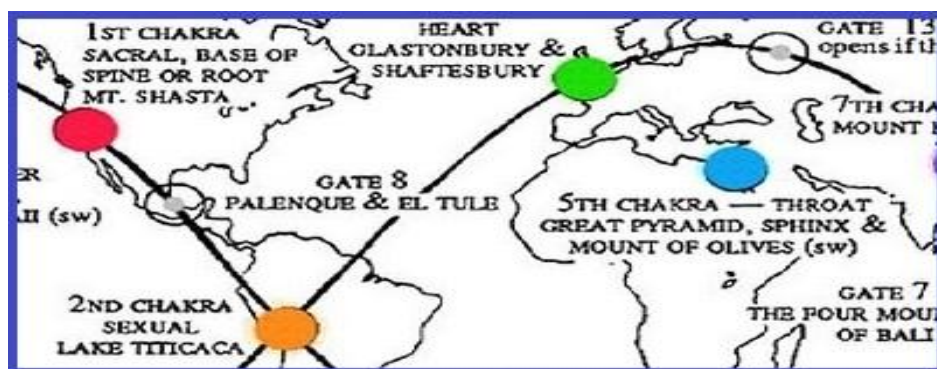
My 60th with Egypt's Last Pharaoh



**Mohammed Ali Pasha
Viceroy of Egypt**

Chapter 1

At 7000 feet, halfway between Earth's 1st and 2nd chakras, on a river of rose crystal, lies the 16th-century World Heritage Site of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Here telluric currents attract wine-draped Buddhist Monks, and where I was transported to Giza, Earth's 5th throat chakra, to Egypt's epic time, 100 years before Lawrence. Here *The Sphinx*, *The Voice of the Earth*, replayed my past life, about 'The Greatest Story Never Told'...



With love, *The Sphinx* replayed why *Destiny* did not send a *Gandhi* to deliver Egypt from 600 years of rapacious Mameluke rule, from centuries of grinding Egypt to dust, by foreign occupants' greed. It was my 60th birthday, June 19th, 2006, when I relived the story of *Egypt's Godfather & Sons*, in a past-life not quite *Gone with the Wind*.

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

I was an international fashion designer in this life, but in 1805 Egypt, I was a 14-year-old Bedouin princess guarding Cairo from her father's tented compound behind the Sphinx, where telluric currents of Earth's 5th throat chakra running through San Miguel entangled me with ***The Mexican Healer***, who was the man I loved lifetimes ago: ***Egypt's Last Pharaoh, Mohammed Ali***.

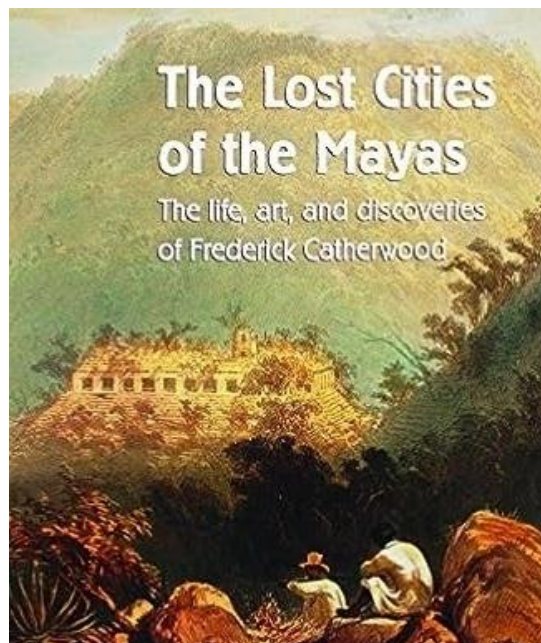
Under a skylit cupola festooned with glistening crystals, I sipped reposado and relaxed on a single bed. Sitting in a chair beside me, past-life therapist Eduardo Blanco was a tall, handsome man with shoulder-length white hair, about a decade younger than me, who was my daughter Noren's current boyfriend.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

.... I was in a palace on a veranda open to a port of clipper ships, seated on a carpet, surrounded by bronze-skinned servants who were pulling the cord of an overhead cloth fan. *"I'm rich!"* said my young voice, *"I'm the wife of Ali!"*

... Taking it all in, dressed in the garb of the place and time, there were so many souls I felt I knew. My mind was swimming with exotic images when Eduardo asked, *"What's happening now?"* I got exceedingly sad. *"There's a woman coming now from across the sea."* A dark gray shadow of a veiled woman flanked by teenage sons was gliding above a foreboding black sea. An emotional terror overtook me. *"She has sons, and I only have a daughter,"* I sighed. So much was happening so fast. Overwrought with fear, spinning and spinning, my head was swimming with so many images that I could not absorb or describe it all. Then I began twisting my head—shaking—side to side—gasping for air! That's when Eduardo took me back. ...*Oof! And wow! ...Such vivid images and feelings!*

About an hour after my 60th birthday past-life regression, I was walking down cobblestone streets, undeniably tipsy from my trip of a lifetime. After tea with the pigeons splashing in the fountain of the '*Bellas Artes*' courtyard restaurant, a 16th-century monastery that's now an art school, I crossed Canal Street and entered a curio shop. As a textile artist and avid book collector, a large volume of watercolor lithographs caught my eye.

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, he was in Egypt, employed by ***The Pasha Mohammed Ali!***



... and right before my eyes, on page 26 of this book, was a sketch of Mohammad Ali Pasha...***My Ali!***



Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt

— But there was even more in this book! Although he was dressed in Eastern garb, somehow I recognized my dear friend, **David Reyes**, nephew of Mexican artist *Chucho Reyes*, of *fighting cocks* fame, part of the Rivera/Kahlo clique, but here his name was **David Roberts**. Not only is *David Roberts* credited with the richest portfolio ever created of *Egypt and the Holy Lands*, but he sketched the very palace veranda open to clipper ships that I was in just an hour ago! Titled ***Interview with the Viceroy of Egypt***, Roberts drew himself into the scene with Colonel Campbell from memory, as Roberts regrettably did not have pen and paper to record ‘*such a face of animated countenance.*’ ...*Dear David, you are truly my guardian angel!*



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

Some *Souls* may manifest, looking almost identical, as in David's case. See for yourself: ***David Reyes was David Roberts***. Below, myself with my artist/diplomat fiancé Bartolomé Sanchez and David Reyes at a dinner in The Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, 1982.



David Roberts

David Reyes

David Roberts



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

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



I'd arrived two weeks earlier, about the same time as *The Mexican Healer*, who was staying with Jaime in the house next door to Noren's Bistro, a man he'd healed, who could now walk. I was alone in the bistro when he came in wearing a western sombrero, jeans, and snakeskin boots. I'd been traveling to China and India for 35 years, and we began talking about Eastern health treatments, when he suggested that I try his...*that's how it began*.

In the high-ceilinged room of the colonial stone house next door to the bistro, I had lain under a sheet on a massage table with religious icon paintings looking down on me as soft music played. Of flaxen fair coloring, with a short robust build, *The Mexican Healer* smiled but didn't speak as he began, like a sculptor, to reposition each bone of my skeleton, then twist the tendons and flesh over the new frame. Somehow I never stirred, while feeling the pain was excruciating, yet I simply remained an observer.

When he finished, he left without a word. After dressing, I went into the stone-arched atrium where an elegant blond woman was sitting behind a reception table. While we were chatting, I turned to watch *The Mexican Healer*, who seemed to float across the sun-filled patio, his haloed body, looked like a *Light Being*, as tears of bliss filled my eyes. He entered the shaded atrium, then looked at me and chuckled. “Now you cry? ...I’ve never seen anyone receive my treatment without a tear before, but normally it’s during, and not afterwards. How are you feeling?” My body was tingling with youth — but I was speechless. He smiled. “Let things settle, and we’ll see how to proceed.”

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



masked faced bodies, into this madness, *The Mexican Healer* and I walked down through the Jardin, down Pila Seca to Don Quijote’s outdoor restaurant. Then, after a festive time with Noren, Eduardo, and friends, we stepped onto the river-rock road when—like a flash—I was spun into a time warp! I grabbed onto *The Mexican Healer*, who look-

ed quizzically at me, but I'm sure he didn't know what to think. At first I thought it was *Jewel Mountain in Jaipur*, a pyramid-shaped mountain in a camel reserve outside our print factory, as there were camels passing by. But towering above us was a mountain of stone, only it was much larger. Now I know it was the *Great Pyramid of Giza*, but that was 24 hours before my 60th birthday regression.

Reeling from the day's synchronicities, after my birthday trip of a lifetime, I was back at the bistro waiting for Claudia and Gabriela to finish their tarot reading to reveal my discovery to Eduardo. "*That's Ali?*" Eduardo seemed not as intrigued as I was with the book's sketch of Ali of my past life in Egypt. He was more concerned that our entanglement could be a dangerous replay of something that we didn't yet know. "*It's best not to repeat the past. He's leaving in a few days,*" Eduardo said ominously.

The past-life regression had ended so precipitously, and with such heightened-fearful-emotions, I was more than a little anxious about facing *The Mexican Healer*. After so many magical days, everything had changed. I needed to calm myself before seeing him for our last night. I was staying in *the Hacienda de Las Flores* on Hospicio, in a two-room suite atop a spindly stairwell that overlooked a garden. I lit some aromatherapy candles, pressed play on a *Norah Jones* cassette, and stepped into the sunken oversized tiled bath. The door was never locked; I didn't hear him come in, but a man like *The Mexican Healer* only goes where he is honored; he doesn't ask, he acts, he dominates.

How was I to say goodbye? Face to face with him, I was uncontrollably, frantically flipping between epochs. I pressed my hands against my head trying to stop the onslaught. I was weirded out, disconnected, fighting against the images flooding my brain, struggling against the frightening feelings from the past-life regression resurfacing—*ready to explode!* And of course he realized it. No words were spoken as he dressed and left. Then, as I listened to him descend the metal stairwell, I sprang off the bed and watched from the window as he exited the garden. That's when *The Sphinx* whispered in my head, "***Heal his heart, ease his pain.***"



CHAPTER TWO



Tea with The Sphinx



The Sphinx

Chapter 2

Shifting time zones, I was back in my *21st-century Scottsdale smart house*. Sinking into plush velvet sofas, I set a tray of Darjeeling tea on the ottoman in my climate-controlled living space, combating the 105-degree heat. There was research to do; there was much to meditate on. The whisperings of *The Sphinx* echoed in my head: ***“Heal his heart, ease his pain,”*** and naturally, I needed to know more.

My purchases from AbeBooks and Amazon were made, and on archive.org 19th-century books are open to all. *A Short Memoir of Mohammed Ali, Viceroyalty of Egypt*, by the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, Consul General of Egypt 1846-1853, *on excellent terms with Mehmet Ali Pasha*, who transported the first hippopotamus to Europe since Roman times. Consul Murray’s friendship with *The Pasha* was during Ali’s final years, which overlapped with the reign of Abbas I, *The Pasha’s* grandson, who detested his stern disciplinarian grandfather. ...*Just pages into the intro, a scandalously colorful story emerges.*



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

<https://archive.org/details/ashortmemoirmoh00murrgoog/page/n9/mode/1up>

Ali's grandson Abbas credits himself with saving his Aunt Nazle's life, pleading with his grandfather not to murder his beautiful, willful daughter Nazle for her reckless extravagance and sexual profligacy. The rumors reached Ali of her taking foreign lovers and having them disposed of, fed to the crocodiles in the Nile—*The Pasha was outraged!* (Nazle was so jealous of her husband's attentions that she served the head of her golden-haired servant to him on a silver platter!) Abbas accused his grandfather of having murdered his own father, Tusun, who was *The Pasha's* favorite son. He detested not only his grandfather but all foreigners in Egypt. He did not permit shops to close for *The Pasha's* state funeral, that diplomats reported was a '*sad affair*.' Abbas was raised by his grandmother Emina; he was spoiled and cruel. He once ordered a hot horseshoe nailed to the foot of a groom for neglecting the hooves of his beloved Arabian... Abbas, a homosexual, was ultimately murdered by his own male servants!

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

Under the Ottoman Sultan's government, from Damascus to Cairo, no European Christian was safe from insult or injury. *The Pasha* had brought it to pass that Europeans could walk unarmed as safely in Cairo as in 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. Clearly, Egyptology in the *Age of Discovery* could not have progressed without the rule of *Egypt's Pasha, Mohammed Ali*.

In 1811 the famous *Massacre of the Mamelukes* introduced Egypt's new Pasha to the world. In Count de Forbin's 1817 book *Travels to Egypt and the Holy Lands*, he sketched a version of *The Massacre*. Then the famed Orientalist *Horace Vernet* did a full-blown painting that traveled to Europe, along with a black-and-white souvenir postcard that was widely published. ... Artists were the TV photojournalists of the day, and naturally everyone was curious to know more about Egypt's Pasha.



March 1, 1811 'Massacre of the Mamelukes'

On March 1, 1811, the time of year when warm winds blow, at 4 pm, all of Cairo was at Friday prayers when the *Mameluke Beys* took their last glittering ride. Dressed in their finest, the Beys came to coffee at Cairo's Citadel to celebrate the investiture of Mohammed Ali's son, *Tusun*, for his Arabian campaign to expel the *Saudi Wahhabi* rebels from the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. *An intolerable insult to the Ottoman Sultan!*

Since the days of Saladin, Mamelukes were fair-haired slave soldiers. They were *Christians from the Caucasus who fought in the Crusades*, and after defeating the Mongols in 1260, ironically, they became the *Defenders of Islam*, forming a powerful Sultanate in Egypt. But by 1517, Egypt was ruled by the Ottoman Turks. After decades of Mameluke dereliction of tribute to their *Sultan in the Sublime Porte of Istanbul*, after losing the *Battle of Pyramids to Napoleon*, the Sultan was done with them! Imbibing this volatile cocktail, the Mamelukes formed a treasonous alliance with *The British...*

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



No sooner had the Delhis and Janissaries passed *El Azab Gate* than the order was given to **close the gate**, and *The Pasha's* orders were given to **Massacre the Mamelukes!** The treachery flashed across the Bey's faces, but escape was impossible. The murderous fire from above revealed the horror of their position. Their horses, maddened by the shouts and

firing, became unmanageable, slipping and falling with the bloodied Beys rolling onto the ground. One Bey escaped to the harem begging sanctuary, only to be dragged away and beheaded.

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



After much chaos and bloodshed, order was restored, and ***Mohammed Ali Pasha was the undisputed ruler of Egypt.*** ... In short order, *Alexandria became the Paris of the East, Egyptomania exploded, 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 whole-sale 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.’



All the Pasha's Men - Khaled Fahmy:

<https://archive.org/details/allpashasmenmehm0000fahm/page/n359/mode/1up>

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

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

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

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 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?'



Napoleonic Figures Mohammed Ali Pasha

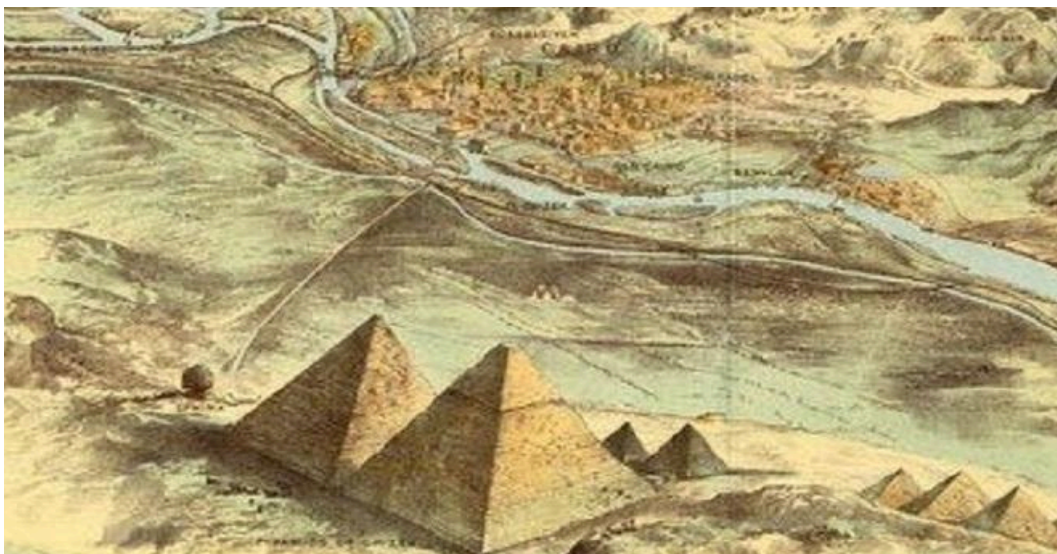
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y_Ky3U4Gwx4&list=PLFxSDQm5jzJPfEYjSylN9lVZmxyey3AVX

Muhammad Ali and Late Ottoman Egypt

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1laLYNThPOk>

OMG!—it seems I'm not the only one The Sphinx voices her heart-break to, for her beloved Ali! —What a storied life! So many of the descriptions fit perfectly with *The Mexican Healer's* habits and personality. ...But how is it possible that we've never heard about *the first 'Great' Mohammed Ali?* After millennia, he resurrected Egypt. He was her *Founding Father; their Washington, their Gandhi.* How is it possible that we've never heard about this epic period, when the *Great Empires*, England, France, Austria, and Russia, were vying for control over trade with *India and the East...the 19th century quagmire the world is still immersed in?* —**But where was I in the story? I needed to know.**

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



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

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

Napoleon's government resided, where General Kléber was assassinated, and where Mohammed Ali was living before taking over Saladin's Citadel. It's been said that *Synchronicity* is *The Gods directing Destiny*. ...I'm a New York fashion designer, not a historian, but as *Synchronicity and the Laws of Attraction were in high gear*, naturally I bought the book!

That night *The Sphinx* was more talkative than ever. And once '*the throat chakra of the world, the voice of the Earth, the energy site of communication and truth*,' has your ear, she doesn't stop talking, revealing all we should know. *I was downloading centuries of a Who's Who*. I cannot deny, it was all truly fascinating! I was screening through stories of people who were not exactly on my fashion designer radar. ...Some tales were ancient, and some truly weird. *Actually, they were chilling!*

— *Was I going mad? "Why are you telling me these things?"* I asked her telepathically. **"You are a TOXIN,"** was her reply...*"A what?"*...*"No—no! Not a TOXIN"*...She spelled it out slowly... **"T O C S I N"**

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

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



CHAPTER THREE



Cairo's Citadel After the Massacre



Mohammed Ali



Bedouin Princess

Chapter 3

I suppose I've been a TOCSIN of sorts all my life. When I was just three or so, I'd tell my parents about my exotic 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, my visitors were confined to my secret room, where I'd spend the night with them. My most vivid recurring dream was being weighed down by heavy clothes in a cold black sea, crying out, ***"Save the baby! Save the baby!"***...and I'd wake up in a very wet bed.

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

As a baby boomer, a flower child of the 60s, in 1972 I was in Rosebud, South Dakota, on the *Lakota Sioux Reservation* with *Chief Leonard Crowdog* and his medicine man father *Henry*, bearing witness to 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 thunder. Then four times to the East, the South, and the West, and with each chant, the Universe responded in kind. There was a Japanese video of his *Wakan-Tanka (Creative force of the Universe)* demonstration online, but it's always taken down.



After 35 years of globetrotting for material pursuits, I was taking a deep dive into the mysteries of my soul. A stack of books on Mohammed Ali, written by diplomats, travelers, and historians, lauding his achievements. All confirm his establishing the first Arabic journals, military and women's hospitals, educational institutions, and developing Egyptian cotton. Much is written of his personal interactions, speeches, and letters, of his fathering 95 offspring, but the only one to mention a *Bedouin princess* was Louise Muhlbach's final best-selling 1871 novel: ***Mohammed Ali and His House***. <https://archive.org/details/mohammedali00muhliala/page/n11/mode/1up>

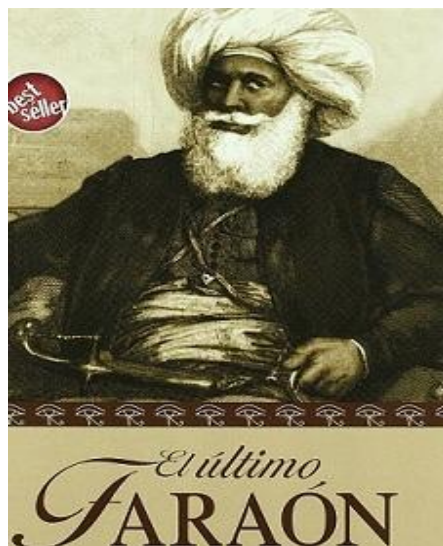
Muhlbach was the daughter of a diplomat who wrote 19 romance novels on Europe's royal families. Her novel retells the legendary tales of Ali's orphaned youth in Kavala, raised by his uncle, the local mayor. He gained fame by craftily trapping the town's prominent men in a mosque to collect their unpaid taxes. Ali married Emina, a wealthy relative of his uncle, with whom he sired three sons and two daughters. On the heels of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, the Sultan ordered all provinces to defend the Empire. So in 1801, Ali was sent as second in command with 300 Albanians to oust the balance of the French. His cousin couldn't take the hardships, leaving Ali in charge. In 1805, backed by Cairo's nobles, Ali was made Egypt's Pasha (Gov.) in a populace revolution, ousting the Sultan's appointed men. Then in 1809 two of his teenage sons came with his wife Emina. The novel tells how Ali meets Butheita, a teenage Bedouin princess whose sheik father guards Cairo from his compound behind the Pyramids and the Sphinx. She becomes his guide in the desert, and Ali believes her to be the reincarnation of his first love, who in a macho Eastern drama is bagged and drowned in the sea. Ali moves Butheita into his palace, and when Emina arrives, he makes it clear that he will *'always respect her as his first wife.'*

In ***Kismat***, by Nevine Yousry, Ali's descendant, she tells a similar tale. When Emina arrives, confronted 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 man and wife."* ... A man like Ali, who fathered 95 children alone for nine years? *Impossible!*

Besides, it's customary in the East for daughters to be given in marriage to secure loyalty, and guarding Cairo from the Giza Pyramids was critical.



Not likely to find myself in a book outside myself, I was returning to San Miguel to help with the renovation of my daughter Noren's house and take another journey to *19th-century Egypt*, co-piloted by Eduardo Blanco. From a website, I selected a full-service vacation house in the center on *Callejón del Pueblito*, a cloistered little lane with cascading purple, red, and orange bougainvillea, draped over their facades. Just three blocks from the Centro's Jardin, near the Artisan Market, it was within walking distance to everything, except for foodstuffs. For this I called a taxi to go to the new *Mega* supermarket, an evolutionary leap in San Miguel living... Impressively large, with gorgeous fresh produce at the entrance, it houses a cafe, a pizzeria, a pharmacy, housewares, and books! ...*Seriously! What are the chances?* ...As if awaiting my arrival, displayed on a table before me was ***El Último Faraon—Egypt's Last Pharaoh*** by Egyptian / French historic



novelist *Gilbert Sinoué*. Some 500 pages in Spanish, more historical than novel, I had no doubt this was meant to be. I most earnestly needed to send *The Mexican Healer* an explanation for my strange behavior at our last meeting. ... ***So with the Universe winking at me—obviously—I bought the book!***

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

...Hmmm, France & Egypt? Just another coincidence?



Antoine Clot-Bey

Jaime

Clot-Bey

As soon as Jaime left, I opened my laptop, not exactly sure what to search for. I placed the cursor in *Search*, but, no matter what key I pressed, it was stuck! ...What happened next, I can call *Auto-Search* or *Sphinx-Intelligence*, but it's truly beyond my ability to explain. Totally frustrated, I hit *Enter*, and ***BINGO***—I was through the *looking glass*! The search engine delivered me to: *Antoine Clot-Bey, Surgeon in Chief for Egypt's Armies for Mohammed Ali Pasha!* The Viceroy of Egypt sent emissaries to recruit doctors to keep his army and people healthy, and in 1825 Clot sailed to Cairo with 20 doctors to assist him. Clot-Bey shaped all branches of medical instruction, including a women's medical school.

When Ali died in 1849, and *francophobe* Abbas became Wali, Clot-Bey returned to Marseille, where, after his death in 1868 at 74, the *Avenue Clot-Bey* was named for him.

It was time to discover what disturbed me so much at my first past-life regression. Under the skylit cupola once again, Eduardo Blanco guided me beyond the veil. *“Deeper and deeper, where are you now? How are you feeling?”...“I’m in the palace, dreaming of Ali, remembering our last nights in my tent in the desert. Outside, the tent is encircled in a sage wreath ring of fire to keep the rodents away. I’m crying, he’s laughing, and kissing my bald head. He shaved all the hair off of my head and also his own because of an infestation of fleas. He’s obsessed with cleanliness. My hair has grown back now, but my belly is heavy. I’m pregnant! This time with a son. And this is why I can’t be with Ali in the desert, who’s quashing the last of the Beys. Since the Massacre, even my Auntie Fatima, Queen of the Mamelukes hasn’t come to see me.—I’m so sad and alone.”*



Cairo Citadel looking West to Pyramids by David Roberts

... *“What do you want to do now, and where can you go?”* Eduardo asked. *“I’m totally trapped! Outside the harem bath, the eunuchs are holding the body bags, and inside the Turkish women taunt and threaten to throw me in the Nile. They hate me because I’m an Egyptian and will have Ali’s first Egyptian son! Cursing at me with words I can’t understand, now they’re saying it’s my fault that Ali has been killed, and I have no place left to go. I ask to see my daughter, who was in the harem with all the children, but*

*they say she's been taken away to safety. Forcefully holding my arms, **I can't see—they've bagged my head!** Their servants escort me to my apartment and place a brass tray on the table, with a ball of opium and a dagger. I'm smoking the pipe now. I will find Ali—I will join him in paradise."*

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



Mohammed Ali Pasha



The Mexican Healer

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



CHAPTER FOUR



Soul Archeology



Jean-François Champollion
Father of Egyptology

Chapter 4

Returning to Scottsdale, I realized that what we are seeking will find us. Carl Jung calls it '*Synchronicity, the unspoken language of the Universe.*' In researching his movie, *Anthony Hopkins* searched throughout London's libraries and bookshops for the out-of-print *The Girl from Petrovka*, but was unsuccessful. While waiting for a train, *he found it left on a bench!*

...I was not previously fascinated with Egypt, the way I was with India, but in my current zeitgeist, how could I not be? So when ***The Mystery of the Sphinx*** appeared on *The Discovery Channel*, I absorbed with fascination *Rogue Egyptologist John West's* hypothesis that such a massive erosion of the Sphinx enclosure could only be caused by water. So when did it rain in Egypt? Then Yale geologist *Dr. Robert Schoch* agreed only heavy rain that persisted 10,000 years ago could cause this level of weathering. A furious debate erupted, as Egypt was only 6,000 years old. *Where was an earlier society?* Then *Gobekli Tepe's* circular temples with enormous *T shaped pillars* were uncovered in Turkey, dated to 12,000 years ago...
https://archive.org/details/The_Mystery_Of_The_Sphinx_Discovery_Channel_WOC_1996



Sphinx at Giza by David Roberts

Next I watched the BBC's magnificent *Egypt: Rediscovering a Lost World*, where Napoleon's savants discover the trilingual *Rosetta Stone*, one being Greek that was translatable, allowing for the demotic and hieroglyphs to be confirmed. Anglo-French rivalry to decipher hieroglyphs went into high gear. In France, *Jean François Champollion* was a child prodigy with a genius for languages; by 10 years old he was self-taught in a dozen ancient languages. Named the *Father of Egyptology* in 1822, he published his decipherment of

Egyptian hieroglyphs, eclipsing British polymath *Thomas Young*. In 1829 he went to Egypt with his team of academics and met with Ali. He told *The Pasha*, “*People will come,*” so Ali decreed laws against the removal of antiquities, opening Egypt’s first museum. (while he turned a blind eye to British Consul Salt and French Consul Drovetti who seeded the world’s museums with Egypt’s treasures) Champollion suffered health problems after his Egypt expedition, dying in 1837 at just 41.

Ancient texts refer to *The Library Angel*, aka *Angel of Knowledge*, who provides, through coincidence, synchronicity, and chance occurrences, that which we are seeking. Sometimes the book can even fall off the shelf. I’ve received her help many times by now, but I was awed when, out of nowhere, I received an email from Scribd: ***The Rosetta Stone by EA Wallis Budge***, so I knew this was my ***Message from The Sphinx***. ... Born in 1857 in Cornwall, with an unknown father, *Wallis Budge became interested in languages before he was 10 years old*. He lived with his grandmother in London, working at WH Smith bookstore, and began to spend time in the British Museum. Budge was introduced to Assyriologist George Smith, who wanted to help this working-class boy attain his potential. WH Smith, an M.P., along with Prime Minister Gladstone, financed Budge’s education at Cambridge University. Budge became *Keeper of Antiquities* at the British Museum, was knighted in 1920 for his contribution to Egyptology, and traveled to Egypt collecting antiquities for the museum. He wrote dozens of books, including a *Dictionary of Egyptian Hieroglyphs*.



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

The Sphinx, the *Angel of Knowledge*, has shown me that *EA Wallis Budge*, *Jean François Champollion* and *John Anthony West* are the same aspects of the same soul! And for just one more coincidence, Champollion had a **daughter named Zoe**, and John West had a **daughter named Zoe**!



the late John West

EA Wallis Budge

JAWS

Champollion translated hieroglyphics, Budge wrote a dictionary of hieroglyphs, and JAWs redated *The Sphinx* and all civilization!

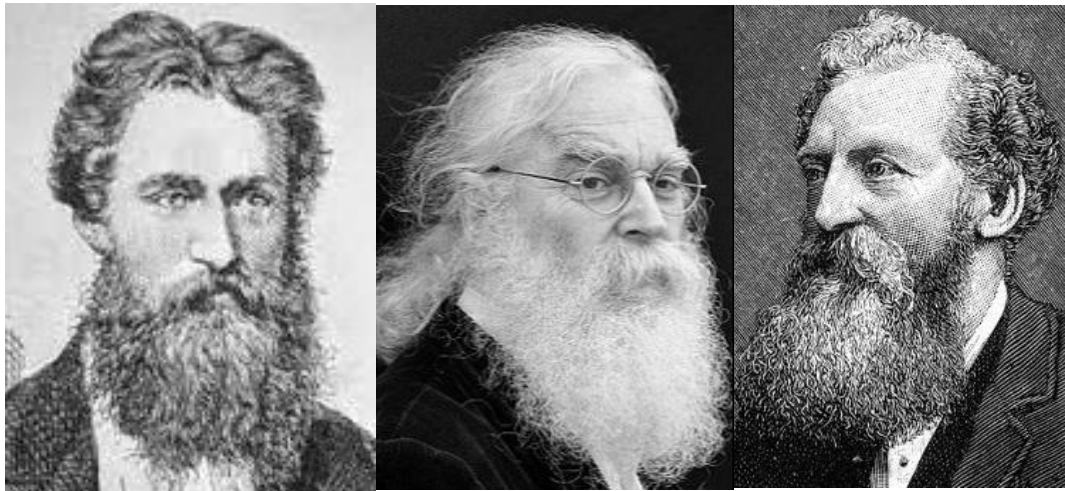
....The Dalai Lama said of reincarnation on Fareed Zakaria @16:00:

“The purpose of Reincarnation is to complete the work. It must follow the previous life’s work—logical!”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W2XdP-ze0jQ>

Since we’re at the British Museum and are seeing how passionately dedicated to their work these Masters are, I’d be remiss not to mention *George Smith*. Similar to Budge’s life from a working-class family, at 14 he apprenticed at a publishing house in London and was so fascinated with Assyrian culture that he spent lunchtime at the British Museum, where he was noticed by the Director of the Department of Antiquities, Samuel Birch. The same man who later mentored Wallis Budge. He began by cleaning fragments of cuneiform tablets and later became famous after translating *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, an account of *The Great Flood*. He died from dysentery while excavating the library of Ashurbanipal in Aleppo, Syria, in 1876, at just 36.

“There’s a lot of beard to work around,” Dr. Finkel often jokes: ***“One has to have a beard and a large nose to be an Assyriologist at the British Museum.”*** Irving Finkel’s biography notes that he was interested in Assyriology when he was just 9 years old...Confirming the Dalai Lama’s words: ***“The purpose Reincarnation is to complete the work. It must follow the previous life’s work—logical!”*** ... Or is he just another coincidence?



George Smith

Irving Finkel

George Smith

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

“He’s Oliver Stone,” declared *The Sphinx* rather matter-of-factly. ... ***“Hmm—really?”*** I thought.

It's not that I doubted *The Sphinx*, or maybe my own sanity; nevertheless, it's nice to have some confirmation...



I K Brunel

Oliver Stone

Isambard Kingdom Brunel

Isambard Kingdom Brunel invested his entire fortune to complete *The Great Eastern*, three times larger than any previous ship, putting such a strain on his health that he had a stroke on deck and died on **Sept. 15, 1859**, at age 53, and *William Oliver Stone* was born on **Sept. 15, 1946**. Just another coincidence? (****Carl Jung says: 'Astrology is Synchronicity on a Cosmic Scale—It's communication from the Cosmos!'***)

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

Well, that was a rewarding evening! At 9:00 it's time for *Larry King Live*. *Uncle Larry* has been on CNN for 25 years. Wherever I am in the world, he's there, like a piece of home. That night it was *Beatles Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr*. A nice, uncomplicated diversion, I thought. But when it was over, *The Sphinx*, my eternal companion, in a sing-song way sang, **"Larry Harry Flashman."** *Harry Flashman*? Who in the world is *Harry Flashman*?... No rest for the cosmically connected, I went upstairs to my computer.

....Sir Harry Paget Flashman KCB is a fictional character created by Thomas Hughes in the semi-autobiographical bestselling work "Tom Brown's School Days," set at Rugby School. Flashman is Rugby School's bully, who fiercely persecutes Tom Brown but is finally expelled for drunkenness. Hughes attended Rugby School, where he excelled in sports rather than scholarship; still, he was called to the Bar and became Queen's Counsel. He was a member of Parliament, a committed social reformer, particularly interested in cooperative movements that funded a settlement in Rugby, Tennessee. He founded the first workman's trade college, worker-owned businesses, worker-owned housing, health and social care enterprises, and football! https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Hughes



Thomas Hughes



Larry King

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

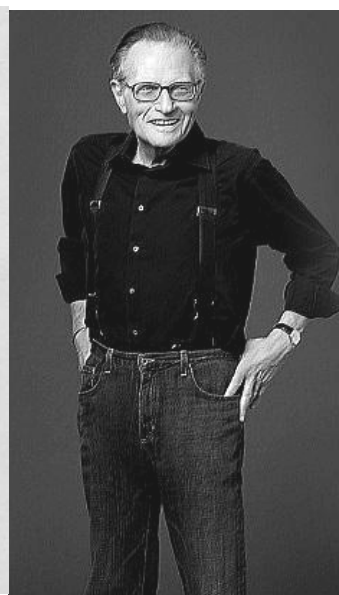
“I love asking questions. I love people, it's in my DNA. I’m cursed—and blessed.” Larry King

*“Sports are my favorite, it’s the first thing I turn to everyday.”
Larry King*

Old habits die hard, or maybe never! Everyone knows about Larry’s love of sports. Larry King began his career as a sportscaster.
– *Like a hand in glove*—or in his hip pockets, it totally fits!



Thomas Hughes



the late Larry King

... But *The Sphinx* had so much more to sing about. (*She’s persistent!*)

“Larry Harry Flashman—Koh-I-Noor, Koh-I-Noor, Koh-I-Noor!”

She sang this over and over in my head all night long...She certainly knew how to hook me with ***The Riddle of the Sphinx***, and now she’s entangled me into ***The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor!***



CHAPTER FIVE



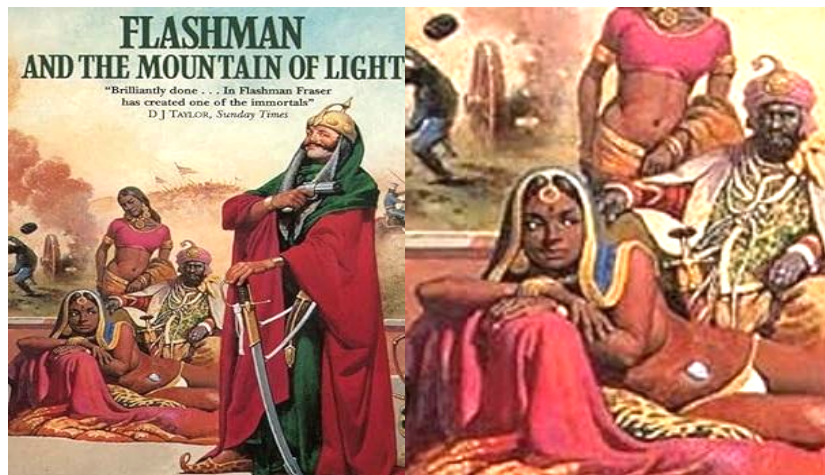
Flashman & Legend of the Koh-i-Noor



**Koh-i-Noor Diamond
British Royal Crown**

Chapter 5

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



'This 9th volume of The Flashman Papers, The Mountain of Light, finds that history's most unheroic hero, Sir Harry Flashman, is back in India... The British Empire needs a man to satisfy insatiable lust and indulge in ungentlemanly acts; fortunately, it has Harry Flashman! And with the mighty Sikh Army poised to invade India, our hero is sent by Her Majesty's Secret Service to spy on the corrupt Court of Lahore on India's Northwest Frontier. Flashy deals with a ravishing Maharani and her equally sex-hungry maid. He joins forces with adventurers with royal ambitions and attempts to win the brightest jewel in England's imperial crown, the Koh-i-Noor diamond, at the cost of something he will never miss — namely, his honor.'

Satires tell exaggerated truths depending on their politics, and these were more than a little misogynistic. ***Maharani Jindan Kaur*** is portrayed as the ***Messalina of the Punjab*** with the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond in her bellybutton, deserving of beheading as was *Emperor Claudius'* wife, ***Messalina Valeria!*** *Now where to begin?*—After rickshaw racing from Nathan Road, I was in the *Peninsula Hotel Hong Kong* overlooking the harbor, where in 1978 the water was across the road, and you could board a yacht for lunch; that today is a jungle of steel ingenuity. Dining with the very suave *Earle Turow of San Francisco Shirtworks*, he said, “*Leslie, you must go to India; it's the last frontier.*” —Always shopping, I was at the *Sausalito Saturday Flea* with *Sandy Swenson*, my partner in contract design for *Star of India*. We were both previously corporate, she with *Esprit* and I with New York firms like *Crazy Horse* and then in San Francisco, all Asian-made *Tami Sportswear*. At the Saturday Flea, the *Library Angel* gave me a book by 14th-century mystic/poet *Lalla of Kashmir*: ‘***Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon,***’ then echoing in my head, ‘***India — India***’.



After Tokyo and Hong Kong shopping stops, we arrived in New Delhi on Jan. 18, 1979. (*Sting* was chatting with us at breakfast in the Keio Plaza. “*What are you doing in Tokyo?*” we asked. “*I’m with The Police,*” he replied. ‘*Dum da dum dum,*’ we hummed under our breaths—because we didn’t realize who *The Police* were until we saw the road crew in the lobby!) ... We arrived in the thick fog of Delhi in January, into a metal-domed airplane hangar. Outside the hangar was encircled with bronze-skinned natives, blanketed in woolen shawls and headscarves, playing music from scratchy electronics, blowing smoke from bidi cigarettes, and for the first time in my life, 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 US and British embassies, was filled to capacity with a diplomatic conference. The next day we went to *Oberois* for lunch and *Lodhi Gardens* for tea, keeping our 1940s-era Ambassador taxi with our *bearded-turbaned Sardarji* driver waiting. Across from the gardens is *The Dalai Lama's Charitable Trust*, and we went down the marble steps to the basement to see carpets. Sweet Tibetan faces greeted us, "*We've been waiting for you, Leslie.*" (Hmm—they knew my name; how curious!) Next we toured the emporiums, *Connaught Circle*, and then the snake-charmer-adorned, incense-infused curio shops on *Janpath Road*. Strolling along with the tourists, an exceedingly large Sardarji approached me with a smile. He spoke no English but scratched on a notepad, with barely comprehensible inverted letters: my name, my phone number, and my mother's name....*Hmm, very impressive! Clearly we were not in Kansas anymore.*

As it was now 5:00 pm *tea time*, we went to ***The Imperial Hotel***, just down *Janpath Road* from *Parliament*, that during the *British Raj* had served as *Queen Victoria's Diplomatic Guest House*. ...The glass-encapsulated



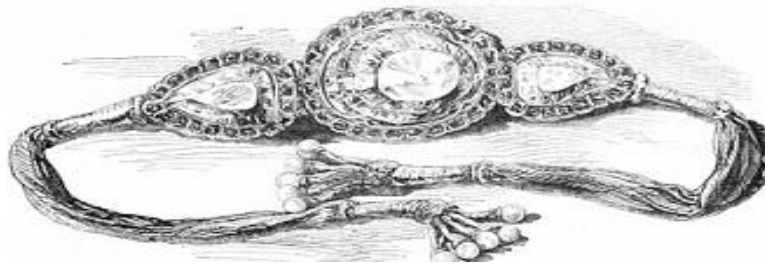
Garden Party restaurant opens to a lawn bordered with ten-foot dahlias and royal palms that kiss the sky. We sat at a table on the lawn. Then as the table was set with cozied pot, assorted silverware and their famous muffins, stepping down from the canopied terrace was a 6'4" Adonis, a fair-haired man in riding gear, and turban-business-attired Sardarji. They sat ten feet away at the next table on the lawn. No sooner had tea been poured than a swarm of blackbirds swooped down, bursting our tableware into shambles!

That broke the silence, and how I formally met Spanish designer *Julio Peralta*. He was the informal mayor of Delhi for the *designer and diplomatic* community. ...In those days there were only three international lines in the entire country, one being at the *Imperial Hotel*. Nine hours ahead of New York, this was the ritual time to send telexes and meet everyone who was in town. ...Comfortably checked into Maurya's, the phone rang. It was Julio and Jericho, who were sweaty from their *polo match* and needed my bath. —Showered clean, they joined me downstairs at the coffee shop. We ordered drinks when gliding across the white marble floors, with ebony, silken, flowing hair, was the most gracefully beautiful female I'd ever seen, followed by her ayah carrying a young child. She came directly to our table —she was Julio's wife, *Jaya!* Her son wanted to climb on her lap. "*Don't sit on Mummy,*" she said. "*My nails are still wet!*" A sort of angel with long red fingernails, Jaya and I stayed up all night talking under the stars. The next day at her Sainik Farms house, her cook Rambir served lunch when I met her young *Swami, Rajneesh Agarwal*, of the *Mumbai Agarwal Industrial family*. A beautiful young man, his mother was a *Bollywood film star* who had died tragically. His master was *Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh*, who today is known as *Osho*. ... As dusk enveloped Delhi, and the fragrance of night-queen filled the air, we strolled around *Qutub Minar* with its 1,600-year-old iron tower that doesn't rust. We laughed like children as the light emanating from the Swami's head attracted flying critters and looked like a *jeweled, turbaned crown!* That night I had the wildest dreams, floating above the pines in *Goa* with his master *Rajneesh*, a man I'd never seen or heard of. This was before Rajneesh became famous in the 80s for his hundred Rolls-Royces and his commune in Oregon, long before the *Netflix 2018 documentary Wild-Wild Country*. Then, 25 years later, there I was, sitting alone on a cushion under the dome in his New Delhi ashram, my first time there, transfixed, looking at Osho's six-foot photo. Suddenly the sky turned gray and crackled with electricity. That's when the Universe whispered in my head, "***We are with you every step of the way,***" and then the skies cleared...That was 2003, my last trip to India. And in 2007, I was listening to voices, solving ***The Riddle of the Sphinx*** and ***Koh-i-Noor Diamond***, currently set in Queen Elizabeth's State crown.



The Koh-i-Noor Diamond

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



Koh-i-Noor Armband of Sikh Emperor Ranjit Singh

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

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

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



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

to its rightful owner, as *Lord Jagannath* was another form of *Lord Krishna*. But his treasurer, Beli Ram, insisted the *Koh-i-Noor* was state property and it belonged to his son/heir, *Kharak Singh*. Ranjit Singh died in June 1839.

Months later, in October 1839, the new emperor, *Kharak Singh*, was overthrown in a coup by his *prime minister*, *Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra*. *Kharak* was slowly poisoned and died in November 1840, followed by the death of his son *Nau Nihal* while leaving the funeral. *Chand Kaur*, wife of *Kharak* and mother of *Nau Nihal*, fought for the throne against *Raja Shere Singh*, another purported heir. A peace was brokered by Dhian, but soon after, Chand's head was bashed in by her maidservants, who were all banished with their tongues cut out!



Gulab Singh Dogra

Somehow the minister's brother, *The Jammu-Fox*, *Gulab Singh Dogra*, came into possession of the *Koh-i-Noor*. Gulab presented the diamond to the new emperor, *Shere Singh*, to win his favor. But three years later, on September 15, 1843, *Shere Singh* and *Dhian Singh Dogra* were both *assassinated!* ... The next day, Dhian's 24-year-old son *Hira* killed the assassins, succeeding his father as Wazir (Prime Minister), and installed Ranjit Singh's last son, 5-year-old *Duleep*, as emperor, with his mother, *Empress Jindan Kaur*, who had till then resided in Jammu, under the guardianship of *Suchet Singh Dogra*, and ruled by *Gulab Singh Dogra*. The *Koh-i-Noor* armlet was fastened to the child emperor at the Court of Lahore. Since the death of the Great Maharaja, the Khalsa Army was in charge, extorting each ascendant for higher pay, as their numbers grew from 80,000 to 120,000.

And then, fifteen months later, in December 1844, Hira Singh Dogra was assassinated, *fleeing with loot*. Six months after Hira, *Jindan's brother Jawahar* became Wazir in May 1845. Then, four months later, on September 21, 1845, Jawahar was murdered while riding on an elephant and holding Duleep, with Rani Jindan watching from her elephant just behind.

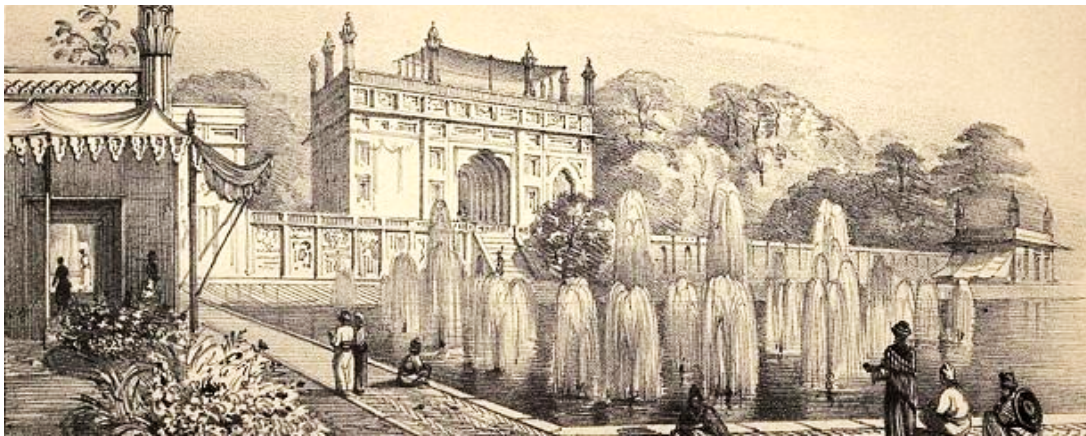
Months later, on December 21, 1845, with *Raja Lal Singh* now as Wazir, the *1st Anglo-Sikh War* began. It ended in March 1846, putting in charge *The British Resident*. The Lahore Durbar was ordered to pay an indemnity of 15 million rupees. As it could not raise the funds, it ceded Kashmir, that was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

In February 1847, accused of conspiracy against *The Resident*, Jindan was imprisoned and exiled, leaving nine-year-old Duleep in British control under the guardianship of Christian Protestants, *Dr. John Login* and his wife *Lena*. Lord Dalhousie wrote to Foreign Secretary Palmerston: *'Having watched the defiant Maharani's conduct over these 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 painting her as the: ***'Messalina of the Punjab,' a seductress too rebellious to control.*** So great was the impact of her exile on the populace that, even though they relentlessly defamed her as a profligate woman, it did not have the desired effect.

Resident Lawrence Sahib received ***Three Letters of Maharani Jindan Kaur:*** *'You have not done justice to me! You ought to have instituted an inquiry and then charged me. You ought not to act on what traitors told you.—You have kept no regard for the friendship of the Great Maharaja; you have caused me to be disgraced. ...Myself, the Maharaja, and 22 maid servants are imprisoned in the Samman Burj. We are in a very helpless condition; even water and food are not allowed to come in. Now that you persecute us in this way, better to hang us.—Even the fixed allowance of one lakh fifty thousand has not been paid by anybody. —Having sold my ornaments, I have managed to live on. The Maharaja came to me today and wept bitterly. He said that Bishan and Gulab Singh*

had been frightening him...The treatment meted out to us has not been given to any ruling house. Why do you take control of the kingdom by underhanded means? Why don't you do it openly? —Preserve three or four traitors and put the whole of Punjab to the sword at their bidding.'

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



Shalimar Gardens, Lahore

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."***

Suspected of aiding disaffected Sikhs, security tightened. Her stipend was reduced from 150,000 rupees to 48,000 rupees, her jewels were confiscated, and with a military escort, she was taken to *Chunar Fort*. Then from the maximum security Chunar Fort, on the rocky banks of the *Ganges River*, her escape in April 1849 astonished the British, who found a letter written by the Rani.



Chunar Fort on the Ganges

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

<https://archive.org/details/ThreeLettersOfMaharaniJindKaurDr.GandaSingh>

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

The *2nd Anglo-Sikh War* began in April 1848 after the murder of two British officers, and the country broke out into a rebellion. The war ended eleven months later, in March 1849, with the British formally annexing the *Kingdom of Punjab*, divesting the young Maharaja of his crown, and by treaty confiscating the *Koh-i-Noor diamond* as a 'spoil of war.' The *Treaty of Lahore* was ratified by Governor General Lord Dalhousie and signed by the 10-year-old *Emperor Duleep Singh*.

In February 1850 the ex-king was removed from his ancestral lands by a military escort to reach Fatehgarh cantonment under the guardianship of Dr. Login and his wife. Login needed to refurbish the house assigned by the *East India Company* as his residence, who wrote:

‘The Maharaja says I am his Ma-Bap and trusts me to do what is necessary for his happiness. As far as I can tell, he has no desire to communicate with his mother, who is under house arrest in Nepal.’



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

He went on daily rides with his high-stepping horse, a hawk on an out-stretched wrist, with his British new best friend Tommy Scott, a *Christian*. There were a variety of restrictions between natives and Christians. He could not take tea with Tommy, and since Duleep was being tutored by a native convert, he soon desired to receive baptism.

By 1854, the 16-year-old Duleep was now being exiled to Britain. Lord Dalhousie, who had dethroned and confiscated his riches, gave him a 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, Lord Dalhousie gave the young Maharaja Duleep Singh, a leatherbound Bible!*

Meanwhile, the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond was presented to *Queen Victoria* at *Buckingham Palace* on July 3, 1850, by a deputy of the *East India Company*. With *The Century of Humiliation* in full swing, in 1851, *The Great Exhibition* was staged in *London's Hyde Park*, representing the



The Great Exhibition 1851

empire's might, where the *Koh-i-Noor* took pride of place. The public's response was *underwhelming*, no matter how the display was changed. So in 1852, *Garrads*, the royal jewelers, under the supervision of the *Duke of Wellington and Prince Albert*, to enhance its brilliance, they cut down the 191-carat stone to 105 carats!

In her journal **Queen Victoria** made many entries concerning the exotic young Maharaja. *'He is extremely handsome & speaks English perfectly. The Maharaja sat next to me & is extremely pleasing, sensible & refined in his manner. His young face is indeed beautiful, & one regrets that his peculiar headdress hides so much of it.'* ... She at once decided that he must be painted by her favorite artist, *Winterhalter*, who was in London at the time. During the first sitting, the Queen drew Lena Login aside, and asked in a low voice if the Maharaja had asked about the *Koh-i-Noor*, now reduced to half its size. Mrs. Login broached the topic on her ride home with Duleep, making a favorable report back to the Queen.

On their next sitting, the Queen cried out, ***"Maharaja, I have something to show you."*** He turned and found he was holding the *Koh-i-Noor*. Walking over to the open window, examining the diamond in the light, turning and turning the stone once more in his possession, it was excruciatingly tense for all. Her Majesty watched him with sympathy and not a little bit of anxiety. After a profound inner struggle, with so many memories racing through his head, at last he moved 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.”



Maharaja Duleep Singh

Wow—what a story! Such a bloody history. But as far as the ***Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor*** is concerned, it's quite simple. ***Diamonds were only in India.*** There were no other diamonds in the world before 1725, when they were discovered in Brazil. In 1813, *The Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh* got Lord Krishna's diamond back to India; then in 1839 he bequeathed it to Lord Krishna's Jagannath Temple. So if a *Picasso* is ***stolen*** from Spain by an *Italian*, and then it's ***stolen*** by a *Frenchman*, and later it's ***stolen*** by a *German*, it's still a ***stolen Picasso. Logical!***

...OK—so I've accepted the challenge; I've followed all the clues, delved into *The Riddle of the Sphinx* and *The Riddle of the Koh-i-Noor*, but the riddle that still remained, what I didn't yet get, ***was just what was my singing Sphinx after?!***

That night my dreams were more intense than being pregnant in Cairo's Citadel, tricked into believing Ali was dead, and staring at a brass tray with a dagger and a ball of opium set upon it! ...To say I was unsettled is an understatement. *It was like there was a boulder on my heart while my foot was revving the engine to the floor. — No escape was possible!* Incessant memories flooded my being, and I awoke knowing, *without any doubt, that I was The Last Maharani of Lahore—that I was Jindan ... and I had the eerie feeling that more proofs were soon to unfold!*



The Last Maharani of Lahore Jindan Kaur



Mja.Ranjit Singh



Rani Jindan

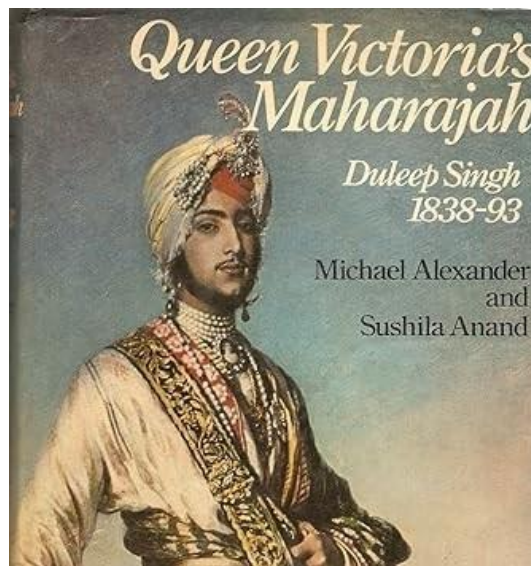


Mja.Duleep Singh

Chapter 6

I was finding out why absolutely no one would want to be *Maharani Jindan Kaur!* Aside from being portrayed as the sexually insatiable, manipulative ***Messalina of the Punjab***, she is accused of being responsible for losing the *Sikh Kingdom of The Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh*, losing *Kashmir*, the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, ***AND—she lost her son!*** Even more than defending one's life, I was having to defend *my very soul!* Since this is 175 years later, it will require a deep dive through history's propaganda. But thanks to the *Library Angel* and tech philanthropist *Brewster Kahle*, there's *archive.org!*

...My research continued where I left off, with the recut *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, obtained from the young deposed, exiled sovereign in ***Queen Victoria's Maharaja*** by Michael Alexander and Sushila Anand (*based on archives in Windsor and the Indian Office Library*). ***Clearly, it's the colonialist's view!***



<https://archive.org/details/queenvictoriasma0000alex> pp:2-3

‘Duleep’s mother (born 1817) was Jindan Kaur, daughter of the palace door-keeper, who was adopted by Ranjit Singh at a young age. Her ready wit and lack of sexual inhibitions made her qualified for the more outlandish entertainments of the court. The aging Maharaja took perverse pleasure in her lovemaking with his favorite, formerly a bhisti. (water carrier)

'On the birth of Duleep, Sept. 6, 1838, Ranjit accepted the flattering pretense that the boy was his, officially recognizing him as such, making his dynasty's continuance more certain. But he died on June 27, 1839, leaving an ambitious divided family, an opium-addicted heir, intriguing politicians, and a disintegrating army command. Governor General Ellenborough said, 'The breakup of Punjab will probably begin with murder. It is their way.' In fact, no member of the ruling family would be sure of his life over the next four years. During those desperate days, the young Duleep could hardly be considered a candidate for head of state. His ambitious mother removed him to the countryside until her intrigues could influence the dynastic struggle. By the time the boy had reached the age of six, most of his relatives had died or been murdered.

'First was the poisoning death of Maharaja Kharak Singh, then his heir, Nau Nihal, was crushed by a stone arch while leading his father's funeral procession. Next were the murders of Maharaja Shere Singh and Wazir Dhian Singh Dogra. Hira Singh Dogra, son of the murdered Dhian, rallied the troops against the assassins and became Wazir, supporting Duleep as Maharaja as the fourth recognized son of Ranjit Singh.

'On Sept. 18, 1843, Duleep was proclaimed Maharaja with the Koh-i-Noor fastened to his arm. But real power lay with the military. Even if they recognized Duleep as Maharaja and Rani Jindan as regent, their demands for privileges and more pay undermined the fabric of the state. The treasury was depleted, and there were repeated threats to replace Duleep with the infant son of the last Maharaja, Shere Singh, whose wives were either murdered or committed sati (self-immolation). Hira made constant clandestine threats on Rani Jindan's life. She invited Suchet Singh Dogra, Hira's uncle, to be Wazir. Suchet Singh was the youngest and most handsome of the Dogra Rajas, who had supervised Jindan's affairs while she lived under Dogra care in Jammu. So naturally, Suchet Singh thought that he should be Wazir, and not Hira. He gathered supporters among the army at Lahore. Though Hira loved his uncle, he was advised by his tutor Pandit Jalla. With an army behind him, they encircled Suchet and killed him.'

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

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



Leslie

Jindan: Rambagh Museum

Jindan: Ivory miniature

Back in the 1990s, I was in a curio shop on *MI Road*, across from *Jaipur's Pink City*, where I purchased this *ivory miniature*, using the artwork for a logo on an accessory collection, and never having heard of *Jindan Kaur*.
... ***"Who was it?"***

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

Vasant, my longhaired, longtime Indian assistant, insisted it was *Mumtaz Mahal*, the beloved wife of *Shah Jahan*, for whom he built the *Taj Mahal*. Although it's stylized art, *Empress Mumtaz Mahal's* look is quite different.



Mumtaz Mahal



Mumtaz Mahal

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

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

Kunwar (Prince) *Peshora Singh* was said to be born of a slave girl but was accepted by Emperor *Ranjit Singh* as his son. Soon after the 1843 deaths of *Maharaja Shere Singh* and *Dhian Singh*, and then in 1844, *Hira*, *Peshora*

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



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

Inspired by the warlike or defensive intentions of the British, who were accumulating troops and constructions across the Sutlej River, with their *visions of conquest of Delhi and the whole subcontinent, the army insisted on going to war*, with guns held to the heads of their terrorized leaders, many of whom hoped their power would be neutered by collision with a more powerful enemy. And so on *Dec. 13, 1845, Governor General Henry Hardinge declared war on the Sikhs.*



Raja Jawahar Singh

Vasant

Even 175 years later, it stops my heart and takes my breath away. A united Sikh/Indian coalition could have driven the British out of all India 100 years earlier, but in this cesspool of anarchy, greed, and utter madness, it was *impossible!* Court chronicler *Sohan Lal Suri*, then and until death, was under British pay. He loaned Capt. Edwardes the records of the Darbar chronicles before and during the war, but they never resurfaced. — *Probably burned!* However, we know from contemporary eyewitnesses in **‘Some Original Sources of Punjab History’** (*see Appendix) that both *Sham Singh Attariwala* and *Rani Jindan*, well aware of the disloyalties, had dissuaded the Khalsa from going to war. Sham Singh went home to Attari for a wedding, yet when the Sikhs were in desperate trouble, Jindan called on him for help. ...

So clearly she did not want the army to lose!! (Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh Intro XXI)

https://archive.org/details/UMDAT-UT-TAWARIKH_Volume_4/page/n32/mode/1up

On Feb. 10, 1846, *Sham Singh Attariwala*, dressed in white, gallantly martyred himself on the battlefield of Sobraon. ***‘Tell my Sardarni, her***

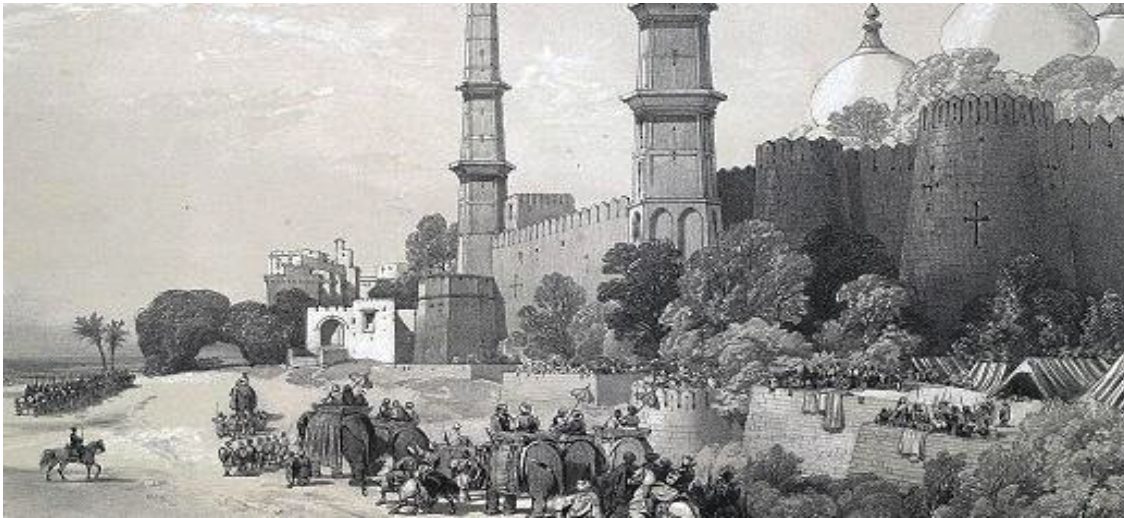
'Sardar won't be coming back home.' Hearing the news, and knowing that the war was lost, she prepared her *sati*.... ***Infected with hatred and greed, the great Sikh Empire of Ranjit Singh combusted from within!*** Had there been more chiefs, like *Sham Singh Attariwala*, the *Sikh Nation* would have preserved their independence — which, in their madness they threw away.



Gen. Sham Singh Attariwala 'Battle of Sobraon'

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

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



Duleep escorted by British to the Lahore Palace

From prison, during the 2nd Anglo-Sikh, Jindan supported the rebellion with a hidden crore of rupees to pay the troops. But her letters were intercepted and the funds confiscated! Then in April 1849, she escaped from Chunar, trekking 800 miles to Nepal for refuge. While Duleep, living under tight restrictions, was escorted to the British cantonment of Fatehgarh, and 4 years later was exiled to Great Britain. Mother and son were not to meet for 13 years, when, after diligent spying and rigorous interception of letters, the government finally permitted Duleep to meet his mother in Calcutta.

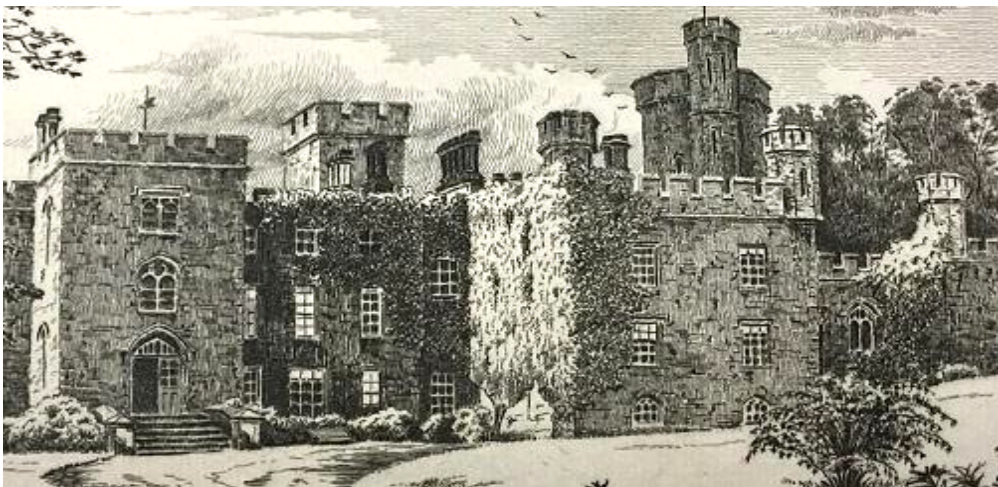
‘Let us give the Chinese a good thrashing,’ declared Palmeston in 1840, sanctioning the *1st Opium War*. By 1861 *the 2nd Chinese Opium War* had ended, and Sikh troops were returning home through Calcutta. When word passed that the deposed son of Ranjit Singh was in the city, thousands flocked to *Spence’s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

Lady Login's Recollections, Court Life and Camp Life 1820-1904:

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

<https://archive.org/details/ladyloginsrecoll00logirich>

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



Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, England

In their precious time together, Jindan told Duleep about the stacks of his family estates, the enormous palaces, jewels, and heirlooms, the jagirs, (income villages) worth untold billions, and about the stupendous income

from their salt mines, which alone was worth £100,000 GBP per annum, equal to £10,500,000 per year today, along with the *Koh-i-Noor diamond*. All of these were private family property. She told him about the ***Guru's Prophecy***, of how a dethroned prince regains his empire! ... So Duleep wrote to Login requesting the ***Punjab Blue Book*** and a suitable artist to paint a likeness of his mother. ... ***'This would not do at all! — He was prying into some very delicate matters!'*** The British considered locking Jindan up. ***'What to do about the Rani?'*** ... Letters flew back and forth between officials who strove to bundle her back to India, where she could do less harm, but ***the India Office most emphatically did not want her back in India!***

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



Rani Jindan

Jindan became unwell soon after moving to the Kensington residence with her cheery English lady caretaker. Duleep came down from Scotland to look in on her. He sent word to Login: ***'She said she was feeling better at my arrival.'*** The very next day, ***Aug. 1, 1863***, at just 46 years, Jindan died in her sleep. ... ***Duleep never would have let her leave Mulgrave, nor would she have left, if she was unwell... Obviously, Jindan was assassinated—murdered!*** ... Then two months later, on Oct. 18, 1863, *Sir John Spencer Login*, on his return to Britain after overseeing the Indian railways, died suddenly; we may even say *suspiciously*, at just 54 years.

And now Duleep was completely and utterly alone!



CHAPTER SEVEN



Revelations, Prophecies & Stolen Jewels



**Rani Jindan's
Seed Pearl-Emerald Earrings**

Chapter 7

'What to do about the Rani?' became what to do about Rani Jindan's body, as cremation was illegal in Victorian Britain. So her body was interred in the *Dissenters Chapel in Kensal Green Cemetery*. Scrubbed from the internet, I must mention the never spoken of contemporary newspaper report: ***'The veiled Maharani continued to haunt the house she died in, even when an exorcist was brought in by the church.'*** Jindan's wishes to be cremated in Lahore at the Samadhi of Maharaja Ranjit Singh were denied by the British authorities, who were afraid of more uprisings. Not until the spring of 1864 was Maharaja Duleep given permission to bring Jindan's body for cremation to Bombay, India... ***And that's when the hauntings stopped!***

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



Maharaja Duleep Singh Swami Rajneesh

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

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

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



Duleep at Prince of Wales Wedding 1863

'India is a beastly place,' Duleep wrote to Login from Calcutta, He couldn't wait to return to Britain. So when Jindan told him of the *Guru's Prophecy*, it had little effect. But years later, when he was married with six children and being bankrupted by *The East India Company* and the *British Crown*, his cousin *Thakur Singh Sandhanwalia* was called to England to help sort out his family finances and prevail upon Duleep to return to the Sikh faith! While being divested of his vast properties, none of the financial pledges of the treaties were ever fulfilled. *Duleep's 40,000 became 12,000—Jindan's 150,000 became zero!* '*The Doctrine of Lapse*' sanctioned Britain's absorbing princely lands. So years of legal actions yielded nothing. The Maharaja's

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

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

In Paris, Duleep met with Irish rebels and Russian diplomats, issuing proclamations: *'Brother princes and nobles and beloved people of Hindustan,'* declaring himself: *'Sovereign of the Sikhs and implacable foe of the British,'* he implored them to revolt against the British Empire. Then, traveling under the assumed identity of an Irish rebel, accompanied by a pregnant Ada Witherhall, *his mistress and a British spy*, he went to St. Petersburg. *'The network of spies was so efficient that his movements were reported simultaneously in London and Simla.'* Like falling dominoes, his co-conspirator allies, Indian, Russian, and French, were either poisoned or died of natural ailments. A year later, in 1888, a frustrated Maharaja traveled back to France, writing to Queen Victoria, demanding the return of the *Koh-i-Noor diamond*, which was her personal property, and that he intended to use to finance an *Indian Rebellion*. But by 1890, a stroke paralyzed Duleep, was reduced to begging for the Queen's forgiveness. At their final visit in France, Queen Victoria forgave him in a tearful meeting. She wrote in a letter to her daughter Vicky:

'The poor Maharaja came to see me yesterday, having driven over from Nice with his 2nd son, Frederic. He was quite bald & very gray, but with the same

pleasant manner as ever. When I came & gave him my hand, which he kissed & said, “Pardon me for not kneeling,” for his left arm & leg are paralyzed. “Pray forgive me & excuse my faults.” I answered, “They are forgotten & forgiven.” It was very sad. Still, I’m glad we met & I could say I forgave him.’

On Oct. 22, 1893, Maharaja Duleep Singh died of a stroke alone in a Paris hotel and was buried at *Elveden cemetery*, as a Christian and not a Sikh. **...Duleep Singh gave Queen Victoria the Koh-i-Noor diamond, & she gave him a wreath!** ... Of his eight children, six with Bamba and two girls with Ada, all died issueless. That was the 2nd part of *The Guru’s Prophecy*, thus **ending the Dynasty of India’s Great Maharaja Ranjit Singh.**

... When Duleep’s first son, Victor, married Lady Anne Coventry, she was summoned to Buckingham Palace and given chilling orders by the Queen. She was told, ***She must never have any children and must live abroad with her husband.*** She was instructed that, ***They were never to visit India!***’... Princess Victor Duleep Singh followed that command all her life. *Britain’s Stolen Maharaja Indian Royal* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aBYNmoepLZ0>

Ranjit Singh, The Lion of the Punjab, at 19 years of age, in 1799, had taken *Lahore* from the *Afghan ruler Ahmed Shah Durrani* and proclaimed *Maharaja of the Punjab*. ***By 1813, he brought the Koh-i-Noor diamond back to India.*** He brought Kashmir into his rule in 1819, founded in 250 BCE by *Ashoka the Great*. When Gov. Gen. Lord Auckland asked Foreign Minister Azizuddin, which of the Maharaja’s eyes was missing? He replied; ***... ‘The Maharaja is like the Sun, that only has one eye; the splendor and luminosity is so much that I never dared look at the other.’***



The Golden Temple Amritsar

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



Osho



Maharaja Ranjit Singh

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

Bhagwan Rajneesh was born into the Jain community. The spiritual goal of Jainism is to become liberated from the **endless cycle of rebirth** and to attain the all-knowing state called **moksha, the final liberation**. (*Moksha is attainable by removing Ignorance.*) Rajneesh became a professor of philosophy at Jabalpur University. Those familiar with Osho's discourses have heard his steely critique of *institutional religions*, but he greatly admired the Sikhs.... **'Sikhs are beautiful people. Perhaps the community of the Sikhs is the only community in the whole of India you can rely upon for something. They are simple, courageous people, most trustworthy,**

reliable, and not cunning. They are unafraid of anything; otherwise, the Indians are cowards.'



Maharaja Ranjit Singh

Osho

*Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, aka Osho, died in Puna on **Jan. 19, 1990**, and Swami Rajneesh Agarwal was born in Calcutta, on **Jan. 20, 1961**.*

...So much for besmirching and discrediting Duleep's parentage!

So just how many coincidences does it take, until it's not? And just how many coincidences does it take until it's **DESTINY?**...

(*Jung says: Astrology is synchronicity on a cosmic scale)...There's more:

*Eternally joined at the heart, Swami Rajneesh, who I hadn't seen in years, in 2007, wrote his autobiography, '**Tears of the Mystic Rose.**'*

...Born into the Agarwal Industrial Family of Bombay, he attended private schools in the Himalayas. Then, after the divorce, death, and defaming of Vimi, his film star mother, and not having any desire to enter into the family steel businesses, he went to live with his auntie in New Delhi:

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

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

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

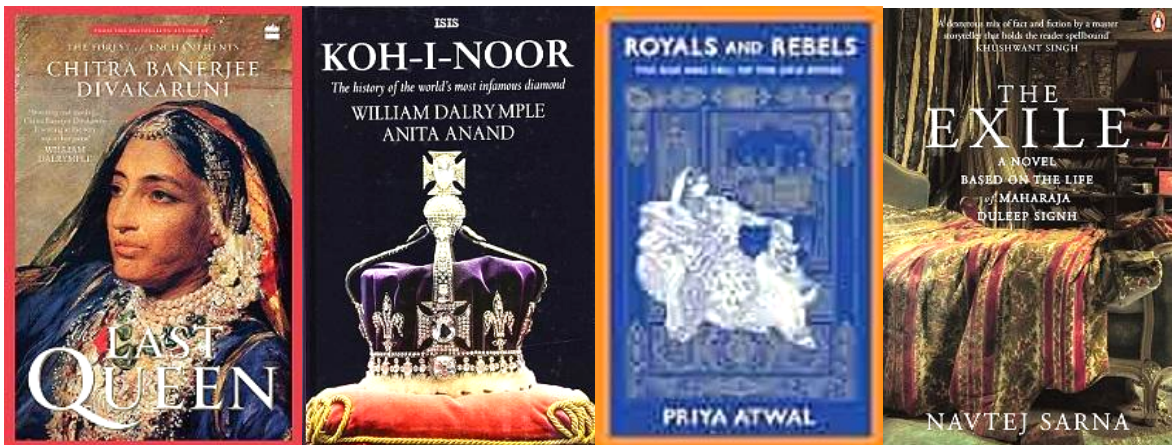


Swami Rajneesh went through years of trials and tribulations to reach his Master. Resolving the problems at the Ashram, Osho said, *‘He’s spelling his name Rajnish wrongly—it should be spelled R a j n e e s h, the same as mine!... At the close of his book: ‘Osho Never Born—Never Died—Only visited planet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

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

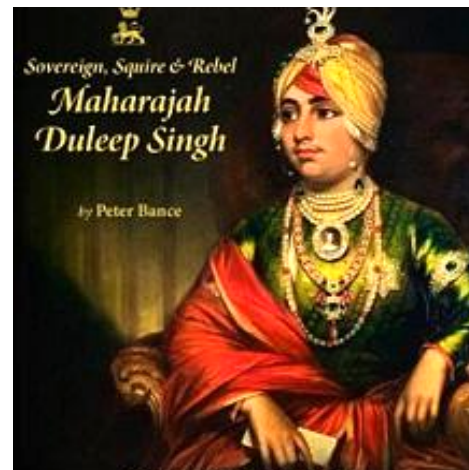
P.S. No passion can surpass a mother's eternal love for her son or a soul's eternal quest for the Truth!I'm not the only one taking a deep dive into the **Fall of the Sikh Empire and Koh-i-Noor's rightful owner.** Since my 2006 past-life regression, there has been a resurgence of books and major films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

<https://www.aljazeera.com/opinions/2018/12/19/how-britain-stole-45-trillion-from-india>



The Black Prince Trailer 2017

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R2TTXSPVn8c>



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



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



Ivory miniature V&A Museum



Seed Pearl Necklace



**Seed Pearl/Emerald Earrings
Bonhams £187,000 gbp**



Emerald necklace £187,000



Chand Tikka £105,000



Pendant £137,750



Chand-Tikka set £62,500



Earrings £175,000



belt buckle



Chand -Tikka



Timur Ruby 'UK Crown Jewels'



Armlet Bonhams



Christies Bazuband £144,900



Chand Tikka £187,562



Tikka £32,500

....Bonhams silk velvet cases are inscribed in gold print:
'From the collection of the Court of Lahore formed by Maharaja Runjeet Singh and lastly worn by Her Highness The Late Maharanee Jendan Kower'
(The 'Davinder Toor Collection' has purchased an impressive number of pieces that he graciously exhibits globally.)

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



**Viscount Henry Hardinge G.C.B. India
India 1844-1848**

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

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

‘In order to justify British aggressive policy towards the Lahore Kingdom, Lord Hardinge was wrongly blaming Rani Jindan. His contemporary Major Carmichael Smyth writes: ‘We have been told that the Sikhs violated the Treaty by crossing the river with their army...but I only ask, had we not departed from the rules of friendship first?’

<https://archive.org/details/HardingePapersRelatingToPunjab/page/n12/mode/1up>

Smyth emphatically states what others echo, that *‘Jindan was not even a wife of Ranjit Singh,’* while disparaging her as *‘The Messalina of Punjab,’* a profligate woman, who couldn’t have birthed the *legitimate* Sovereign of Ranjit Singh. ...***But luckily, the official court chronicles still exist!***

Court Chronicles — Umdat-Ut-Tawarikh Vol 3:

‘On the 23rd of Bhadon Sambat 1895 (6th Sep. 1838 A.D.), the glorious Sahibzada was born of Mai Jindan (Jind Kaur) at Lahore. The sincere near-attendants felt greatly pleased. The said Mai (Jind Kaur) sent the news through Munshi Gobind Ram Sahai to the Sarkar. On hearing the tidings, the Sarkar expressed unlimited pleasure. On his receipt of the news, the Raja Khan Bahador (Dhian Singh Dogra), according to the customs of the hilly regions, put fresh things (fruits or vegetables) over the head of the Munshi. A few days later, gold ornaments such as Hassi and bangles, etc., were given to the Munshi, and he was sent toward Lahore with large sums of money.’

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

... **LOGIC** didn’t evade *Dalhousie*, who said, *‘Jindan was the only one with a manly understanding of the Punjab,’* who saw it necessary to imprison her. ... **LOGIC** didn’t evade *Palmerston*, who saw it necessary to sanction her assassination in 1863. But somehow **LOGIC** still evades so many authors!

The only one who kept fighting, who never relented, and who suffered the consequences, yet she was the mastermind?

From what has been revealed—***Rani Jindan was not to blame!***

... **LOGIC** also evades those who claim that the *Koh-i-Noor* was *gifted to Queen Victoria* by Duleep's 'free will'. **Seriously?**...A 9-year-old boy, who was torn from his mother and all he knew, his life and legitimacy threatened, while surrounded by foreigners' greed?

Dear Mother,

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

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



Rani Jind Kaur & Maharaja Duleep Singh

(*See Bibliography Chapter 7 Notes: for sources)



CHAPTER EIGHT



Dimensions Beyond the Known



The Giza Pyramids Clock

Chapter 8

*‘It’s like a stopwatch; where you end one life is where you begin the next,’ Osho said in **‘Dimensions Beyond the Known.’** ...‘It takes courage! It is possible to make you remember your previous births only if you have achieved the capacity to remain undisturbed in the midst of the very difficult memories of this life. But when the memories of your previous lives break upon you in their entirety, and not fragments, will you be able to bear it? When no memory of this life can be a cause of anxiety to you, only then can you be led into the memories of past lives. Otherwise those memories can become a great trauma, and the door to such traumas cannot be opened unless you have the capacity and worthiness to face them.’*

<https://archive.org/details/dimensions-beyond-the-known>



Kwan Yin Lady of Compassion

Now I understand why *the Sphinx* so poetically, so ingeniously, entangled me with tantalizing clues that led me into painful past lives... And honestly, sometimes for months and years, I could hardly bear it, BUT—I *could never deny it!* (So it’s now or never, as I’m 78 at this writing.) Since these dramas were two and three lifetimes ago, it’s absolutely clear: we are *NOT* our body, though we manifest similar features, and we are *NOT* our brain, though our recoverable memories are impressively long. ...So can we possibly be different from our eternally rebirthing universe? *That’s illogical!* I’m not a psychologist, metaphysician, or, as you noticed, not even a professional author; I’m just a fellow traveler with much to learn, or as Lalla of Kashmir wrote: **‘Wander, my poor soul, you are not going home anytime soon.’**

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

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

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



Tughlaqabad Fort Delhi built 1320

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

Sleeping in my bed in Mill Valley, California, I saw the 1985 Mexico City earthquake from the soaring height of an airplane, also in the customary *3 Days*. ...It's recorded that President Lincoln had a dream of his own death *3 days before the event*. Why this always happens *3 days* before, I can't say; these are *Dimensions Beyond the Known*, but I do know, as in the film *City of Angels*, ***‘They are with us every step of the way.’*** Sadly, we are taught by Church et al, not to hear them.

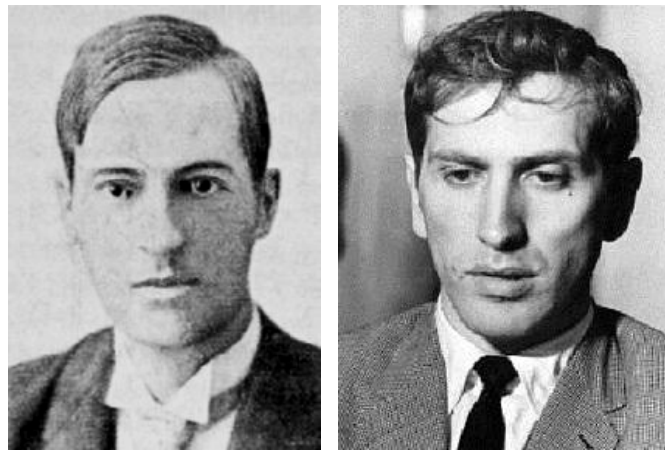
(*Tesla said: By knowing the power of 3 we can unlock the secrets of creation.)

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

The Sphinx told me I'm a *TOCSIN*, *‘a sign or omen, the ringing of the bell’* ...so it's time to share some more revelations: ... In 1818, *‘Travels in Egypt’*

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

(Letter XXIX) <https://archive.org/details/englishwomanineg00pool>



Harry Nelson Pillsbury the late Bobby Fischer

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

Behind the veil, I was able to see things, understand and know things I had no knowledge of in my 21st century reality, many things I could research, but many my mind could no longer access, while knowing: ***'Everything that has existed and will ever exist is inside us, and it's accessible!'*** So I have no doubt that better minds than mine could solve many of humankind's problems if they traveled to '*Dimensions Beyond the Known*,' so we can clear past-life traumas and more!

I believe there's not a single '*Master*' here who has not been here before, with the same proclivity of talent. So I'll beg the pardon of some well-known masters, for not getting their permission to enlighten us (that I hope they'll see is their *gift from The Sphinx*), just as they gifted heretical truths to the world, sometimes against life-threatening opposition.

(Catholic Rome burned Giordano Bruno at the stake for supporting Copernican heliocentricity, and for believing in the soul's transmigration, in an infinite rebirthing universe.)

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



Hancock - Bauval - JAWS



John Spencer Login

Knowing how passionate we are about our missions, it did not take long to discover Hancock's past-lives. With the exception of Login's British-India life, Copernicus, Newton, and Hancock's life's work is driven by confirming ***The Precession of the Equinoxes***.So what are the chances of finding in *Hancock* all the confirming physical and occupational characteristics?



Graham Hancock



John Login



Issac Newton



Copernicus

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

(*Yet somehow, ancient civilizations knew about this 25,700-year cycle!

... And maybe, they also knew about reincarnation!)

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

tions.’ In 1995 he posits that Ice Age civilizations that ended in a cataclysm passed knowledge of astronomy and mathematics in architecture on to our inheritors. Our heirs preserved knowledge in megalithic monuments around the globe, like the *Pyramids of Giza*, ***aligned to precessional stars***.

John Spencer Login was born in 1809 in Scotland and went to India in 1832 for The East India Company and was posted as assistant surgeon to the Bengal Artillery, the Nizam’s Army, and went on the Afghan Campaign. He became resident surgeon in Lucknow, where he met and married Lena Campbell. Under Login’s guardianship, Duleep converted to Christianity. Then Duleep went to England with him in 1854. After his last Indian trip, Sir John Login died precipitously in England in 1863.

So what are the chances that both Login and Hancock were born in Scotland, that they have the same facial features, AND Graham goes to India with his Dr. surgeon father at 3 years old, embracing all the markers of reincarnation? ‘It’s like a stopwatch; where you end one life is where you begin the next.’

Authoring over a dozen books, Hancock partnered with *Robert Bauval*, who wrote the *Orion Correlation Theory*, positing that Giza’s Pyramids mirror the three stars of ***Orion’s Belt***, ***fixing the date of 10,500 BCE***, the period of *The Younger Dryas* drastic climate change, believed to be caused by an asteroid impact. ***In 2022 Netflix aired its ‘most watched and dangerous show,’ Hancock’s ‘Ancient Apocalypse’.*** (*his thought-provoking work is always deemed ‘dangerous’) https://www.sourcewatch.org/index.php/Graham_Hancock



JAWS - Bauval - Zahi Hawass - Hancock

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

Robert Bauval was born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1948. At 19, Bauval was educated in England. With his Belgian/Maltese parents, he left in 1967 just before the 'Six Day War'. He returned to the Middle East, working as a construction engineer, then wrote his bestselling '**The Orion Mystery**' in 1995 and is best known for the **Orion Correlation Theory**: that Giza's Pyramids mirror the alignment of the stars in *Orion's Belt in 10,500 BC.*

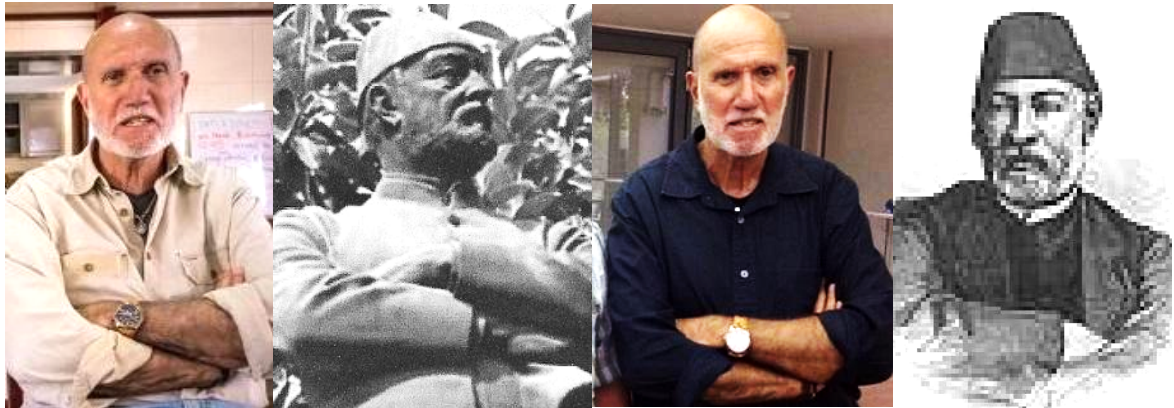


Robert Bauval

Auguste Mariette

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

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



Robert Bauval

Auguste Mariette

Bauval

Mariette

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



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

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

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



Gaspard Monge

Jean-Paul Bauval

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

Jean-Paul Bauval, born in Alexandria, Egypt, is an architect who discovered universal constant Fibonacci numbers in the *Great Pyramid of Giza* that are there for us to decode: *"Civilizations may disappear, but universal truths remain forever. There is no writing in the GP that can be misunderstood, only 'Universal Constant Numbers'—it speaks the language of mathematics. As an architect, before you build a project, one must plan it with measurements, with mathematics! ...The latitude of the GP from its apex is another constant, the 'Speed of Light!' ...Just a coincidence?"*
 (*Einstein says: Coincidences are God's way of remaining anonymous!)

*(*Reincarnation is to consciousness as Einstein's theory is to $E=mc^2$... It may change form, but can never be destroyed!...Paul Von Ward: The Soul Genome)*

*(*The speed of light in meters per second is 299,792,458, according to Google, and the Great Pyramid of Giza is at N. latitude 299,792,458. Researchers posit that the Ancient Egyptians knew about the meter and how to measure Earth.)*

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

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

These 'Masters' spent lifetimes passionately revealing their discoveries of our lives on Planet Earth. Yet one doesn't need to be a *psychic* to question the spiritual bandwidth of *religious inquisitors*, who exploit our 'souls' for power and profit with *fictionalized, organized delusions! Eternal death, but not eternal life. A Trinity, but not Infinity!* ... So more and more I'm seeing that we can't possibly differ from the recycling, reincarnating, eternally conscious universe, that we are all an essential part of. ...So *without a doubt*, there's so much more to discover **about our eternal life!**

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



CHAPTER NINE



Long Live Mohammed Ali!



**Mohammed Ali Pasha
Viceroy of Egypt & Sudan**

Chapter 9

‘To destroy England thoroughly, the time is coming when we must seize Egypt,’ Napoleon, Aug. 1797... Napoleon’s fleet landed in Alexandria on July 1, 1798, intent on destroying British control over the routes to India and their Mameluke supporters, who Bonaparte defeated in *The Battle of the Pyramids* on July 21, 1798. But by August 3, 1798, *Admiral Horatio Nelson* destroyed the French fleet, and so their army was left stranded in Egypt. ... As Nostradamus foretold: ***‘He was more a butcher than a prince.’*** So without Napoleon’s disastrous invasion, who knows how *Destiny* would have sent Egypt her *Savior*? Be that as it may, no rational person can compare *Bonaparte* with *Mohammed Ali Pasha*. Ali was an imperfect, very human hero, but I know his heart, I know his genius, and I’ve seen his soul’s many incarnations, back to the BCEs!... Napoleon ruled one of the richest empires of the day with an organized government, an army, a navy, an economy, an educational system, and global recognition. Egypt had none of these! Apart from its 1,000 mosques, Mameluke palaces, and Saladin’s Citadel, Egypt’s canals were filled with sand, as were her monuments. *The Pasha* out-reigned 3 Ottoman sultans (two were assassinated) and he resurrected a land that for millennia was ground to dust. Ali established laws, an army, and a naval fleet, he cultivated cotton, built hospitals for the military and women, and established the first Arabic journals and system of education in the Middle East. ... ***More than any ruler in recorded history!***



After ousting the French, the British then invaded Alexandria in 1807.

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



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

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

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

... The European powers were determined to maintain '*The Sick Man of Europe's*' Ottoman supremacy, igniting the *Oriental Crisis of 1840*. British naval forces sailed to Syria and Alexandria. They completely demolished Beirut (part of Syria at the time), ending Egyptian control of Syria. They took Acre from Ibrahim and blocked the Nile coastline! With all this going on, in the heat of June 1840, the 71-year-old Pasha developed a boil on his bottom and couldn't sleep. So finally, when Ali saw the British fleet outside his *Ras el-tin Palace* window, he knew he was beaten and acquiesced to accepting ***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.)

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

'My Lord, it is indeed scarcely to be wondered at that in speaking of Egypt and the Pasha's government, the most opposing statements have gone forth to the world. Anyone who turns their eye towards the good that exists in Egypt—the increased revenue, progress of toleration, the spread of education, the introduction of military and naval tactics, the safety for travelers, respect for authority, the personal character of the Pasha —may long expatiate on the bright hues of the picture; while he who is willing only to dwell on the dark and discouraging, may find in the despotic acts of the governors, in the oppression of the few, and sufferings of the many. Judged by the standard of our own civilization, by the rules of Christian philanthropy, the condition of the people will seem deplorable, but contrasting what has been done in Egypt by the struggle for improvement, by any other Mohammadan country, the results will appear in the highest degree interesting and important.'

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

(* 'No friends, no enemies —only interests!' Bowring's report held no sway over Lord 'Pumice-Stone' Palmerston!)

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

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

History is written by the victors—and not only on the Western side. In the 2011 Eastern TV drama, ***‘Mohammed Ali Pasha’ is portrayed as a portly, dark-haired, wily Arab***, when there are copious depictions of Ali and his son Ibrahim, as fair-haired men, who were physically fit in form.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPLztptpTg>

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



Prince von Pückler-Muskau



Machbuba

In 1837, the eccentric **Prince Hermann von Puckler-Muskau** traveled for two years in Ali's domain. In Cairo's slave market he bought a naked, orphaned Ethiopian girl, **Machbuba**, as his valet, **etc.**, and went on excursions into the desert with Ali. The Prussian Prince delivers a faithful narrative of what passed between them, *from The Pasha's own mouth*.

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

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

<https://archive.org/details/egyptundermehem00vongoog/page/n349/mode/1up?view=theater>



Ibrahim Pasha - Sherif of Mecca - Viceroy 1848

Ibrahim Pasha, the firstborn son of Ali, at 16 was sent as a hostage to **Sultan Selim III** when Ali was made Pasha in 1805... and not released until after Ali thwarted the 1807 British invasion, aka '*Fraser's debacle*.' So in Ibrahim's heart of hearts, he was more Egyptian than Turk. Yet it's hard to imagine a closer relationship between a father and son, although disagreements arose over finances and strategy, sometimes leading to murderous threats! Ibrahim's troops loved and respected him, as he led and cared for them through numerous challenging conflicts. In 1848, after so many wars, Ibrahim, ailing with tuberculosis and coughing up blood, took a European tour to recover his health. Ali, who had never been to a country more civilized than his own, followed his son on his own steamship, a gift from Great Britain after the 1840 crisis ended. When Ali heard that his friend, *King Louis Philippe*, who gifted him the brass chiming clock tower in his citadel, was being deposed in the *1848 French Revolution*, he wanted to sail to France to rescue him! ...When Ibrahim heard of this, he sent his father's ship back to Egypt.

Ali was suffering seizures of senility, attributed to the abundance of silver nitrate treatments given for dysentery that ate his brain. So Ibrahim went to Sultan Abdulmejid to recognize him as Egypt's ruler, but he died six months later. To spare the ailing father at *Shubra* the shock of Ibrahim's death, the news was withheld. But as Ibrahim was being lowered into his grave in a flash of 2nd sight, *The Pasha* said, '***They are burying Ibrahim —now Abbas will reign, and all our work will be undone!***'



Shubra Palace

To raise his spirits and arouse his famed virility, Ali's daughters gifted him young concubines, to no avail. Instead, he insisted on attending to his now-empty audience hall.

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

On Aug. 2, 1849, when he was 80 years old, Mohammed Ali died.

His body was carried from Alexandria Palace up the Nile to Bulaq's porte and met by all family members, except Abbas. With scant ceremony, his body was laid to rest in the mosque he built in the citadel, overlooking the Nile and the pyramids beyond. Sir Murray goes on to say: *'The old inhabitants remember and talk of the chaos and anarchy from which he rescued the country—and whether Turk or Arab, do not hesitate to 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..."***



ILLUSTRATIONS: REINCARNATION PROOFS 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



PROOFS:

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-Ragneesh 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*

PROOFS:

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



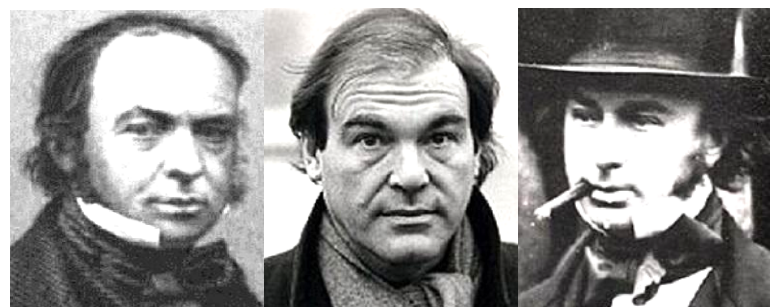
**13) JF Champollion
EA Wallis Budge
John Anthony West**
Egyptologists



**14) Isambard Kingdom Brunel
William Oliver Stone**

Genius Engineer / Author Filmmaker

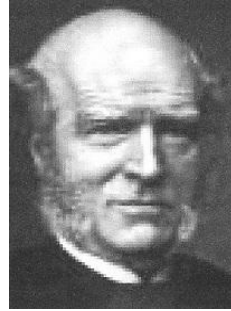
died on Sept. 15, 1859,
reborn on Sept. 15, 1946



PROOFS:

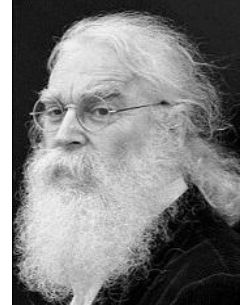
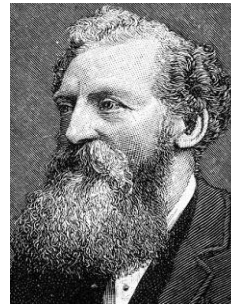
15) Thomas Hughes QC / Larry King

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
Current Assyriologist British Museum



17) Harry Nelson Pillsbury / Bobby Fischer

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



MOHAMMED ALI PASHA OF EGYPT

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



EGYPT'S LAST PHARAOH

GOVERNMENTAL ALLIES & ADVERSARIES



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



Lord Palmerston Foreign Sect.
1835-51 *Implacable Foe
aka 'Lord Pumice-Stone'
Sanctioned 2 Opium Wars
British Prime Minister 1855-65
"No friends, No enemies, only interests!"



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



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

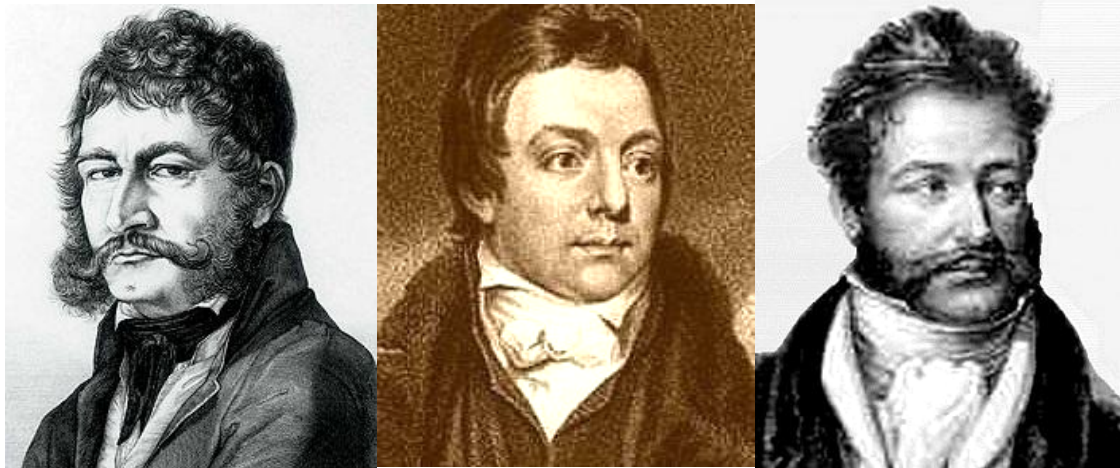
OTTOMAN SULTANS of The Sublime Porte Istanbul Turkey



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](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
Mja. Duleep Singh's Guardians**



Dr. Sir John Spencer Login



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



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

RAJAS IN LAHORE COURT



Raja Suchet Singh Dogra
Jindan's Guardian in Jammu
Assassinated



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



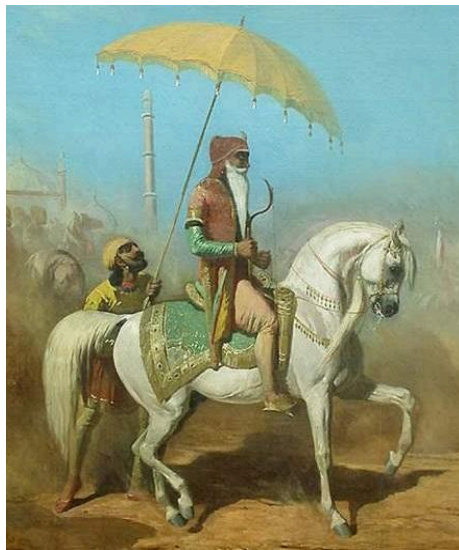
Lahore Darbar of Maharaja Ranjit Singh



Nadir Shah on the Peacock Throne encrusted with the Kohinoor Diamond

LION OF PUNJAB

Maharaja Ranjit Singh Ji



Ranjit Singh



Ranjit Singh



Duleep's Darbar



Duleep with Gen.Tej Singh



Duleep Ivory Miniature with Hawk

THE EXILE MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH



Bamba Muller Duleep Singh
German/Abssynian
Birthed 6 children



Maharaja Duleep Singh



Maharani Bamba
Died at 39 while Duleep
was fighting for Kingdom



Catherine center - Bamba left - Sophia right

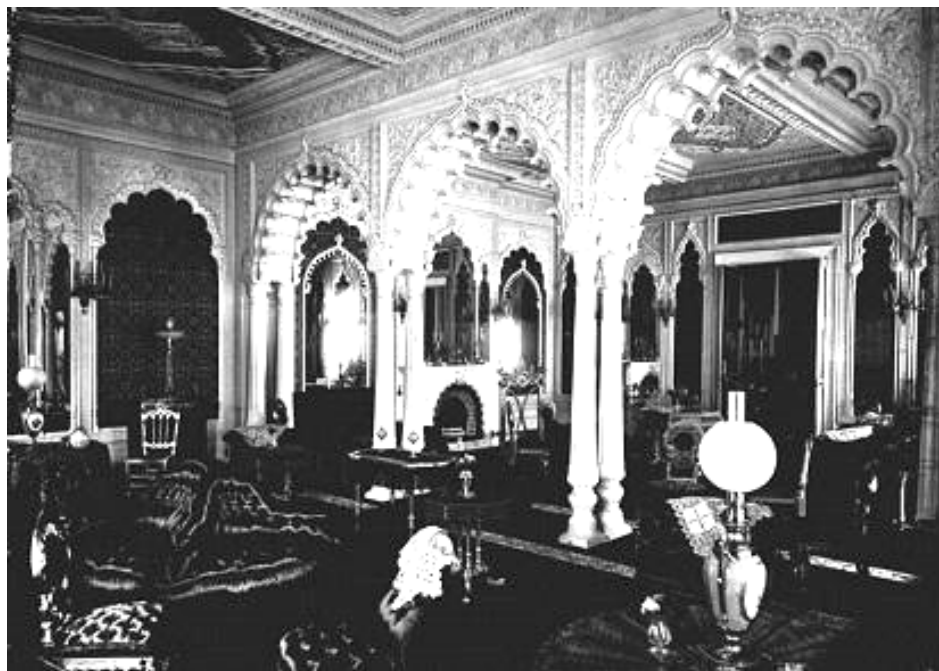


Elveden Hall Suffolk - Duleep's family home

MAHARAJA DULEEP SINGH - THE EXILE



Elveden Hall Royal Hunting Party



Elveden Hall - Lahore Mughal Style Interior



Conclusion



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

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

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

I'm content at having cleaned the windows of my soul. Having read most of the books disparaging Jindan, I'm confident in knowing that Jindan was not the 'Whore of Lahore' as she's been portrayed, the same way they slandered the Rani of Jhansi, and that Jindan did not engineer the 1st Anglo-Sikh War. I've learned that George Carmichael Smyth, author of "The Reigning Family of Lahore" was credited by the author of "Flashman & The Mountain of Light," with writing the most salacious accounts of Jindan. But Smyth never had contact with 'The Reigning Family' when his '1847 propagandist hit piece' was published. He was requested to write the piece by Maj. Broadfoot,

who was seeking reasons for a British invasion. Smyth states his source was Alexander Gardner, who was at Lahore: 'He saw more than he remembered, and remembered more than he saw,' although the inscrutable Gordana Sahib doesn't recount Smyth's most lurid tales... Arrogantly 'heavy-handed,' Col. Smyth is credited with inciting the '1857 Sepoy Mutiny' by marching 90 shackled Sepoys to jail for refusing to bite cartridges greased with cow and pig fat, which was against their religion! The rebellion was joined by the princely families, who were against the new 'Inheritance Law Doctrines' set forth by the East India Company, the same policies that would disinherit Duleep's family. Ruled by profits, the EIC was a 'vulture corporation,' empowered by the Rt. Hon. British Gov't to institute state policy. (...not unlike today's reality)

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



**To: HM King Charles III and The Rt Hon. PM:
Return the KOH-I-NOOR diamond to INDIA!**

H.G. Wells (Past-Life Sir John Dee) wrote: “Civilization is a race between education and catastrophe. Let us learn the TRUTH and spread it far and wide—for the Truth is the greatest weapon we have.”

While never harboring ill will, and becoming their staunchest supporters, the TRUTH has shown that India has enriched the British people 45 trillion GBP£ times over. While ruled by ‘corporate raiders,’ 100 million Indians died of their famine-induced policies. In the 18th century, India’s world trade was at 30%, and by 1947, after the British East India Company’s deindustrialization, it was reduced to just 4%!

The Koh-I-Noor was plundered from a 10-year-old boy by the Rt. Hon British Govt., who saw fit to obliterate his inheritance. Though worth \$20 billion in today’s money, for India, the Koh-i-Noor Diamond is incalculable! Clearly, the British government sanctioned Jindan’s assassination, just like what Putin did to Navalny. In the words of Prime Minister Lord Palmerston: “A thief must always be made to disgorge!” ... It’s past time for returning the Koh-i-Noor diamond to India! Your shame won’t allow any queen or consort to ever wear it. So in agreement with your 21st century professed values, instead of locking your shame up in a tower, transform your dark past and RETURN THE KOH-I-NOOR TO INDIA! After all that’s been said and done, it’s the absolute least you can do!

... with our profound appreciation



Sir John Dee



Jindan Kaur



H.G.Wells



POSTSCRIPT



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

... A Turkish boy with a severely malformed ear and underdeveloped facial structure said he remembered the life of a man who was shot at point-blank range with a shotgun. He died days later...A boy in India, with stubs for fingers, said he remembered the life of a boy who had lost his fingers in a fodder-chopping machine. ... A Burmese girl, missing her lower right leg, said she remembered the life of a girl who was run over by a train. Eyewitnesses said the train severed the girl's right leg before running over her trunk.

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

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

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

Another well-documented case is that of Alessandrina Samona, from Palermo, Sicily, who communicated with her mother from the 'in between' lives realm.

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

*(*Tesla believed by knowing the power of 3, one could unlock the secrets of creation.)*

Hanen Mansour was born in the 30s in Lebanon. She married Farouk Mansour when she was 20 and had two daughters, Leila and Galareh. After the 2nd birth,

she was diagnosed with heart disease and warned not to have more children. Despite the warning, she had a son in 1962. She tried unsuccessfully to call her daughter Leila before the heart surgery but died after the operation at 36.

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



Hanan Mansour



Suzanne Ghanem

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

Twenty-one years after death, the mother returned to find her eight past-life orphaned children in 'Yesterday's Children,' the Jenny Cockell Story.

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

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

*...*Our memories are eternal. The Soul never forgets!*



The Search for Omm Sety a story of eternal love



“Though thou goest thou comest again.” ... Egyptian Book of the Dead



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

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

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

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

... Thin, frail, and determined to live her life out near her beloved Abydos temple, she lived in mud-brick dwellings, supporting herself on her pension of \$30 a month. Dorothy 'Omm Sety' Eady died April 21, 1981, at 77 years, in Abydos, Egypt.

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

**Coincidentally, John Anthony West (aka Wallis Budge) wrote, "Omm Sety knew things that she could not have known without the extension of consciousness. If not true—how could Eady have known about these obscure ancient Egyptian facts?"*



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This may be too deep into the weeds for non-Indian/non-Sikh readers, and it's why it's placed as an appendix, BUT it's certainly not too obscure for the volumes written by Indian Sikhs, ALL BLAMING JINDAN!

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

The most quoted 'his-stories' of the Anglo-Sikh war is notably the 1847, "A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore," by Col. G. Carmichael Smyth, who never had any contact with Lahore! He dedicates it to Major Broadfoot, who was eager to retail all the salacious gossip he could get in calling for British intervention in Punjab. Smyth writes in his intro, that although he was requested to write the tale by Maj. Broadfoot, he would not have done so were it not all true!...(While he recorded some crucial details.)

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

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

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

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

'On the 23rd of Bhadon Sambat 1895 (6th Sep. 1838 A.D.), the glorious Sahibzada was born of Mai Jindan (Jind Kaur) at Lahore. The sincere near-attendants felt greatly pleased. The said Mai (Jind Kaur) sent the news through Munshi Gobind Ram Sahai, to the Sarkar. The aforesaid person presented himself to the Sarkar and conveyed the blessed news. On hearing the tidings, the Sarkar expressed unlimited pleasure. On 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.'

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

"She has the only manly understanding of the Punjab, and her restoration would furnish the only thing wanting to render the present movement formidable" (it certainly doesn't sound like Jindan was a British collaborator!!) ... Many courtiers lived out their lives retaining their property, receiving large pensions for remaining loyal to British interests. ... but till her last breath, Jindan never did!

'INTERCEPTED LETTERS' Imprisoned in Sheikhpura Fort, Aug. 1847 - April 1849, Jindan sent letters of encouragement to Mulraj and Shere Singh Attari during the 2nd Anglo-Sikh War (along with the location of a crore of rupees to pay the troops):

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

(Known for her letters, whether this letter is real or not—this sealed Jindan's fate! She was sent to the maximum security Chunar Fort, and escaped in April 1849.)



Col. Alexander Haughton Campbell Gardner

The Tartan Turban: A Scots-American at Ranjit Singh's Court A Soldier & Traveller: Memoirs of Alexander Haughton Gardner

So often cited, Alexander Gardner is one of the most relevant and enigmatic characters in evaluating this history. Straight-backed, while clutching his sabre, garbed in tartan from trousers to turban, he topped it off with an egret feather. His beard concealed the hole in his throat that he had to close with clamps whenever he needed to eat or drink....So I would be remiss not to include details of Alexander Gardner's story in ***"The Tartan Turban," an American in the service of Ranjit Singh's Court, by John Keay.***

'Born in Wisconsin, of a Scottish father and Anglo-Spanish mother, he became a mercenary soldier in Central-East Asia. Wealth and survival were his imperatives. With a hole in his throat, one of his many wounds, he dressed in the Rajput fashion of his patron, our anti-hero Gulab Singh Dogra. He is a mysterious and controversial figure. How much of his story is made up can never be known,'
'Gardner's take on events in Punjab was that the bloodletting was master-minded by his employers, the devious Dogra brothers.'

'Contenders for the throne, along with their Chief Ministers came and went so rapidly between 1840-45, listing the causes of their deaths as follows: poisoned, crushed by fallen masonry, stoned to death, shot at point-blank range, beheaded, shot in the back, massacred by their troops, strangled, and cut up for fish-food—they were all assassinated! Five Maharajas and four Prime Ministers rose and were felled in five years, leaving a 6-year-old child, who is probably not of the Royal Blood, leading to further contestation of the throne.'

Gardner accompanied the Dogras on the raid that began all the carnage, and he personally blew up protectors of Lahore's treasure, thus saving the day for Gulab Singh. *Because of his qualities, he was later assigned to protect Rani Jindan and the Court, while acting as a British informant for Henry Lawrence and reporting to him on all the events in Lahore.....*

The British spy Alexander Gardner: 'saw more than he remembered and remembered more than he saw.' George MacDonald-Fraser credits him as his source for "*Flashman & The Mountain of Light*," and what has been widely published as gospel, even though his first version was rejected by London as too preposterous! "*A Soldier & Traveller*" reads like a "**James Bond Novel**," yet Gardner's telling is called '**An Eyewitness Account of Fall of the Sikh Empire**' that was further embellished by Smyth with the spiciest anecdotes committed to ink in "**The Reigning Family of Lahore.**"

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

'Raja Gulab Singh now thirsted for vengeance on the Sikh nation, which had killed so many members of his family. Gulab set terms for himself with the British, plotting to leave the Sikhs to their doom. Raja Jawahar Singh especially incurred his wrath for the deaths of Hira and Sohan Singh. 'Jawahar was completely intoxicated by his sudden rise to power, and in the exuberance of his heart, began to ill-treat Kashmira and Peshora Singh, two adopted sons of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.

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

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

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

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



Duleep Singh Durbar c.1843

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

evilily disposed, violent, yet powerful and splendid Sikh army. It was to be flung upon the British and so destroyed. Thus did the Rani Jindan in her turn plan to avenge herself on the murderers of her brother Jawahar Singh.'

... Seriously!?! Well past his carrying size, a 7-year-old 50 lb., boy was 'flung' over a tent wall, by his sari-wearing 110 lb. mother?... PREPOSTEROUS!



*Alex Sahib's description is wildly contradictory...It says Jawahar was told to descend the elephant, his face slapped, and Duleep taken from his arms, while Jindan was escorted to a beautiful tent. (She always had an entourage of attendants and guards with her—as was normal.) Then he says: *'Jindan was dragged away screaming, begging for mercy for her brother, then held Duleep up above the walls and 'flung' her young son out of the tent—but thankfully Duleep was caught by a soldier, or the consequence might have been fatal.'*

This is just one example...**Alexander Gardner 'saw more than he remembered, and remembered more than he saw.'** Most reports say that Duleep was taken away by the soldiers, and kept for some time, while Jindan was guarded, afraid of what she might do in her distress. Be that as it may, the details were wildly embellished, and conveniently —**Jindan once again was given the blame!**

Chapter XV ... the most well propagated story

After the murder of Wazir Jawahar Singh, his sister, the Rani Jindan was declared Regent. Her principal advisors were Diwan Dina-Nath, Bhai Ram Singh, and Misr Lal Singh, the first named was a man of remarkable talent known as "The Talleyrand of Panjab." ... When war was declared against the British, and the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej I was acting as Raja Gulab's agent and factotum at Lahore, and in consequence had great power and influence.

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

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

The pusillanimous and ignominious departure of Avitabile and Ventura, at this critical juncture, much disgusted the army, who wanted efficient and civilised control. There was no necessity to leave that I saw. I was always treated with honour and respect .

The state of the army was such that prescription rolls were such that all individual obnoxious to them had to be given up! I started out with the army but was recalled by the Rani to Lahore, and she specially insisted that I was wanted to hold Lahore against the Khalsa. I was privately told to bring back no Sikhs but as many Musselmans as I had with me. The very brigade which mutinied at Peshawar in 1841. The Muhammadans hating the Sikhs were enchanted at the recall, and I was as it were, governor of Lahore. My orders were simple: "No Sikhs were to return," Manage that, and all the rest shall be as you like. More fear of maltreatment by the Sikhs was entertained than by the British.

...The resolve of their ruler to destroy the Sikh army by whatever means was known by the army itself, but such was the hopes of loot from Delhi, such the belief that the intentions of the British were aggressive, such the domestic incitements of their families to plunder, and such their belief in their mystic faith, that one dogged determination filled the bosom of each soldier. ... "We shall go to the sacrifice!" One deserter was near 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 return to Lajore after twenty days absence, jeering at his cautious behaviour, but he being her favorite, orders were given to stop the hilarity. Even to Tej the army cried, "Do not betray us!" ... such was his character for treachery. ... He declared he was panting for war but his Brahmin astrologers would not let him out of his hut.

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

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

...A very dramatic scene took place between the battles of Ferosehah and Sobraon. The Sikhs were literally starved for want of rations. They sent a deputation of 400 picked Sikhs to Lahore to urge the dire necessities of the army — for three days they lived on grain and raw carrots. The Rani at first would not allow the deputation to enter Lahore. She feared justly for her personal safety at the hands of these desperate men. I placed four battalions of infantry over the queen, and she at last consented to hold a durbar and receive the deputation. They were told to come armed only with swords. I turned out a large guard for the queen who waited behind a screen for the arrival of the envoys. I was standing close to the Rani and could see the gesticulations and move-

ments of the deputation. In answer to the loud complaints to which the army was exposed, she said that Gulab Singh had sent vast supplies. “No, he has not;” roared the deputation, “we know the old fox, he has not sent breakfast for a bird!” ... Further parley ensued, the tempers of both parties waxing wroth. At last the deputation said, “Give us powder and shot.” At this I saw movement behind the purdah (little Duleep was seated in front of it). I could detect that the Rani was shifting her petticoat; I could see that she stepped out of it, and then rolling it rapidly into a ball, flung it over the screen at the heads of the angry envoys, crying out; “Wear that, you cowards! I’ll go in trousers and fight myself.”---The effect was electric.

After a pause on which the deputation seemed stunned, a unanimous shout arose, “Duleep Singh Maharaja, we will go and die for his kingdom and the Khalsaji!” And breaking up tumultuously and highly excited, the dangerous deputation dispersed and joined the army. ... The courage and intuition displayed by this extraordinary women under such critical circumstances, filled us all with as much amazement as admiration.

It cannot be ignored that “A Soldier and Traveler” was published in 1898 in London, 21 years after Gardner’s death. He was a colorful character and author, and so, while becoming the official record, the truth may never be known. Alex Sahib was exiled to British territory, where at leisure he recounted his tales to G. Carmichael-Smyth, written in his 1847: “A History of The Reigning Family of Lahore.” After the wars, Gardner officially entered the service of Gulab Singh, who bestowed a comfortable income for him. He died in Kashmir at 92 years.

***I shudder to think what propaganda will be considered HISTORY in our new age of AI-generated videos and ‘Fake News’...**

**Soldier and Traveller Memoir of Alexander Gardner, Col. of Artillery
In the Service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh**

<https://archive.org/details/soldiertraveller00gardiala/page/246/mode/1up>

The Tartan Turban: A Scots-American at Ranjit Singh’s Court

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0P9huEbyhCQ>

(1847) A History of the Reigning Family of Lahore: With Some Accounts of the Jamoo Rajahs, the Seik Soldiers and their Sirdars

By George Carmichael Smyth

<https://archive.org/details/ahistoryreignin00smytgoog/page/n19/mode/1up>

Some Original Sources of Punjab History

“WAQAI I JANG I SIKHAN” / “WAQAI JANG I PHEROSHAHR”

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

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

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

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

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

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

bore no responsibility for the subsequent campaign; that, contrary to one common belief, 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 disciplined 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 Asij, 1902 b, e. (22nd September, 1845) outside Lahore on the plain towards Mianmir the Sikh army murdered Sardar Jawahar Singh upon the suspicion that he had instigated the murder of Peshora Singlh in the fort of Attock by Sher Singh Attariwala. After that the Sikh troops became completely self-willed. Moved by insolence and avarice, they abandoned

themselves to unrestrained violence, which disintegrated the state.

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

The Rani ordered the Commander, the brave and resolute Sardar Tej Singh, after his return from Peshawar to restore discipline in the Fauj-i-Ain to its state during the reign of the great Maharaja. The Sardar announced to the Sikh army that order could be maintained only if they would return to the obedience they had observed in the time of the Great Maharaja. Raja Lal Singh controlled political affairs and the irregular troops, but he was afraid of the Fauj-Ghair-Ain. At the time of the murder of Jawahar Singh he was imprisoned by the army, together with Sardar Attar Singh, Dewan Dina Nath and Khalifa Nur-ud-Din. Despite the best efforts of the Raja to perform this onerous two-fold task the *Fauj-i-Ain* became more insolent than ever. The Sardars were seriously frustrated in the administration of the country.

Kinsmen of soldiers refused to pay the taxes with the excuse that more than enough revenue had already been collected or that their own receipts had become very little. If a report was lodged against them at Lahore, some members of the army maintained their cause. Often a gang of soldiers arrested a Sardar or his agent and wrested from him the dues which he had managed to realize on the plea that the taxpayer's produce had not been adequate, or that the balance of their pay was to be adjusted. Only such Sardars escaped this high-handedness as had friends among the troops but those 'benevolent' soldiers required a 'fee' from the Sardar.

Political administration was rendered equally difficult, since the soldiers, who were kinsmen of the subjects and belonged to the same stock, had become quite uncontrollable and insolent and perpetrated all kinds of atrocities, fomenting civil strife. If some Amin or Munshi was appointed (to decide a case) he labored under one of two handicaps: either he was himself implicated with one of the parties or the other party refused to submit to the jurisdiction of the men sent by the Sarkar. They were encouraged in their defiance by the fact that they had kinsmen in the army. Even after a decision had been

given in a case, the parties concerned came to Lahore with their supporters, and reopened the case, relying upon the military officers who supported them to oppose the supporters of the other party, utterly regardless of the facts of the case.

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

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

The inhabitants of the cities were also much troubled by the Singhs who demanded most unfair rates for the purchase of commodities. In the lanes and bazaars they pried through doors and loudly threatened to break them with their axes, promising reprisal for resistance. They declared that the citizens were fortunate that Sardar Jawahar Singh had willingly accompanied them, when they withdrew to the area between the city and cantonment. If he had not then he'd been killed in revenge for the murder of Peshora Singh, they said, they would have forced their way into the fort and despatched him on that same day and would also have plundered the city. They boasted that the wealth of citizens was the Singhs for the taking. And none dared gainsay them.

A small group of Sikhs, for example, went to a simple shopkeeper and offered him a few pies for some loaves said to have been bought from

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

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

On pay day the soldiers picked bright new coins from the heaps of money in exchange for defaced ones and threw away the worn coins, saying that they could be given to the officers. Because of these practices the treasury at times ran short of cash. Balances and increases due were taken from the Daftaris and in disputes, until the matter was referred to the Sardar the accountants were held responsible by the men.

The soldiers got their brothers, sons and relations enlisted without orders or identification, simply declaring that so-and-so was enlisted at such a place.

By their orders the wearing of caps by 'Poorbeah' troops and regimental

bandsmen was forbidden and such men were required to use turbans. If an officer forbade such insubordination some troops would expel him while others, who liked him, would recall him and beg him to defer to the wishes of the Khalsa; *so the officers were at their wits' end.*

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

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

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

On receiving this news the real well-wishers of the State of Lahore were perturbed that the confusion and disturbance created by the stupid

and short-sighted Sikh soldiers and their defiance of the governing authority had caused disorder on the frontier and had aroused suspicion.

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

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

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

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

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

Further they said that battle against the British was as sacred to them as bathing in the holy Ganges and would be in full conformity with the

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

**One day the Maharani in the presence of the courtiers and officers declared to the men of every brigade and dera that she had reconciled her mind to the murder of her brother, Sardar Jawahar Singh. She wished them (the soldiers) to obey her as sons; she harbored no ill-will towards them. Jawahar Singh had been, indeed, foolish and incompetent in the discharge of State duties.*

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

required to retire to camp 100 kroh from Lahore, and should refrain from high-handedness. If they settled down peacefully, order in the country and tranquility on the frontier could be assured, as in the reign of the Great Maharaja. *Their insubordination gave the glorious Sahibs evidence of the disorganization in the kingdom of Lahore, so that (the British) were determined to reinforce the frontier. The troops agreed to go to the Samadh of the Great Maharaja and to 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 Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh were encamped in the plain of Mian Mir from 10 —14 Maghar (23rd —27th November, 1845). After receiving their pay on the 15th Maghar (28th November, 1845), the *Fauj-i-Khas* was stationed at Malikpur. The brigades of Sardar Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh were ordered to Rora and the brigade of Rattan Singh Mann was ordered to Dhaori. On the 16th Maghar (29th November, 1845) communication was set up by local Sikhs between the brigades of the *Fauj-i-Khas* and the dera (group) of cavalry, which were encamped some krohs apart so that they could act together.

In every dera signs of insolence on the part of the soldiers reappeared as if no solemn written assurance had been given at the Samadh of the Great Maharaja. Observing this the senior officers instructed the juniors to discipline the troops, reminding them of their solemn promise of obedience and rude conduct, and the purpose for which they were stationed there. But these orders had a contrary effect. The troops of every brigade in the camp retorted by committing further irregularities. Everywhere the officers were summoned by the troops, who asserted that the British garrison at Ferozepur, which was inadequate, was receiving reinforcements from Hindustan. There was at that place a sum of Rs.18 lacs held in trust from Raja Suchet Singh and such other treasure. All the brigades and deras of the Sikhs, regular and irregular, had therefore decided to march upon Ferozepur. The brigades stationed in the Manjah territory, at Lahore and at Shahdara had also agreed to this plan.

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

Becoming aware that the entire army was bent upon mischief the officers feared for their lives and honor. They decided among themselves that the officers of every brigade and dera should keep each other informed, if the insubordination of the troops threatened their safety. Some Sikh officers who were kinsmen of the soldiers were made to understand that their conduct was not approved and they were warned to be more prudent. It was expected that this warning would be circulated among the soldiers. The discussion between the officers and the troops followed these lines.

It was asserted that the Great Maharaja, who had acquired vast resources, had the greatest regard for the friendship of the English, as was known the world over, and that it was evident that he had extended his dominions up to Peshawar in strict compliance with that true friendship. He had entertained every employee of the Company in a befitting

manner and sought in every way to confirm the friendship between the two governments, never dreaming of encroaching upon Ferozepur or other British territories. The troops agreed that this was so, but that by the time the Khalsa (the Sikh army) had developed its full strength and had become capable of open combat, the Great Maharaja had become aged and lost his vigor. Somebody then asked them if they now intended to show their valor by sacrificing themselves, since such a war meant bloodshed and slaughter, whether their proposal included obedience the order of their master to cross the river. They replied that by the order of the Khalsa they had unanimously decided to march across the Sutlej. Somebody asked them if Rs.18 lakhs, which was held in trust from Raja Suchet Singh belonged to the government of the Punjab or to the army which had now become its master.

It was suggested that the treasure could not be procured without the consent of Raja Gulab Singh, brother of Raja Suchet Singh and that the Sikhs should stay their hand. They replied that they would seize that wealth and also the British treasure.

When told that in crossing the Sutlej they would break a long-standing alliance, an act which required deep consideration, they recklessly answered that the Cis-Sutlej territory also belonged to the Lahore government. The Khalsa had great ambitions for which it was fully equipped. Their part was to achieve them. Even if they were destined to defeat their request was granted, they could afterwards go back to their lands. *They were reminded of the solemn oath that they had given in writing at the Samadh of the Great Raja*, which had been sent to Rai Kishan Chand with the expectation that a satisfactory reply would come from him. To this they retorted that they would not be satisfied unless their claims were conceded. They were told that such talk and schemes were futile; the fort at Ferozepur was filled with war material and a large garrison. The troops resented these warnings.

They were told that the British were the rulers of the whole world and possessed a vast territory, army, cleverness, courage and treasure, and that it

was impossible to oppose them. On the contrary, it would be easier for them (the British) to capture the Punjab, because Ferozepur was hardly 40 krohs from Lahore and Amristsar. But it would be extremely difficult for them (the Sikhs) to take Ferozepur and Ludhiana. On hearing such statements the troops abused the men who made them in public or private committees and gatherings of the Sikh troops. The officers (who shared Such views) were rudely denounced in the were rudely denounced in the committees and gatherings of the Sikh troops. At this time the infantry brigades were stationed at five towns and the cavalry, which had marched before the *Fauj-i-Ain* was encamped at twelve places at the towns of Bhadana and Sur Singh. But all advice by their comrades and exhortation by the officers had no effect on the troops. It produced no other result than the exchange of hot words and the revelation of their short-sightedness and lack of understanding and the further disorganization of government and menaces of blows and death to the officers. After discussion among the sections of the army, the *Fauj-i-Ain* decided to march from its present stations to Qadian in the Manjah territory and to the east of the Sutlej, and on the 24th Maghar (7th December, 1845), it set forth, some of them, in two stages and others in three stages, reaching Qadian, where they assembled. The soldiers of the *Fauj-i-Ain* sent sowars (horse soldiers) to collect boats and bring them to this side of the crossing at Harike. The irregular cavalry had followed them in defiance of the orders of their officers whom they abused, and threatened with maltreatment and death. A few sowars selected from each dera proposed that they should encamp at Barwala. *On their way they sacked the villages as if they were in enemy territory.* If anyone protested that this was not Yusafzai 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 was returned. Everywhere they evaded check in the same way. Many inhabitants had grievances against the army and cursed their oppressors and wished for their destruction. If soldiers belonging to the locality were present, it was not plundered. At such places things were purchased at a nominal price. The irregulars stationed at Bhadana, Nurpur and Naushahra looted the district with little restraint. Some resident official opposed these outrages. In consequence a quarrel broke out and the villagers suffered great loss. Raja Lal Singh tried his best to intervene, but in vain and compensated the villagers from his own pocket. One or two soldiers who had been put under arrest were released by their comrades, who took the law into their own hands.

Raja Lal Singh and the officers were abused by the army, and threatened with death or degradation and forbidden to interfere. The soldiers removed the autumn harvest wherever they found it lying in the fields and carried away fodder from the houses of the zamindars. Sardar Ganda Singh Kunjahia was secretly sent by Raja Lal Singh to chide the officers of the *Fauj-i-Ain* for their failure to control the men.

The sowars of the irregular army joined their comrades in the regular army. They reported that the irregular cavalry had arrived at a shallow place to cross the river. They were asked if there were boats available for the Sikhs of the *Fauj-i-Ain* to transport their artillery. They were told that regular sowars (horse soldiers) had gone towards Harike to collect boats. They should bring along their guns and boats would be procured; but more brigades should be brought from Lahore to that place. During the two days 24th and 25th Maghar (7th-8th December 1845) they halted at Qadian.

The first question which the soldiers asked each other was whether all the officers were present; and they confirmed that all of them were there. On learning this they congratulated themselves, declaring that the officers were so helpless that they had no other alternative, unless they took to the

air or went underground. If they should desert, the homes of all of them would be at the mercy of the troops. After venting their relief they reaffirmed the need to keep a close watch on the officers. They said that delay in sending troops from Lahore was a subterfuge and that in return for every place (handed over to the British) the officers were to receive payment from the Sarkar of the Company Bahadur. It was suspected that the officers and the State authorities were in league with the Sarkar Company.

They argued that the Hindustani and Malwai officers had their homes across the Sutlej and, were therefore, favorably inclined towards the British and so wished to frighten them by praising the greatness of the British. But the Khorasanis (Afghans), who had been defeated by the Sikhs, had in turn driven the British out of Kabul. *Again, as the wealth of all the officers, like that of Raja Suchet Singh, was at Ferozepur, they opposed the advance of the Sikh army, lest it should be plundered. They were also afraid of losing their own lives.* They declared in the face of the officers that they (the soldiers) received only Rs.12 a month in pay, while they (the officers) got thousands of rupees per year, so that there was no reason for the officers to hesitate in declaring war. The officers submissively replied that everything was in the hands of the army and that they (the officers) only wished them to act to their advantage.

In the meantime Sikh recruits began to pour into the deras from the Manjha hoping to share in the plunder of Ferozepur. It was also said that after the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej they would be joined by the Sikhs of the Malwa, who would swell their numbers, because they already had many relatives in the Sikh army.

On the 26th Maghar (9th December, 1845) the brigade of the *Fauj-i-Khas* and the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh marched to Jhangi, about three kroh from Qadian on this side of the river. They then proposed that according to plan, the irregular army should advance to the river to the right of the crossing at Harike, east of which lay Ferozepur, and announce their arrival to those at Ferozepore. After consultation

among themselves, they advised their officers that heavy fire should be opened. The officers replied that they might do what they pleased, since everything was in their hands. So heavy fire was opened that night, which it was presumed would be heard at Ferozepur and by the regular army. Two days afterwards, that is, on the 28th Maghar (11th December, 1845) all three brigades marched from Jhangi to Nathianwala on the bank of Sutlej towards Harike on the road from Ferozepur. The soldiers in a body demanded of the officers an assurance in writing that a wounded man should receive his pay as usual and that the pay of any one who should be killed should be handed to his heirs, to a son or brother, if there were one. The officers replied that that was not within their power, but that they would petition the Sarkar to that effect.

Accordingly they obtained from the officers a petition with seals affixed and kept it as a record. They said that the officers were without matchlocks and that each of them should carry one like the soldiers for without a rifle an officer could not light. The officers agreed; and so they and the men were equal. *That day the officers who were chagrined at their helplessness before an insubordinate army, held a secret meeting. They deplored that they were about to commit a breach of faith; that after crossing the river a battle would ensue; that the power, resources and conquering capacity of the British Government were known all over India.*

They deplored it all the more, that there was no reason in their favor; and obviously they would break the alliance which the Great Maharaja had respected throughout his life.

At that time the men asked the officers why they did not give orders as they used to do in the days of the Great Maharaja, absentees should be put under arrest and discipline should be enforced as before. Parades should be ordered as was being done at Ferozepur during those days. Roll-call should also be introduced. Hearing this, the officers were at first surprised. They said among themselves that such questions from their men were a good sign. To humor the men, they replied that those officers had joined service during the time of the Great Maharaja, just as among the men there were those who had done long service and those recently recruited; so among the officers there were old and new. They would try

to arrive at a decision among themselves and communicate it to the men. *They tried to make the men realize that in the opinion of the whole world the Great Maharajah's death was a calamity for Punjab; he had bequeathed to the country a united and effective government. He raised an army of its own inhabitants in order to maintain prosperity. He foresaw that his subjects would have the interest of the State more at heart than his descendants or successors.* He had concluded the treaty with the Company Bahadur; and it was meant to be carefully; observed from generation to generation. Now everything rested in their hands. Maharaja Dalip Singh was very young and little concerned with affairs. They fully agreed with the men as to the necessity for discipline, regular parades, the taking of roll-call and punishment of defaulters; after all, this had been their life-work.

After expressing these wishes to their officers they requested them to pluck up courage and restore the old discipline in the army. The officers felt gratified with the answer and told the men that if they wished to 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 that the space between the camp and the bank of the river consisted of sand, marsh and shallow water, so they changed their mind about camping there and returned after having inspected the bridge, which existed in name only, for there was only one boat, over which was set a guard. On the 29th Maghar (12th

December, 1845) an English officer with 100 *sowars* had come from the direction of Ferozepur to reconnoiter the bridge, and the guard on the boat fired at them. On the same day twelve more boats were brought by *sowars* specially 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 Shamsheer Singh Sandhanwalia, along with the Sikh volunteers, arrived there. On reaching the crossing place they seized the same boats. On the 2nd Poh (15th 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, son of the Ghaudhari of Mastike was killed on that day by a soldier, to pay off an old score*).

On the 3rd Poh (16th December, 1845), the brigades of the *Fauj-i-Khas*, Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and Rattan Singh Man marched from the neighborhood of Mastike and encamped between the town of Attari and the stream called Sukhne, three and half *kroh* from Ferozepur. The irregular cavalry, taking the artillery with it, crossed the river in boats from Harike and encamped on the bank. After one halt, they made a forced march and reached the neighborhood of Mullanwala. It had been

arranged that each *dera* of the Sikhs should be kept informed about the movements of the others. Accordingly as soon as the Sikhs of the regular army informed the irregular army about the advance of certain brigades towards Ferozepore on Poh 3 (16th December, 1845), some hundreds of *sowars* of the cavalry brought Raja Lal Singh and other officers to the camp of the regular army and made an agreement with the Sikh soldiers that on the following day, Poh 4 (17th December, 1845), the camp of the irregular troops should join the regular army. Subsequently a plan of action would be decided upon. On their way back Raja Lal Singh and his officers tactfully met the officers of the *Fauj-i-Ain* in the open ground to decide about the amalgamation of the *dera*. He referred to a copy of a letter of the British Government, which had stated that the results of the breach of the alliance and the crossing of the army to the other side of the Sutlej would be disastrous for the Lahore Sarkar. It was also made clear that the intention of the government of the Company was merely to strengthen the frontier defenses. He (Raja Lal Singh) also invited their attention to the despatch of Rai Kishan Chand in which he expressed great surprise at the crossing and breach of alliance without any ostensible reason. He (Kishan Chand) had also pointed out that no good would come of such a foolhardy action of the Sikh army now or in the future. He (Raja Lal Singh) also mentioned the order of the *Sarkar* which required them (the officers) by every possible means to prevent the troops from crossing to the other side of the river. So long as they should remain on the trans-Sutlej side towards Manjah everything could be controlled. He (Raja Lal Singh) added his own conviction, that both the regular and irregular troops seemed to rival each other in shortsightedness, in their desire for war and their haste. Both were set upon the breach of the alliance. He stated that even if at that time they would withdraw towards Manjah there would still be hope for safety. The officers of the regular and irregular army declared in the presence of Raja Lal Singh that they had tried their best to dissuade the army since they marched from their first camp and at every subsequent halt. They said that on the following day in the joint camp of the regular and irregular troops they would once more say all they could if they could be heard. Otherwise everything would rest with the troops.

At that time the officers of the irregular troops reported that they had learned from a camel driver who arrived with some papers, that Sardar Tej Singh, the Commander-in-Chief, had ordered the brigade of Mewa Singh Majithia to Dera Ismail Khan. Accordingly, that brigade was encamped at Shahdara. Besides, the Panches of the brigades who had gone to Jammu had come back and reported that Raja Gulab Singh had said that he would leave for Lahore on receipt of an invitation from the Sarkar, but that he was not prepared to comply with their verbal message. The said brigade and the Sikhs of the other brigades had a letter written, under menaces, to the effect that Raja Gulab Singh should be sent for, and despatched it. The same brigade, after consultation among themselves, obtained orders from the Sarkar by force to join the rest of the army and by their own will, marched to join it. At last Sardar Tej Singh himself saw that the brigade of Mewa Singh might create trouble at Lahore and realized that the brigades of Kanh Singh Man, Shamsheer 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 Shamsheer 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 read by them (the officers) and that they should let them know their substance. 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.

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 Shamsheer Singh, Chattar Singh, Mewa Singh and the artillery and regiments which were on their way to cross the Sutlej and were to join them there were required to remain there for the purpose of attacking Ferozepur; while the brigade of Rattan Singh Man and some other troops which were to be left there according to requirements would join Sardar Tej Singh in addition to his own brigades. On the same day instead of a general march they decided to beat the drums five times.

The brigade of Rattan Singh Man, the artillery and some other troops remained there. Raja Lal Singh marched with the cavalry, the brigade of the *Fauj-i-Khas*, the brigade of Mehtab Singh and the brigade of Bahadur Singh. Although it was a moonlit night, yet on account of disorder among the soldiers they lost their way, The village of Sultan Khan, which lay on the way, was set on fire by the Sikhs in order to warm themselves, so that the place was destroyed.

A little before daybreak they reached Pheroshahr, where they encamped around the big walls of the place which formed a fort. To the west, opposite Ferozepur, was the *Fauj-i-Khas*; and from the south to the north-east, in the direction of the road to Mudki and Jira (or Zira), the brigades of Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh, the irregular forces and the batteries and howitzers attached to them were encamped. Raja Lal Singh and the officers were in the irregular forces and the batteries and howitzers attached to them were encamped. Raja Lal Singh and the officers were in the center. As the men had lost their way, they wandered like a caravan.

Ganda Singh Nihang, the officer in charge of the Mihangs confident that the horse could go anywhere on earth and could cover any distance, arrived in the neighborhood of Mudki. There they captured an Englishman and some servants who had arrived there in the train of the Governor-General and sent them to the Sikh camp. They intimated the arrival of the *dera* of the Nawab as soon as possible. All the Sikh soldiers were fatigued on account of their having lost their way throughout the night. Some were still joining up from behind. It was announced that half the troops would take to the field. But the soldiers who were fit enough to move made up only half their numbers, and these went, taking Raja Lal Singh and the officers of the regular and irregular troops with them. The cavalry and the men of the brigades of Mehtab Singh, Bahadur Singh and the *Fauj-i-Khas* followed in that order. The *dera* of the Governor-General had arrived at Mudki.

On receipt of the news of the arrival of the Sikh army, the (British) regiments and artillery prepared for action and advanced about one kroh. The Sikhs opened fire first and the British guns replied. Some riderless horses from a British regiment opposite the Sikh cavalry got out of control and galloped into the Sikh lines, killing some of the Sikhs, but others fired, thinking that British cavalry were charging them. In the confusion which followed they fell into panic and fled firing in all directions. In reply the British sent over shells of various kinds.

The land between the two armies was overgrown with large bushes, trees and hedges so that the two armies could not see each other clearly.

Bahadur Singh's brigade was the first to face the British forces with guns and matchlocks and was defeated. Similarly the *Fauj-i-Khas* with its artillery joined the battle, but after a couple of hours they also were thrown back. At dusk the British forces were facing Mehtab Singh's brigade who thought that the *Fauj-i-Khas* had arrived. In their relief they shouted "*Fateh Wah Guru*" (*Victory to our Guru*) whereupon the British troops opened fire on them with guns and muskets. The men of Mehtab Singh's brigade replied with two rounds from their guns and a little dispirited rifle fire and then broke. When night fell, the British troops still held their ground. The Sikhs retired from the field, abandoning some of their guns, and withdrew to Pheroshahr camp. The regular and irregular cavalry had brought their baggage on mules and ponies and in their flight from the British, they had to abandon much of their baggage and ammunition.

The battle occurred on the 6th Poh (19th 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, that arms and ammunition were probably being distributed among the British troops. On hearing this the Khalsa soldiers said that the British force with the Governor-General had probably been bringing reinforcements to Ferozepur. On learning this the two battalions of *Fauj-i-Khas* returned to camp. The irregular cavalry, which had gone southwest, and the regular regiments, which had marched west also returned, leaving some sowars to reconnoiter.

The men of the regular and irregular regiments were angry that the indolence of the officers had lost them an opportunity of plundering the English camp.

They spoke roughly to Raja Lal Singh and the officers and accused them of aiding the British. The higher officers were oppressed by the thought that they were going to die so futilely. With tears in their eyes they repeated the name of the Great Maharaja, saying that he had trained the regular and irregular troops at great cost and with great care and had also scrupulously maintained 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.

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. Battle was also joined with the cavalry on the right. The *Fauj-i-Khas* had to face the right flank of the British, which steadily advanced. The brigades of the *Fauj-i-Khas* and the cavalry were heavily shelled with a variety of projectiles and suffered severe losses in men, horses, artillery, oxen and transport animals. The British guns fired rapidly and were served with skill and courage. Their sound at any distance was quite different from that of the Sikh guns, which were fired by means of a string. Shells rained on the Sikhs and so many of them were wounded that by afternoon their spirit was broken. When they witnessed the strength and discipline of the British they were forced to confess that the British proceeded with set purpose, while they themselves were chaotic, and it became apparent to them that the British were advancing against them at first like a flood in a river and later like the tide in the ocean.

The Sikh regular and irregular armies were encamped around the village of Pheroshahr, but fled in whatever direction they could. In their confusion and panic they could not help one another. The Sikh cavalry, which had proudly declared that it had formed the vanguard in every battle, could not advance against the British guns. Some of them, however, fought alongside their own artillery as long and hard as they could; but others turned and fled carrying their own baggage and that of others, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. Raja Lal Singh's camp and that of the artillery which lay east of the village, were completely plundered. Camp-followers who had come with the vain hope of looting.

Ferozepur, found the Sikhs in retreat, plundered the goods of their fellow countrymen and fled. Suddenly the magazine of the *Fauj-i-Khas* was exploded by a shell from a British gun. Not only were they terribly shaken by this catastrophe, but also many were killed and the Sikh battalions and batteries suffered a complete defeat. The British troops occupied the camp of the *Fauj-i-Khas* and cavalry as it stood. The darkness of that night was as the life of the vanquished. Raja Lal Singh was wounded and a fugitive. All those belonging to the *Fauj-i-Khas* and cavalry who had not fled lay wounded or dead on the field. Some men of the *Fauj-i-Khas* joined the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh, which were on the left. At night the English troops retired according to custom; for in the dark, friend could not be distinguished from foe, though they had completely defeated their opponents. Huge fires were lit up at intervals opposite the camp of the Sikhs of the brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh and the other remnants of the defeated army. The Sikhs thought that the British were resting, so they fired some shells in their direction at intervals during the night. Those who were left in the Sikh camp discussed throughout the night whether they should disperse, or collect their artillery and set up the dera again elsewhere. But hourly their numbers were dwindling. That night, when the *Fauj-i-Khas* and the cavalry had been defeated and the remnant had fled, the officers, who had been disgusted with the ill conduct, insolence, disobedience, heedlessness and abusive tone of the men, moved about among the soldiers who were

running away and throne of Delhi, according to the sayings of the Gurus, and destroying London, sneered that, far from capturing the fort at Ferozepur with its treasure and the and taking a sacred bath in the Ganges and reaping the fruits of their religious war, they had gained nothing by their aggression. They asked these Sikhs who, when marching wilfully from near Lahore, were entreated by their officers faithfully to observe the treaty with the Company as it had been maintained by Maharaja Ranjit Singh; and had retorted that by the time the Maharaja had grown old and infirm the Sikh people had become strong — what had become of that strength today. It was indeed the traditional policy of the late Maharaja not to become involved in war against the British. But if anyone, aware of the power of the Company, entreated the men to refrain from crossing the river and breaking the treaty, to the destruction of the State of the Punjab, the Sikhs regarded him as blind and opposed to their interest. They became offensive to their officers taunting them that they were merely afraid of being killed in the battle.

But on that day the truth had been revealed, the strength and valor of the British army had been proved. And not one of those foolish Sikhs unless he could recover his obsession by chattering with his comrades could offer a reply. In this way the officers freely gave vent to their feelings.

On the 10th Poh (23rd December, 1845), after sunrise the British army returned to the attack. The brigades of Mehtab Singh and Bahadur Singh opened fire, but the British wheeled to the right and left and bombarded the Sikhs in such a way that they broke and fled as their comrades had fled on the previous night, with whatever they could carry with them, and made their way towards the Sutlej, leaving none except the wounded and disabled at Pheroshabr. On the previous night, the 9th Poh (22nd December, 1845), the brigades of Kanh Singh Man, Sardar Shamsheer Singh, Chatter Singh, Mewa Singh, and the artillery, which had begun to cross the river since the 3rd Poh (16th 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 Pheroshahr fled in various directions

THE END

by Ajudhia Prashad

<https://archive.org/details/in.ernet.dli.2015.282842/page/n57/mode/1up>

**... Fueled by corruption and bottomless greed, The Collapse of Empire happens when a rampant Military cannot be controlled, but engages in military adventures that accelerates its collapse... be it Greece, Rome, Napoleonic France, Hitler's Germany, the great Great Britain, or the U.S.A.*

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

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

The new seal of authority which this Panchayat government used for sending out orders and communications was inscribed with the words ‘Akai 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 Lal’s book become meager; and two months later begins the war with the British. ***It is so unfortunate that the portion (Daftar) of the book dealing with war and the events immediately preceding it were borrowed by Sir Herbert Edwardes but never returned.*** Then comes the last portion of the book which deals with the last phase of the Khalsa Raj.

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

When the second war broke out as the result of the local troubles in Multan and Hazara, we gather from the pages of Sohan Lal’s *Roznamcha* that the British Resident, Sir Frederick Currie, kept firm in his saddle of authority at Lahore and

as before kept on directing the Regency Council to carry out his orders. 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 (i) had completely established a reign of terror in the Punjab*** from April 1848 to March 1849; ***(ii) fully exploited some of the inherent weaknesses in the character of our people; and (iii) by frowns and favors, kept the governing classes or the chiefs on his side;*** and made use of them (a) in maintaining clear the line of communication for the British troops between the field of battle and their base of operations beyond the Sutlej, (b) arranged for the purchase and transport within the Punjab of provisions for the invading British army even when the Punjabi troops of Raja Sher Singh Attariwala were actually starving for food. The arsenals, magazine stores, gun-powder dumps, and the treasure chests of the Lahore State were placed by this officer (even though he had no locus standi during the war) at the disposal of the invading British army. ***And there were not few, but many who helped the British in winning the war and after annexation, were duly rewarded and honored by them for their services.***

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

very glaring weaknesses of our people, which had cost them their Freedom. We are further given to understand that it was not only the people who had some monetary stakes in the country that had actively cooperated with the British; but even the bulk of the population were indifferent to the results of the war.

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

Sita Ram Kohli July 1961

THE END

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

SIKH RESEARCH INSTITUTE:

My profound thanks to Harinder Singh Co-Founder & Senior Fellow of Sikh RI and Punjab Digital Library, and Santbir Singh - Research Associate, for Illuminating THE TRUTH about Rani Jindan Kaur, that has evaded so many others!

“Getting to Know Rani Jindan”: Podcast: <https://sikhri.org/ranijindkaur>
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fil1BrFgEUo>

“You decide... Was Rani Jind Kaur on the side of the Sikhs or the British?”..... <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LLCTw47Wgfl>



Leslie Simone Sustain



'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.

*... 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*

