

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
L U T F U L L A H.

MOHAMEDAN GENTLEMAN

AND

HIS TRANSACTIONS WITH HIS FELLOW-CREATURES :

INTERSPERSED WITH REMARKS
ON THE HABITS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE
WITH WHOM HE HAD TO DEAL.

And one in its original language — SHUKHSFARI.

EDITED BY

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CHAPTER II.

Political state of affairs about the year 1810.—Rumours respecting the new race of foreigners called the Feringees.—Bheel robbers—mode of executing them.—Visit to Baroda.—First rencontre with Feringees.—Rite of circumcision—Reflections.—Visit to Ujjain.—My mother's second marriage.—Plunder of my step-father's house by Sindhuah's soldiers.—An Eastern story.

At this time, rumours of war were heard in all directions. The kingdom of Delhi received a mortal blow at the death of Aurangzeb, A.D. 1706; but the dynasty was, in fact, extinguished by Sháh Alam, who, after a life of sensual enjoyment, was blinded by Ghulám Kádirkhán, one of his nobles, in 1788, expired in 1806, and was succeeded by his son, Akbar the II., who was placed on the throne by the Marathas. Observing the kingdom in such a state, the governors of different provinces assumed independent power.

Amid these changes, the most interesting news to us was the following. About sixty years previously, during the reign of Mohamed Sháh, some foreign ad-

thought myself too young to venture on such an intrusion in a foreign city. I raised my hand, however, to my forehead, in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence, "As salámun alaikum," to which my mind whispered none were entitled except true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly, which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them.

I was much amused at Baroda with a tame rhinoceros, kept at one of the gates of the city, known by the name of the animal. It is the most powerful animal on the face of the earth. I was so fond of looking at the creature during my stay at Baroda, that I spent many hours of leisure in sitting with the keepers, and staring at the animal.

In the course of a few days a caravan of empty carts being ready to start to our district for the purchase of opium, the cart owners, some of whom were the same individuals who brought us to Baroda, readily agreed to take us back. Our disciples went along with us for two or three miles, and then, after they had paid their last and profoundest respects, we bade adieu to each other, and proceeded on. Our marches were short; but being unintermitting, we soon reached home in safety. My uncle recovered from his distemper during the journey without any medical aid; and we concluded that the same air and water in a