



"...If you cherish a desire of learning the art of war, face them in battlefield. When they hold the Mighty Sword, they gallop from Hind to Sind. Nobody, however strong and wealthy, dare oppose them. If their Swords strike a coat of mail, the coat itself becomes the enemy's shroud. Each one of them looks like a rock. In grandeur each one of them excels fifty men."

*Qazi Nur Mohammed, Jang Namah (Battle Chronicles), 1765 CE. A staunch enemy of the Sikhs, he goes into paeans of praise when describing their qualities as soldiers.*

"...a party of Akhalees (fanatics) on foot stopped and fought us, in some instances very fiercely. One fine bold 'Nihung' beat off four Sowars one after another, and kept them all at bay. I then went at him myself, fearing that he would kill one of them. He instantly rushed to meet me like a tiger, closed with me, yelling 'Wah Gooroo ji', and accompanying each shout with a terrific blow of his tulwar. I guarded the three or four first, but he pressed so closely to my horse's rein that I could not get a fair cut in return. At length I pressed in my turn upon him so sharply that he missed his blow, and I caught it from him, and cut him down with the right, having received no further injury than a severe cut across the fingers; I never beheld such desperation and fury in my life. It was not human scarcely..."

*Twelve years of a soldiers life in India, William Hodson (1859)*