

*I — Narrative of a Journey from Ták in Dáman to Pesháwer, through the unfrequented countries of Marwat, Bannú, the valleys of Hàngù and Kohàt.*

The usual route from this part of the country to Pesháwer, leads along the banks of the Indus to Kála Bágh, famous for its salt mountains, and thence by Shakr Darra to Kohát in Bangash. I had been recommended to follow this route, both that it was considered the safer, and that it was likely I should receive every assistance from Ahmed Khán, the chief of Isá Khél, a town on the road south of Kála Bágh, who had so great a predilection for Feringhís, that the fame thereof was bruited throughout the country. As Mr. Elphinstone's Mission in 1809 had traversed this route, I decided to follow the unfrequented one of Marwat and Bannú.

Such is the reputation of the Patáns inhabiting these countries, that Fáuqírs or mendicants are deterred from entering them. Placing my trust in divine providence, I resolved to commit myself amongst them, and accordingly one evening, I turned my back upon the town of Ták, and alone took the road. A northerly course of some five or six miles brought me near a village, when the clouds gathered and threatened rain. I seated myself under a Karíta bush, while the shower fell, which continued until the approach of night. I then left my quarters and entered the village to find out a place of shelter and repose. I found a company of individuals, seated in a small hut or shed. One of them conversed with me, and questioned me as to my country and religion, on being answered an European and Christian, he informed his companions that Hazarat 'Isá, or our Saviour, was an assíl or genuine Patán. This agreeable communication ensured for me a hearty reception, and excited a little curiosity, to gratify which a fire was kindled that my features might be the better observed. The best entertainment the village afforded was produced, and in such quantities, that I was compelled to cry quarter. The asserter of our Saviour's Patán lineage, who proved to be a Saiyad, made himself particularly busy, and provided me with a snug place to sleep in, and plenty of warm clothing.

In the morning, a march of four or five cosses cleared me of the villages of Ták, and I moved direct across the country, towards a break in the encircling hills, through which I was given to understand, the road led to Marwat.

On reaching a cultivated spot, without habitations, but where some people were engaged in reaping the corn, I enquired of them as to the road. They strongly urged me not to venture alone, for I should infallibly be murdered. Their representations were so forcible, and so earnestly made, that I was induced to take their advice; and turned off in a western direction, with the view of gaining a small town and fort, called Kúndí, which they had designated, and where, as the high road led from it to Marwat, it was possible I might find companions for the journey. In my progress to this place, I encountered a man who drew his sword, and was about to sacrifice me as an infidel Síkh. I had barely the time to apprise him that I was a Feringhí, when he instantly sheathed his weapon, and placing his arm around my waist in a friendly mode, conducted me to a village near at hand, where I was hospitably entertained. I here learned that Kúndí was a coss distant, and therefore resumed my route. As I approached it, an old man tending goats, seized a small bundle I carried. I expostulated with him as well as I could, and prayed him not to compel me to employ force to make him let go his hold, assuring him at the same time that I did not intend he should make the bundle booty, but he seemed obstinate in his design. He had merely a stick, and I could easily have vanquished him, but shame deterred me from striking so aged and enfeebled a being. Other persons made their appearance, and obviated the necessity of contest. They asked who I was, and on my replying a Feringhí, they pushed the old man away, and rebuked him for his audacity. He swore on his faith, as a Mússúlmán, that he had not intended robbery, and that he supposed I was a Hindú. — I was led into the village, and regaled with bread and buttermilk. I was here informed, to my great satisfaction, that a party was then in the village, that would proceed in the morning by the route I intended to follow, its destination being Pesháwer. I found the party to consist of a Saiyad of Pesháwer and his attendants, with a Múnshí of Serwar Khán, the chief of Ták, who had, besides other articles, two fine camels in charge, as presents to Súltán Máhomed Khán one of the Pesháwer Sirdárs. I had heard of this Saiyad at Ták, but understood that he was on a mission from Ahmed Sháh, the pretended champion of Islám in the Yúsef Zai country, and that his object was to procure funds from old Serwar in aid of the good cause. I now became instructed that he was an agent of Súltán Mahomed Khán, which did not however militate against his using his exertions to advance the pugnacious Saiyad's views, although in doing so, he was consulting neither the wishes or advantage of his liege

lord and master. The great, in these countries, are but indifferently served.

On paying my respects to the Saiyad, I was most civilly received, and assured of assistance and protection during the journey. I esteemed my fortune great in meeting with this man, as in his society all doubts and misgivings, as to the perils of the route, vanished. Kúndí had a fort, the residence of Ahmed Khán, the governor, a respectable man, who might be allowed to be, what he himself told the Saiyad, he was, a good Pátán, and a faithful vassal of Serwar Khán. He had a garrison of one hundred men, Kúndí being a frontier post on the Bannú side. We had an opportunity of observing it was necessary, for towards evening the alarm was beat, and the soldiers hastened to the plain, the marauders of Bannú having issued from their hills and approached the place. They however retired, and Ahmed Khán, before re-entering his fort, exercised his few mounted attendants in firing their matchlocks, and in practice with their lances. The greater part of his soldiers were on foot, men of small stature, and clothed in black or dark dresses. They were Rohillas or Afghán mountaineers. We were provided with a repast of fowls in the evening, Ahmed Khán having received the party as guests; and early on the next morning we started, accompanied by a guide, for Marwat.

A march of about seven cosses, the road tolerably good, brought us to the mouth of the pass through the hills, when our guide solicited his dismissal, urging his fear to attend us farther. The passage through these hills, which are of small elevation, was generally wide and convenient. About mid-way were a number of natural wells or cavities in the rocks, where numbers of people, men and women, were busy in filling their massaks or skins with water. These they transport on asses and bullocks. They had come hither from a distance of five and six cosses, belonging to the villages on the plain of Marwat. The water may be good and wholesome, but was unpalatable, having strongly imbued a flavour from the numerous skins continually plunged into it. A woman recognized me to be a Feringhí from the cap I wore; — the recognition was productive only of a little innocent mirth.

On gaining the ascent of the last hill in this small range of elevations, on which was an extensive burial place, the plains of Marwat and Bannú burst upon the sight. The numerous villages marked by their several groupes of trees, the yellow tints of the ripe corn fields, and the fantastic forms of the surrounding mountains, presented in their union and contrast a splendid scene. In front and

to the west, the distant ranges exhibited a glorious spectacle from their pure whiteness, diversified by streaks of azure, red and pearly grey. These beautiful and commanding features of the landscape were enhanced by the charm of an unclouded sky. I was lost in wonder and rapture on contemplating this serene yet gorgeous display of nature, and awoke from my reverie but to lament that the villainy of man should make a hell, where the Creator had designed a paradise, a train of thought forced upon my mind, when I thought of the lawless tribes, who dwell in or wander over these delightful scenes.

The distant hills, which here appeared to so much advantage, were I presume the snowy range, of *Seféd Koh*, which, separates *Khúram*, or the country of the *Jájís* and *Túrís*, from the valleys of *Jelálabád*, together with the variously colored hills which stretch westward from *Kála Bágh*, and in which the salt mines are found.

Three or four cosses brought us to the first of the villages on the plain, which we passed, and then successively several others. In this part of our route, I went to some reapers at a little distance from the road to ask for water. On learning that I was a *Feringhí*, they put themselves to the trouble of fetching some, which was cool, and had been lying in the shade. At length we entered a village, where we found the people in a group sitting on a prepared mound of earth, raised close to the *masjít*, or place of prayers, engaged in discourse, and smoking the *chillam*. Similar mounds are found in all the villages of *Marwat*, and appropriated to the same social purposes, while they have the same location, viz, near to the *masjíts*. Our *Saiyad* explained to the assembly the objects of his journey, which had made him their visitor, and buttermilk was brought for the party. The houses were neatly constructed, principally of reeds, the climate and lack of rain rendering more substantial dwellings unnecessary. In this, as in every other village, were two or three *Hindú bannías* — a farther march of two cosses, during which we passed a large pond of muddy rain water, brought us to a village, where we halted to escape the heat of the day, which had become very oppressive.

I was here well received, and attracted much notice. I was lodged in the *masjít* by myself, my friends of the party being elsewhere accommodated. This erection was neatly and commodiously built on an elevation, a *chahárpáhi* or cot was furnished me to repose upon, and large supplies of bread and milk were brought for my repast. Moreover the village barber was produced, and cut the nails of my fingers and toes, which were deemed to require an ope-

ration, and my friends of the village continued their various attentions, shampooing me against my will, but convinced I must like what they liked themselves, until I signified my wish to take a little rest.

In the afternoon, we left this village for Lakkí, a town distant about six cosses, to which the plain gradually descends, the river of Khúram flowing in the hollow. A little beyond the village we descended into an enormous ravine of great depth; in crossing it, so intense was the heat, that perspiration was copiously excited. This fracture appeared to extend across the country from east to west. In the evening we arrived at Lakkí, two or three villages with much cultivation stretching to the left. This is a town with pretty good bazar, and is seated on the river of Khúram, a fine stream. It may be said to be defenceless. The residence of the chief authority, as here called, the malek, although styled the killa or fort, not meriting that appellation.

Our party was entertained by the malek, and we supped on fowls and pillau. In the morning we were allowed a mounted guide, armed with sword and spear, to conduct us to the villages of Bannú. Crossing the river, which at this season of the year, (I believe about the month of May) was but knee deep, we ascended the gentle rise of the opposite plain, on which was seated a village. Our Saiyad did not think prudent to enter it, but the guide went there to obtain some information relative to our route before we attempted it. The result being I presume satisfactory, we started across a barren uninhabited plain, in extent about ten cosses, and chequered occasionally with small stunted bushes and dwarf trees, mostly mimosas. In one spot were two or three holes containing muddy water, sufficient to allay the thirst of the casual passenger, but not adequate to supply the wants of large parties. Passing a large burial ground we neared the villages of Bannú. On reaching a place where we found deposits of muddy rain water, we fell in with six or seven robbers, armed to the teeth. They did not however attack us, although on the look out for spoil, the party being protected by the sanctity of the Saiyad, whose holy character was made known to them. They were also told that I was a Feringhí, and as I was about helping myself to water from the deposit near to which they were standing, they obligingly pointed out another place, where the water was clearer or less muddy. From this spot the surface of the plain was a little more wooded, but still slightly. On our road we met a man with an axe in his hand, who on being told of the party we had just left at the water, retraced his steps; he was very thank-

ful for the information, and said that he should have lost his axe. Where the plain ceased, we again crossed the river of Khúram, its course was here rapid and over a stony bed, but the depth was shallow. We then came upon cultivated ground, and the villages and castles. As we passed by these, the inhabitants who were generally sitting outside the gates, would rise and pay their respects and salutations, judging from the demure aspect of the Saiyad, as well as from his white turban, that he was a descendant of the prophet, or like one, had saintly pretensions. Perhaps also conscious that no strangers but those armed with a sacred character would venture amongst them. We halted at a town called Naggar, of tolerable size, and walled in, but its defences much injured by time, were neglected. The bazar I did not see, but conclude it was pretty large, from the number of Hindús I noticed. Before we reached Naggar, we passed a large encampment of Vazírís, who had come here for the sake of pasture, which was abundant. We were duly provided with lodgings, and the malek came and sate with us, bringing his musicians and falconers — the latter to display his state, and the former to beguile our tedium. He was a young man dressed gaily in silks of gandy colours, and rather trifling in his manners. He directed his attention to me, and amongst many questions, enquired what I would wish prepared for my evening's meal. He was surprised to find that any thing prepared for himself would be agreeable to me. He farther desired me to write him something that he might wear, as a charm, around his neck. Not wishing to take the trade of my companion, the Saiyad, out of his hands, I protested that I possessed no supernatural power or secret, on which the Saiyad scribbled something on a scrap of paper, which was reverentially received by the malek. Conferring charms and antidotes against accidents and diseases, is one of the means employed by Saiyads and others to impose upon the credulity of the ignorant, who however are very willingly imposed upon.

Matters were going on very amicably, when a soldier recognized in the horse of the Ták Múnshí, or vakíl, as he now announced himself, an animal that had been stolen from himself. Much altercation ensued, the Naggar people insisting upon the delivery of the horse, and the Múnshí refusing to comply, maintaining that his master, the Nawáb, had purchased it. This dispute detained us the next day, nor were we suffered to proceed the following one, until papers were given, and it was agreed that some one should go to Ták to receive the value of the horse. A singularity attended this horse, as it was named by the people the Feringhí horse, being

branded with numbers and a cross. It had been, as they asserted, rejected from the cavalry service in India. On this account they often referred to me, and urged that the marks did not allow them to be mistaken as to the animal.

This affair arranged, we resumed our journey; and in our progress this day over a well cultivated country, were saluted by nearly every individual we met with a cordial shake of the hand, and the Pashto greeting of "Urkalah rází" or "You are welcome." I knew not how to reconcile this friendly behaviour with the character for ferocity I had heard of these people — and was gratified to discover that if implacable abroad, they were possessed of urbanity, at home. Every house here on the plain, without the towns, where numbers impart a feeling of security, is indeed a castle and fortified, and it would appear that the feuds, existing in the community, render it imperative that every individual should adopt precautionary measures for his safety. The advocate of anarchy, in contemplating so precarious a state of society, might learn to prize the advantages conferred by a mild and well regulated government, as he might be induced to concede a little of his natural right, in preference to existing in a state of licentious independence as the savage inhabitant of Bannú, continually dreading and dreaded.

Near the houses or castles were generally small copses of mulberry trees, and occasionally a few plum trees and vines were intermingled with them. Water was most plentiful, and conducted over the soil in numberless canals. We halted this day at another good sized town, and were kindly received by the malek. He was very civil to me, and wished me to stay some time with him and rest myself, pointing out the toils attendant upon the long march through the hills in front, which he said I should not be able to accomplish, as my feet were already blistered. He assured me that I should be paid every attention, and that a goat should be furnished every day for my food. He seemed to think that Feringhís ate voraciously of animal food. In the evening he ordered some of his men to practice firing at a target, for my diversion, and one of his reasons for wishing my stay, I believe, was that I might teach his men always to hit the mark, which from what I observed of their dexterity now, they never contrived to do.

This malek was superior to his brother chief of Naggar both in years and wisdom — and he was so frank and courteous, that we were glad to stay a day in the town as his guests. We occupied the principal masjít in which the effects of the party were lodged — and the camel saddles which were plentifully garnished with silver

ornaments were covered with linen, the better to elude observation. The men of the party had gone to the malek's house, his family, no doubt, having ample need of many of the Saiyad's charms, leaving a youth, of twelve to fourteen years of age, in charge of the property. I was also reposing there. The youth closed the doors of the masjid, and fastened them inside, refusing admittance to persons, who it proved were weavers of cotton stuffs, and accustomed to lodge their machinery, when their labor was over, in the house of God. They insisted upon being allowed entrance — the youth was stedfast in denial, and we were assailed by stones ejected through apertures in the walls. They rained in upon us so copiously, that the urchin apprehensive of the result of a siege, became bewildered, and opened the doors — when the assailants poured in, and the covers of the camel saddles being removed, the silver ornaments were exposed to observation. The youth was smartly beaten by two or three of them, and he in turn spying the Múnshís sword, unsheathed it, and compelled his opponents to fly. He pursued them, sword in hand and bursting with rage, into the town. At this stage of the business, the Saiyad and his companions returned. One of them was dispatched to inform the malek of the outrage, but it proving that no offence had been intended, the affair terminated. The people were particularly anxious, that I being a stranger, should be convinced that no robbery had been designed, and that the saddles were uncovered merely to satisfy curiosity. The Hindús even seemed so concerned for the good repute of the place, that many of them came to me upon the subject, and they assured me, that had I wealth not to be counted, it would be secure in this town. There was an impression here, and I had noted it also at Naggar, that the property with the party belonged to me : indeed that my companions were my servants, and that my poverty was assumed the better to pass through the country.

The next morning we were provided with a guide to conduct us through the mountains, and a small horse was presented by the malek to our Saiyad. As we took leave, the malek, with apparent sincerity, again urged me to stay with him some time, and let my feet get well. He pointed to the hills I had to cross, and seemed seriously to think I should break down on the road. We were not far, or more than three or four miles from the skirt of the hill, to which we directed our course. At a village near the town we had just left, I was accosted by three or four persons, who told me they were sent by Mír Kammaradín, with his salám and request that I would wait for him, as he would be at the town from which

we had started on the morrow. I asked who is Mír Kammaradín, and was told a faquí. I reasoned what have I to do with a faquí, or why should I on his account delay my journey. The messengers, while testifying extreme anxiety that I should wait for their master, were unable to advance a better motive for my doing so, than the wish of the Mír. I had preceded my companions; when they came up, I enquired of them who Mír Kammaradín was, and they said slightly "a faquí who has been to Delhi." This answer did not encrease my desire to see him, and I dismissed his messengers. Subsequently when I reached Pesháwer, I found that the Mír was a highly respected Pír, who had been very useful to Mr. Moorcroft, and that the Vazírís were his moríds, and looked up to him as their spiritual guide — that on this occasion he was about to make his annual progress amongst them to receive their offerings and his dues. In conversation with his son at Chamkanní, the young man observed truly, that I had lost an excellent opportunity of visiting the Vazírís, under the protection of his father — that I might have seen what no Feringhí had ever seen, and have filled my book with extraordinary things. To obviate the chagrin experienced when I became apprised of the chance I had suffered to slip away, I endeavoured to persuade myself that "whatever is, is best," yet I have often felt regret, although aware that the case was one in which regret was useless.

We soon arrived at the entrance into the hills, where we found capacious reservoirs of excellent water. The whole of the day was occupied in the ascent and descent of mountains of great elevation. A few Vazíri huts of miserable appearance occurred in some of the water courses. Our people procured fire from the inhabitants, and did not wish me to make myself too conspicuous. We halted a while at a spot where two or three vines were hanging over a spring of water, and were joined by several persons although we did not see their habitations.

I did not consider we were in any particular danger amongst these hills, indeed so far as I could judge, in none. The Vazírís, although notorious robbers, in common with other lawless tribes, regard the descendants of their prophet with awe, and a feeling of respectful reverence, and esteem themselves fortunate to receive their benedictions, and other little aids their superstition teaches them to think essential, which they (the Saiyads) liberally bestow, as they cost them little. We had moreover the Bannú guide with us, whose protection would probably have availed us more, in case of need, than the hallowed character of the Saiyad; the Vazírís and peo-

ple of Bannú being on a good understanding, therefore one party would be careful not to invalidate a safe conduct afforded by the other. It was clear also that the malek, a prudent man, had given us a steady and trustworthy guide. While it was yet day-light we passed around the brow of a hill, opposite to which and separated by a water course, was a much higher one, on whose summit were a series of walls describing the ancient fortress, named in these parts Káfr Kót, or the infidel's fortress. Above the path we were following, the rocks were so arranged, that I was doubtful whether the peculiarity of structure was the effect of art, or of the sportive hand of nature. They wore the appearance of decayed buildings, while on the verge of the hill was a parapet, or what so nearly resembled it, that in the cursory view my time permitted me to take, I did not dare make up my mind respecting it, and I would have been very glad, had not the fear of losing my company prevented me from staying, to have satisfied myself.

Káfr Kót is believed by the natives to have existed before the Mahomedan invasion of India. The stones, employed in its construction, are represented to be of wonderful dimensions. I have been told by a gentleman who has visited it, that he did not consider it so ancient, as there are embrasures for artillery in the towers. The natives, in reply to this objection, affirm that the embrasures are modern additions. The fortress has long since been abandoned, owing, it is said, to water being distant. This is one of those places, which deserved a more rigid inspection. A line of massive wall, wherever found, is styled by the present inhabitants of these regions, Káfr Kót or Killa Káfr, equivalent and general terms, which, in most instances, ill explain the nature of the remains of antiquity, on which they are conferred. So far from having been originally places of defence, the greater number of them denote the sepulchral localities of bye-gone races. In the remote and sequestered sites in which they are found, it is inconceivable that large towns and fortresses should have been fixed, the former could not have flourished, and the latter would have been of no utility. Whatever may be the character of Káfr Kót, it would have afforded me pleasure to have visited it, particularly as, with reference to its adaptation as a fortress in modern times, it has sometimes occurred to me, that it may be the Naggar, mentioned by the historians of Amír Taimúr as in the vicinity of Bannú, although it will have been noted that there is a Naggar in the district of Bannú itself.

Night overtook us amongst the hills, and our guide was desirous that we should rest and await the morn, to which the Saiyad would

not consent. At length to our great joy we cleared them, and traversing for about two cosses, a broken and stony plain, where the white pink grew abundantly in a state of nature, we arrived, after the period of the last prayers, at a village seated on the skirt of another and smaller range of hills. Here we occupied the masjid, and the malek notwithstanding the late hour, ordered his people to make ready a repast of rice, deeming it incumbent to shew attention to the Pír Sáhíb who had honored him with his company. A távíz as usual repaid the hospitality. This march my friends computed at twenty-four cosses of road distance, and from its difficult nature my feet became exceedingly painful, although I had occasionally been seated on the horses and camels. As we entered this village, our guide from Bannú took his leave, saying that the people here were his enemies; he hoped that we were satisfied with him, and shook all our hands in turn.

At day break next morning we ascended the hills, our route over which, was visible from the village. We crossed three successive ranges of considerable altitude, although very inferior in that respect to the great mountains of the former march. Our route led westernly until we crossed a small but rapid stream, after which we turned to the north. The hills since leaving Bannú had been tolerably well wooded, although they produced no timber trees. In these smaller ranges the quantity of wood increased, and pomegranate with other wild fruit trees were abundant. In the valleys and water courses, a variety of aloe was constantly seen. We at length came into a valley of considerable extent, and halted during the heat of the day in a small copse, where weavers were occupied with their labours, and close to a village, at the skirt of the hills to the right hand. Our morning's repast was provided by these weavers, who set before us cakes of bread, beautifully white, which I found were prepared from júári flour. On crossing the stream just mentioned, the party refreshed themselves with the water. A tin vessel was given to me by the Saiyad, who afterwards replenished it, and handed it to one of the Ták camel drivers. The man refused to drink from it, as I had used it, asserting that I was not a Mússúlmán. The Saiyad smiled. I had often found that in towns, the low and ignorant, especially such as had visited India, would reject any vessel I had touched, alledging that Europeans ate swine, and moreover dogs, jackals, &c. Men of sense and condition were not troubled with like scruples, and from them I heard of no such indecent remarks. Europeans have certainly an evil reputation for not being very choice in their food. There is a saying that a Mússúlmán may eat with a

Jew, but should never sleep in his house; with a Christian on the contrary he should never eat, but may sleep beneath his roof. It is supposed that the Jew rises many times during the night, with the intent to slay his guest.

In the afternoon our party resumed their journey, proceeding up the valley which leads to Hángú and Kohát. The scenery is extremely diversified, and many of the trees were charged with flowers unknown to me. Beneath the hills, on the opposite side of the valley, were two or three villages with houses built of stones, as the structures here universally are — small copses of fruit trees were always seen near the villages, the vine, the plum, and the peach. I was so exhausted this day that I lagged behind the party, the camel drivers also, having discovered that I was not a Mússúlmán, declined to allow me to ride their animals, although requested to do so by the Saiyad. I did not remember the name of the place where it was intended to pass the night, but I followed the high road until it branched off into two directions. I might have been perplexed, but a shepherd hailed me, and told me to take the road to the right. He had been instructed by my friends to point it out to me. I was soon overtaken by an armed man, but I could understand little of what he said, his dialect being Pashto. I saw however that he intended to be very civil. In his company, I arrived at a village where I found the Saiyad and his party, and where we passed the night. The village was called Ahmed Kozah, and had a small bazar.

In the morning, we traced a road skirting the hills to the left, the valley to the right having considerable expansion, with two or three villages and much cultivation. In the course of our progress, we passed many small groves of mulberry and other trees, where masjits were erected, with dependent and contiguous wells of water, serving at once as places of repose and refreshment to the weary passenger, and for devotion. The union of these objects I judged extremely decorous and commendable, and as reflecting credit on Mússúlmán manners and hospitality. I often availed myself of them on this day, for the sad state of my feet did not allow me to keep pace with my friends. I had long descried on the summit of a lofty hill a white tomb, arriving parallel to which was the small town of Hángú, in a recess of the hills, with numerous gardens, or orchards of fruit trees, in its vicinity. It was said, I believe, to be eight cosses distant from Ahmed Kozah.

I was here conducted to the chief Sadú Khán, a son of the Nawáb Samad Khán, who resides at Kábal. He received me courte-

ously, and invited me to stay some days with him, to which I had no difficulty in consenting, as the road was not now so dangerous, and companions could at all times be procured. The Saiyad and his party had, I found, passed on without halting here, the reason for which, although I knew not at the time, became manifest in a few days by the events which developed themselves; I was utterly incapable of keeping up with them, and felt no anxiety for the few effects in charge of the good man, which I was certain to recover whenever I reached Pesháwer.

Hángú comprises perhaps three hundred houses, and has a small bazar, the Hindú houses in which are built of mud. The fort, in which the chief dwelt, was built of stones and defended by jinjáls. The situation of this little town is very pretty, and it is bounteously provided with water — many fine springs issuing from the adjacent rocks, and forming a rivulet which winds through the valley in the direction of Kohát. In its numerous orchards were the vine, the apple, the plum, the peach, the common mulberry, and the sháhtút or royal mulberry, as here called. It may be noted that the common mulberry of these countries is not that of Great Britain (the *morus nigra*), the latter being what is called the sháh tút, or Royal Mulberry, at Kábal. This term, as at Hángú and the countries to the south and east, is applied to a very different tree, which is not known at Kábal, and produces long taper fruit of colours both red and white. I also observed the bramble or blackberry bush scrambling over the hedges. Sadú Khán had a small flower garden which he tended himself. This young chief was far more respectable in appearance and behaviour than the great men I had been, of late, accustomed to see; he was indeed a well bred Dúrání. He was allowed by his people to be of amiable disposition, and was considered a devout Mússúlmán, which meant, I presume, that he was punctual in the observance of prayers and fasting. Yet he had like most men his foible, also a common one in the east, — he was addicted to Kímía, and had expended much time and treasure in the idle search of the great secret, which would, it is believed, enable the discoverer to make gold at discretion.

A few day's after my abode here, intelligence was suddenly received of the approach of a hostile force from Pesháwer. Sadú Khán immediately collected the revenue due to him, and proceeded with his followers to Kohát, where his elder brother Mahomed Osmán Khán resided. The brothers in consultation, concluding it was impossible to repel the invasion, returned to Hángú, and taking all their property with them, evacuated the country, and retired by a

mountain route to Kábal, which I was told they would reach in eight days. With Mahomed Osmán Khán were two or three elephants, and a numerous zenána. I now understood why the Saiyad had not halted here — he must have heard of the expected movement, and was aware that as an agent of Súltán Mahomed Khán, he would have been liable to detention, and that the presents he was conveying, would in all probability have been taken from him.

I had a good opportunity of passing on to Kábal, had my feet justified the thought that I could have kept company with the retiring host. Although improved by rest, they were not yet quite well, so I scarcely entertained the idea. I had also a few papers amongst my effects in the Saiyad's charge, to which I attached a value at the time, and did not wish to lose, although it subsequently proved that I was unable to preserve them.

Hángú having been abandoned by its chief, I had no inducement to remain there, and accordingly proceeded up the valley on the road to Kohát. The scenery was extremely beautiful, the valley never very broad, in turn contracting and expanding, but always well filled with trees, generally mulberry trees, I presume indigenous, whose fruits were now ripe — villages occasionally occurred, in all of which I was kindly received. Near one of these, I met a small reconnoitring party from the Pesháwer force, the leader asked me a few questions, but at the same time assured me that he had no intention to molest, or interfere with, me, a stranger. At a village called So, a Saiyad made me his guest, under the idea that as a Feringhí I must be acquainted with some secret, which he hoped I would impart to him. Here were a profusion of springs of water, and many gardens of plum trees and vines, the latter supporting themselves on the branches of the former. In this village, as in the other ones I had passed, the Hindús had deserted their dwellings, having paid the year's impost to their old rulers, and being fearful to be compelled to pay it over again to their new rulers.

From So I continued my route up the valley, delighted with its picturesque appearance. At length I met a second party of mounted men, attended by two or three fellows running on foot. The latter stopped me, and searched me so roughly that my shirt was rent. Addressing myself to the leader, who told me his name was Faizúláh Khán, I remonstrated in strong language against such cowardly treatment, and asked him if he did not think he ought to be ashamed of himself. He expressed regret that my shirt had been rent, but directed one of the men to escort me to Pír Mahomed Khán, the commander of the invading force. The fellow instantly

seized my shirt collar, on which I bestowed a few imprecations on Faizúlah Khán, who rebuked his myrmidon, and told him to conduct me decently, and not as a prisoner. The fellow then took me by the hand. Pír Máhoméd Khan was the youngest of the four brother Sirdárs of Pesháwer, and I found, with his troops was close at hand. We soon came to the camp, located beneath the shade of mulberry trees, and I was led before the chief, who happened to be passing along in a pálkí. He silently acknowledged my salutation, and was told by the man who brought me, that I had been met on the road, but had no papers. The man was dismissed, and I was taken to the darbár, which the Sirdár was now proceeding to hold. He was very sulky, and did not address a word to me, although at times he took a minute survey of me. The various minor chiefs were very civil, and supplied me with fruit, unripe plums, which, by the avidity with which they devoured them, they seemed to prize more than I did. During this audience, several messengers arrived, all announcing the departure of the two brothers from Hángú. Pír Máhoméd Khán hypocritically expressed his satisfaction that they had adopted the prudent part and declined battle, observing that they were his relations (nephews) and Mússúlmáns. I had been seated by the side of Shákúr Khán, a cousin of the Sirdárs, the second in rank in the camp, and of high reputation as a soldier. He was young, frank and ingenuous, and his manly deportment testified that his character for valour was not exaggerated or undeserved. When the darbár closed, he took me with him to his quarters, and we were engaged in conversation and smoking the húkah, which he freely gave to me, until he was summonsed to the noon repast in Pír Máhoméd Khán's tent — on which a young man, the son of Abdúl Wáhab Khán a chief of consequence, took me by the hand, and led me to his quarters, telling me I must be his guest while in the camp — my new acquaintance I found had but lately returned from Lúdíána, where he had been in the service of the ex-king Sújah al Múlk. He there had become, in some degree, familiar with Feringhís, and hence the cause of his civility to me.

On the following morning the troops marched for Hángú, a salute of artillery being first discharged in honor of the conquest of the country. I bade farewell to my friend and took the road to Kohát. This place was situated mid-way between the two towns, being six cosses from either. There was a pretty village seated at the foot of an eminence in the midst of the valley, on whose summit was a well built tomb. After proceeding about three cosses, the valley considerably widened, and disclosed a large plain, at the upper end

of which was the town of Kohát. The villages in this part were not so numerous.

On reaching Kohát, I was entertained at the house of a Múlla, being conducted there by a young man, with whom I had joined company on the road. The town is seated on and about an eminence, and is walled in. On a superior mound is the citadel, not very formidable in appearance, and much dilapidated. It serves for the abode of the chief, and is furnished with a garrison. The coup d'œil of the place is agreeable, and the whole has an aspect of antiquity, which Hángú has not. The bazar is considerable, and the Hindús have a brisk domestic trade. There are some manufactures carried on, and the fabric of musquet barrels is extensive and of good reputation. There are many gardens in the neighbourhood, where the fruits although neither very abundant or particularly esteemed, are those both of cold and warm climates. The fruits of Kábal are seen mingled with those of India — a mango tree, the only one indeed of its species, so far north on the western side of the Indus, flourishes and bears fruit in company with apple and walnut trees. The principal masjít in Kohát is a handsome edifice, comparatively speaking only. It is more distinguished by the baths belonging to it, which are commodious and filled by springs of water gushing from the rock on which the masjít is built. The water of Kohát is much vaunted for its sanative properties; that of Hángú, although beautifully transparent, is reputed to be unwholesome. Kohát, the capital of a province, is but small, I question whether it contains five hundred houses.

The province of Kohát, on which Hángú is a dependency, belonged to the Nawáb Samad Khán, one of the numerous sons of the celebrated Sarfaráz or Páhíndar Khán, and therefore half brother to the present rulers at Pesháwer, Kábal and Kándahár. Possessed of great wealth, he resides at Kábal, and committed the government of Kohát to his sons. The revenue derived by Mahomed Osínán Khán from Kohát, and its annexed lands and villages, was said to be eighty thousand rupees, while that enjoyed by Sadú Khán from Hángú and its vicinity, was asserted to be twenty thousand rupees.

The plain of Kohát and the valley of Hángú are well cultivated and populous. Wheat is grown, but the stony soil in many parts seems more adapted to the culture of maize or júárí as here called — the quality of which is excellent and the returns large, while the flour makes admirable bread, and is the general food of the inhabitants. The great command of water, in many situations, is made available for the irrigation of rice lands, the produce of which

is ample and good. There is reason to believe that the mountains of this province contain many curious mineral substances, as well as useful ones. Indifferent coal is found generally on the surface, the country being included in the great coal formation, which, whatever may be its value, evidently extends for some distance west of the Indus in these latitudes. I fear the mountainous character of the country about Kohát, and thence to the Indus, will scarcely authorize the hope that the useful mineral will ever be found, but in veins too thin to repay the labour of extracting it. Perhaps it may be in greater quantity at Kánigoram, where it is found in conjunction with iron, which is constantly worked — but from this place to the Indus, the transport would be difficult. I have procured specimens of asbestos, said to occur in veins parallel with the coal strata at Kánigoram — and both are stated to be in a hill. Jet and other bituminous products are also brought from the neighbourhood of Kohát, as well as fluid bitumen or mómía. We are told of lapis lazulí or a stone resembling it, and of indications of copper to be found in the rocks between Kohát and Hángú. It will have been noted, that the mountains of Bangash are well wooded, therefore there is abundance of fuel, but there are no large timber trees. The climate appeared to be temperate, and I should have supposed genial, but it is complained that Hángú is unhealthy, and the cause referred to the water. It is, in truth, buried as it were in the hills, and the circumstances which contribute to the picturesque effect of its location, may impair the salubrity of its atmosphere.

The inhabitants of the villages in the valley leading from Hángú to Kohát I discovered were principally Shías, as are all the tribes of the Túrís their neighbours, although not so bigoted as these, or being under control, they are compelled to conceal their fervor. The Túrís are very particular, and accustomed when they see a stranger, to ask him if he is straight or crooked, putting at the same time the fore finger to their foreheads, and holding it first in a perpendicular position, and then in a contorted one. If desirous to be civilly received, the stranger had better reply that he is straight, by which they understand he is a Shíá.

As the government of Kohát and Hángú is on all sides surrounded by turbulent and predatory tribes, it is always necessary to have a sufficient body of troops in it, both to ensure internal peace and to collect tribute from the dependent villages, who withhold it, if not enforced. The little village of Ahmed Kozah had been but recently, I was informed, compelled to pay tribute by Sadú Khán.

About this time, or a little previous to my visit, the Sirdárs of

Kándahár and Pesháwer, jealous of the prosperity and growing power of their brother Dost Máhomed Khán at Kábal, had concerted a plan to attack him on either side. In furtherance of this combination, the Peshawer army was to have marched upon Jelálabád, while that of Kándahár was to advance upon Ghazni upon anticipation of the simultaneous movement, Pír Máhomed Khán had now possessed himself of Kohát, as the Nawáb Samad Khán, although their brother, was from his residence at Kábal considered in the interest of Dost Máhomed Khán. Whether he was so or not, and it did not follow that he was, the opportunity to acquire an accession of territory, so conveniently situated, was too tempting to be neglected. It struck me that the approach of Pír Máhomed Khán was entirely unexpected, and Sadú Khán spoke of the whole business as a most flagitious one. How the plans of the confederates were acted upon, and how Dost Máhomed Khán met and counteracted them, will appear in my narratives, as I chanced to be in the country during the time they were in operation.

The plain of Kohát appears on all sides surrounded with hills, on the summit of one of which to the north is seen a watch tower, by which the road to Pesháwer leads. The ascent to this is long and difficult, and said to be dangerous, the adjacent hills to the west being inhabited by lawless tribes, who are not Mússúlmáns. They may be Shíás, who would not be considered Mússúlmáns by the orthodox Súní inhabitants of the town of Kohát. I however, having little to apprehend as I had nothing to lose, started alone, and made for the hills. Where the plain ceased, a long and open darra or valley commenced where it was evident the Pesháwer troops had been for some time encamped, prior to the retreat of Máhomed Osmán Khán from Kohát, and this valley continued to the foot of the Kotal or pass. I ascended the mountain, and safely reached the summit, on which stood the tower, having met no one on the road. The tower was deserted. From this point a long descent brought me into a valley, where were signs of cultivation. As I followed the road through it, I was overtaken by a man who said nothing, but walked by my side. He offered me a piece of bread, which to avoid giving offence, I accepted. He then picked up a blade or two of grass, which he twisted, and still preserving silence, repaired a casualty in one of my shoes. We arrived at a pond of water, which I was passing, when my companion, who I had begun to suspect, was dumb, asked me, if I would not drink. We now parted, his course being different to mine, and I again proceeded alone. I soon arrived at a village seated up the hill to the right, to

which I went and rested awhile. The water here is procured from a spring in the rocks above the village, and this spot I also visited.

Beyond this village the valley contracted into a defile, over which a substantial band or rampart had once been projected. It is now in ruins and unheeded. Passing this, the defile opens upon a plain of large extent, and a village distinguished by its towers is seen under the hills to the left. Leaving the high road which leads directly across the plain, I struck off for the village which was named Bangí Khél. I found a Dúrání there with his servant, who told me that the village on the hill which I had passed belonged to him, that is, that he received the revenue from it. He regretted that he had not met me there, as he could then have better shewn me attention; as it was he was very civil.

In the morning he followed the road to his village, and I was going to take that for Pesháwer, when the Patáns of the village, were so urgent in entreating me to pass the day with them, that I acceded. I was now led to the hújra, or house set apart for the accommodation of travellers, and where in the evening, the old and the young assemble, to converse and smoke the chillam. Here was hung up a musical instrument, for the use of those who were qualified to touch its harmonious strings. The water at this place was excellent, but brought I think from some distance. Most of the males went out during the day to the fields, where the harvest was in progress, and they sallied forth fully armed with matchlock; sword and shield. I passed here the second night, and the ensuing morning was about to leave, when an idiot, who being unfit for labor, was unasked to perform any, and therefore generally loitered about the hújra, asked me for my cap. I could not give it to him, as to walk bare headed was out of the question, on which account he might as well have asked for my head — but he was not satisfied unless he gained his point, and soon evinced an inclination forcibly to acquire it. I had received two or three slaps on the face and more buffets, and was at a loss what to do with the fellow, being averse to strike him, if it could be avoided; when luckily some one appeared, and I was enabled to get off, before the matter had grown serious, and while I yet retained the cap coveted by the poor man. I speedily regained the high road. The plain was partially cultivated with wheat, and the parties engaged in cutting it, had always their arms piled near them. Beyond this space a fresh defile, amongst low hills, led into a much larger valley, under the hills encircling which, both to the right and left, were villages and gardens. I hailed with pleasure these appearances, as a token of my approach to a populous region. As I pro-

ceeded along the road, two horsemen galloped towards me from a small copse of tress at some distance. I was considering what might be their intention, having no thought, but that at the best, they were soldiers of Pir Mahomed Khán, and that I should again have my shirt rent, and be searched for papers — when they reached me, and one of them, before I could divine what he was about to do, had dismounted, and embraced my feet. What was my astonishment when I beheld an old acquaintance, Saiyad Mahomed, a Dúrání of Pesháwer? He had recognized me, or rather I may say, the Feringhí cap, which I had not long before been in danger of losing. He was so anxious that I should return with him for two or three days to Kohát, where he was going on business, that I was overcome by his entreaties and his tears, although I questioned whether I had not as well have gone on to Pesháwer. Saiyad Mahomed took up his attendant behind him on the horse he rode, and I put myself into the vacant saddle. We halted at no place on the road, and by afternoon had reached Kohát, where we put up with some relative of Saiyad Mahomed's.

Two or three days after my second abode at Kohát, Pir Mahomed Khán returned from Hángú, where he had left Abdúl Wáhab Khán as governor. In the evening as I was taking a stroll, he also, in course of his evening's ride, came near me. Observing me, he turned his horse from the path, and rode to me. He was now very civil, and asked, moving to and fro his hand, why I had not gone to Kábal. I told him I had neither horse or money, and asked in turn how I could go to Kábal. Oh, he said, I'll give you horse and money, and you shall go with me to Kábal. I knew nothing at this time of the politics of the country, and had not before heard of the Sirdar's notion of going to Kábal, therefore I inquired when he was going, and he answered that he should return to Pesháwer in a day or two, and then as soon as his horses were shod, he should go. I remarked "very well" and he requested Saiyad Mahomed to bring me to him in the morning. To account for the Sirdar's altered manner, I supposed that he had learned at Hángú, that I had no farther connection with Sadú Khán, than as a stranger partaking of his hospitality — and now that he had no suspicion of me, he could afford to be familiar.

Saiyad Mahomed had a brother-in-law Sáleh Mahomed, the Mírák — or to the Sirdár, a man in better circumstances than himself, and from his office possessing a little authority. He relieved his relative from the charge of entertaining me, and took me to his quarters, where I soon became at home in the Dúrání camp. The weather was very warm, and we were stationed beneath the shade of mulberry trees

in a garden, placing our cots, on which we reclined and slept, over a canal flowing by us. After the lapse of a few days, an express messenger arrived from Pesháwer, and the news he brought at once threw the camp into bustle and confusion. The horses were immediately ordered to be shod, and the noisy nál bands became very busy with their hammers, and horse-shoes. I learned from Sáleh Mahomed as soon as he was at leisure to tell me what was the matter, that Saiyad Ahmed Sháh, so renowned or so notorious, had left his retreat in the Yúsef Zai country, and had moved upon Hasht Naggar, a fortress ten or eleven cosses from Pesháwer. It was necessary to march that very day, as the peril was imminent. Before sunset parties had begun to move, which they did without any order, and before night the whole force was on the roads to Pesháwer. Pir Mahomed Khán was pleased to assign me a seat on his elephant, so I travelled comfortably, and in the morning we reached the city, having passed over twenty-four cosses during the night. I was unable, of course, to see much of the country, however on leaving the valley in which I met Saiyad Mahomed, a slight transit over low hills brought us into the great plain of Pesháwer. On our left hand was a ruinous castle of some size, which my companions were glad when they had passed, it being, as they said, a common resort of robbers — neither were they quite at ease until they had crossed the barren uninhabited country, extending from the hills we had left to Mittaní, the first village of the cluster immediately dependent on Pesháwer — a distance of eight or ten miles. The range between Kohát and Pesháwer extends easterly to A'tak, while westernly it stretches to Seféd Koh — other parallel ranges compose the hilly tract inhabited by the Khaibarís and Momands, which separates Pesháwer from Chúra and the Jelálabád valley. At the point where we left the range, we had to the west, minor hills intervening, the Afrédí district of Tírí. At Mittaní, we halted a while for the sake of fire and water. The elephant was extremely docile and manageable, he seemed to have great dread of a horse coming behind him, of which faculty the people with us profited, both to divert themselves, and to make the huge animal accelerate his pace. At Pesháwer we went to the Gúr Katri, an old fortified Saráhi, where Saiyad Máhomed who had preceded us, was ready to receive me, and to conduct me to the house of Sáleh Máhomed which happened to be quite close.

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