EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY

OF

JOHN S. FOWLER, R.E.

CHITRAL. 1895.

DUBLIN.

1897.

DIARY OF OUR CAPTIVITY IN CHITRAL.

ON the 27th February, 1895, the following party was encamped between Gupis and Ghizar—Captain Ross and Lieutenant Jones, with 100 men of the 14th Sikhs, who had received orders at Gilgit to proceed at once to Ghizar, Lieutenant Edwardes, who was proceeding to Ghizar with a detachment of 100 Kashmir rifles, and myself in command of 20 Bengal Sappers and Miners also proceeding to Ghizar.

Mr. Robertson, the British Agent of Gilgit, was in Chitral, and with him Captain Campbell, in command of the troops, Captain Townshend and Lieutenant Baird with the Kashmir troops, Lieutenant Harley with the detachment of 14th Sikhs, and Lieutenant Gurdon, assistant political officer, and Surgeon Captain Whitchurch in medical charge.

At Ghizar was Lieutenant Gough in command of a post on the Gilgit side of the pass into Chitral, and at Mastuj was Lieutenant Moberly in command of the post on the Chitral side of the pass. Captain Bretherton, in charge of commissariat and transport, was also travelling up and down seeing after supplies and transport.

We had all heard rumours of what was the state of affairs in Chitral, and the red bags containing the urgent letters had been passing rapidly to and fro between Gilgit and Chitral.

Umra Khan, of Jundool, had invaded Chitral after the murder of the late king, and had taken possession of Dross Fort after defeating the Chitralies.

Should we be ordered to help the Chitralies to turn him out? No one knew; but we hoped that that was to be the case, and all hoped to go right on to Chitral at once.

We were at an elevation of nearly 10,000 feet; it was freezing hard, and a bitter wind blowing; but we had a fire which was a luxury, as wood is scarce. Our blankets were turned down on the frozen ground, and we had rigged up waterproof sheets to keep the wind off. As we sat smoking round the fire the chances of some row were eagerly discussed. We had all started on expeditions before which had come to nothing, and rumours of war were so common that one had got a bit sceptical on the subject. Surely Umra Khan, with the whole of the Indian army behind him, and the Chitralies and ourselves in front, would never venture actual hostilities.

28th February. On the next day we marched into Ghizar and found Gough had made preparations to put us all up. He had received orders from Chitral that the Sikhs should proceed to Mustaj, but that no one else was to cross the pass. That evening Bretherton turned up, and we were a tight fit in the dark little hut Gough had taken possession of. These huts are all the same—mud walls and mud floors; a low narrow door; no window, except a hole in the flat roof, which serves the purpose of chimney, ventilator, and window, and also lets in the snow and rain and dust; in the centre of the room an open hearth, and round the sides a dais raised a foot on which to sleep. Some of the rooms are big, about 20 feet square, but only 8 feet high. The roof is peculiar; pillars support the portion to about 6 feet from the outer walls. The central square is then roofed by putting timbers across the corners from the centre of each side; this leaves a smaller square to be roofed, which is proceeded with in the same way, and so on till the last hole is left to let out the smoke, and has a hat made to fit it which takes off and on. The timber is covered with small brushwood, and then rammed clay; and this roof keeps the room warm in winter

and cool in summer. Every room in the country is the same, and the rooms open one into another, with only one door to the outside for each family. A conglomeration of these houses all touching one another forms a village.

Gough had been building defences round his block of houses, as a pass from here leads into Darel, a hostile country from which a raid might be attempted.

1st March.—The Sikhs marched off with Ross and Jones. Edwardes, Gough, and myself, with our detachments, were left lamenting. Gough and I went out to look for a site for a fort, and also for duck. We ploughed about in deep snow on the North slopes and explored possible sites; a water supply was the greatest difficulty.

In the evening an urgent letter from Chitral arrived with orders for Edwardes to proceed to Chitral, with three Sepoys as orderlies, and for me and the twenty sappers to go to Mastuj. Delighted, we at once proceeded to requisition coolies for transport, but the supply was limited, as the Sikhs had taken nearly all available, so we had to send to distant villages to get them.

That night it snowed, and we were sorry for the Sikhs bivouacing on the pass, and wondered if they would be able to cross the soft snow the next day.

2nd March.—On 2nd March we could not get our coolies soon enough to start before 11 a.m., and had a long 15 mile tramp in the snow. The first part was very slushy from the fresh snow melting in the sun, but before we got in, which was at dusk, it had begun to freeze, and we were afraid of frostbite in our wet feet. I had made the men tie sacking over their shoes and chupplies (sandals), but the strings wore out and the sacking got cut, so it was not very much use.

We camped at Langar, where little shelters built of small brushwood had been built, over which one could stretch a blanket, and that was all. The elevation is about 11,000 feet at which, in the beginning of March, it is very cold. E.

and I laid our blankets in an old shed, the floor of which was all ice from the snow melted by the last party's fire. We set all the men to rub their feet well for half an hour until quite warm, and then collected a lot of brushwood for the night. The top twigs of this brushwood were not much above the snow, and were so thin that they burnt away very rapidly, so that to keep a fire going we had to collect a large supply, and keep on continually feeding the fire. The snow all about was very soft.

3rd March.—We were up as soon as it was light. The men were none the worse for the cold, and the day was very favourable for crossing the pass.

The Sikhs had beaten a footpath in crossing, and this was hard enough, although the snow on either side would let a man down to his waist.

We got into Laspur about 2 p.m. without difficulty, only one sapper being affected by the elevation of 13,000 feet. He rode my pony in and was all right next day.

At Laspur we took possession of some houses for ourselves and our men, and ordered fresh coolies, those from Ghizar returning. Having got fresh coolies we marched on to Mastuj, a 20 mile march, but all down hill, so fairly easy. We got into Mastuj all right in the afternoon, and found there Moberly, Bretherton, Ross, and Jones. The Sikhs had been ordered to halt at Mastuj, while we found orders from Chitral for us to proceed and join Robertson at Chitral.

Mastuj is an old native fort with high walls in a very crumbling state indeed; the treatment that those of Jericho got would probably have been fatal to them.

The air was full of rumours from Chitral. Once the natives had fled to the hills and then returned.

Several Dak runners had been stopped on the road and not allowed to proceed. A letter that day, however, from the Assistant British Agent, said that this was the work of "badmashes" (discontented bad characters), but that there was no

cause for any anxiety. The road had also been broken in places, but villagers from Chitral were said to be out mending it.

Two days before our arrival at Mastuj a party of 40 Kashmir Rifles, under Subedar Dharm Singh, had left Mastuj for Chitral, escorting 58 boxes of snider ammunition, containing over thirty thousand rounds.

This party had, however, been halted at Buni, twenty miles out, on account of the rumours, and were there awaiting orders.

Ross was now the senior military officer present, and there was nothing in the letter from Chitral to cause either ourselves or the ammunition convoy to be detained and cancel our orders to proceed.

The day we arrived the hospital assistant at Mastuj, who also acted as Political Moonshee and Interpreter, had got information that a party of men had come up to a village, Sanoghar, trying to persuade the villagers to stop our Dak runners, and to break down the roads and bridges. Moberly and Ross settled to send out a party of fifty men at dusk, and make a night march about eight miles to Sanoghar, to try and capture these chaps, and then to go on to Buni, ten miles further, and see that the ammunition party, who had been ordered to halt there until our arrival, were all right. At dusk Ross and Jones started off, and finding at Sanoghar that the men they were seeking had moved further off, went on after them, and finally captured four in a house in a village about fifteen miles from Mastuj.

We made our preparations to proceed, and Bretherton requisitioned ponies and coolies to carry our loads.

Moberly had fairly comfortable quarters in the fort and entertained us royally.

5th March.—Our transport was not collected till 11 a.m., when we made a start, taking with us, besides our own kits and stores, 11 coolie loads of commissariat "gour" (native sugar),

required for the troops in Chitral. Neither Edwardes nor myself had ever been down the road before. We took with us as guide and interpreter, a man who had been a headman "cherwan," at Laspur, by name Amir Khan. He was a youngish man, armed with a carbine, and spoke a little Hindustani.

We said *au revoir* to Bretherton, who was returning to Ghizar, and to Moberly, and started off, meeting on the road Jones, returning with the prisoners. Two of them had been put on ponies, which were being led by the Sepoys, the other two were led by a string.

Jones said he had been told they were in a house in a village which he surrounded, and ordered them to come out. This they refused to do until promised their lives. They had two snider rifles besides swords and jezails. None of the villages had sided with them.

We changed coolies at Sanoghar and went on to Buni—which we did not reach till late—a 20 mile march from Mastuj.

Moberly, who had never been down the road, had asked me to send him back information of any "darbands" (strong defensive positions holding the road) that could be held to block the valley. I noted Nissa Gol as one of these, and sent him a sketch which he never received. Colonel Kelly afterwards had to force that very position.

At Buni we found Ross, who had arrived early that morning, and the ammunition escort. Ross told us that everything was perfectly quiet, and there was no news of any disturbances, so he returned to Mastuj, starting very soon after we arrived, and intending to march back to Mastuj that night, so that his men would have done a good 40 mile march by the time they got back to Mastuj.

We made arrangements for the night, putting out sentries on all sides, but everything was perfectly quiet.

The strength of our party marching out of Mastuj was—Lieutenant Edwardes, Lieutenant Fowler, Jemadar Lal Khan and 19 Bengal Sappers and Miners, Rashid Khan, E's orderly from his regiment and two orderlies from the Sixth Kashmir Rifles, my servant Abdoul, and one Sais with two ponies and E's servant "Daisy," and we required about 40 coolies to carry our kits, equipment and food. We had rations to last us till the 11th.

The ammunition escort consisted of Subedar Dharm Singh and forty men of the Kashmir Rifles, together with a "bhistie" (water carrier) and a "langrie" (cook). They required about 110 coolies to carry the ammunition, kits and rations.

6th March.—The next morning we marched early. We were now a large party with our long baggage train, which required one hundred and fifty coolies. It is only possible to proceed along these mountain paths in single file, so that even when the coolies keep close together, they make a long string, but it is almost impossible to prevent opening out, as one coolie stopping for any purpose probably stops all behind him, so that frequent halts for rest and closing up had to be made.

We had of course advance and rear guards, then the baggage guard, and the remainder of our Sepoys we kept with the ammunition guard, but we were much too small a party to guard such a long line of coolies.

The road we were following led along the bank of the river except where it has to cross spurs running down into the river precipitously.

The valleys are all very narrow, the sides very steep and rugged, and in many places impracticable for men to climb, so that often the only road is along the bottom of the valley between the river and a huge cliff.

The only green was the vivid green of the young wheat wherever there was a village with its little plots of cultivated fields cut out of the hill-side, and watered from a side nullah.

Five to six thousand feet above us was the snow line, and above that the peaks ran up for another 8,000 feet or so. There was no timber growth on the hill-sides only the miserable wormwood like poor brown heather.

Here and there was most vivid red, purple, gray and green colouring due to the colour of the clay or rock. In many places the bright green crop contrasted strangely with the red clay on which it grew.

At Koragh we changed coolies, and here Amir Khan picked up a friend from whom he got some information. We had started off and entered the defile, in which Ross's party was afterwards cut up, when he told Edwardes that he had heard of fighting in Chitral, and that our advance might be opposed.

Edwardes wrote a note and sent this news back by a returning coolie to Mastuj, and came on and told me what had happened. We hardly credited the rumour, in fact we were always hearing many rumours in the Gilgit country of a most alarming nature which invariably turned out false. Besides which, everything pointed to the people being friendly and not in fear of any fighting. They had turned out readily as coolies, and they and their women and children were at work in the fields, besides if there were anything serious we expected to hear of it from more than one man of whom we knew nothing. At the utmost we supposed that some of the badmashes, who, we had been told from Chitral, had stopped the Daks, might have fired a few shots. A general rising of the country against us, who as far as we knew were helping them to fight Umra Khan, seemed to be very improbable. This was the first report we heard of our people being engaged in fighting, and we naturally put it down to Umra Khan having advanced and had a skirmish with Robertson and the Chitralies. If we should not proceed we might be holding back a most important reinforcement, so we decided to go on, anyhow as far as Reshun.

We got into Reshun a little before dusk, having kept well closed up all along the road.

The next thing to do was to choose a camping ground. The villagers proposed the polo ground, but we decided on a place nearer to the river Cliff, where we could not be surrounded.

Amir Khan brought us more reports confirming the fighting in Chitral, and also told us that the Chitralies themselves had been fighting against us. He said the people at Reshun itself were divided into two parties, one loyal and the other disaffected ; and that the people on the other side of the river living in the Ovir Nullah would possibly prevent our mending the road which was badly broken a few miles further on. This was very serious news, if it were true.

We had been told by Moberly that the headman of Reshun, by name Saidullah Aman, was a good trustworthy man. He had been present when we arrived to attend to our wants and requisition fresh coolies.

He had then gone aside to say his prayers most devoutly at sunset, and a fine patriarchal figure he looked with his red beard and white shirt under his brown chogah. He then asked leave to go and break his fast since sunrise (this being the Ramzan).

On hearing this news we sent for him again and questioned him closely. We took him aside by himself and asked if he had heard of fighting in Chitral, he said no, he himself had been with Robertson in Chitral and had returned a few days previously. He knew nothing of any disaffected party, but the road had been destroyed in many places, and we could not proceed unless it were mended.

Asked why he had not mended the road, he said it was a very difficult spot, and must be blasted, but that he would assist us to mend it.

We then decided to send a letter back to Mastuj and asked

for a trusty dak-man. This he promised to obtain, and also our coolies for the morrow.

Edwardes then wrote to Moberly telling him the rumours, and saying we should not proceed until we heard from him, and that we would try and get the road mended We then put out our sentries, and a picquet on the bridge leading to the Owir Nullah, had dinner and turned our blankets down on the ground under the trees for the last quiet night we were to have for a long time.

About 10 p.m. a prisoner who had been captured on the bridge was brought in. He was a harmless looking old man and had no arms. He said he was a coolie of Reshun who had been to the far side for grass, and was returning to carry our loads the next day.

Having sent to the village and had him identified, we let him go.

7th March.—We had not told anyone we were not going to proceed to see if our coolies would turn up.

One hundred and fifty were collected by 10 a.m., we decided to take only fifty to carry tools and some long timbers, and to assist in repairing the road.

We then told Saidullah Aman we should return, and that he must collect supplies of flour and food for us.

He protested they had none, but we insisted and warned him that we must have them.

We then moved our kits and stores to the edge of the cliff commanding the bridge, and left Subedar Dharm Singh to build a parapet and guard them with thirty Kashmir rifles. Edwardes, myself, twenty sappers and ten Kashmir rifles escorted the coolies.

Amir Khan, our guide, we took with us, armed with a carabine and the turned up rim of his hat stuck full of cartridges. He was a worthless sort of fellow, and I cannot understand to this day whether he knew or not that there was

a likelihood of our being attacked. Very probably as he escaped he was playing a double game, standing in with the enemy while telling us vaguely so as to save himself from us. When Kelly's force came down to Mastuj he turned up there armed with a snider, was spotted by Moberly and confined, and I saw him there when I was returning.

Keeping our party well together, and taking with us four adamzadahs or head men of Reshun, we crossed the spur out of Reshun and descended on to the plain. I took my pony with me and sais. With my orderly Ebrahim I rode along the bank of the river to see that there were no enemy concealed there. I only found one lad without any arms. I also wanted to see if the river was fordable, but to ford it did not appear to be an easy job.

We then saw that the road led into a very narrow defile absolutely commanded from the cliff on the other side of the river, so that we must first occupy the heights on our side before proceeding. The place where the road was reported broken was quite close.

Before attempting to ascend the cliffs we looked over the ground carefully with telescope and glasses. We spotted one man lying among the rocks, and apparently he had a rifle. This looked suspicious, but he might be one of the badmashes we had heard of, breaking down the road.

We halted at the mouth of the defile, and I and eight men of the Kashmir rifles started to climb. I took my telescope, but took off my belts, putting my revolver in a revolver pocket at the back of my breeches. It was no easy job to find a path, but we soon got higher than the top of the cliff on the far bank.

On this cliff were sangers, but they were very small, and most of them obviously unoccupied. The small hamlet of Parpish with houses and trees stood back some 200 yards from the top of the cliff.

Out of one of the further sangers an unarmed man got up and began to walk slowly towards the village, stopping sometimes. I shouted and made signs to him he was to go away, which he did.

We went on slowly, getting higher, making for a point above the man we had seen lying down among the rocks.

When we had nearly got there a single shot came from somewhere, and two hundred men or more came running out of the village armed with guns and rifles.

We at once squatted down behind rocks and opened fire as hard as we could, while I kept an eye upwards, to see if anyone came over the crest. The naik, poor chap, was shot almost at once; so I took his rifle.

Our fire had made some of the enemy turn back, and the sangars were no protection from us, as we looked down into them, so they congregated along the crest, firing down at the lower party. I dropped one man running down to the sangars, but he got up and went on; and three or four others had been hit by the Sepoys. We were firing down so straight that there was no need to give any elevation to the rifle. We were getting a hot fire, and the bullets were striking the rocks all round. I felt a blow on the shoulder, and thought it was from a bullet splashing on the rock, and was not aware that it had wounded me.

Now came the question what to do. I could see by the direction of the enemy's fire that the lower party must have been obliged to fall back. The only possibility was that Edwardes would try and cross the river to attack the enemy on the far bank; but they were so strong I did not think this very likely. I saw a lot of coolies under the river bank, who must have been our coolies that had bolted from the lower party. If we remained we should be cut off, while in retreating we should have to run the gauntlet of all their fire. I told the

Sepoys we must go, which they were not very willing to do, saying they were in a very good place.

I took the dead naik's rifle and some of his ammunition, and away we went as hard as we could split. It was a break-neck place to run down, but we jumped and scrambled along in a hail of bullets. One bullet struck just under my boot; another went through a man's wrist, and another man received a flesh wound through the hip. To add to the excitement big stones dislodged by some of the enemy, who must have been above us, came thundering down all the stone shoots. We had some narrow shaves, but no one was hit. However, I got them all along, and we all got out on the plain (Maidan) where we were fairly safe—that more men were not hit was due to the pace we went. It is, as I know from experience, almost impossible to hit a markhor galloping over rough ground.

When we got out on the Maidan, the first thing I saw was the box of gun cotton on the ground, and Edwardes waiting a few hundred yards away from where I had left him. I was carrying one man's chupplies, and I waved these to Edwardes to bring back some men to bring the gun cotton along. He thought, however, it was better not, as the enemy were all hurrying along both sides, to try and cut us off, so that we ought to hurry back and join our party at Reshun. The men had got very unsteady, from the heavy fire they had been subjected to without being able to reply, and were only too eager to get back over the spur. My Sais, who had started back with the pony, seeing me behind, came back again down the hill. It was very plucky of him to do this, he had got quite half a mile towards home, and was, I believe, crying because he thought I was killed. I think none of them had much hope of our ever getting out of the tight place we were in. The Kashmir Sepoy who had been hit through the wrist coming down the hill with me, was bleeding badly, so Edwardes and I bandaged him a bit and put him on my pony. The sais took the rifle I

had got and away we went, firing only a few shots now and then, at the nearest of the parties trying to work round the hill sides. We had to go the upper road over the spur as we should have been in a most dangerous position on the lower parri if the ladders on the precipice were gone and enemy on the opposite bank of the river. Going up the hill over the spur, we soon got pumped, so I took hold of the mare's tail and Edwardes hung on to my other hand, this was a pretty good strain, especially as I had a bullet-hole through the back of my shoulder. However, by changing hands occasionally, I managed to hold on. The last part of the hill was in a fold of the ground. It was an anxious moment, as, if the enemy could get over the rise on our right, before we could cross the height on our left, we should be probably all shot down. However, we just beat them and got some men extended along our crest to prevent them crossing the other. Just as we crossed the brow the enemy got to the other, and we and the pony came in for a regular shower of bullets, some of which passed between me and the pony, when I was holding on to its tail, and another lodged in the cantle of the saddle, and Sapper Bir Singh was hit through the body and quite unable to walk. There was nothing for it but to take off the Kashmir Sepoy who could walk and put Bir Singh on the pony, which we did with difficulty. He died during the night.

To go down the hill was better than coming up, still the pony could not go nearly as fast as the men. Kala Singh and one or two more helped me to drive the pony along. At the bottom we had to keep on along the road instead of keeping straight across to our sangar, which was the shortest way, but too rough for the pony.

Fortunately the enemy did not attempt to charge down on top of us, now that they were exposed to our Sangar.

Crossing the open to our Sangar, the bullets were knocking

up the dust just like the splash of hail-stones in water, but only one man was hit through the calf of the leg.

Subedar Dharm Singh, I believe, had thrown out a covering party, but they were all back in the Sangar before I got there.

As soon as we had lain down under cover, and begun to get our breath, the thing was what to do next. Bullets from the hills on both sides were coming plump into our Sangar, and we were too crowded. The pony and servants were in a slight hollow to the rear, the rest of us lying close under the parapet and shooting at every man we could see. The old mare had behaved splendidly, never taking any notice of the fire or bullets, and but for the assistance of her tail going up the hill, Edwardes and I would never have got to the top.

I had taught her to stand fire, and often shot chikor off her back when riding along the Gilgit roads.

We laid Dal Singh and Bir Singh down close under the parapet. The fire from the hills was getting heavier as more and more of the enemy got up.

As we were crowded I got the Sappers ready to rush to the wall on the left. When we were lying down outside the parapet, waiting to rush for the wall, Rulia Singh fired off his rifle by accident, just at my back, right down the line of Sappers waiting to rush. It was most extraordinary that he did not hit anyone. It must have gone within an inch of my seat. A volley came from the hills at us as we ran across, but no one was hit. I left the men at the wall and returned to the Sangar and lay down beside Edwardes. We determined we must have the block of houses to our front as well, before the enemy could occupy them in force.

We called on Dharm Singh and twenty of the men who had not been out to volunteer to carry the houses; this they did at once, and having fixed bayonets I went for the village at the double, and we were again greeted with a volley from all sides. When we got to the houses no one was then in the first block, but

going round the corner of the orchard, I saw four or five men creeping about. I dodged when they pointed their guns, and fired my revolver at them as they bolted into a house.

Having occupied the whole block of houses up to the polo wall and had a drink from the water channel, I set the men to work to make loopholes in the walls, while Dharm Singh and some men made a search from room to room to see that no one was hiding in them.

In one room was a calf and in another a pony. We made dams in the water-channel to hold up the water, and filled up the pitchers and big jars we found in the houses, the water was soon turned off by the enemy.

Anyone showing himself towards the village we fired at, and we were well covered from the fire from the hills. E's orderly, Rassid Khan, had come in with E's express rifle, while I was standing beside him he banged the butt against the wall, and, the rifle going off, the bullet went between my feet.

Edwardes, who had been directing the fire of the men in our Sanger, came into the houses to see what the place was like. Two or three men in the Sanger had been hit, and although a good place to defend against a rush, we could not stand a seige there, so we decided to move all our men into the houses, where we could probably hold out for some days and perhaps longer, if we could keep the road to water open.

Having settled on the line of defence we would take up, the Sappers were brought in from the wall and everyone set to work to build the parapets on the roofs, block up entrances, and loophole the walls.

Close to us were walls and trees and other houses which would give cover to the enemy, but we expected them to attack us every moment, and it was too risky to expose men away from our defences.

Our pressing need was to get ourselves secure from a rush,

and then do the best we could to stand a seige till we were either overwhelmed, or relieved, or starved.

Edwardes and the Kashmir troops took one section, and I and the Sappers another.

Our block of houses was like a rabbit warren inside, one dark room opening through a little door into another, all with only the hole in the roof to admit air and light.

All the work had to be done under fire from the hills and from the houses on the other side of the polo ground.

The walls were built of mud bricks, and there were long timbers in the roofs. We pulled down walls to get the bricks and pulled off the roofs to get wood.

At dusk, the first thing to do was to get in the ammunition, even the man wounded in the hip carried in a lot of boxes. Every man who crossed from the orchard to the Sangar was fired at, but no one was hit. It was getting dusk now, and we carried in the wounded men and put them in the hospital. Edwardes' dog "Biddy," a fox terrier, had been shot through the chest by a bullet, which passed clean through her and also cut one fore leg. It seemed quite impossible she could live, but she was carried in with the rest. A little house had been occupied as an advanced post, but the men were withdrawn. This was a mistake, but we were afraid of their being cut off. The ammunition boxes, except about fifteen, all went up on the roofs, and were built into the parapets to get cover as quickly as possible.

As soon as all was in, we started to strengthen the Sangers on the roofs, and to pull off some of the roofs in front of the Sangers, so that no one could come over them and we could fire into the rooms below. Every door and beam and a lot of bricks were built into these parapets.

Then we had some food ourselves, but the men had nothing except what was over from what they had cooked in the morning.

The moon rose almost as soon as the sun set, so we had no interval of darkness which would have been useful to us in demolishing outbuildings.

The men and ourselves were fairly worn out, but we toiled on, every man strengthening his own post.

Edwardes was in the Kashmir sanger and I in the Sappers, except when we went the rounds to see how the men at the loopholes were getting on. Every moment we expected a rush of the enemy.

The men were jumpy too, and kept on firing at intervals all through the night, often at imaginary objects.

The enemy did not show much, but there were numbers of them creeping about trying to find out exactly how we were situated.

The room in which we lived was one of the ordinary Chitrali rooms. The servants lived in the same room. In this room we also kept the water vessels from which we served out the water to the men. This we did with a little tin dipper.

At first, as we had Dogras, Sikhs, Goorkhas and Mussulmans, they made some objections to drinking the same water on account of caste, but their scruples were satisfied by Edwardes or myself serving out the water into their own vessels.

We had Biddy in the room, she was in a bad state and howled and squealed if anyone went near her. She was not able to get up and lay quite helpless on her side.

We had brought in most of our own kits but some of them had been built into the Sangars and we could not get them out. The place was full of fleas and bugs. Everything had been left by the people, evidently in a great hurry. Edwardes said that a Mussulman's charm, which is a verse of the Khoran sewn up in a little packet and worn round the neck or fastened to the hat or clothes, would be the best thing to send a chit (letter) in and I collected a pocketful. The only chit we got which was at Barwar came in a charm. There was a good deal of atta

(flour) about in various bins, also cotton, rice and a little dhal. In one of the bins of atta we found a piece of dripping, probably put in there to be fished out as a treat. E. and I had a certain amount of tinned things, Bologna sausages, soups and Lazenby's soup squares Also we had captured some fowls and eggs in the houses.

All through the night we strained our eyes to cacth the first glimpse of the enemy in the moonlight, and at dawn we were very weary. Two of the wounded men had died during the night.

8*th March.*—We brought half the men off their posts to cook food and sleep and cheered them up with hopes of help coming from Mastuj.

The enemy were keeping fairly quiet and had apparently realised that the tremendous fire they had indulged in yesterday wasted their ammunition.

About 10 o'clock the men had cooked some food, and we served them out with water, they were all pretty well done up.

There was lots of work for us all through the day. We did a certain amount of strengthening on the breastworks when it could be done without coming under fire. The wounded required looking to and feeding, and the men made to lie down and sleep. At dusk we determined to get in the rest of the stuff left in our Sangar and also to go for water.

Except for their nervousness on the first night, our men had behaved splendidly, everyone of them had done his best and carried out whatever was to be done no matter at what risk to themselves. Now they again ran across the open, to bring in all that remained in our first Sangar. I went out and saw that everything was brought in.

Edwardes then got the party for water ready. I who knew the road was to take 12 men with the bhisti and two huge jars lashed to poles. Everything being ready we filed out silently into the orchard and with fixed bayonets stole along silently

under the trees, not knowing at what moment we might be attacked.

Edwardes had given strict orders to the men in the fort that no one was to fire without orders, but we had only gone a few yards before bang, bang, went several shots. However as the firing ceased on we went and got to the cliff.

I and four men lay down on the top while the rest went down and filled the vessels. How long it seemed lying there with every nerve strained, but presently up they came again. The big jars were very heavy when full, two men on each pole could only just carry them and I was awfully afraid they might fall and break the jars, but we got them safely back to the fort. One more trip and we had water enough to fill our store vessels and serve out a ration all round. My pony too had been taken down by my plucky Sais. Rulia Singh and Bholar Singh, two big Sikhs, had to help to carry the jars.

We all felt better and went off to our posts. Some of the men we had to post in horrid little places in the advanced rooms, where it was pitch dark, and where they had loop-holes to watch. There were two lots of advanced posts, those through the Hospital and those through the Sapper's room, besides the men on the river gate and the men on the advanced post past the village gate. E. and I kept going round the sentries all through the night, the men were getting terribly sleepy and it was awfully difficult to keep them from dropping off to sleep, especially as we had stopped the promiscuous firing that had gone on the night before. After we came in from water when the moon was fairly well up, a sentry on the village gate reported picking going on in the little house. We asked for volunteers to go out and see what it was. The Havildar and three gurkhas were selected, as being likely men to do the thing in a sensible manner, but they made a mess of it. They were told to go exactly how they liked. They went out at once and almost straight for the little house. When they were a few

yards off it, just at a moment when I was not looking, a shot was fired and they came running back. One man had a graze on the hand (which might have been done by his own bayonet). We consulted as to whether to attack the place at once, but decided not, and retired the men from the polo wall and blocked up the way leading out to it.

Just before dawn I was up in the Sangar when I heard E's voice saying "Present, Fire," and then firing everywhere, and a tremendous din of tom-toms and howling and shrieking. My men were firing rather wildly, but I tried to stop them and see something definite to aim at. Very few men showed on my side and every time I put up my head I heard a bullet whistle over it from the little house, so I got hold of an old empty box and put it up to screen me. It was fast getting lighter and as it did so I could see the enemy bolting between the trees towards the village. I had a few bangs at them, probably without effect.

The chief assault had been from the polo wall and the garden wall and the houses under the big Chenar tree at the corner of the polo wall. Several times they tried to charge out of a door in these houses, and every time had to fall back before the deadly fire of the Kashmir Sanger at 20 yards range. In the dark they succeeded in lugging their dead and wounded back under cover. The din was perfectly infernal.

The garden wall was only about 20 yards off, and between it and the houses we had a vineyard, the vines of which made a very fair entanglement.

It was useful to stop a rush, but gave cover to collect behind, but men getting over it would have got it very hot, and would never have escaped back if they failed in the assault.

A number of Pathans (not Chitralies) had collected behind the garden wall and still remained there shouting taunts at our men. I was very much tempted to take out a party and go for them, going out round the river gateway and trying to get them by surprise in flank. However, it was very evident from the

sounds that it was quite possible the foe meant to try another rush at any moment, so we decided not to attempt a sortie.

Towards the village banners were waving, tom-toms beating, and excited voices shrieking to renew the attack, but, except the Pathans behind the garden wall, no one seemed inclined to venture.

The Pathans cleared off last, cursing and swearing they would get us soon. Then we came down out of our Sangers, got the dead and wounded down below, and cleared up the place. Our losses had been heavy, four men killed and six badly wounded, ten *hors de combat*, and together with our losses on first day, and from sick men, made 26 *hors de combat* out of 60, only leaving 34 to carry on the defence.

During the attack some of the enemy had crept round between us and the river Cliff. When it got light they were exposed, and Edwardes and his orderly shot three of them.

All our men had done right well. The Kasmir Sanger had borne the brunt of the attack, and the men in it suffered all the losses.

The men in the little Sanger near the garden wall had a very warm time of it, but were unhurt.

Many men had had near shaves, the bullets going through their clothes. The enemy must have been very numerous, probably 500 or 600 at least, and they lost a lot of men, how many I cannot say.

As soon as everyone had had food and got the place set to rights, Edwardes and I turned into the Hospital to do the best we could. Medical appliances we had none, but we tore up stuff into bandages and made splints. The only disinfectant we had was a little carbolic and water and Calver's carbolic tooth powder. Water was also limited. A man shot through the face we could do nothing for, nor could we extract a bullet from a man's groin, but other wounds we washed, disinfected

and bound up. Subedar Dharm Singh and Edwardes acted as surgeons.

The courage of these wounded men was marvellous, and they never objected to our dressing their wounds or cried out when they must have been in dreadful pain.

We had been cheering up the men with hopes that a relief party was certain to come down from Mastuj, and we thought it likely that they might arrive on this day. Under no circumstances could we move out, we could not have taken our wounded with us, and unless the relief party had arrived quite close we should be certain to be shot off in detail.

The tom-tom playing and howling in the village continued all day and we fully expected another attack at night.

The Sangars were strengthened, and we made preparations to give them a warm reception.

Jemedar Lal Khan received a slight wound in the arm from a spent bullet during the afternoon.

The wall which had been occupied by the Sappers on the first day, and was on our road to water, had now been occupied by the enemy, and at night we could see their camp-fires behind it, so that road was barred unless we drove them out. All our sentries at night were posted in pairs with two men to relieve them changing every hour. That night it was terribly hard to keep them alert, and I found several sleeping as they stood. Poor chaps, they could not help it, though they knew well our lives depended on vigilance.

Nothing much occurred during the night. Every night I had a martini with fixed bayonet beside me, a revolver strapped on, and about twenty martini cartridges in my pocket. I discarded my sword, one reason being my shoulder was a bit stiff from the wound and also I thought a rifle and bayonet a better weapon. Day by day we went on doing work on our defences sometimes in one place, sometimes in another.

10*th March.*—We hung up blankets over exposed places in

order to prevent anyone seeing in. I was standing beside Kala Singh when he was tying up the blanket over the village entrance, and the enemy behind the polo wall made a very good shot, splintering the post just beside his hand.

The looking after the men in hospital was very difficult, but we did what we could for them and made up soup from Lazenby's squares, and fowls, to give the worst cases. For men able to hobble we made crutches. Every man in the hospital had his weapons beside him, and was to do his best to use them.

The enemy were only firing very occasionally and had got their sharp-shooters posted to watch for any opportunity of picking off a man. We got to know the sound of their different rifles, who had a martini and who a snider. One rifle must have fired a very small charge of powder, for it went off with a dull report like a puff. The six dead men we had put in an outlying shed in which we collected a quantity of wood and burnt them. They were all Hindoos (Sikhs, Gwikhas and Dogras), so we were glad to be able to do the correct thing for them.

One or two men declared that they thought they heard distant firing, but no one else could hear it; and although we were all much excited we could do nothing. Now we know it was Ross and the Sikhs at Koragh six miles away.

We still had enough water to last us a couple of days, but it would be best not to wait till the last moment to renew it.

The moon was rising later and later, and there would be a fairly dark hour or more after sunset.

At dusk we could again see their fires behind the wall on the road to the river.

Edwardes and I and Dharm Singh consulted about it. Dharm Singh said that as there were fires the enemy would be sure to see us, but I told him that was the very reason that they would not see us.

Edwardes was very anxious to lead the sortie, but we could not both go, and as I knew the ground E remained in our fort, the far more trying position of the two.

I was to have twenty men, all that we could spare, who would carry all the water bottles slung round them.

When it was dark we paraded and crept out silently in single file through the orchard.

Instead of going straight for the fires, we kept away to the left to our deserted sangar, and then turned sharp to the right along the very edge of the river cliff, so as to take their wall in flank. Slowly we crept along, getting closer and closer, expecting every moment to run over one of their sentries.

Fifty yards from the fires we formed line, and still advanced without being discovered.

The nearest fire was in a sharp dip in the ground, and when we were only ten yards from the fire we could see about twenty men sitting round it cooking their food. Just above the edge of the rise I could see the head of a sentry.

I gave the word to charge, the sentry gave a yell, and we rushed to the edge of the rise and gave them one volley, which made the group round the fire appear to wither up. Then I jumped down and attacked one man and tripping up fell; some of the men were still firing from the top right over me which I did not like at all. A few of the enemy only got away down the cliff, the rest were all killed. We had still the Sangar to carry, so shouting to the men to follow we rushed on for it. The enemy alarmed, not knowing what had happened, and blinded by the firelight, jumped up and lined their parapet firing wildly to their front. We, however, were already on their flank and behind them, on discovering which they gave one howl and turned to fly.

We gave them a volley, and charged along the wall, shooting and bayonetting all we could reach.

It was not safe to remain in the firelight, so we at once got

up above and searched the end of the Sangar. I apparently missed one man clean at about ten yards.

Now we realised that the fort was being attacked, the fire-work effect of the rifle flashes was pretty but serious. We could hear the Pathans shouting their war cry and asking what had happened. I wanted to go back and collect all the arms left by the fires, but E. had only twenty men to hold the fort, and we could not encumber ourselves, so having seen that every-one was present we started back for our fort the same way we had come out.

When we got to the orchard the attack was pretty well over, but my men could not resist setting up a cheer, and I thought our own men would certainly fire on us. However, I shouted to E. who was expecting us and we got in all right, None of my men had been injured, one man had lost his bayonet and another bent his. I had lost my pugaree and sprained my thumb.

The enemy re-occupied their Sangar almost at once, so we abandoned getting water for that night, and were well pleased with ourselves.

Edwardes must have had a very anxious time of it. I believe what really happened was that the enemy were all hanging about expecting us soon to make a desperate last sortie. When they heard the firing they thought this had come, and were all closing in on our fort, but were surprised at finding the post as usual, and did not know what had happened.

Then they went down to where we had attacked them, and proceeded to build up huge sangars which we saw the next morning.

The remainder of the night passed off fairly quietly.

11th March.—The men were cheered up by our success the night before, but we were not really much better off except for the moral effect.

Our food would not hold out very much longer. We had

been eating very little, because we had not enough water to cook it with. One does not know what a lot of water is required till it is scarce. We had been rationed up to this day, and we could probably make food last out with what we had got from the houses till 20th. We had a lot of gour but this was not much use by itself.

We made up a mess of hot ghi (clarified butter) and gour, which could be swallowed, but the gour made the men very thirsty. The enemy had made several attempts to make a Sangar from which they could annoy us by their fire. To-day one attempt was made in a big chenar tree by the polar ground at their end of the block of houses. Into this tree they took up a lot of brushwood and boards, and made cover for a man to shoot from, it was about level with and sixty yards from the Kashmir Sangar. We had lots of shots at it, and I think drove the men who were in it out once or twice.

All their loopholes had been continually fired at by us and were pitted all round with bullet holes, some of our bullets hit the mark and entered.

There was just a possibility of striking water if we could sink a well deep enough, it was a poor chance as I have never heard of a well in this country, but we made the attempt and quickly got down to 12 feet when we came to rock and could go no further.

Several fowl, which evidently belonged to the houses, occasionally wandered round. E. had his gun and missed one, but we captured one occassionally and put him in the pot.

Any hope of relief we now abandoned, for if it could not be done from Mastuj without reinforcements, it would come too late.

Sapper Amir Shah was wounded in a curious way. His rifle was standing beside him with the bayonet sticking up over the top of the parapet. A bullet struck the bayonet bending it

and a splinter glancing down struck him in the centre of the forehead cutting the skin and giving him a headache.

In the evening we settled to get water. I was to take twelve men carrying all the water bottles, which gave each man 5, and the bhisti and my Sais with water skins. When it was dark we sallied forth keeping to the left of our old sangar instead of to the right as before.

None of us knew the road, but we followed the top of the cliff, and passing one small sanger which was unoccupied, I found a way down to the river. It was the greatest luck hitting it off in the dark. The men were thirsty and I stood guard for an apparently interminable time while they filled themselves and the bottles. If we had been seen and followed we should never have been able to get back. Then I had a drink, the first for 24 hours, and we proceeded back as we had come.

On the road back I took a wrong turn, which would have led us to the village, but one of the Sepoys pointed out our path. It was easy enough to make a mistake in the dark.

We served out water to all the men, and put the remainder in our jars. Chander Singh and Kala Singh would drink no water except from their own bottles, filled from the river or straight from a water-skin. They would sooner not drink than break their caste.

About mid-night we found that some loose straw in one of the sheds in front of the Kashmir Sangar had been fired by the enemy. There was not very much of it, and it soon burned itself out. They had also put some explosive among it, which may have been our own gun-cotton they had captured. We heard dull reports, but it did us no harm. We put blankets over any crevices by which the fire might spread.

11th March.—During the morning there was hardly a shot fired, and the men got a bit careless. One of the Sappers sat with his head over the parapet, and a bullet from the little house just grazed it, and I think fractured the skull. He was

rendered unconscious, and put in the hospital. We had some heavy rain, and spread out all our waterproof sheets to collect water.

In making a new entrance to one of the rooms, we discovered an opening to the outside, facing the little house.

12th March.—Sapper Nadir Khan started to block it up, keeping of course under cover. He had got it built up about 2 feet when the men in the little house found out what was going on, and planked in about 12 shots. Nadir Khan had only just room to keep himself squeezed against the wall under cover, and I could not help laughing at him, although it was really rather serious.

We blocked the hole up in the night, and made loop-holes and kept some men in the room.

We had now got our Sangars so arranged that should the enemy force a way into the courtyard, we should fire down on them without the risk of shooting one another. I and Nabbi Bakhsh had a great chance at the fowl. We got them into a shed, and I went in to catch them while he stood at the door. However, they all flew in his face, and he did not catch one of them. We now never ventured to speak of hope of relief.

13th March.—The night had been quiet but in the morning there was tom-toming going on in the village but no firing. We also saw more men arriving in the village.

About 10 o'clock a white flag was shown over the polo wall and a Pathan shouted out "cease firing" and stood out on our side of the wall. We told Lal Khan to shout to him which he did and found he wanted to speak to some one; every man was at once ordered to his post, and finally we allowed Lal Khan to go into the orchard to meet him. They embraced in in the Pathan fashion and then another man appeared, and after some talk Lal Khan came in to report. The men he had met were two Pathans, one a Subedar and the other a Jemedar of Umra Khan's. They had just arrived from Chitral with

Mahommet Issa Khan. They had come to stop all fighting as Robertson in Chitral had made peace with Umra Khan. Mahommet Issa was most anxious to meet the "Sahibs," and proposed to come and see them.

E. and I pondered over this for some time, it was suspicious he had got no letter, still we could not well be worse off than we were, and E. determined to meet him while I held the fort and kept Mahommet Issa covered with our rifles.

Mahommet Issa having ridden up on a pony to our side of the wall, E. went out to talk to him. I was watching the proceedings with a rifle rested in the loophole and determined Mr. Issa should not escape if there was any treachery.

Presently E. came back and told me Mahommet Issa said that Robertson was in Chitral fort but was negotiating with Umra Khan with a view to the latter being made ruler of the country, that all fighting had ceased and that he (M. I.) was most anxious to be friends with the Indian Government. He asked us to retire to Mastuj whither he would escort us in safety with all our belongings. E. told him this was all very good and he was delighted to hear it, but at the same time he must have orders in writing from Chitral which he would write for, and that in the meantime we would have an armistice the terms being that we should hold our fort and none of them to approach it. No firing was to go on. Our water carriers were to get water. Provisions were to be sent in to us. To these terms Mahommet Issa assented urging however that as there was a large party of evil disposed people about we should be most careful not to send out men without escort from him. He also promised to send off the letters to Mastuj and Chitral E. and I composed the letters saying what had happened and adding in French, for fear of their having some clerk among them, that we were in a bad way and the number of men we had lost.

The letters having been sent, the bhisti and my servant went

off with the water-skins to fill them from the irrigation channel above the village. On their return they reported the channel badly broken, and that the village was full of Pathans and armed Chitralies. A red-coated man, who spoke a little Hindustani, brought a sheep and other supplies to our fort wall.

Our vigilance was in no wise relaxed. Our men had had more rest, owing to the absence of the constant alarms and shouts for every man to stand to his post; but every post was still occupied day and night. Again the night passed without alarm.

14th March.—During the night it had rained very hard, and it still continued to rain. I collected enough water in a puddle to give my mare a good drink. She had not had a proper drink since the 8th, though every now and then she got a little dirty water. Biddy was getting better; she was now able to crawl, but reduced to a skeleton. We made soup for the men in hospital from the sheep we had got in. All the wounded were going on fairly well, except the Kashmir Sepoy shot through the face, and Sapper Nedhar Singh, unconscious from the graze on his head.

In the afternoon a further parly was asked for, and Mahommet Issa having presented himself at the former place of meeting, E. went out and interviewed him. He returned to write more letters to Mastuj and Chitral. Mahommet Issa was especially anxious that Robertson should be informed of his anxiety to serve him and us in any possible way, and gave us a letter to be enclosed with ours. E. wrote the letters and we added in French that the force we were surrounded by appeared to have increased, that it was doubtful if we could withstand another assault, and that we might be able to hold out till the 17th. These letters we afterwards learned were actually delivered into Chitral Fort, but not till after we had been taken prisoners by treachery. Mahommet Issa was now accompanied by another head man of Chitral, by name Yadgar Beg. This

man confirmed all that Mahommet Issa had said. We gave them a tin of gour as a present. We almost began to believe that there was some truth in their story. If it were not true what could be their object in not at once overwhelming by numbers our party which was insignificant, compared to theirs. In any case it would only be a matter of time till we should be obliged to make a sortie, and be overwhelmed.

Our watercarriers again went out and got water, and supplies were brought in, but not in the quantities we had ordered. This was excused by the fact of the great scarcity due to all the villagers having fled.

All the trees in the orchard were scarred with bullet-holes, and the branches hung from the trees half cut by bullets, and strewed the ground as if after a tremendous storm. We could see some of their men burrowing round their loopholes in the mud walls to extract the lead of our bullets. We allowed no one to approach our walls.

15th March.—During the night it snowed, and snow an inch deep was lying everywhere in the morning, but as soon as the sun got up it began to thaw rapidly. We filled every vessel with snow and water, and as many empty ammunition boxes as had not bullet-holes in them. By the afternoon the snow was all gone, and Mahommet Issa sent in word that now that peace was restored his people wanted to celebrate the event by having a polo-match on the polo-ground, and hoped that the two Sahibs would join in the game in which case he would provide the ponies. E. and I talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we must appear to trust these people. No man playing polo could possibly escape the fire from our walls, and as they already held the wall on our side of the polo-wall, we were not giving them any advantage if we remained vigilant. As to our playing polo, that we politely declined.

A reply was sent that they might play polo, but that we would not.

Word came back from Mahommet Issa that he was much disappointed at our refusal to play, but hoped that we would at least honour the game by our presence, and that as he had only seen one "Sahib" hitherto, he hoped that he might have the pleasure of seeing the other, and assuring him of his devoted friendship.

E. and I at first decided not to go, but finally settled that if all their men were ordered to the far side of the polo-ground which was not under cover, we would go to the gap in the polo-wall. We thought that by this arrangement we should render it too risky a business for them to attempt any treachery, as some of the men playing polo and the men on the far side of the ground would certainly be shot by our Sepoys from our post, who at eighty yards would make good practice. The reason that we ran the risk of going out at all was that we did not wish to show fear of them or distrust of their protestations of friendship, while by playing a bold game, which is so often successful with natives, we might influence them to respect the promises they had made to us, even if they were false.

All the men having been put on their posts, and Mahommet Issa and Yadgar Beg having presented themselves at the polo-wall and ordered their men to the far side of the ground, we went out.

A "charpoy" (native bedstead) had been placed for us to sit on, and noticing that this was very close to the end of the wall, I myself moved it back before sitting down.

The game then began, in which Mahomet Issa himself joined, while we sat with Yadgar Beg between us.

We ordered some tea to be made to give them.

The game was of a feeble description, which was excused on account of their ponies being bad, which they certainly were.

At first there were not many onlookers, but by degrees they increased and sat along the far side of the ground. The game

went on for about half an hour, and then the players said their ponies were tired, and they proposed to have a dance, and asked our consent.

A dance in Chitral always winds up everything. One or perhaps two men do a slow step dance to the music of the flageolets and tom-toms comprising the band. The dancer also slowly waves his arms about, singing in a monotonous voice the whole time, the audience sometimes joining in a sort of chorus. At the finale he generally winds himself up to dance faster and faster till he is forced to desist by exhaustion.

We had stood up when the polo was over intending to go in, but it was difficult to refuse to witness the dance, and consented. While we were standing, on the pretext that a large puddle of water which there was in front of us would interfere with the dancers, our charpoy had been moved towards the polo wall. Mahommet Issa now sat between us, and the dance began. It was the ordinary dance as I have described. As the dance went on, men pressed forward closer and closer to the dancers and to us. I also saw that a number of men had come over to the polo wall. This looked bad, and standing up I said to E. that we must go in. Mahomet Issa, who was a big powerful man then suddenly threw himself upon us, and a rush of men got us down flat on the ground, tied our hands and feet, and stooping low pulled us under the end of the wall. Our Sepoys in the fort fired almost immediately, but without effect, on the men immediately surrrounding us, and we could see no others as we were almost flat on the ground and incapable of movement, with men holding on to our arms and legs. I could see E. a few yards to my left and Mahommet Issa still squatting between us. All this time a hard fight was going on round our post, the Chitralis having attacked it when the signal was given. Gradually the firing grew less and less and then men came from the houses carrying dead and wounded and loot on their backs. We had been searched for arms, and some of the

polished brass badges and buttons of our uniforms were pulled off under the impression that they were gold. The Pathan Jemadar, who had been the first to bring the flag of truce came up to me and asked me where our rupees were. I told him to go to the devil. He then pulled off my boots though remonstrated with, and went off to look for loot in our post. I afterwards learned that he was shot in doing so in the head and hand.

We, after the first struggle, and finding we were powerles, had taken things as calmly as we could. One of the post bags was brought out and the contents torn open and scattered on the ground as worthless. A box of cigarettes and a box of cigars were strewed over the ground. More from bravado than any desire to smoke I asked for some, and a handful was collected and given to me. As I could not move my arms, one was put in my mouth and lighted. This helped us to appear unconcerned and show our contempt for them.

The only standard we saw was carried by a ferocious-looking Pathan, who was nearly naked. The standard was white with a blood-red hand stamped on it—U.K's emblem. We saw the following men of our party prisoners in the hands of the Pathans: —Jemadar Lal Khan, Sappers Smir Shah and Ibrahim, all of whom could speak Pushtoo; and Rassid Hussemn Khan, Edwarde's orderly, also Sapper Nadir Khan, and some other Sappers and Kashmir Rifles. Sapper Chandar Sing, a Sikh, was brought in wounded in the head and back with sword cuts.

Edwardes also saw his servant " Daisy."

These were all we knew to be alive out of nearly 70 who had been in our party.

(There were really about 20 survivors though we did not know it till long afterwards.)

As soon as the fighting about our post was over we were taken up to the village through a crowd of wild Pathans and Chitralis, who, however, took wonderfully little notice of us. We were taken to the Head Quarters of Mahommet Issa, which

were in a courtyard, with a big verandah, in which we sat. Here the loot was being brought in, and lists made by moonshees of the things taken. E's. sponge appeared among other things, and created much curiosity.

The sun had set, and, the fast being over, food was produced.

We, two white men, with our arms bound, among a crowd of wild Pathans and Chitralis, who had just, through their treachery, taken us and killed our men, were not inclined to eat very much. However, we managed to eat some hard-boiled eggs and rather good native bread, which was put into our mouths, our arms still being tied at the elbow. We then had a drink of water and sat round the fire, while our captors discussed volubly the events of the day. Soon Mahommet Issa gave the signal to retire for the night, and we were escorted out of the courtyard into the darkness, expecting every moment that someone might try and stick a knife into one or both of us. We were led into a little, low, pitch-dark room, about twelve feet square. Four of our guard accompanied us inside, while one or two mounted guard outside the door. Even then our arms were not unbound, but a man held on to the rope and gave it a tug every now and then to see we were still there. They were evidently very much afraid of our getting free, though what they could fear I don't know.

There was plenty of straw to lie on, but the atmosphere soon became almost unbearable. E. had a ring on his finger, which one of the guard discovered and stole. He thought I might have one, too, so felt over my hands in the dark. My rope I got quite loose, and, being dead tired, went to sleep and slept fairly well, notwithstanding the fleas, which were numerous and hungry.

16th March.—We were given food in the morning, but still kept bound and confined. E. and I tried to be as cheerful as possible, but the attempt was rather a failure. About noon,

however, we were brought out and saw Mahommet Issa. He said that I was to go with an escort to Sher Afzul in Chitral, while E. would remain with him and proceed to Mastuj. We protested against separating us in vain, so had to submit. I was given thick Chitrali socks and raw hide shoes called "pubbooes," in place of my boots, and a "chogah," a loose woollen sort of dressing gown worn by all the Chitralis.

E. and I bid each other good-bye, little hoping to meet again, and I started off. My escort consisted of a Chltrali, who could speak a very few words of Hindustani, dressed in an old British Tommy's tunic, another Chitrali and two Pathans, all well armed.

The red-coated man tied a rope to each of my elbows, and in this ignominious fashion I was led along.

It was good to be out in the open once more after the last ten days inside walls.

Instead of going down the left bank of the river, which I knew to be the road to Chitral, we proceeded to cross it, and I at once concluded we were not bound for Chitral at all, but probably for some place in the hills.

We crossed the river by a very dangerous bridge, two thin, bending, wobbling sticks spanning fifty feet of rushing torrent.

I thought to myself, would it not be almost best if I fell off and had done with it, but we all got over safely and took the road for Parpish. When we got there the escort began to dispute. The Chitralis wanted to go up the Owir Nullah, but the two Pathans refused and said they would halt there. To show they were in earnest, they opened the breeches of their rifles to show they were loaded.

After sitting quarrelling for some time we finally all went into a house where my escort quartered themselves. The house was occupied by a man, his wife and six children. The wife was a very quiet-looking woman, but it was wonderful the

way she began to get food ready for a dozen people, besides smacking the children at intervals.

She made a quantity of chupatties (bread) with extraordinary quickness, and cooked them on an iron plate, at the same time keeping a pot boiling in which was "sag" (vegetable). She never spoke a word to anyone, and no one spoke to her, the men just sitting round and gossiping.

When the meal was ready we were all served alike with a chuppatti and some sag, both of which were very good eaten together.

I was given a raised place on which to sleep, but the men went on talking till very late.

It must have been about 3 a.m., when they were all awake again cooking another meal to eat before the sunrise should commence another day's fast.

A fowl was caught and killed in the room, boiled and given to me along with a chupatti.

17th March.—As soon as it was light enough to see, off we started down the river. I did not intend to hurry myself, so went along very slowly, my guard not appearing to mind.

The path we were following was very bad, continually rising and falling 1,000 feet or more to avoid the precipices.

After one long ascent up a black crumbling rock I sat down to rest, and was hugely pleased when one of the guard told me Edwardes was following me.

Presently he arrived, and after congratulating one another on being together again, he told me what had happened.

The afternoon after I left, Mahommet Issa took him out to sit beside him during another game of polo followed by a dance, the same as the day before. It must have been horrible. Mahommet Issa had then asked him whether he would rather go to Mastuj or with me to Chitral. Of course he chose Chitral, and had come from Reshun that morning without having had any food.

He brought with him Biddy, who was just sufficiently recovered from her wound to crawl along, and had for escort two Chitralis. One of these, Baba Khan by name, had been a servant of the late Mehtar. He was a splendid specimen of a Chitrali, and the kindest man I ever met. He had done everything he could for E. and Biddy, and although we could not understand a word he said, was most sympathetic. He at once undid my rope and we trudged along quite cheerily.

E. told me he had come along dreading to meet my guard returning, having disposed of me up some nullah or thrown me into the river.

E. was ravenous, so we said we must have food, and were promised it at the next village.

We got down to the village and then we had a very good mess of boiled rice and dal with ghee. E. nearly over-ate himself. Just when we had finished eating we were told that some Pathans had arrived, and we had better go inside a house. We went inside and Baba Khan and a Bhuta (villager) remained with us and barricaded the doors.

There was a lot of row and quarrelling outside, and we did not feel at all comfortable as to what the result would be. Baba Khan was evidently much perturbed.

Finally the red-coated man came in and made us understand that a Jemadar and ten Pathans were outside, and gave us a letter they had brought from Umra Khan. He said the Jemadar was to give up all his arms and come and speak to us. We had had a bad quarter of an hour. He was then introduced —a horrid-looking scoundrel, with protruding teeth. With the Jemadar came a nullah to swear him to do us no injury, but to deliver us over to Sher Afzul in Chitral.

The oath taking went on with a lot of forms of picking up mud and repeating formulæ. Baba Khan then seemed moderately satisfied, but kept on muttering his nasal "nasib," "nasib" (fate), accompanied by sighs.

The Jemadar had served in the Indian army and could speak a little Hindustani. He tried to make himself pleasant, but one could not look at his face and trust a word he said.

He wanted to wait and feed his men, but we finally went on without this.

The road was very bad, and by evening we got into another village, Mori, where our escort demanded food and lodging for the night. There was a lot of talk and reference to their all being Mussulmans, and, therefore, entitled to food and lodging from their co-religionists. The Chitrali villagers were evidently not best pleased with the visit of the Pathans and having to feed them. We were finally made to move on to the next village, where we got a house and, after a time, some food which had been cooked for us and for the men.

Here we spent the night with a crowd of men in the same room, guard being kept on the door and on the smoke hole in the roof.

18th March—Next day we got on to Kogozi. The road was shockingly bad in places, and the Jemadar was not good at travelling over the rocky "parries."

My feet were tender, too, from walking over sharp rocks in the thin pubbooes.

We crossed the river and sat in an orchard, inspected by the usual crowd of curious villagers who always collected to see us and our escort.

Here we met a Pathan servant of Sher Afzul, by name, Abdurrhaman. He was dressed in a black coat and armed with a rifle, bandolier and Afghan knife. He told us he had been sent to meet and take care of us, and showed us letters in Persian, which we could not read, one of them signed by Robertson.

We were now on the left bank of the river, along which the

proper road to Chitral runs, and insisted on having ponies, which were provided.

We had some food and rested.

We went on in the afternoon, and a few miles out met a lot more Pathans under a Havildar. They stopped us and said one Sahib was to go to Mastuj with them. We were determined not to be separated any more, and, after a hot discussion, succeeded in getting them to return with us to the next village, where we could stop the night while a message was sent into Chitral to ask for orders as to whether we were both to proceed or not.

Baba Khan and the Chitrali portion of our escort were evidently much disturbed by the Pathans taking possession of us, and I am sure wanted to smuggle us away and give us over to Sher Afzul, while the Pathans intended to take us to Umra Khan.

The Pathans posted sentries all round our house, besides men inside.

19th March.—An answer had been received from Chitral during the night that E. and I were both to proceed there. We were very pleased not to be separated, and mounting our ponies set out.

We could not, however, ride far. The road led through a precipitous rock face called the "Batoli Furri." Through this precipice the road had been carried in a marvellous manner built out on timbers stuck in crevices in the rocks and carried on walls resting on small projections in the almost vertical cliffs.

All these bad places had been broken down, so that no man could now travel that road, but must climb 2,000 feet up the hill-side, by a very difficult path, and then descend to the river again. Leaving our ponies we toiled up the hill, meeting on the road an outpost, stationed there to examine all passers.

Having passed this narrow gorge in safety we got down on

to more open ground, where the valley opens out, down to Chitral Fort.

A "Mehtarjao" or head-man met us and gave us his pony, which we rode in turn. We halted in an orchard and were told we must wait. The Mehtarjao told us he had lived as a refugee for some time in Gilgit. He was not, however, allowed to talk much to us.

Presently we saw a large party of 100 men advancing in "fours," all armed with rifles, and under the command of no less than a Colonel. He gave the words (in English) "Halt," "Front," and then came up and saluted us and hoped we were well, in very fair Hindustani. He had brought ponies for us to ride, and conducted us over the Chitral Bridge, and past the fort, to the head quarters of Mujid Khan.

We were ushered into the room in which Mujid Khan was, by his "Diwan" (financial minister), who was a Hindoo, and could talk Hindustani, and by the Colonel.

Mujid Khan did not get up when we came in, but invited us to sit beside him. It was a curious gathering, he and a half brother of U. K., the Diwan and a foolish-looking "nawab" of sorts, with servants, sepoys, and a crowd of stray individuals hanging about.

After greeting us he expressed his regret at what had happened, and told us that the Subedar who had permitted the treacherous attack had been punished.

We had heard there were other prisoners of our party and asked for them, and were informed they were all in Chitral and that we should see them.

Mujid Khan was a stout powerful man, with a rather jolly frank face. He was a cousin of U. K., by whom he had been sent to represent him in Chitral. U. K. himself had been ordered by the Government of India not to go there, and had therefore stopped at Drosh.

Mujid Khan had the reputation of being a great general

He assured us that he would do all in his power to make us comfortable. We then proceeded to see Sher Afzul, the man on whose behalf the Chitralis had risen against us.

An escort of 40 men, armed with loaded rifles, went with us, and, to our surprise, marched into the room in which Sher Afzul was and formed up along one side.

Sher Afzul was sitting on a mat with a loaded martini in his lap and about thirty armed followers crowded behind him.

He was a shortish man of about 50, with a very Jewish face with a cunning expression. His manner was rather good. After greeting us and expressing regret for the manner in which we had been captured, he offered us green tea and some very good little cakes, rather like scones, which we accepted. He then explained at considerable length his view of the situation in Chitral and the events that led up to it. According to his own account, he had been most forbearing, and had only acted in self-defence.

"He had come up to see Robertson with a small party and had been attacked; he was a small animal—the cat—and the Sahib was a very big animal—the dog—but that if the dog worried the cat he might get his nose scratched."

We were not in a position to argue, so let this pass.

We then represented, through our interpreter the Colonel, that we had been taken prisoners by foul means and many of our followers killed. That we knew some of them had been taken prisoners, and trusted he would make every endeavour to ensure their good treatment and bring them to Chitral.

This he promised to do. We took leave of him and returned to Mujid Khan, taking with us as presents an old tin with some green tea in it, and two very nice little Russian China cups (which we have still).

Sher Afzul also gave orders to supply us with everything we required in the way of food, but assured us there was little to be had, and his own men were very badly fed, which was quite

true. All the available food supply had either been taken into Chitral Fort, or eaten up by the gathering of Pathans and Chitralis. We returned to Mujid Khan and tried to hold a conversation on general topics, which is not easy through a bad interpreter. The way in which affairs of state were managed was very primitive. Mujid Khan sat with his counsellors in the room into which anyone could apparently enter. A man would enter, and having said a few words aloud would come forward and whisper to Mujid Khan. Mujid Khan would perhaps whisper to the man next him, and then give his reply also in a whisper. There was a peculiar dexterity about this whispering only to be acquired by long practice.

Some tobacco was brought for us and a primitive pipe, a hollow stick with a hole in it, but it was not satisfactory. Being tired we withdrew to our quarters which were with U. K.'s officers.

We shared one small dark room with the Colonel, the Major, and three or four other native officers, all of whom had served in British Indian regiments. We gathered from them by degrees that the Colonel had been a Colour Havaldar, but he had got six months in jail for some offence and been dismissed. This he told us himself. The Major was a good sort, suffering from a very bad cold, who said he had been forced by U. K. to leave our service against his will. He said the Colonel was a very bad man.

Numbers of men we met had either deserted from British Indian regiments, or been forced when on furlough to their homes not to return under threat that if they did so all their goods would be confiscated. We met men of the 19th, 20th, 21st, 26th P.I., 6th B.I., 40th Pathans, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Beluchies, 26th Beluchistan regiment, 8th Bo.I. Many others were probably rifle thieves and murderers.

Their pay was very small, but they enjoyed privileges in exemption from taxes and in holding land.

A Colonel received 15. Major 12, native officers 10, and sepoys 7, Kabull rupees per month.

These men all belonged to U.K's standing army, of whom he had three regiments of 700 men each. In addition, every man capable of bearing arms was practically a soldier and liable to service.

We proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

Sher Afzul sent us native bedsteads, "resaid" (native blankets) and a couple of carpets. Also our ration of flour, rice, ghee (clarified butter) dried apricots, and a couple of fowls.

Twelve of our Sepoys we found prisoners in a room not far from ours. They had been well treated, and had preceded us to Chitral. Among these were Jemadar Lal Khan and Sappers Ibrahim and Amir Shah, all of whom could speak Pushtoo and Rashid Khan of Edwarde's regiment. We asked for and obtained two of them to help us to cook our food; these were Ibrahim and Rashid Khan.

In the evening we were surprised by being presented by the Colonel with two pipes and a tin of tobacco. It appeared that as we had asked for tobacco a messenger who was taking a letter to the fort had been told to ask for pipes and tobacco for us. I have that pipe still. It was awfully kind of the people in the fort to send us some of their own very small supply, which was a great luxury to us. After having had our food, we turned in and tried to sleep through the constant coughing and spitting of the others.

20th March.—We went and sat for a while with Mujid Khan, trying to converse, and asked what was proposed to be done with us. He replied that we were the guests of Umra Khan, and he hoped that if things turned out right we should be sent down to Peshawar. In the meantime he would do anything we wished to make our stay pleasant. This was very nice but not satisfactory.

I told him about the ruffian who had stolen my boots, and he

at once asked if the man was in Chitral. Being told that he had been carried in badly wounded he ordered the boots to be returned to me, which was done. I put them on much pleased that the thief had been shot in them.

We were told we could go out when we liked, of course taking our escort (whom he called our servants) with us.

We went for a stroll, and tried to cheer up the Sepoy prisoners. One of them, Chadar Singh, was wounded, and we washed his wounds. The Colonel himself aasisted with a pair of scissors.

In the evening we were surprised by Amir Ali, the head clerk in the Gilgit Agency Office, who was with Robertson in the fort coming into our room. We were told we must only speak in Hindustani and about things we required.

We asked for what we most needed, and he was taken back to the fort.

21st March.—We received from the fort a grand supply, consisting of 3 blankets, 4 plates, 2 knives, 2 forks, 2 spoons, 1 pound of tea, 10 pounds of sugar, some salt, a tea pot and one mug, also a change of underclothing. This made an enormous improvement in our comfort.

In the morning we were specially invited to a "durbar" (public discussion) at which were present Amir Ali from the Fort, Mujid Khan and his counsellors, and Sher Afzul and his counsellors. Sher Afzul arrived from his quarters surrounded closely, 4 or 5 deep, by his guard. He was in great dread of assassination. Pains were taken to translate a great part to us.

The debate, though warm, was carried on in a most friendly and dignified manner without the least animosty. They were very clever at making out that every action of theirs was perfectly justified, and Amir Ali, as representative of the British Agent, was scarcely a match for them.

The discussion having arrived at an unsatisfactory conclusion, it was thought that we might be useful if we should meet and explain their views to an officer from the Fort. We therefore wrote a note to Gurdon saying that if we could meet him under the walls of the Fort we might be able to give him some useful information. We were afraid to say more in a letter, as it was quite possible they had a man who could read English. We however, heard no more about it.

22nd March.—It poured with rain the whole morning, and, our roof leaked so we had a miserable time of it.

In the afternoon it cleared up and we went for a walk over the battle-field of the 3rd March, where Sher Afzul had first arrived and defeated the attack from the Fort. Bodies of Sepoys were still lying unburied.

The Colonel explained the tactics by which the large force under Sher Afzul, strongly posted in villages, had out-flanked the small force under Campbell and forced them to retreat for fear of being cut off. We returned to our quarters and found Mujid Khan sitting by a stream washing his brawny arms and hands. He told us he had just heard good news from the force that U. K. had sent into Kaffiristan, which had captured several important villages.

From what he told us a raid against the Kaffirs was a favourite expedition, being both a holy crusade and also profitable in the way of loot.

Sher Afzul was sending us our daily rations which were sufficient for us, but the Sepoy prisoners complained they did not get enough, and we were often able to give them some of ours.

U. K.'s own men received very scanty rations indeed, and seemed to undergo a great amount of hardship for very little gain.

While we were having our dinner a Lombador (landowner) came in to see the Colonel. He gazed at us eating with a knife and fork and was hugely delighted. He said "truly these

are great sahibs who eat thus," and when another suggested we were well supplied, he scoffed at him and told him that in our own country we would have thousands of cups and plates, etc.

We often tried to talk privately to the Major and get information as to what was going on.

We had heard a report that the 14th Sikhs had tried to come to our assistance at Reshun and been all killed. He, however, told us that they had been obliged to retreat with but little loss.

The Colonel explained to us that the only interest we had in Chitral was to hold it against the " Roos " (Russians). This, he said U. K. could do for us much better than we could.

He was also astonished that we allowed the Amir of Afghanistan to be so powerful and make guns and rifles, and why did we pay him money every year ?

This evening Amir Ali from the Fort got permission to visit us again, and the Major and Colonel only were present at the moment. I told him all about the treachery at Reshun in Hindustani without being interrupted, so that he could repeat it to the British Agent.

We also inquired after each in the Fort by name, and knew by his hesitation at the name of poor Baird that he probably had been killed.

23rd March.—To-day the rain was worse than ever, and the water came through on to us who had the driest part of the room. The end wall was also practically demolished by the fall of a house next door. We were offered another room which was really a stable, but dry, and we accepted it, much to the disgust of a lot of Pathans who were turned out for us.

We went and sat for a while with Mujid Khan. He asked us how it was we could get on without "Sharab" (wine). Of course a Mussulman never touches wine, but these people appeared to think it was a necessity to us. We explained that we never drank "Sharab," and could do very well without it.

Mujid Khan, however, insisted on sending for all the bottles that had been captured in the Agency Hospital.

The Agency Hospital had been outside the Fort in the village, and in the hurry on 3rd March the whole of the medical stores had not been removed into the Fort.

Among these stores was a large tin of vaseline and some quinine. The other bottles contained iodine and ipecacuanha, so we laughed and declined them with thanks. The vaseline we used for Chandar Singh, and dosed the Major and others with quinine, and ourselves too. Our health all through had been very good. My wounded shoulder was healing up well, and we had become quite accustomed to living in a state of uncertainty as to what would happen to us in the next five minutes. I believe one gets hardened to almost anything in a very short time.

What would have happened if one of us had been really sick I don't know.

We spent the night in the stable, which was very stuffy, and full of fleas and other insects.

24th March.—The mornlng was again very wet, but Mujid Khan told us we must proceed to Drosh to meet U. K., who wanted to see us.

We packed all our belongings into two bundles wrapped up in the carpets Sher Afzul had given us. These bundles were to be carried by coolies. The Sepoy prisoners were to accompany us.

We were provided with two good ponies, and off we started in the pouring rain, accompanied by a Havaldar, who could speak Hindustani; Badshah, a Pathan, with an evil face like a hawk, and a very wild eye; the Hindoo Diwan, a nice-looking Pathan, who was a head man and a friend of U.K.'s; two mounted Mehtarjaos to guide us, and a dozen or more Sepoys as escort. Mehtarjaos are relatives or connections of the Mehtar or ruler of Chitral.

We were soon wet to the skin, but travelled fast, galloping when we could, Badshah hitting his pony and yelling at the top of his voice. He was an amusing ruffian.

Arriving at a village, Ajun, about eight miles down the river, we decided to halt for the night, and having got a fire lighted the whole crowd of us stood round it trying to dry our clothes. Not a single one had a dry stitch, but after a bit we got fairly dry and warm. These chaps always gave us the best place by the fire or in the room.

We were a large party to feed, and the unfortunate villagers were probably requisitioned to feed every party that came through, and very reluctant to supply more from their scanty stores.

However, we were at last given a feed of cooked rice and chupatties, and had a pretty good night in our very crowded room.

25th March.—Rain was falling in the morning, but cleared off, and we started riding. Before we had gone far we had to cross the Chitral river.

The river was coming down very strong, and the ford was a diagonal one. The two Mehtarjaos led the way, E. and I following them closely.

For 150 yards our ponies struggled through the torrent of rushing dirty brown water. The ponies leaned the whole weight of their bodies up against the stream, leaning over at a considerable angle. How they kept their footing was wonderful, as the bottom was all big round boulders; but they were evidently quite accustomed to the work.

The Diwan and the Pathan forded too, the foot soldiers having gone over a "tula" (rope bridge) higher up. We always carried some chupatties and dried apricots in our girdles as refreshments on the road. We halted for lunch by the river, and the Diwan, who was a Hindoo, and therefore not fasting,

gave us some walnuts. E., when starting to ride, picked up two stones to crack them with as he rode along.

Nothing was said at the time, but U. K. afterwards asked him why he had done it. I suppose he thought we were taking a sample of the country. This showed how closely we were watched.

While in Chitral Mujid Khan had often said, "You should learn Pushtoo, so as to be able to speak to us without an interpreter." We said, "If you give us paper and pencil we will write down the words we are told, and so learn quickly." He hesitated, and then gave us leave to have a paper and pencil.

I had at once started a little diary, the original of which I have now, on which a word or two was written for each day to show what happened. This I kept hidden in the lining of my coat, and it was afterwards of the greatest use to recall the sequence of events.

The road was now fairly good, except at one point, where it had been broken down near the Shi-Shi Nullah, and our ponies had to be swam for a few hundred yards down the river by the natives, while we clambered over the top of the precipice.

We arrived at Drosh shortly before sunset and met U. K., with a following party just going to pray. We shook hands with him, and he inquired if we were all right. He only spoke Pushtoo and Persian. He was a tall, powerful man, with round shoulders, a long face with rather thick lips, good eyes and good expression of countenance.

He was very neatly dressed in clean white clothes, blue puggaree and shawl, and unarmed, but accompanied by a small guard.

After greeting our escort he invited us to accompany him into the Musjid.

This Musjid (Mussulman temple) was in the old Drosh fort which U. K. two months before had besieged and taken from the Chitralis. He had then dismantled all the houses inside,

and with the materials thus obtained, and by pulling down all the houses of the village, built himself a new fort a few hundred yards distant. He had then declared that this new fort should be his frontier, in which he would keep a garrison, and that the Chitralis might hold the other one. The Musjid was a small room, with a clean floor strewn with pine-needles. Before entering we took off our boots, as everyone does entering a Musjid. While he prayed we sat in a corner, and when he had finished we did not offer to move or say anything, which I hink he expected. So after a bit U. K. said we must want to rest and get some food. We then said that we should like to know his intentions with regard to us, and that we wanted to go back to our own people. He seemed annoyed at this, and the Diwan said rudely we had better go and rest.

We had a wretched little den in the new fort, which was damp, dark, and dirty.

The only outlet for the smoke was the door—there was no window.

The Sepoy prisoners had another room.

We got a ration of rice and a piece of goat, but had great difficulty and delay in getting cooking pots, flour, and native blankets.

26th March.—After our breakfast we went for a stroll with our escort, and inspected the block-houses the Pathans had built for the siege and the new fort.

Each leaf of the folding doors of the new fort was hewn out of a solid tree trunk about four feet wide and a foot thick, tennons being left at two corners to fit into the jamb and lintol to form hinges.

During our walk we found a lot of young clover, which we gathered to cook and eat as a vegetable.

On our return we were told that U. K. wanted to see us, so we went to him.

The picture is stamped on my memory. U. K. himself sat

on a rock which overhung the cliff of the Chitral river, rushing along 100 feet below; beyond was a "ziarat" (tomb), with red and white flags flying. The sun was nearly setting over the mountains, and the long shadows of the glistening snow-peaks were thrown over the steep-sided valley, making them appear a deep purple colour.

U. K. sat cross-legged, dressed in spotless white, with a lungi (blue shawl) over his shoulders.

About three feet in front of him squatted a "mullah," with his knees up to his chin and clasping his knees with his arm. The mullah had a long solemn face with thick lips, and as U. K. read aloud from the Koran he, without any book, and apparently knowing the whole off by heart, corrected any slip or mis-pronunciation.

The Koran itself was a beautifully written little book in Persian, with clean pages and broad white margins.

Behind him stood and sat his guard and some of his counsellors, fine-looking wild Pathans, all armed to the teeth with sword, knife, and rifle.

While the reading went on they chatted and joked among themselves. If U. K. caught any remark that interested him he joined in the conversation, and asked questions and laughed. When the setting sun was sinking U. K. and some of them stood up in a line with the mullah in front to pray. All these men who prayed wore clean white clothes. A man does not pray unless he has got clean clotheson.

The Mussulman prayers are long, and at intervals the forehead is bowed to the ground and kept there during a portion of the prayer.

When the prayer was over U. K. turned round to talk to us. He asked some questions as to whether we were all right, and had got all we wanted.

We did not want to appear grumblers, so said "Yes," although the place where we lived in the Fort was horribly dark

and cramped, and the food was very indifferent. He then asked abruptly what we wished to do—whether to remain at Drosh or go down to Jundool with him. This was rather a puzzler, so we tried to make out what he was driving at. The only interpreter we had was the havildar of our guard, who was a most indifferent Hindustani speaker. We made out that U. K. intended to return to Jundool for a time until after the Id. (festival at the end of the Ramzan feast), and that he was coming back again to Drosh—it might be a month, or it might be later. While we were thinking over this U. K. asked if we would like to be sent into Chitral Fort. Everyone laughed and treated this as a joke. We, however, after asking if he would give us an escort and hand us over in safety into the Fort, told the havildar to tell U. K. that we would go to Chitral. The havildar told U. K. something, but U. K. was in a hurry to get back to the Musjid to pray and break his fast; so said we were to think it over and send him our answer. Nimbola. one of our escort, and the havildar and others of our escort, all assured us that the offer to send us into Chitral Fort was only a joke, and that we had much better go down to Jundool, holding out as an inducement that there all our troubles would be over—a splendid country to see, and lots of food. We, however, kept to our decision, and sent for Jemadar Lal Khan to convey it to U. K. We had long lost all confidence in Lal Khan, but he was an educated man and a native officer. and, therefore, more fitted to be our go-between with U. K. than a sapper sepoy,

We told Lal Khan what U. K. had said to us, on which he at once besought us on no account to leave him and the other prisoners, that there was certainly some treachery intended, and added a few mournful wails.

We told him we had made up our minds to all stick together as long as it was in our power, and instructed him to go to U. K. and repeated to him U.K's. proposals.

1st. That we should remain at Drosh till his return.

2ndly. That we should accompany him to Jundool.

3rdly. That he would give us an escort and send us all into Chitral Fort.

After making him repeat the exact words over and over again we got him to say them correctly.

We then told him he was to say we wished all to go to Chitral Fort, and if that were not granted we would go to Jundool. Remaining at Drosh without U. K., whom we had some trust in, was out of the question.

In a few minutes he came back with a very long face to say that the Khan had spoken very roughly to him, and had said "Yes, I will send in the two Sahibs into Chitral, but will let no black man that God has given into my hands leave."

Lal Khan was in a very excited state and not fit to be sent back. He implored us not to leave them, and said that not one of tbem would ever escape. We were just going to have our food, so we settled to have that first and then go down ourselves and see U. K. We took Sapper Amir Shah with us to interpret, and went down to the Musjid in the other Fort, and repeated our decision to go into Chitral Fort with the Sepoys. U. K. then said, "I will not send the Sepoys, they must go with me, you two only can go to Chitral."

We then said, "We will all go to Jundool." U. K. then told us we could write a letter to Robertson which he would forward if possible, saying that we had preferred to go to Jundool instead of the Chitral, and that we should start the next day. He also gave us some messages for the British Agent to be included in our letter.

Having settled this we retired to our hovel, and proceeded to write the letter. E. writing and I suggesting. We first wrote U. K's message that he intended to prevent the force leaving Chitral Fort, but that he did not mean to make any attempt to capture the Fort. That when the Sahibs liked to come out they were to give him 15 days warning, and he would then

come up himself to make all the arrangements to escort them, their guns, ammunition, and treasure down to Peshawar.

We then wrote a short report of all that had happened to us and our party since leaving Mastuj, and handed the whole over to U. K. I also wrote a private note to Campbell.

By the time we had finished it was very late, and we retired to our charpoys satisfied that whatever the wisdom of our decision might be we had taken the most sporting course, so forward for Jundool, a country that I believe only one white man had ever ventured into and then in disguise.

U. K. was apparently a great man for quibbles. I found out afterwards that the British Agent Robertson had written demanding our surrender to him but had omitted to say anything about our men. U. K. then said he had complied with the demand and we had refused.

I think he was rather pleased at our trusting ourselves to him.

27th March.—Very glad we were to leave our wretched quarters in the Fort. We were quite a large party of over 100 men. We had ponies to ride and followed the road, which was very rough, and in some places the ponies had to climb rock stairs. We were still following down the Chitral river.

Coming to a nice stream we sat down to eat the food we had brought with us. Only two of our guard happened to be present at the time, the rest having taken a short cut only practicable for men on foot.

We rested for some time, and the Havildar and others came back in great excitement to find out what had become of us.

Although it was warm marching, our guard would not eat or drink during the day.

The country was different to that above Chitral, the hills being less rugged and covered with stunted trees and vegeta-

tion. We now turned to the left up a side valley leaving the Chitral river. If we could have followed that straight on I knew we would reach Asmar, where the Afghan Frontier Commission under Mr. Udney had been encamped, but I did not know if they were there still.

We got into Ashreth fairly late, and were told U. K. would come in later, which he did, and put up in the Musjid. Here, as usual, we had a family turned out to make room for us. They seldom succeeded in turning out the fowls too, and the brutes used to flutter about in the night. The bugs and fleas were terrible, and one had to have shikars (hunts) twice a day. The underclothing we had got from the Fort was thick wool, and felt very rough and hairy now the weather was warmer.

We got as meat a bit of leg of goat and a little rice and atta. U. K. said we were to get everything before he did, but his subjects were not all obliged to obey. Indeed there was little to be had.

Next morning we started before dawn.

The road led through a most beautiful forest of Deodar trees, the finest forest I had seen in that country.

The road was a mere goat track leading up the valley. We often had to ride our ponies up the boulder bed of the stream, sometimes dismounting and leading them while they scrambled over bad places.

Soon we came to the first patches of snow, which got deeper and deeper till at Ziarat we could neither ride nor lead them any further, so we had to send them back. There was a track, through the snow just wide enough for a man, and from which one easily slipped into soft snow.

Fortunately it was a dull day and little glare from the snow so our eyes did not suffer.

It was very warm work, and the path got steeper and steeper, clouds came rolling up, and the wind began to blow.

The last mile and a half the path led straight up a very steep

face. A strong blizzard, carrying snow and hail, was blowing in our faces, the whole surface of the snow appeared to move in front of it, no footstep left a trace for a moment. Bagoo, one of the prisoners, a Kashmir Dogra, was ill and badly clothed, and became axhausted, but we succeeded in urging him on much against his will. E. and I had our Chogas to protect us a bit, and held them over our faces to save them from the hail and cutting wind.

The Pathan Jemadar who had been shot at Reshun after stealing my boots was being carried along on a sort of stretcher lashed tightly to two poles. I saw him move his head on the way up, but I think when we passed him he was dead. He was dead when we reached Dir.

On the top of the pass was an overhanging crest of snow, like the breaking billow of a wave.

Through this we plunged, and with great relief found we had reached the top and were going down the other side.

From here it was a very easy descent until we got out of the snow and reached a small village. We expected that U.K. would halt here somewhere, and waited to hear what he would do. Finding he was going through to Dir we went on, too.

Sapper Nadir Khan, one of the pluckiest chaps I ever saw, and who had greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Reshun, complained of pains in his stomach. We got him along for some time, but on getting to a village he said he could go no further.

We arranged that he should be given a room and looked after, and left him with Sapper Nizam-ud-Din and two of the guard to look after him, hoping that after resting for the night he would catch us up the next day. Sapper Nizam-ud-Din however, came on next day and told us he had died in the night. I was very sorry, indeed.

The cold wind had caught E., too, and he was not at all well and very weak. Biddy, who was a miserable object, took it in-

to her head at one time that E. was behind, and I had the greatest work to get her along till we caught up E., who was a little ahead. She was a wonderfully faithful little hound.

It was quite dark when we got to Dir.

Dir is a big fortified village, and the chief village in the Dir country at which the ruler, Mahomed Shah Khan lived. Mahomed Shah was the younger brother of U. K.

No arrangements had been made for us—in fact, never on the road did we find anything ready on our arrival. We saw Mahomed Shah Khan for a moment outside the keep, and then the usual squabble went on as to who was to turn out of their house to make room for us.

While we were sitting waiting a Pathan came up to us and told us in a whisper he was a servant of the "Sirkar" (British). He said his name was Salar-ud-Din, and he would take any message from us.

He had come to the Khan with letters from the Commissioner of Peshawar, and was now awaiting an answer. We told him our names and then the guard interrupted and sent him away.

All these villages are exactly the same whether large or small. In shape, rectangular, surrounded by a wall all round, 15 to 20 feet high, with flanking towers at the corners. About 12 feet up from the ground is the banquette, with straight-slit loopholes, and on the top of wall is a roof overhanging about 4 feet on in-inside and outside and piled with earth. There is always an inner keep in which the chief lives. All the people live in these forts, none of them daring to live outside, so there are no houses or villages in the fields. There are always a great number of feuds going on between villages and families. No man travels without a loaded rifle in his hand; even the coolie carrying a load carries a jezail on the top of it.

We got into a house occupied by a rather nice man and his wife. A very fair feed was supplied late in the evening. Several people came to look at us, including one of the big men,

who was very well dressed. All came in fully armed. The house was much cleaner than any we had been in for some time. We got the usual bedding sent in to us, and the Havildar actually undressed himself on going to bed—a thing he had probably not done for many weeks.

We had done a long march of about 25 miles and crossed a snow pass 10,000 feet high in a blizzard, so were entitled to a good sleep, which we got.

29th March.—To-day was the "Id," a day of great rejoicing after the month of fasting during the Ram-zan. Everybody—man or woman—was dressed out in their best clothes. It is the custom on this day for each man to visit his neighbour and congratulate him and eat a bit in his house.

Early in the morning the visitors from other families began to come in and eat a little bread with rice and soup. Each visitor only stayed about five minutes, and then went on to call at the next house and eat a little more. As he had probably to eat in a large number he cannot eat very much in each. The ladies of the family also had other ladies to visit them, but there are no mixed parties of men and women.

The Mussulman prisoners were all invited to feeds, and the Hindoos, too, had food given them.

We fully expected U.K. would halt for that day, but doubtless he knew of the expedition preparing against him, so wanted to get home.

We did not start till late, and, being tired from the day before, insisted on having ponies to ride. The Havildar assured us that our ponies were waiting at the foot of the hill, so we started on foot to find them. Just outside the Fort all the children were collected, dressed in their best clothes and with a lot of banners with U. K.'s sign—a hand stamped on them in red and green and blue.

Seeing us, these children were inclined to be too inquisitive, and set up a general scream, and came running down to meet

us. The guard, however, sent them back. When we got to the foot of the hill we found U. K. had gone by another road, and there was not a sign of our ponies. We had told the Havildar that U. K. had gone by the upper road, but the ass did not believe us. Then we sat down and said nothing would induce us to stir till ponies were produced.

Men were sent on ahead, but brought back word there were no ponies there, so we sent back to the Fort. Finally two mules were produced with country baggage saddles, with blankets over them, and only head-collars and collar-chains instead of bridles.

After expressing some opinions of an uncomplimentary nature to the Havildar about his arrangements, we mounted these gay steeds and started off. They were really rather comfortable, and with a good deal of licking travelled fairly well. Of course the chain on the head collar gave us no control over them, and I was nearly carried over a very rotten bridge against my will. Hearing the shouts of warning from the escort, I tumbled off anyhow, and the mule going on got over all right.

The road was good and the scenery rather like Kashmir, nice and green after the barren Gilgit country. We always marched at the rate of about four miles an hour. U. K.'s soldiers carry nothing except their rifle and ammunition, and sometimes one blanket, but even that much is unusual. Most of them had looted chogas and Chitrali caps. They trusted to being given shelter and blankets at each halt, and having their food provided and cooked for them. Every man of course always kept his rifle loaded whether by day or night. After going along about eight miles we found Mahomed Shah Khan seated on the ground, having his back and legs massaged by two servants. He was dressed in a gorgeous chocolate-coloured military frock coat, trimmed with broad gold lace, and wearing high Russian boots, evidently too tight for him. A little scarlet cotton bandana handkerchief was tied round his head over a

brand new gold lace skull cap, altogether he looked an awful ass. He asked us to sit beside him, which we did. He ate a good deal of snuff, which he kept in an old Day and Martin's blacking tin.

Most of the men, though they did not smoke, ate snuff. He, as appears to be the universal habit of the country, was continually spitting. Whenever he did so the attendant servant hastened to cover the spittle with clay. What the object of this was I do not know. He had a nice little 20-bore gun and a 12-bore, also an Exhibition model repeating Winchester. The latter he said had been given to him by anùr ul Mulk of Chitral. He was very pleased at having bagged two ducks, right and left, as he came along, and gave us one. After we had been sitting there some time U. K. came up out of one of the houses. He was very plainly dressed. He hoped we were well, and said he had got a bad cold crossing the Pass the day before, and told us some food was ready for us a little further on. We went on and had a feed on the usual boiled fowl in a little wooden bowl with some gravy, and a bowl of rice. It is not a very simple matter to negotiate rice into one's mouth with fingers only. Having finished we once more mounted our mules and tried to smoke some tobacco we had got in Dir. We had never been absolutely without a smoke all through. At Reshun we had collected a few cigarettes and cheroots which had been strewed about the ground by the looters, and which one of our guard gave us in a very broken condition. We had to wrap pieces of paper round them to make them draw at all.

At Chitral we had got the half lb. tobacco and the two pipes. By taking great care and only allowing ourselves about two pipes a day, this had lasted us down to Dir. There we got native tobacco, which was very hot and abominable, and almost impossible to keep alight. I was much more successful in smoking it than E.

Everyone we met on the road was most curious to see the "Feringhees," which was the name we now went by.

We passed several fortified villages and arrived at Bandai, where U. K. decided to halt.

As usual no preparations had been made for us, but a family was kicked out, and we were put into their dirty room. After a time our customary ration of fowls, flour, rice and ghi was produced, also the dirty resais (padded quilts for bedding.)

30th March.—To-day we got proper ponies with saddles.

We were on fairly friendly terms with our guard and as we marched along asked them a good many questions about the country, some of which they understood and answered, and some of which they did not. Rashid Khan, Ibrahim, and Amir Shah, marched with us to act as interpreters, the rest of the men generally travelling a short distance either before or after us. We had to ascend the Jan Batai Kotal, which separates Dir from Jundool. The men marched up the hill wonderfully quickly, and we rode up. The path was steep but not difficult compared to what we had been coming along in Chitral. When we got to the top we had a grand view over the Jundool valley.

It was a fine open valley, all cultivated to high up on both sides. The hills did not rise more than 5,000 to 6,006 feet above the valley.

We halted till U. K. should arrive and our ponies were sent back to their owners.

A certain number of people had already assembled to meet U. K., and many more were on their way up the steep road leading from the Jundool valley. We sat down and looked at the view, having chosen a mound as the most comfortable seat. This turned out to be a grave, so we were asked not to sit on it. We had as usual got some chupatties tied up in our girdles, and an old man having presented us with some sweetmeats (gour covered with flour) we proceeded to have our mid-

day meal. Another old man presented us with another sort of sweetmeat which was rather good. In about an hour U. K. arrived. By this time there was quite a number of people collected, who all most cordially welcomed U. K. back again to his own country. U. K. asked us to come and sit by him on the roof of a little shed, the people being assembled immediately below. U. K. asked us what we thought of his country, and was evidently very pleased to be back. He had a pair of field glasses which he gave us to look through, and told us the names of the villages. He then began talking to different individuals in the crowd, speaking a word or two to each. They all seemed pleased to see him, but were never in any way fawning or servile, and treated him much as an equal. All these people called him the "Barra Khan" or big Khan. Refreshments were now produced, a boiled fowl, rice, honey and snow. The latter was not dfficult to obtaiu as there were patches of it close by.

We ate the fowl, while U. K. ate snow dipped in honey. U. K. asked the Havildar what we had been talking about and received probably some garbled version.

We then asked for our fresh ponies which were not forthcoming, so men were sent to procure them. As the descent was steep we decided to walk on, as riding would not have been much use. One man who had ridden up was told to go with us and give us his pony which he did, and this was the only pony we got, so we rode it in turns.

Down on the plain we met numbers of people, many of them carrying hawks, and also about 20 cavalry armed with lances and carbines, and one or two mounted men with kettle drums. The cavalry had most gorgeous trappings on their horses. The horses were small but strong, and the trappings were like what one sees in the pictures of horses of the olden knights, but were made of padded scarlet cloth, sewn over with silver plaits and cowri shells—very imposing but barbaric, and must have

been very hot for the horses. A salute of two guns was fired from the Fort. We got into Barwar before U. K., who stopped to pray as the sun set.

Barwar, which was one of the chief dwelling places of U .K., was a walled village, just like all the others, but U. K. had started to rebuild it and make big store-rooms, knocking down the dirty and cramped old huts to make room for his new building.

We were given two big rooms in a new building, the bigger of which was about 40 feet by 20 feet, and 15 feet high. Fine big timbers had been used in the construction, which must have been procured with great labour, as they had to be brought from the tops of the hills at least 3 000 feet above and 15 miles away. It must have taken about 30 men to move each big timber.

The roof was flat, covered with about a foot of reeds and a foot of earth. Nearly half one side was open, with a straight drop outside of about 20 feet down to the ground, so we had plenty of air and light. Leading to our room there was a long broad verandah, where we could walk up and down, and also where our cooking took place.

Altogether, it made a very good airy quarter for us, considering the dirty places we had been living in.

The Sepoy prisoners were provided with another room close by.

After a good deal of delay we were fitted with cooking and water pots, charpoys and resais, all of a better class than we had had as yet.

We started to get our dinner ready, but before it was cooked Mahomed Shah sent to ask us to visit him. This we did, and while we were there his food was brought in. All these dinners were very much the same.

Mahomed Shah was living in a big room without any window. He himself lay in his shirt on a charpoy, covered with a resai.

He sat up when we came in and explained he was tired from his ride. Another charpoy was brought for us to sit on, and our two interpreters—Sappers Amir Shah and Ibrahim—sat on the ground in front of us. On a flat hearth in the centre of the room was a very small fire of dry twigs, the only light being given by a native lamp—a copper stand about three feet high, supporting a bowl containing oil, and the wick hanging over a lip. This was the sort of lamp always used. We often had to burn instead of oil, ghi, or clarified butter, which had a nasty smell. The light only made the darkness visible. There were 30 to 40 men in the room, all armed, some squatting on the ground and the others standing about, with a guard both inside and outside the door.

The Khan himself had his loaded Winchester on his bed, and two hoys were thumping and patting his back and legs to take the stiffness out. We said, "How do you do," and tried to get up some conversation, which was difficult.

Soon dinner, which is cooked by the ladies of the household in their own part of the Fort, was brought in—first a basketfull of big flat chupatties about a foot in diameter and quarter of an inch thick, quite soft and pliable, like a piece of soft leather. This bread is very good, and some sort of leaven is used to make it rise. The Khan pounced on the bread-basket, and sorting them over picked out two or three, examining them most carefully—I suppose to get hold of well-cooked ones. He kept one himself and handed us over a selected one. Then everyone else began to choose for himself. Next a huge bowl of boiled rice was put down on the floor, with smaller bowls of soup, cream, honey, a vegetable like spinach, and curds. The Khan next proceeded to serve out the rice to us, we being the only people provided with any sort of plate—asking what we would eat with it, and heaping rice, soup, cream, and honey all on our plates. Then a funny sort of copper basin like a large cardinal's hat, and a large coffee-pot full of water, were brought

in. Each in turn held his hands over the basin while water was poured over them. He dried them by waving in the air.

Then the feeding of the inner circle began. Sitting round the centre bowl of rice and digging their fingers into it to secure a lump, they then dipped it in one of the side dishes for a relish. There was dead silence, except for the smacking of lips, for about five minutes, and then everyone had finished. The bowls of rice, &c, were then taken up and put down again on the floor a little way off, where another circle formed and ate in the same way. There always seemed to be abundance of food for all—more washing of hands, and the meal was over. We got through our food much slower, finding it very difficult to scoop up the rice and other mess, and then introduce it neatly into our mouths.

All the food was good and clean, but the clotted cream was especially good and rich. Unfortunately it did not agree with us.

The Khan had a hookah brought in, from which he took a puff or two, and passed it on to one or two privileged followers, after which it was again taken outside. U. K. did not approve of smoking, and very few of the people ever smoked.

Very little talk went on, except between the people and the Khan himself, and there was never any laughing. A big grey-bearded man, who sat on his right hand, and was, I believe, a mulah (priest), answered the Khan when he spoke, and said "Sahib" deferentially at every pause. We tried to make remarks through our interpreter, but this always led to their talking among themselves for about half an hour on what we had said, so we did not get much further. He told us that in a few days' time he was going to Mundiah, a village of his own, and that he was going to take us with him to do exactly as we liked—hawking and shooting, and feeding us well, and after that he would send us down to Peshawar. He also told us that whatever we wanted he would get us, and that he would give

us as much money as we wanted. We thanked him politely, and suggested we should like some stuff to make clothes and a sheep to eat. We did not put much faith in his promises.

Getting tired, we said we would retire, and went off to our own quarters, where we had a meal of our own, consisting of rice and the soup the fowl was boiled in and chupatties. Our guard still insisted on all sleeping in the same room with us. This we strongly objected to, and said that U. K. had promised we should only have one or two men in the room, and that the rest might sleep outside. However, our remonstrances had not much effect, and the guard disposed themselves across each door and in front of the window. Badshah's cough was still very bad, and he coughed and spat most of the night. However, we were much better off than we had been for some time.

31st March.—After a good night's rest we proceeded to arrange our effects and make ourselves as comfortable as possible, as we were likely to remain here some days.

First we proceeded to rig up a table. U. K. had in our room a sort of boarded bedstead, carved and painted, on which we were told he said his prayers. It was just the thing to make a table for us, so we propped it up to raise it, and made a seat out of some lumber. A table is a great comfort.

The room we were in was also the armourer's shop. The armourer, who was a clever workman, began work early, putting rifles and carbines to rights. He told us he had been at Ferozepore Arsenal as a skilled workman. A number of headmen began to arrive, anxious to visit the "Feringhies." We objected to too many at a time, and there were regular scuffles at the door as to who should be admitted. We tried to talk to them, and said we were very glad to see them, etc., and asked where they came from. When one lot went out they were succeeded by another, most of them fine-looking men and well dressed. None of them showed the slightest ill-feeling against us. They were all quite friendly, but seated themselves with-

out asking our permission and proceeded to stare and talk among themselves. When they went away we shook hands with some of them. One old Pathan treated us with great respect. All were armed, and showed us with pride their rifles and bandoliers full of cartridges.

We sent as many of our clothes as we could spare down to the river to be washed.

In the next room there was a great heap of old iron, cartridge boxes, old caps, which had been taken out of cases when recapping them, and the butt of the casting of a brass gun. We asked if they cast cannon, and the armourer said they did.

We went out for a stroll and found a lot of wild onions in a field which we dug up and put in our soup. We had no vegetables at all, and we felt the want very much.

In the evening the Khan of Dir again asked us to go and see him. The performance was much as before, except that he gave us a long lecture on the Russo-Turkish war. We only found out next day what he had been talking about, as none of it was translated to us at the time. It was an extremely monotonous entertainment. The Khan in the dim light with a red skull cap and scarlet dressing gown, seated cross-legged on his bedstead, his legs hidden in the red resais, looked like Mephistophales. His body swaying, rising and falling from his hips like a serpent, while his eyes glistened and he gesticulated with his hands, the surrounding circle of followers with stern impassive faces not speaking a word. Amir Shah told me that the Khan's account of the war was that the Russians at first gained successes, but that in the end the faithful swept them back with great loss and more than recovered their ground. Of course they all reverence "Rum" (Turkey) as their Holy Land.

The Khan in his narrative, full of gesticulations and animation, evidently recounted exciting episodes, but I don't know

what they were. After about an hour of this we got extremely bored and said we would retire. Then he began for a time to talk about our troops, praising them and saying one regiment could walk through the whole country. We finally succeeded in getting away to our own quarters. Our guard changed a little, and on the whole diminished, some going to their homes and a few new ones coming in their place. Badshah, Nimbolah, Khanzada and the Havildar however still remained. A gentleman called Bahadur was attached but had no rifle. This last man at first made himself extremely disagreeable and sulky but improved on further acquaintance.

I heard from Amir Shah that there had been a big meeting of head-men the day before, to consider the letters received from the Government of India, and from the Amir of Afghanistan. The wording of the Amir's letter was to this effect :— "Oh! Umra Khan! who are you that you have ventured to displease the great Sirkar; I have eighty thousand fighting men, and artillery and cavalry, and you have none; yet when I was annoyed with you and had to come to Asmat with my army to eat up you and your country, I received a Hukm from the Sirka. Halt wherever you are and come no farther! and I so feared the Sirkar that I did not advance one step. Who are you that you should set yourself against the great Sirkar."

The interpretation as given to me of the Viceroy's letter was rather vague. "Oh! U. K. that I have always regarded as a son, why now have you displeased me—for I am displeased with you, and it depends on how you behave what steps I shall take."

These letters were apparently read to the meeting of head men, who selected six of their number to form a committee. Six old men sat on the situation and then went to U. K. and said, "We have considered the matter and think that the Sirkar have reason to be angry, and it were better to make terms with them." At this reply U. K. was annoyed and said, "I wear

the "pugaree" (am ruler) and as long as I do so I shall act as I think fit." The meeting was then dismissed.

1st April.—E. had not been very well yesterday, and was worse to-day. We were told curds would be good for him, but had difficulty in obtaining any. I don't know how their curds were made, they had a bitter taste.

A sheep, a beautiful "Doomba," that is a fat-tailed sheep, was sent us by the Khan of Dir, and we at once had him "halaled" (killed). The man who killed him appropriated a portion without permission, at which we were rather annoyed. We got hold of a sort of a frying-pan really made for cooking chupatties on, and separated out a lot of suet, and had chops a la grille. Neither of us had ever cut up a sheep before, but Edwardes made a very good fist of it. The bones and part of the neck we put in our stock-pot, and we had the best soup and chops I ever ate, with boiled rice, milk and curds; one could not have wanted a better meal.

We gave some to the Sepoys and hung up the remainder on a bamboo in our room.

A verbal message said to be from U. K. was brought by the Armourer that we were to write a letter to the Commissioner of Peshawar to say that he would exchange us on the frontier for an armourer and Rs.7,000 worth of tools and ammunition that had been seized in Peshawar on their way to be smuggled into the country. The story Amir Shah told me about this was that the armourer, who was brother of the armourer in the shop, had some time previously shot a man against whose family he had a feud. While he was off buying arsenal stores of ammunition in India, the brother of the man he had shot informed the Peshawar police, with the result that he was seized together with his purchases.

Both the brother armourer, and an old lady who said she was his mother, came to see us, both most anxious for us to write,

and told us of the conditions of the exchange as coming from U. K.

We were not to write in English so we got in Lal Khan and concocted a letter in very pigeon Urdu, and sent it off to U. K. for approval. He promptly returned it with a message that he had never said anything about exchanging us, and that he would not send the letter. We were very angry with the armourer.

In the afternoon U. K. asked us to go out walking with him, we went out with our guard and met him. He said he was sorry that he had been so busy that he had been unable to see us before, but hoped we had got everything we wanted.

First he showed us the fruit garden he was making, containing, I should think, 1,000 fruit trees nearly old enough to bear. Apples, limes, almonds, pears and apricots were the chief. They were planted too close together and none of them pruned. We told him about the fruit we grew in our country.

Then we went to hawk quail. A crowd of about fifty or so had come to see the performance. U. K. had three or four hawks out, all quite small. He took off his cloak and his pugaree, and bared his arm to the elbow. The hawk unhooded he took in his hand, so that the back of the hawk was against his palm, taking care that the wings were not crumpled. He then raised his arm bent above his head, and with a beater on either side walked through the young corn. We followed him closely, the rest remaining at a distance. The moment a quail was flushed U. K. quick as flash threw the hawk at the quail. If the hawk struck the quail both came down together. If he missed his stroke the hawk alone came to the ground and did not attempt to follow the quail. The whole thing was over as quick as a shot from a gun. Quails were very scarce, and we only killed a few, about half of those flushed. To make a good

hawker evidently required a quick eye and quick throw. U. K. seemed to do it very well, and to be very keen about it.

The Mussulman prisoners were told that they were free, and the guard over them was removed. No arrangements were however made to enable them to leave the country so they were not much better off.

The three Hindoos were told that their case was under consideration of the chief Kazi (priest), and that they must learn the Kalima (Mahommedan profession of belief.)

As the other guard was withdrawn we thought it safer for the three Hindoos to bring them to live in our rooms. An ex-Bengal Sapper who had been in the 4th company with Jemadar Lal Khan came to visit us, and brought the Sappers some clothes. In the afternoon we went out for a short stroll with our guard. The Havildar now appeared as a great swell with a very nice sword and clean clothes.

From the Sapper prisoners we heard of the rumours that an expedition was being sent from Pashawar to relieve Chitral.

This would complicate our chance of escape a good deal.

2nd April.—Before dawn the Havildar woke and brought us a message from the Khan of Dir that he was most anxious to see us. Not knowing what was up we went.

Only the Khan and one Mullah were in the room, and our guard, except the Havildar, were not admitted. He acted as interpreter.

The Khan proposed that we should write a letter to the Government of India to say that he was willing to fight against his brother U. K, and help to turn him out of the country. We did not wish to be mixed up in any intrigues, especially as the whole might be a trap; so told him politely he had better write himself, and left him.

We had several times been offered the services of a barber to shave our beards, and were told that no "Sahibs" ever wore beards.

We declined, as we had seen the barber shaving a man's head, scraping with a rough blade of iron stuck in a piece of wood. He used no soap, but only water. We thought we should lose as much skin as hair, and preferred to remain bearded.

Having borrowed a small pair of scissors, we did some beard-trimming, and E. cut my hair in a way Truefit could never have imagined.

3rd April.—We had been trying to learn Pushtoo, but it is very difficult when one does not know a word of a language to learn a sentence correctly.

Anything we could point to was easy enough to learn, as door, rifle, cartridge, &c.; but when one comes to sentences these people appear to string all their words together, and it is impossible to tell whether it is two or three words or a dozen.

We learnt the names of most of the things we wanted, but got hopelessly mixed over such a simple question as "Pray, where does this road lead to?"

An old Pathan came on our guard who had been in an Indian regiment. He used to continually repeat in a very loud voice, "Sahib, listen to what I say. I speak the truth. Do not be afraid. All will be right."

Lal Khan left last night to visit the ex-Bengal Sapper, and has not returned (nor did he return).

In the afternoon, while gathering onions in the fields, we met two or three boys. One of them, a little Mullah, knew most of the Koran already. He was a jolly little boy, and helped us to get onions.

We were taken to see a man with a running sore on his back. They expected we could cure it, as the fame of the white doctor has spread everywhere.

The native treatment was to cover it with soot and vine-leaves. We explained that we were sorry we had no medicines with us.

We saw another case of their surgery. A Pathan had been wounded in the foot and the muscles had coutracted. He walked very lame. Another Pathan bound the lame man's toes tightly to a long walking-stick. He then stood on the stick, the lame man standing behind him with his arms on the shoulders of the man on the stick.

By leaning forward the man in front could then put a tremendous strain on the toes of the lame man and so stretch them.

Many of these men showed us big wounds on their bodies. Their treatment left very big scars.

In the afternoon we went out for a walk, and were told that U. K. and Mahomet Khan were proceeding to Mundiah the next day, and we were to go with them. I saw U. K. for a moment, and he also told me he was going away.

4th April.—In the morning we packed up all our possessions and prepared to start. U. K. and Mahomet Khan started taking all the released prisoners with them, except Rashid Khan.

We set out, but after going a short way our guard received a message tnat we were not to proceed, but were to return to Barwar. The excuse given was that U. K. was suddenly obliged to proceed to Swat, and feared we might be uncomfortable.

The released prisoners were not sent back, and we did not see them again till we reached General Low. We did not know what to understand from this sudden change of plans, but could only return to our quarters, unpack our things, and send for our cooking pots and bedding.

5th April.—It became very evident that the people were very uneasy about the force advancing against them. Even although we could not understand their language, we could gather from their expression and gesture something of what they were talking about.

The Havildar told us that our army had had a fight with the

Swat people, and that the latter had lost 120 men. The Hindoo prisoners had been told they must learn the "Kilima" (Mahomedan belief). We told them they had much better learn to say it, but they would never repeat the whole of it straight off.

6th April.—The people began to move away their property out of the Fort. It was strange to see the men, with a "charpoy" on their heads, loaded with their belongings and accompanied by their women and children, streaming away for the hills.

While strolling by the river we saw a very lame horse hardly able to crawl that had been driven down to water by its owner. The poor brute had evidently been ridden almost to death. We asked the owner the cause, but he only smiled and took off the bridle and saddle and left it to live or die.

Badshah proposed to us to attempt to escape with him, but would not undertake to take our Hindoos also. Rashid Khan, too, was not fit to travel.

7th April.—The exodus still went on, and the Fort was rapidly getting deserted. We had great difficulty in procuring any fuel to cook with. Finally, we got an armful of thorns with which we made shift to cook our food.

On going down to the river in the afternoon we saw the horse was dead. Badshah told us he had been the property of the Kazi (a head priest and administrator).

E. and I passed a restless day, not knowing what to attempt.

To be found by a mob of defeated and flying Pathans would be a poor look out for us. The attempt to fly was almost hopeless.

Probably to try and reach Asmar would be our best chance, and we tried to find out if the Commission were still there, but could get no certain information.

Rashid Khan had gone down to the bazaar with one of our guard, and we told him to bring back paper, pens and ink.

This he did, but the Havildar found it out somehow, and

the paper and pens, which we had hidden, had to be produced and given up. The shop-keeper was fined. We had a little money. Rashid Khan had had about Rs.20 in his pocket when seized. Several others of the Sepoys had money on them, too.

None of this was ever stolen from them, which speaks very well for our guard.

8th April.—The excitement among the natives was evidently increasing. We were ordered to prepare for instant departure, but when we had started to pack we were told we should stop where we were. Many people appeared to think that any note from us would be valuable should the "Sirkar" conquer their country.

One result of the villagers clearing away was that we got much less food, and it was only by continual worry that we got anything except rice. As E. is not at all well we particularly required milk and curds for him.

The number of wild-looking ruffians who were evidently strangers to the country, had greatly increased. Any one of these might be some fanatic, who would be only too pleased to kill a "kaffir Sahib" (infidel white man).

The Chief "Kazi" had been left in charge of the Fort by U. K. He had hitherto not put himself out at all to do us any services, but to-day the Havildar began to sound us on the subject as to whether we would be willing to write a letter to General Low about U. K. making terms of submission.

We said we would go and see the Kazi.

He assured us that U. K. was most anxious to make his peace with the Government of India, and that he thought his object would be furthered if one of us should be sent to interview General Low and intercede on his behalf while the other remained at Barwar. He said that U. K. would be willing to allow the Government a road and a telegraph wire to Chitral, provided his country were not invaded and left to him to rule.

We asked him if these were really the proposals of U. K., and he said that they were (which I think is very doubttul). We then told him that the very best thing U. K. could do would be to send both of us to General Low unconditionally. That to send only one of us showed want of confidence, and that the two of us could probably help him more than one. He refused to send us both, and then proposed we should write a letter.

We were most anxious that General Low should get definite news of us, so arranged to write a letter in English stating where we were, how we had been treated, and U. K.'s proposals for peace.

He was anxious we should write in Urdu, but this we declined to do. He then said the answer to us must be in Urdu, fearing, I suppose, that we might be given information about escaping. We agreed to this, and wrote the letter which we were told would be sent to U. K. to be forwarded.

Rashid Khan was very unwell and unable to walk, but the Hindoo prisoners helped us with our cooking arrangements very well. The stock pot had done us well, but the last of our mutton (about half a shoulder) had gone bad.

We did not venture to go beyond the river close in front of our quarters when we went out, and so did not get much exercise. I had got a small pocket knife from Rashid Khan. In our quarters I found the shaft of an old bamboo lance. This I cut down so as to make a good cudgel and carved Fowler on it. It made a very serviceable weapon which I always kept near me and have still got. The armourer came in a great hurry, packed up his tools and a lot of lead on two mules, and rode off on a black horse smartly caparisoned in red cloth.

The time never hung very heavily on our hands, what with cooking, washing, trying to learn Pushtoo and making ourselves understood by our visitors, we always got through the day fairly

well. Then almost every day something out of the ordinary happened, which gave us something to talk and conjecture about. Many of our conjectures were very wide of the truth. We were always trying to find out how affairs had gone in Chitral, but no one would, or could, tell us.

9th April.—Supplies were still shorter, we went to see the Khazi again and found him outside the keep. Proceeded to tell him this wont't do, and that the "Burra Khan" will be very angry if we don't get any food.

The Queen (one of several) was sent for, she said there was nothing in the place, all had been carried off. We got no more satisfaction than the usual "talash karenge" (search will be made.)

Several people came to see us to get chits, saying that they had done things for us. We always gave the chits, as we thought the more of them we scattered about, the more probable it was that some information would reach our people. One of these, rather a decent chap, we got to promise to bring us up some bunnias (shopkeepers) from the bazaar so that we might get some things we wanted.

In the evening we strolled down to the river, and walked up and down to get air and exercise. Badshah kept with us while Khanzada sat on the bank.

Badshah again proposed that we should escape with him. It was all done by signs while we were walking up and down by the river, and out of sight of Khanzada who was the only other man of our guard with us.

We had picked up a very few words of Pushtoo, but it was wonderful how, with the aid of gesture, we could gather a good deal of what Badshah was driving at. Of course we could not understand all he referred to. This much we clearly understood, that he had got two friends, and that he and they would undertake to get us to General Low's force. He would have

nothing to say to Rashid Khan who was sick, or the three Hindoos.

We didn't quite trust him, and imagined that if we were met by any Pathans Badshah and his friends would quickly disappear. We tried to explain that we could not accept his offer for that night, but that some other night, when we could all go together, we might attempt it. He also explained how when U. K. was besieging Drosh he had got down on to the waterway and prevented the Chitralis getting any; how they had come with their tongues hanging out to get water, and he had shot twenty-six of them, and U. K. had given him the gold cap he wore as a reward. He did not, however, think much of U. K., and made various gestures expressing the greatest contempt for him. He made gestures of cutting someone's throat. Whether this referred to our probable fate if we did not escape, or to something else, we did not understand.

After dinner we found that Badshah had brought his two pals into our room as part of our guard. Only Khanzada and Bahadur are on guard besides. Badshah, instead of sleeping across the door as usual, put his bed against the window and took care to make the lamp very low. This looked as if he meant to carry us off willy-nilly; so E., making some excuse, went outside with Badshah and explained emphatically that we would not go with him. He at last convinced Badshah, who came back, calmly altered all the sleeping places, turned in and went to sleep. I don't know how he told his two pals; I never saw him tell them, and they were, I know, awake for some time afterwards, giving little coughs to show they were on the *qui vive*. What their plan was I don't know—probably to knife the other two, Khanzada and Bahadur, and then steal off with us over the hills to the Force.

10th April.—We told Badshah that we would give one hundred rupees to have a note delivered to General Low's Force He said his two pals would undertake to do it.

It was not very easy to write anything, watched as we were; so it could only be a scrawl, and I put the wrong date on it in my hurry.

I wrote on a small scrap of paper—"Edwardes and Fowler prisoners at Barwar. People here in panic. Can you get us out, or shall we try and bolt? Give the bearers Rs.100."

Soon after we had given this to Badshah we received overtures from the Kazi and Nawab (U. K.'s elder brother) that we should write another letter for them. As they evidently valued our assistance we didn't go to see them, but told them to come and see us, which they did. They seated themselves on our table, and brought with them as interpreter a nice chap, a saudagar (merchant), who had travelled a good deal, and been to Bombay and other parts of India. They proposed that we should write another letter to our army. We urged that much their wisest plan was to send us at once to our army, and trust to us to do the very best we could for them. They would not consent. This letter, they said, was to go direct to Low's camp, and we were to have an answer at once. We wrote the letter, and it was sent off by the hand of Nihala, accompanied by the two pals of Badshah, who turned up just as he was starting. This made us rather nervous. If Nihala were taken into Low's camp he might possibly meet Badshah's two pals, and our secret chit would be discovered. Our anxiety on this account was relieved in the evening, as we heard that Nihala had fallen over a cliff and been nearly if not quite killed. We at once supposed that Badshah's two pals had shoved him over. We were very sorry about this—he was a good chap, and had served in a regiment. He was one of the few men of our guard we thought we could trust a bit. We could not hear what had become of our letter. and were afraid that the whole business might be discovered.

In the afternoon the bunnias (shopkeepers) came up, and we had quite a bazaar in our rooms. We ordered a lot of cotton stuff to make clothes for the Sepoys, and material to make

underclothing; also shoes for the Sepoys, and shawls and puggarees for ourselves. The Fort was now almost deserted, except for the number of wild-looking chaps, all armed to the teeth, who kept continually coming and going. Getting very tired of being indoors, we strolled out with Khanzada and Badshah—a very insufficient escort. We got to the orchard, which we thought was deserted, but found a lot of men lying under the trees, who jumped up and shouted to us to go away, and apparently were minded to have a shot at us. We retired, and told the Havildar and Khazi, whom we found sitting on the roof outside the keep. Not getting much satisfaction out of them, we went down to the river and walked up and down there. Badshah made us a lot more signs, from which we gathered General Low's force was getting closer, do parao (two marches), but that was not much use to us unless we could all manage to escape together.

After dinner Badshah was not to be found. The Havildar made enquiries, and finding he had gone came to take his place. They did not appear to connect us in any way with his going.

After dark, when looking out of the window towards Mundiah, I thought I heard sound of firing and saw the flash of guns. I called to E., and we both looked out and thought it was really a distant night attack going on. No one else, however, took the smallest notice ; so we didn't know what to think. In case of possibilities we warned the Sepoys to be ready to start out at any moment, and kept our boots on, which, indeed, we generally slept in. A few hours afterwards there was a lot of shouting and a man holloaing under our window. We thought the exciting moment we had been expecting had arrived, but the shouts died away, and the Havildar, who had gone out to see what it was about, came back and told us it was nothing. The flashes and sound of musketry must have been a delusion, but the shouting was right enough. Anyhow it was no use

bothering; so we turned over and went to sleep, devoured, as usual, by bugs.

April 11th.—We were now well supplied with cotton material and needles and thread.

E. makes his *debut* as a cutter. Taking off his knickerbockers, he cut cloth with them as a pattern, and handed me over a pair to sew. This was a new and delightful occupation, and we got on rapidly. We wanted some thin garments, as the weather was getting warm. Chandar Singh and the other two prisoners went down to the river to wash clothes. Presently in came Chandar Singh like a serpent, evidently with some mystery, and without much care produced a little bag, and one of the ordinary Mussulman charms, which generally contain a text from the Koran. There was also a pencil wrapped up in a little bit of cloth. I took them into the inner room and pretended to be washing myself. We arranged that whenever anyone came near the door E. was to say that he is "sewing." The stitches of the bag had to be unpicked, and almost every minute some one came in, when E.'s "sewing" came out like the report of a pistol. At last I got it open, and found the anonymous chit and showed it to E. It was written on a scrap of paper in English, and simply said that the bearer would endeavour to communicate with two British officers, said to be prisoners of U. K., and that a large force was starting for Chitral *via* Dir. It was not signed, but was dated the 2nd April.

We were very disappointed that no definite news of our capture or whereabouts appeared to have reached India, and that it had taken so long to reach us.

The question now was how to send an answer. Chandar Singh told us that the man who gave it to him was outside, and we took a look at him through the door. On some pretext or other he managed to get his haversack and rifle put into our room. Chander Singh told us it was his bag and rifle, but we

were doubtful, and a mistake would have been fatal. We determined to risk it, and I wrote an answer giving as much information as I could, sewed it up again in the charm and dirtied the fresh stitches. The haversack was tied up tightly, and some one might have come in at any moment and found me fiddling with it, and so I took a pair of scissors and cut a slit near the bottom and shoved the charm through, working it well into the bag.

Presently Khanzada came in to fetch the rifle and bag and gave it to the unknown. We watched through the door. He opened it and took out some bread, and we saw him fumble in the bag. Finding nothing he looked disappointed. Soon afterwards E. went past him and got a chance to sign to him that it was in the bag. He then had another hunt, found the chit, grinned, and went off.

The bunnias came up again in the afternoon, and we got some more things. Our property now consisted of cotton cloth to make clothes for the Sepoys, Pathan shoes, country tobacco, a little looking glass, two brass tumblers, red skull caps, needles, threads, buttons, scissors, and white cotton to make clothes for ourselves. For all these things we wrote an acknowledgment, signed the bill, and promised to give them a letter of protection when they had supplied us with what we required.

One of these merchants was a very fine looking chap who had travelled down to India and been as far as Bombay. Every now and then I got a chance of saying a few words to this man, and he told me that the force had got to Dir and that they were now quite close. He asked if we were not very pleased. Their ideas as to distance are very vague, and what they call a "parao," or march, may mean anything from ten to thirty miles. Altogether we had rather a pleasant day, and were feeling quite cheerful.

We wondered a good deal what had become of Badshah

and were sorry he had gone. Edwardes' dog "Biddy" was getting as fat as a pig. It was most extraordinary the way her wound had healed up, and how she had put on flesh. A few small splinters off her chest bone came away.

E. and I often considered what we had best do when our force got really close to us. If we were still at Barawr our plan was to try and get our guard to stick to us, and when our force attacked to try and barricade ourselves into our rooms.

We had a quiet night, but we didn't take off our boots, and my bamboo cudgel always stood at the head of my bed.

12th April.—We had turned out what we considered very creditable garments for ourselves, and the Sepoy prisoners had also nearly finished their new suits. I had a sort of divided petticoat of white cotton made in the Bazaar. Many of the men wear these petticoats, which are about ten yards round the waist, gathered in on a string.

We got a bit tired of sewing. (E. finds the new pants he made have been well blooded by our pests; however, it is easier to catch them on the white, and we have a very successful hunt.)

About noon visitors began to arrive. First the "Mallik," or head man of the fort, and then a Pathan, a splendid sample of a border warrior, a tall well set up man of about fifty, with a fine face and long grizzled beard in dirty white flowing garments, and big blue pugaree. He carried a very serviceable-looking curved sword, the usual bandolier full of cartridges, and a Martini carbine. He was evidently a man of some importance and was accompanied by the Nawab (U.K.'s elder brother) and the Chief Kazi.

After talking to us for some time the old warrior (who was a Badshah, or descendent of the Prophet) retired with the Kazi into the inner room. There they whispered together for some time; finally they came out and went away. The Havildar then came to announce that one of us was to start at once to go

to U. K. at Mundiah; the other was to remain here. Against this order we remonstrated, and asked to see the old warrior. We pointed out to him that it was no use going half measures, that it would be great trouble to us to be separated, and that we had no arrangements to feed ourselves separately. The old warrior listened to all we had to say, and at last decided to take us both with him, taking the responsibility on himself, but stipulated that we were not to be angry if only one of us was sent to Low's force. This we agreed to, and once more proceeded to pack our kits up in Sher Afzul's rugs. Our method of packing was simple—we took a long pugaree, in which we wrapped the knives and forks, then the plates, sugar, tea, and so on with the rest of our odds and ends. This made a sort of roll, which we wrapped up in a blanket, and the whole in the rug and tied it round with grass rope.

We sent Chandar Singh down to the Bazaar to get the shoes for the Sepoys, which had not been brought up, and asked for good horses with saddles to be provided for ourselves.

About two o'clock we started and told the Sepoy prisoners to stick close to us, as we didn't want to be separated from them, as had happened when we last started.

We had an escort of about twenty men, all well armed, and five or six of them were mounted. Our horses were very fair ones, with the usual high-peaked saddles and short stirrups.

We were told to wear our brown chogahs and white pugarees, which we borrowed from our escort, over our little red skull caps. With our blue shawls hung over our shoulder we could not at a little distance have been distinguished from Pathans. We travelled along in fairly close order, a mounted man or two in front and we and the Sepoys well covered by the main body. The road lay down the open valley, and there was hardly anyone to be seen. In a couple of hours we got to a small village fort, and were passed by U. K.'s elder brother, the Nawab, dressed very smartly in a plum-coloured velvet waistcoat, with

gold lace about it. He stopped to talk for a few minutes and then went on. Our escort, hearing that there were a good many Badmashes between us and Mundiah, decided to stop where we were till dark. This was the village of the ex-Sapper, which he and one or two others appeared to be guarding, but all the cattle, women and furniture had been cleared out. He produced a charpoy for us to sit on, and gave us some sprigs of green peas to eat—not the very best of feeding.

During conversation they asked us what the thing was that went "kut, kut, kut, kut, kut." We told them it was a gun (the maxim) which fired about four hundred rounds in a minute. This information made them open their eyes and mouths and utter, "Wah! Thoba, Thoba!" (expressions of astonishment equivalent to our "Great Scott!")

When the sun got low we started again, and soon afterwards there was evidently some excitement on. Our advanced skirmishers galloped back, and then all our men doubled to the front and we kept a little in rear of them.

Down by a stream some of the Badmashes had a camp; only about a dozen of them were at this spot but there were more a little higher up. Our men at once covered them with their rifles, and told them to lay down their arms and stand away from them. This they did very sulkily. Two of our chaps then advanced, and stood over their arms with their rifles at the "present" while we hurried across the stream. Our men seemed to take the whole performance as quite in the ordinary run, but it made us feel uneasy as to what would happen if we met a stronger party than ours.

Soon after dark we got close to Mundiah; all round were the fires of the Badmashes where they were cooking their food. From Miankilai opposite came the sound of bands, singing, dancing, and shots continually popping off.

We were particularly told not to speak a word, and to keep close together in the middle of our guard.

Our party kept close round us and we pushed our way through a crowd about the gate of the Fort and up a narrow lane full of men to the keep. We were admitted into an inner courtyard where there was another crowd, and sentries on the door into the keep.

Biddy had followed us close till now. but here we lost her, and E. dared not call to her. It was not too pleasant jostling about in the dark, with a crowd of one did not know how many fanatics, but at last we got up to the door of the keep and were passed through. Inside there was only a single small lamp in a corner beside which U. K. crouched on the ground, whispering to a couple of mullahs and writing letters. He looked worried and bothered, but when he heard we were come in he nodded to us and asked us if we were all right, and said we had better go to our room. One of our guard came in, and E. was rejoiced to see Biddy in his arms. The good chap had found her outside and brought her in.

We were then shown up a ladder to a little room about 12 feet square, new and clean but very damp ; the mud of which it was built having grass growing on it Here we found the Shazhzada of Peshawar, who was Assistant Political Officer to Major Deane.

He received us most kindly, and began at once to tell us what was happening, of which up till now we had only had uncertain knowledge.

He had, he told us, come from General Low's force the day before, and after a risky journey got into Mundiah to see U. K., and talk to him about terms for his submission. He told us that Low's force was only eight miles away the other side of the Panjkhora river, and that they would advance very soon. He had been here shut up in this room since the day before, with a mob of badmashes outside the fort shouting to kill him and no surrender. He had not seen U. K. that day, but expected to get his answer very soon. He had arranged to

take E. back with him, and hoped to return for me next day if U. K. would accept the terms offered to him. He lent me his watch and gave me some money, and was very kind, asking about anything he could send to me. We could not talk very freely, for a Moonshi of U. K's sat with us the whole time, professedly not understanding Hindustani which we were speaking, but he probably knew it as well as we did. We were delighted to meet someone from our own people, and felt quite hopeful of being near the end of our troubles.

After a good long time U. K. himself, his brother, several Khazies and Mullahs and men on guard came in. We shook hands and then seated ourselves on our charpoy, while they all sat round the wall on mats on the ground. They were crowded as tight as they could possibly be in the little room, which soon got very hot and stuffy.

The usual big flat bowl of rice made its appearance and the little side dishes, and they all started to feed. We were offered some of their food, and they were hugely amused to see our efforts to steer the rice into our mouths. When we had all finished and washed our hands, U. K. asked us to sit on the ground for a talk. This we did, stretching our long legs well out into the middle, while they sat neatly on their hunkers. The palaver then began, U. K. trying to show that he was a victim of misunderstanding, saying over and over again, "What wrong have I done that the Sirkar should be angry with me. Show me any fault that I have committed and I will show the authority for it in their own writing, or their own acts. Why, therefore, do they now bring an army into my country to eat me up?" The Shahzada, of course, could not discuss with U. K. his invasion of Chitral and the fighting there, but explained very clearly that whatever happened the "Sirkar" was going there now. "If 10,000 men cannot get there, then they will send 20,000, and if 20,000 are not enough, then they will send 40,000; but, no matter what happens or what it costs, the

"Sirkar" will go to Chitral." U. K. especially asked the Shahzada to translate what was going on to us in Hindostani.

Although U. K. and his followers were evidently much excited, they were perfectly courteous and dignified throughout the whole discussion. Many of them must have been very good orators and debaters.

They occasionally made some little joke or humorous allusion, at which everyone smiled or laughed, although they were discussing matters of enormous importance to them in high-flowing Persian.

The discussion must have lasted three or four hours, and we began to wonder if E. and the Shahzadah were ever going to start.

About midnight preparations began to be made for starting. U. K.'s brorher, who was to be in command of the escort, discussed the road to be followed. It was decided that they shouid travel over the hills, and so avoid the Badmashes, who swarmed in the valley and would never have let them pass.

E. put on his chogah and white pugaree to resemble a native. I gave him an address to send a telegram home and a few messages.

Just after our feed a servant, by order of U. K., had brought in a sword, and placed it standing in the corner of the room opposite to us. E. looked hard at it, and then nudged me and said, "I believe that is my sword." I was not at all sure—it had another ring and frog fastened to it, and somehow looked different. E. was longing to have a closer look at it, but no opportunity occurred. U. K. had apparently taken no notice of the sword, but was probably watching to see if we recognised it. Just before E. started U. K. said, "Give me that sword," and handed to us, saying, "I think this may belong to one of you. It was sent to me as a present from Chitral." E. looked at the sword, and knew it as his at once, and handing it back told U. K. so. U. K. then said, "I am very glad to give it back to you, and

you can take it with you." E. made U. K. a very nice little speech thanking him, and felt very pleased to have got his sword back. U. K. then asked what became of my sword and what it was like. Now, I had seen my sword in Mujid Khan's room at Chitral, where I could not claim it; so I told U. K. that I thought it was in Chitral. U. K. promised to try and get it back, and if he did so to send it to the Commissioner at Peshawar. I did in the end, months afterwards, get my sword back, but it was through the Mehtar of Chitral, who got back at various times my sword, revolver, and belts, but none of our other property was recovered.

All being ready to start, E. stuck his sword in his belt and said good-bye to U. K, thanking him most heartily for his kindness. We then parted, we hoped for only a very short time, and I wished him God-speed and good luck. After they had started I turned in, as it was about one a.m.; but I could hear the noise of singing and rifles continually popping off outside.

I asked what was the meaning of these shots, and was told that they were fired either to amuse themselves or to get the charge out of a muzzle-loader in order to put in a fresh one.

13th April.—The next morning I missed having E. with me very much, and was anxious to know if he had arrived in safety, but could not get any information.

My room was a small one, and the only one built on the roofs.

It was entered by a ladder from a little sort of courtyard outside the keep, and enclosed from the rest of the houses. Orderly Rashid Khan, Sapper Chandar Singh, and the two dogra Kashmir Sepoys lived down below. I had got the courtyard and a sort of roof, which was screened from sight, to walk about on. This was originally the place where U. K.'s wives and ladies of the harem lived.

In the evening I went out with the Havildar on to the roof

of the Musjid, and he told me that there had been fighting. but not of much consequence, and that the bridge made by the advancing force over the Panjkhora river had been washed away, and a great many of Low's force cut off and killed. He was very anxious to know how many men there were in Low's force, and how the Maxims were worked, and whether they really shot bullets! It was a beautiful evening, and there was much less noise outside than yesterday. Had a quiet night.

14th April.—The next morning, about nine o'clock, I got a letter from Edwardes, who sent me also a tin of pioneer tobacco and a few cigarettes. This letter had taken since yesterday morning to come.

He told me that after marching all night over a bad road through the hills, he and the Shahzadah had reached the force in safety about nine a m., having crossed the Panjkhora river on a skin raft; that everyone had been tremendously kind to him and anxious about me; that he thought the answers made by General Low to U. K.'s stipulations for submission should be satisfactory.

In a postscript he added that news had just arrived of a large force of the enemy advancing to attack the Regiment of Guides, who were across the river burning villages. I was to tell U. K. that these villages are being burned to punish them for having fired into the camp and on a convoy.

I sent Rashid Khan to see U. K. if possible, and to tell him that E. had arrived in safety, and that the firing of the villages was not intended as a demonstration against him, but to punish the villagers for firing into camp.

I had a good smoke, which was a great treat.

In a room down below I found a number of old Persian letters, some of them in envelopes bearing the stamp of the Government of India. I collected a lot, and as no one objected now to my writing I occupied myself writing a diary, from which the present one is compiled.

Rashid Khan returned, not having been admitted to see U. K.; but the Havildar came in soon afterwards bringing two letters from U. K. to Deane, and for me to write a letter also. The Havildar said that U. K. was pleased with the answers he had received, and wished me to write a letter to Major Deane, asking that until terms were arranged, in order to avoid further fighting, the advance of General Low's force might be stopped, and the bridge not proceeded with.

I did this, telling Deane that I had only heard it by word of mouth, and that it was not reliable.

I was fairly certain that U. K. was afraid of his allies, the Yagistanies, and wanted time to get rid of them.

The letters were sent off, but I did not feel particularly pleased with the way things were going from my own point of view.

I got some soup for breakfast this morning.

In the afternoon rice was served out to the Yagistanies from the grain stores opposite to the keep. A lot of row and quarrelling went on over it. The Yagistanies, who had come in for their ration, were evidently hungry, and not very peaceably inclined. At last they were got rid of, and the fort gates shut. The Havildar then took me out in the evening for a stroll on the roof of the Musjid. All day I had kept very close and careful not to be seen. Got a better dinner of soup, rice, and sag (greens), but not well cooked.

15th April.—Night passed quietly except for the fleas. In the morning the serving out of rice began again, but from the store-houses immediately in front of and below my room.

The Yagies were only supposed to be admitted fifty at a time, but several hundred of them rushed to the gate and began helping themselves to the grain, scrambling and quarrelling amongst themselves. U. K.'s people turned out at once and lined all the roofs looking down on to the grain stores. Then there was a great din, and it seemed as if there was bound to

be a fight right under me, and if the Yagies won it would be a bad look out for me.

The Yagies drew their swords and pointed their guns at the men on the roofs, while U. K.'s men were all ready to fire down.

One shot fired would have started a pretty good fight. Several Mullahs came out and tried to pacify them and get the Yagies to go out quietly. U. K.'s elder brother also came out on top of the keep wall and shouted orders and directions.

It was interesting, but rather too close. Finally the Yagies began to give ground, and when U.K.'s people started them going they hurried them up by pelting stones, till they got them all out and shut the fort gate.

I was glad they were gone, and succeeded then in getting some food brought to me.

The Havildar and my guard were much more deferential, and the Havildar told me that the "bandobast" (arrangement) of our army is good and that theirs is bad. He brought me back my Pathan trousers, which were not quite finished, as the husband of the lady who was making them had been shot. I got another woman to finish them, and gave them some of my rupees.

The place was very damp as there had been heavy rain in the night.

The poor Sepoy prisoners were getting very low about their chance of ever getting away.

I reconnoitred my portion of the outer wall of the Fort and found a place where I might possibly get over in the dark. A Pathan of U. K.'s came to me to get a letter to pass him into our lines, to go and bury his father, who had been killed. This I did.

In the evening I got a letter from Deane, which was not very encouraging. They had broken off all treating with U. K. until I should be sent in, and hope to attack the Fort I am in, in about two days' time.

If I were inside when the attack came off I should not stand much chance, judging from the only precedent in the Afghan war, poor Hector Maclean.

16th April.—No further news, which was depressing. Things about the Fort seemed quieter, and there was much less noise outside, so I supposed they had either gone out to fight or retreated. About ten o'clock the Havildar came in and said in a casual way I had better pack, as I was to go to Low's force very soon. I hardly dared believe it, but told the Sepoys, and got the things I wanted packed. Then U. K.'s elder brother came up and told me I was to go to Low, and I began to really believe it. I had still got some tea left of our one pound packet, which I presented to him. He impressed on me that U. K. was very sorry to have made the Sirkar angry, and that it was quite unintentional on his part, also that I was to explain this to Low and do all in my power to help him. This I promised faithfully, and he went back to U. K.

Although I had already had food and had not much appetite for more, I was not allowed to start without a further feed of chicken and rice, after which I was impatient to be off, and went down to the shed, opposite the gate into the keep where the hawks are kept. Beautiful hawks they were, several big goshawks and smaller falcons of different breeds, from the size to hunt quail to those for duck.

Presently U. K. appeared with his guard looking dejected and nervous, and had a loaded Martini in his hand. I had never seen him armed before. His clothes were very plain, and not his usual spotless white. He came up to me and shook hands, hoped I had not any cause to regret my visit to him, and trusted I would use all my influence in his cause. He asked that Low's force should not come through Jundool itself, but rather go up the Panjkhora through Dir; also that he would try and get rid of all the Yagies who had been fighting.

By this time my escort had assembled. I had been told to dress myself as a Pathan, wearing Pathan clothes over my uniform, loose cotton divided shirt and brown chogah, skull cap and puggaree.

The escort consisted of about 30 cavalry and 30 infantry, all well armed, besides the men still remaining of my personal guard. A horse for me was also ready. One more hand shake with U. K. and his brother, and a final injunction to "parwarish" him, and I and the Sepoy prisoners started.

I was not even then quite certain that they meant to take us to Low's camp.

My cavalry escort acted as skirmishers and advance guard, allowing no one to come near me. We passed a few scattered groups of wild-looking Pathans, who looked suspiciously at our party.

Some of the cavalry could talk a few words of Hindustani, and kept on chaffing among themselves and with me.

One huge man wanted to know if I would take him as a cavalry soldier, and how much I would pay him, and his brother as his servant; but I told him he would require an elephant to carry him, at which he laughed and said he would not come.

We were following the road down the river in the right direction, and finally a man pointed out Low's outposts, and said the cavalry must return. I bade them a cordial farewell, and they made their horses prance and cantered back.

The infantry still kept on with me—a ragged-looking crew of real wild chaps, but all very lighthearted.

About six hundred yards from our outposts they too said they would go no further, and that there was no one between me and my friends. I persuaded the Havildar and my old original guard to come on with me unarmed, so they handed

over their arms to the returning party, and the Havildar, Khanzadah and Bahadur accompanied me. I bade a friendly adieu to my escort, hoping that they would not think it a good joke to have a few shots at me while *en route* to our lines.

I tied a white rag to the end of my stout bamboo, which was still my only weapon, and kept it over my head.

As we advanced I could see some of our Sepoys coming towards us, and soon I was among a party of the 4th Sikhs. I was still wearing my Pathan clothes, and they told us to halt. I asked if there was an officer anywhere about, and they said in a casual way there was one up the hill. I proceeded to get off my pony, when they saw I was not the Pathan they had taken me for but a "Sahib." Then there was great excitement, and they shouted up the hill to say "the Sahib" had come, and showed the keenest joy and interest. The officer in charge of the picquet came down, and jolly glad I was to shake hands with him.

I then took off my Pathan clothes, and proceeded into camp with my old guard and the released Sepoys.

Along the road were large working parties, making it fit for camel transport, who looked with astonishment at my ragged looking party. On the road I met General Gatacre who welcomed me, and told me I would find General Low further on. When I got near the bridge the first man whose face I knew was Roddy Owen, who ran up and asked me if I did not remember him; I had never expected to see him there. Then men I knew came crowding round, and all were warm in their congratulations and most kind. General Sir R. Low was very kind, and told me he had been very anxious, and that my arrival was a great weight off his mind.

I was much relieved to find that all the other prisoners who had been taken away from us at Barwar were with the force. They had managed to keep together and make their way across

the hills. Jemadar Lal Khan had also reached Peshawar in disguise in safety.

Edwardes who was living at the other end of the camp, and who had only just heard the news, hurried up, and we were jolly glad to meet once more. He told me that if Low's force had advanced before I was sent in he would have been right in the front line, and I have no doubt he would have been in front of it. That night I dined with General Low and the Head Quarter Staff. I had handed over U. K.'s letters and given his messages to Major Deane, the political officer with General Low's force.

I had got practically no kit, and everyone had come up with very little, but I was provided with quite sufficient, and E. had bought me at a sale a few things which quite set me up.

That night I could not sleep, indeed for several nights I slept but little.

The next morning the force advanced and I with it.

Little opposition was met with, though there was a sort of running fight along the road I had come down the day before.

18th April.—On the 18th I was back once more at Mundiah and could revisit my quarters. The Sepoys of Low's force took the greatest interest in me and the released Sepoys. They would come and ask me many questions about all that had happened, and were very kind to the Sepoys.

My old quarters became quite a show place.

At Mundiah Edwardes and I halted for ten days to write our reports, and for a Court of Inquiry to be held on us as is laid dawn by the Queen's regulations. I was also employed in directing working parties who were levelling the village inside Mundiah Fort to enable it to be used as a Commissariat Store.

I recovered the two cartridges that I had hidden in the roof, and met many old Pathan friends. The Buniahs presented themselves to be paid their bill.

Badshah appeared again and was rewarded ; I also saw the man who was the " Diwan " (banker) in Chitral, and who had accompanied us to Drosh. He was now engaged in contracting for the supply of grain for the Commissariat.

In Chitral he had been friendly to us, but not very respectful; now he salaamed down to the ground and was loud in his protestations of delight that I was quite well. He said that he had gone with U. K. to Asmar, where he had been received with great honour by the Amir's outpost and escorted to Cabul. The Diwan was a Hindoo and a cunning rogue.

After the Court of Inquiry had received our report Edwardes and I returned to Chitral. We had each bought a pony, but had no tent nor cooking-pots, however everyone we met was most hospitable, and we got along very comfortably. Once when going between Jan Batai and Dir, we got a bit nervous as to the intentions of some men we saw on a hill, and although a large convoy was travelling along the road there was not much of an escort. However we got through all right and were warmly welcomed in Chitral by our own Gilgit people.

I had wired to Gilgit to send down my kit and ponies and a servant I had left there, and they arrived almost as soon as I did, having marched the distance of two hundred and twenty miles in thirteen days. It was grand getting back to one's own belongings. At Chitral we found all our servants who had been at Reshun, my cook and sais, and E.'s cook. My servant and sais had been taken by Mahomed Issar to Mastuj to wait on him. When Mahomed Issar fled from Mastuj they hung back and hid in a deserted village from which they made their escape to Colonel Kelly's force. E.'s servant " Daisy," had been wounded at Reshun, and taken care of by a Bhoota

who hid him in his village until he could escape to Colonel Kelly's force.

My old mare I found at Chitral, she had been found in a village below Chitral by the Hunza levies and recognised as a Sahib's pony. She was in an awful state, her feet knocked to pieces, miserably thin, and with bad wounds on her croup.

Campbell and Gunner Stewart had taken the greatest care of her. When first brought in she could hardly stand, and when I saw her she was so bad I despaired of getting her to Gilgit, and was inclined to shoot her. However, she got better, and I managed to walk her to Gilgit and back to Kashmir and India. In December I was once more able to get on her back. This pony I had had everywhere with me during the four years I had been in India, and I was very fond of her. The post bags were full of letters from home, which had accumulated since we left Gilgit.

Some were written before news had reached England of any disturbance, then after we were known to be in Chitral and fate uncertain, then while we were prisoners. Also a heap of letters of congratulation from people we knew. E. and I got back to Gilgit with Colonel Kelly's returning force. There I had to set to work to get my engineering works, which had been a good deal interrupted, into going order again, and in July I got away on leave to Kashmir and left the Gilgit country.

I had had a trying time of it in Chitral, but it would have been infinitely worse if I had been alone instead of having a staunch companion. It was an experience not to be willingly repeated, but which one is now glad enough to have had, as it gives one something to think about.

The dog Biddy is now at home in England and considers herself a most important member of our party.

U. K. recently came down through India and went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, whence he has returned and gone back to

the Amir of Afghanistan. He is a strong man, and if he gets the chance will, doubtless, be heard of again.

E. and I owe him a debt of deep gratitude for his behaviour to us, and I should be very sorry, indeed, if he ever came to any harm. For political reasons I believe it is impossible to reinstate him in his own country.

I omitted that E. met Baba Khan in Chitral, and the good chap was hugely pleased to see him. Baba kissed his feet and hands and wept for joy. Of course E. rewarded him well, and gave him a note to the political officer in Chitral.