

THE
PATHAN BORDERLAND

A CONSECUTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE ON AND
BEYOND THE INDIAN FRONTIER FROM CHITRAL TO

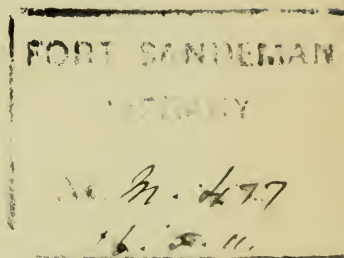
DERA ISMAIL KHAN

WITH MAP

BY

C. M. ENRIQUEZ

21st Punjabis



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PREFACE.

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THE absence of any work dealing consecutively with that part of the Indian Frontier described in the following pages, has encouraged me to arrange and publish the notes which I have collected during three years. My position as Assistant Recruiting Staff Officer for Pathans has enabled me, during the last six months, to come in close contact with the natives, and to travel leisurely amongst them, along the 'Pathan Borderland.' A writer of more ability and experience than myself will doubtless one day undertake the task I have attempted, of describing, in succession, the districts along the border, from Chitral to Dera Ismail Khan, and will do the subject fuller justice. In the meanwhile, if I succeed in interesting even a small section of the public, I shall consider myself well repaid for the time I have devoted to producing this book. I most earnestly hope that my readers will regard my work with a kindly and indulgent spirit and

overlook the many errors which no doubt these pages contain. I must take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the Editors of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* for their courtesy in allowing me to make use of many notes and articles already published in their respective papers.

JHELUM, PUNJAB; } C. M. ENRIQUEZ,
1909. } 21st *Punjabis*.





THE PATHAN BORDERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CHITRAL.

The North-West Frontier—Its consolidation—Malakand—Chakdara—Excavations in Swat—The Talash Valley—Massaga—Alexander the Great—Wayside monuments—Pathan graveyards—Mian Gul Jan—Badshah Khan, of Dir—The Panjkora Valley—Dir—Lowarai Pass—Chitralis—Ziarat—Chitral—Tirich Mir—Polo—Dancing—Kafirs—Tambuk.

BEFORE exploring from top to bottom the Pathan Borderland, it may be interesting to survey the methods which have been adopted during recent years for the establishment of a safe and permanent frontier. Lord Curzon's economic reforms for efficient military control, along this turbulent section of the marches of British India, have had in view the withdrawal, as far as possible, of regular troops from advanced trans-frontier positions, and their concentration in large centres within easy reach. Their place on the border has been taken by various corps of Military Police, Levies and Militia, raised locally; while four moveable columns are always ready to operate at a moment's notice from their respective cantonments of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan. Thus the garrison of regular troops in Gilgit has been entirely replaced by

35

34

33

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Kashmir Imperial Service troops. In the Chitral district there is now but one regular regiment, which has its head-quarters in Killa Drosh. The irregular Chitral Scouts, numbering nearly one thousand men, are located in Chitral itself, and they are further reinforced by a small body of Levies, one hundred and ten strong. A single battalion of Native Infantry is divided between Chakdara and Dargai, and there is another regiment in Malakand. About two hundred Swat Levies have recently been raised. The Khyber Pass, the historic road to India for all invading armies,* is held solely by the Khyber Rifles, who are 1,691 strong. A chain of fortified posts held by Border Military Police acts as a screen in front of Peshawar. On the Samana, Fort Lockhart is garrisoned by five companies of regulars, there being only two companies in Hangu and one in Thal, the terminus of the Miranzai Valley Railway. The Samana Rifles, a corps of Militia, composed chiefly of Afridis, Orakzais and Khattaks, hold the important forts of Gulistan and Shinawari. From the Kurram all regular troops have been likewise withdrawn, and a force of 1,372 Turis and other Pathans raised to replace them. Means are also available for arming the Turi *lashkar* in an emergency. The able assistance the Turis rendered in the Khost expedition, and again in the action of Peiwar Kotal, has placed

* Persians, Greeks, Seljuks, Tartars, Mongols, Pathans, Duranis, and Afghans—the hosts of Darius and Alexander, of Mahmud, of Ghazni, Taimur Lung, Babar and of Ahmad Shah, all marched to India through the Khyber defile. Nadir Shah outflanked the pass and used a route through Tirah.

their loyalty beyond doubt. In Waziristan two corps of local irregulars, the North and South Waziristan Militias, numbering respectively 1,276 and 1,495 rifles, hold the Tochi and Gomul Valleys, and act as a check on the troublesome Mahsuds. The number of regular troops serving beyond the administrative border has thus been reduced from 10,200 in 1899 to 5,000, and the considerable body thus released is now massed in central localities. The Militias, Border Military Police and Levies along the Pathan frontier amounted to 10,440 in July 1908, and of these all but 1,150 are Pathans. It is innumerable petty expeditions which have taught us where to select sites for forts, and where to push forward roads and railways most advantageously. Not the least wonderful of the many marvellous methods employed in keeping our fickle and excitable neighbours in order is the use made of the Pathans themselves to protect our marches.

A glance at the network of road and railway communications, which forms an essential feature in the scheme for efficient control, shows how comprehensive are the detailed arrangements for the protection of the North-West Frontier. The extension of the Pindi-Kashmir cart-road from Bandipur to Gilgit is one of the finest mountain roads in the world, and negotiates some difficult and lofty passes. Chitral is connected by telegraph with India by a line running round *viâ* Gilgit; that route being less exposed to mischievous interruptions than would be the more direct one through Dir. The road from Chakdara, over the Lowarai Pass to

Chitral, is everywhere six feet wide, and is bridged throughout by wire bridges. Communication between Gilgit and Chitral is now much improved, and telephones are extensively used in Killa Drosh. Information regarding the routes beyond Chitral is always available, and the passes are visited and reported on yearly. The outbreak of 1897, and the consequent isolation of the Malakand, showed the necessity of a railway line from Nowshera to Dargai; though a broad gauge line would certainly help better to develop the trade which is yearly increasing. The road up the Khyber Pass has been so far improved that heavy guns can go with ease as far as Torkham, on the Afghan border. The broad gauge line extends now to Jamrud. Work on the still incomplete Loi Shilman railway came to a standstill during the late Mohmand expedition. It is finished and ready for use as far as Shahid Miana, about six miles up the Cabul River gorge, beyond Warsak. The Khyber Pass is further outflanked by the excellent Malagori road, which leaves the Peshawar vale near Shahgai. Reliable communication between Kohat and Peshawar through the Kohat Pass has been established at last, and an excellent tonga road through the projecting neck of Afridi country is now quite safe for travellers. Kohat is further linked to the main line by the recent completion of the railway bridge over the Indus at Kushalgarh; and the Samana and Kurram have been placed within easy reach of Kohat by the Miranzai Valley line. A road fit for big guns runs throughout the length of the Kurram to the foot of the Peiwar Kotal, on the Afghan border;

and the Tochi is similarly provided with a tonga road to Datta Khel. The once inaccessible Bannu is now connected by road with both Kohat and Dera Ismail Khan. So, not only within the administrative border is there a complete system of road and telegraph communications, but long feelers have been thrown right forward through independent territory towards the Durand line, in the directions of Chitral, Lundi Kotal, the Kurram and Waziristan, thus enabling us to maintain a footing amongst our troublesome neighbours. Further, intimate and direct political intercourse with the trans-frontier tribes has been facilitated by the creation, in August 1900, of the North-West Frontier Province.

And now let me invite the reader to join the annual Chitral Relief Column on its way along the dusty road which quits the hospitable oasis of Mardan, and runs across the glaring "put" of Jalala to Dargai. From thence we ascend the Malakand ridge by the old Buddhist track which leads more directly to the Kotal, while the baggage winds its way slowly along the graded road. A very early start is usually made on these first marches, as the heat, even in early October, is severe towards midday. The view over the Yusufzai plain from the Malakand, at sunrise, is most imposing. Dargai nestles at the foot of the hills. The groves of Mardan can be seen beyond the Takht-i-Bahi ridge, whose summit is crowned with the extensive ruins of a once flourishing Buddhist city. From the Takht-i-Bahi many fine specimens of Greeko-Buddhist statuary have been excavated at intervals during

the last sixty years. The outline of the Cherat hills is indistinctly visible through the yellow haze which foretells the approaching heat of another day. Near the summit of the Kotal is the grave of "Ginger," a gentleman who distinguished himself as a bold standard-bearer during the attack on the Malakand, and who appeared to have a charmed life, until, at last, a bullet laid him low. A fresh wind usually blows across the Malakand Pass, and we were glad to descend the far side to North Camp, passing *en route* such historical places as Crater Camp and Gibraltar hill. From the camp itself can be seen the spot where Major Tayler was shot, while making his gallant sortie. The whole country-side teems with memories of the 1895 and 1897 troubles. In 1895 the Malakand was taken by assault, after having been shelled for five hours. On that occasion the tribesmen were tempted away by a feint towards the Shahkot, which is a pass further to the east, leading across the mountains into Swat. North Camp played an important part in the events of the 1897 outbreak. It is a grateful haven of refuge for the Chitral relief column; and here, for the first time during the march, existence, with only eighty-pound tents as a protection from the fierce sun, is endurable.

The march to Chakdara is an exceedingly easy one. A gentle descent leads to the valley of the Swat River. Amandara Pass, near which the Guides Cavalry made their famous charge, is passed on the way. The Swat River is crossed by a substantial iron bridge, from the further end of which rises the fortress of Chakdara

looking from a little distance not unlike a great battleship. A halt of one day is usually made here, which affords an opportunity for fishing in the river, or shooting "chicore" on the surrounding heights. About three miles distant up the valley lies Thana village which is worthy of a visit, not only on account of its picturesqueness, but for its historical interest. It was the first village to respond to the exhortations of the "Mad Mullah," and so became the birthplace of the "Great Pathan Revolt." Thana still retains a bad reputation, and ugly wounds are constantly being brought in from there for treatment in the Chakdara hospital. Next to fighting and quarrelling, the chief occupation of its inhabitants is the weaving of the well-known Swati blankets. These are handsome woollen rugs of a deep maroon colour, ornamented in black, green and white.

From the archæological point of view, the upper part of the Swat Valley, above Thana, is full of interest. It contains a great number of "stupas," which, owing to the unfriendly attitude of the Swatis, are never likely to be explored. During the 1895 occupation, however, most of these topes and ruins were mapped; but time and funds admitted of only one or two being excavated. These were found to contain great quantities of coins and statuary, bearing unmistakable signs of Grecian origin. One building in particular, which had apparently been added to by Buddhists and Hindus successively, was without doubt a Greek temple. It was a square building, supporting a hemispherical dome. Two ionic pillars formed the props to the archway,

through which the shrine was entered. The entire porch and the pillars have been removed to the British Museum. In this temple were found several Greek lamps, and two statues, the one of a Greek dancing girl, and the other of a Greek soldier, fully armed. An important find on one of the topes was a frieze, illustrating the life of Budha. The last scene depicted the cremation of "the master" after his death. A large subterranean monastery was also explored; and during some excavations, the working party came by accident upon a tomb. Through the small hole made by a pickaxe, the outline of a shrouded figure with its arms folded, and its head turned on one side, could be distinguished; but as soon as light and air got into the grave, the figure collapsed into an outline of thin dust. From this tracing, the body was found to measure five feet, seven inches. The best of these relics have been placed in various museums. In many of the Swat ruins, as well as in those of Yusufzai, the use of the Gothic arch is frequent. Architecture had reached a high standard even in those ancient days, and the square, the pyramid and the hemisphere are all represented.

Chakdara is the last outpost of civilization. Beyond this point various military precautions, such as erecting 'sangas' and picqueting heights, have to be taken; and the day's march is never begun until it is quite light. Along the road crowds of suspicious but highly picturesque-looking ruffians collect, to watch the column go by. They carry cartridge bandoliers, and are armed to the teeth with knives, swords and

every imaginable kind of firearm. Their rifles are particularly interesting, and range from the most antiquated old blunderbusses to more modern weapons such as Martini-Henry's, and an occasional London-made sporting rifle, doubtless stolen from some Sahib. The tough hide Pathan shields are getting very rare; and, as they are no longer of any use, their owners can usually be induced to part with them for a few rupees. These wayside watchers are chiefly zamindars, though many cut-throats are ordered down to the road to be kept under healthy observation while the column is passing. The rifle in these parts cannot be discarded even to follow the peaceful occupation of sowing and reaping, but must be kept ever handy against a surprise visit from the "dushman." Other good-looking devils are the Swat Levies, who, consoled with "hookah" and "charpoi" carry out their not too exacting duties of picqueting the adjacent heights. The "heights," by the way, according to the Levies' estimation, consist of any hillocks not more than twenty yards from the road. Dressed in their white uniforms and belts, and wearing their exaggerated "sidelocks," they lounge about their mud forts looking hardly less ferocious than their zamindar brothers.

A few miles beyond Chakdara, the road, now no longer metalled, turns abruptly to the west and enters the Uch Valley which terminates in the Katgola Pass (3,000 feet above sea-level); and beyond this point there opens out the fertile vale of Talash. There are some shady "chenar" trees at the head of this low pass,

and we halted here for a while to have breakfast, and to examine the extensive ruins which cover the hills to the south, for a distance of several miles. Indeed, there seems every reason to believe that the Talash Valley is classic ground, and that the ruins are those of the ancient city of Massaga, which Alexander the Great destroyed on his way to India. According to Arrian, Alexander divided his forces into two armies at Kôphêne or Kôphes (Cabul). One-half marched by the direct route through the Khyber to Peucélaotis (Peshawar). Thence it advanced and crossed the Indus. The exact point at which the Greek army crossed that river is much disputed. Some believe it was at Nilab, and others are in favour of Attock. A native tradition holds that "Sikundar" crossed from Amb to Darband in Yusufzai. This supposition would strengthen the theory of Abbott who locates the famous rock Aornos in the Mahaban mountains, or of Cunningham who believes that the position of the ruins at Ranigat, in the Swabi district, agree best with the vague descriptions of Alexander's famous monumental altars. Alexander himself marched towards the same goal through the difficult country of Kunar, Bajaur, Swat and Buner. Curtius describes how "Alexander fording the Gurœus, entered the country between it and the Suastus, the chief city of which was Massaga. This was captured, but not without considerable difficulty. Its garrison fought with obstinate courage till the death of their leader, when they surrendered and evacuated the citadel."

“The scene of these occurrences,” writes Bellow, “can, I believe, be recognised in the valley of Talash, where are extensive ruins of massive fortifications and other buildings that are described as covering the surface for some miles along the brow of a steep range of hills. These ruins are still called Guri, and the natives have many legendary tales of Kafirs who built and dwelt in them. They are on the south side of the Talash Glen, and eight or nine miles from the left bank of the Gurœus, which there can be no doubt is the modern Panjkora, whilst the Suastus is evidently the Swat stream. The route from Bajaur, from the remotest ages, has been through the Talash Glen over the hill pass on its northern boundary* and down to the village of Shukowli on the bank of the Panjkora River.” On the fall of Massaga, Arrian tells us that Alexander summoned Bazir and Ora, which Vigne suggests may be the ancient names of Bajaur and Darora (“perhaps the ‘darrah,’ or valley of Ora”). While he was on the point of marching to Bazira, Alexander was informed that Abissarus† had reinforced the garrison of Ora, and he therefore turned his attention to that place first, and afterwards proceeded to Dyrta or Thyrœ, which is most probably the modern Dir. Vigne makes a further suggestion which may be worthy of attention. “From Aornos,” he says, “Alexander is said to have made a

* Kamranai Pass, 3,300 feet.

† Abissarus is called by Arrian the “King of the Indian Mountaineers.” His territories probably included Hazara and a part of Kashmir, and he was a prince of as much importance as Porus or Taxiles. He afterwards made peace with Alexander.

second incursion to the territories of the Assacani, for the purpose of getting some elephants, and arrived at Dyrta which he found deserted. Dir is not more than five or six marches from Derabund (Darband on the Indus); and the accounts I have heard of the Lowarai Mountains behind it would justify an opinion that the Aornos may be found at or near it." It may, however, be mentioned that Vigne wrote the above remarks in about 1839, and had never himself visited the Lowarai Pass. It is nevertheless not improbable that if Alexander did penetrate as far as Dir, he may have pushed on over the Lowarai Pass, which is only fifteen miles distant.

There are other wayside objects of interest during these early stages of the Chitral road. Large heaps of stones known as "shahid" or "witness stones" are to be seen beside the path, upon which the Mahomedan sepoy's throw a few pebbles as they pass. These heaps mark the spot where a man has been murdered, and usually also cover his remains. It is not uncommon to come upon places where it is the custom for every passer-by to pile up two or three stones, one upon the other, to propitiate some spirit, or to commemorate some event of local interest. There is such a spot in the Kohat Pass, where travellers always collect a few pebbles in remembrance of a bride who was kidnapped on her wedding day. The Pathan cemeteries, which are met with very frequently, are also worthy of notice. Tall slanting slabs of stone protrude from the head and foot of the graves, and in some cases are elaborately decorated with carvings. Gay-coloured

flags flutter from poles and bushes. The graves lie north and south, and the body is placed on its side in a niche with the face turned towards Mecca. The niche, which is cut into one of the walls of the trench, is called the "ladh." It is usually made sufficiently high to allow the body to sit up during the first night of interment, while the angels Nakir and Munkir are questioning him about his deeds in life. If there is not sufficient time, or if the ground is too hard, to dig the "ladh," the grave is called "sami." Usually the burial-grounds are shaded by the thorny "palosa" tree, and are reverently called the "Khangarh" or "the house of the Khans." In Swat, it is said that the graves of the dead are not long respected, and that they are often obliterated after a few years by the plough. Amongst the Khattaks the opposite is the case. A traveller, if on a horse, always dismounts on passing a graveyard, and salutes the dead with a "salam alicum." A study of the different kinds of tombs throughout the Pathan districts is very interesting. Amongst the trans-frontier Mohmands it is the custom to erect a head and a foot stone of grey shale rock, which is specially quarried for the purpose. These stones, which resemble tall thin pillars, are very often found standing upright ten and twelve feet above the ground. Excellent examples of this type of grave are to be seen in the Gandab Valley and at Mutta Mogul Khel, near Shabkadar. A similar kind is also found in parts of the Yusufzai plain, where there are stony hills in the neighbourhood. About Peshawar the graves are composed of round stones, roughly built together. The

Muhamedzais of the Charsadda District are fond of working intricate geometrical designs in black and white pebbles on the tombs of their dead: The Teri and Seni Khattaks put up handsomely carved upright slabs. In the Kohat Pass the style varies in each cemetery. In some, the grave is adorned with only a couple of carved wooden pegs, about two feet high. In others there are little stones shaped like targets; but more often any rock, however rough, serves the purpose. In the case of Afridi cemeteries it is possible to tell the sex of the occupants of the graves. Those of the men have two upright stones with the longer axis placed parallel to the length of the grave. Those of the women have three uprights, placed lengthwise across the mound. Children of both sexes have two stones. In the Kurram the horns of an "oorial" are sometimes placed on a tall pole amongst the tombs, and in the Tochi the ill-kept graves are hardly recognisable from the surrounding litter of rocks. It is remarkable that a very small village often owns an extensive cemetery, and one is quite at a loss to imagine how there came to be so many dead people among such a small community. Although no effort is made to keep the tombs in repair, or to preserve them from the ravages of jackals and lizards, yet all Pathans, and most Afghans, are always anxious to find a last resting-place in their own village "khan-garh." It is no uncommon thing to see a corpse tied to a "charpoi," being conveyed a great distance back to its own village for burial. I met a sepoy once carrying his deceased brother in a box, on a donkey

all the way from Dera Ismail Khan to Khunda in Yusufzai. Where it is necessary to bury a dead man at once, a vow is often made to remove the corpse within so many months; and after an expedition, sepoys very frequently go back to exhume the bodies of their comrades killed in action.* From my own observations I am inclined to believe that Pathans are afraid of passing graveyards at night, and even in broad daylight they often sing loudly to keep themselves company. On the other hand, I have heard that the village cemetery is frequently used as a place of refuge in times of danger.

Two miles beyond the Katgola Pass is Sarai camping ground, a dusty ploughed field surrounded by broken "sangas," the remains of the last year's camp. Hard by is a Levy Post, and behind this is a clump of trees which gives a little shade. A motor-car has been driven as far as Serai Levy Post, but henceforward the path degenerates into a mere mountain track. The ascent to the Kamranai Pass (3,300 feet) was very stiff, and there were constant checks along the column, which on this narrow road was spread out to a length of six or eight miles. However, from the summit we had a superb view down into the Panjkora Valley. Mundah, the stronghold of Mian Gul Jan, the truculent younger brother of the Khan of Dir, lies in a nullah to the north-east. The troops on their way to the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Chitral went up the Mundah Valley. It was on the hills to

* After the late Mohmand expedition, the Mohmands refused to allow relatives to come back and reclaim their dead.

the South-west that Colonel Batty was killed in 1897, during the retirement of the Guides to the bridge, which the suddenly rising river had swept away behind them. The descent to Khungai was also very steep, and the narrow approach to the camp became so congested with troops and transport, that it was two or three in the afternoon before the rear-guard got in.

At Khungai, which is also known as Sadu, Mian Gul Jan, the Khan of Mundah, came to pay his respects to the General. Mian Gul is the "stormy petrel" of these parts, and spends most of his leisure hours in making war on his elder brother, Badshah Khan, the Khan of Dir. On this occasion he was accompanied by an escort of his own cavalry, as picturesque a body of cut-throats as ever existed. They were all armed to the teeth, and wore extravagant uniforms and velvet coats heavily ornamented with gold lace. The harness of their ponies was covered with scarlet cloth, and most of the fittings were of silver. Everything, even their gay, ill-tied turbans, denoted swagger and dare devilry. The Khan of Dir was also present. The period during which the relieving column is in Dir territory is regarded as a time of truce. In his courtly manner and quiet dress, he was a striking contrast to the sulky Mian Gul Jan, who wore a costly black astrachan uniform. In the afternoon our troops gave a display of machine gun practice against some targets. Afterwards the maxims were allowed to traverse over a dry ploughed field, which was soon hidden in a cloud of dust. It was a study to watch the faces of the spectators. The entertainment concluded by bringing he

mountain battery into action, and bursting a few shells on a distant mountain side.

Mian Gul refused to be present anywhere with his brother, and so was allowed to watch the display in solitary grandeur from a neighbouring tower. After a short interview with the political officer, who I believe told him to behave himself better, he rode away at sunset to his own fort at Mundah, accompanied by his picturesque followers.

The march along the valley of the Panjkora occupied the next three days. A few stunted chenars were to be seen here and there, and at intervals we passed strips of cultivation, irrigated by small canals, taken out from the river. Otherwise, except for the rampant growth of the ilex, nothing but a waste of boulders and dreary mountains met the eye. On the fourth day from Khungai, we crossed the Panjkora at Chutiatan by a wire bridge, and ascended for a few miles along the right bank of the Dir stream to Dir. Here, situated on a low hill, is the stronghold of Badshah Khan. The fort has three towers, each surmounted with a loopholed fighting top. It is composed of mud and stone, interspersed with layers of wood. A salute of guns was fired from it as the head of the column entered the valley. The vale of Dir is well cultivated, and numbers of chenars are scattered about it, so that its greenness is most refreshing after the wearying aridity of the Panjkora. The little town of Dir occupies a steep khud abreast of the fort. Its crazy huts are built one above the other, so that the roof of one forms the promenade or front garden of the one above. A good deal

of rice is grown in the valley. In a small enclosure we found the tomb of Mahomed Sharif, the late Khan of Dir, who, together with the famous Umra Khan, played so conspicuous a part in the local politics in 1895.

Henceforth we entered the region of higher mountains. The marches were short, but there was a good deal of climbing to be done. The scenery for the first time since leaving Nowshera becomes beautiful. The grassy-khuds and pine-fringed precipices rise imposingly from the narrow valleys, and entirely shut them in. At Mirga, there is hardly space to pitch a large camp; and so enclosed is the gorge, that there are less than six hours of sunlight in the day. Twilight in October sets in at 3-30 P.M., and a long, chilly, wintry evening follows. Mirga has an elevation of about 7,000 feet. Directly ahead is the Lowarai Pass, 10,200 feet. It is the chief obstacle of the march, and an early start has to be made. The distance from Mirga camp to the summit of the pass is five miles, and the rise in elevation is about 3,200 feet. It is a stiff pull for the transport mules. Soon, we were well into the region of the pines, whose dark-colouring contrasted strikingly with the pink masses of mountain which towered ahead. Everywhere were traces of last winter's avalanches, whose melting remains still (in mid October) lay in the valley, and whose track down the hill-side was traceable by the débris of splintered trees. The pine zone here extends from 7,500 to 9,000 feet. Presently we toiled over a spur and entered the pass proper. Another two miles brought us to the summit of the ridge, from which position we got a

fine view of the Hindu Kush and the valley of the Chitral river. Here a halt was made for breakfast, and we tried to distinguish from among the sea of snowy peaks, the great ranges of Shandur, Mustagh and Sarikol, upon which meet the three Empires of India, Afghanistan and China. At this point the Methar of Chitral met the Political Officer and conducted him down into Chitral territory. The descent of 2,800 feet through the pines to Ziarat is down a steep zig-zag path. This valley is often 40 feet deep in snow in winter, and evidence of avalanches was everywhere visible. At one place, about a quarter of a mile from the pass, an avalanche swept down on the Methar's party four years ago. Fifteen men and 22 ponies were overwhelmed, and the Methar himself had a narrow escape. The late Political Officer of Chitral has recently been decorated for gallantry in saving life on the Lowarai. Some years ago the "relieved" regiment expressed its satisfaction at quitting Chitral territory by making its band play on the top of the pass. The vibration of the music brought down a great mass of snow which blocked up the road, and buried some of the men. None of these dangers, however, beset the Reliefs in October, though on the return journey considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced, if the winter happens to be an early one.

The difference between the inhabitants of the Southern slopes of the Lowarai mountains and those of the northern is very marked. We had now left behind us the truculent, Pushtoo-speaking races. The

Chitralis belong to the same Dard family as the people of Astor and Gilgit, whom they very much resemble in appearance. Their dress consists of thick dark-coloured smocks and pants, and a cloth waistband. They swathe their feet in rags and wear "putties" and Astori roll-up caps, which (like the Gilgitis) they frequently decorate with yellow and purple flowers. Their complexion is pink and olive and their hair is worn in a fringe four inches long round the neck and ears. The Chitralis are a timid race, and have always suffered violence at the hands of their warlike Pathan and Afghan neighbours. They are, however, keen sportsmen. Hawking is a favourite pastime. Polo, shooting the popinjay, dancing and other games are constantly indulged in in Chitral.

The camp at Ziarat, where the supporting troops remained for ten days, while the relief of the garrison of Chitral took place, was situated in a grand pine forest, at a height of 7,400 feet above sea-level. Imposing precipices frowned down upon the narrow valley. A fall of snow whitened the Lowarai on the evening after we had crossed it. Huge log fires were kept blazing day and night, and around these the Pathan sepoy and the Kafir coolies danced after dark. On our arrival, Ziarat was connected up with Killa Drosh by telephone. During the first evening a rifle was let off accidentally in camp. The news was transmitted by a sepoy working the telephone to Killa Drosh. Thence it was reported to Chitral, and by the early morning anxious messages from Simla were received asking for the details of the attack on our camp.

But Chitral was forty-five miles further on. Under the escort of a couple of Chitrali Levies—who carried their loaded rifles pointed at our heads with the utmost unconcern all the way—a small party of us pushed on to Killa Drosh, where the about-to-be-relieved regiment treated us to that open hospitality which is only to be found in such isolated places. On the second night we stopped in the comfortable rest-house at Gariat. The following morning we crossed the Chitral river by a frail wire bridge which spanned a chasm some hundred and fifty feet deep. And now the scenery was truly Central Asian. A thousand times more bleak and barren was it than the Panjkora, but it possessed a boldness and magnificence which filled one with unbounded admiration.

Half way between Gariat and Chitral we came upon the village of Ayun, which proved to be a gorgeous oasis in the treeless valley. Its chenars, walnuts and pomegranates, its sparkling streams and grassy lawns would not have been unworthy of Kashmir itself.

Arrived at Chitral, we first partook of the hospitality of the inmates of the Fort, and learned from them what objects to see. We visited the old Fort, now the residence of the Methar, about which cling the memories of that gallant and stern defence which only thirteen years ago established British prestige on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush. The Fort is surrounded by gardens, in which the Methar has two tennis courts. The famous water tower can now only be looked at from a distance, since it forms a portion of the private apartments. No trace remains of the trench, which

was formed by the blowing up of the mine. The Chitral river sweeps round two sides of the Fort, and there are groves of trees on the remaining two sides. The bazaar is full of interest. In it are found varied types of humanity: Badakshanis, Gilgitis, Hanzas, Nagaris, Punialis, Pathans, Kafirs and Chitralis all rub shoulders in its single street. We visited Baird's grave, a sadly dilapidated and uncared-for monument of the siege. They pointed out the "nullah" in which he was shot. Captain Baird was first buried beside the gateway of the old Fort, but when the Methar again took up his residence there, it was found desirable to remove the remains to their present resting-place. It is a curious fact that, after a period of two years, the body was almost intact. The same thing was found to have occurred quite lately in the case of a lady, whose remains were exhumed in Gilgit for removal to India. The rarity and dryness of the atmosphere in these high regions, seems to preserve the tissues of the body from decomposition for a remarkably long time.

The valley in which Chitral lies is little more than two miles wide. It is shut in by high reddish mountains, whose bases are hidden in great shelving slopes of shale, which only an experienced mountaineer can negotiate. The new Fort is at the southern end, and below it a suspension bridge, 87 yards long, spans the river. The bazaar, the Methar's Fort and the Polo grounds are about two miles further up. The magnificent snowy dome of Tirich Mir fills up the end of the valley, and thrusts its dazzling white head 25,000 feet into the turquoise vault of the Central Asian

heavens. The country folk have strange legends regarding this peak. They say it is guarded by fairies and spirits, and that anyone who attempts to climb it goes mad.

On the day following our arrival we called on the Political Officer, passing *en route* the graves of Aman-ul-Mulk, and his two ill-fated sons, Afzul-ul-Mulk and Nizam-ul-Mulk. Through his kindness a game of polo was arranged for that afternoon. At sunset we repaired to the polo ground full of interest, to see the game played in its primitive form. A goodly crowd had collected. Shahzada Lais was pointed out to me as being the chief religious leader of the country. The Wazir was present, but the Methar was not in Chitral. One fellow in the crowd wore a Royal Humane Society medal. He gained it by pluckily attempting to rescue a drowning man from the Chitral river. Among the players was the Methar's half-brother, one of the seventeen sons of Aman-ul-Mulk. The "band" consisting of suranais, tom-toms and kettle-drums, played without ceasing all through the game. Their efforts reaching a climax whenever a goal was scored. There were many curious rules to the game. When a goal was made, the captain of the opposite party carried the ball in his hand at full gallop, and struck it forward from the middle of the ground. There were here and there a few hillocks and ditches, but they did not seem to signify much. The ponies were left to deal with such obstacles as they liked, and they certainly justified the confidence placed in them. The Methar is a good rider and often plays. I was

told that whenever he fell off, it was a point of etiquette that all the other players should also fall off some time during the game. The play was fast and reckless, and in most of its details resembled the polo which I have witnessed in Ladakh and Baltistan. A new polo ground has quite recently been laid out in Chitral. At the conclusion of the game, the vanquished team had to dance before the winners.

Afterwards followed Chitrali and Kafir dances. The men of Chitral are passionately fond of dancing, though during the last few years the practice has been discouraged by the Methar, who considers it an unmanly pastime. The Kafir's dancing was a poor performance, consisting of a sort of jig accompanied by whistling and clapping of hands. In their own country their dances are said to be most elaborate and picturesque. The Kafirs are a miserable race, who have been much persecuted by the Amir of Afghanistan, who has taken considerable interest in converting them to Islam. Those we saw in Chitral were practically slaves of the Methar, and had left their own homes partly to look for work, and partly to escape being forcibly converted. They occupy a vast extent of country to the West and North of Chitral. The transfer of Kafiristan to the dominions of Afghanistan took place during the early part of the reign of the late Amir Abdur Rahman. The country was taken after a hard struggle, and the Kafirs displayed considerable bravery in defending their native mountains. I do not doubt but that the Kafirs we met in Chitral were not a fair

sample. Sir T. Holdich speaks very highly of their independence and their many manly characteristics.

The entertainment concluded with a display of "Tambuk" or shooting the "Popinjay." An explosive gourd was tied to a high pole. The competitors rode past at full gallop, and fired at it with a shot gun. The feat appeared to require a good deal of skill, but the Methar's half-brother proved himself a very excellent shot, and frequently exploded the gourd. What the Chitralis lack in personal bravery, they make up for to a certain extent in being good sportsmen, and they possess many characteristics which the Englishmen in the valley would find pleasing, if more intimate relations were encouraged. Unfortunately, the feeling against the garrison is rather unfriendly, and those Chitralis who have any dealings with Europeans are subject to all manner of petty persecutions.

At the invitation of the Wazir, we partook of refreshments in his quarters in the Fort after the entertainment. Two quaint old guns stood in the gateway, and in the courtyard were displayed a number of markhor and ibex heads. I also saw two ovis poli horns, which I was told were picked up on the Pamirs.

I do not think I shall easily forget the Chitral Valley as seen in the gathering dusk from the walls of that historic fort. The chenar trees, and the tangled mass of petunias in the garden below, the Chitral river racing by, and the sublime snows of Tirich Mir flushed with the last rays of the setting sun, all combined to form a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

CHAPTER II.

YUSUFZAI.

Mardan—Rock inscriptions—A strange relic—An earthquake—Autumn fever—The Yusufzai plain—Ranigat—An old Subadar-Major—Hot springs—A money-lender's grave—Takht-i-Bahi—Former Civilization—Sari Bahlol—Jamalghari—The Malakand Canal—Kashmir-Smuts—A primitive meal—Ghulam Haidar Khan—The Yusufzais—Their Wanderings—Pathan occupation of the Peshawar Vale—Settlement of other tribes.

LET us now return to Mardan, and tour through the country of the Yusufzais. There is not another district in the North-West Frontier Province so full of interest, from the archæological point of view, as this. The ruins of ancient Buddhist and Hindu cities, which are scattered broadcast about the plain and the neighbouring hills, give special interest to every march. The Yusufzais themselves are a pleasant and cheery race, whose hospitality is proverbial. Although on occasions isolated for weeks at a time from the society of Englishmen, I seldom had cause to feel dull or lonely while travelling amongst them. They are vivacious and amusing companions, always ready for sport, or an excursion. They have an established and recognised gentry, many of whom have built and furnished rest-houses for the special use of Europeans. They make their visitors heartily welcome, and invariably regale them with tea and refreshments on their arrival. I have heard the sincerity of their motives

questioned, but personally I am inclined to think that we are often over-suspicious, and too ready to look for some hidden meaning, where none exists. I am sure my host of Kundab, Subadar-Major Kushal Khan, late of the 55th Coke's Rifles, whose guest I remained for some days, could have had no ulterior motives for his hospitality. It was with real regret that, two months later, I heard of his sudden death.

Mardan itself lies amongst groves and gardens. Its trees radiate from it in all directions along the various roads. Its comfortable bungalows are the result of the settled existence of their owners, and may well raise envy in the hearts of those of us who are wanderers all our lives in India.

Of the monuments of Yusufzai, none are of greater archæological value than the two rock inscriptions on the hills, a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the village of Shabbazgarhi. The longest of these inscriptions is on the face of a block of stone, which has fallen in past ages to its present position. The writing, which occupies a space of some twenty-four feet long by ten broad, is still fairly clear. It is an edict of the great Buddhist King Asoka. Fifty yards from it is a smaller inscription, now surrounded by a low wall, which has been erected for its protection. It is a repetition of Asoka's "Toleration Edict" (No. XII), which in the following words inculcates forbearance towards all religious views: "A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man for trivial reasons. Deprecation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sect of other people is

deserving of reverence for one reason and another, etc.” It is supposed that the edict decrees the good treatment of animals and also gives the names of contemporary kings ; but I am unable to say whether this is the case or not.

These edicts are believed to have been written about B. C. 250, on the establishment of Buddhism in the Peshawar Vale. Shahbazgarhi is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient city of Po-lu-sha, which the Chinese pilgrim, Huiien Tsiang, visited and described in A. D. 640. Fragments of carved stones and low ruins still cover the ground. Near the rock inscriptions is a hollowed out boulder, which appears to have been the cell of an ascetic. The edicts are written in Karoshthi or Syrian. These characters were introduced in about B. C. 500 from Babylon, by Darius, son of Hystaspes, who is said to have conquered these parts of India. The Peshawar valley was probably under Persian or Mesopotamian rule until the advent of Alexander the Great in B. C. 326. According to the translation of the *Pseudo Callisthenes* from the Syrian text, Darius, King of Babylon, applied for help to his vassal Porus, the King of the Indians, to stem the advance of Alexander. Porus actually started with an army, and only retired on hearing of the defeat and death of Darius. The country folk have a curious superstition with regard to these two inscriptions. They believe them to be written in a now unintelligible language, and imagine that they have reference to the whereabouts of a great golden horse, which is buried beneath the hill.

About a mile from the hamlet of Rustum, is a curious semi-circle of tall upright pillars, which stand ten or twelve feet above the ground. Stumps of stones and fallen pillars, now deeply embedded in the turf, show that the circle was originally a complete one, and that its diameter was not less than 19 paces. The monument very much resembles a Druid relic, but there is nothing to lead one to suppose that horizontal boulders ever rested on the uprights. It is within sight of, and only nine miles distant from, Ranigat. This latter ruin, as has already been mentioned, is supposed by Cunningham to be the site of Alexander's Aornos. The nearest hills from which the pillars could have been quarried, are a mile away and the task of transporting the blocks to their present site must have been a feat worthy of Alexander himself, and could only have been undertaken for some important purpose. The pillars are deserving of expert archaeological inspection. Since no other known locality corresponds with the description of the Aornos as given by Herodotos, the claims of this spot to being classic ground may be as strong as that of any other. The local tradition with regard to the pillars is curious. It is said that ages and ages ago ("Agle Zamanah men"), a party of women were chased by thieves. They prayed to God for deliverance, and as an answer were all turned to stone, much no doubt to the disgust of the pursuers and pursued alike.

Swabi is the chief village of the district of the same name, and I spent a few days there in the comfortable Tahsil bungalow. A severe earthquake occurred during

the early hours of the morning of the 24th of October 1908, which woke up the whole town. The oscillations lasted for nearly fifty seconds, during which the Tahsil buildings cracked and groaned, and a rain of cement and white wash fell from the roof. The disturbance was felt in Kashmir and Cabul, and did considerable damage in Samarkand. At almost precisely the same hour on the following morning, an even more alarming succession of shocks, lasting over a minute, brought the villagers running out again into the darkness, and some of them refused to return to their houses until dawn.

The autumn is an exceedingly unhealthy season in Yusufzai, and a malignant fever gets a firm grip amongst the peasants, and carries off many victims. It was quite sad to see the people digging graves in almost every cemetery that I passed. The excellent system of distributing anna packets of quinine through the postmasters, which has proved so beneficial in certain districts, has not been introduced here, though the people would willingly buy medicine. Many applications were made to me for quinine. It is a pity that something is not done to check this autumnal fever, as its effects must tend to seriously deteriorate the physique of the rural population, who are so far a fine race, and who supply the ranks of the Indian Army with many good sepoys.

The Yusufzai plain is very flat, and is but little broken up by nullahs. In many parts the country is under cultivation, which is especially luxuriant in the vicinity of the villages. The clay soil is remarkably

fertile wherever it is properly watered. The great tracks of submontane uplands are, however, quite unproductive. It is to irrigate, and so bring these deserts under cultivation, that the Malakand canal is being constructed. Large detached hills, eight or nine hundred feet high, crop up here and there, either as single mounds, or in small ranges. Of these the Takht-i-Bahi Ridge is the most extensive. On the north the plain is bounded by the mass of mountains of Swat, Buner and the Mahaban. The country is at present dependent for its water-supply on the rainfall and on a few wells. Makai (Indian-corn) and johwar are the two most important crops. Very little bajra (spiked corn) is grown, and the cultivation of cotton is inconsiderable. Of the minor crops the most important are sharsham, a plant used as fodder for cattle, and as a vegetable; and kunzalah, a small bean, whose seeds are employed in the manufacture of sweets (raories), and from which also oil is extracted. There are a number of kunzalah oil presses, worked by bullocks in Peshawar city, near the Gor Khatri.

Whilst in the vicinity of Kalu Khan I took the opportunity to ride out to the ruins of Ranigat, which occupy a commanding position on the Khudu Khel hills, a few miles across the border, near the village of Naogram. The inhabitants of Naogram are occupied almost entirely in agricultural pursuits. A couple of young fellows showed me the way up the steep path, which ascends to the crest of the ridge, some five hundred feet above the plain. On the summit are numerous hollows and knolls, about which are scattered

the ruins of a city. Enormous round boulders lie all about the place, and most of them are hollowed out to form cells. One rock in particular is so completely scooped out, that only a thin shell remains. On the highest part of the ridge stands the Ranigat Stone, which gives its name to the locality. It is a tall upright boulder, and is the conspicuous land-mark of the country side. There is a legend to the effect that it was the throne of a Queen, who used to address her court from it. Hence the name the "Queen's stone."

The structure of the buildings is more solid, and the blocks more regular, than is generally the case amongst the ancient buildings of Yusufzai. They are here built of granite, quarried locally. As a rule, thin chips of shale intervene between the big oblong stones, but in this case the blocks are so well cut that there are no interstices which require filling up. Quantities of broken statuary litter the ground, but it is all defaced, and the shepherd lads, who are iconoclasts by instinct, love to smash up what little remains of the idols. The spirit of vandalism is strong all over the Pathan hills, and it is only within the last few years that the people have begun to realise that these beautiful and exceedingly ancient images have their money value.

The most curious and complete structure in Ranigat consists of a square plinth, about twelve feet high, in which are two vaulted chambers, entered by means of massive archways. The larger of these chambers is ten or twelve paces in length. The further end is blocked up with a mound of earth, and the place is now used as a shelter for cattle.

Another peculiarity consists of a number of shafts, about twelve feet deep, and of varying width. The biggest is not more than four feet square. Archæologists have expressed an opinion that these shafts were used for storing grain. The natives ridicule the idea, and declare that they were wells; and I am inclined to agree with them. There are no other traces of a water-supply, and the pits are sunk in the lowest hollows. A shaft of that depth, carefully faced with granite all the way down, must have been difficult to sink, and its extraordinary narrowness would have made it capable of holding only a limited amount of grain. In one of the wells were the bones of a camel. The wretched animal had fallen in and died.

Of the history of Ranigat but little is known. We can only suppose that it belongs to the same period as all the rest of the Buddhist ruins of Yusufzai; and we may imagine, if it so pleases us, that this is indeed the place where Alexander built the Aornos. There is a native tradition that Bagram (the ancient site of Peshawar), Sita Ram (on the Indus near Topi) and Naogram (which is Ranigat) were built by three brothers, and named after them.

Topi is a village not far from the Indus, and situated at the foot of the Mahaban mountains. I was entertained there by the Khan, Mohamed Umar Khan, a dear little fellow of five or six, whose father died a couple of years ago. He behaved admirably at the meal he had had prepared for me, although a band of devoted grey beards were doing their best to spoil him.

I also accepted the hospitality of Subadar Major Mansur Khan, late of the 21st Punjabis. He was an antiquarian in his way, and had collected many curious local legends. He assured me that old coins and images were constantly being found, and that there were many fine ruins, notably those of Banj, in the Mahaban mountains, across the border. Stucco figures were sometimes dug up in Topi itself. He said that his father used to tell of a camel driver who had accompanied Ahmad Shah to India. This camel driver has dug out a handsome stone well from the sands of the Indus, which he remembered having used in his own childhood. The old Subadar Major knew all about Sikundar, Jangiz Khan, Taimur Lang, Babar, and other notable figures in the history of the country. He also, I hear, has since succumbed to an attack of the virulent autumnal fever, already referred to.

There is a spring in Topi which is marked on the map as being hot. It comes up into a reservoir beside the village mosque. I was informed from several different sources that in the hot weather the water is cold, and that in cold weather it is hot. In winter, it is said, dense clouds of steam are given off. I saw it in October, while the weather was still warm, and I found the waters quite cold then. There is said to be a spring at Tsappar Khel in the Jowaki country, which behaves in the same way.

There are copious springs too in Meni, a pretty little village some three miles distant from Topi. The ride there is a pleasant one, and the view over the low Gadun hills, to the Mahaban mountains, is very fine.

On the way, I passed a "shahid," or memorial heap, over the grave of a man, who, in his life-time, had been an exortionate money-lender. Every passer by threw a handful of stones on to the pile, and muttered a curse as he did so. The money-lender had a more imposing "shahid" than many a saint can boast of.

The most accessible as well as the most important Buddhist ruin in Yusufzai, is that of the Takht-i-Bahi, which is only about six miles north of Mardan. It stands high above the plain on the extremity of a low and broken range of hills, which are an offshoot from the main mass of the Buner mountains. Takht-i-Bahi means, "the hill of springs." There are two springs on the summit of the ridge, and others at its base. The drying up of these is an example of the failing of the natural water-supply of the vale, which has been remarkably rapid even in the time of living grey beards. It is stated in one of the leading works on the Yusufzai country, that the valley has always been as dry as it is now. In refutation of this statement, mention may be made of the failing of the springs at Takht-i-Bahi, Jamalgarhi and elsewhere, in our own time. There is besides abundant evidence that the vale was formerly very well watered, and even swampy in parts; and that originally it was a lake bed. At that period the deep layer of rich surface clay was deposited. There was, until quite recent times, a large lake at Topi, and the name "Ambela," which is an obscure Persian word for rhinoceros, was probably derived from the fact that those animals frequented the swamps about Rustum. The Emperor Babar in his memoirs

mentions hunting the rhinoceros in 1519 near the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and these animals existed in the vicinity, until the time of Akbar.

The former state of civilization in Yusufzai was probably a far higher one than now exists. The miserable mud hovels in which the population of to-day are content to live, compare very unfavourably with the massive walls, graceful arches and finished domes of the ancient cities, whose ruins are scattered everywhere. It was a civilization first introduced by the Greeks, subsequently improved on by the Budhists, and further developed by the Hindus, to be finally destroyed, and utterly wiped out of existence, by Mohamedans. The destructive conquests of Mahmud of Ghazni in A.D. 1001 and 1004, and the subsequent devastations of Jangiz Khan and Taimur Lang in the 13th and 14th centuries, reduced the once prosperous and populous country to an absolute waste, where hardly the cattle grazers dared to venture. "By this dreadful series of events," writes Sir Richard Temple, "there came about that which the historians eloquently and truly describe 'a shipwreck of nations.' There was not only a dislocation but a disruption of society. Morally as well as materially every root was torn up, every foundation dug out, every landmark swept away, everything that pertained to civilization was flung into a vortex of barbarism. The damage then done to countries, at that time among the fairest on earth, has proved irreparable during the succeeding centuries." The period of desertion must have lasted many generations to admit of the "garden of India" as described

by Fa Hian degenerating into a jungle, capable of sheltering tigers and rhinoceros.

It is a good climb to the summit of the Takht-i-Bahi, but the remains of the Buddhist causeway up the southern slope is still in a moderately good state of preservation. The western end of the hill at the point where it falls to the plain forms a high knoll, which was evidently used as a defensive work. On the least steep sides, the mound is built round with massive walls, which, though eighteen or twenty feet high, do not project above the summit of the knoll. A little further, along the narrow ridge, is the tracing of a court-yard containing rows of cells along its inner walls; and close by is the base of a "stupa." The structure of the walls is the same throughout, and is identical with that of Jamalghari, Charsadda, Kashmir-Smuts and Guri, the supposed Massaga. That is to say, the spaces between the blocks of stone are elaborately filled in with thin wedges of shale. After probably more than twenty centuries, the walls of Takht-i-Bahi in places still stand twenty feet high, and the corners and angles remain quite true and well defined. Here and there the coarse plaster, with which the buildings were originally covered, still adheres in patches to the walls.

A road six feet wide winds along the crest of the ridge past the reservoirs, for some three hundred yards, and then leads down the northern slope to the main city, whose buildings come quite suddenly into view. Ruined and decayed though these monuments of a departed religion are, they still remain imposing and

dignified relics. They stand on a plateau some two hundred feet below the top of the ridge, and on its northern face. On three sides the plateau falls away precipitously, and is built round with vast masonry works, so that the outer walls of the buildings along its edge, though standing only from sixteen to twenty feet above the level of the plateau, are really sixty or seventy feet high, being in fact a continuation of the massive masonry envelope which encases the cliffs. The effect is most imposing. All the buildings on the central plateau appear to have been devoted to religious purposes, and though packed closely together, form four distinct groups or courts. The first of these is a square enclosure, with recesses for images running round three of the walls. Some of the niches are still domed, but none of the images remain standing. The best of them have been recently removed to the Peshawar Museum. A low platform occupies the centre of the court.

Mr. Spooner of the Archæological Department has done much to rescue the ruin from its own débris, to buttress up tottering walls and domes, and to tidy up the place generally. Thus, while Bellew in 1860 descended into the second enclosures by only six steps, and found it an open space, one has now to go down ten steps deeper to the floor of the court, which is occupied by a number of plinths of various heights. These, the traveller from Thibet or Ladakh easily recognises as being the bases of "chortens" or receptacles for the ashes of departed Lamas. Many of them still retain ornamental panels. There are fine recesses all round

this court, which, to judge from the fragments of gigantic limbs found littered about, must have contained statues not less than twelve feet high.* To the west is a subterranean passage seventeen paces in length. It has an arched roof. Dark cells, into which it would be unsafe to venture without a lantern, open out from each side of this underground passage. The place, I should imagine, was most probably the monks' treasury.

From the second court a flight of half a dozen steps leads up to a third enclosure, which stands in a fine state of preservation. Its walls are at least five and twenty feet high. Rows of cubicles, in which probably the priests lived, run round its four sides. Of the fourth court, only the outer shell remains.

On either side of the main plateau, and separated from it by shallow ravines, are other ridges, thickly covered with dwelling-places. Of these, many are two-storied, with flights of stairs ascending the outer walls. Ornamental niches and arched doorways again relieve the blank spaces, and testify to the refined taste of the former inhabitants.

Recent finds of statuary amongst the ruins of the Takht-i-Bahi have dispelled the belief that its treasures are exhausted. Even more successful, however, have been the excavations at Sari-Bahlol. Besides some fine images found there recently was a beautiful carved

* The walls of these recesses lean in towards each other, and appear to be copied from the Scythian or Syrian arch. The same structure is to be found in the ruins of Babylon.

panel, which was unfortunately smashed up during the night by the vindictive inhabitants of a neighbouring village.

There is much that is of interest in the ruins of the city of Jamalgarhi, which occupies a site on the same ridge as the Takht-i-Bahi, but some miles further to the east. But, for fear of being wearisome on the subject of these deserted cities, I will only mention that on the extreme summit of the hill is a circular court containing the base of a "stupa," and that from it a flight of steps leads to other imposing buildings. In its details Jamalghari resembles the Takht-i-Bahi, though it is far more dilapidated. Its situation is, however, finer, and from the ruins the view over the Yusufzai plain, and to the mountains of Swat and Buner is very pleasing.

Proceeding to Katlang, I enjoyed several days of chicore shooting in the neighbouring foot hills, and flushed a good number of quail in the crops.

The construction of the Malakand canal is already making considerable progress. The tunnelling of the Malakand is, by no means, the only difficult undertaking which the scheme entails. The canal is to pass beneath a high ridge south-east of Katlang, and thence follow a very elevated alignment along the foot of the hills towards Rustum. Finally, it is to strike across the plain towards Swabi, and thus bring water to thousands of desolate acres. In the meantime, agriculture is suffering on account of the scarcity of labour, caused by the high wages offered on the canal works. For a similar reason army recruiting is becoming

difficult about Kathlang and Lundkhwar ; but as yet no other part of Yusufzai has been affected.

I was persuaded to make an expedition from Katlang to the famous Kashmir-Smuts caves, which necessitated a start at 3 o'clock on a moon-light morning. The caves are situated high up amongst the Paja hills. At dawn I reached Babozai, where the Malik, Gulam Haidar Khan, provided me with coolies and guides. A crowd of villagers attached themselves to me of their own accord, so we made a large and merry party.

A mile's walk along an execrable path, brought us to the mouth of a valley, whose head lies among the precipices of the Paja. Those mountains now towered above us to a height of several thousand feet. One of the chief attractions of the excursion, to my mind, lay in the almost terrifying scenery of this wild glen. Very soon, we were picking our way up a torrent bed, between naked and sinister precipices. The usual shrub jungle of the Pathan hill-side grew luxuriantly in the nullah bed ; and higher up we found sweetly scented jessamine. Presently, the path threaded its way across the face of an ugly-looking cliff along a shelving ledge, not more than six feet broad. Above us rose a straight wall of rock, and below gaped a deep chasm.

Beyond this obstacle we again dropped to a nullah bed, where invisible water was trickling noisily under the boulders. I was very much struck with the beauty of this glen. Ivy, vines and other creepers covered the rocks and trees. The ravine was densely wooded, and the smell of the fallen autumn leaves was delicious.

Moreover, after the weariness produced by hard climbing, it was refreshing to enter gorges, where the sun's rays can only penetrate for an hour or so during the day, and where now the chill and gloom of dawn still lingered. Steep grassy slopes rose on the one hand and terrific naked precipices on the other. Clusters of palm trees clinging to the steep walls greatly added to the pleasing effect. Along the very edge of the cliffs stood the ruined walls of a decayed Buddhist city. The castle of the wicked dragon, as depicted in the fairy books, could scarcely have been more fantastically situated. The Kashmir-Smuts cave has its opening in the face of a precipice. The ascent up to it by a narrow and much ruined causeway was not pleasant; and the descent from it later was still less so, since in glancing down to find a footing, the eye could not ignore the sixty feet of void immediately below. The Archæological Department might well expend a little money on restoring the broken causeway which, in its present state, has proved too difficult a climb for a good many explorers.

The entrance to the cavern is through a natural portal forty feet square. Here we lit our lanterns and prepared plates and torches of magnesium powder, which the Manager of the Mayo Salt Mines had kindly supplied me with. The main cave is best described as being one enormous chamber, with three turns in it. It is exceedingly lofty and spacious. The first section is dimly lit from the entrance arch. Along either wall lie the ruins of what appear to have been the cloisters of the monks, who used the cave as their temple. A

deep deposit of bat's dung covered the floor ; and great flocks of bats and blue rock pigeon, disturbed by our entrance, fled silently to and fro beneath the high vaulted roof.

The turn to the second section brought us to inky darkness. The bright white blaze of the magnesium flares disclosed a broad flight of stone steps, with a low and semi-ruinous balustrade, leading up the centre of the cavern, and disappearing round the next turning. Beside us a stone tank, sixteen feet long by ten feet wide and ten deep, stood empty and ruined. The floor of the cave shelved slightly upwards.

Mounting this stairway cautiously, we turned into a big hall, faintly lit by a hole far, far up in the roof. A handsome and well preserved shrine stood in the middle of the shelving earthy floor. A dim religious light pervaded the vast chamber, suggestive of prayer and meditation. The place was, indeed, a perfect natural cathedral. I could well imagine processions of bygone Lamas bearing torches, ascending the broad stairs, and proceeding to the shrine in the hall beyond.

To the left more steps led to a side cave, which soon became so low and confined that we were nearly choked by the fumes from the torches. It has never been explored to the end.

A legend that it has an exit in Kashmir, is responsible for the name of "Kashmir-Smuts" or "Kashmir caves."*

* There is a tradition amongst the natives that Budha himself spent a short period of retirement and meditation in this cave. There is probably no truth in the story.

On leaving the gloomy cavern I halted for an hour on a plateau across the glen, and had breakfast amongst the ruins of the city. A troop of monkeys were playing the most perilous games on the face of an apparently perpendicular precipice, and their antics astonished even the Pathans of my party.

A heavy meal awaited me on my return to Babozai, where the Malik, Ghulam Haidar Khan, and Khadi Khan, his brother, had prepared a feast of hard boiled eggs, grilled chicken, and sweet chupaties. The arrangements were, perhaps, a trifle primitive, but the Malik showed a delicate attention for my comforts when he strained the milk for me through his own fingers. However, to my relief, it was subsequently poured into the kettle along with the tea, water and sugar and subjected to a good boiling. Given a really good appetite, the eatables provided on such occasions are by no means unpalatable, but the tea is almost undrinkable on account of the quantity of sugar which is heaped into it.

Ghulam Haidar Khan is an old man now, whose beard would be white but for the scarlet dye. In his day he did excellent work in connection with the collection of supplies, rifles and money fines from the neighbouring Bunerwals. He received a "khelat" in '98, in recognition of his services.

The Yusufzais, strictly speaking, do not occupy the plain of Yusufzai, but live in the neighbouring hills of Swat and Buner. The inhabitants of the plain, who are generally known as Yusufzais because they live in Yusufzai, should really be called the Mandanr. They

trace their descent from Mandan the brother of Yusuf. The Baizais who occupy the plain of Lundkhwar are the only true Yusufzais left in the lowlands.

The Mandanr Yusufzais are divided into three great branches, *viz.*, the Utmanzai, Usmanzai and Razar. They are a big limbed, handsome looking race, and are largely enlisted in the Indian Army, in which nearly one thousand four hundred are at present serving.

Their history as a nation is not lacking in interest. They are believed to be the descendants of the Gandhari, who occupied the Peshawar vale at the time of the advent of the Greeks. In the fifth or six century a general emigration occurred of the natives of Gandhára, brought about most probably by the irruption of the Scythic hordes. As a Buddhist community they travelled to, and settled on the banks of the Helmund, and founded the city of Gandhára or Kandahar. During their stay in Khorasan they adopted the doctrines of Mohamed, and as a Musalman nation commenced their return journey in the early portion of the fifteenth century. "What induced them," writes Bellow "to make direct for the Peshawar Valley, the ancient Gandhara, is a subject for enquiry. Whether they were guided by mere chance, or whether some tradition still lingered in the memory of their grey beards, that the country towards which they had set their faces with kith and kin was their true fatherland, is uncertain, though the latter would seem highly probable."*

* The claim of the Afghan and Pathan nations to being descended from Saul, and from the wandering Hebrew Colony converted to

They appear to have settled for a while in Ningrahar, which is the vale of Jalalabad, and to have formed only a part of a great community restlessly searching for a home. The Gigianis and Muhammedzais who have since again become their neighbours, settled near them for a while in Ningrahar, while the Tarklanris, the present Bajauris, whose original home appears to have been the Gumal Valley, found a temporary halting place in Lugman.*

The Yusufzais, accompanied by the Utman Khel, forced their way through the Khyber and occupied the plain lying between the Cabul and Swat rivers. Their aggressions brought them into conflict with the inhabitants of the Peshawar Vale, the Dilazaks, a race

Al-Islam in Ghaur near Herat, by Khalid-bin-Walid, in A.D. 622, appears in many cases to be well founded. The Yusufzais, however, as has been shown in the text, have no common origin with the rest of the Pathans; having merely adopted their religion and language from long and close association. "As an instance of the danger," says Bellew, "of drawing conclusions from mere names, it may here be stated that the Yusufzais reckon themselves true Afghans, and call themselves Bani Israil. Their name means 'descendants of Joseph,' and their country abounds with Israelitish names such as are found in the Scriptures. In fact, by the hasty enquirer, their claims would be at once admitted, and their country be considered a second Palestine; for in support of the belief there is the hill Peor (Pehor), the mount Moriah (Morah), the peaks Ilam and Dumah, the Valley of Sodom (Sudhum), the stream of the Gadarenes (Gadhar), the plain of Galilee (Jalala), etc., whilst for the tribes there are the Amazites (Amazai), the Moabites (Muhibwal), the Hittites (Hotiwal), etc."

* The present occupants of Lugman are supposed to be the most shrewd business men in Afghanistan. It is said their deceitfulness is due to the fact that the Devil spent his first night on earth amongst them, on his expulsion from heaven.

of whose origin little is known. It is supposed that they derived their name from the "Saki" which word was used to denote the early Buddhist disciples of Sâkia Muni (Bûdha). During the reign of Akbar a portion of the Dilazaks was deported to Hindustan, and the Emperor Jehangir removed the rest from Peshawar and Hazara, and formed them into a colony in the Dakhan. Only a few families now remain, and there is only one Dilazak at present serving in the Indian Army.*

In the meanwhile the great Mohmand irruption was also moving eastwards towards the Peshawar Vale. The bulk of this tribe found its permanent home in the mountainous regions north of the Cabul river, while a small section, now known as the Bar Mohmands, became detached, and settled in the plains due south of Peshawar, between the Bara river and the Afridi Hills.

The Yusufzais assisted by the Tarklanris, Muhammedzais and Gigianis in the meantime gradually became masters of the Yusufzai plains. The Muhammedzais are now settled in Hastnagar, and the Gigianis in the Doab of the Swat and Cabul rivers. In the succeeding revolutions the Tarklanris moved into their present holding in Bajaur; the Utmankhel¹ occupied the lower portion of Swat; and the Yusufzais retained the whole plain between the Cabul river and the Indus, and made besides considerable acquisition in the Swat Valley, in Buner and in Chamla.

* There is a village called Dilazak north-east of Peshawar, near Muhammedzai. It is inhabited by Khalils.

The final struggle for territory ensued, and as a result the Mandanr clans overran the whole of the Yusufzai plain, and the Chamla Valley. The senior Yusufzai branches of the tribe retired to Swat and Buner, retaining in the lowlands only the Lundkhuwar plain, still occupied by the Baizais.

About 1553, at the period when Humayun, King of Cabul, was marching to re-establish the Moghul Empire in Delhi, the Khalils and Daudzais moved down the Khyber, and respectively occupied the districts west and north of Peshawar, thus completing the Pathan settlement of the Peshawar Vale.

Of all the Pathan tribes the Afridis alone seem to be able to claim the distinction of having been long established in their present country. They have been identified with the *Aparytæ* of Herodotos, and appear to have remained stationary for twenty-three centuries, although their territories have been so much encroached upon by Khattaks and Bangash that nothing but the hilly regions remain to them.

While we are on the subject of the settlement of the Pathan races on and beyond the administrative border, it may not be out of place to follow the peregrinations of the remaining tribes who live in or near the North-West Frontier Provinces.

The Orakzais are believed to come of the same stock as the Afridis, Bangash, Turis, and Waziris, and their original home is said to have been on the slopes of the mountains of Suliman. The Orakzai and Bangash settled in the Zaimukht country during the successive invasions of Subaktagin and Taimur, and were thence

driven into Kurram, and again from there into the Miranzai Valley. The occupation of the Kurram by the Turis, and their gradual encroachment into the lower part of the Valley, then held by the Bangash, forced the Bangash in their turn to press the Orakzais. In these aggressions they were assisted by their neighbours the Khattaks. The struggle was settled by a general action in the vicinity of Muhammedzai near Kohat, towards the end of the 16th century. The battle is said to have raged for three days and to have resulted in a victory for the Bangash, who have ever since occupied Miranzai. The Orakzais then retired to their present holdings in Tirah, Khanki and Mastura.

The settlement of the Khattaks in their present territories along the right bank of the Indus probably took place some three hundred years previous to the expulsion of the Orakzais from Miranzai. They originally came from the Suliman mountains, and have been identified with the Sattagyddæ of Herodotos. They were driven out on to the plains of the Indus by the Waziris, who themselves occupied the place thus vacated. An irruption of certain Baluch tribes, probably the same Baluchis who still occupy Dera Ismail Khan, and who are now entirely separated from the rest of the Baluch nation, forced the Khattaks northwards. Thus pressed, they gradually spread all over the Teri, Lachi, and Chautra districts. The Sagirs section struck out an independent line, and a few of them are still found across the Indus. The Akora Khattaks have pushed up beyond the Cabul river and

into the Yusufzai plain, and colonies of them are found as far north as Jamalghari and Lundkhwar. The Bannuchis of Bannu appear to have shared to a limited extent the wanderings of the Khattaks, and have now surrendered much of their land to the all-grasping Waziris.

The latest arrivals are the Shinwaris, who came from Persia with Nadir Shah in A. D. 1738.

CHAPTER III.

PESHAWAR.

PESHAWAR CITY—The Caravans—Trade with Afghanistan—Fruit—Carpets—Markets—Coins—The Trans-Frontier tribes—Cis-Frontier tribes—Trees—Jamrud—Blood feuds—A truce—The Khyber Pass—Ali Masjid—A picturesque Warden—Lundi Kotal—Affair of the 4th May, 1908—Shinwaris—Charsadda—Mir Ziarat Dheri—Hashtnagar—The Gandab Valley—Dand—Torkai—The Mohmands—Multan.

I doubt whether there is a more fascinating city in the east than Peshawar; or one requiring greater local knowledge to be thoroughly appreciated. What it lacks in the way of fine buildings is amply made up for by its unique human element. In its streets India meets Central Asia, and of the crowds which throng its bazaars fully thirty per cent. are travellers on their way to and from Hindustan, or are strangers from the neighbouring Pathan mountains. Not the least picturesque are the sulky Afghans, who, to judge from their truculent manners, have forgotten that they no longer walk the streets of Cabul. It is the peculiarity of the Afghans that they are always thoroughly at home everywhere, and never seem to realise the necessity of dropping any of their swagger when in foreign lands. In pleasing contrast are the cheery, laughing Pathans, many of whom are 'in town' for a holiday, and who, like tripper all the world over, are determined to enjoy themselves. Each tribe has its own Caravansarai

where its members hire a charpoi, and deposit their belongings. Swatis swathed in gay Malakand blankets, handsome featured Afridis from the neighbouring hills, spotlessly clad Yusufzais with flowing pyjámás and exquisite love locks, jostle each other in the main thoroughfares of the city, and percolate through the motley crowd of Peshawaris. Occasionally one sees a group of Mohmands, perhaps on their way to the Kohat Darrah to purchase rifles ; or ragged, underfed Orakzais distinguishable by the peculiar pearl grey chuddars they affect. These latter engage in the mazarai * trade. Quantities of mazarai are grown in Miranzai and in the lower Orakzai valleys, and there is a large demand for it in Peshawar. Even more poverty-stricken than the Orakzais are the little Tartar-featured, slit-eyed Hazaras, who, in early winter, came down in crowds to the Punjab, to escape the rigours of their own climate, and to find employment on railway and canal constructions.† On the same errand are the

* Dwarf palm, see page 99.

† The Hazaras hold the strongest valleys and mountains in the heart of Afghanistan, extending westward from Cabul, Ghazni and Kalat-i-Ghilzai to the neighbourhood of Herat and Balkh. They are besides widely distributed throughout Afghanistan, and are found in every town and village. They are an industrious race and are employed as servants in nearly every family. Indeed, there is a proverb to the effect that " Afghans would have to work like donkeys but for the Hazaras." There is a good deal of difference of opinion as to their origin. Abdul Fazal, a historian of the 16th century, states that they are the remains of the Army of Maryn Khan, the grandson of Chengiz Khan. According to another theory, they originated from the military colonies established by Chengiz Khan himself, to consolidate his lines of communication, much in the same way as Alexander the Great strengthened *his*

Ghilzais, who, however, go much further a-field in search of labour than the Hazaras. Occasionally may be seen Usbeks, Russian subjects from Kokhand, in quilted, long-sleeved coats. The merchants of Bokhara and Samarkand carry on an important trade with Peshawar. Last of all come the fair-skinned Chitralis, representing an entirely different type. They saunter about in their embroidered "Chogas" with the usual yellow or purple flower stuck gaily in their roll-up caps. It is an interesting crowd to study, for it is essentially cosmopolitan. It is amusing to watch a young Afridi buck, supported and advised by half a dozen friends, selecting a gold and velvet waistcoat, beneath which his heart will beat proudly for months to come.*

It is nothing short of an education to witness the arrival of one of the bi-weekly caravans, which come down from Cabul all through the winter. They are conducted by an Afghan escort as far as Torkham, and are there taken over by the Khyber Rifles, and passed

communications, by distributing colonies of Kafirs from Kokand and Badakshan, in Chitral. Each colony is supposed to have consisted of one thousand (Hazar) men. Hence the name Hazara. Nine of the colonies were placed in the Hazara of Cabul, and one was located east of the Indus as an advanced post. It may be mentioned, however, that the Hazaras of the Indus (Abbottabad districts) in no way resemble those of Afghanistan. Yet a third tradition ascribes to them a Mogul origin. The Hazaras of Afghanistan are without exception Shiah, and they speak a bastard Persian, and not Pushtoo. Their enlistment into the Indian Army as pioneers is quite a new experiment.

* "So strong is personal vanity in the breasts of Oriental men and women, young and old, that from Cairo to Calcutta, it would be difficult to find a sad heart under a handsome coat."—Sir Richard Burton.

down the Khyber defile to Jamrud. There they spend the last night of their long march. All next day the caravan, consisting perhaps of three thousand camels, and a host of men, women and children, streams into Peshawar city. The entrance of the Bajauri Gate is packed with transport, and here a handful of customs officials fight, to all appearances hopelessly, in a desperate cause. The confusion is indescribable.

Once within the city, and the danger of being trampled on over, it is possible to take stock of one's surroundings. The strong-limbed, bubbling camels, relieved of their heavy loads, squat everywhere. Their heads, throats and quarters are covered with bunches of black hair, which by the way is cut once a year and is of great commercial value. They are remarkably fine beasts, and are much larger and stronger than those of the Punjab, or those which the Ghilzais bring down to India over the Peiwar Kotal. The Afghan camel drivers are shaggy and powerful in proportion, and the pleasure of arriving at their destination induces them to throw off much of their usual sulkiness. They are tall, broad-shouldered fellows, with fair skins and black locks, and wear untidy pugrees and hairy poshteens.

Hundreds of ponies accompany a caravan. They are bull necked, straight pasterned, savage-eyed brutes, whose chief recommendation is their obvious strength and hardiness. Amongst them, however, are animals of a finer breed, which look as if they might develop into handsome creatures with good food and grooming. Dealers are at work picking out the most likely looking

ones, as soon as the 'Kafila' arrives. It is, however, not easy to judge them, for they are almost completely hidden in gay cloths, carpet saddle bags, beads and swagger trappings. As soon as they are unloaded, they are wrapped up again in several thick 'numbnas,' and tied to a 'charpoi,' with which they easily walk off to settle a quarrel with, or take a bite out of, a neighbour. Consequently the Mewa Bazaar is a scene of confusion and strife. The same conditions reign in all the numerous 'serais' which lead out of it on every side.

The chief imports from Afghanistan are wheat, hides, skins, ghee, asafoetida, horses, ponies and mules. The import trade has grown very considerably, and I believe the latest statistics show a yearly expansion of over Rs. 900,000. The development of the export trade points to a spreading desire in Afghanistan for British-made goods. Chief amongst these commodities are cloths, manufactured leather goods, articles of apparel, china, procelain, glass beads, petroleum, corrugated iron and kerosine oil. Within the last few months the Khyber Pass has twice been closed by the British authorities: the first time because of a disagreement about the springs at Torkham, and on the second occasion on account of the misbehaviour of the Sarhang of Dakka. An unexpected result of these measures was that the Amir was personally inconvenienced. The supply of kerosine oil ran short in the palace, and no more was procurable till the disagreement with the British Government had been adjusted. Amongst other exports is silver, which is flowing steadily in in

the shape of rupees, from India into Afghanistan. The reason for this is that there is a growing demand for British rupees in Balkh, Bukhara and Cabul, in all of which places there is profit to be made on the exchange. Besides this, the caravan merchants, as they grow prosperous, are carrying back more and more cash with them every year.

Whole caravans of fruit frequently come down to Peshawar. These chiefly consist of melons, grapes, pomegranates, chilgosas and pistachios. The alluring fruit-shop windows of Piccadilly, where the well-polished apples and pears of Kent look so tempting, have their counterpart in Peshawar. An inspection of the fruit shops affords a good deal of interest. The best melons are imported from Cabul and even from Samarkand, and are priced at from two to three rupees each.* Small pomegranates also come from Cabul, but are inferior to the luscious deep red variety brought down at considerable trouble and risk from Kandahar, Mustang and Samarkand. For one of these latter, the Peshawari "Lucullus" will pay as much as seven annas.

* "In Farghana," writes Lane Poole, "grew such apricots and pomegranates that a man would journey from afar to taste them. Many years after he was banished from this land, the Emperor Babar recalled with a sigh the flavour of the dried apricots stuffed with almonds, which were so good in Marghinán. The luscious pomegranates of Khojend were not to be despised, but the melons of Akhsi, who could resist the melons of Akhsi, which had not their equal in the world, not even in the spreading melon fields of Bokhara, and the Ismail Shaikhi melons with a yellow skin, mottled like shagreen, 'a wonderfully delicate and toothsome melon'."—Lane Poole's "Babar."

The pomegranates of Peshawar too have a great reputation, and during the early summer months find a large market in Delhi and Agra, where they are sent every morning in a special train. The beautiful white grapes of Cabul are brought down in cottonwool, and sold for one rupee eight annas a seer. The walnuts of Tirah are, if anything, superior to those of Kashmir, and both are found in the Peshawar bazaar. From Tirah and from the Suliman mountains come the insidious chilgosas, which the Peshawar folk nibble all day.

Peshawar is the chief centre of a very important trade in carpets between Persia, Central Asia and India, and the rug fancier may spend many engrossing hours in the carpet shops. I tried hard to come in direct communication with the Afghan traders, but in this I was unsuccessful, for they have little to do with the disposal of carpets in detail. A caravan of rugs starting from Bokhara, Merv, Panjdeh, Samarkand or Kokhand is always preceded by an agent, who carries an invoice and description of the goods. The dealers in Peshawar buy up the whole consignment before it arrives. This is why the European has to pay such long prices for even a very small prayer carpet. The merchants too know full well how to sway the rug gently before a purchaser to fascinate him with the moving lights and shades, playing over the deep brown and maroon colours. It is interesting to note that the long, narrow carpets are giving place to ones of a more convenient shape—a concession perhaps to European tastes, on the part of the Central Asian weavers. But

even now they are often faulty in having one end broader than the other.*

Every trade has its own separate quarter. In the "chirya bazaar" or bird market, all kinds of gaily plumed little birds, whose home is in Cabul, may be bought. Thrushes, goldfinches, linnets and other European birds are procurable in Peshawar, but they rarely survive the Indian hot weather. In one quarter are situated the braziers, in another shoe makers, embroiderers and uniform dealers. Elsewhere a whole street is devoted to making up the mazarai, or dwarf palm, into its various commercial forms. Amongst other stalls are those of the money changers, where it is by no means uncommon to pick up a copper or

* The prayer carpet has two functions : to protect the worshipper from actual contact with the ground, and to assist in concentrating his thoughts on holy things. The first object which the craftsman would naturally desire to introduce into his artistic scheme would be the "Mihrab," which is that part of the mosque where the priest stands when reciting public prayers; and this is the dominant characteristic of every prayer rug. It is, roughly, in the shape of an arch, the top being sometimes pointed and sometimes rounded, but the apex is nearly always well indicated, and is invariably pointed towards Mecca or Medina when the rug is spread on the ground for use. Near the apex, and just beneath it, is sometimes found a triangular patch which is intended to represent the little packet of sacred earth, which some Muhammedans place on the ground and touch with their foreheads when prostrating themselves. Within the apex of the "Mihrab," and beneath the triangular patch, the weaver frequently introduces the representation of a comb, to remind the worshipper that his beard should be well kept when he is engaged in his devotions. Within the niche can often be traced the rude representation of a rosary for the devout Mussulman carries on his person a string of 99 beads, each of which represents one of the "beautiful names of Allah."—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

silver Grecian coin, or a Bactrian "Menandar" or "Eucratides."

From the coins found in different parts of the North-West Frontier Province, a great deal of the early history of the country has been ascertained. Little is known of the various Greek and Greeko-Bactrian Kings who succeeded Seleukos Nikator in the heritage of Alexander the Great. It is certain that the Greek influence existed off and on for upwards of three centuries. Professor Wilson, who made a careful study of the coins he collected, has given the following list of rulers—Demetrius, B. C. 190 : Antimachus, B.C. 150 : Menandar, B.C. 126 : Apollodotus, B.C. 110 : Hermæus, B.C. 98 : and Strabo, A.D. 80. The copper Menandar, which is still common, has the bust of a Greek soldier on one side, and on the reverse a mounted horseman. The silver Menandar is not so frequently seen, and bears the head and shoulders of a typical Greek, with the inscription "Menandar."*

Another common coin is that of Kadphises. It represents the Scythian period, which succeeded the Bactrian. Of the Hindu dynasties which followed the Scythians, a silver coin displaying on one side a saddled

* Others say that Menander ruled from B. C. 165 to B. C. 148, and was succeeded by Eucratides. "According to Strabo," says Wilson, "Menander was one of those Bactrian Kings by whose victories the boundaries of the kingdom were chiefly extended towards the east." He crossed the Sutlej and passed eastward as far as the Jumna ; but Professor Wilson comes to the conclusion "that he never was King of Bactria, but that he reigned (B. C. 126) over an extensive tract from the foot of the Paropamissan mountains to the sea" and was "a conqueror of the neighbouring provinces."—Extract from "A year on the Frontier."

bull, and on the other a horseman, is found in large quantities, as too is a copper coin bearing a lion rampant and an elephant, with Sanskrit characters. This latter is also found in the Suki Sultan Surak ruins near Rawal Pindi. Coins are constantly being turned up by the plough in the Peshawar district. A number were discovered buried in an earthen jar a short while ago, but it is said that the finder consigned them to the ground again, to avoid trouble with the Police.

There are not many notable buildings in Peshawar city. The most elegant is the mosque of Mohabat Khan, so named after its founder, who was a governor here in the days of Shah Jehan. Its slender minarets rise high above the mass of meaner houses. On occasions General Avitabile, the Neapolitan Governor of Ranjit Singh, did not scruple to use these same minars as gibbets, from which to hang half a dozen "true believers," at one time. The Fort, which stands on the site of the Bala Hissar Palace of the Durani Kings, was built by the Sikhs.* The Gor-khatri, now a tahsil office, was formerly the residence of General Avitabile. It was visited by the Emperor Babar in 1519, who made mention of it in his memoirs.

The Gor-Khatri stands on the summit of a considerable eminence, and on a clear winter day the view from its roof is really magnificent. You see from here one-third of the arc of hills enclosing the Peshawar vale, backed with glistening snowy ranges, extending

* Peshawar was used for many years by the Duran Princes as a winter residence, in the same way that the present Amir of Afghanistan now uses Jalalabad.

from those east of the Kunar river to the Mohmand, Bajaur and Lowarai mountains, and so on westwards to the white ridges of Swat and the Mahaban. Due west of Peshawar lie the Khyber hills, with fort Maud visible in the throat of the pass. The main peaks of this knot of mountains are Tartara (6,764 feet) and Rotas (5,423 feet) ; while to the right of these, the sugar loaf point of Toratsuka (4,453 feet) is very prominent. To the left of the Khyber, the hills rise steeply to the uplands of Tirah, and almost above Jamrud are the twin peaks of Zera, which were used as a signalling station in the late Zakha Khel expedition.

From the Gor-khatri the geography of the neighbouring Pathan tribes is laid open as on a map. Away east, where the Mahaban hills reach the Indus, lie the territories of the Utmanzais * ; next to them those of the Gaduns† and Khudu Khel ; and in succession, travelling westward along the mountain wall come the countries of Buner,‡

* *The Utmanzais* are a Mandanr tribe. They lie along the Indus, south of Amb, and also extend cis-Indus into Hazara, in the Hari-pur Tahsil. The majority of them are in British Territory, notably around Swabi.

† *The Gaduns* are a non-Afghan race whose original home is believed to have been near Abbottabad in Hazara. Numbers are still located in that vicinity. Others suggest that they may be descended from the Yadu, a tribe expelled from Gujrat in B. C. 1100.

‡ *The Bunerwals* are a magnificent, deep-chested, dark-skinned race, who are now coming forward for enlistment. Their fighting qualities were proved in the Ambeyla Campaign of 1863, and again in Swat and Malakand in 1897. They have a reputation for truthfulness and honesty. The chief sub-divisions of the clan are the Ashazais, Nasozais, Doulatzais, Gadaizais and Nurazais. Of these

Chamla* Swat,† Ranizai, Utman Khel‡ and Bajaur.§ Then turning south the uplands of the Mohmands pass in review. South of them again the Mullagoris occupy the foot hills, and the Mullagori road may be seen crossing the low spurs, beyond the little post of Shahgai. Then follows the great sweep of Afridi hills, from the Khyber right round to Cherat; The Kuki Khels inhabit the nearer ridges of the Khyber;

all except Nasozais "wesh" every tenth year, that is, they interchange their property amongst themselves. There are about 290 Bunerwals at present in the ranks of the Indian army.

* *Chamla* is inhabited by Chamlawals, a Mandanr Yusufzai clan. They are, however, now absorbed into Buner and often enlist as Bunerwals.

† Swat is separated from the Yusufzai plain by the Malakand and Mora range of mountain. Upper Swat is known as Kohistan. Its inhabitants are not Pathans, but belongs to the same Dard family as the Chitralis and Gilgitis. Swat proper is a low-lying and enclosed valley, where much rice is grown. It has consequently an unhealthy climate, and the Swatis suffer from severe fevers, which must tend to deteriorate them as a fighting race. The sub-divisions of the Swatis are the Baizais, who also own the northern portion of the Yusufzai Plain; the Khwazozais, Khadakzais, the Abazais and the Ranizais. Certain sections of the tribe "wesh," or exchange lands periodically.

‡ The *Utman Khels* are believed to have had their original home in the Gumal Valley. Only a small portion of the tribe is cis-frontier. This section was given lands about Lundkhwar and the Paja mountains in Yusufzai, together with certain Khattaks, in return for services they both rendered to the Baizai against the Ranizai. They speak enthusiastically of their beautiful vale of Ambahar.

§ *The Bajauris* are also known as Tarklanris. Their wanderings and final settlement have already been traced in Chapter II. The three ruling chiefs amongst them are the Khans of Jhandul, Khar and Nawagai. They are a tribe who certainly make good soldiers and might be much further drawn upon for recruits for the Indian Army. At present only 250 are enlisted. The Mamun, Ibrahim Khel, Maidani and Jhanduli are the chief sub-divisions of the tribe.

beyond them are the Aka Khels, and to the south the Adam Khels occupy the Kohat pass. Thence, the Khattak hills run back into the distance towards the Indus again, thus completing this wonderful panorama.

Cis-frontier tribes occupy the intervening plain. Of these the Khalils live between Peshawar and the Khyber.* Due north are the Daudzais, an unimportant little section. In the Doab between the Swat and Cabul rivers are the Gigianis, and on the left bank of the Swat, in the district of Hashtnagar, are the Muhammedzais. The Yusufzais inhabit the plain of Mardan; while to the south of Peshawar, between the Bara river and the Adam Khel hills, the country is occupied by the Kuz Mohmands, a branch of those same Mohmand tribes now settled in the mountains beyond Michni and Shabkadar. The history of how these various tribes migrated here, and distributed themselves over mountain and plain, has already been described in the concluding pages of the last chapter.

Peshawar cantonment is *par excellence* the favourite station of Northern India. Its gardens and roads are full of flowers, and in season the roses, chrysanthemums and violets make a great display. The variety of trees in the neighbourhood could hardly fail to attract the attention of even the least observant person. The commonest kinds, which line the mall in its entire length, are the Farash (*Tamarix Articulata*), Mulberry (*Morus*

* The Khalils enlist in considerable numbers in the cavalry. They are fond of styling themselves Khalil Mohmands, but they have no right to do so. The chief sub-sections of the tribe are the Jillarzai, Ishaqzai, Muttezai and Barozai.

Indica), Siris (*Albizzia lebbele*), Toon (*Cedrela Toona*), Shisham (*Dalbergia Sisso*), Pipal (*Ficus Religiosa*) and the Jaman tree (*Eugenia Jambolana*). The Cheel (*Pinus longifolia*) grows to a great size, in spite of the unsuitability of the climate, and Chenars (*Platanus Orientalis*) appear to thrive, though, as a rule, four thousand feet is their lowest limit. The specimens found in Peshawar are as yet young. Their leaves wither quite early in the summer.

Peshawar was once famous for a Budha tree, which in many hundred years grew to an immense size. Its foliage "completely blotted out the sunshine." Mention is made of this remarkable tree by the Emperor Babar in about 1520 A.D. There appears to be no record of what eventually happened to it, but it probably fell to bits from sheer age, or was cut up for firewood by the unsentimental Sikhs. Practically all the fruit trees and flowering shrubs which grow in the south of Italy, thrive in Peshawar too.

The Khyber Pass on "Kafila" day, and the Khyber Pass during active service, are two very different places. In the former case it is deeply interesting to watch the great caravan passing through the defile, on its way from Cabul. It is a scene of picturesque confusion, and one not easily forgotten. Under the latter conditions the confusion is equally great, but the picturesqueness is lacking. Clouds of dust, armies of flies, congested transport, overpowering heat and troublesome snipers, are only a few of the discomforts.

Jamrud fort is a large mud enclosure perched on a low mound about two miles from the mouth of the

Khyber. The present post stands on the site of the ill-fated fortress built in 1836 by Hari Singh. It is a lonely spot to be quartered in. The only possible recreation, namely, that of shooting along the foot hills, is even forbidden. A water-supply has been laid on since the '97 expedition and has proved a great blessing.

The defensive towers of the Kuki Khel tribesmen cover the undulating ground immediately beyond the border. The last time I saw the Khyber, which was on the occasion of the outbreak of the Mohmand expedition in May 1908, there was a remarkable scarcity of human life in the pass. Doubtless the Afridis were as uncertain about our intentions as we were ourselves. As a rule, however, the inhabitants, when not employed in stalking, or being stalked by, a neighbour, may be seen working in their fields. But even then the rifle cannot safely be put aside. I doubt very much whether the Pathan really appreciates the stormy method of living he is expected, as a matter of course, to endure. A troublesome and highly inconvenient blood feud is often the only heritage his parents leave him. I have heard many Afridi and Orakzai sepoy complain bitterly that they had spent the whole of their furlough close prisoners in their own towers, without once stirring out in the day time. "Conceal," says the Arab proverb, "thy tenets, thy treasure, and thy travelling." A sepoy with a blood feud has to employ considerable strategy on proceeding on leave to his home. His comrades in the Regiment, who, when across the border, may be his deadly enemies, will take

care to give timely warning of his coming. The route and time of departure is, therefore, in such cases, kept a profound secret. No mercy is shown in these blood feuds, and amongst only a few tribes are the women and children exempt from barbarous vengeance.* The high road is considered neutral ground. Feuds cease during times of national danger, and sepoy, while serving in the ranks of the Indian Army, sink their hereditary quarrels. In the Regiment the parties concerned may with safety be the best of friends, though neither side can trust the other sufficiently not to shoot him on sight across the border.† Newly-joined Pathan recruits have to be taught by the older sepoy not to quarrel, and after about six months begin to realise the advantages of living peaceably. At first, however, there are tremendous battles in the lines amongst the young bloods, in which fists and sticks are freely used.

A feud may be settled occasionally by a money payment, or be silenced temporarily by a truce. Some time ago the entire Adam Khel tribe agreed to have an armistice for twelve months, and they set up pillars to witness the "sulah" or peace. The truce was scrupul-

* The Waziris are said not to injure the women and children of their enemies. Family feuds have their origin usually in matters relating to "Zar, Zan and Zamin" (gold, women and land).

† I may mention a case where a Malik Din and a Kambar Khel, whose respective tribes were at war, decided to remain friends across the border. They were members of the same recruiting party, and declined my offer to issue warrants by different routes. As a rule, however, a feud amongst members of a recruiting party is highly detrimental to the recruiting.

ously respected, except in one case, where a man shot his enemy. As soon as this outrage was known, the Jowaki jirga, consisting of six hundred elders, immediately assembled, and quartered themselves on the offender. They refused to do business for a week, during which time the wretched man had to feed them. They then tried him, burnt his house and property, and fined him two thousand rupees. This money had to be raised quickly, and the Jirga gave one thousand rupees to the murdered man's relatives, and divided the rest amongst themselves. There is no doubt but that the greater part of the community is heartily sick of constant strife and are always glad to arrange a truce whenever they can. There was some talk of prolonging the period of the armistice in this case. Negotiations were not, however, successful, and the "sulah" ended on the day of the Id (October 1908). Within a week, five men were shot in the Kohat "darrah," and two more in the Jowaki hills. It may well be asked why the Pathans adhere to such inconvenient customs. Most probably they do so as a concession to public opinion. A Pathan who does not take up his family feud is as much discredited as an Englishman would be, who failed to meet his debts of honour. Besides he is bound, for very existence sake, to deal summarily with his hereditary foes. The introduction of accurate and long range rifles has rendered blood feuds still more intolerable.

Some people disbelieve the existence of these vendettas ; but how very real and disastrous they are, is shown by the fact that large numbers of Pathans are

exiles from their native villages. I may quote, as only one instance of the many I know, the case of a Khudu Khel family, of whom only three males remain. They still have to pay the penalty for twenty-eight murders, some of which were committed by since defunct relatives. In consequence the family have had to leave their home and will probably never be able to return.

The two favourite methods of waging feuds are either to lay an ambush on the road for an enemy while he is travelling : or else to gather round a village at night, and shoot down the inhabitants as they come out in the early morning. In the latter case the aggressors arrange themselves in groups of four, and retire one group at a time under cover of fire, if they are pursued. If a man is killed in action and his whole body cannot be carried away, at least his head is cut off and removed, to deprive the enemy of the pleasure of recognising their victim.

The hills of the Khyber Pass are very arid and broken. The road, in many places double, runs along the bed of the ravine. High shale mountains tower up on either hand, and the lower spurs which command the road are crowned with small stone forts, from which the Khyber Rifles throw out a screen of picquets when the pass is opened for traffic.

At Ali Masjid the valley narrows to a forbidding gorge. The Fort is situated high up above the road and is approached by a zig-zag path. A small white "Musjid" or shrine in the nullah bed, gives its name to the place. At all seasons there is water in the

stream, in which we caught a few fish. There are pools too, where one can bathe, and I have pleasant recollections of enjoying a much needed wash, while my orderly kept a look-out for snipers from a neighbouring bluff. I can conceive nothing more trying than the flies and heat at Ali Masjid in May and June. The dust was swirled about with every gust of wind for us to inhale. The flies were well nigh intolerable, and were with difficulty kept from the spoon as it was raised from the plate to the mouth. The camp, in spite of its two exits, was a most difficult one to move in and out of, and the confusion into which the long lines of mules and camels fell, resulted in much tedious delay. The fine peak of Rhotas rises above this confined valley. It appears to stand back considerably, but there is a story told of how, to settle a discussion as to how far distant the summit really was, a party of levies in Ali Masjid Fort sent a comrade up Rhotas to fire a rifle in their direction. The bullet hit and killed one of the party. A sad mishap occurred on the afternoon of our departure. Major Coape Smith went out into the hills with an armed escort, to try and recover some straying camels. His party was attacked, and he himself mortally wounded. He died shortly after being brought back to the Fort.

The Khyber must once have had a picturesque warden in the person of Colonel Leslie (*alias* Rattray), who was one of Ranjit Singh's British officers. This adventurer had his head-quarters at Ali Masjid Fort, and also occupied certain caves in the vicinity, from whence he levied blackmail on all passing caravans.

Captain Woods describes him in 1837 as "an ill-conditioned, dissolute-looking Englishman, slipshod, turbaned and robed in a sort of Afghan deshabelle—having more the look of a dissipated priest than a military man." "The Sikh fortress of Jamrud," he continues, "depended for water on the stream that runs through the Khyber, and the chief occupation of the young Lieutenant-Colonel, for so he styled himself, was to stop the supply, and again to permit it to flow on being bribed to do so." Major Pearse tells how "this reprobate turned Mussulman and assumed the name of Fida Mahomed Khan, much to the disgust of Amir Dost Mahomed Khan, who expressed in strong terms the contempt he felt for men who could change their religion to improve their fortune."

Beyond Ali Masjid, and for a distance of five miles, the pass assumes magnificent proportions. The defile, which is only a few hundred yards broad, is flanked by imposing walls of rock which tower up precipitously, and end in phantastic points and serrations. This is now Zakhā Khel country. At the village of Zintara is a large mud fort, with the usual high defensive towers. Near it, on a spur above the road, are the somewhat dilapidated remains of a Buddhist 'stupa,' upon which the Pathans, with their ready appreciation of a "position," have built a "sangar." From this point onwards, the valley becomes a mile or more broad, and forts, villages and plots of cultivation are scattered about it. The defile ends at Lundi Kotal, where the road debouches on to a rolling plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains. In the centre of this amphitheatre of

hills, stands the insignificant-looking, but far-famed, fortress of Lundi Kotal.*

Two miles beyond Lundi Kotal is the outpost of Michni Kandas, where on the 2nd of May, the evening previous to our arrival, a small party of Khyber Rifles had made a gallant stand against enormous odds. The Ghazis had brought scaling ladders and had actually succeeded in planting them against the walls of the blockhouse, before their onslaught could be arrested. From a ridge above the post I got an interesting view, on the 3rd of May, of that strange Afghan lashkar, the reason of whose appearance and disappearance remains still a mystery to the uninitiated. It paraded just before dusk with five banners, outside the line of fortified villages at Khairegalai, across the ravine. It consisted chiefly of Afghans from across the border, and of Shinwaris, and a great collection of local 'bud-mashes.' Headed by that restless spirit, the late Sufi Mullah, it had wrested Khairegalai and the neighbouring villages from their peaceful inhabitants.

The Lundi Kotal affair should be regarded as a separate business altogether from the Mohmand rising. What caused it, and why it came to nothing, has never

* "The tribal limits in the Khyber Pass are:—The Kuki Khels from Jamrud to where the Mackeson road begins.

The Sipah Afridis from the beginning of the Mackeson road to Shagai.

The Kamber Khel from Sultan Tarra to the white mosque of Ali Masjid.

The Malikdin Khel from Ali Masjid mosque to Gurgurra.

The Zakha Khel from Gurgurra to Kandar ravine near Garhi-Lala Beg.

The Shinwaris westward of Torkhan."—Ranken.

been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it can be attributed to the general unrest which had followed the Zakha Khel expedition of the preceding March. Be this as it may, Lundi Kotal was threatened, and British territory actually invaded by a great hostile gathering. The strength of the lashkar has been much exaggerated, but on the 3rd of May 1908 it numbered at least eight thousand men. Many of the enemy decamped during the night, and the remainder were easily driven off by our troops next morning, after a few hours' fighting about the Khairegalai heights.

The Shinwaris, whose country lies beyond Lundi Kotal, and all along the northern slopes of the Safed Koh, are, as has already been mentioned, the latest arrivals on our frontier. Their ancestors accompanied Nadir Shah from Persia in 1738. They have always been a troublesome and turbulent tribe, especially fond of interrupting the caravan trade between Cabul and the Punjab.* Their behaviour has, however, much improved since 1883 and 1884 when Abdur Rahman sent Ghulam Haidar (afterwards the Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan army) to chastise them. The late Amir had a very poor opinion of the honesty of the Shinwaris. There is a well-known proverb to the effect that "you may try kindness for hundreds of years, but it is impossible to make friends of scorpions, snakes

* The Shinwaris are also fond of raiding the Turis in the Kurram. Not long ago they made a daring expedition against them by crossing the Safed Koh in a fierce snow storm. They carry on a considerable fruit trade with Peshawar. Their sub-sections are the Manduzai, Sangu Khel, Sipah and Ali Sher Khel. This last section is situated nearest the Khyber.

and Shinwaris." From the high ridges of Khargalai, the view into Afghanistan is very fine. The road is seen winding down the valley from Torkhan to Dakka, and through the buttress of mountains a glimpse is obtained of the Cabul river and of Lalpura. Extensive snowy ranges form the distant background.

* * * *

But to return to the Peshawar district. I can well understand people being disappointed with the ruins at Charsadda. Still, the locality is not without some interest, and a good deal of money has been spent on excavations as recently as 1902. Charsadda is supposed by Cunningham to be the ancient Pushkalavati, the capital of Gandhara, mentioned by Alexander's historians in B. C. 326, and visited in A. D. 640 by the Chinese Pilgrim Huien Tsiang. The latter described it as being then a flourishing centre of Buddhism, abounding in "topes" and monuments. The most notable finds have been the "Hashtnagar pedestal" which is now in the British Museum, and an inscribed image which has been taken to Lahore. There are several mounds in the vicinity, which appear to have accumulated through the ages about the ruins which form their core. Most of them have been dug into. The tumulus, on the right bank of the Swat river, opposite Charsadda, is known as the Balla Hissar. It is believed to be the site of Pushkalavati itself. It certainly must have been a place of some

importance, as the mound is full of fragments of old time masonry. Quantities of images, coins, rings, and pottery have also been found there. Some eight feet from the surface, a massive stone wall has been unearthed. It was found to be three and-a-half feet thick and from eighteen to twenty feet high. It stands in perfect condition, and is built of solid stone. This buried wall may have been part of a Buddhist monastery ; but, situated as it is near the outer edge of the mound, I am inclined to think it is a fragment of the city wall.

Mir Ziarat Dheri, which derives its name from the little shrine at its foot, is another mound near the village of Utmanzai. Archæological experts have identified it as the city of Shahr-i-Napursan or "the city without asking." The natives still call it the "Khaneh-i-Napiorsan." If Mir Ziarat Dheri is indeed the Shahr-i-Napursan, it is the site of the "Eye gift" "stupa," one of the four important 'topes' mentioned by Huien Tsiang. A great deal, however, is conjecture, and no remains of masonry are visible now. It is a lamentable fact, that until quite recently the bricks and stones from all the ruins in the neighbourhood were habitually removed by villagers for building purposes. Not far off is the Ghaz Dheri or "tamarisk mound." It contains the base of a 'stupa,' and the traces of flag pavements.* Fragments of statuary

* There are also remains of flag pavements in Takht-i-Bahi, Sari Bohlol, Jamalghari and Ranigat. In all cases the flag stones are oblong. The natives particularly covet them for their own houses, and it is only by posting "chowkidars" or watchmen that they can be prevented from removing them. However, we are hardly in a

still litter the ground. There is now no doubt as to the religious nature of the buildings of Ghaz Dheri, as a small stone relic-box was found beneath the ruins of the "stupa" in 1902. There are also walls, still protruding two feet above ground, in the adjacent hillock of Palatu Dheri. There is little reason to doubt but that these Buddhist settlements were destroyed by Mussulman hands at the same period as the ancient cities of Yusufzai.*

Charsadda is the chief village of Hashtnagar. The district most probably derives its name from "Hast Nagar" or the "eight villages" of Charsadda, Prang, Abazai, Tangi, Tarangzai, Umarzai, Sherpai and Rajar. Cunningham suggests that King Astes, a prince of Pushkalavati, may have named the locality "Astes Nagar" (the village of Astes) after himself. The former theory, however, seems the most reasonable. Hashtnagar lies along the left bank of the Swat river, and is inhabited by the Muhammedzais,† who came down from the Jalalabad Valley, as before stated, during the first westerly irruption of the Pathan tribes. They have lately begun to take kindly to sepoy

position to condemn their vandalism, for the great Herbert Edward himself confesses to having broken up ruins, reputed to be of Greek origin, to obtain brick to build the fort in Bannu.

* The recent discovery of a relic casket containing some fragments of the bones of Budha himself is probably the most important archæological find ever made in the Peshawar Vale. The casket was unearthed, early in 1909, in the Shahji Dheri mounds which lie amongst the tamarisk shaded graveyards on the east side of Peshawar City.

† "Zai" at the termination of a proper noun means "son of" *i.e.*, Yusufzai, son of Yusuf; Mussazai, son of Moses.

life, and there are about one hundred and fifty of them in the regular native army.

A good many Mohmands live amongst the Muhammedzais, and a few have enlisted. Army service is also getting more popular amongst the transfrontier Mohmands, who came forward to enlist in large numbers immediately the late Mohmand expedition was over. In fact, several young lads came to Peshawar, and presented themselves for service with their wounds still unhealed.

The interior of the Mohmand country is said to contain many rich valleys and flourishing settlements. The Gandab Nullah is the only part of the country I have visited, and that certainly is a hopeless wilderness. Mile after mile the scenery offers nothing but dreary boulder-strewn mountains. The streams in summer disappear underground, and only rise to the surface at intervals. The purity of the water is not above suspicion. In the deeper pools there are quantities of little fish, which can be caught in a sheet, and which make a very tolerable substitute for whitebait. Small eels are also quite common and can be hooked. The hardy pink oleander thrives in the ravines, and lends the only touch of colour to the desolate landscape.

In June the climate of the Gandab Valley is detestable. The excessive heat is intensified by radiation. The narrow glen acts as a funnel for the scorching wind, which blows hard for days on end. No tent can stand against the storm, and I have seen half a camp collapse when struck by a sudden blast. Dust and even small pebbles are blown about with great violence.

The village of Dand, where, during the Mohmand expedition, we endured, in early June, three weeks of wind, heat, cholera and flies, had been deserted before our arrival. It was said that its occupants had interfered with the traffic along the road and had in consequence been annihilated by the other Mohmands. The Halimzais, in whose country we were, were supposed to be friendly. However, they left the valley to a man, having first taken the precaution to remove all the woodwork from their houses. The roads in the valley were in a shocking state. This will be the more readily understood when I mention that on the early marches it was not uncommon for the head of the column to reach its destination before the tail had left camp. At Hafiz Kor and Dand a considerable part of the transport, after standing loaded for fourteen hours, was not able to move off before dusk.

From Torkai we got a good view of the Karappa Pass. The road to Galanai can be seen ascending up to the difficult kotal. Southwards too, the panorama over Shabkadar and Peshawar to the Cherat Hill is magnificent.*

The Bar, or transfrontier Mohmands, occupy the mountains north of the Cabul river from Dakka and Lalpura to our Michni, Shabkadar, and Abazai border. The greater part of the tribe is under Afghan influence. Its subdivisions are the Baizai, Khwaizai, Tarakzai,

* At Torkai the up and down convoys crossed each other. Lieutenant Wells, of the Guides, who died of cholera at Galanai, had written the word "Torquay" on the hill-side, in white stones.

Dawezai, Kukuzai, Utmanzai and Halimzai. This latter clan is the nearest to British territory. It is said that the Mohmands have not shown much inclination to rebuild the villages destroyed by the Mohmand Field Force. They have lately received large consignments of arms from the Persian Gulf *viâ* Cabul, and have also purchased numbers of rifles from the factories in the Kohat Pass. They have gained for themselves a reputation as brave fighters, as well as troublesome raiders, but are thoroughly mistrusted and detested by their neighbours, who accuse them of the grossest treachery. During the latter part of the Mohmand expedition, the Mohmands induced half a dozen Afridi sepoy to desert with their arms and accoutrements. As soon as the deserters joined them they were immediately relieved of their rifles, ammunition and clothes, and were left naked to find their way back to Tirah as best they could. Most Afridis had no sympathy with the deserters, who were disloyal to their salt, or, as the Pathans express it, "had defiled the ground where they had been fed"; but at the same time they were greatly incensed at the action of the Mohmands. The Mohmands, moreover, are very vindictive, and frequently exhume the bodies of even their Mussulman enemies, and burn them. Those who died or were killed in the Mohmand country were buried about the hill-sides, and not in the cemeteries, and their graves were carefully disguised. As has already been mentioned, the Mohmands refused to allow relatives to remove the dead, for proper burial, after the war. They, as well as the Orakzais and Waziris,

mutilate in a very peculiar way the bodies of those who have committed offences against women. The Waziris also exhume and burn their enemies sometimes. The Afridis do not mutilate the corpses of their foes ; but, on the other hand, they do not spare the women and children, and I have heard some ghastly tales of the butchery of young boys.

One of the best known outlaws who has ever troubled the Mohmand border was Multan. He was himself a Zakha Khel, and had at one time been a sepoy in the 26th Punjabis. His military education gave him a thorough insight of the habits of picquets and sentries, and enabled him on more than one occasion to disguise himself and his followers as sepoy, or border police. In this way he carried out several successful expeditions. His most daring exploit was to raid Peshawar city itself. On another occasion he attacked Jalazai ; and it was his gang which shot Major Coape Smith at Ali Musjid last May, and which fired into Ali Musjid camp a few nights later. Multan met his fate near Peshawar last February ('09), while leading a raiding party of Shinwaris. Timely warning was given of his approach, and his gang was caught in the open by a squadron of cavalry. He retired into some ravines, where he was held in check until a company of infantry came up. He and a few choice shots detached themselves from the rest of the party, and put up a gallant fight, in which one sowar was killed, and an officer badly wounded. Eventually Multan was killed, by a bullet which struck him in the face. This ruffian is said to have had great faith in the

power of charms, and a number were found tied to his rifle. The members of his gang who were captured on this occasion were executed shortly after.

CHAPTER IV.

KOHAT.

Kohat—The Kohat Pass—Matanni—Rifle-factories—The traffic in fire-arms—The *Afridis*—The Pathan Character—His treatment of women—The Khan of Teri—Two outlaws—A raid that failed—Behaviour of Khattak—Khattak dances—*Narai*—A haunted mountain.

KOHAT is situated at a point where several different tribes meet. Directly to the north it is separated from Peshawar by an arm of Afridi country, which protrudes into British territory. The Khattak hills stretch away east and south; and the Bangash occupy the valley of Miranzai to the west. The Bizoti Orakzais live in the mountains to the north-west. It is a charming little cantonment nestling amongst the rugged Pathan hills, and it can have no better recommendation than that everyone who has lived there has a good word to say for it.

The station is well wooded, and possesses some fine old banyan trees. Water is plentiful, and rivulets run beside all the important roads. In these streams live curious little green crabs, which the sepoy has nicknamed "half rights."* The water-supply is derived from springs which rise at the foot of the hills, near Mohammedzai. The "compounds" are small and produce

* These freshwater crabs are found also in Jammu.

luxuriant crops of stones ; but, nevertheless, there are many pretty gardens, and with the abundance of water available much can be done, even with such unpromising soil. Unsightly mud boundary walls are a great disfigurement to the place, but an attempt is now being made to grow senetta hedges instead. The main street of the city is picturesque. It is three-quarters of a mile long, and is usually crowded with transfrontier Pathans from the neighbouring Afridi and Orakzai hills.

Quick and easy communication between Peshawar and Kohat by way of the Kohat Pass has been established in comparatively recent times ; and then only by alternately chastising and coaxing the Adam Khels, through whose territory the road runs. The Pass is in many respects not unlike the Khyber, but is a good deal smaller. From Peshawar to the British border at Chitta Thana is a drive of twenty miles over the plain. Along the sides of the road numbers of funny little tufted tailed rats are to be seen. Flocks of rooks, which migrate to the Peshawar vale from Cabul nearly every winter, occasionally rise in dense masses into the air ; and bleary-eyed lizards, who burrow for food into the graves, lie basking in the sun. There is a fortified post at Matanni, which is said to have been captured some years ago by the well-known outlaw Jaffar. He laid an ambush near the gate at dawn, and then himself raised a cry that the village was being attacked by thieves. When the sepoy's rushed out to assist the villagers, Jaffar overpowered them, and seized the post. This bandit was killed three years ago while

attacking a house quite near to the Peshawar railway station.

Directly after crossing the border beyond Chitta Thana, the road enters the defile. I was again struck with the size of the cemeteries which seemed out of all proportion to the population of the villages to which they belonged. As is usual across the frontier, all the villages in the Kohat Pass are protected by high loop-holed towers and walls. In several of them—notably in Khani-mela, Shahedatalab* and Sahib-ud-din—there are rifle factories which supply fire-arms not only to the Afridis of the Kohat “Darrah,” but even to such distant tribes as the Mohmands. I visited most of the factories near the road, and found the men employed in them willing enough to show me how the work was done. In the larger workshops a complete plant of machinery for boring out and turning rifle barrels has been set up. It is all worked by hand. As a rule Punjabi gunsmiths are employed. They keep secret the art of grooving the barrel as far as possible; but the local Pathans are quick at learning how to make all the different parts of a rifle, and now do a great deal of work for themselves. The wood for stocks and hand guards comes from Tirah. It is good walnut, but not always very well seasoned. Powder is only manufactured in certain villages. I have heard that an inferior kind of cordite is also produced, though I doubt whether this is really the case. The weapons are made to resemble Government rifles as nearly as

* The name is derived from a grave “shahed,” and a tank “talab.” Both are passed on the road near the village.

possible, and are even stamped with V. R., and "Enfield." The word "Enfield" is, however, nearly always misspelt. The rifles sell for eighty or a hundred rupees, but are acknowledged to be very inaccurately sighted.*

There has been great activity in the traffic of fire-arms from the direction of the Persian Gulf and Cabul during the last few months. A single loading rifle is priced at the moderate figure of Rs. 14 on the Persian border of Afghanistan, and a magazine rifle at Rs. 50. In Cabul these same weapons are worth Rs. 240 and Rs. 500 respectively. By the time they reach the Afridi tribes the price has again risen, and the Adam Khels give as much as Rs. 800 for a magazine rifle. Similarly a (ten) clip revolver, which on the Persian border costs Rs. 50, and in Cabul Rs. 100, will fetch Rs. 300 in the Kohat "Darrah." As may be imagined, the prospect of such a large profit encourages a brisk trade in fire-arms.

Water is very scarce in the Kohat Pass. There are a few wells, but the chief supply is from large tanks. When these dry up, as they do in summer, the women have often to go long distances for water. There is always a certain amount of traffic through the pass, and a good deal of salt goes by this route to Peshawar. The Akora Khattaks are the great

* There are similar rifle factories in the Orakzai villages in the Khanki Valley. It is not uncommon for Pathans from the Kohat "Darrah" to work with gun-smiths in the Punjab in order to learn the trade of rifle-making. They are content to begin with merely blowing the bellows, and sometimes feign poverty in order to get employment in workshops.

salt carriers. During the summer 1908, a dispute between the British and Afghan Governments over the possession of the springs at Torkhan led to the closing of the Khyber road. The trade between Cabul and India was temporarily diverted into the Kurram and Kohat Valleys. After traversing the pass for eleven miles, the road rises to a "kotal," where a British post occupies a narrow ridge between two peaks. The "kotal" has been the site of many a fight. From it, the view over the Kohat vale is admirable.

The Afridis, a portion of whose territory we have just passed through, are the most important tribe on the North-West Frontier. Their strength is estimated at 25,000 fighting-men. There were 2,680 Afridis serving in the regular Native Army at the end of 1907. The Orakzais, who are said to muster 30,000 fighting-men, only supply our regulars with 550 sepoy. Indeed, the Afridis are rather over-recruited. They are a formidable people when they combine, and they have learned a good deal of the art of war from us through the sepoy we have trained.*

The character of the unfortunate Pathan has been torn to bits by the writers of half a century, who have

* Many Afridis are employed in Militias, Border Military Police, etc. In 1907 there were 1,031 Afridis in the Khyber Rifles alone. The eight sub-divisions of the clan are the Kuki Khel, Kamar Khel, Kamar Khel, Malikdin Khel, Aka Khel, Zakha Khel, Sipah and Adam Khel. Of these, the latter occupy the Kohat "Darrah." The Kuki Khel, Malikdin Khel, and Zakka Khel are the three chief tribes in the Khyber, though others have small holdings there too, and share the annual Government subsidy. All these tribes, even the Adam Khel, have land in Tirah. The Adam Khel do not migrate as extensively as the rest, in the summer.

lavishly applied to him the adjectives "treacherous," "blood-thirsty" and "cruel," until it has become fashionable to regard the Pathan as the worst kind of savage. I once knew a military officer who declined on principle to write the word "trustworthy" on any Afridi sepoy's discharge certificate, no matter how loyal and meritorious his services had been. But the Pathan is not as black as he is painted. It should not be overlooked that most of the tribes have only been established three hundred years in their present territories, and that their habits are not really much worse than were those of the various English tribes during the first few centuries after their final settlement. The conditions of a feudal system, under which each baron lived in his own castle, and waged constant private wars with his neighbours over disputes relating to land and women are simply being repeated again across our border. For stories of gross treachery, of cold-blooded murder and inter-family strife, we have only to turn back the pages of our own history book. In fact, it seems quite unfair to judge the Pathan according to twentieth century standards. For him it is still the tenth century. Moreover, it is ungenerous to assert that there are not many noble exceptions amongst them. "Distrust of all mankind and readiness to strike the first blow for the safety of his own life have become the maxims of the Afridi. If you can overcome this mistrust, and be kind in words to him, he will repay you by great devotion." This is the opinion expressed by Warburton after many years of intimate experience. No European who has travelled amongst the Yusufzais or Khattaks

can fail to be struck with the amenability of these same tribes to a fixed system of law and order.

The picturesque pen of Lepel Griffin has immortalised the Pathan as the embodiment of all the known vices, held loosely together by one or two minor and utterly unredeeming good points. One is tempted to think, however, that effect, rather than useful information, has been the object in view. The vices attributed to the Frontier tribesmen are more or less common to all humanity. It is easy to make a blood-curdling selection of them and concentrate them in one single Pathan, easier still to introduce the resulting amalgam to a prejudiced public, as a type of the race. But in the end you only get an Opera Bouffe Pathan, and an overdrawn caricature of the real thing. In truth the tribesman of fact and his brother of fiction are two widely different beings, and if the latter is to be found at all, it is in the Andamans, and he no more represents his people than the rest of the jail population of those attractive islands represent theirs. Not that the Pathan is by any means a sheep in wolf's clothing. Indeed, his best friends are bound to admit that there is more of the wolf in him than is absolutely necessary for his self-preservation. Yet on the whole he is more sinned against than sinning, and the world has scarcely dealt fairly by him. To begin with, a malevolent fate has fixed his habitat on a scientific frontier between a suspicious Mussulman principality and a mighty and very grasping Kafir Empire.

It is an inconvenient thing to be converted into a buffer State, and very exasperating when you are

saddled with the responsibilities of the ticklish situation against your will. You may avenge yourself temporarily by playing off a Viceroy against an Amir, but the game is played in your own yard, and in the long run you have to realise that the piper has to be paid by yourself. A political character is forced on this poor savage unsolicited, and he is constantly on the stage of Indian politics. Even his most intimate private affairs are treated as events of international importance, more or less requiring interference from outside.

Nature, too, has cursed him with the countenance, figure and physique of a stage brigand and *noblesse oblige*. Does not his bold dare-devil, cut-throat appearance saddle him with a terrible responsibility? There is nothing degrading in a barn fowl leading the life of poultry, but what would the birds say if the hawk did the same? Why, the very sparrows would point the beak of scorn at him! But what is the Pathan to do? If, being born with a beak and talons of a hawk, he fulfils Nature's mandate and goes a-hawking, an unromantic British Sirkar promptly hangs him; if, on the other hand, he seeks peaceful occupation, say, on the railway, he is either scorned as degenerate, or mistrusted as a wolf in sheep's clothing. But even here one is more or less dealing with the Pathan of fiction. Yet there does exist the Pathan of sober fact, who, in spite of his clothing, is neither wolf nor sheep—the Pathan with whom we rub shoulders daily in our frontier stations—whom we like and to a very great extent admire. It is he who really represents his race. But being the plain matter-of-fact Pathan of every-

day life, literature knows him not, and only those are acquainted with him whom duty casts in his midst. To such he is full of interest, and his real picturesqueness lies in the fact that, in spite of his surroundings, he is more like the Briton than any other native of India.

When you meet a Pathan, you meet a man like yourself. Ask him a question and he does not, like many other natives of this country, assume you only do it to amuse yourself, and say "*malum nahin,*" or walk on without answering. No, a Pathan is always practical, and as he credits the Sahib with his own common-sense, he always answers a question sensibly and to the point. There is nothing finicking about him. He will never allow you to abuse him, but makes up for it amply by never making you wish to do so. There is perhaps no native of India who is less irritating to our nerves, and his ideas of tact seem to run on quite the same lines as our own. Contrast the demeanour of the "man in the street" in Bannu or Kohat with that of his fellow subject in Calcutta or Patna. You seldom get a polite answer from a Babu unless you are his official superior. Yet he has the organism of a jelly fish, and if it contains a heart at all, it is a Penal Code. He has only that to save him from the consequence of the impertinence which he mistakes for independence of character. But the Pathan, who is equally protected by the law, never requires it. His heart, being of the same stout material as his body, he takes his independence for granted, and very seldom parades it in the garb of rudeness.

In the matter of their treatment of their women, the Pathans have again been maligned to a great extent. It is true that they value them as marketable goods, but the common phrase "they sell their women as cattle" is scarcely correct. They sell them only to those who will honourably wed them, and as a rule only to men of their own tribe or section. The honour of his wife, and his women folk generally, is of first importance to a Pathan, and abduction is the commonest cause of feuds.*

I once knew a trans-frontier Yusufzai woman, who in the capacity of friend rather than a servant was taken to England by a lady. With education she very quickly developed a ready wit, and easily overcame the shyness which a life-time of seclusion had engendered. She told me that the Yusufzai women visit each other in their houses, and have their own social amusements, but that they strongly resent intrusion. She remembered that on one occasion a party of girls stoned a lad to death for interfering with them. The employment of the women depends on the conditions of life in any particular locality. In Yusufzai the women spin, cook and draw water. The Khattak women reap in the fields, but seldom plough. In the more mountainous and poverty-stricken regions they labour hard at grass cutting and water-carrying, and through excessive work quickly lose their looks and youthfulness.

* A Pathan will pay as much as Rs. 800 for a wife. It is an investment. She is to him not only a wife, but a servant.

The Khattak Hill District, south of Kohat, in the vicinity of Lachi, Teri and Banda Daud Shah, is very pleasant to tour in. The Khan of Teri, Ghafur Khan, is one of the few hereditary Khattak chiefs still remaining. He was, when I visited him, eighty years old, but still showed signs of having been a fine man. The poor old gentleman was totally blind, and had long since resigned the care of his estates to his son Hakim Khan. I partook of tea and cigarettes with him in a pavilion overlooking the Teri Towe stream. The Khan maintains about sixty levy sepoy, and as many "sowars." They often do useful work against the outlaws, who trouble the Waziri border. Four of these "sowars" were attached to me while I was in the vicinity of Teri.

The little hamlet of Kot Banda near Teri is the home of Asil, a notorious Khattak outlaw, who, with a kindred spirit Mir Ahmad, was terrorising the country while I was there. They had both abducted women and murdered villagers, and the local authorities were doing all in their power to bring them to book.

Troops were out after them from Kohat, Bannu and Thal; and the police and village "chigas," or patrols, were searching the hills in every direction. I was interested in watching the hunt. Asil and his companion easily evaded the troops in such broken country. The police, however, headed them off successfully, and laid an ambush for them on a little frequented track, leading over into the Waziri hills. The outlaws came upon it in the dawn, but escaped unscathed in a storm of bullets. The women were, however,

recovered. In the end, Asil got away safe, and is still at large. Mir Ahmad was driven by hunger to enter a Waziri village where he was made a prisoner. He escaped, recovered possession of his rifle, and made a plucky fight until his ammunition ran short. He was then seized and handed over to the police.

On the whole, the action of the Khattak villagers, for whose sole benefit the outlaws were being hunted down, was not creditable. Either from feelings of sympathy or fear, the "chigas" or patrols worked badly, and in some cases had to be driven out to search the hills by the police. It was even reported that Asil sat down and smoked a pipe in a village, where an unconscious Militia picquet was stationed. If this is true, it shows the desirability of recruiting Militia sepoys from the locality they are to serve in.

Here is another illustration of Khattak apathy. A dog, in the last stages of rabies, made its appearance in the village of Banda Daud Shah.* The Chief Commissioner happened to be travelling on the road, so there were a dozen armed policemen sitting about. Not one of them would shoot the animal till I gave a written authority for the expenditure of ammunition. Eventually the marksman of the party came forward and missed the dog twice at five yards. Luckily the poor brute was too busy biting itself to take any heed, and a third shot, from a rest, at ten yards, finished him.

* "He comes from Daud Shah" is an old Pathan saying, which means "He is a born fool."

In the February of 1909, just after I left this part of the country, an exciting incident occurred in the village of Tabbi Khwa, not far from Teri. A party of outlaws, most of whom were Khattaks, entered the Teri district, apparently with the intention of carrying out a daring raid upon Kalabagh. They were accompanied from their retreat in the Khost mountains by a young fellow who was all the while carefully planning their destruction, and who himself feigned to be an outlaw. On arrival at Tabbi Khwa this man pretended to receive information of a police ambush near Kalabagh, and induced his associates to hide for two days in a small mud hut. In the meantime he managed to warn the thanadar of Teri, who summoned a jemadar and twenty sepoy of the Border Military Police from Kohat.

The hut was successfully surrounded, and it was discovered that three of its walls were blank. This enabled the besiegers to creep up and push great heaps of dry brush wood in front of the only door. When a goodly pile had been collected, it was fired, and seven of the outlaws were shot one by one as they tried to escape through the flames. The eighth ran out, surrendered, and was taken prisoner. The remaining two came out together and threw down their rifles: but as soon as the police approached to capture them, they whipped out their knives, and were not finally cut down until one of the besiegers had been killed, and two others seriously wounded.

To draw a knife after feigning to surrender is a very common Pathan trick, and it is wonderful how

incautious their foes often are. I remember a case which occurred not long ago in the Khyber, where an acquaintance of mine, Azim Khan, a Zakha Khel Jemadar of the 20th Infantry, shot a friend of his in the heat of a quarrel. Believing his opponent to be stone dead, he approached him, and received one knife slash on the hand which nearly severed three fingers, and another on the head which rendered him unconscious, and nearly killed him. The two were found a little later lying one upon the other in a pool of blood. They were dragged apart and conveyed to the hospital in Lundi Kotal, where both recovered.

The Barak section of the Khattaks, who live about Gurguri, are particularly thick-headed and uninteresting. The Teris are nearly as bad, but the Seni and Khwaram tribes are more vivacious. The Khattaks are fond of litigation, and a large percentage of the people I met on the road were travelling in connection with law-suits. If there is any part of British India which is utterly unsuited to modern methods of rule, it is the North-West Frontier Province. Unable any longer to take the law into their own hands, the cis-frontier Pathans flock to the courts. Certainly one man in ten has a suit pending, and it is almost a point of honour to appeal against an adverse decision. The result is most injurious, as the peasantry beggar themselves over these petty legal proceedings. The underlings about the courts are notoriously corrupt, and the ease with which the law can be resorted to leads to a good deal of injustice in cases where a wealthy man can trump up a case and produce unlimited

witnesses against a poorer neighbour. Quick justice, crushing punishment and no appeal is what would suit the Pathans far better. They would like it and understand it, and it would save their pockets.

After the month of the Ramzán, the Khattaks indulge a great deal in dancing at night. They form a circle about a blazing log-fire, and dance round it with their swords in their hands. At first the step is slow and stately, but as the dancers warm to it, the pace improves, till the figures are flying madly to and fro, while the dhol and suranai players work themselves into a frenzy.

Often this performance is followed by single dances, when young fellows in white "kurtas" and gold waistcoats run out and execute a "pas seul." Their figures seem to skim over the ground, spinning at incredible speed, with their robes floating about them. Now the dancer approaches the dhols, and goes through a mimic attack, flinging himself on his knees and whirling his two swords about him, till they look like circles of fire. Dancing amongst Khattaks and Bangash is regaining popularity, but it was for a time discountenanced by the Mullahs. Khattak sepoy, after a hard day's work, will often dance for an hour, while other natives sit down and rest.

The hills in the vicinity of Narai and Bahadur Khel are full of salt. I rode out to Narai from Banda Daud Shah through broken hilly country, where even tufts of grass grew scantily. The hard thin strata of sand-stone was tilted up at an angle of seventy degrees with the horizontal ; and as the soft soil under it had been washed

away, it formed jagged ridges, running parallel to each other across the country for miles. Narai is a scattered village amongst the hills. The salt mines are just beyond it. Masses of white salt lie on the surface, embedded in the reddish soil of the mountains. The deposit has not been worked for fifteen years on account of the difficulties of transport, but it is carefully guarded by watchmen.

There is a lot of salt too, further along this same ridge at Bahadur Khel. A path leads from there over the Manzalai Hills, to the Gurguri Valley. It is a lonely ride, for the track is but little used. There is a small police post on the crest of the Manzalai, from which a good view is obtained of Kafir Kot, a mountain rising from the uplands of Waziristan. The rocks on its summit are heaped up into natural bastions and curtains, which have the appearance of a gigantic ruined fortress. Kafir Kot has an elevation of 3,729 feet. It is also known as Jumei Lakeh. It is as grotesque a peak as could well be imagined, and there are stories told of its being haunted. So strong is the superstition, that no native will go near it at night.

CHAPTER V.

SAMANA.

The Miranzai Valley Railway—Early Wars of Miranzai—Crops and Trees—Dwarf Palm—The Khan of Hangu—The Bangash—Samana—The Inhabitants—The Khanki Valley—Climate of Samana—The Orakzai—A Pathan War—Chinarak—Fighting at Zanga Khel—Fort Lockhart—Gulistan—View from Samana Suk—Dargai Battle-field.

THE Samana may be a dull place to be stationed in for a whole year, but as a retreat for the inhabitants of Kohat, during the hottest months of the summer, it is a most conveniently situated spot.

The journey to the little sanitorium, perched upon the Pathan hill tops, is a curious experience. The toy train, with its quaint engine and its open carriages, crawls slowly up the Miranzai Valley from Kohat. Punctuality on this railway is of no consequence. It is not uncommon for the train to be delayed an hour, because the engine happens to be lost, or the guard oversleeps himself! Passengers join and leave the train while it is going at full speed; and when the engine runs dry, they help to refill it with a bucket from a way-side stream.

The Miranzai Valley was originally peopled with Dilazaks and other races, of whose early history nothing definite is known. The Orakzais conquered it, and remained in occupation for some time, until the Bangash

tribes gradually encroached upon them, as they in turn were driven out of the Kurram by the more warlike Turis. In their expulsion of the Orakzai from Miranzai, the Bangash were assisted by the Khattaks. As has already been mentioned, the final struggle took place in about the 16th century at Muhammedzai. After three days fighting, the victory fell to the Bangash, and the Orakzais were driven into the mountain regions which they now occupy. The country people have a tradition to the effect that, during this battle, a youth dressed in spotless white, ran between the contending forces crying "Daida, Samda Bangasha, Gharda Orakzo" ("it is, it is the plains for the Bangash, and the hills for the Orakzai"). The story concludes that this was regarded as a divine interposition, and that the various tribes forthwith withdrew to the land indicated by the youth. Muhammedzai can be seen from the train. There is a small fort there to guard the mouth of the Ublan Pass, which leads to the winter settlements of the Bizoti Daulatzais, a warlike clan of Orakzais, belonging to the Samil political faction.

The Miranzai Valley here and there closes in and forms gorges only some 300 yards broad, with imposing bluffs projecting into the stream. More often, however, it expands to a vale from two to three miles wide, shut in by low hills, and producing crops of Indian-corn, bajra, cotton and rice. All these grow luxuriantly in the rich soil. No wonder the poverty-stricken Orakzai, in their barren mountains, regret their former home and occasionally indulge in a raid into Miranzai. The valley is well wooded with

mulberry, "shisham," "neem" and poplar, and there are fruit trees, vines and well-filled kitchen gardens around all the villages. The homely blackberry has its place in every hedge. A great variety of birds inhabit Miranzai. The most common are the dove, Indian jay, king crow, green Kashmir fly-catcher, crane and a bird like a seagull, which feeds exclusively on frogs. Of the game birds: "chicore," blue rock, imperial pigeon and "sisi" are plentiful, while higher up the valley above Hangu, partridges are also found. Hares and a few pheasants are met with here and there; and in season, quail abound in lower Miranzai. Each field has a "machan," from which radiate dozens of grass ropes, propped on sticks, which communicate to every part of the cultivated area. By this clever arrangement the watchman in the "machan" can frighten away the birds from every corner by pulling or shaking one or other of the ropes.

One of the most profitable products of the country is the "mazarai" or dwarf palm, which is cut during late August and early September. The leaves of the "mazarai" grow straight out of the ground, and not from a parent stem as do those of the ordinary ornamental palm: It is of great commercial value, and here sells for about fifteen seers for the rupee. In Peshawar it fetches a good deal more. From it are made "chuplis," ropes, bed strings, nets, matting, baskets, grain bins and other receptacles. In the summer every man carries a bundle of it about with him, and weaves it into rope as he walks along, and the boys make themselves slings of it for throwing stones. The

dwarf palm is largely exported, and its value has greatly increased since the advent of the railway. It is said to grow in the Tirah Valleys also. Weaving is one of the few occupations not considered derogatory by Pathans, and many of the Orakzai tribes, notably the Mamozai and the truculent Ali Khels, are weavers by trade.

Hangu was in former days the seat of the Khans of Hangu, who ruled the Miranzai Valley for a period of three centuries previous to the British occupation. The family was deported some years ago to Lahore, for political reasons. At present, only the Khan himself is kept under restraint.

The Bangash, who inhabit Miranzai and lower Kurram, are said to have originally come from the Suliman Mountains. They are descended from Samil and Gar, the two sons of Ismail. From the violent quarrels of these two brothers have risen the political factions of the Samils and Gars. The whole Orakzai nation has arranged itself on one side or the other, and Samil-Gar quarrels are always sufficient excuse for a fight when no better reason can be found. The Bangash are nearly all "Sunnis," but there are important 'Shiah' communities in Hangu and in lower Kurram.

From Hangu, a ten-mile drive along the foot hills, over a very bad unmetalled road, brings one to Patdarband,* where mules are waiting to take one up the hill.

* Patdarband means "the maidan at the mouth of the gorge." It exactly describes the place.

Fort Lockhart frowns grimly down into the rocky glen, over the line of limestone cliffs, which form a precipitous wall along the south side of the crest of the Samana ridge. The ascent is a steep climb of five miles, and entails many a weary zig-zag. The boulder-strewn "khuds" are covered with a variety of shrubs, such as the "palosa," "kanger," "chirai," "chikri," "senatta" and "gurguri." The "gurguri" is of a deeper green than the rest, and in July produces a purple berry which the natives eat, and from which a very excellent variety of sole gin is distilled. As one rises, the shrubs give place to grasses which, after the rains, clothe the mountains in a fresh green garb. The heart is rejoiced by light breezes, and the heat of the plains decreases in proportion as the scenery opens out beneath one. Now villages appear, hidden in all sorts of unexpected folds of the ground, and around these are large patches of maize. The red tulip adorns the hills in spring, and the deep blue gentian in late autumn; while there are not less than one hundred varieties of wild flowers, many of which are to be found along an English roadside. In the stony nullahs grows the pink Oleander, which so often lends colour to a sombre Pathan landscape. The *Rubia Albicaulis* and the *Onosma Echiodes* are found, and used, by the natives for dyeing purposes.

The inhabitants of the Samana here are the Rabia Khel, who were formerly extremely hostile to the British. They are noted for their clear complexions, blue eyes and brown hair. Many of the young lads are very good looking, and though rather short, are wiry and well knit. Further along the ridge, towards

Gulistan, live the Akhels. From the summit of the Samana Ridge an extensive view is obtained of the Khanki Valley. The high limestone walls of the Tsappa Range confront one across the ravine, and hide the sacred retreats of Tirah from inquisitive eyes. From the northern crest of the Samana, the hills drop away steeply into independent Orakzai territory. Fortified towers are dotted here and there about the hill-sides as usual.

The Khanki Nullah is about six miles broad. Its river enters the Miranzai Valley near Raisan Station. The bottom of the Khanki seems to be well cultivated. In many of the villages there are regular rifle factories. The upper Khanki is permanently inhabited by the Mamuzai and Alisherzai clans of the Lashkarzai, and in the lower portions the Ismailzai, Mishti, Sheikhs and Ali Khels have their winter settlements. The road made by our troops in 1897 can be seen zig-zagging up the opposite slopes to the Sampagga Pass. The Sampagga has an elevation of 6,550 feet, and besides its associations with the 1897 war, when it was taken by assault, it is historically interesting as being the site of a battle in A. D. 1587, when the Orakzais defeated a Mogul punitive army which had attempted to penetrate into Tirah under Ghairat Khan. The Sampagga was then called the "Loe sangpajah ghakai." Directly beyond it is the fair Mastura Valley, rich in its apple orchards and walnut groves.

During the winter, the Samana Range is completely deserted ; only a small detachment of Sikhs remains to garrison the fort. The Rabia Khel betake themselves

to either the Khanki or Miranzai Valleys. Food stores are only obtainable with the greatest difficulty until the tribesmen come up again and re-occupy their villages in the spring. Then, meat and excellent milk are procurable. The honey the Pathans bring in is very good, and they produce Tirah walnuts for sale in October. Mushrooms are plentiful in autumn.

The elevation above sea level of Fort Lockhart is 6,496 feet, and the climate in winter is severe. Blizzards rage for days on end, during which the sentries have to be relieved hourly. The snow lies many feet thick, and the road is kept open for foot passengers with difficulty. In summer the heat is tempered with cool breezes, and the nights are never unpleasant. The average rainfall is said to be 21.43 inches. The rainy season lasts off and on for three months, during which time mists envelope the ridge in impenetrable whiteness, obliterating the scenery, except when temporary rifts disclose for a few fleeting moments the sunlit valleys below.

“ Now melting in mists, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams.”

The Orakzai are, as a rule, very poor, and most of the lads I saw looked thin and underfed. Their average height is about 5 feet 6 inches. The tribe is divided into twenty-five sections, and numbers some 30,000 fighting-men. They could be utilised for recruiting purposes much more than they are. As already mentioned, there are only 550 of them in the regular army ; but though they make good soldiers, only four

regiments enlist them.* They are usually dressed in pearl grey cloth. The dye is produced from an earth found in the mountains of Tirah. The colour does not fade, and has the extra advantage of being quite invisible from a short distance on a hill side.†

The Orakzai are no exception to the general rule of Pathans, and intertribal quarrels are continually disturbing the peace of the community, and rendering the highways unsafe. I collected the following details of a little war which was waged all through the summer of 1908, from recruiting parties who came into Samana from Tirah. The cause of hostilities arose from a disagreement between the Ali Khel and Mala Khel, as to which of them should assist the Khoidad Khel in expelling the Waziris from Chinarak. Chinarak was the estate of the late Malik Sarwar Khan. The Khoidad Khel offered the Ali Khel such a large sum of money for their assistance, that the cupidity of the Mala Khel was roused, and they in their turn insisted on being allowed to help so as to secure a share of the subsidy. The result was a violent quarrel between the would-be allies. In the meanwhile Chinarak has been lost sight of altogether, and left to its fate. The

* The following regiments enlist Orakzais:—21st Punjabis, 40th Pathans, 46th Punjabis, and 127th Baluch Light Infantry.

† The following are the most important divisions of the Orakzai:—Ismailzai (chief sub-sections Rabia Khel, Ahkhel and Mamazai); Lashkarzai (chief sub-section Alisherzai); Daulatzai, Sturi Khel and Masuzai. Besides these are the Mishti, Ali Khel, Mala Khel, and Sheikhan, who were really "hamsayas" or serfs, but who, by virtue of their acquired strength, have come to be regarded as Orakzais.

Ali Khel belong to the Gar political faction, and the Mala Khel to the Samil. Various other tribes attached themselves to one side or the other, and in consequence the whole country was thrown into tumult. As may be imagined, recruiting for the Indian Army suffered a good deal.

The centre of strife was the Ali Khel stronghold of Zanga Khel, against which the Mala Khel brought their only cannon. At first a Sikh worked the gun, but he was soon superseded by a well-known character Jemadar Mir Khan, late of the 40th Pathans. The Jemadar contracted to demolish Zanga Khel for one thousand rupees. The amount was to be paid him only after the place had been taken. To supply the gun, shells were collected from Dargai and Sampagga and other places where British batteries had fired in the 1897 expedition. An attempt was made to refill the empty projectiles with explosives, but this was not successful. They were instead fitted with wooden plugs, which it was believed would expand on contact with the fort walls, and do more damage than empty shells would. The entire cost of supplying powder was borne by the Jemadar, who lost a good deal of money over the business, as he failed to reduce Zanga Khel, and consequently never received any of his thousand rupees. He placed his cannon in an epaulment at about one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, leaving only a small hole through which the muzzle of the gun was pushed when it was ready to fire. The defenders of Zanga Khel kept a sharp lookout, and as soon as the gun appeared at the aperture,

they poured a heavy musketry fire, from 500 rifles, into the opening. So disconcerting was the storm of bullets, and so many men were killed and wounded serving the gun, that the Jemadar at last gave up the contest in despair. A heavy fall of rain disheartened both parties who forthwith dispersed to their homes. The Chinarak quarrel is, however, too convenient an excuse for a fight to be allowed to die out, and is likely to be a source of strife for many years to come. The gun used before Zanga Khel had been originally captured from the Durani Governor of Kohat, at some time antecedent to British rule.*

There is another cannon, known as the "Mishti" Gun, which was fired constantly in the Khanki Valley, and which could be distinctly heard from Fort Lockhart. There is too a dispute of long standing between the Malik Din Khel and Kambar Khel, over the possession of territories in Kajurai. It gave rise to a good deal of fighting in Afridi Tirah all through the summer of 1908.

Fort Lockhart is a strong, stone-built fort on the narrow crest of the Samana Range. There is scarcely sufficient flat space inside it to pitch a tent. In the summer there is usually a Civilian Camp near the Saragarhi obelisk, and the fatal hill of Saragarhi, with a monumental cairn on its summit, is a mile to the west, along the ridge. Two tennis courts, over which a

* The German Military paper, "Militär Wochenblatt," has since published an extract from the above description of this Orakzai war.

sentry stands while a game is in progress, and where the band plays twice a week, are situated within fifty yards of the British frontier ; and hard by Crag Picquet stands boldly out on a spur of rock a sentinel on the "Edge of the Empire."

Gulistan or Fort Cavagnari, is four and-a-half miles distant from Fort Lockhart along the Samana ridge. It is a narrow building, lying lengthwise along a "coll." At one end it has a high tower, from which signalling communication is kept up with Fort Lockhart. By adding a few feet to the height of the Fort Lockhart tower, the intermediate signalling station of Saragarhi has been rendered unnecessary : so that that ill-fated post has never been rebuilt since its destruction in 1897 by the Orakzai lashkar. One or two Akhel villages lie near Gulistan. Their site has been cleverly chosen so that no one can fire into them from the Orakzai side without the risk of peppering, and outraging, the occupants of the British fort as well.

Dargai is only about eight miles beyond Gulistan across the Orakzai border. An expedition to the scene of the action of the 20th October 1897 entails a hard climb, but is very well worth the trouble. A visit to a battlefield, where the eye meets with peaceful pastures and smiling crops, in the place of the turbulent scenes of strife which the imagination has conjured up, is a singularly disappointing pastime. But there is that about the stern precipices of Dargai which I found satisfied my expectations, and filled me with an awe that Chillianwallah and Gujrat had failed to arouse.

An excellent bird's-eye view is obtained from the summit of the Samana Suk,* which is a high hill rising behind Gulistan, to a height of 6,750 feet above sea level. On the evening of my visit a thunderstorm had previously dispelled the heavy rain clouds, leaving the panorama fresh and lovely. The view is as extensive and grand as any bit of scenery along the whole frontier. Samana Suk fell away in an imposing precipice for several hundred feet, to the depths of the Chagru glen. The Chagru is a narrow nullah whose stream is a tributary to the Khanki River. It is cut in two by a ridge, known as the Chagru Kotal, which joins the Samana Suk to the mass of mountains on which the Dargai cliffs are situated. Villages, each sporting at least one fortified tower, and each surrounded by a little patch of Indian-corn, lie hidden here and there. In front rise the historic uplands of Dargai, culminating in the Narik Suk (6,890 feet) which on that side of the Chagru glen corresponds with the Samana Suk on this. Karappa lies away down in the Khanki Valley, and beyond it, the road leading up to the Sampagga can be seen. Khanki was still illuminated with a flood of sunlight while the rest of the picture was already fading away into the gloom of twilight. Behind the Sampagga rose the walls of the Safed Koh, already whitened by the first fall of snow, and to the right of it the Tsappa Mountains, with their steep grassy slopes, terminating in a formidable line of precipices, formed the far wall of the Khanki glen. The

* Suk means "fist."

fringe of the famed pine forests of Tirah was easily distinguishable along the sky-line. The mountainous country directly in rear of the Narik Suk is part of the territories of the Zaimusht. To the south lay the vale of Miranzai, with the post of Shinawari nestling amongst the foot hills. It was, indeed, a wonderful panorama this, and one worthy of Kashmir itself.

On the following morning, my way to Dargai lay along the road to Shinawari round the shoulder of the Samana Suk, and then branched off and followed the narrow ridge of the Chagru Kotal across the Chagru Valley. There is one fortified village called Dar on the kotal, and beyond is a considerable descent, which necessitates a stiff climb up the far slopes. I had an escort of half-a-dozen Samana Rifles, who were kindly supplied by the commandant of Fort Gulistan, but the Akhel Orakzais, in whose territory I was trespassing, seemed friendly enough, and were pleased to give me any information about the action of 1897. The ascent to the Dargai heights which were held by the Pathan "lashkars" is under cover from fire to within a distance of 80 yards from the base of the position, and it was this open space which had to be crossed by the attacking troops, through a hail of bullets. The cliffs which the enemy occupied form an obtuse angle, jutting out towards the Miranzai direction. Those to the west are perpendicular, and absolutely unscalable. Only a few shrubs protrude here and there from the otherwise clean, smooth face of the rock. In height the precipice is about two hundred feet; but so steep are the grassy slopes which they cap, that slopes and cliffs seem to

form one continuous drop, right down, two thousand feet, into the Miranzai Valley. The eastern wall of the position is less steep. A path goes up it, but it is wholly exposed ; and had the Pathans remained on the heights, instead of retreating as soon as the troops began to collect in the dead ground at the base of the precipices, it seems very doubtful whether British bayonets could ever have reached the summit. There is one tree on the crest which marked the extreme left of the enemy's sangas, and which proved a valuable object for the gunners to range on to, from the batteries co-operating from the Samana Suk. A local Orakzai, who took part in the action, declared that the shells were falling low and bursting upon the face of the cliffs. The ground behind the crest line of the position falls for a few hundred yards at an angle of thirty degrees, and then rises again to Dargai village, which is a quarter of a mile in rear of the position.

Dargai might very easily have been turned by descending straight down into the Khanki Valley, either from Fort Lockhart or from Gulistan. It was probably the desire to come immediately in contact with an elated enemy that induced the generals to attack a position which, if stoutly held, might well have proved impregnable.

CHAPTER VI.

KURRAM.

A Foul Murder—Ghilzai Traders—Burial Customs—Lower Kurram—Upper Kurram—The Turis—Their Dress—Hazaras—Jajis and Jadrans—Neighbouring Tribes—Parachinar—Roberts Bagh—Shalozan—Cholera—Teri Mungal—Peiwar Kotal—Mungals—Sport—Ahmadzai—Kalachi.

BEYOND the little station of Hangu, on the Miranzai Valley Railway, the line passes through Upper Miranzai. From the train the various localities of the Samana Range pass in review. First come Dar and Sanga posts. Beyond them is Fort Lockhart, which crowns the main Samana Hill. The Cairn of Saragarhi stands out against the sky line, a monument to the tragedy of 1897 ; Fort Gulistan lies on its narrow “kotal ;” Samana Suk raises its “fist” to the heavens ; and the historic cliffs of Dargai frown down over Miranzai.

It was at the village of Sarozai near Kai Station, that Lieutenant Macaulay, R.E., the Garrison Engineer at Samana, was murdered in February 1909. He happened to be bicycling along the road when he was stopped by a coolie who made a petition about his pay. Lieutenant Macaulay dismounted to look up the case amongst his papers. He was set upon by three men from the village who thought he was carrying a large sum of Government money. A violent fight must have ensued, for Lieutenant Macaulay’s body,

when found, was badly bruised. His knees were cut, his arm bitten, and he had a bullet wound through the left breast. He was moreover tied up, and gagged with his own handkerchief. The three culprits who were subsequently captured, also carried marks of the struggle upon them. Unfortunately one of them made good his escape into Afghanistan.

The six and fifty miles of road from Thal to Parachinar are now comfortably covered in a tonga. The road is, generally speaking, a good one, but it is unmetalled, and so is easily damaged by rain. Kurram territory is entered at about the eighth milestone. I met long strings of camels which their Ghilzai owners were bringing down from Khost and Afghanistan, laden with grain, to be disposed of at Thal. These Ghilzai traders are rough, weather-beaten fellows. They wear loose 'pyjamas,' a shirt, and a cloth waistband, all of which are a grey colour from excessive dirt. On their feet they have grass shoes. An untidy scrap of pugree, tied round their high-peaked "khulas" completes their attire. They are not allowed to cross the Peiwar Kotal into Kurram until the 1st of November, as their camels encroach upon the best grazing grounds of the Turis. They have also to leave their rifles and other arms behind. I passed two large Ghilzai encampments near the villages of Alizai and Sadda, where the men had left their families, while they themselves had gone on to Thal with the laden camels. These camps are curious places. The tents are made of black camel hair cloth stretched over a rough wooden framework. The shelters are rarely more than

four feet high, and look unspeakably dirty and uncomfortable. The men and women with their large families share their tents with their Ghilzai dogs, with all the baby camels, and I doubt not with a host of insect life too. The Ghilzais are very particular about carrying back with them, for burial in their own homes, any of their numbers who happen to die during the journey. I saw one corpse tied to a charpoi, and slung across a camel, making its homeward march. It swayed helplessly along the road, and we had some difficulty in getting past the camel with its ghastly load. The Turis object very strongly to this system of carrying dead bodies about their country and complain, very rightly, that much disease is spread in this way. They themselves, however, do not set a good example, and they are, if anything, even more particular than the Ghilzais in the matter of burying the dead in their own village graveyards. A case occurred only the other day, where permission was refused on medical grounds for the removal of a cholera infected body. The relatives broke open the grave at night, and carried the dead man away to what they considered was his proper resting-place.

Lower Kurram, that is, as far as Alizai, differs very essentially from the Upper Kurram, and in appearance resembles the Miranzai. The villages are built of rough and irregular blocks of stone interspersed with layers of brushwood. Towers and defensive walls are the exception, and the inhabitants are but poorly armed. The fodder is collected in ricks inside the hamlets, and great stacks of hay and "johwar" are also

grouped together in large numbers on rising ground near by. The valley is narrow, and there is little room for cultivation. The trees are few and stunted, and the general appearance of the country is of low hills and broken nullahs, where the usual palosa, bera, senetta and mazarai form a thin scrub jungle.

Upper Kurram, on the other hand, is wider, and the mountains containing it are more imposing. There is a good deal of cultivation. The villages are larger and far more prosperous looking, and are built chiefly of mud. The more important ones have from eight to ten good fortified towers, and are besides protected by high loop-holed walls. A very successful attempt is made to decorate these forts by means of patterns in the brickwork, and of crenelations along the upper parapets. They are, moreover, neatly built, and kept in good repair. Chenar trees abound and grow to as fine a size as they do in Kashmir. To judge by their girth, many of them must be very old. There are willows, mulberries and "palosa" in the valley, and the walnuts of Kurram rival those of Tirah itself.

The Kurram is inhabited by the Turis. They are all "Shiah" Mahommedans. There are a good many Bungash in Lower Kurram too, who are also "Shiachs"; while the Bungash of Miranzai, with the exception of a few communities such as in Hangu and Thal, are "Sunnis." The Turis, unlike all other Pathans, have actually invited the "Sirkar" to take over their valley. They are on the most friendly terms with the Englishmen who live amongst them; and the heartiness of their salutation when they meet a "sahib" is quite

refreshing to listen to. The Turis look upon the British Government as their deliverer from the oppression of their rapacious "Sunni" neighbours, and even consider that their "Shiah" religion resembles, to a certain extent, Christianity. They are not forgetful that Christians fought and died for them in their wars against the "Sunnis," and are even in a few cases buried in the most sacred "Shiah" shrines. In the Second Afghan War the Turis sided with us openly, and delivered an effective flank attack on the Afghan "lashkar" in the action of Peiwar Kotal. In the Khost expedition they again assisted Lord Roberts. There are now some nine hundred of them in the Kurram militia. So certain is their loyalty to the "Sirkar" that a systematic effort is being made to arm them better. Their weapons are now all registered, and means are available on the spot for arming the Turi "lashkar" on an emergency.

Their dress is very distinctive, though many Mungals have adopted it too. The sleeves of their shirts have blue cuffs, and there is a thin red piping or an ornamental border round the neck. In the cold weather they wear a coat made out of a cloth called "sharai" which is woven from sheep's wool.*

Various interesting people migrate down to India during the early months of winter to escape the severity of their own native climate, and to search for employment. I met many Hazaras in Kurram. They take

* The Turis are divided into five sub-divisions, namely, the Hamza Khel, Mastu Khel, Ghundi Khel, Alizai and Duparzai.

work as out-of-door servants in Parachinar, and also as road-menders on the tonga road. The Jajis, who are an Afghan race inhabiting parts of the adjoining districts of Hariob and Khost, also pass through the Kurram in great numbers. They travel in large bands, and are a fine looking folk, though their poverty is as proverbial as that of the Hazaras. These two people, together with a third tribe of Afghans, the Jadrans, all come in search of manual labour, and in this respect are distinct from the Ghilzais, whose sole object is trading.

One of the minor forms of trade along the road is in walnut bark, which Afridis bring down on donkeys from Tirah, and sell as teeth cleaning sticks in Kohat. There is a small breed of black cattle in the valley which seems to be peculiar to Kurram.

The Kurram Valley became detached from Afghanistan at the conclusion of the Second Afghan War. It was, however, not finally taken over by us until 1892. Its status is now that of an "administered" territory. It forms a thin wedge sixty miles long, and in parts not more than ten miles broad, running into Afghanistan, and giving us a footing on the Durand line. Khost and Hariob, both Afghan districts, hem it in on the west. Its borders on the south march with those of Waziristan; and on the east lie the successive Pathan tribes, the Chamkanis, Zaimukht, and the Orakzai sub-sections of the Ali Sherzai and the Massuzai. On the north, Kurram is separated from the Shinwaris by the great Safed Koh Range, which towers up sublime and white above Parachinar. Its peaks are

Bazurgachuka and Bodeena, respectively 14,020 feet and 13,007 feet high, and it terminates in Sikaram, a great snowy giant, who raises his massive head to a height of 15,620 feet above sea-level.* The Safed Koh is called "Shpina Ghar" here, which has the same meaning as "Safed Koh," *i.e.*, "The White Mountains." Dark pine forests cover the lower ranges, and naked cliffs and snowy peaks rise high above them. The chain is so situated that the rays of the setting sun fall full upon it. The effect on a chill winter evening when the pale snows flush scarlet and crimson, while darkness is already gathering in the valley below, is very fine.

There seems to be some doubt as to the origin of the word Parachinar. Some people say it means "single chenar," and others that it is derived from "china," which is a common village name in Tirah. Several natives, however, told me that the big chenar tree, which still flourishes beside the Fort, was planted about two hundred years ago by "Pari," an influential malik of the Pari Khel section of the Hamza Khel, and that the locality is named after Pari and his chenar tree. The Turis call the cantonment "Totki," but this particular cehnar tree they call Parachinar, and it is usual for them to arrange a meeting "under Parachinar." This outpost of civilization consists of a dozen bungalows, a fort, a double street bazaar, and the lines of the Kurram militia. Numbers of young trees have been planted everywhere, and many already yield fruit

* The word "Sikaram" is most probably the clipped form of "Sir-e-Kurram."

in season. Parachinar is situated out in the middle of a dry plain at the foot of the Safed Koh. In former times the garrison used to occupy a site higher up on the spurs of the mountains. The present cantonment has an elevation of 5,600 feet. In summer the heat is never excessive, and in a very hard winter three feet of snow have been known to lie for a month.

The Peiwar Kotal is the chief place of historic and geographic interest in the Kurram. A short distance out of Parachinar along the Peiwar Kotal road, is a pretty "tope" of trees known as "Roberts Bagh," or "Roberts Folly." Lord Roberts purchased it, believing it to be adjacent to the site of a future military cantonment. He has since given the property to the Government of India. Shalozan is a village of some eight or ten towers, which supplies as many as two hundred men to the Kurram militia. It is a well-wooded hamlet, and though it was gaunt and dreary looking enough in December, I can well believe the enthusiastic accounts told of it, when autumn has turned the chenar leaves scarlet. Shalozan is noted for the beauty of its women. One of its families has always supplied ladies for the royal harem in Kabul. The grandmother of the Amir Abdur Rahman was a Shalozani woman. The Turis pride themselves that the Kurram produces four remarkable commodities, namely, the "Sang-i-Malana," the stone of Malana; the "Brinj-i-Karman," the rice of Karman; the "Chaub-i-Peiwar," the wood of Peiwar; and the "Dakhtar-i-Shalozan," the women of Shalozan.

This village suffered very severely last year from cholera, and lost nearly 300 of its inhabitants. On such occasions the Turis are very sensible, for they move away from their homes and go into camps on the mountains. They have a curious custom of burying the victims of cholera with a large stone on the chest, and a pebble between the teeth. They think this procedure stamps out the disease. The custom gives rise sometimes to trouble, when a solitary Ghilzai stranger dies of cholera amongst them, for the relatives, when they reclaim the body later, look upon the breaking of a tooth, for the insertion of the pebble, as equal to mutilation.

At the single grave called the "Dwalas Imam Ziarat" I got a change of horses. About this time Sikaram disappeared into threatening clouds, and soon after, the mists came hurrying up, and obliterated the entire Safed Koh. The Peiwar Ridge is an off-shoot of Sikaram which runs southward and ends the Kurram Valley. As I advanced, the valley became undulating, and the sterile open plain gave place to a dense ilex scrub. The ilex is called "tsarai." It has a berry and cup, very much like an acorn. The natives eat the kernel, but to my mind its taste is uncommonly bitter and nasty.

The panorama of hills in front would have been very fine but for the lowering clouds which partly hid it. The lowest depression in the ridge is the Peiwar Kotal, where the road, which is one of the two great trade routes between Kabul and India, crosses. Along the ridge, just thirty years ago, lay the main line of

Afghan trenches, barring Roberts' advance. To the left of the gap is a deep declivity known as the "Devil's Punch Bowl," a trap in which the 5th and 29th Punjabis were caught on the 28th of November 1878. To the right of the Kotal, narrow, rolling pine ridges run towards Sikaram; and it was along these hills that Roberts made his memorable night march and flank attack.

In the jaws of the gorge which lead to the pass is the little post of Teri Mungal which derives its name from a small Mungal village in the vicinity. Here I left my ponies, and changed the "sowars" for an escort of four men from the post. Already it had begun to snow, and I was glad of a chance of getting warm by walking. There was ice everywhere, even on the running streams, and the cold was intense. The path lies up a water nullah till it bifurcates, after which it rises sharply up a spur to the Kotal. It was by now snowing hard, and on nearing the summit I found a good six inches of snow all over the hills. The Peiwar Kotal Pass is so much shut in by projecting mountains that the view is very limited, and those who, even in fine weather, expect anything but a glimpse of Afghanistan, will be disappointed. The deep depression of the Kotal, forms a fitting gateway to the forbidden land. The road passes through it, crosses the Durand Line, and drops gently into Afghanistan, on its way to Alikhel. Alikhel is only sixteen miles distant and is the head-quarters of an Afghan Brigade. Pine woods cover the Peiwar Ridge; and the ilex bushes, which resembled holly

were very much in keeping with the wintry aspect. A knoll to the right is known as "General's Hill," and from a higher one to the left called "Batteri Sar" a peep into Hariob can be obtained. A walk along the ridge to "Picnic Hill" leads to the various places where there was hard fighting during the attack on the position, and an Afghan post may be seen on an open plain to the west. But on the occasion of my visit a keen wind was driving across the pass, and the snow was swirling silently down, obscuring what little view there was of the Afghan mountains. I was glad, therefore, to return to Teri Mungal, where the "havildar" in command of the Fort gave me a meal of tea and eggs. The hot tea was most acceptable, even though eighty per cent. of its composition was, as usual, sugar. The Pathans have a curious custom of painting eggs black or red. Down in the plain, the dry snow turned to a cold soaking sleet, and I was thankful when I had covered the sixteen miles back to Parachinar, and was seated again by a big log fire in the hospitable mess of the Kurram militia.

The Mungals are a race who occupy Garbar. Numbers of them, however, become "hamsayas" or serfs to the Turis, and now occupy villages above the Turis on the mountains around Totki. Quite lately they made an attempt to throw off their "hamsaya" yoke, and claimed representation in the Turi Jirga. The movement was sternly repressed. The Mungals are great cattle-grazers and wood-cutters. Their indiscriminate cutting has done much to deforest the Kurram, but the tree-felling is now very carefully supervised.

A good deal of timber is floated down the Kurram stream in summer. Along both banks of the river there are numbers of well-wooded villages, below which a little rice is sometimes grown. There are a lot of snipe to be shot in these low-lying tracks. The bag for 1907 registered over eleven hundred snipe. The natives are themselves keen sportsmen, and get the best of the "chicore" and "sisi" shooting. They also shoot duck and teal on the river, where they use very clever decoy birds made out of mud. Nearly all Pathans are born poachers. Their bird traps chiefly consist of fine nets, or of a horse-hair noose attached to a wooden peg. They also sometimes wear a mask with horns, in which disguise they approach "chicore" and other game. The birds collect and await the advance of the mask, to inspect it, and when they are well bunched together, the stalker fires into the brown of them.

At Ahmadzai are the ruins of the old "Afghan Posts," which were occupied by the Amir's troops until we took the Kurram under our protection. From them a pretty path leads along the left bank of the river to Agra, crossing on the way many stony bluffs and willow-lined streams. To the south is the Jaji Maidan, and further on, under a high ridge running down from the Khost Mountains, the Darwarzargai route branches off to Thal *viâ* Tigar. At the end of the ridge above mentioned where it overlooks the Kurram river, is a tall rock, beneath which two shafts have been driven by certain villagers, in the belief that treasure was hidden there. The other

Turis are much amused at the credulity of those who undertook the digging operations ; and the mullab, at whose instigation the search was made, had to decamp for a while.

One of the most interesting rides from Parachinar is to Khalachi, where the British post, which is situated on a low hillock, is confronted by three Afghan forts. The nearest of these is not more than 500 yards distant. The Afghan posts are collectively known as "Patan" and are commanded by a venerable grey-haired Captain, whose monthly pay of forty Cabuli rupees is kept in a chronic state of arrears. He came out accompanied by a dozen Afghan sepoy, who each carried a couple of cartridges between the first, second and third fingers of the left hand, in case of accident. The Afghan garrison has one bugler who blows "stables" when the Captain's horse is fed. This little post of Khalachi was the scene of a good deal of fighting in the June of 1908, when the mullahs were disturbing the Khostwals with their inflammatory preachings. Their ardour was, however, somewhat damped by a message from the Amir, promising to cut out the tongue of anyone attempting a "Jehad"; and also by the fact that one of the mullahs who was distributing charms against hostile bullets had his horse shot under him. Still, fighting did take place between the Khostwals and Turis, in which six Afghans and one Turi were killed. The quarrel was about some springs which belong to the Turis, and which are very necessary to them for their cultivation. It is a dispute of long standing, and is one of those

convenient excuses for a little scrapping at any time. A truce was proclaimed in "Jirga," to last for two years, but it has already been violated again. The commandant of Khalachi, an Afridi Subadar, gave me tea, as is the custom, but I was luckily in time to stop the sugar being heaped in. He pointed out to me Khushka Ram and other localities in the uplands of Khost, and showed me the mountains of Garbar where the Mungals live. The ride back to Parachinar in the brilliant sunshine, with the Safed Koh resplendent in a new coating of snow, and with the ice crackling under the horse's hoofs at every stream, was most enjoyable.

CHAPTER VII.

TOCHI AND DERAJAT.

Bannu—Bannu under the Sikhs—Kajauri—Lower Dawar—Treatment of Waziris—Lower Tochi—Trade—Miranshah—Trees—Boia—Raiders—Tutnarai—A grand view—Mahsuds—Marwats—Dera Ismail Khan—The Powindahs—Early history—Mari Kalabagh.

TOCHI makes no pretence at rivalling the Kurram in either beauty or local interest. It is none the less a fascinating locality, and there is a wilderness about its scenery, which lends great attraction to this strip of administered territory, thrust into the heart of Waziristan.

There was never a more un-get-at-able place than Bannu, and Bannu is the base from which the journey to the Tochi must be made, unless one is lucky enough to obtain permission to travel *viâ* Thal, though independent territory. Bannu to my mind has few attractions. It forms a little oasis of trees on the sterile Banoochi plain. Its verdant circle of wheat and sugarcane has a radius of not more than five miles ; and the Kutpech, a pretty little stream flowing between high and well-wooded banks, gives it its only claim to beauty. From the north the country is watered by the Kurram river, which throws off several small canals. From the south-west it is irrigated by the Kutpech. Beyond the cultivation, towards the Waziri hills, the bare expanse of ugly "put," dotted

very sparsely with occasional villages or patches of wheat, is singularly unattractive. There is a chronic difficulty in cantonments about houses, and the place is very isolated from the outer world. The nearest railway station is at Kohat, 79 miles distant, and the 89 miles of road to Dera Ismail Khan is over an exceedingly dreary stretch of desert. Bannu city is not lacking in picturesqueness. Its interest lies in the crowds of Banoochis, Marwats, Hindus, Mahsuds and Darwesh Khel Waziris who throng its streets. What induces the Waziris to venture into such a dangerous place as Bannu I cannot think. They are as often as not lodged in the jail for the sins of other people ; for the real budmashes always take care not to cross the border, except to commit some fresh depredation. The city is quite a big one, and can boast of some fine bazaars and many comfortable brick houses. It has sprung up beside the Cantonment which Herbert Edwards founded, and the protection afforded it by Fort Edwards has enabled it to outstrip its former rival, Laki, in prosperity.

As a Sikh province, Bannu was never under control, except for the brief periods when the Khalsa Army was actually in occupation. Every few years an expedition was organised to pillage the district, and this was the only method the Sikhs had of extracting the arrears of revenue. It was not until British influence began to assert itself in Lahore, in the person of Lawrence, that Herbert Edwards was sent to "settle" this troublesome country. By restraining the violence of the Sikh Army, he paved the way for more

friendly relations with the Banoochis, and also with the Waziris, who had by this time got a considerable footing on the Bannu plain. He built Dulipgarh (now Fort Edwards), and called it after Dulip Singh, the then infant Maharaja of the Sikhs. A systematic demolition of over 400 fortified towers was followed by a slow disarmament of the population. This was partly effected by accepting firearms in lieu of arrears of revenue. A primitive "settlement" was made ; but to show how lawless the times had been, it may be mentioned that a man who had managed to hold a property for only five years was considered to have established a claim to ownership.

The Banoochis, though of mixed descent, are a fine looking race. A few of them are enlisted in the North Waziristan Militia, but are not considered very good soldiers. As a people, they have been a good deal bullied by their Waziri neighbours, who have deprived them, by force, of much of their original land. Edwards describes the Banoochis as being "descended from many different Afghan tribes, representing the ebb and flow of might, right, possession and spoliation in a corner of the Kabul empire (Bannu was an Afghan province for eighty years), whose remoteness and fertility offered outlaws and vagabonds a secure asylum against both law and labour. The introduction of Indian cultivators from the Punjab, and the settlement of numerous low Hindus in the valley, from sheer love of money, and the hope of peacefully plundering by trade their ignorant Muhammedan masters, have contributed, by intermarriage, slave-dealing and vice,

to complete the mongrel character of the Bannu people."

The distribution of the races inhabiting Bannu and the surrounding districts affords a striking example of how the greater part of the North-West Frontier Province has come into the possession of its present occupants by means of successive waves of conquest and emigration. The Banoochis moved down into the Bannu plain about five hundred and fifty years ago, driving before them two small tribes of Mangals and Haries, and a section of Khattaks. This nucleus of a now mongrel race, was probably driven down from Shawal by the Waziris. They called their chief settlement Bannu, after the wife of their head Malik, amongst whose sons a preliminary distribution of land was made. The Niazaïs came from Tank in about 1600 A. D., being expelled by a Waziri movement. They settled in Marwat, but were pushed on into Isa Khel and Mianwali by the Marwats, who followed their route fifty years later. The seizure of a large part of the Bannu plain by the Darvesh Khel Waziris is of more recent date. Their first visit was a winter invasion for the purpose of cattle-grazing; but as they began to appreciate the advantages of life in the plains, and of agriculture, they settled permanently; and it was only the advent of British rule in Bannu which has prevented them from appropriating the country altogether.

The distance from Bannu to Miranshah in Tochi is 37 miles. The road is a good one, and has the advantage over that leading up the Kurram of

being metalled throughout. The cultivation of Bannu stops abruptly on the left bank of the Baran Nullah. Beyond this, a stony and treeless plain rises gently to the foot hills of Waziristan. The border is crossed just beyond the small fortified post of Aslam Chowki, and a little further on the Tochi river comes in sight. In summer it is a considerable stream. It rises in Afghanistan and, flowing south of Bannu, joins the Kurram river near Laki. The lower reaches of the Tochi Valley consist of dreary defiles through rugged and unimposing mountains, with never a village, or a strip of cultivation, or a tree to break the monotony for nigh on twenty miles. The prospect, however, improves very much at Kajauri, where the valley opens out into a broad and fertile plateau, studded over with kajor or date palms (*Phoenix sylvestris*), from which the place derives its name. The plain, which is several miles long, is parcelled out into fields, which in summer are said to produce rich crops ; but in early January, when I visited it, the country was looking drab and sombre enough. Small fortified towers are scattered about it for the protection of the crops. The villages are as usual mud forts, and are enclosed by high defensive walls. The valley, as far as Miranshah, is known as Lower Dawar, and above Miranshah as Upper Dawar.

The people of Dawar are comparatively prosperous and well-to-do, and are in consequence the victims of constant raids from their more needy and manly neighbours in the hills. They are now no longer enlisted in the local militia, being considered soft

and effete. They suffer a good deal from fevers, caused no doubt by the extensive cultivation of rice. Fevers, enlarged spleens, eye diseases and gunshot wounds are all treated free of charge in the Miranshah Hospital. The inhabitants of Dawar do not migrate in summer, in which respect they are an exception to nearly all Waziris, who move up into the mountains with their belongings as soon as the hot weather sets in.

Every five or six miles along the road are strong militia posts. Our position here is entirely different to what it is in the Kurram. The Waziris unlike the Turis, resent British interference, and consequently the happy relations existing between Pathans and Englishmen in Parachinar, are not to be found in Tochi. Indeed, both sides are always hard at work, the one devising fresh devilries, the other exacting retribution. The struggle is, however, conducted with grim humour. It has been the popular custom amongst Waziri budmashes to carry off Hindus from their homes in order to ransom them afterwards. Some six or seven Hindus were lately kidnapped. But this time the game did not turn out as profitably as was anticipated. In retaliation, all Bizan Khels and Hati Khels within reach of British authority were seized and confined in Bannu and Miranshah till the Hindus were released, and proper security for future good behaviour furnished. On the prison gate in the civil post in Miranshah are inscribed the well-known words "Agar firdaus bar rou-e-zamin ast, hamin ast, hamin ast." (Oh ! if there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this) : and above

the doorway of a cell, within which a dozen sulky Waziris languish, is written a hearty word of welcome "Khosh amded."

The narrow strip of the Tochi, sixty-three miles long, now brought under British administration, lies due south of the Afghan province of Khost, which is thus sandwiched in between the Kurram and the Tochi. The chief town of Khost is Matun, which was occupied by our troops for a short while during the early part of the second Afghan war. I believe an Afghan Brigade is now stationed there. The political advantages of holding the Tochi and of thus having a footing in Waziristan are very great, even though we have no posts further west than Datta Khel towards the Durand line. The presence of British arms in Tochi and the Gumal has done much to overawe the troublesome Mahsuds.

Tochi is not a trade route, like either the Kurram or Gumal valleys. They say that the road into Afghanistan, even beyond Datta Khel, is an excellent one. It leads to Ghazni. Few travellers, however, use it. I met only one large caravan (known locally as a "kirhi"), which was bringing down "chilgosas" to Bannu. The "chilgosa" is the kernel of a certain pine cone, which has a considerable market in the Punjab.

Two miles beyond Kajauri, is the large post of Idak, whose commandant distinguished himself not long ago by following up and capturing a gang of raiders, and recovering their Hindu prisoner.

Miranshah is situated in a stony plain, well above and away from the Tochi river. It was removed to its

present site two years ago, because the former fort was too near the hills. The old cantonment was demolished. The new fort is a fine building, though it is rather too large for its garrison. It contains the comfortable mess and quarters of the officers of the North Waziristan Militia, as well as the civil post and other buildings. Nothing that could give cover to snipers can be erected outside the walls, and even the "sticky court" is sunk in a hollow. Half a mile away is another big enclosure, in which are the hospital, bazaar, and various native quarters. Water is brought to Miranshah all the way from Boia by means of a little canal which follows every bend of the hill-sides for miles. As is usually the case in countries where water is scarce, and where its presence means so much, the water question is a difficult one, and a heavy fee is paid for the use of the stream. There is besides, within the Fort, a fine well, 115 feet deep. Outside the post a big garden has lately been made in which quantities of young trees have been planted. These in time are to be put out all about the valley, which is at present very poorly wooded. Amongst other trees so introduced are the safeda or poplar, the Australian ilex, the pipul, various fruit trees, the rubber tree and the chenar. This latter shows signs of doing well. It is found in many Pathan districts, notably in Kurram, in the Panjkora Valley and in Dir. I saw one remarkably fine chenar in Tochi in the hamlet of Kharok Ali, opposite Ahmad Khel, which must be quite 250 years old. I was assured that there was another quite as big near Datta Khel. These seem to be the only two large trees in

Tochi. There are, of course, extensive forests on the mountains, particularly on the slopes of Shoe Deh and Vez Deh, which are the two most prominent peaks to the south. The timber for building the new Infantry lines in Bannu, is being cut in the Shawal district.

An attempt is also being made to improve the horses and donkeys of the country. A stallion and a donkey are kept at Miranshah for serving the mares of the neighbourhood.

The elevation of Miranshah above sea-level is 3,200 feet. The cold in winter is very severe. In January I found all the brooks ice bound until midday, and a large fire in one's room was a necessity at night. Amongst other curious objects in the Fort is a row of iron "alarm drums," which now fulfil the more peaceful duties of flower pots.

Perhaps the most interesting excursion from Miranshah is to the outpost of Tutnarai. The mountains about Upper Dawar are rather more imposing than those of the lower portions of the valley. The country is besides a little better wooded with mulberry and willows. Below Boia we splashed through the waters of the Tochi river. A strong fort occupies the far bank, and near it a small mill is worked by the stream. There are important springs in the vicinity, in which I saw quantities of watercress.

At Muhammed Khel I found some ponies and an escort, waiting to conduct me to Tutnarai. The main road can hardly be said to be absolutely safe. A tonga driver and syce were captured on the 15th March 1909, and were only restored after a month. Major Graves

was wounded in May of '09 while driving from Miranshah to Bannu. It was only a few weeks previous to my visit that the tonga was held up by a couple of Madda Khel Waziris. They murdered the driver, looted the tonga, and only spared a Waziri boy, who was a Naik in the Militia. This lad was one of the members of my escort to Tutnarai. We immediately left the road and struck up a level nullah bed, leading towards the mountains to the south. Gradually the ravine becomes a well defined defile, with high containing walls, and an easy grit bed, up which we could gallop at intervals.

Tutnarai occupies a saddle, or pass, between two hills which are themselves each crowned with a small post. The Fort was built here to prevent Mahsud raiders from making forays into Upper Dawar, along this easy route. There is a pond below Tutnarai, formed by an artificial dam. A stream escapes over it, runs down the defile a little way, and then mysteriously disappears under ground. The Afridi Subadar in charge of the post, treated me to the usual hospitality of sweet tea, eggs and fruit, and then supplied me with a few men to take me up to the highest of the flanking towers. The climb was a stiff one of five hundred feet, but was rewarded by a glorious panoramic view over Tochi. To the north, rising majestically above the uplands of Khost, towered the dazzling snows of the mighty Safed Koh. I suppose that it would not be possible to obtain anywhere a better view of those white walls of Afghanistan than from Tutnarai.

To the west, the spurs of the ridge on which we stood fell to the broad, barren plain of Datta Khel. That post lay out in the open, and a little white dot near it marked the graves of the victims of the Maizar affair of '97. Maizar itself was visible in the distance, situated between two low ridges; and close by was Sheranni, a village which also played an important part in the Maizar incident. To the south of us Shoe Deh, and a mass of other mountains, some of which were already capped with snow, hid the view into Mahsud Waziristan.

The Mahsuds in Tochi do not bear the evil reputation that they have in Dera Ismail Khan. They are caught young for the militia, and have proved themselves not only men of very pleasant manners, but of steady, and even reliable, character.

The dress of the Waziris is most distinctive. Their shirt or "kurta" is quite short, and reaches to only just below the hips. It is very fully pleated, and the neck, back, and upper part of the sleeves is usually prettily embroidered in scarlet thread. The pyjamas are exceedingly loose; and maroon coloured pugrees are much affected. They wear their black hair about four inches long, and brush it in a curl around the neck and ears. The Waziris are held in abomination by all their Pathan neighbours, who have a common saying to the effect that "a Waziri will murder you for the sake of your pugree." They are not so torn by internal feuds as most of the other trans-frontier races. To the poor of their own community, they are said to be charitable, and they do not offer violence to the

wives and children of their personal foes. Their barbarity to all strangers, however, is such that, every Pathan Sepoy in the Indian Army longs for nothing so keenly as a Waziri War. "Of the Waziri," says Edwards, "it is literally true that his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him."

* * * *

The country of the Marwats lies due south of Bannu, and compared to it, the Bannu district is a veritable garden. The soil is in many parts almost pure sand, and it is entirely dependent on a precarious rainfall for moisture. As a result, the crops fail two years out of three. The Marwats do not make good soldiers, though they doubtless came of a fighting stock. A few are enlisted in the regular Cavalry and in the North Waziristan Militia. They also serve in the Police, where they do fairly well. They are a blue-eyed, fair-skinned race, and have the appearance of Punjabis rather than Pathans. As a rule, they wear the blue Punjabi "lac" or sheet, in the place of the baggy Pathan pyjamas. The Pezu Ridge, a rugged offshoot of the Salt Range, forms the southern boundary of the Marwat country, though there are important Marwat colonies in the Dera Ismail Khan district as well. Sheik Budin is a small summer retreat, consisting of a dozen bungalows. It is perched up on the Pezu Ridge, and has an elevation above sea-level of 3,600 feet.

Dera Ismail Khan is the most important city of Dera-jat, and is the chief centre of trade between the Punjab and Southern Afghanistan. It is enclosed within high walls, and has two or three busy bazaars, which present a lively scene when the Powindah caravans are passing through. The shops which line the streets are backed with four-storied brick houses, which are adorned with picturesque wooden balconies. Braziers, cloth merchants, sweet sellers, fruiterers, and leather workers ply their crafts, and hakims, with their rows of medicine bottles, do a fine trade with the unsuspecting Powindahs. Some of these doctors specialise in eye diseases, and besides sell "Surma" and other cosmetics. "Surma" in its unpowdered state resembles a black ore. Weather-beaten, black-locked Powindahs, magnificent specimens of humanity, lounge about the streets enjoying the first civilization of India. There are many Hindus too, and a few Marwats. In the surrounding district there is a confusing variety of races, whose presence it is difficult to account for. There are whole communities of Baluchis, who must have settled here many centuries ago, and who are now entirely cut off from the Baluch tribes of Baluchistan. With them, often sharing the same villages, are Jats. In Kulachi, eighteen miles distant, live the Gundapurs, celebrated in days gone by for their fighting qualities. These Gundapurs, by the way, employed the "wesh" or "exchange of land" system until 1812. The Marwats of the Bannu district retained the "wesh" until still later, and it only finally disappeared after the first proper revenue settlement.

There are besides in many of the villages Khattris, and such obscure people as Vail, Khokar and Dawe, of whom I was unable to gather any information.

The Powindahs, who are the most interesting people met with in Derajat, are worthy of further notice. They are a great race of militant merchants, who for centuries have fought their way, with their families and caravans, through the Mahsud Mountains. They bring down on their camels the grain and fruit of Cabul and Ghazni, which they exchange for cloth goods destined for Bokhara and Samarkand. On their arrival in British territory they leave their families and the sick camels in large encampments in the neighbourhood of Tonk. They themselves push on to the furthest corners of India, returning again at the close of the winter, preparatory to fighting their way home again. They are as uncouth and highly scented as their own camels, but are cheery fellows, always ready with a smile and a passing salutation.

Dera Ismail Khan as a station is not without its good points. Lying though it does in a desert, it is itself buried in a mass of siris, safeda, tamarix, shisham, pipul and date-palms. These latter trees are very abundant, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of the cantonment.

In summer the broad flood of the Indus does much to isolate Dera Ismail, and the crossing of the river not infrequently occupies a whole day. In winter, however, the thirteen-mile drive in the sandy bed, along a rush strewn road, and over innumerable crazy boat-bridges to Darya Khan, is an easy matter. Darya

Khan is a disconsolate looking little village amongst the sand hills.

Derajat is a miserable district. Around Dera Ismail Khan scarcely one per cent. of the land is under cultivation. Little patches of mustard show up green here and there, and in summer, if the rainfall is sufficient, a certain amount of johwar and bajara is grown. For the rest, the dreary sand blown desert produces nothing better than tantalizing mirage lakes.

Derajat was, in about 1469, governed by Hussain Khan, who divided out the district to three subordinates, Ismail Khan and Fatteh Khan (the sons of Sohrab, a Baluch from Makram), and Ghazi Khan. Each founded a city and named it after himself, and a strange fate has followed the towns of the Dera. Dera Ismail Khan was washed away by the Indus in 1825, when its inhabitants moved to the present site. Dera Fatteh Khan has twice fallen into the river, and from all accounts a similar destruction awaits Dera Ghazi Khan at the next high flood.

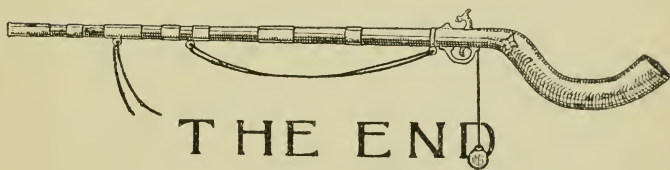
I was much struck with the little township of Mari Kalabagh, which is situated where the Indus enters the plains for the first time in its course. The village lies on the right bank, backed and flanked by high mountains, of that peculiar reddish colour which denotes the presence of salt. The Indus itself at this point has a particularly smooth and glassy surface. In every available nook in the streets of Kalabagh, in the courts and on the roofs, rude looms are set up. Weaving is the chief industry, and a very considerable amount of coloured cloth is produced. It is made in strips two

to two and-a-half feet wide and eight yards long. The shuttle in these primitive looms is thrown backwards and forwards by hand. Huge iron cauldrons are also made here, as well as a little silver jewelry. In places the streets are roofed in, and form cool shaded arcades. A great quantity of salt is dug out from the neighbouring hills, and is collected in a depôt in the village of Wanda.

The question of recruiting for the ranks of the Indian Army is by no means an easy one. Many of the Punjab races which are known to produce really good fighting material, are already much over-recruited, and in a few years' time it may become necessary to look about for other warlike people to draw our sepoy from. In the appendix, at the end of this book, it will be seen that there are at present only about 10,600 Pathans enlisted in the regular Indian Army, and that another 9,300 are serving in irregular corps. It is true that such tribes as the Afridis, Khattaks and Yusufzais are already supplying more lads than they can well afford ; but there are other classes who are scarcely drawn upon at all at present. The Orakzais, for example, could at least supply as many men as the Afridis, and there is no reason to believe that they would not respond, if there was more demand for them. The theory that the Turis are too "stay at home" to make regular sepoy, is disapproved by the fact that they travel extensively on pilgrimages, and that they are actually clamouring to be allowed to enlist in the regular army. From Buner many more recruits are always obtainable ; and there are other tribes without

number of fine and brave men whose services have never been tested.

In short, should it ever be found desirable to increase the Pathan element in the Indian Army, there will be no difficulty in finding recruits. There is indeed a danger of exhausting the supply from a few tribes, but there are many races along the Pathan Borderland which remain at present wholly unexploited. It is to these, that the Indian Army may have to turn in years to come for replenishment ; and there is every reason to believe that they will make magnificent soldiers.



THE END

the

Hazara Di-strict.	Wazirs Mahsud.	Yusufzais Cis-Frontier.	Yusufzais Trans-Frontier (except Buner).	Zaimukht.	Farsiwans.	Dums.	Mullagoris.	Kaka Khels.	Other Pathans.	Gujars Trans-Indus.	Awans Trans-Indus.	TOTAL.
...	...	70	9	201
1	...	46	13	432
1	...	110	1	322
7	136
...	229
...	111
...	...	6	217
...	...	1	230
...	301
...	12
...	1	51	(Swatis)	...	4
...	...	53	...	5	212
...	...	7	463
...	...	47	224
...	...	69	1	202
4	...	96	14	2	...	1	109
...	1	6	228
...	...	104	116
...	...	105	443
...	...	48	211
...	...	173	1	10	1	2	222
...	108	336
...	2	4	1	330
...	...	5	296
...	...	191	448
...	...	103	207
...	95	44	6	2	451
...	...	78	2 (Swatis)	5	...	5	...	1	3	211
...	427
13	205	1,360	19	5	5	36	...	1	74	1	3	209
...	388
...	395
...	336
...	8,573
<i>ans</i>												
38	...	391	11	...	31	2	...	7	133	...	8	1,980
<i>s se</i>												
1	...	35	2	...	1	8	5	1	107

APPENDIX B.

Table showing the approximate strength of Border Military Police, Militias and Levy Corps along the North-West Frontier on 1st January 1908.

<i>Corps.</i>	<i>Head-Quarters.</i>	
Chitral Scouts Chitral ...	990
Chitral Levies Chitral ...	110
Dir Levies Dir ...	390
Swat Levies Malakand ...	200
Bhittani Levies Jandola ...	74
Peshawar Border Military Police.	Peshawar ...	580
Khyber Rifles Lundi Kotal ...	1,691
2nd Bn., Kohat Border Military Police.	Kohat ...	550
1st Bn., Border Military Police (Samana Rifles)	Hangu ...	480
Kurram Militia Parachinar ...	1,370
N. Waziristan Militia Miranshah ...	1,270
S. Waziristan Militia Wana ...	1,500
Hazara Border Military Police	Tochi ...	250
Bannu Border Military Police	Bannu ...	410
D. I. K. Border Military Police	Tonk ...	580
	Total ...	10,445*

* Of these only about 1,150 are not Pathans.

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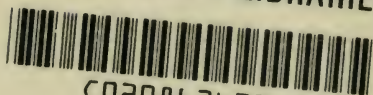
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