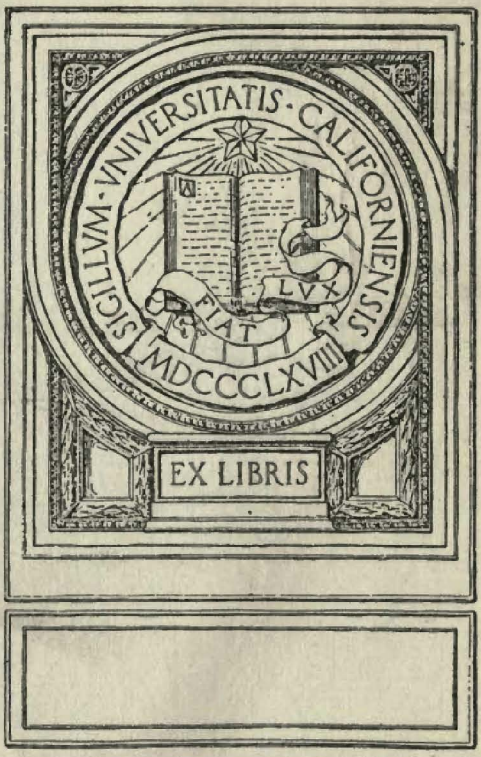
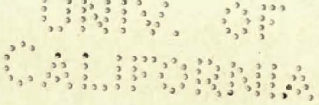
PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

EMPIRE BUILDERS

SIR ROBERT G. SANDEMAN

A. L. P. TUCKER





SIR ROBERT SANDEMAN

FROM A PORTRAIT BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER

Frontispiece

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

EMPIRE BUILDERS

EDITED BY A. P. NEWTON, M.A., D.LITT., B.SC., AND
W. BASIL WORSFOLD, M.A.

SIR ROBERT G. SANDEMAN

K.C.S.I.

PEACEFUL CONQUEROR OF BALUCHISTAN

BY

A. L. P. TUCKER, C.I.E.

FORMERLY OF THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MAP

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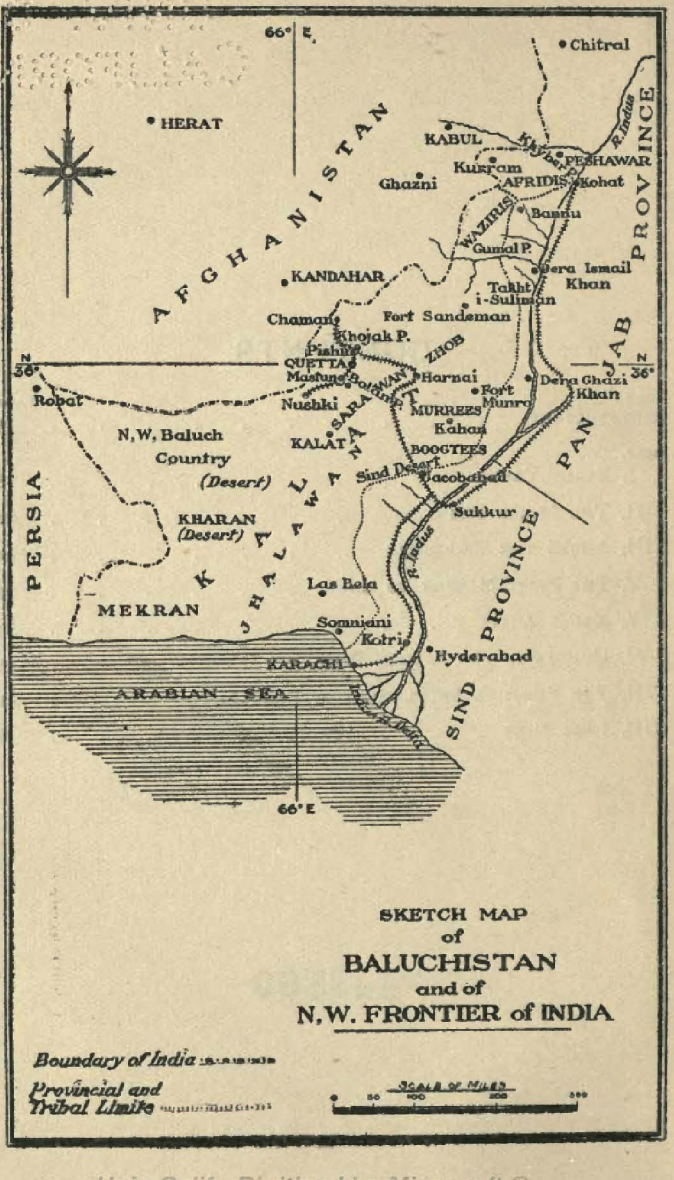

SKETCH MAP
of
BALUCHISTAN
and of
N.W. FRONTIER of INDIA

Boundary of India

Provincial and Tribal Limits

INTRODUCTORY.

SIR ROBERT SANDEMAN was one of many of our countrymen who have given their lives to the service of our Empire on the Indian frontier. He spent his life there, from early manhood until his death on January 29, 1892, in his fifty-seventh year. "He died, as he lived, in the discharge of his duty"—says the inscription on the memorial tablet in our church at Quetta—"Fervent in spirit and serving the Lord." The truth of these few simple words is not to be challenged. It is manifest to all who knew and remember him, as well as to those who know the wild country which he served so well. There his memory is yet green and his name still casts a spell.

It was in Baluchistan, the southern portion of our Indian frontier, that his life's work was done. That wide region of mountain and desert he found in a state of misrule and misery, at times of open civil war. At his death he left behind him a well-ordered country where British influence was supreme and—more than that—welcome. His was no military conquest. No great victories in the field marked his career. Force was not his weapon, although, on proper occasion, few could be more forceful or swift to act than he. In a country where bravery is the first of native virtues, his courage was often tried and his fearlessness well known. But over and above these qualities, which in our frontier service have been common and indeed are expected, there was in him much more. His leading motive, so strong that it was almost a passion,

was love for his fellow-creatures, especially the half-civilised peoples among whom his life was spent. It was a delight to him to adjust their fierce quarrels, and redress the grievances among them which caused so much misery and bloodshed. This, coupled with a strong sense of duty and inexhaustible tenacity and patience, made him the great man that he was. For Sandeman was great undoubtedly, although he himself did not know it. "I might have been a great man," he once remarked in his home circle, "but for the telegraph." Official distinction was probably in his mind when he spoke: of this no great share fell to him. His greatness lies rather in the work which he actually did, the value of which is now clearer than it was in his lifetime. He came to that wild country as a messenger of peace and goodwill, much opposed, much misunderstood, and greatly daring. Peace and goodwill were the foundations that he built upon: a structure so founded was bound to last. In his lifetime his influence and hold upon the country stood firm in the Afghan War of 1878-80 under the most exacting strain. After his death the widespread frontier troubles of 1897 did not affect Baluchistan. And now, in the past few years, when the strain on our Indian frontier has been greater and more protracted than ever before, Baluchistan has proved a source of strength and security. It has most amply fulfilled its founder's hopes and plans.

Sandeman's life [1] has already been written by his contemporary, Dr. T. H. Thornton, who was Secretary to the Governments in India under which Sir Robert worked. This book is of great value and gives a full and sympathetic description of Sir Robert and his work. Much more, however, has been made public during the twenty-five years which have passed since the "Life" appeared; and his story will bear telling again in the

[1] Thornton's "Life of Sir Robert Sandeman". Murray, 1895.

briefer fashion of this series of Empire Builders, among whom he merits a high and honoured place. The writer can only claim that, holding for upwards of two years (1905-7) the same office, he was able to learn on the spot how marvellous was the hold on the chiefs and peoples of Baluchistan which Robert Sandeman had established, and which his memory and system maintained.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

ROBERT GROVES SANDEMAN was born at Perth on February 25, 1835. He came of a good old Scottish stock, which gave to Perth in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries several distinguished citizens. One of the best known was Robert Sandeman, who founded the "Sandemanian" Church of simple Christian people, to which the great scientist Faraday belonged. This Robert died in America in 1771. His "patience, boldness, and love of conciliation" passed in a marked degree to his namesake and kinsman a century later. His fourth brother, Thomas, was Treasurer and Magistrate of Perth. Thomas' grandson, Robert Turnbull Sandeman, entered the military service of the East India Company in 1824. His regiment was the 33rd Bengal Infantry which he commanded throughout the first Sikh War. He retired in 1862 with the rank of Brigadier-General. He married a Miss Barclay, and Robert, the subject of this memoir, was their son.

Robert was one of a family of ten. When he was ten months old his parents returned to India, leaving him and his elder brother in the care of his aunts at Perth. For these four ladies, who were unmarried, Robert had and retained a lifelong affection. Their love he never forgot: the strong religious beliefs, which they imparted, he carried with him all his life. He did not see his father again until many years later, when he arrived in India, a young military Cadet, as his father had been

before him. Then father and son at once became fast friends and companions: the man and the boy loved each other.

Robert was sent to school at the Perth Academy, and, later, to St. Andrews University. At neither did he distinguish himself. He was not studious then or afterwards. Nor was he, when a boy, great at athletics. He was a strong fellow, mischievous and bold enough, ready to fight on occasion, tender-hearted to animals, and very sensitive and affectionate. When a home letter, which he expected, did not come, he walked thirty miles to Perth to find out the reason. Dr. Miller, his old schoolmaster, thus summed him up before he sailed for India:—

"Robert Sandeman! Ye did little work at school, but I wish ye well. And I would not like to be the Saracen of Bagdad or the Tartar of Samarkand that comes under the blow of your sabre."

Robert went to India in 1856. Although for a brief while he had tried life in a business office, he was resolved to be a soldier. So he sailed as soon as his commission was granted, bearing with him a pleasant face and manner, a stout frame and heart, little learning, and no interest. In India he soon joined his father's regiment.

Early in 1857 rumours were afloat in India of danger and coming trouble. The mysterious unleavened cakes were being passed from village to village. Mutiny by the native army was in the air. By May the cloud had burst in the outbreaks at Meerut and Delhi, and the storm was gathering strength on all sides. The disarming of all doubtful or disaffected regiments was ordered. Among them was the 33rd.

Colonel Sandeman was one of many British officers in the Indian Army who absolutely believed in their men. He and his officers, says Lord Roberts,[1] trusted in them

[1] "Forty-one Years in India," Lord Roberts, Vol. I., Chap. X.

"to any extent". The disarming was carried out on June 25, at Phillour, immediately after that of the 35th regiment, and on the same parade ground. In both cases the command was obeyed by the sepoys without a word.

The order came to Colonel Sandeman and his officers as a bolt from the blue. They had been told nothing. The Colonel, on hearing it, exclaimed—"What! Disarm my regiment! I will answer with my life for the loyalty of every man." When Roberts repeated the order he burst into tears. In later life Sir Robert told Lord Roberts how terribly his father had felt the disgrace of his old corps.

Lord Roberts makes it clear that there was great feeling. The officers of the 33rd, he says, did not take things so quietly as those of the 35th had done. The scene must have been distressing to all, and especially to father and son. The latter acted admirably, with perception and discretion beyond his years. No doubt he softened the blow to his shocked and overstrung father. He did not share his father's sublime confidence in the sepoys. For some time past he had followed him through the lines, carrying a loaded pistol, ready to shoot the first man who threatened the Colonel's life. He had also escorted his two sisters to a place of greater safety, all three disguised as natives. It is pleasant to record that, after the disarming, the regiment remained faithful. The arms were publicly restored when the crisis was over.

After the disarmament the younger Sandeman was transferred to another corps. He volunteered for active service before Delhi. After its fall he took part in various operations. He was in the storming of Dilkhusha and the final capture of Lucknow. He was twice severely wounded, and gained a high reputation for pluck and zeal. Report has it that he was sent to carry despatches to Sir John Lawrence, over a dangerous tract infested by mutineers, and that he performed this duty so quickly and well that Sir John offered him civil employ-

ment under the Panjab Government. It is probable that Sir John, who knew most men and things in his Province, took no leap in the dark when he made the offer. He and Colonel Sandeman were old friends. He knew the Phillour story and the young man's fighting record as well. Robert was still anxious to be a soldier: however he accepted the offer. In May, 1859, therefore, his strictly military career ended and he entered civil employ. After two and a half years' training in administration he was posted to the Panjab frontier. He brought to his new work an experience of men and things which must have been unusual in so young an officer, even in those stirring times.

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

By the "frontier of India" is meant the north-west frontier: for the north-eastern frontier is impassable. With the far east borders, which touch China and Siam, this memoir is not concerned. The south-east and south-western borders of the great Dependency are, of course, the seas, by which we entered India and by which we hold it. The north-west frontier is India's land frontier. Our dealings with it commenced little more than a century ago, and form in our Indian history a chapter of their own.

The frontier is some twelve hundred miles long, and is fenced by mountain barriers which stretch from the Himalayas to the coast of the Arabian sea. The river Indus may be conveniently taken as its base line, from the point where the stream bends southward in the great mountain ranges, to the sea which it reaches below our harbour at Karachi, the port and capital of Sind. But the river is by no means the frontier itself: that lies considerably to the west of it. The distinguishing feature of the frontier is that its mountain walls are pierced by passes, by which the plains of India have been entered and overrun from Central Asia from time immemorial. These passes are very few. The physical features of the frontier are stupendous. Its distances are immense. The mountains from which the river Indus flows are the highest in the world; and the river itself is one of the greatest known to geographers. In the Indus

valley and the foot-hills beyond it the heat of summer is terrible. In winter the cold is bitter everywhere, and above the lower levels it becomes piercing. So scorching is the heat of the desert which lies at the foot of the Bolán pass, that the native proverb says of the village there, "Having Dádar, why did the Almighty create a hell?" The aspect of the mountains round the pass is so forbidding that Sir Charles Napier was moved to say, that this must be the place where, after the creation of the world, the spare rubbish was shot down. Of the passes the Bolán and the Khyber are the principal. The first leads from the Sind desert to Quetta, whence lies the road to Kandahar, the chief city of South Afghanistan. The Khyber leads from our border city of Peshawar to the Afghan border and the road to the Afghan capital, Kabul. There are other passes, but they are less important.

These passes, or their ancient and mediæval equivalents, have witnessed the passage into India of many invading hosts and hordes. Alexander the Great's legions (327-5 B.C.) came through them; as did armies led by Græco-Bactrian kings who ruled in Central Asia after his time. One of these,[1] Menander (153 B.C.) was the last general of European extraction to lead an army into India by land. Great Hindu emperors controlled the frontier country in and about the Christian era. Buddhist remains still attest their ancient supremacy. In the long centuries that follow, Hun, Tartar, Afghan, Moghul, and Persian hosts have swept down the passes and plundered India below. The wasting of Baluchistan by the great Timur (A.D. 1399) is still remembered there with shuddering and dread. The last two of the invaders were Nádir Shah, the Persian conqueror who sacked Delhi (A.D. 1739); and Ahmed Shah Abdáli, the Afghan King of Kabul, who repeated the exploit (A.D. 1756). These

[1] "Early History of India," V. A. Smith, Chap. VIII. Oxford, 1904.

two invasions took place when the empire of the Great Moghul at Delhi had fallen into decay.

The peoples that dwell in the frontier countries match well with its stern conditions. They are hardy, brave, fierce, and lawless. They have long been Mohammedans; though the precise dates when they embraced Islám are not known. The Arabs from Mesopotamia entered Baluchistan in the eighth century, passing through the coastal country between Persia and the Indus. They conquered the lower and middle Indus valleys, and held them for two centuries, when their rule ended. The date of the conversion in this region has been placed in this period. The inhabitants of the frontier country at the present day are composed, broadly, of two races. The tribes on the northern portion, from the Himalayas to the middle Indus valley, are Pathán. From there to the sea the tribes are Baluch, or akin to Baluch. Between the two races there is a considerable difference. The Patháns (the name is supposed to mean "hill-men")[1] include the Afghans, by whom we generally mean the inhabitants of Afghanistan proper. There are numerous Pathán tribes and clans outside Afghanistan. The Afghans call themselves children of Israel, although it is not clear that they claim Jewish descent.[2]

The Baluch, who have given their name to Baluchistan, by tradition came from the region of Aleppo, whence they migrated, through Mesopotamia and Southern Persia, to Baluchistan. They are said to have first settled in the coastal tract which is called Mekran, and borders with Persia. This is the country where Alexander's army suffered cruelly from thirst on its way back to Persia.

The Baluch then moved north-eastwards in the direction of the Indus valley, in which the towns of Déra Gházi Khán and Déra Ismail Khán bear the names of

[1] Thornton's "Sandeman," Chap. II.

[2] *Ibid.*, Chap. II.; also "The Life of Amir Abdur Rahman," Vol. II., Chap. VII. Murray, 1900.

Baluch chiefs, who pitched their encampments (déras) there. The Baluch migration was followed by that of the Bráhuis[1] (Brohis), who occupied the tracts which the Baluch had vacated, and fixed their stronghold at Kalát in the uplands. The date of neither migration is known. The Bráhuis also came, by their tradition, from Aleppo.

Both Baluch and Bráhuis are divided into numerous tribes and clans. The Murrees and the Boogtis are, perhaps, the chief Baluch tribes. The Bráhui tribes form a loose confederacy, of which the Khán of Kalát is the head. They are divided into two main groups—the highlanders (Sarawáns), who inhabit the uplands; and the lowlanders (Jhálawáns), who live in the country below. The Bráhuis greatly outnumber the Baluch.

The Baluch, though fierce and warlike, are not fanatical or bigoted. They are brave, with a bold and manly bearing and frank manners; good horsemen, and of good physique. Their long oiled curls, which hang down to their shoulders, give them a most striking appearance; and a Baluch chief in gala dress is a fine figure of a man. They are profuse in hospitality and expect to receive it in equal measure. The Bráhuis are not unlike them, but are less striking and martial. The Baluch appear to be the older and purer race. They do not give their daughters in marriage to the Bráhuis, but the latter will marry daughters into a Baluch family, without scruple.[2] Some of the Bráhui clans are called Baluch: others seem to have absorbed Hindu and other races whom they found in the country. The Baluch recognise and obey the leader of the tribe, or "Tumandár," as he is called—"the leader of ten thousand". With the Pathán tribes this is, generally, not the case. Here the tribesmen are democratic, obey no authority for long, and are,

[1] Colonel Webb Ware, "Journal, Central Asian Society," Vol. VI., 1919.

[2] "The Bráhui Language," Bray, Part I., 1919, Introduction, Calcutta, 1909.

moreover, fanatical, vindictive, and treacherous. The Pathán tribes in Baluchistan live in the country north-east of Quetta, which includes Pishin, and the Zhob valley and its outskirts.

The whole tribal country has been called "Yághistán," or the "country of the lawless," by all outside authorities that have had to deal with it, Persian and Afghan as well as ourselves. The love of freedom is strong in all the border tribes, although Baluchistan has never been independent for long. This passion for independence would merit respect, were it not for the fierce and cruel rapacity which has long made and still makes the tribesmen a terror to their peaceful neighbours in the plains.

In the days of the Moghul Empire at Delhi, which Bábar founded in 1526, the frontier country was controlled by Viceroys or Governors at Kabul and Kandahar. This last province was wrested from the Moghul by Persia. On the break-up of the Persian Empire, after Nádir Shah's death in 1747, a powerful Afghan kingdom was established by Ahmed Shah Abdáli. This covered much of the frontier region and the Panjab, while the Afghans further claimed suzerainty over the Amirs of Sind. Ahmed Shah died in 1773. His successor was ousted from the Panjab by the powerful and warlike Hindu government established by the Sikhs at Lahore, which developed into the Sikh kingdom ruled by the famous Mahárája Ranjit Singh. By this ruler the Afghans were driven beyond the passes, and the Sikh border was carried to the foot of the network of mountains that forms the home of the Pathán tribes. In the southern portion of the frontier Afghan rule was better preserved. But Baluchistan contained a ruler of its own in the Khán of Kalát, the head of the Bráhui confederacy. Násir Khán I. (1755-95) was the great Khán of Kalát, and is still the hero of Baluch legend and lay. He contrived to avoid absorption, proved a useful ally both to

the Persian and the Afghan, and added much to his own dominions and power.

Our dealings with the frontier countries commenced in 1809. We were then engaged in our great struggle with France, and Napoleon had planned to attack our Indian possessions, in concert with Persia. The value of a friendly alliance with Afghanistan was realised, and a treaty was concluded with Shah Shuja, the Afghan King. Shah Shuja was soon afterwards driven from his country and replaced by a ruler of the Bárakzai dynasty; but the danger from France had ceased in 1815. By that time British ascendancy was established in India, and we controlled the whole country, except the two frontier kingdoms of the Panjab and Sind. With Afghanistan and Baluchistan we had little to do.

By 1837 a new danger to India had arisen—the advance of Russia in Central Asia. This menace, which still exists, has been ever since a dominant factor in the frontier policy of the Government of India. The exiled Afghan ruler, Shah Shuja, had sought refuge in India, and had more than once endeavoured to regain his throne. Afghanistan was now of prime importance to India, as an outwork against the aggression of a great foreign power; and Baluchistan, which marches with south Afghanistan and Persia, was hardly less so. We engaged to replace Shah Shuja on the throne in Kabul, and he guaranteed to us in return a friendly alliance.

The project failed disastrously. British armies were sent up the Indus, with a contingent under Shah Shuja. They passed up the Bolán and through Quetta and Kandahar to Kabul in 1838. There the exiled ruler was reinstated and maintained for two years. In 1841 there was a general rising against both him and us. Our envoys at Kabul were murdered; and our Kabul garrison, compelled to retreat to India by the nearest road, was massacred on the way. Avenging armies were sent from Kandahar and India to Kabul. They withdrew in 1842,

when Afghanistan regained, in Amir Dost Mahomed, a ruler of its own choosing.

A minor incident in this unhappy story was the storming of Kalát in 1839. The Khán had engaged to support us. He was—unjustly, as it proved—suspected of treachery. Kalát was stormed by our troops and Khán Mehrab died fighting in defence of his fort and palace. His death was followed by disorder, in which our agent at Kalát was barbarously murdered. Mehrab Khán's son was installed as his successor, partly in tardy justice to his father's memory, partly as the best means of pacifying the country ; and a treaty was concluded with him in 1841, which was negotiated by Major, afterwards Sir James, Outram. Sandeman used to tell afterwards that this son, Khudadád, the young Khán of his day, could never speak of his father's death without marked agitation and grief.

During these hostilities our troops and transport suffered heavily all along the immense line of communications from the tribesmen, who lost no opportunity of plundering and murdering the unarmed and unwary. On the Baluchistan side the Murree tribe were the most mischievous. In 1840 a force was sent to their country to punish them. One detachment was surrounded and besieged at Kahán, the chief Murree village. It was withdrawn after a memorable defence, but not until a relieving column had been beaten back by the tribesmen, who captured three guns and almost destroyed it. Two of these guns were recovered in 1859. The third, which could not then be found, was still in Kahán twelve years ago.

In 1843 we conquered the Amirs of Sind and annexed that country. We were then, for the first time, brought up against the tribal country, border to border. Our border, or rather the only dangerous part of it, was covered by the Sind desert, which stretches from the Indus to the foot of the hill country and the mouth of

the Bolán pass. This desert, which is the hottest part of a burning country, is about 200 miles long and 150 across.

In 1845 and again in 1848 we were at war with the Sikhs: for on the death of Mahárája Ranjit Singh in 1839 his kingdom had lapsed into anarchy. The Sikh armies were defeated after a very severe struggle, and the Panjab became a British province. We were then again brought, border to border, with the tribal country over a long stretch of 800 miles. And here, all along, the tribes are Pathán, except at the southern extremity where the Panjab and Sind meet, and the Baluch tribal country begins.

One of the first tasks of our two border administrations was the protection of the Indian plains. Sir Charles Napier, conqueror and governor of Sind, was compelled by continued raids to march into the Murree and Boogtee tribal country in 1845. He proclaimed the tribesmen to be outlaws, and offered a reward for every one of them who was killed or captured within his borders. He tried to guard his border by military posts and forts; but he had little success until, in 1847, he formed a frontier force, and gave its command to Captain, afterwards General, John Jacob. Jacob soon brought the raiders under control. Disdaining the use of forts or defensive posts he used his troopers to wage swift and unceasing war against cattle-lifters and all who harried the plains. The desert and its heat were no obstacle to his indomitable energy and courage. In 1847 a force of marauders, seven hundred strong, was cut off by a detachment of the Sind Horse under Lieut. Merewether. The band was destroyed, only two men escaping death or capture. This, with other successes, effectually stopped the evil. Nor did Jacob confine himself to watch and ward. He dug canals, made roads, and founded in the desert the thriving town of Jacobabad which is called after him. He also conducted our relations with the Khán of Kalát, with whom he had much

influence, and arranged with him the treaty of 1854. Jacob clearly saw the value of Quetta; and in 1855 he was as anxious that our troops should be there, as Sandeman was many years later. Jacob left the frontier in 1855: he returned there to die in 1858 at Jacobabad, where he is buried. In the Mutiny he would have been given a high military command, had he not been struck down suddenly by fever. His early death was a heavy loss to the Government which he had served so arduously. The Khán of Kalát died shortly before him, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Khudadád Khán, then a boy.

After Jacob's death Kalát affairs fell into disorder. The Baluch, afraid of plundering Sind, raided the Khán's country and made the Bolán pass impassable, save by large caravans. So widespread and destructive were the Murree raids that the Khán, assisted by our Resident, overran their country in 1859. For the moment the tribes were repressed, but not for long. Fierce disputes broke out between the Khán and his chiefs. He was deposed in 1863, and restored in 1864. Anarchy continued. The Khán employed a force of mercenaries, mostly Patháns. They are described as scoundrels of all sorts and a scourge to the country. He fought with his chiefs with varying success, capturing some and then pardoning them; defied and resisted by others. The Bolán pass remained quite unsafe, and other ways were closed altogether. This was the general condition of Baluchistan in 1866.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE TRIBESMEN.

ROBERT SANDEMAN'S service on the frontier began at the close of 1861. He was first sent north and did good work of a minor kind in more than one district. In 1863 he did duty with one of the military expeditions sent against tribes on the Peshawar border. He was in charge of communications, scoured the country with mounted levies, collected intelligence, and was happy. He is said to have put a telegram, postponing the attack on a fort, in his pocket, and kept it there until the place had been carried. Several similar stories cling to his memory: he did not like telegrams. He was then engaged to be married to his cousin, Miss Allen.[1] He was seen under dropping matchlock fire reading a letter from her, laying it down to issue an order and then taking it up again. The marriage took place in 1864; and after two more years' service in this part of the border he was promoted to the charge of the district of Dera Gházi Khán, in the mid-Indus valley, where the borders of the Panjab and of Sind meet and the Baluch tribal country begins. He arrived there in 1866.

Along this frontier raiding by the tribesmen was still, as it always had been, the order of the day. It was met by stern reprisals. Before the Panjab was annexed, the Sikh governor at Peshawar, the Italian general, Avitabile, used to have captured raiders flung to the ground from a high tower in the city. In 1853 an officer employed on our frontier writes: "All outside our border, and many

within it, were to us thieves and robbers. Our outposts brought in heads. I saw them rolled out on the ground by the troopers." I have mentioned Sir Charles Napier's proclamation of outlawry. His officers were of milder mood and withdrew it. Jacob, riding through the desert, was met by a man carrying a sack, who rolled out two heads of tribesmen and asked what reward should be given to him. "Give him two dozen" was Jacob's answer.

The head of a border district in those days was, and still is, a "universal provider" of administration. He controlled the land, the taxes, the magistrates, and the police. He had a voice in the management of roads, canals, hospitals, forests, and schools. He was responsible for the good behaviour of the tribesmen within his border, and dealt with aggressors from beyond it. To guard against raids he had border police and levies, and was supported by military garrisons from which he could call for aid on occasion. But there was on the Panjab border a stringent rule that district officers, without special sanction, were never to risk their lives beyond it, or to dream of its extension beyond present limits. This rule, which dates from Sir John Lawrence's day, has often been criticised. But there were excellent reasons for it.

Sandeman's district was a strip of the Indus valley about 200 miles long. Away from the river it was a dreary country, intolerably hot in summer. The Baluch lands of the district stretched to its border, where they came close to the hilly tribal country of the Murrees and other tribes over whom Sandeman had no authority. The control of these tribes rested in the Sind frontier officer at Jacobabad, who was subordinate to the Commissioner in Sind, while Sandeman served under the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab. These high authorities, and the services under them, were independent of each other but both alike subordinate to the

Government of India. Either could make or mar the career of any of his officers.

Sandeman first set to work to gain the respect and confidence of the tribes under his own control. This did not take him long. He was Scotch himself and clannishness appealed to him. He liked the men and understood them. He found their chiefs wanting in authority and means; and he gave them both. The chief Baluch tribe of Dera Gházi Khán was the Mazáris, so called from the word Mazár which means a tiger in the Baluch tongue.[1] Their chief was then young and poor. Sandeman restored him and other chiefs to their rightful places as "Tumandárs". Henceforward he had no more faithful and valued adherent than Nawáb Sir Imám Baksh Mazári, as the chief afterwards became. Sir Imám Baksh is now dead; but his son, Nawáb Sir Bahram Khán, survives him and well maintains the reputation of his loyal and distinguished father. Nawáb Jamal Khán, chief of the Lagháris, was another of the Baluch chiefs who worked with Sandeman from the beginning and proved a worthy colleague of the Mazári leader.

In another matter Sandeman was fortunate. He found in 1866, in Dera Gházi Khán, a valued assistant in Mr. Bruce, who worked with him for more than eighteen years. In the early Quetta days Mr. Bruce was Sandeman's right hand; and he has published a graphic account[2] of the work which he and Sandeman did together. Sandeman found, too, in a very lowly position, a Hindu clerk named Hittu Ram. This extraordinary man was little more than five feet high, spare and thin, and perhaps the last person in the world to be thought capable of dealing with the stalwart tribesmen. But Sandeman saw that there was good stuff in him, tested

[1] "The Baluch Race," Dames, Royal Asiatic Society, 1904.
[2] "The Forward Policy and its Results," R. I. Bruce, C.I.E. Longmans, 1900.

him, and soon made him one of his most trusted subordinates. Hittu has left a full record of Baluchistan history, one section of which deals with Sir Robert's work from 1866 until his death. This has been admirably translated by General Sir Claud Jacob, himself an old Baluchistan officer; while Colonel Archer, who long served under Sir Robert, has written the preface. As one reads it one seems to hear the little man's wonderful voice dominating, as Colonel Archer tells us it did, the clamour of a tribal assembly, and seeming to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm". On this work[1] I shall draw largely, speaking of its author as the "Chronicler"; since his quaint, simple, and obviously truthful narrative often recalls other chronicles. Indeed the country, and its peoples and their doings, frequently bring to mind Old Testament scenes.

Another of Sir Robert's trusted and valued Hindu subordinates was Diwan Ganpat Rai. He, too, was most insignificant in physique, but his authority and ability were not far short of Hittu Ram's. Both these Hindu officers are now dead. Both received and enjoyed well-earned honours. Sandeman's judgment in the choice of the men who worked for him, seldom erred; it was shown conspicuously in the careers of these two men.

When Sandeman had composed the many feuds and quarrels within his own limits, set the chiefs on their legs, and got his own house fairly in the way to order, he turned to his border neighbours. With these he had a long account to settle for raids, murders, and other heinous offences; but his authority was confined to offenders captured within his border. He began by summoning the chiefs concerned to a conference. To this they came; but they flatly declined to enter into any arrangement for keeping the peace. Sandeman therefore dismissed them, warning one notorious raider that, if he

[1] "Sandeman in Baluchistan," by the late R. B. Hittu Ram, C.I.E., Government of India. Calcutta, 1916.

again crossed the border for plunder, he would not return alive. The ruffian, one Ghulám Husain (Mr. Bruce describes him as the most ill-favoured looking scoundrel in all the Baluch hills) laughed at the warning, and went his way. He soon gathered a force of twelve hundred men, and broke into the plains again. He was not unexpected; for Sandeman had organised his own chiefs well, and various parties were on the watch. The fire of burning hamlets gave the alarm to one of the military posts. Forty troopers, with a contingent of five hundred tribesmen, galloped to the spot. A fierce fight ensued and the raiders were cut to pieces. The leader, with one hundred and twenty of his followers were killed, and two hundred were made prisoners. Sandeman, riding fast to the scene, was met by a mounted tribesman, much excited, who galloped up to him. Crying "Here is the head of Ghulám Husain," he rolled it out of his mare's nose-bag on to the road. Sandeman gave orders for its decent interment. It was carried away afterwards by relations and buried with the body, which they had taken back to the hills.

The fame of this achievement spread far and wide. Sandeman's star was regarded as lucky, and his words of warning were proved to be words of weight. The border respected him. He kept his prisoners and summoned their chiefs to appear before him, if they wanted them back. At first the chiefs feared to obey the summons. Some had gone before the Khán of Kalát and been flung into prison. Others, shortly before, had appeared before the Afghan governor at Sibi, and been beheaded. However, they had some trust in Sandeman, and at length they came. They then agreed to abstain from further outrages on his border and were honourably dismissed; while a few horsemen from each tribe were taken into Government service to be employed as despatch riders and the like. This new arrangement worked well. Sandeman also introduced among the tribes the

system of referring their disputes to councils of chiefs and notables, according to the usage of the country. This system, which he had first seen at work among the Pathán tribes, took wonderful hold among the Baluch. It is now extended all over their country, and forms one of the most popular and useful features of the administration. It is called the "Jirga" system, from the Persian word for a "circle," and is, in practice, a form of trial by jury.

So far Sandeman had done very well. Much of his influence with the Baluch tribes was due to his habit of always dealing with them in the Baluch manner and settling disputes in accordance with their own customs. He used the Baluch chiefs whenever he could. Baluch horsemen generally formed his escorts, and offered themselves eagerly for the duty. They liked his well-looking features, and, in the lays of which they are so fond, the praises of "Sinnimán" were sung in many a border village. But in 1868 a heavy blow fell upon him. His wife and children were attacked by diphtheria, which broke out in the cantonment in a very fatal form. His wife and one child died: another, whom he was taking to the hills, died on the journey. Grief-stricken he returned to a desolate house, after a short journey to England to take home the child left to him. The tribesmen saw and felt for his sorrow, and they respected the patience with which he bore it. He flung himself into his work with tenfold vigour. It was then that it became his absorbing passion. He had begun to feel his strength and know that there was work for him to do, and that, under Providence, he could do it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST MISSION TO KALÁT.

FROM 1869 onwards Sandeman began to range further afield. He was now well established within his own border. He and his officers could travel about without fear of harm in hills that had been "Yághistan" for centuries; where, says the Chronicler, "even natives could only resort at peril of their lives". He broke the border rule repeatedly and successfully. These transgressions were condoned: it was impossible to resist him. He was allowed to place his summer headquarters in a hill twenty-five miles beyond his own border; and he named the place "Fort Munro," after his Commissioner, Colonel Munro.

But the Murrees and their neighbours, while they respected the district of Dera Gházi Khán, could not be held back from harrying Kalát lands and the Sind border villages, where they had no longer Jacob to fear. Sandeman did his best. He was in friendly correspondence with the Sind frontier superintendent, Colonel Phayre, who sympathised largely with Sandeman's method of dealing directly with the tribes. But Kalát had now gone from bad to worse. The chiefs, highland and lowland, were again at open rupture with the young Khán, who remained in his fort at Kalát, while his soldiery ravaged the country and committed every sort of excess. The chiefs clamoured for the disbandment of his troops, and the restoration of their own ancient rights. Their demands were flatly refused and anarchy continued.

So serious was the situation that high authority was called on to intervene. A conference was held in February, 1871, between the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab and Sir William Merewether, the Commissioner in Sind, who in 1847, when a young lieutenant, had inflicted such signal chastisement on the Baluch raiders. The conference did little. Sir William held strongly to the view that the Khán was a supreme ruler, and that all dealings with the tribes of his country must be carried on through him. Sandeman, however, gained one point. His dealings with the Murrees were recognised, and, as far as they were concerned, he was placed in subordination to the Sind frontier officer. The Khán's troubles with his chiefs were not touched. By the close of 1871 there was a general rising, and some of the Khán's towns were seized. His post at Dádar was attacked and his official there burned alive; robberies and murders took place all over the country. Sir William was then called upon to arbitrate between the Khán and his rebellious Sardars. He reached the frontier for this purpose in March, 1872. Sandeman was sent to Jacobabad to attend this meeting, but was not allowed to take part in it. Sir William, who regarded the rising as due to sympathy with the cause of the chiefs indiscreetly shown by our frontier officers, removed Colonel Phayre from his post, and ordered Sandeman to leave Jacobabad—it is said, within twenty-four hours. This Sandeman did without a word: but before he left he put on record a note on the position of the chiefs, of which he had gained a fairly accurate knowledge. His followers were more upset than Sandeman himself. They had heard him described as a mere boy, and consoled themselves with the Persian proverb that "greatness depends on the intellect, not on the age". Thus they went back, much grieved. Sandeman observed that right would win at last, and that he looked for the day when he himself would be at Quetta and control Kalát

affairs. "That," ill though he was, he would say, "is where we ought to be, and where I will be."

Sir William's award effected little: it was based upon his view that the Khán was supreme, and that the chiefs had no valid grievances. The award was approved by the Government of India (of which Lord Northbrook was then the head), but it was not more fruitful than the conference of the year before.

The Khán, indeed, did visit the Viceroy in Sind in November, 1872. But Kalát affairs did not mend, and in 1873 the Khán's subsidy was stopped and our agent withdrawn. This was a curious step to take at a time when friendly personal influence with the Khán was clearly needed; and misrule continued. The Khán's minister, who was a party to the award, fled from Kalát and sought refuge in Sind. The Bráhui chiefs fled to the Murree hills and raided the Sind border, along with the Murrees. Sir William Merewether was driven to propose the despatch of a military force to Kalát, the deposition of the Khán, and the blockade of the Murrees. To these steps the Government were unwilling to agree. The question was long debated. Sandeman offered to proceed himself to the Baluch hills and ascertain by friendly enquiry the cause of these disturbances. His offer was at length accepted, and he was authorised to proceed on this mission, acting under the orders of Sir William, the Commissioner in Sind. He was to deal with the Murrees, make them give up their plunder and then, as he understood, go on to Kalát. The decision to send him was not easily taken. Sandeman was a young officer, quite unknown; while the Commissioner, with the high authority of his long and distinguished record, was much opposed to him. However, Lord Northbrook's Government decided that they would try Sandeman, and he was sent.

Before Sandeman started for Kalát he set to work to settle with the Murrees in his own special way. The

tribe, always dangerous, were then unusually restless and disturbed. They knew of his errand to them, and resented it. But he knew them, too, and he knew himself. With no military escort he rode into their hills, insisted on the return of the stolen cattle, and remained as a hostage until messengers came back to report that this had been done. He then went back, on good terms with the Murree chief, who sent his brother with the mission.

The mission started in November, 1875. It had a small British escort of one hundred and twenty men; and a numerous tribal following went with it. Chief after chief joined Sandeman. From his own district came the Mazári chief, the Laghári, and many more: the Baluch tribes outside were not behind-hand. In all, the train, as recorded by the Chronicler, comprised eleven chiefs of rank, with 1106 horsemen and 300 footmen. The Chronicler was himself in the mission, as was his Hindu colleague. And with it too went Sandeman's major-domo, "Mr. Bux," whose infinite resource and stately presence have been admired by all Sir Robert's many guests, and by those too who have stayed at the Residency after Sir Robert's time. "Mr. Bux," now a titled native gentleman, still lives in retirement at Quetta, where any one bearing the name of Sandeman is very dear to him.

The mission did well. It passed through the Murree country. Among the halting-places was one known as "the place of vast mutton feasts," where returning raiders were in the habit of feasting on their way back from a foray. A halt was made at Sibi, then in Afghan hands, where the Murrees were a terror to the villages outside the town. Then the Bolán was entered at Dádar, which the Chronicler calls a small town and very dirty. Here the shopkeepers used to carry their goods every evening for safety to the house of a holy man, and bring them back the next morning. The Khán had troops at this place and his representative was a negro slave. The troops saluted the mission, and supplies were

provided. Then the mission wound its way by three long marches through this grim defile, suffering much from lack of forage. Reaching the head of the pass they entered the "plain of destitution," and then passed on to Sar-i-áb, the "head of the water," with its springs. This village was empty, as the tribesmen had gone down the pass as usual, to winter in the plains below. The mission was now in the Quetta valley, and entered Quetta, then known as Shál, on the next day.

But while the business of the mission was progressing thus hopefully, affairs had taken an ill turn behind Sandeman's back. The Commissioner, far away at Karachi, was still in touch with Kalát, and his information from that quarter caused him to send express despatches, ordering Sandeman not to proceed beyond the Murree country, not to enter the Bolán, and to return at once. He had, in fact, been told that a revolution in Kalát was imminent. Sandeman was now in a most difficult position. The success of the mission seemed assured; he was in no alarm, and had no occasion to ask for help. On the other hand, disregard of these specific orders might bring danger to the mission and ruin to himself. But his natural tenacity and shrewdness did not fail him. He decided to refer the whole matter to the Government of India, and then proceeded on his way. Kalát was reached on December 30, when he saw for the first time the great palace-fort, or "Miri," on the hill, and the clustered dwellings round it that form the town.

The Khán received the mission in state; but when Sandeman paid his first visit to His Highness on December 31, one of the notables asked the significant question: "Has the post from Sind reached the mission?" Kalát, then, was well aware of the purport of the Sind despatches. The Khán held a formal Durbár on January 1, when he received Sandeman and the chiefs who had joined the mission. These now included various Bráhui chiefs, among them the premier chieftain of the

highlanders. The Khán met Sandeman at the door and seated him on his right, placing his own eldest son on his left. The premier chief he stood up to greet; to the Baluch chiefs he half rose; to the others he merely gave greeting without rising. All the chiefs sat on the carpet, as was, and is, the Baluch way. Then conversation was opened on the matters in dispute, and resumed on the next and following days. In the course of the discussion the Khán observed that he had heard that Captain Sandeman was without authority.

The discussions were friendly. The Khán seemed willing to come to an understanding with the chiefs, if they would undertake to be loyal to him. He was warm in his expressions of loyalty to the Government of India and Her Majesty the Queen, saying that he was prepared to appear at any place to which they might summon him, even in London. The Murrees and other tribes spoke of amendment. At this stage, on January 4, 1876, news arrived of an affray between the Khán's troops and certain Bráhui villagers, ten of whom were killed. Sandeman gave orders for striking camp and returning at once. This reached the Khán's ears, for he came on that same evening to the mission camp. He was, however, in an intractable mood, and treated the affray with levity. "It is impossible," he said, "to rule the country without the sword. If Captain Sandeman is so annoyed at this insignificant matter, what will he be if I kill an ill-behaved chief to-morrow?" The mission marched for the plains on the next morning, but not by the route by which they had come. On January 13 the Khán wrote reporting a fight between his men and one of the leading lowland chiefs, who was killed. He said also that he was releasing, at Captain Sandeman's instance, the villagers whom his troops had captured in the recent affray. Thus he showed some sort of feeling of responsibility. With this the work of the first mission ended. It was disappointing: nothing definite had been

achieved. Sandeman, however, had gained much knowledge, and made some impression upon the Khán; nor was he without hope for the future, although he saw that he "had a hard nut to crack in His Highness the Khán".

When he reached the plains good news awaited him. The Commissioner's action in recalling him had been considered by the Government, and held to be mistaken. The supreme authorities decided that Sandeman must be supported. As his views and the Commissioner's could not be reconciled, they relieved the latter of all further responsibility for Kalát affairs.

Thus ended a long controversy. The relief to Sandeman was immense. Writing to his father he says: "I have had a hard battle, but the conquest is complete. Thank God for His goodness to the people and to me." That was his first thought. It was clearly recognised, moreover, that the success of his mission had been affected injuriously by the orders which sought to recall him, when his work was hardly begun.

CHAPTER V.

KALÁT AGAIN.

KALÁT affairs did not improve after the first mission. The chiefs, enraged at the killing of one of their number, took to reprisals. The tribesmen were up and the Bolán was closed. Caravans could not pass through, and the traders clamoured for redress. The Government of India could not remain inactive. They resolved to try Sandeman again, and to give him this time a better chance. He was now sent on a formal mission, bearing a letter from the Viceroy to the Khán, in which Lord Northbrook said that he was sending Major Sandeman (as he had now become), in whom he had full confidence, to confer with His Highness on the affairs of Kalát, and effect a settlement, if possible, of all disputes. The strength of the escort by which the mission was accompanied has sometimes been criticised to Sandeman's disadvantage: but it was clearly appropriate to the occasion and was not excessive. The Baluch following was much reduced. The faithful Mazári chief, with his colleague, the Laghári, went with the mission; the Chronicler was in due attendance. The mission started on April 4, 1876, and six marches brought them to the mouth of the Bolán. The summer heat had now set in. Cholera broke out, and the mission had to make a long halt in the pass, until the disease was stayed. A large caravan, which had followed in its wake, was also attacked and had to be moved up the pass as quickly as possible. By April 27 the mission had reached Mastung, in the up-

lands, and left the scorching pass behind. By that time Sandeman was in correspondence with the Khán, and numerous chiefs had joined him. There was much fencing by His Highness with the invitation to meet the mission. There were rumours of disturbances, and threats and counter-threats of action by the Khán's troops and the chiefs. Sandeman remained calm and unperturbed. The news of his father's death reached him at this time. He felt it deeply, but bore the blow with his customary patience and resignation. At last the Khán decided to accept the invitation; and he arrived at Mastung on May 31.

Meantime Sandeman had other anxieties. Lord Northbrook, who had much regard for him, had resigned the Viceroyalty; and Lord Lytton was appointed by Mr. Disraeli's Government to succeed him. The position on the Indian frontier had become a matter of grave concern to the British Government. Khiva had been conquered by Russia in 1873, and in the two following years Russian occupation had been pushed much further towards India. Russian intercourse and influence with the Afghan Amir, Sher Ali, had rapidly grown. It was rightly surmised in India that a change of policy in our Afghan and other frontier relations would be initiated by the new Viceroy; but how that change might affect his mission Sandeman could not forecast. Lord Lytton had, in fact, projected, with the authority of the Cabinet, the despatch of a friendly mission to Kabul, to be combined with one to Kalát and reach Kabul by Quetta and Kandahar;[1] and he had asked Lord Northbrook therefore to suspend Sandeman's mission. To this Lord Northbrook was unable to agree. In the event Sandeman had started only a few days before Lord Lytton's arrival in India, feeling that his mission might be superseded or modified at any moment. He received no communica-

[1] "Lord Lytton's Indian Administration," Lady Betty Balfour. Longmans, 1892.

tion from the Viceroy until June, and that was nothing more than a very guarded message of congratulation on his progress. Thus he was kept in a state of suspense which he felt acutely. Still he set himself steadily to the work in hand.

The Khán rode into Mastung on May 31. Sandeman with a troop of cavalry rode out to meet him. He and the Khán dismounted, shook hands, and rode in together in friendly talk. This ceremony is one to which great importance is attached; it is called the "Peshwai," or advance meeting. The Khán brought with him an escort of three hundred horse and foot, and many villagers were gathered in to swell the grandeur of his camp in the Mastung "Miri". In the afternoon Sandeman visited him there, performing the ceremony of "Mizáj-pursi," or "asking after health". This, too, is a grave ceremony that must never be omitted. On June 1 a formal Durbar was held in the mission camp, where it was noticed that the Khán looked ill at ease and gloomy. Sandeman said a few general words only, on the need for union and consultation, and the uselessness of seeking peace by fighting.

On the next day Sandeman, with his two Baluch chiefs, visited the Khán, who asked, point-blank, if the Government would help him with an army to punish the Bráhuis. Sandeman replied, point-blank and emphatically, that they would not. This frank exchange altogether cleared the air; for the Khán at once agreed that he would leave his affairs in the hands of Major Sandeman, and abide by his decision. A Commission was then appointed. The Khán named two representatives; and Sandeman nominated the two Baluch chiefs as arbitrators on the part of the Bráhui chiefs. Two better mediators could not have been found; since the Baluch were independent of the Khán and were not connected with the Bráhuis. Statements of grievances by both parties were drawn up, and good progress was made towards agree-

ment. The lowland chiefs were now on their way up. They did not get through, however, without a skirmish with the Khán's troops, in which men were killed on both sides.

By June 7 the agreement regarding the disputes between the Khán and the chiefs was ready. The Khán had assented to it and affixed his seal. The highland chiefs were summoned to the mission: each came in with a following of two hundred men. The premier chief, the Raisáni, was taken by Sandeman to see the Khán on the next day. The Khán's manner was off-hand: he did not give the chief the customary greeting. Some of the chief's followers kissed the Khán's hand: some did not. There was silence, when Sandeman, rising, took the chief's hand and placed it in the Khán's, saying, "The Khán is the master: you are his chief. He should be favourable to you." The Khán replied that, if God willed, all would be well.

On June 10 and 11 all the highland chiefs attended the Khán's Durbar. They were well received. The Khán observed that they now attended his Durbar according to the old custom, and how beautiful and pleasant a thing it was. The chiefs replied that they considered the day very fortunate, in that they held their seats in the Durbar of their old ruler.

On June 12 a characteristic incident occurred. The mission post-bags were attacked in the Bolán. The carriers, having dismounted to drink, were fired on and fled to a hill. The horses, which ran away with the bags, were carried off. They were recovered later. On June 16 the premier highland chief went to see the Khán alone. He touched the Khán's feet, and laid his sword before him saying, "I offer my head also". The Khán was much moved. He embraced him, and girt him with the sword with his own hands, saying, "You are my old Sardár and I consider you my arm. Use this sword against my enemies. I will favour you to the utmost of

my power." The news of this, soon noised abroad, caused general cheerfulness. The Khán ordered his troops to withdraw to Kalát.

The lowland chiefs were now drawing near, while messengers came in from the Pathán tribes beyond Quetta and from the Zhob valley. They were perturbed at the arrival of British officers and troops, and anxious to find out what it all meant. They had grievances against the Murrees for raids, and said that they would fall upon and annihilate them. On June 29 measures were arranged for the protection of the Bolán pass. The Khán agreed to keep it secure, and for this purpose to act in consultation with Major Sandeman, and to maintain communications with his subjects. He and Sandeman were now on very friendly terms. "The burden," His Highness said, "must now be borne half by myself and half by Major Sandeman." On July 5, the lowlanders arrived. They were no small body: the chiefs and their following numbered 2000 men. They had been delayed, they said, by the heat of the road and the loss of eighty camels and horses. Otherwise they would have travelled as fast as a bird. The settlement already agreed to by the highlanders was announced to them. Councils were convened to hear and decide minor disputes. Conciliation made rapid strides in all directions. Prisoners and their families were released, as well as female slaves who had been sent to the Khán's harem. On July 13, when agreement had been reached on all matters, a final Durbar was held.

This was a great and imposing function. On chairs in the centre sat the Khán and Sandeman. On the right sat the Khán's relations and officials: on the left the chiefs in due order. The mission escort furnished one guard of honour. The Khán's troops furnished another, with a band. The document containing the agreed terms of the settlement was brought in, with the Koran, and placed on a chair. All Mohammedans rose as their sacred

book was brought in. The document was read aloud. The seals attached to it were shown to, and recognised by, the parties. All affirmed the binding nature of the agreement in the most solemn manner. Then a salute was fired: gifts of embroidered turbans, brocade and muslin, horses and silver-mounted saddles, were bestowed: and the Durbar ended. The Mastung Settlement, which is the foundation of all order in the Kalát country, thus came about, and it has remained in force ever since. The parties then dispersed, the Khán going back to Kalát. Sandeman soon followed, after sending back part of his escort, and he remained there until December.

It was in these two months, June and July, 1876, that the pacification of Baluchistan was accomplished. To Sandeman it was a time of strenuous and constant effort. The pleasant Mastung valley in the upland mountains was strangely transfigured. One can picture the group of mission tents, with the flag flying on the flag-staff before them; the long lines of the escort; the scattered camps of the chiefs with their crowds of retainers and horses; the Khán in the fort, with his escort and following pitched round its walls. The camp was full of stir and animation. Messengers were coming in hourly with news from all quarters, sometimes good, sometimes alarming. Rumour was busy: wild men brought in wild stories and talked them over with excited groups of men as wild as themselves. Over all this stir and hum Sandeman was the one controlling influence. Anxious, but unperturbed, he steadily pursued his one aim of conciliation, overcoming difficulty after difficulty, composing quarrel after quarrel. The chiefs now knew and trusted him, and he had secured also the Khán's goodwill. He was a commanding figure, with heavy frame, strong jaw, and small light eyes which, when he was—as often—deep in thought, looked rather through than at the person or thing before him. At Mastung in this wild mixed concourse he was at his best. Among the curious

features of his unequalled hold on the tribes was his ignorance of their language. He could speak Hindustani fluently, but incorrectly: few beside the chiefs could understand him. Yet they rarely failed to gather his meaning, and, still more rarely, did they disregard it. He was no lawyer: he disliked law. But the most eminent lawyer could not have drawn up a better settlement.

Sandeman was able in September to report to the Viceroy the settlement which he had effected. Lord Lytton, says the Chronicler, was "not quite convinced of the improved state of the country". The Chronicler, as usual, puts matters in a nut-shell. The settlement, in view of the past and recent history, must have appeared almost incredible. Lord Lytton's Military Secretary, Colonel Colley (who afterwards fell on Majuba Hill), was sent to Kalát. He bore letters from the Viceroy to the Khán and to Major Sandeman. These dealt with the preparation of a fresh treaty with the Khán, which the Viceroy proposed to ratify at Jacobabad, where he invited His Highness to meet him. Lord Lytton also invited His Highness to take part in the coming great assembly at Delhi, when Her Majesty Queen Victoria was to assume the title of "Empress of India". The Khán received Colonel Colley in Durbar, pressed the Viceroy's letter to his forehead, accepted its invitations, and prepared for the coming meeting. Colonel Colley's report on Kalát affairs was favourable, and Robert Sandeman's official reputation was made.

In the interval at Kalát, Sandeman and the Khán met frequently. Khudadád Khán had entered young on his stormy public life. Young advisers seem to have had the same attraction for him as they had for King Rehoboam; and but for Sandeman he could hardly have kept his kingdom. He reminds one constantly of Mr. Kipling's words:—

Half devil and half child.

At this moment, however, the Khán and the envoy debated matters of State policy with mutual goodwill. The Khán, in dealing with his chiefs and subjects, favoured a doggerel Hindustani couplet, which may be paraphrased:—

First beat them;
Then treat them.

Sandeman suggested a better rhyme:—

When reasoning fails,
Then twist their tails.

This has been labelled an old proverb; but it seems possible that it was an original effort of the Sandemanian muse. If so it stands alone. The two couplets were gravely discussed in Durbar, and show what manner of people Sandeman had to deal with.

From Kalát to Jacobabad and Delhi the road was now easy. The Khán with a retinue of 3000 followers moved down to the plains. The chiefs passed down the Bolán. A portion of the British escort marched to Quetta, where we had by treaty the right to place troops. Early in December Lord Lytton reached Jacobabad. He received the Khán in a great Durbar, and the new treaty was signed. Lord Lytton describes the assembly as most picturesque and uncouth. "The little Khán," he says, "was very nervous or alarmed and trembled violently. He has the furtive face and restless eye of a little hunted wild beast which has long lived in danger of its life. But his manners were good, and his face, as soon as it loses its expression of alarm and mistrust, not unpleasing." Poor Khudadád! He was deposed not long after the death of Sandeman—his elder brother, as he used to call him. A cruel series of murders, which he directed, was the occasion of his fall. He lived many years in retirement, in comfort and ease. His manners were pleasing to the last; the restless eye he never lost, but he caused no difficulties and passed a peaceful old age, a fatalist and a philosopher.

At the Delhi assembly the Khán and his wild Sardárs were an object of great interest. The chiefs and retainers, with their long ringlets, were the observed of all observers. The Khán was much delighted with all that he saw, especially with the banners given to the feudatory princes of India; for one of which he pleaded, although he was no feudatory but an ally. Sandeman received Lord Lytton's cordial congratulations. The C.S.I. was bestowed on him, and he was now appointed as the representative of our Government at Kalát, with headquarters at Quetta and a suitable staff. He was anxious for a holiday after his long and strenuous labours. But leave could not be granted. Trouble was coming on the border.

Of the decorations then bestowed a good share fell to those who had worked for Sandeman. He never forgot his men. The two Baluch chiefs received honours: the Chronicler was not overlooked. Of his leader he writes: "No sooner had the boat of his mission reached the shore of success than the first thing he did was to reward those who had prominently assisted him".

CHAPTER VI.

QUETTA IN THE AFGHAN WAR.

So, in the spring of 1877, Sandeman went to Quetta, where he had long said that he meant to be. He was now clothed with authority, and was, in fact, supreme in Baluchistan. He was cheered by letters from Lord Northbrook, and by the cordial support given to him by Lord Lytton. On his way he was badly thrown from his horse and had to be carried in on a litter. At Quetta he purchased land for a Residency and for lines for the troops. During the building of the Residency one of the engineers, Lieutenant Hewson, was murdered by fanatical Patháns who had become "gházi"; that is, had vowed at all cost to take the life of an unbeliever. The men came behind the officers, with knives hidden in their cloaks. Hewson was stabbed through the back, and his companion wounded. The murderers did not escape. Captain Scott, who was not far away on parade, heard the shouting and ran to the spot, taking a rifle and bayonet from his orderly. He bayoneted two of them and closed with the third, who was also cut down. Captain Scott's conspicuous gallantry was rewarded with the Victoria Cross. There were several of these murders in the early Quetta days. The valley was water-logged and unhealthy; and the town long had an ill name, preserved in Mr. Kipling's "Jack Barrett went to Quetta":—

> I shouldn't like to be the man,
> Who sent Jack Barrett there.

At that time the Khán's representative occupied the old fort, with a few troops; and within its enclosure were the dwellings of Hindu traders and artisans, squalid and poverty-stricken. The Bolán traffic, by which these men had lived, had ceased. They could not cultivate, as the Khán's revenue charges were enormous, and their harvests were raided. Cattle were only safe close to the fort. The Khán's official could not go far outside it. The Bráhuis defied him: so strong had been the feeling between them and the Khán that the latter had said openly: "Should a Bráhui chance to find his way to Heaven, I will apply to God either to allot me a separate room or permit me to go and live in hell". The Pathán tribes were equally lawless and defiant. Pishín was in Afghan hands and the roads were closed. "When Major Sandeman first came to Quetta it was," says the Chronicler, "a fearful time. Thieves and robbers infested it in those days. It was seldom that a night passed over our heads without the report of firearms, and often one would get out of bed through fear."

Sandeman dealt successfully with these evil surroundings. From the Khán he leased the Quetta valley on a favourable rent, which was nearly double the amount of its yearly value to him. He took over the fort, removed the traders to a site outside, and housed the escort there. The Residency was built on another site. It was a domed mud house, comfortable, but very different from the luxurious residence of his successors. He then turned to the Bolán pass and completed the arrangements for protecting and keeping it open. This done, after a visit to Kalát and the lowland chiefs' country, he was able to snatch a brief visit to England. He was back in July, 1878.

By this time war with Afghanistan was imminent. A "jehád," or holy war against the unbeliever, had been proclaimed at Kandahar. The Pathán tribes round Quetta were much excited, as were the Khán's soldiery

and some of the Baluch chiefs. Sandeman had no light task in keeping the country quiet and preserving loyalty and goodwill. He also gathered intelligence from south Afghanistan and Kandahar, and stored advance supplies of grain and fodder. All these things, says the Chronicler, he did exceedingly well.

In September, 1878, the storm broke, and our mission to the Amir of Afghanistan was refused passage through the Khyber pass. The Quetta garrison was at once strengthened by a division under General Biddulph. On November 21 war was declared. Biddulph's force moved forward and occupied Pishín without resistance. Sandeman went with it. Sibi, below, was also occupied. In both places the inhabitants were quite friendly. A further force, seven thousand strong, moved up the Bolán under General Stewart, while a reserve force was placed at Sukkur on the Indus. Meantime Sandeman, with the aid of the Pathán tribes, crossed the mountains between Pishín and Kandahar, and found the pass, the Khojak, unoccupied. The Khán of Kalát proved a loyal and helpful ally. Stewart crossed the Afghan border on January 1, 1879. Sandeman was most anxious to go with him; for he thought that, acting with the chiefs, he could effect a settlement at Kandahar, as he had done at Mastung. But he was considered indispensable at Quetta. Stewart reached Kandahar on January 9, 1879, without fighting. Meantime on the Kabul side events were happening in quick succession. General Roberts, advancing on Kabul through the Kurram valley, gained a brilliant victory at the Peiwar Kotal on December 1, 1878. The Amir, Sher Ali, fled from Kabul; and in February, 1879, he died. His son, Yakub Khán, succeeded him and sued for peace.

So far everything had been easy, far too easy. The great value of Quetta and Sandeman's pacification had been clearly shown. Stewart was left in Kandahar with a garrison of six thousand men. Biddulph's force was sent

back to India, not by the Bolán pass, but by a much shorter road which led to Sandeman's old district of Dera Gházi. On this road Sandeman set a high value. It was an old trade route between India and Kandahar, and passed through Pathán tribal country, adjacent to the Zhob valley, of which a certain Shah Jahán, a tribal chieftain, was called Pádshah, or King.

Amir Abdur Rahman[1] had passed down this valley in 1869, with his uncle, when both were fugitives after their defeat by Amir Sher Ali. They were in evil case, hard put to it to find food enough to keep them alive. The "King of Zhob" was an old man, wearing an old patched coat of sheepskin and a filthy turban. His mare, all skin and bone, had bells tied round her knees, and bells hung from her cloth bridle. This dreadful apparition scared the uncle's horse and he cried to his nephew for help. This Abdur Rahman refused; he could not, he said, come between two Kings. Nor would he help until his uncle promised to give him one of his two swords. Then he quieted the animals. The "King" was a subject of much mirth to Abdur Rahman: "King of the Devils" he calls him, and curses him for leading them the wrong way among thieves.

Shah Jahán was still to the fore in 1879. He was a holy man and a reputed worker of miracles. He gathered together a large body of tribesmen and attacked Sandeman, who was with the advance party of Biddulph's force. The tribesmen were defeated in a sharp fight and sued for peace. At one place the advance was delayed by a single tribesman, who, behind a stone barricade, defied the whole force. He was entangled in shawls thrown over him by friendlies, and made prisoner. On the next day the hillmen collected in another defile and refused to give way. The prisoner broke loose; and shouting to them, "Who are you to dare to fight when I have surrendered!" he dispersed them.

[1] "Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan." Murray, 1900.

On May 26, 1879, the peace treaty of Gandamak between ourselves and Amir Yakub Khán was signed. This ceded to us Pishín, Sibi, and other Afghan places in Baluchistan. An uncle of the Amir was sent to Kandahar as Governor, and our troops were ordered to withdraw. Sandeman was busy taking over the ceded districts, when an outbreak of cholera swept over Quetta. Mrs. Bruce, the only lady there during the first three years of our occupation, was attacked. Sandeman at once took her children into the Residency, where several of his servants died of the disease; but Mrs. Bruce herself recovered after a very dangerous illness. In July, 1879, appeared the Honours Gazette for services rendered in the war. Sandeman became a K.C.S.I. "No decoration," says Dr. Thornton, his biographer, "was ever better earned."

The work and strain had told heavily on Sir Robert, who suffered from insomnia and greatly needed rest. But it was no time for rest. The boundary with Kandahar had to be fixed that summer. On September 5, when the tents had been struck in Kandahar, and the division had started on its march back to Quetta, came the grave news of the massacre at Kabul of our envoy, Sir Louis Cavagnari, and his entire staff and escort.

Kandahar was at once occupied again. Sandeman left for the Afghan border to reassure the tribes, and help to keep open communications. On the Peshawar side General Roberts reached Kabul, after severe fighting, on October 12. The Amir Yakub Khán abdicated and was sent to India. In December there was heavy fighting round Kabul, and a general rising: but Roberts held his ground. At Kandahar things were quiet. Below Quetta the railway was pushed on as fast as possible from Sukkur to the foot of the Bolán. It was open for traffic up to Sibi by January, 1880. One of the stations in the Sind desert is still called "Jhutput," which means "Hurry". The engineers had to find a name for it and

could think of none better. It was arranged that the line should be taken on through the mountains, not by the Bolán but by the Harnai valley. This lies in Murree and Pathán tribal country. Great numbers of labourers were employed, and it was not easy to protect them. The Patháns ambushed and shot down Captain Showers, of the Baluch guides, and defied Sandeman. He at once attacked them with a small escort, drove them from the hills and blew up their towers. He was conspicuous in the fight in white clothes: and his sun-hat was pierced by a bullet, as he stooped down to help his orderly who had fallen wounded. In the spring of 1880, an independent ruler of Kandahar was recognised. Stewart's force was relieved by a division under General Primrose, and marched to Kabul; where it arrived at the end of April. On the way Stewart had fought and won two fierce battles before Ghazni.

In England a general election took place at this time (March, 1880), and on April 28, Lord Beaconsfield's Government was replaced by Mr. Gladstone's. As the Afghan War had been denounced by the new Prime Minister, Lord Lytton resigned the Viceroyalty; and his successor, the Marquis of Ripon, reached India on June 8. The policy of cutting off Kandahar from Afghanistan was abandoned. Abdur Rahman, a member of the ruling house, who now had returned to his country after twelve years of exile in Russian Turkestan, was regarded with favour as a likely successor to the vacant throne of Afghanistan.

At the same time rumour had long been busy regarding the plans and movements of Ayub Khán, Yakub's younger brother, who had fled to Herát on his father's death. No importance was attached to these stories at Kandahar; but Sandeman, at Quetta, is said to have warned the Government that there was danger from Ayub. The warning, if given, was not heeded, and in June it was known that Ayub was marching on Kanda-

har in force. The Kandahar Governor sent troops to drive him back. They were mistrusted, and a British brigade was sent with them. On July 13 they mutinied, and moved off to join the enemy. The British brigade attacked and dispersed them, and then marched to Maiwand to intercept Ayub. It was attacked on July 27, by Ayub's force, which was largely swollen by fanatics and tribesmen. The brigade gave way, and the battle of Maiwand ended in a disastrous defeat in which we lost, in killed and missing, over 1200 officers and men. The news reached Quetta on the morning of July 28. By August 8, Ayub had invested Kandahar.

At this crisis Sandeman's resource and counsel were most helpful. General Phayre, his old comrade of Jacobabad days, was now commanding in Quetta. Jointly they pressed for an immediate concentration on Pishín of all troops that could be spared. This involved the abandonment of the great railway works and the posts on the new road to India. It was done at once, and Phayre's column started to relieve Kandahar. On August 9, Sir Frederick Roberts also started for Kandahar from Kabul, on the long and difficult march of 313 miles which is famous in our history. He reached Kandahar on August 31, and on the following day completely routed Ayub. Abdur Rahman had been recognised already as Amir of Afghanistan. The war was now over.

While these events were happening, Sandeman was tireless in his activities. He defeated Ayub's attempts to intrigue with Kalát, and both the Khán and the chiefs remained thoroughly loyal. The heavy demand for transport and supplies to serve our armies at Kandahar was largely borne by Baluchistan. Sandeman was the inspiring genius. Twenty thousand camels were collected, hired, and worked in relays over the long road from rail-head to Kandahar. No such transport had been got together and paid for in the country before. Sandeman was everywhere conspicuous, encouraging,

threatening, persuading, and settling with the chiefs and camel owners. His work was on the simple lines of prompt, just payment; and he carried it through. The tribesmen along the railway alignment gave trouble. The Murrees could not keep their hands from a weakly guarded treasure convoy, which they fiercely attacked and plundered. The Pathán tribesmen, too, broke out. Shah Jahán of Zhob, with a large gathering, attacked one of our posts, but he was beaten off. The Murrees were severely punished when Roberts' force returned to India through Quetta. The railway alignment was again guarded, and the military road to the plains once more taken in hand.

The Afghan frontier was now quiet, and a breathing time began. Baluchistan had come well through the long crisis. The Chronicler observes that, "had not Sir Robert Sandeman already spread the influence of the British power, the people would have deserted the country on seeing such a large number of troops pass through it; and the troops would have been put to great inconvenience and trouble". He is right. In January, 1881, the Home Government decided to abandon Kandahar; and the troops were withdrawn in April. On this question of large policy Sandeman's opinion was clear. "The new Amir of Afghanistan, whoever he may be," he wrote, "can never be our friend as long as the most valuable part of the Afghan kingdom is in our possession." In the spring of 1881, he left for England on his first long holiday since he landed in India twenty-five years before. The Khán of Kalát's farewell letter to him ends: "I pray you to think of the sincere friend who is ever with you, like a second kernel in one almond".

CHAPTER VII.

THE FURTHER SETTLEMENT OF BALUCHISTAN.

SIR ROBERT returned to India at the close of 1882. He had married again while on furlough, and the union was a most happy one. Lady Sandeman came out with him to see, in a wild, strange country, a wonderful welcome given to her husband. Horsemen dashed ahead and signalled his coming as he marched through the Bolán: great and small rejoiced as one man. He had not been idle in England. In the settlement with Afghanistan the proposal to cede Pishín and Sibi had been entertained favourably by the British Government. Sandeman would have none of it. He knew how slender was the Afghan claim to these places, and their importance to Baluchistan, of which they formed an integral part. He urged his views strongly in every way open to him. Sir Charles Dilke (who was then at the Foreign Office) is believed to have adopted them and pressed them on the Cabinet. In the end the districts were retained.

Sandeman was now free to resume the task of establishing order throughout Baluchistan. There still remained great areas where peace was unknown, life cheap, the land untilled, and the people backward and impoverished. Hitherto the strain of the war had kept him busy at Quetta—now a great place of arms—and in northern Baluchistan, where the work which he had done was bearing fruit. In the winter of 1883, therefore, he went south to visit the lowland country, where many

disputes were composed. He then passed on to Kharán, the desert stronghold of a chief whose name was very famous on the Persian border. Azád Khán of Kharán —the chief in question—was then ninety-seven years old. Bowed with age, he could still, once assisted into the saddle, sit his horse and ride with the endurance of a much younger man. He could look back on a long career of border forays and strife. He claimed Persian rather than Baluch descent: though his house and that of the Khán of Kalát were connected by marriage. He had fought against us in 1839, and again in 1856. He had joined the Bráhui chiefs in their rebellion in 1871; and in 1876 he had raided the Persian border. He was now at feud with the Khán of Kalát and the lowland chiefs on the Mekrán side, one of whom his son had lately attacked and slain. He was no party to the Mastung settlement. However, he trusted Sir Robert, and knew, as all the country knew, what had been done in northern Baluchistan. Hence the aged chief received the British Resident and his cortége with every mark of favour, welcoming the prospect of peace at last. His disputes and feuds were enquired into and settled, and Kharán joined the Baluch confederacy. No British official had visited this region before, and the "Kharán conciliation" was one of the most striking of Sandeman's minor triumphs. Azád Khán died in 1886 in his 101st year. His son, Sir Nauroz Khán, who succeeded him, died not long ago. There were no further troubles in Kharán in Sandeman's time. From there he passed on into Mekrán, composing quarrels as he marched along, much grieved by the misery which he found there. "A life," says the Chronicler, "would there be sacrificed for a piece of cloth worth a few pence." Having reached the coast, Sandeman took ship for Karachi, and returned to Quetta early in 1884.

In the spring he marched east to the other end of his vast charge. Shah Jahán of Zhob could not look on

idly while a new road, with military posts, was being built on the outskirts of his country. Many murderous attacks were made on our people. A camp of labourers was badly cut up, and seven men killed. In these circumstances a force was sent into the Zhob country in the autumn, which destroyed Shah Jahán's fort, dispersed his following and reduced the tribes to submission.

Sandeman had also the task of transporting across the desert, as far as the Helmund river, the Indian section of the British Boundary Commission, which was to delimit the Russo-Afghan border in conjunction with the Russian Commission. This was a matter of considerable difficulty. The party, which consisted of 1500 men and as many animals, had to be taken over 225 miles of desert, where a road had to be marked out with ploughshares, flares, and posts.[1] The number of wells that had to be dug was 800; and the party was formed into separate contingents which left at intervals of a day, so that the wells might have time to fill up again after they had been drained of water. These arrangements were carried out successfully, and the party crossed the desert without a hitch. In 1885, after what is called the Panjdeh incident, when the Russian forces on the Afghan border attacked and routed the Afghans, war with Russia seemed imminent; and Sandeman was again called upon to provide transport for a large force at Quetta. Another great corps of camels was collected and worked on his simple and most efficient method. The crisis passed, however, and war was avoided.

In 1886 the special calls on Sir Robert were less exacting. He could apply himself to making roads, replacing military posts by tribal levies, starting hospitals, and generally improving the tracts which he administered. The work on the railway, which had been discontinued after the Afghan War of 1878-80, was resumed in 1884,

[1] Sir Hugh Barnes, "Journal, Central Asian Society," Vol. VI., p. 79.

and the line was carried through the mountains on to the Afghan border. The condition of the country was improved so greatly that distinguished visitors began to find their way to Quetta. Among them were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who stayed there in March, 1887. On this occasion the railway bridge across the great Chappar rift was opened for traffic by the Duchess, and its name, the "Louise Margaret" bridge, commemorates the event. Later on Sir Robert was able to take a six months' holiday in England.

He returned to Quetta in December, and in April, 1888, he was called away to Las Bela, where the chief had died. Towards the close of this year he marched up the Zhob valley, where he hoped that, in his own special way, he could make friends of the chiefs, bring the tribes under control, and put an end to the constant trouble in that quarter. The valley was still a no-man's land, neither British nor Afghan. Its tribes were at feud among themselves and a pest to their neighbours.

This tour was most successful. The chiefs were reconciled among themselves, and Sandeman was willing to support their authority. They petitioned that their country might be taken under British protection—a step which Sandeman strongly pressed. He was anxious, not only to benefit the inhabitants, but also to gain friendly access to the old trade route from Afghanistan, that entered India through the Gumal pass. This route he hoped to re-open and develop. It had long been closed to regular and peaceful traffic by the fierce and rapacious Waziris, through whose mountains the caravans bought, or fought, their way to the old trading centre of Dera Ismail Khán in the Indus valley.[1] The Zhob valley question was decided late in the year 1889. Sir Robert's proposals were adopted, and he started from

[1] It is with this large and powerful group of tribesmen that our forces have now (1920) long been fighting in what is called the Deraját campaign.

Quetta for the valley in December, taking a considerable staff and escort, and his customary following of Baluch chiefs. When he reached the village of Apozai[1] he was met by a small group of tribesmen, unmounted, ragged and unkempt. Four or five young men came to Sandeman's horse, kissed his hand, held his stirrup, and gave him a letter. It was from the chief, their father, written on his deathbed. He welcomed Sir Robert, commended his family to his care, and prayed him to excuse his sons if they were late for the meeting, since they had stayed to watch their father die. Sandeman, much moved, passed into camp.[2]

On December 27, Sir Robert proclaimed the protectorate of Zhob, and commenced to build the station at Apozai, now called Fort Sandeman after its founder. He remained there until the latter half of January, to watch the new buildings and give time for the assembly of the tribesmen who had been summoned from Waziristan. These came in in great numbers, bristling with arms; but they were well disposed and tractable. When all was in train at Apozai, the mission started for the Gumal pass, which had not been traversed before by any British official, marched through it and reached the plains below. There was but one misadventure. A non-commissioned native officer of the escort, who had gone, against orders, some distance from camp, was shot. Sandeman, writing, says: "The Waziris have behaved in a most exemplary way: not even a petty theft has occurred, and we have 700 in camp, many of them most accomplished thieves". At the end of January the pass was declared open: tribal service was apportioned on a new and liberal scale and posts established. This done, Sandeman reached the rail and moved back to Quetta. He was attracted by the Waziris, whom he describes as a wild but really fine people. He adds that

[1] Sir T. Holdich, "The Indian Borderland," Chap. VIII.
[2] The family is still cared for by the Government of India.

a little time and patience with them would give our Government entire control of the pass. In this he was over-sanguine, as subsequent events have shown.

Even at this time the work of settlement in this quarter was not complete. The Shiránis, a fierce Pathán tribe who live in the mountain range of the Sulimán and on the slopes of the great peak which is called the Takht, or throne, of Solomon, had only in part come in to Apozai. Two of the Zhob chiefs were "out," and had also not come in. These men plundered the valley and even attacked Apozai. It was necessary in the autumn of 1890 to send a military expedition to bring them into order. The towers of the two outlaws were blown up and the Shiránis reduced to submission. The force met with little resistance and returned to Quetta in November. Sir Robert was badly hurt by a fall from his horse, which came down with him and crushed his knee; but there was no rest for him. In December, 1890, he was called to the distant coastal region, where disturbances had broken out. The work took him far inland and was important. He returned in February, 1891, leaving his assistant, Major Muir, to carry it on, and planned a journey to Calcutta where he was anxious to explain in person certain proposals which he was making regarding the Mekrán country. But he was suddenly called back again. Major Muir had been attacked and wounded very seriously by one of the Mekrán chiefs. The man was well known personally to Sir Robert as a thorough scoundrel. Muir was strolling outside his tents in the evening with only one attendant, when he met him. The chief cut down and killed the attendant, and Muir, who carried only a walking stick, was terribly wounded by sword cuts. Sir Robert reached the coast in March, and, having sent Major and Mrs. Muir by troopship to Bombay, arranged matters in Mekrán and returned to Quetta. Here he framed his Mekrán proposals. That dry, sun-baked border region had a great hold on him. He was most

anxious to redress the misery which he found there, and to develop the country in various ways. But his health broke down. He was worn out by work and exposure, and compelled to take leave home in May. He was replaced at Quetta by Sir O. St. John, who died there in June. Sir Robert returned in November, 1891. He should never have done so. But his passion for work was strong, and Mekrán had greatly moved him. The call for one more tussle with his old enemies of misrule and misery was irresistible. Disregarding his doctor's urgent protests, he set his face once more to the East.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS.

In November Sir Robert returned with Lady Sandeman to Quetta. Much work awaited him and kept him there till Christmas. Early in January (1892) he started for Mekrán. He sailed from Karachi with his staff on the 16th; but he had arranged to visit Las Bela, where the chief and his son were at strife, on his way down the coast, and for this purpose the party disembarked at the little roadstead of Somniáni. From this point they marched for Bela, which was reached on January 23. Heavy rain fell on the way. Sir Robert caught cold, but made light of it. At Bela, where he was received with ceremony, he was busy with work, and equal to seeing the illuminations of the little town. But in the evening he was very unwell and took to his bed. On the 24th Dr. Fullerton found him down with influenza. His lungs were affected and pleurisy set in. The camp was moved to higher ground, and he was carried there in a litter. On the 26th he was a little better. He sent for Hittu Ram (the "Chronicler") and talked with him pleasantly, saying that he had thought yesterday that he, too, was departing from this world, like Sir O. St. John; and that if Baluchistan treated him like Sir Oliver, no officer would willingly come to take charge of it. He was anxious, too, about the arrival in his camp of the Mekrán chiefs. But on the next day he was in high fever. Again he spoke with Hittu Ram, saying: "Rai Sahib, I have

been caught as in a net. I feel very uneasy. I cannot recollect having done an injustice to any one for which I should suffer. Mind that no one is tyrannised over." To Hittu Ram it then appeared that Sir Robert had become conscious of the approach of the angel of death: his conversation was of eternal separation. All was done for him that could be done, but Sir Robert sank. He spoke little; but his few words were very courteous and kind to those about him. On the 28th he was a little better. He asked that prayers might be said, and was anxious to say good-night to his staff. But on the 29th he was much weaker. He spoke but little, but once or twice he repeated the text: "If the trumpet give forth an uncertain sound, who shall prepare for battle?" It may be that he was thinking of his own failing strength, and the battle with the misery of Mekrán, to which he was no longer equal. In the afternoon he fainted. When he recovered consciousness, he called for the chiefs and his native assistants, raised his hand as they drew near him, and heard and returned their salaams. To Hittu Ram he whispered—"This is our last interview. Give my salaams to all." They touched his hand and withdrew, some with tears running down their cheeks. He fell back on his pillow. The last words that fell from him were "The Baluch people". At about seven o'clock Robert Sandeman passed away.

The grief in the camp was intense. All the Sardárs and the camp followers refused to take a morsel of food. On the next day great numbers of them begged that they might see his face once more. This was allowed; and they passed through the tent where he lay, with his sword and decorations beside him, to make their last salaam to one whose love for them they knew. He was buried at Las Bela on February 1, on a spot where he had held his Durbar in 1889, when he proclaimed the chief. His staff and escort, the chief of Las Bela, the Sardárs of Mekrán and some 1000 persons in all were

present to see him laid to rest. "Those," says the Chronicler, "who had witnessed the Durbar and now saw his burial on the same spot, were very much astonished and overawed to see the works of Providence—that Sir Robert, who was one day making a speech like a lion at that place in a Durbar among thousands of men, should now be buried there."

The Government of India deeply deplored Sir Robert Sandeman's sudden and unexpected death; and an official Durbar of mourning was held at Sibi. The chiefs and all who attended it expressed their deep sorrow, and determined to erect a memorial to him. Offerings came in freely, and the Sandeman Memorial Hall was erected at Quetta. It is a fine domed building, well suited to its purpose. Once a year the chiefs assemble there and decide, by the usage of the country, as Sir Robert laid down, the matters in dispute between the different tribes. This is one of the great assizes of the country. The other is held at Sibi in winter, in the plains below. The Hall has been the scene of every great Durbar held in Quetta. Viceroys have addressed gatherings there; but the greatest has been that presided over by His Majesty King George, the present King-Emperor, who, when Prince of Wales, visited Quetta in March, 1906. The Princess, now the Queen-Empress, was with him and witnessed the Durbar from a private gallery. In his address the Prince recalled Sir Robert Sandeman, and all that he had done for Baluchistan. These words went straight to the hearts of those who heard them. Chiefs and the sons of chiefs who had worked for and loved Sir Robert were greatly moved.

Nor was Sandeman forgotten in his old district of Dera Gházi Khán. The faithful Baluch chiefs erected to him there a memorial of their own. The Las Bela chief built a dome over his tomb, and his resting-place there below the Baluch mountains is still carefully tended. The Khán of Kalát expressed profound grief. He was

surprised, he said, that Sir Robert's last resting-place should be in Las Bela. "He should be buried," His Highness continued, "either in his native home or in my dominions. If the Las Bela chief objects, I am prepared to send an army and forcibly convey the body from his territory to Quetta." I doubt if any Mohammedan ruler has ever, before or since, made such a proposal.

In my Introduction I claimed for Sir Robert a high and honoured place among our Empire Builders. May I hope that the claim has been made good? For the value, political and strategical, of Baluchistan to the Empire I would refer the reader to the standard works of Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Alfred Lyall.[1] But Sandeman's aim was not only to secure for the British Commonwealth of nations a position of rightful advantage. He knew the importance of Baluchistan as an outpost of the Empire—none better. But he was moved also by the strong conviction that his work was for the good of the people of Baluchistan; and that it would give them, as he says in one of his letters, "a larger share of happiness in this glorious world of ours". To his success in this respect there is a cloud of witnesses. He was not, of course, the first in the field. His predecessors at Kalát were brave and able men. But they lacked the opportunity for which Sandeman had to struggle, and at last made for himself. I doubt if there is any part of India where our influence and authority have taken root more kindly and rapidly than they have done in Baluchistan under Sandeman. And yet he had not to deal with fertile plains teeming with Hindu villages, ready to submit to any ruler who might happen to gain power. His work

[1] "Problems of Greater Britain," by Sir Charles Dilke, Vol. II.; "British Dominion in India," by Sir A. Lyall, Chaps. XVII. to XIX.

lay in a wide barren region inhabited by fierce peoples, very different from those of the Indian plains. Whether or not he would have been successful in dealing with Afghanistan must always be a matter of conjecture. At one time he was willing to be sent on a mission to the Amir. In whatever dealings he had with the Afghans he showed himself conciliatory and just. He favoured the restoration of Kandahar. He was averse from the piercing of the Khojak railway tunnel, which Amir Abdur Rahman regarded as a knife thrust in his vitals. With his peculiar gifts he might have done much in Afghanistan, and have made the story of our relations with that country very different. But he did not have the opportunity. He had hoped to carry his own methods of friendly conciliation further with the Waziri country. But the prospect ended with his death, and Waziristan has since remained hostile and untameable.

Like most successful men he had critics and detractors. His large employment of tribal levies has been called extravagant, organised blackmail, and the like. The criticism is ill-founded. He had no police in the tracts which he administered or supervised. His levies did, and do, much Government work. They are contented and loyal and belong to the people. His police force was confined to cantonments and towns. There was no police oppression in Sandeman's day. Oppression of any sort was hateful to him; and he would have no alien departments playing mischief among his tribesmen. His own men he kept in perfect order.

As a high official he was, probably, a mystery to Viceroys until they knew him. Then they recognised his sterling character and work. He never had the gift of writing clearly and expressing, in reasoned sequence, all that he had to say. Baluchistan, when he entered it, was an uncharted country, largely unknown. Sandeman knew its conditions, and expected them to be understood equally well at Calcutta. He was something of a

stumbling-block to distant secretaries. His hand-writing, often almost illegible, did not help matters. Hence his despatches were not always well received. A complaint that, instead of answering a specific question, he had telegraphed five pages of irrelevant matter, was probably justified. In these ways Sandeman was a law to himself. He would break every rule of correspondence, and seek the aid of any personage whom he knew in support of his plans, which were all in all to him. His tenacity was invincible. He hated red tape, and red tape did not always like him. In later life when he had troublesome telegrams from the Government of India ("ring-tailed roarers" he used to call them), he would leave the framing of the answer to his assistants, after a talk. In work of his own choice he never grew weary. He loved to get to the spot and see things himself. He complains of some of his officers that they will not see that good work means ceaseless labour. There is no doubt that his life was shortened by toil and exposure. A rapid journey from Zhob to the coastal country seems, on paper, a small thing. In fact it meant a dozen long daily marches, sometimes as long as forty miles, with a three days' rail and steamer journey in between. Once in the war he rode eighty miles on each of three consecutive days.

In his dealings with the tribesmen he was quite fearless. The Chronicler records that he used to travel freely among the Baluch and Patháns and mix with them. "He was in no danger of any sort with them, owing to his own goodwill and pure-mindedness, so much so that they were prepared to sacrifice their lives at his order." His cheery but masterful presence and address appealed to them. Once in his younger days he found that the Murrees, who had come into Jacobabad, were willing enough to pay their respects to the Khán of Kalát there, but could not stay on longer, as they were without money. Sandeman had no authority at all in

the matter, but he was very anxious that they should pay their respects to the Khán. So he had it whispered to the Murree chief that, if one of his men stole that night into his tent, he would find something that might be of use to all of them under his pillow. The man came. Sandeman watched the bearded Baluch lift the tent curtain, felt him grope for the bag of money, and heard him creep away with it, breathing heavily. He used to chuckle at the story afterwards. The visit of ceremony was paid; but not many men would have taken such a risk. One other instance may be given. Once, when he was without escort in the Murree country, the tribesmen gathered and threatened to carry off his horses. Sandeman came out of his tent, faced the crowd, and dared them to do it. The horses remained.

He could not, I think, be called a clever man; nor was he witty or widely read. His talk abounded in old saws and sayings, and was full of interest when he was on his own ground, where there was no better travelling companion. Kindness and hospitality abounded in him. Ambition he had, but no sort of self-seeking entered into it. His shrewdness was remarkable: none of his plans when put into effect has ended in failure or fiasco. The punitive expeditions, which have been so often necessary on the northern section of the frontier, have been a very small feature in our Baluchistan story. Like most men who have done lasting work in India, he had a mission. His was to pacify a large wild country, and he did it. The Chronicler sums up his career in two pregnant sentences: "Sir Robert Sandeman was not a man of ordinary nature. He was created by God, it would appear, for putting in order the disturbed country of Baluchistan, and as soon as the country was settled God called him to Himself." Few of our countrymen have received or deserved so noble a tribute. Robert Sandeman did both.

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