

1921

The Pathan borderland : a consecutive account of the country and people on and beyond the Indian frontier from Chitral to Dera Ismail Khan (1921)

Colin Metcalf Enriquez

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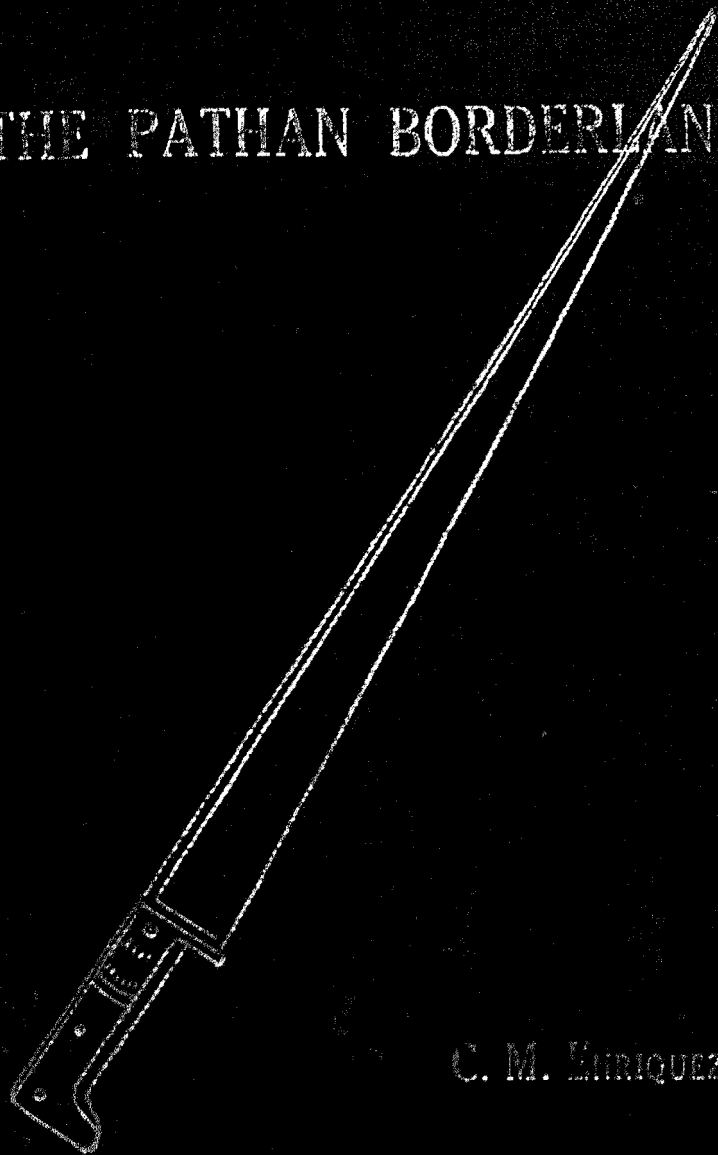
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THE PATHAN BORDERLAND



C. M. ENRIQUEZ

SECOND EDITION

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Enriquez, C.M.D.

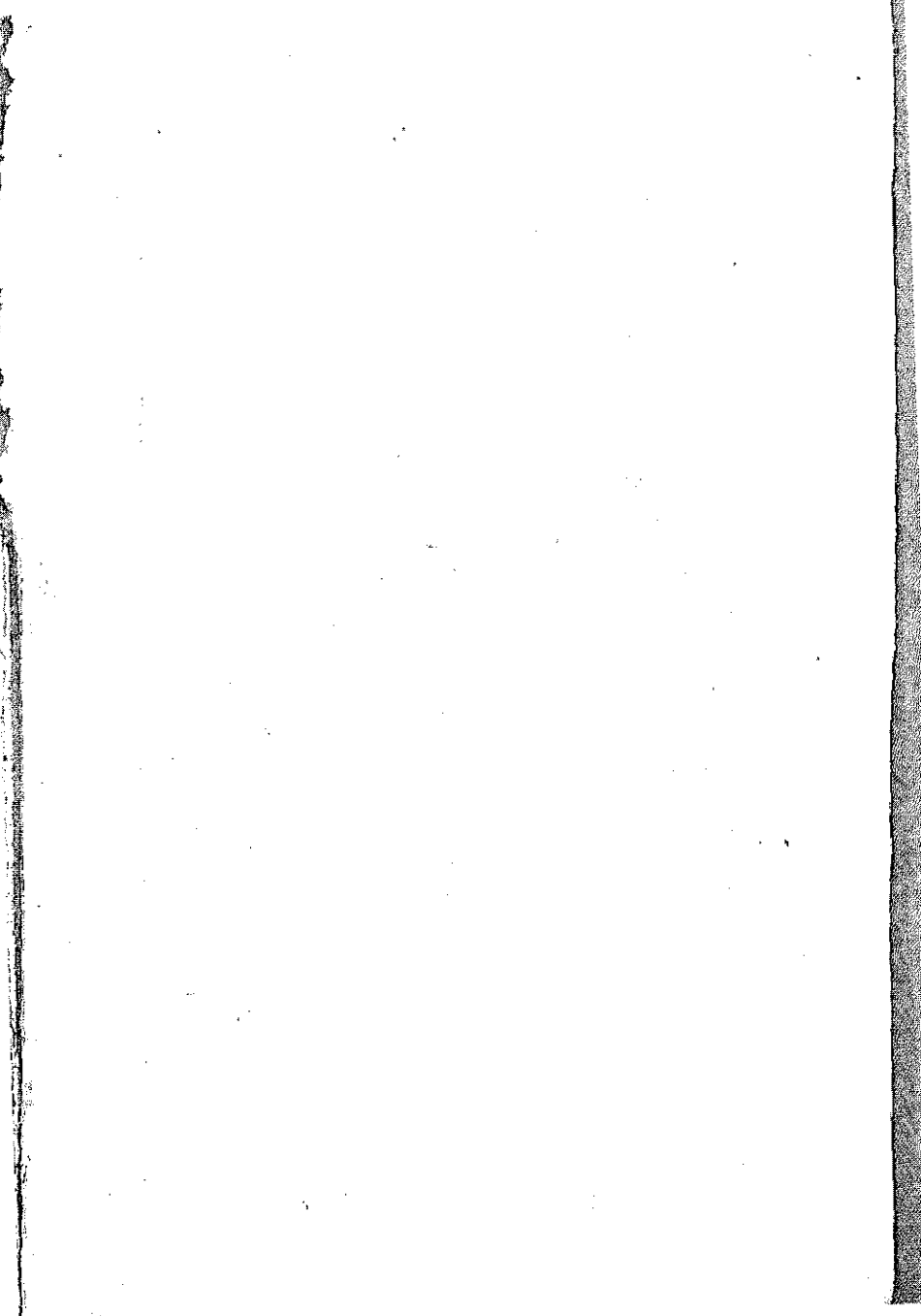
The Pathan borderland.

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PICTURE I.



Mastan Gul—Kala Khel, Afridi,

THE PATHAN BORDERLAND

A consecutive account of the country and people on and beyond the Indian
frontier from Chitral to Dera Ismail Khan

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY
C. M. ENRIQUEZ

21st Punjabis

SECOND EDITION

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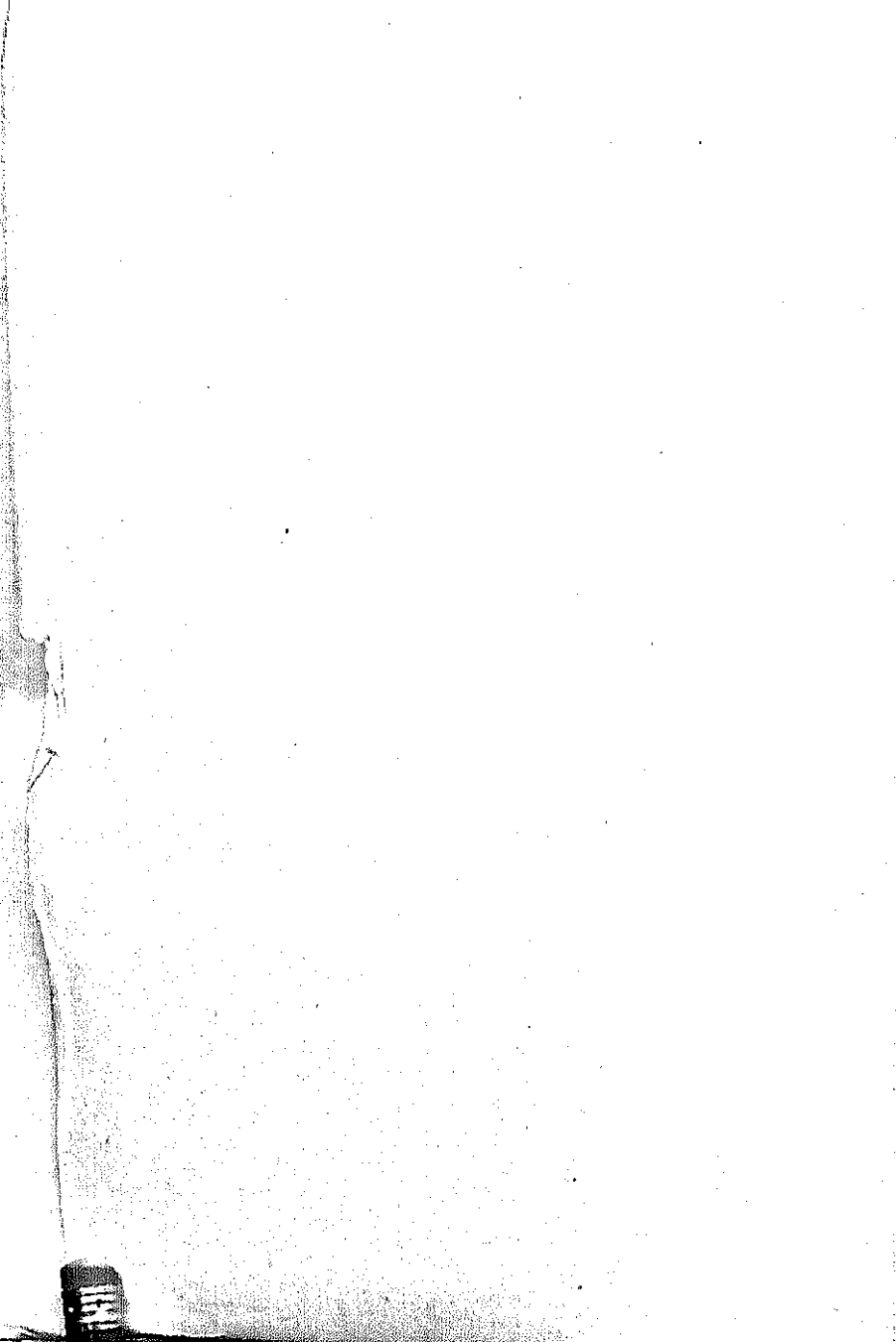
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N7E55

1921

Dedicated
TO
MY FATHER
COLONEL A. D. ENRIQUEZ, I.A.

A. D. Enriquez
17-12-74
Gift



PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE *Pathan Borderland* is a picture of the North-West Frontier of India as it was before the upheavals of the late war. Vast changes have taken place since the book was first written. Conditions have changed both in the Military and Political sense, and the recruiting areas are no longer what they were. Our ideas as to the values of various races as soldiers have changed with more intimate experience. Nevertheless, it seems desirable that the original character of this book should be retained now that a demand is made for a second edition. Writers more in touch with recent events will write of the frontier as it *is*. The *Pathan Borderland* represents it as it *was* at the period of its maximum efficiency and stability before the present state of transition supervened. The notes on the distribution of our forces, the table showing the state of recruiting in 1908, and especially the Appendix giving the strength of our Levies and Militias as they originally existed, are of special interest now that a Pathan War, an Afghan War and two Waziri Wars have intervened. I have therefore reproduced them here.

Considerable additions have been made in the present edition, and Chapters IV and VIII to XIV have been entirely re-written.

July 1920

C. E.

PREFACE.

THE absence of any work dealing consecutively with that part of the Indian Frontier described in the following pages, has encouraged me to arrange and publish the notes which I have collected during three years. My position as Assistant Recruiting Staff Officer for Pathans has enabled me to come in close contact with the natives, and to travel leisurely amongst them, along the 'Pathan Borderland.' A writer of more ability and experience than myself will doubtless one day undertake the task I have attempted, of describing, in succession, the districts along the border, from Chitral to Dera Ismail Khan, and will do the subject fuller justice. In the meanwhile, if I succeed in interesting even a small section of the public, I shall consider myself well repaid for the time I have devoted to producing this book. I most earnestly hope that my readers will regard my work with a kindly and indulgent spirit and overlook the many errors which no doubt these pages contain. I must take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the Editors of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* for their courtesy in allowing me to republish many notes and articles which have already appeared in their respective papers. My thanks are also due to my father, Colonel A. D. Enriquez, whose help has been invaluable, and whose intimate knowledge of the frontier and of Oriental languages has always been placed generously at my disposal.

JHELUM, PUNJAB :
1909.

C. M. ENRIQUEZ, LIEUT.,
21st Punjabis.

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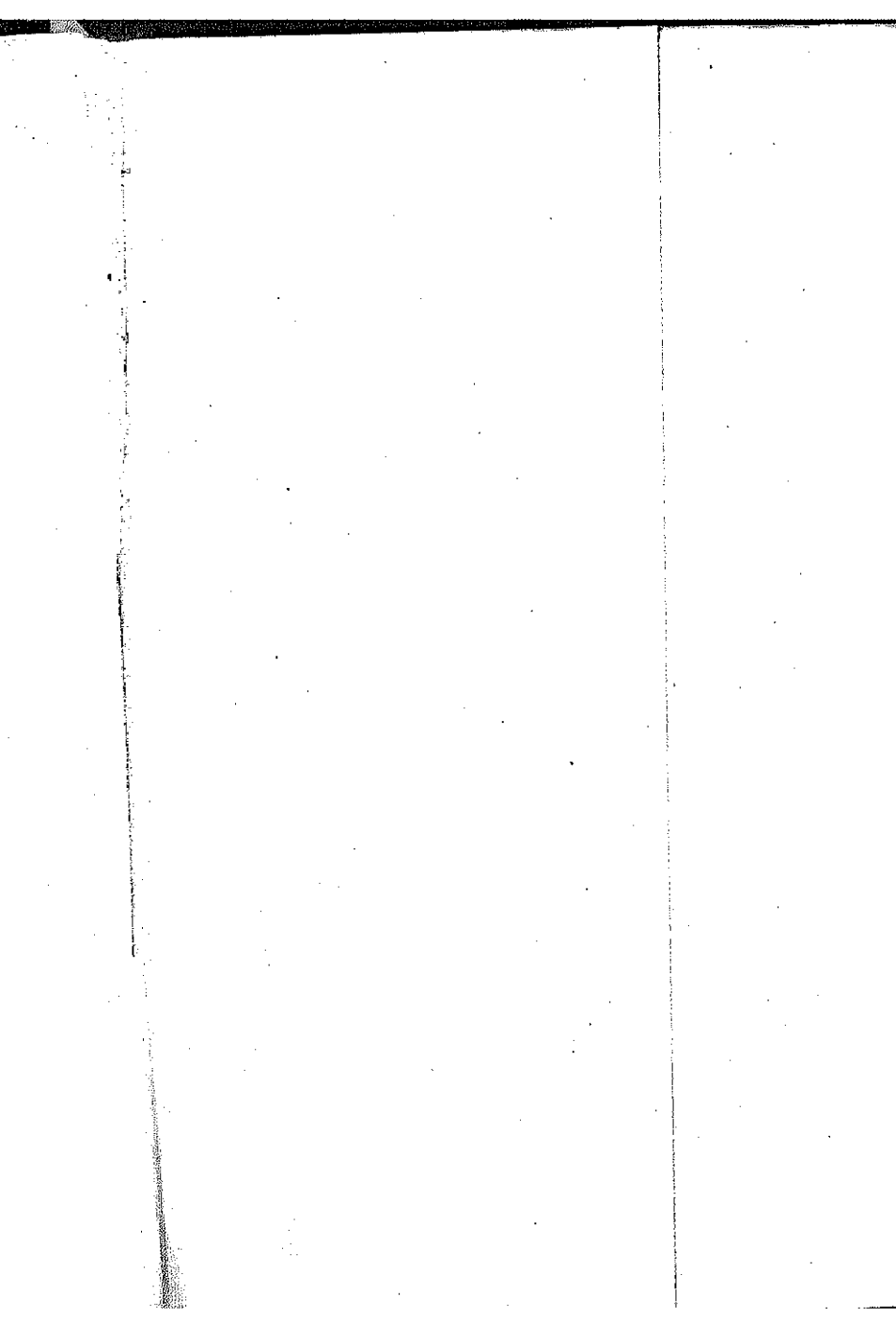
And he shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king ;
And he shall come back o'er his own track and by his scarred cool camp ;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the derriek, and the stamp.
For he must blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand
Till on his last won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

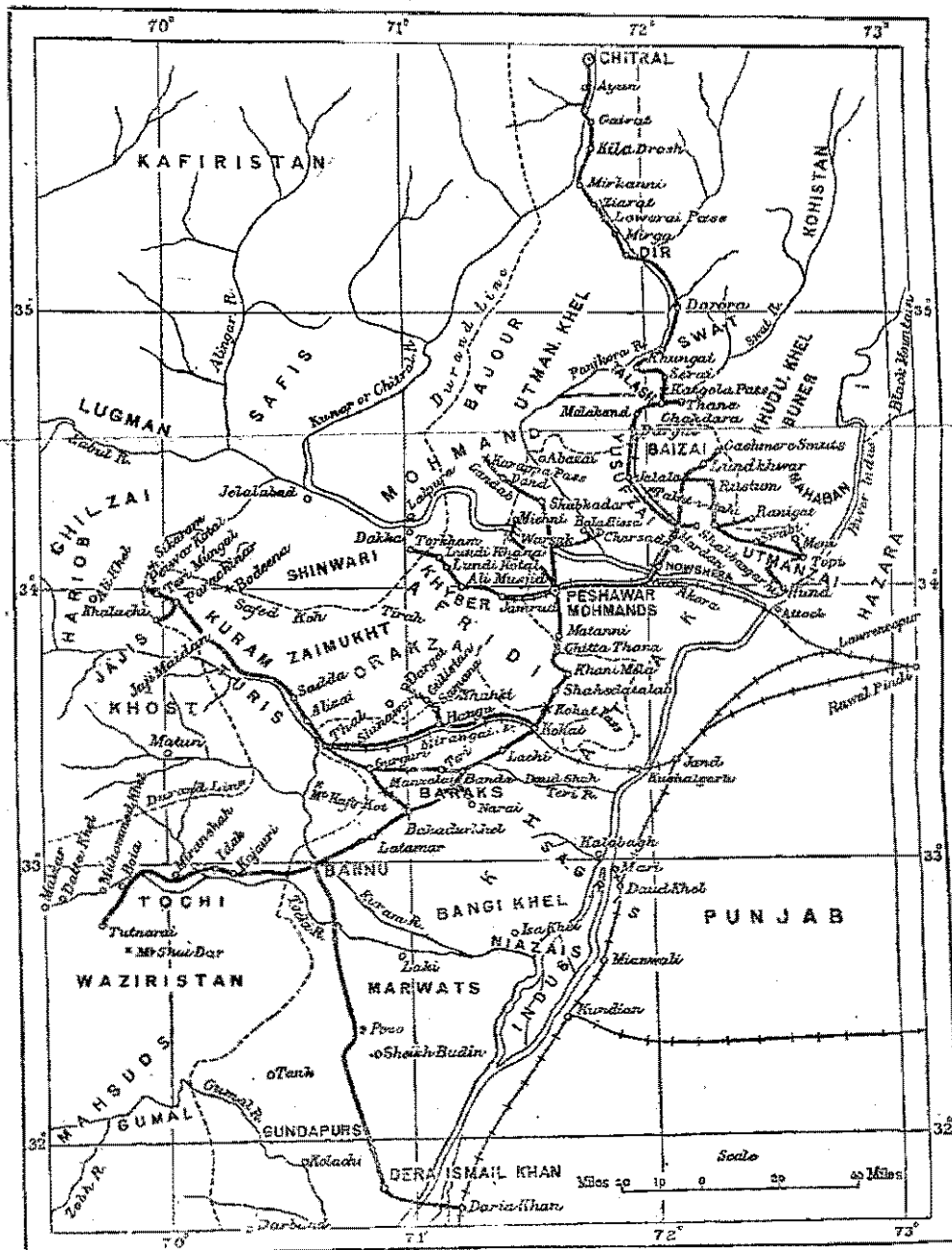
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THE PATHAN BORDERLAND.



THE PATHAN BORDERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CHITRAL.

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

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

ready to operate at a moment's notice from their respective cantonments of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan. Thus the garrison of regular troops in Gilgit has been entirely replaced by Kashmir Imperial Service troops. In the Chitral district there is now but one regular regiment, which has its headquarters in Killa Drosh. The irregular Chitral Scouts, numbering nearly one thousand men, are located in Chitral itself, and they are further reinforced by a small body of Levies, one hundred and ten strong. A single battalion of Native Infantry is divided between Chakdara and Dargai, and there is another regiment in Malakand. About two hundred Swat Levies have recently been raised. The Khyber Pass, the historic road to India for all invading armies,* is held solely by the Khyber Rifles, who are 1,691 strong. A chain of fortified posts held by Border Military Police acts as a screen in front of Peshawar. On the Samana, Fort Lockhart is garrisoned by five companies of regulars, there being only two companies in Hangu and one in Thal, the terminus of the Miranzai Valley Railway. The Samana Rifles, a corps of Militia, composed chiefly of Afridis, Orakzais and Khattaks, hold the important forts of Gulistan and Shinawari. From the Kurram

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

all regular troops have been likewise withdrawn, and a force of 1,372 Turis and other Pathans raised to replace them. Means are also available for arming the Turi *lashkar* in an emergency. The able assistance the Turis rendered in the Khost expedition, and again in the action of Peiwar Kotal, has placed their loyalty beyond doubt. In Waziristan two corps of local irregulars, the North and South Waziristan Militias, numbering respectively 1,276 and 1,495 rifles, hold the Tochi and Gomul Valleys, and act as a check on the troublesome Mahsuds. The number of regular troops serving beyond the administrative border has thus been reduced from 10,200 in 1899 to 5,000 in 1909, and the considerable body thus released is now massed in central localities. The Militias, Border Military Police and Levies along the Pathan frontier amounted to 10,440 in July 1908, and of these all but 1,150 are Pathans. Innumerable petty expeditions have taught us where to select sites for forts, and where to push forward roads and railways most advantageously. Not the least wonderful of the many marvellous methods employed in keeping our fickle and excitable neighbours in order is the use made of the Pathans themselves to protect our marches.*

A glance at the net work of road and railway communications, which forms an essential feature in the

* *Note to Second Edition*—It is obviously still undesirable to show what changes have occurred in recent times. Nor can such changes be considered permanent until our future attitude towards Afghanistan, Waziristan and the Pathan Tribes has been decided.

scheme for efficient control, shows how comprehensive are the detailed arrangements for the protection of the North-West Frontier. The extension of the Pindi-Kashmir cart-road from Bandipur to Gilgit is one of the finest mountain roads in the world, and negotiates some difficult and lofty passes. Chitral is connected by telegraph with India by a line running round *via* Gilgit; that route being less exposed to mischievous interruptions than would be the more direct one through Dir. The road from Chakdara, over the Lowarai Pass to Chitral, is everywhere six feet wide, and is bridged throughout by wire bridges. Communication between Gilgit and Chitral is now much improved, and telephones are extensively used in Killa Drosh. Information regarding the routes beyond Chitral is always available, and the passes are visited and reported on yearly. The outbreak of 1897, and the consequent isolation of the Malakand, showed the necessity of a railway line from Nowshera to Dargai, though a broad gauge line would certainly help better to develop the trade which is yearly increasing, and which in 1910 amounted to 23 lakhs of rupees. The road up the Khyber Pass has been so far improved that heavy guns can go with ease as far as Torkham, on the Afghan border. The broad gauge line extends now to Jamrud. Work on the still incomplete Loi Shilman railway came to a standstill during the late Mohmand expedition. It is finished and ready for use as far as Shahid Miana, about six miles up the Cabul River gorge, beyond Warsak. The Khyber Pass is further outflanked by the excellent

Malagori road, which leaves the Peshawar vale near Shahgai. Reliable communication between Kohat and Peshawar through the Kohat Pass has been established at last, and an excellent tonga road, through the projecting neck of Afridi country, is now quite safe for travellers. Kohat is further linked to the main line by the recent completion of the railway bridge over the Indus at Kushalgarh; and the Samana and Kurram have been placed within easy reach of Kohat by the Miranzai Valley line. A road fit for big guns runs throughout the length of the Kurram to the foot of the Peiwar Kotal, on the Afghan border; and the Tochi is similarly provided with a tonga road to Datta Khel. The once inaccessible Bannu is now connected by road with both Kohat and Dera Ismail Khan. So, not only within the administrative border is there a complete system of road and telegraph communications, but long feelers have been thrown right forward through independent territory towards the Durand line, in the directions of Chitral, Landi Kotal, the Kurram and Waziristan, thus enabling us to maintain a footing amongst our troublesome neighbours. Further, intimate and direct political intercourse with the trans-frontier tribes has been facilitated by the creation, in August 1900, of the North-West Frontier Province.

Let us now join the annual Chitral Relief Column on its way along the dusty road which quits the hospitable oasis of Mardan, and runs across the glaring *put* of Jalala to Dargai. From thence we ascend the Malakand ridge by the old Buddhist track which leads more directly

to the Kotal, while the baggage winds its way slowly along the graded road. A very early start is usually made on these first marches, as the heat, even in early October, is severe towards midday. The view over the Yusufzai plain from the Malakand, at sunrise, is most imposing. Dargai nestles at the foot of the hills. The groves of Mardan can be seen beyond the Takht-i-Bahi ridge, whose summit is crowned with the extensive ruins of a once flourishing Buddhist city.* From the Takht-i-Bahi many fine specimens of Greeko-Budhist statuary have been excavated at intervals during the last sixty years. The outline of the Cherat hills is indistinctly visible through the yellow haze which foretells the approaching heat of another day. Near the summit of the Kotal is the grave of "Ginger," a gentleman who distinguished himself as a bold standard-bearer during the attack on the Malakand, and who appeared to have a charmed life, until, at last, a bullet laid him low. A fresh wind usually blows across the Malakand Pass, and we were glad to descend the far side to North Camp, passing *en route* such historical places as Crater Camp and Gibraltar Hill. From the camp itself can be seen the spot where Major Taylor was shot, while making his gallant sortie. The whole country-side teems with memories of the 1895 and 1897 troubles. In 1895 the Malakand was taken by assault, after having been shelled for five hours. On that occasion the tribesmen were tempted away by a

* See picture II.

feint towards the Shahkot, which is a pass further to the east, leading across the mountains into Swat. North Camp played an important part in the events of the 1897 outbreak. It is a grateful haven of refuge for the Chitral Relief Column; and here, for the first time during the march, existence, with only eighty-pound tents as a protection from the fierce sun, is endurable.

The march to Chakdara is an easy one. A gentle descent leads to the valley of the Swat River. Amandara Pass, near which the Guides Cavalry made their famous charge, is passed on the way. The Swat River is crossed by a substantial iron bridge, from the further end of which rises the fortress of Chakdara looking from a little distance not unlike a great battleship. A halt of one day is usually made here, which affords an opportunity for fishing in the river, or shooting *chicore* on the surrounding heights. About three miles distant up the valley lies Thana village, which is worthy of a visit, not only on account of its picturesqueness, but for its historical interest. It was the first village to respond to the exhortations of the Mad Mullah, and so became the birthplace of the Great Pathan Revolt. Thana still retains a bad reputation, and ugly wounds are constantly being brought in from there for treatment in the Chakdara hospital. Next to fighting and quarrelling, the chief occupation of its inhabitants is the weaving of the well-known Swati blankets. These are handsome woollen rugs of a deep maroon colour, ornamented in black, green and white.

From the archaeological point of view, the upper part of the Swat Valley, above Thana, is full of interest. It contains a great number of *stupas*, which, owing to the unfriendly attitude of the Swatis, are never likely to be explored. During the 1895 occupation, however, most of these *topes* and ruins were mapped; but time and funds admitted of only one or two being excavated. These were found to contain great quantities of coins and statuary, bearing unmistakable signs of Grecian origin. One building, in particular, which had apparently been added to by Budhists and Hindus successively, was without doubt a Greek temple. It was a square building, supporting a hemispherical dome. Two ionic pillars upheld the archway, through which the shrine was entered. The entire porch and the pillars have been removed to the British Museum. In this temple were found several Greek lamps, and two statues, the one of a Greek dancing girl, and the other of a Greek soldier, fully armed. An important find in one of the *topes* was a frieze, illustrating the life of Budha. The last scene depicted the cremation of The Master after his death. A large subterranean monastery was also explored; and during some excavations, the working party came by accident upon a tomb. Through the small hole made by a pickaxe, the outline of a shrouded figure with its arms folded, and its head turned on one side, could be distinguished; but as soon as light and air got into the grave, the figure collapsed into an outline of thin dust. From this tracing, the body was found to measure five feet, seven inches. The best of

too exacting duties of picqueting the adjacent heights. The heights by the way, according to the Levies' estimation, consist of any hillocks not more than twenty yards from the road. Dressed in their white uniforms and belts, and wearing their hair in exaggerated sidelocks, they lounge about their mud forts looking hardly less ferocious than their *zamindar* brothers.

A few miles beyond Chakdara, the road, now no longer metalled, turns abruptly to the west and enters the Uch Valley which terminates in the Katgola Pass (3,000 feet above sea-level); and beyond this point there opens out the fertile vale of Talash. There are some shady chinar trees at the head of this low pass, and we halted here for a while to have breakfast, and to examine the extensive ruins which cover the hills to the south for a distance of several miles. Indeed, there seems every reason to believe that the Talash Valley is classic ground, and that the ruins are those of the ancient city of Massaga, which Alexander the Great destroyed on his way to India. According to Arrian, Alexander divided his forces into two armies at Kôphêne or Kôphes (Cabul). One-half marched by the direct route through the Khyber to Peucelaotis (Peshawar). Thence it advanced and crossed the Indus. The exact point at which the Greek army crossed that river is much disputed. Some believe it was at Nilab, and others are in favour of Attock. A native tradition holds that Sikundar crossed from Amb to Darband in Yusufzai. This supposition would strengthen the theory of Abbott who locates the famous rock Aornos

nese relics have been placed in various museums. In many of the Swat ruins, as well as in those of Yusufzai, the use of the Gothic arch is frequent. Architecture had reached a high standard even in those ancient days, and the square, the pyramid and the hemisphere are all represented.

Chakdara is the last outpost of civilization. Beyond this point various military precautions, such as erecting *sungas* and picqueting heights, have to be taken, and the day's march is never begun until it is quite light. Along the road crowds of suspicious but highly picturesque-looking, ruffians collect to watch the column go by. They carry cartridge bandoliers, and are armed to the teeth with knives, swords and every imaginable kind of fire-arm. Their rifles are particularly interesting, and range from the most antiquated old blunderbusses to more modern weapons such as Martini-Henry's, and an occasional London-made sporting rifle, doubtless stolen from some Sahib. The tough hide Pathan shields are getting rare; but as they are no longer of any use, their owners can usually be induced to part with them for a few rupees. These wayside watchers are chiefly *zamindars*, though many cut-throats are ordered down to the road to be kept under healthy observation while the column is passing. The rifle in these parts cannot be discarded even to follow the peaceful occupation of sowing and reaping, but must be kept ever handy against a surprise visit from the *dushman*. Other good-looking devils are the Swat Levies, who, consoled with *hookah* and *charpoi*, carry out their not

in the Mahaban mountains, or of Cunningham who believes that the position of the ruins at Ranigat, in the Swabi district, agrees best with the vague descriptions of Alexander's famous monumental altars. Alexander himself marched towards the same goal through the difficult country of Kunar, Bajaur, Swat and Buner. Curtius describes how "Alexander fording the Gureus, entered the country between it and the Suastus, the chief city of which was Massaga. This was captured, but not without considerable difficulty. Its garrison fought with obstinate courage till the death of their leader, when they surrendered and evacuated the citadel."

"The scene of these occurrences," writes Bellew, "can, I believe, be recognised in the valley of Talash where are extensive ruins of massive fortifications and other buildings that are described as covering the surface for some miles along the brow of a steep range of hills. These ruins are still called Guri, and the natives have many legendary tales of Kafirs who built and dwelt in them. They are on the south side of the Talash Glen, and eight or nine miles from the left bank of the Gureus, which, there can be no doubt, is the modern Panjkora, whilst the Suastus is evidently the Swat stream. The route from Bajaur, from the remotest ages, has been through the Talash Glen over the hill pass on its northern boundary,* and down to the village of Shukowli on the bank of the Panjkora River." On the fall of Massaga, Arrian tells us

*Kamranai Pass, 3,300 feet.

that Alexander summoned Bazira and Ora, which Vigne suggests, may be the ancient names of Bajaur and Darora ("perhaps the 'darrah,' or valley of Ora"). While he was on the point of marching to Bazira, Alexander was informed that Abissarus* had reinforced the garrison of Ora, and he, therefore, turned his attention to that place first, and afterwards proceeded to Dyrta or Thyrae, which is most probably the modern Dir. Vigne makes a further suggestion which may be worthy of attention. "From Aornos," he says, "Alexander is said to have made a second incursion to the territories of the Assacani, for the purpose of getting some elephants, and arrived at Dyrta which he found deserted. Dir is not more than five or six marches from Derabund (Darband on the Indus); and the accounts I have heard of the Lowarai Mountains behind it would justify an opinion that the Aornos may be found at or near it." It may, however, be mentioned that Vigne wrote the above remarks in about 1839, and had never himself visited the Lowarai Pass. It is nevertheless not improbable that if Alexander did penetrate as far as Dir, he may have pushed on over the Lowarai Pass, which is only fifteen miles distant.

There are other wayside objects of interest during these early stages of the Chitral road. Large heaps of stones known as *shahid* or "witness stones" are

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

to be seen beside the path, upon which the Mahomedan sepoy's throw a few pebbles as they pass. These heaps mark the spot where a man has been murdered, and usually also cover his remains. It is not uncommon to come upon places where it is the custom for every passer-by to pile up two or three stones, one upon the other, to propitiate some spirit, or to commemorate some event of local interest. There is such a spot in the Kohat Pass, where travellers always collect a few pebbles in remembrance of a bride who was kidnapped on her wedding day. The Pathan cemeteries, which are met with very frequently, are also worthy of notice. Tall slanting slabs of stone protrude from the head and foot of the graves, and in some cases are elaborately decorated with carvings. Gay-coloured flags flutter from poles and bushes. The graves lie north and south, and the body is placed on its side in a niche with the face turned towards Mecca. The niche, which is cut into one of the walls of the trench, is called the *ladh*. It is usually made sufficiently high to allow the deceased to sit up during the first night of interment, while the angels Nakir and Munkir are questioning him about his deeds in life. If there is not sufficient time, or if the ground is too hard, to dig the *ladh*, the grave is called *sami*. Usually the burial-grounds are shaded by the thorny *palosa* tree, and are reverently called *Khan-gagh* or "the House of the Khans." In Swat, it is said that the graves of the dead are not long respected, and that they are often obliterated after a few years by the plough. Amongst the Khattaks the opposite

is the case. A traveller, if on a horse, always dismounts on passing a graveyard, and salutes the dead with a *salam alicum*. A study of the different kinds of tombs throughout the Pathan districts is very interesting. Amongst the trans-frontier Mohmands it is the custom to erect a head and a foot stone of grey shale rock, which is specially quarried for the purpose. These stones, which resemble tall thin pillars, are often found standing upright ten and twelve feet above the ground. Excellent examples of this type of grave are to be seen in the Gandab Valley and at Mutta Mogul Khel, near Shabkadar. A similar kind is also found in parts of the Yusufzai Plain, where there are stony hills in the neighbourhood. About Peshawar the graves are composed of round stones, roughly built together. The Muhamedzais of the Charsadda district are fond of working intricate geometrical designs in black and white pebbles on the tombs of their dead. The Teri and Seni Khattaks put up handsomely carved upright slabs. In the Kohat Pass the style varies in each cemetery. In some, the grave is adorned with only a couple of carved wooden pegs, about two feet high. In others, there are little stones shaped like targets; but more often any rock, however rough, serves the purpose. In the case of Afridi cemeteries it is possible to tell the sex of the occupants of the graves. Those of the men have two upright stones with the longer axis placed parallel to the length of the grave. Those of the women have three uprights, placed lengthwise across the mound. Children of both sexes have two stones.

In the Kurram the horns of an *oorial* are sometimes placed on a tall pole amongst the tombs, and in the Tochi the ill-kept graves are hardly recognisable from the surrounding litter of rocks. It is remarkable that a very small village often owns an extensive cemetery, and one is quite at a loss to imagine how there came to be so many dead people among such a small community. Although no effort is made to keep the tombs in repair, or to preserve them from the ravages of jackals and lizards, yet all Pathans, and most Afghans, are always anxious to find a last resting-place in their own village *Khan-garh*. It is no uncommon thing to see a corpse tied to a *charpoi*, being conveyed a great distance back to its own village for burial. I once met a sepoy carrying his deceased brother in a box, on a donkey all the way from Dera Ismail Khan to Khunda in Yusufzai. Where it is necessary to bury a dead man at once, a vow is often made to remove the corpse within so many months; and after an expedition, sepoys very frequently go back to exhume the bodies of their comrades killed in action.* From my own observations I am inclined to believe that Pathans are afraid of passing graveyards at night, and even in broad daylight they often sing loudly to keep themselves company. On the other hand, I have heard that the village cemetery is frequently used as a place of refuge in times of danger.

Two miles beyond the Katgola Pass is Sarai camping ground, a dusty ploughed field surrounded by broken

* After the Mohmand expedition of 1908, the Mohmands refused to allow relatives to come back and reclaim their dead.

sangas, the remains of the last year's camp. Hard by is a Levy Post, and behind this is a clump of trees which gives a little shade. A motor-car has been driven as far as Serai Levy Post, but henceforward the path degenerates into a mere mountain track. The ascent to the Kamranai Pass (3,300 feet) is very stiff, and there were constant checks along the column, which on this narrow road was spread out to a length of six or eight miles. However, from the summit we had a superb view down into the Panjkora Valley. Munda, the stronghold of Mian Gul Jan, the truculent younger brother of the Khan of Dir, lies in a *nullah* to the north-east. The troops on their way to the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Chitral, went up the Munda Valley. It was on the hills to the South-west that Colonel Batty was killed in 1897, during the retirement of the Guides to the bridge, which the suddenly rising river had swept away behind them. The descent to Khungai is also steep, and the narrow approach to the camp became so congested with troops and transport, that it was two or three in the afternoon before the rear-guard got in.

At Khungai, which is also known as Sadu, Mian Gul Jan, the Khan of Munda, came to pay his respects to the General. Mian Gul is the stormy petrel of these parts, and spends most of his leisure hours in making war on his elder brother, Badshah Khan, the Khan of Dir. On this occasion he was accompanied by an escort of his own cavalry, as picturesque a body of cut-throats as ever existed. They were all armed to the teeth, and

wore extravagant uniforms and velvet coats heavily ornamented with gold lace. The harness of their ponies was covered with scarlet cloth, and most of the fittings were of silver. Everything, even their gay, ill-tied turbans, denoted swagger and dare devilry. The Khan of Dir was also present. The period during which the relieving column is in Dir territory is regarded as a time of truce. In his courtly manner and quiet dress, the Khan was a striking contrast to the sulky Mian Gul Jan, who wore a costly black astrachan uniform. In the afternoon our troops gave a display of machine gun practice against some targets. Afterwards the maxims were allowed to traverse over a dry ploughed field, which was soon hidden in a cloud of dust. It was a study to watch the faces of the spectators. The entertainment concluded by bringing a mountain battery into action, and bursting a few shells on a distant mountain side.

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

The march along the valley of the Panjkora occupied the next three days. A few stunted chenars were to be seen here and there, and at intervals we passed strips of cultivation, irrigated by small canals, taken out from the river. Otherwise, except for a rampant growth

of ilex, nothing but a waste of boulders and dreary mountains met the eye. On the fourth day from Khungai, we crossed the Panjkora at Chutiatan by a wire bridge, and ascended for a few miles along the right bank of the Dir stream to Dir. Here, situated on a low hill, is the stronghold of Badshah Khan. The fort has three towers, each surmounted with a loopholed fighting-top. It is composed of mud and stone, interspersed with layers of wood. A salute of guns was fired from it as the head of the column entered the valley. The vale of Dir is well cultivated, and numbers of chenars are scattered about it, so that its greenness is refreshing after the wearying aridity of the Panjkora. The little town of Dir occupies a steep *khud* abreast of the fort. Its crazy huts are built one above the other, so that the roof of one forms the promenade or front garden of the one above. A good deal of rice is grown in the valley. In a small enclosure we found the tomb of Mahomed Sharif, the late Khan of Dir, who, together with the famous Umra Khan, played so conspicuous a part in the local politics in 1895.

Henceforth we entered the region of higher mountains. The marches were short, but there was a good deal of climbing to be done. The scenery for the first time since leaving Nowshera becomes beautiful. Grassy-slopes and pine-fringed precipices rise imposingly from the narrow valleys, and entirely shut them in. At Mirga, there is hardly space to pitch a large camp; and so enclosed is the gorge, that there are less than six hours of sunlight in the day. Twilight in October sets in at 3-30

P.M., and a long, chill, wintry evening follows. Mirga has an elevation of about 7,000 feet. Directly ahead is the Lowarai Pass, 10,200 feet. It is the chief obstacle of the march, and an early start has to be made. The distance from Mirga camp to the summit of the pass is five miles and the rise in elevation is about 3,200 feet. It is a stiff pull for the transport mules. Soon we were well into the region of pines, whose dark-colouring contrasted strikingly with the pink masses of mountain which towered ahead. Everywhere were traces of last winter's avalanches, whose melting remains still (in mid October) lay in the valley, and whose track down the hill-side was traceable by the debris of splintered trees. The pine zone here extends from 7,500 to 9,000 feet. Presently we toiled over a spur and entered the pass proper. Another two miles brought us to the summit of the ridge, from which position we got a fine view of the Hindu Kush and the valley of the Chitral river. Here a halt was made for breakfast, and we tried to distinguish from among the sea of snowy peaks, the great ranges of Shandur, Mustagh and Sarikol, upon which meet the three Empires of India, Afghanistan and China. At this point the Methar of Chitral, Shuja-ul-Mulk, met the Political Officer and conducted him down into Chitral territory. The descent of 2,800 feet through the pines to Ziarat is down a steep zig-zag path. This valley is often 40 feet deep in snow in winter, and evidence of avalanches was everywhere visible. At one place, about a quarter of a mile from the pass, an avalanche swept down on the

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Methar's party some years ago. Fifteen men and 22 ponies were overwhelmed, and the Methar himself had a narrow escape. A few years ago the "relieved" regiment expressed its satisfaction at quitting Chitral territory by making its band play on the top of the pass. The vibration of the music brought down a great mass of snow which blocked up the road, and buried some of the men. None of these dangers, however, beset the Reliefs in October, though on the return journey considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced, if the winter happens to be an early one.

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

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

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

and magnificence which filled one with unbounded admiration.

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

Arrived at Chitral, we first partook of the hospitality of the inmates of the Fort, and learned from them what objects to see. We visited the old Fort, now the residence of the Methar, about which cling the memories of that gallant and stern defence which in 1895 established British prestige on the southern slopes of the Hindu Kush. The Fort is surrounded by gardens, in which the Methar has two tennis courts. The famous Water Tower can now only be looked at from a distance, since it forms a portion of the private apartments. No trace remains of the trench, which was formed by the blowing up of the mine. The Chitral river sweeps round two sides of the Fort, and there are groves of trees on the remaining two sides. The bazaar is full of interest. In it are found varied types of humanity. Badakshanis, Gilgitis, Hanzas, Nagaris, Punialis, Pathans, Kafirs and Chitralis all rub shoulders in its single street. We visited Baird's grave, a sadly dilapidated and uncared-for monument of the siege. They pointed out the *nullah* in which he was shot. Captain Baird was first buried beside the gateway of the old Fort, but when the Methar again took up his residence there, it was found desirable to remove the remains to their present

resting-place. It is a curious fact that, after a period of two years, the body was almost intact. The same thing was found to have occurred quite lately in the case of a lady, whose remains were exhumed in Gilgit for removal to India. The rarity and dryness of the atmosphere in these high regions, seems to preserve the tissues of the body from decomposition for a remarkably long time.

The valley in which Chitral lies is little more than two miles wide. It is shut in by high reddish mountains, whose bases are hidden in great shelving slopes of shale, which only an experienced mountaineer can negotiate. The new Fort is at the southern end, and below it a suspension bridge, 87 yards long, spans the river. The bazaar, the Methar's Fort and the Polo grounds are about two miles further up. The magnificent snowy dome of Thrich Mir fills up the end of the valley, and thrusts its dazzling white head 25,000 feet into the turquoise vault of the Central Asian heavens. The country folk have strange legends regarding this peak. They say it is guarded by fairies and spirits, and that anyone who attempts to climb it goes mad.

On the day following our arrival we called on the Political Officer, passing *en route* the graves of Aman-ul-Mulk, and his two ill-fated sons, Afzul-ul-Mulk and Nizam-ul-Mulk. During our stay in Chitral a game of polo was arranged for our entertainment. At sunset we repaired to the polo ground full of interest, to see the game played in its primitive form. A goodly crowd had collected. Shahzada Lais was pointed out to me as being the

chief religious leader of the country. The Wazir was present, but the Methar was not in Chitral. One fellow in the crowd wore a Royal Humane Society medal. He gained it by pluckily attempting to rescue a drowning man from the Chitral river. Among the players was the Methar's half-brother, one of the seventeen sons of Aman-ul-Mulk. A band consisting of *turnais*,* tom-toms and kettle-drums, played without ceasing all through the game. Their efforts reached a climax whenever a goal was scored. There were many curious rules to the game. When a goal was made, the captain of the opposite party carried the ball in his hand at full gallop, and struck it forward from the middle of the ground. There were here and there a few hillocks and ditches, but they did not seem to signify much. The ponies were left to deal with such obstacles as they liked, and they certainly justified the confidence placed in them. The Methar is a good rider and often plays. I was told that whenever he fell off it was a point of etiquette that all the other players should also fall off some time during the game. The play was fast and reckless, and in most of its details resembled the polo which I have witnessed in Ladakh and Baltistan. A new polo ground has quite recently been laid out in Chitral. At the conclusion of the game, the vanquished team had to dance before the winners.

Afterwards followed Chitrali and Kafir dances. The men of Chitral are passionately fond of dancing.

* Pipes.

though during the last few years the practice has been discouraged by the Methar, who considers it an unmanly pastime. The Kafirs' dancing was a poor performance consisting of a sort of jig accompanied by whistling and clapping of hands. In their own country their dances are said to be most elaborate and picturesque. The Kafirs are an unfortunate race, who have been much persecuted by the Amirs of Afghanistan, who have taken considerable interest in converting them to Islam. Those we saw in Chitral were practically slaves of the Methar and had left their own homes partly to look for work and partly to escape being forcibly converted. They occupy a vast extent of country to the West and North of Chitral. The transfer of Kafiristan to the dominions of Afghanistan took place during the early part of the reign of the late Amir Abdur Rahman. The country was taken after a hard struggle, and the Kafirs displayed considerable bravery in defending their native mountains. I do not doubt but that the Kafirs we met in Chitral were not a fair sample. They certainly put up a spirited rebellion against the Afghans in 1919 shortly after the murder of Amir Habibullah. Sir T. Holdich speaks highly of their independence and their many manly characteristics.

The entertainment concluded with a display of *Tambuk*, or shooting the 'Popinjay.' An explosive gourd was tied to a high pole. The competitors rode past at full gallop, and fired at it with a shot gun. The feat appeared to require a good deal of skill, but the Methar's half-brother proved himself a very excellent shot, and frequently

exploded the gourd. What the Chitralis lack in personal bravery, they make up for to a certain extent in being good sportsmen, and they possess many characteristics which the Englishmen in the valley would find pleasing, if more intimate relations were encouraged. Unfortunately, the feeling against the garrison is rather unfriendly, and those Chitralis who have any dealings with Europeans are subject to all manner of petty persecutions.

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

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

CHAPTER II.

YUSUFZAI.

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

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

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

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

Of the monuments of Yusufzai, none are of greater archaeological value than the two rock inscriptions on the hills, a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the village of Shahbazgarhi. The longest of these inscriptions is on the face of a block of stone, which has fallen in past ages to its present position. The writing, which occupies a space of some twenty-four feet long by ten broad, is still fairly clear. It is an edict of the great Buddhist King Asoka. Fifty yards from it is a smaller inscription, now surrounded by a low wall, which has been erected for its protection. It is a repetition of Asoka's "Toleration Edict" (No. XII), which in the following words inculcates forbearance towards all religious views :—

"A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man for trivial reasons. Deprecation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sect of other people is deserving of reverence for one reason and another, etc." It is supposed that the edict decrees the good treatment of animals and also gives the names of contemporary kings; but I am unable to say whether this is the case or not.

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

them to be written in a now unintelligible language, and imagine that they have reference to the whereabouts of a great golden horse, which is buried beneath the hill. But even if these Pathans could read the inscriptions, they would be incapable of comprehending the lofty philosophy of their Buddhist predecessors.

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

of women were chased by thieves. They prayed to God for deliverance, and as an answer were all turned to stone, much, no doubt, to the disgust of the pursuers and pursued alike.

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

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

to deteriorate the physique of the rural population, who are so far a fine race, and who supply the ranks of the Indian Army with many good sepoys.

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

Whilst in the vicinity of Kalu Khan I took the opportunity to ride out to the ruins of Ranigat, which occupy

a commanding position on the Khudu Khel hills, a few miles across the border, near the village of Naogram. The inhabitants of Naogram are occupied almost entirely in agricultural pursuits. A couple of young fellows showed me the way up the steep path, which ascends to the crest of the ridge, some five hundred feet above the plain. On the summit are numerous hollows and knolls, about which are scattered the ruins of a city. Enormous round boulders lie all about the place, and many of them are hollowed out to form cells. One rock in particular is so completely scooped out, that only a thin shell remains. On the highest part of the ridge stands the Ranigat Stone, which gives its name to the locality. It is a tall upright boulder, and is the conspicuous land-mark of the countryside. There is a legend to the effect that it was the throne of a Queen, who used to address her court from it. Hence the name the "Queen's Stone."

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

that these beautiful and exceedingly ancient Budhas have their money value. Of the religion of which these monuments are a relic, they have no conception.

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

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

Of the history of Ranigat but little is known. We can only suppose that it belongs to the same period as all the rest of the Buddhist ruins of Yusufzai ; or we may imagine, if it so pleases us, that this is indeed the place where Alexander built the Aornos. There is a native tradition that Bagram (the ancient site of Peshawar)

Sita Ram (on the Indus near Topi), and Naogram (which is Ranigat) were built by three brothers, and named after them.

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

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

There is a spring in Topi which is marked on the map as being hot. It comes up into a reservoir beside

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

There are copious springs too in Meni, a pretty little village some three miles distant from Topi. The ride there is a pleasant one, and the view over the low Gadun hills, to the Mahaban mountains, is very fine. On the way, I passed a *shahid*, or memorial heap, over the grave of a man, who, in his life-time, had been an extortionate money-lender. Every passer-by threw a handful of stones on to the pile, and muttered a curse as he did so. The money-lender had a more imposing *shahid* than many a saint can boast of.

The most accessible as well as the most important Buddhist ruin in Yusufzai, is that of the Takht-i-Bahi, which is only about six miles north of Mardan. It stands high above the plain on the extremity of a low and broken range of hills, which is an offshoot from the main mass of the Buner mountains. Takht-i-Bahi means, "the hill of springs." There are two springs on the summit of the ridge, and others at its base. The drying up of these is an example of the failing of the natural water-supply of the vale, which has been remarkably rapid even in recent times. It is stated in one of the leading works on

the Yusufzai country, that the valley has always been as dry as it is now. In refutation of this statement mention may be made of the failing of the springs at Takht-i-Bahi, Jamalgarhi and elsewhere, in our own day. There is besides abundant evidence that the vale was formerly very well watered, and even swampy in parts; and that originally it was a lake bed. At that period the deep layer of rich surface clay was deposited. There was, until quite recent times, a large lake at Topi, and the name "Ambela," which is an obscure Persian word for rhinoceros, was probably derived from the fact that those animals frequented the swamps about Rustam. The Emperor Babar in his memoirs mentions hunting the rhinoceros in 1519 near the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and these animals existed in the vicinity, until the time of Akbar.

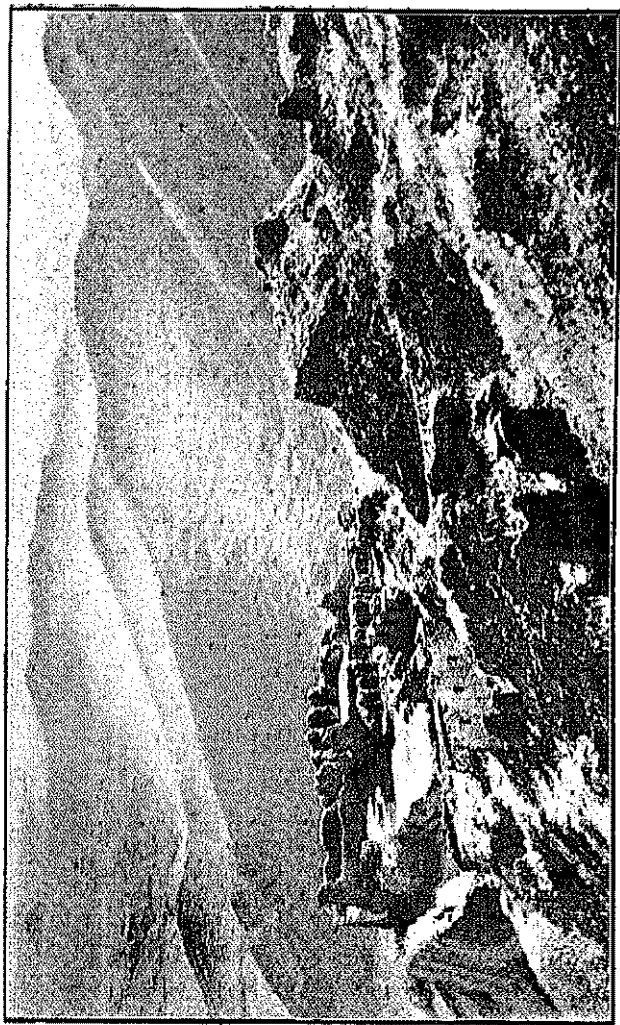
The former civilization of Yusufzai was of course a far higher one than now exists. The miserable mud hovels in which the population of to-day is content to live, compare very unfavourably with the massive walls, graceful arches and finished domes of the ancient Buddhist cities, whose ruins are scattered everywhere. The modern Pathan with his miserable feuds and fanaticism now treads under foot the monuments of a wonderful religion of which he has no conception. The reader who would understand something of the philosophy once known in Yusufzai will find an account of it in a chapter on Buddhism in my *Burmese Enchantment*. It was a civilization first introduced by the Greeks, subsequently improved

on by the Buddhists, and further developed by the Hindus, to be finally destroyed, and utterly wiped out of existence, by Mahomedans. The destructive conquests of Mahmud of Ghazni in A.D. 1001 and 1004, and the subsequent devastations of Jangiz Khan and Taimur Lang in the 13th and 14th centuries, reduced the once prosperous and populous country to an absolute waste, where hardly the cattle grazers dared to venture. "By this dreadful series of events," writes Sir Richard Temple, "there came about that which the historians eloquently and truly describe 'a shipwreck of nations.' There was not only a dislocation but a disruption of society. Morally as well as materially every root was torn up, every foundation dug out, every landmark swept away, everything that pertained to civilization was flung into a vortex of barbarism. The damage then done to countries, at that time among the fairest on earth, has proved irreparable during the succeeding centuries." The period of desertion must have lasted many generations to admit of the "garden of India" as described by Fa Hian degenerating into a jungle capable of sheltering tigers and rhinoceros.

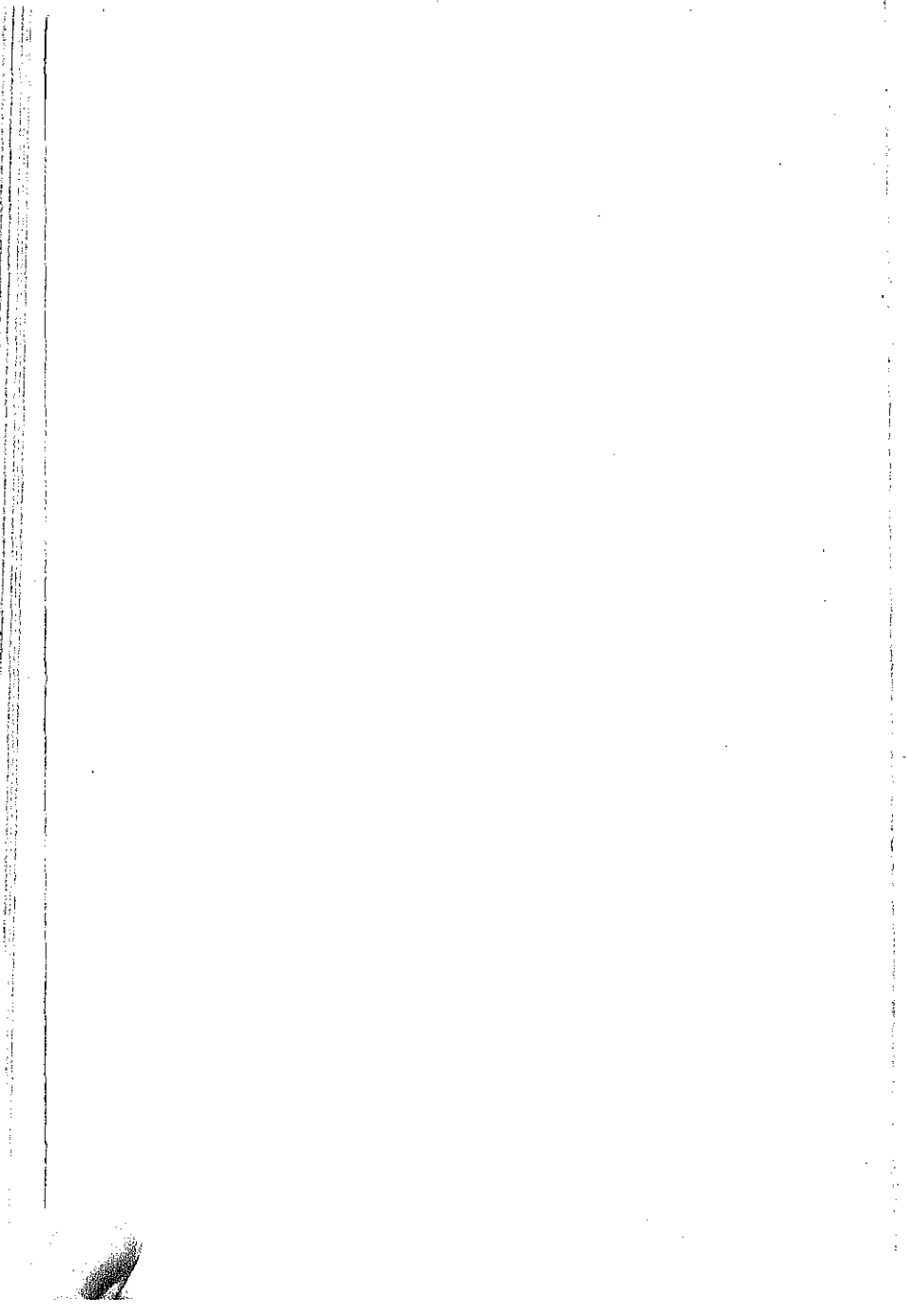
It is a good climb to the summit of the Takht-i-Bahi, but the remains of the Buddhist causeway up the southern slope is still in a moderately good state of preservation.* The western end of the hill at the point where it falls to the plain forms a high knoll, which was evidently used as a defensive work. On the least steep sides, the

* See picture II.

PICTURE II.



The ruins of Takht-i-Babi. An imposing Buddhist relic.



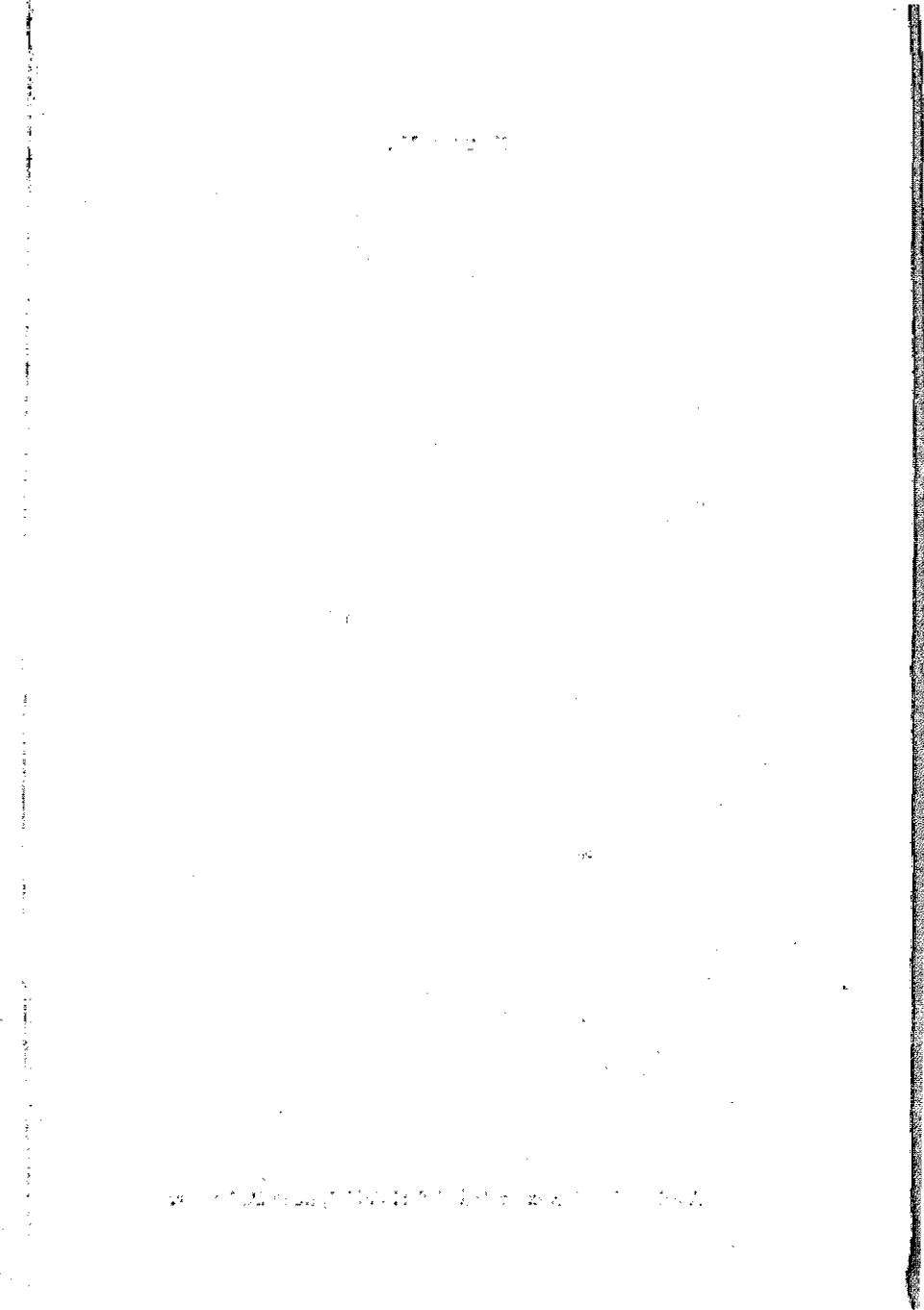
mound is built round with massive walls, which, though eighteen or twenty feet high, do not project above the summit of the knoll. A little further, along the narrow ridge, is the tracing of a court-yard containing rows of cells along its inner walls; and close by is the base of a 'stupa.' The structure of the walls is the same throughout, and is identical with that of Jamalghari, Charsadda, Kashmir-Smuts and Guri, the supposed Massaga. That is to say, the spaces between the blocks of stone are elaborately filled in with thin wedges of shale. After probably more than twenty centuries, the walls of Takht-i-Bahi in places still stand twenty feet high, and the corners and angles remain quite true and well defined. Here and there the coarse plaster, with which the buildings were originally covered, still adheres in patches to the walls.

A road six feet wide winds along the crest of the ridge past some reservoirs, for some three hundred yards, and then leads down the northern slope to the main city, whose buildings come quite suddenly into view. Ruined and decayed though these monuments of a departed religion are, they still remain imposing and dignified relics. They stand on a plateau some two hundred feet below the top of the ridge, and on its northern face. On three sides the plateau falls away precipitously, and is built round with vast masonry works, so that the outer walls of the buildings along its edge, though standing only from sixteen to twenty feet above the level of the plateau, are really sixty or seventy feet high, being in fact a continuation of the massive masonry envelope

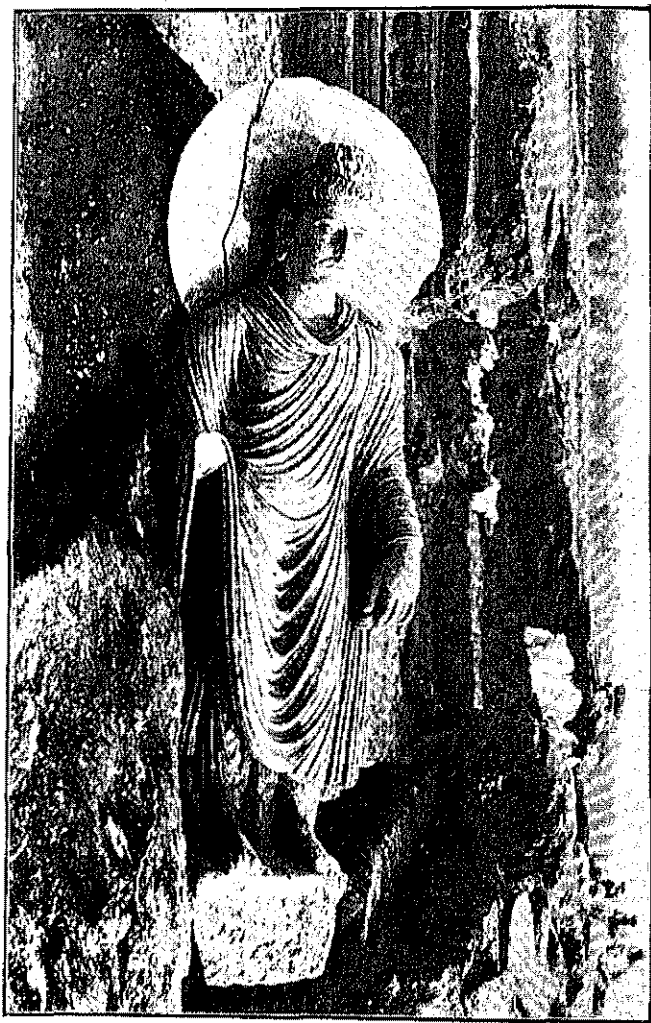
which encases the cliffs. The effect is most imposing. All the buildings on the central plateau appear to have been devoted to religious purposes, and though packed closely together, form four distinct groups or courts. The first of these is a square enclosure, with recesses for images running round three of the walls. Some of the niches are still domed, but none of the images remain standing. The best of them have been recently removed to the Peshawar Museum. A low platform occupies the centre of the court.

Mr. Spooner of the Archæological Department has done much to rescue the ruin from its own débris, to buttress up tottering walls and domes, and to tidy up the place generally. Thus, while Bellew in 1860 descended into the second enclosure by only six steps, and found it an open space, one has now to go down ten steps deeper to the floor of the court, which is occupied by a number of plinths of various heights. These, the traveller from Tibet or Burma easily recognises as being the bases of *chortens* or pagodas. Many of them still retain ornamental panels. There are fine recesses all round this court, which, to judge from the fragments of gigantic limbs found littered about, must have contained statues not less than twelve feet high.* To the west is a subterranean passage seventeen paces in length. It has an arched roof. Dark cells, into which it would be unsafe to venture without a

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



PICTURE III.



A colossal Buddha excavated at Seri-Bahlol, near Peshawar.

lantern, open out from each side of this underground passage. The place, I imagine, was probably a retreat of meditation for the monks.

From the second court a flight of half a dozen steps leads up to a third enclosure, whose buildings are still well preserved. The walls are at least five and twenty feet high. Rows of cubicles, in which probably the monks lived, run round its four sides. Of the fourth court, only the outer shell remains.

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

Recent finds of statuary amongst the ruins of the Takht-i-Bahi have dispelled the belief that its treasures are exhausted. Even more successful, however, have been excavations at Sari-Bahlol.* Besides fine images, a beautiful carved panel was found there. Unfortunately it was smashed up during the night by the fanatical inhabitants of a neighbouring village. The statuary of ancient Gandhara has a special interest. It was created by the contact of Greek art with the intense religious enthusiasm then prevailing in Buddhist India. The images of Buddha thus evolved, became the prototype of

* See picture III.

all Buddha images in India, Tibet, Burma, China and Japan.*

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

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

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

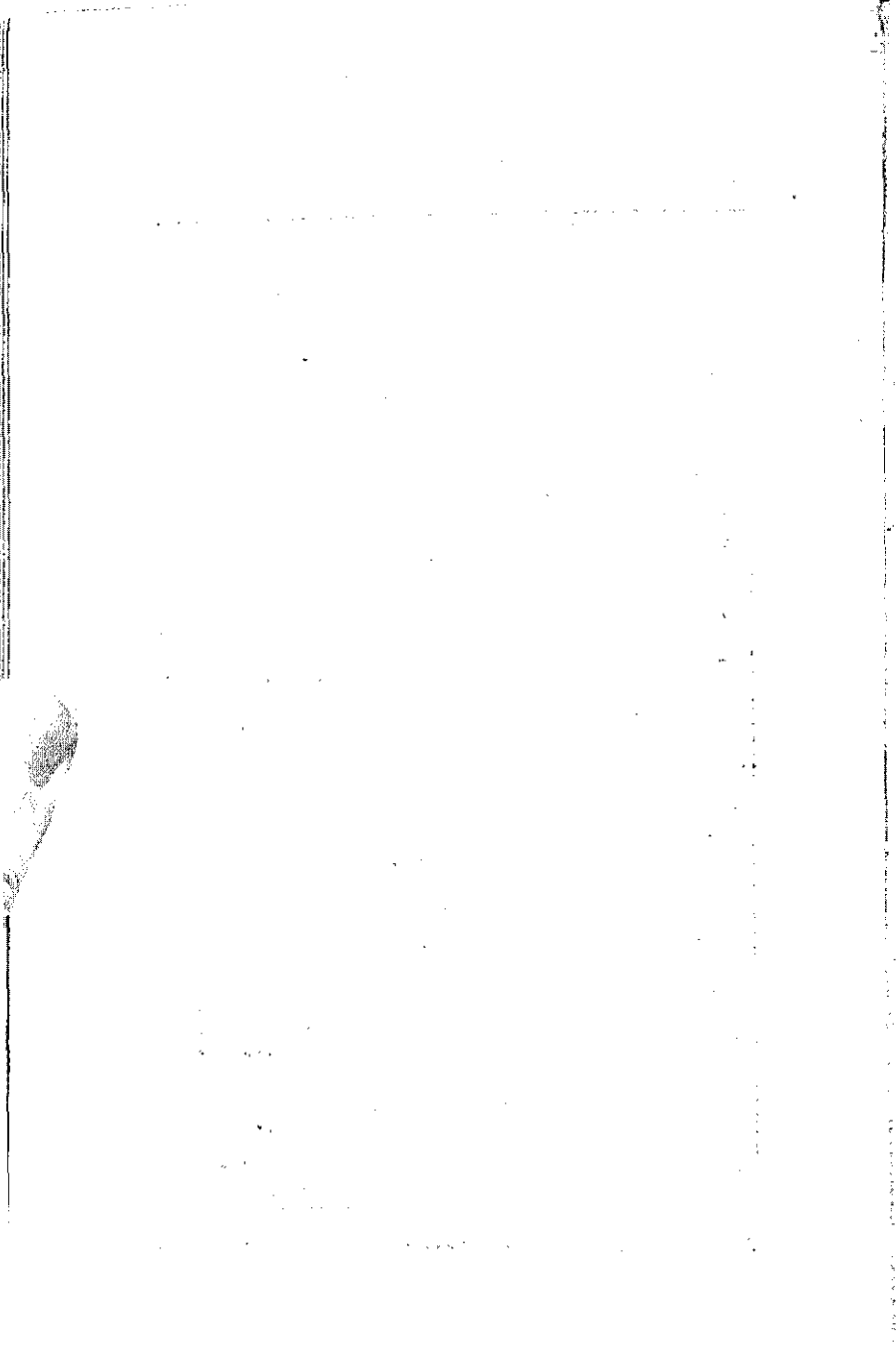
A mile's walk along an execrable path, brought us to the mouth of a valley, whose head lies among the precipices

* See picture IV.

PICTURE IV.



The images of Gandhara are the prototype of all Budha images.



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

Beyond this obstacle we again dropped to a *nullah* bed, where invisible water was trickling noisily under the boulders. I was much struck with the beauty of this glen. Ivy, vines and other creepers covered the rocks and trees. The ravine was densely wooded, and the smell of fallen autumn leaves delicious. Moreover, after the weariness produced by hard climbing, it was refreshing to enter gorges, where the sun's rays can only penetrate for an hour or so during the day, and where now the chill and gloom of dawn still lingered. Steep grassy slopes rose on the one hand and terrific naked precipices on the other. Clusters of palm trees clinging to the steep walls greatly added to the pleasing effect. Along the very edge of the cliffs stood the ruined walls of a decayed Buddhist city. The castle of the wicked dragon, as depicted in the fairy books, could scarcely have been more fantastically situated.

The cave of Kashmir-Smuts has its opening in the face of a precipice. The ascent up to it by a narrow and much ruined causeway was not pleasant ; and the descent from it later was still less so, since in glancing down to find a footing, the eye could not ignore the sixty feet of void immediately below. The Archæological Department might well expend a little money on restoring the broken causeway which, in its present state, has proved too difficult a climb for a good many explorers.

The entrance to the cavern is through a natural portal forty feet square. Here we lit our lanterns and prepared plates and torches of magnesium powder, with which the Manager of the Mayo Salt Mines had kindly supplied me. The main cave is best described as being one enormous chamber, with three turns in it. It is exceedingly lofty and spacious. The first section is dimly lit from the entrance arch. Along either wall lie the ruins of what appear to have been the cloisters of monks, who used the cave as their temple. A deep deposit of bat's dung covered the floor ; and great flocks of bats and blue rock-pigeon, disturbed by our entrance, fled silently to and fro beneath the high vaulted roof.

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

and ten deep, stood empty and ruined. The floor of the cave shelved slightly upwards.

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

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

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

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

A heavy meal awaited me on my return to Babozai, where the Malik, Ghulam Haidar Khan, and Khadi Khan,

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

his brother, had prepared a feast of hard boiled eggs, grilled chicken, and sweet *chupaties*. The arrangements were, perhaps, a trifle primitive, but the Malik showed a delicate attention for my comfort by straining the milk for me through his own fingers. However, to my relief, it was subsequently poured into the kettle along with the tea, water and sugar and subjected to a good boiling. Given a really keen appetite, the eatables provided on such occasions are by no means unpalatable, but the tea is almost undrinkable on account of the quantity of sugar which is heaped into it.

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

The Yusufzais, strictly speaking, do not occupy the plain of Yusufzai, but live in the neighbouring hills of Swat and Buner. The inhabitants of the plain, who are generally known as Yusufzais because they live in Yusufzai, should really be called Mandanr. They trace their descent from Mandan the brother of Yusuf. The Baizais who occupy the plain of Lundkhwar are the only true Yusufzais left in the lowlands.

The Mandanr Yusufzais are divided into three great branches, *viz.*, the Uzmanzai, Usmanzai, and Razar. They are a big-limbed, handsome race, and are largely enlisted in the Indian Army.

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

* The claim of the Afghan and Pathan nations to being descended from Saul, and from the wandering Hebrew Colony converted to Al-Islam in Gheur near Horat, by Khalid-bin-Walid, in A.D. 622, appears in many cases to be well founded. The Yusufzais, however, as has been shown in the text, have no common origin with the rest of the Pathans; having merely adopted their religion and language from long and close association. "As an instance of the danger," says Bellew, "of drawing conclusions from mere names, it may here be stated that the Yusufzais reckon themselves true Afghans, and call themselves Bani Israil. Their name means 'descendants of Joseph,' and their country abounds with Israelitish names such as are found in the Scriptures. In fact, by the hasty enquirer, their

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

The Yusufzais, accompanied by the Utman Khel, forced their way through the Khyber and occupied the plain lying between the Cabul and Swat rivers. Their aggressions brought them into conflict with the inhabitants of the Peshawar Vale, the Dilazaks, a race of whose origin little is known. It is supposed that they derived their name from the "Saki" which word was used to denote the early Budhist disciples of Sakia Muni (Budha). During the reign of Akbar a portion of the Dilazaks were deported to Hindustan, and the Emperor Jehangir removed the rest from Peshawar, and Hazara, and formed them into a colony in the Dakhan. Only a few families now remain,

claims could be at once admitted, and their country be considered a second Palestine; for in support of the belief there is the hill Peor (Pehor), the mount Moriah (Morah), the peaks Ilam and Dumah, the Valley of Sodom (Sudhum), the stream of the Gadarenes (Gadhar), the plain of Galilee (Jalala), etc., whilst for the tribes there are the Amazites (Amazai), the Moabites (Muhibwal), the Hittites (Hotiwal), etc."

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

1941

37

1941

PICTURE XI.



Sepoy Tokheb—Rabia Khel, Orakzai.

and when I made enquiries I found that there was only one Dilazak serving in the Indian Army.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Orakzais are believed to come of the same stock as the Afridis, Bangash, Turis, and Waziris, and their original home is said to have been on the slopes of the mountains of Suliman. The Orakzai and Bangash settled in the Zaimukht country during the successive invasions of Subaktagin and Taimur, and were thence driven into Kurram, and again from there into the Miranzai Valley. The occupation of the Kurram by the Turis and their gradual encroachment into the lower part of the Valley, then held by the Bangash, forced the Bangash

in their turn to press the Orakzais. In these aggressions they were assisted by their neighbours the Khattaks. The struggle was settled by a general action in the vicinity of Muhammedzai near Kohat, towards the end of the 16th century. The battle is said to have raged for three days and to have resulted in a victory for the Bangash, who have ever since occupied Miranzai. The Orakzais then retired to their present holdings in Tirah, Khanki and Mastura.

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

of the Khattaks, and have now surrendered much of their land to the all-grasping Waziris.

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

CHAPTER III.

PESHAWAR.

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

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

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

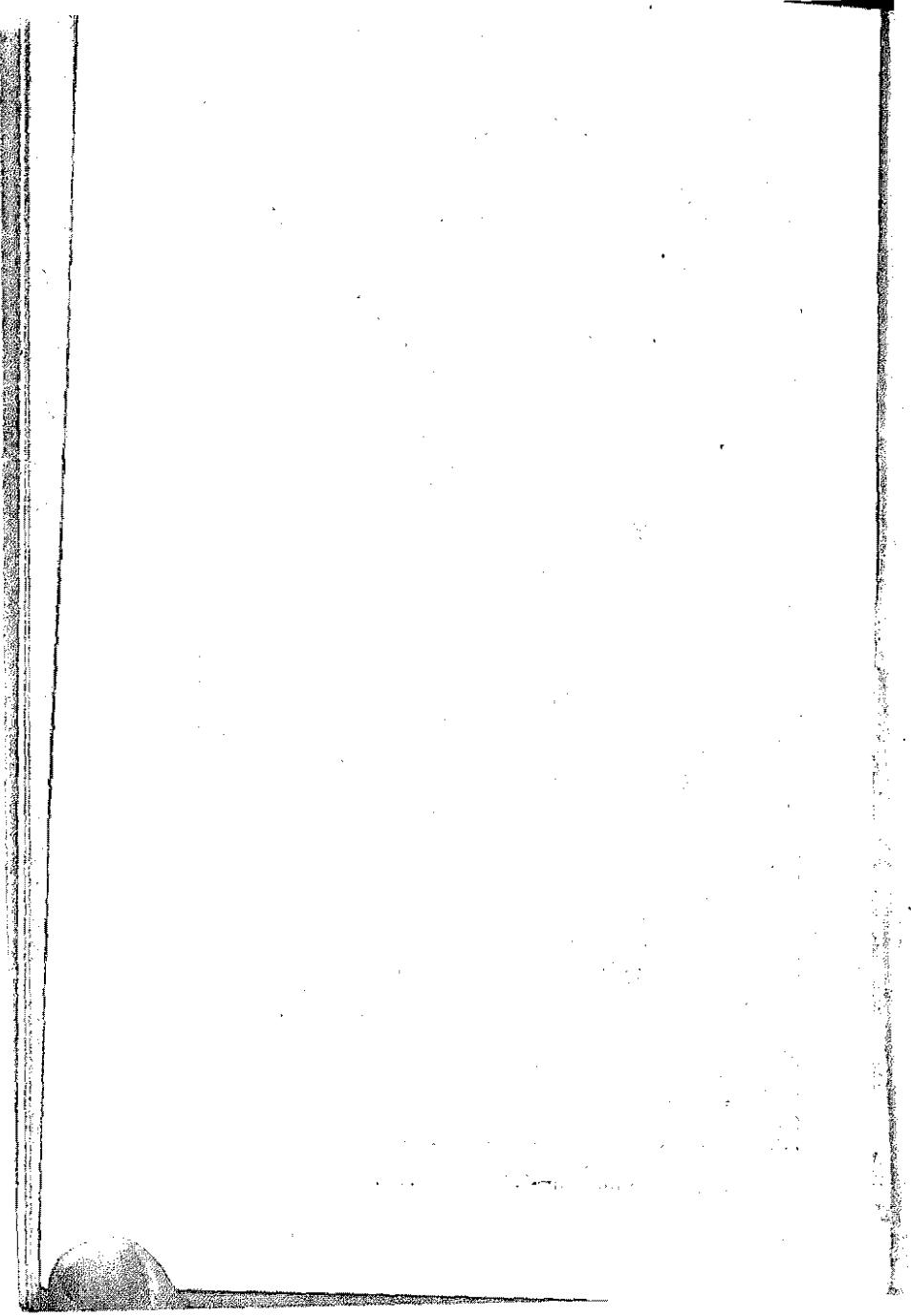
* Dwarf palm.

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

PICTURE V.



Hassan Gul—Kala Khel, Afrid.



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

It is nothing short of an education to witness the arrival of one of the bi-weekly caravans, which come

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

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

down from Cabul all through the winter. They are conducted by an Afghan escort as far as Torkham, and are there taken over by the Khyber Rifles, and passed down the Khyber defile to Jamrud. There they spend the last night of their long march. All next day the caravan, consisting perhaps of three thousand camels and a host of men, women and children, streams into Peshawar city. The entrance of the Bajauri Gate is packed with transport, and here a handful of customs officials fight, to all appearances hopelessly, in a desperate cause. The confusion is indescribable.

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

Hundreds of ponies accompany a caravan. They are bull-necked, straight-pasterned, savage-eyed brutes, whose chief recommendation is their obvious strength

and hardness. Amongst them, however, are animals of a finer breed, which look as if they might develop into handsome creatures with good food and grooming. Dealers are at work picking out the most likely looking ones, as soon as the '*Kafila*'* arrives. It is, however, not easy to judge them, for they are almost completely hidden in gay cloths, carpet saddle-bags, beads and swagger trappings. As soon as they are unloaded, they are wrapped up again in several thick '*numbnas*,'† and tied to a '*charpoi*,' with which they easily walk off to settle a quarrel with, or take a bite out of, a neighbour. Consequently the Mewa Bazaar is a scene of confusion and strife. The same conditions reign in all the numerous '*sarais*' which lead out of it on every side.

The chief imports from Afghanistan are wheat, hides, skins, ghee, asafoetida, horses, ponies and mules. The import trade has grown very considerably, and statistics before the war showed a yearly expansion of over Rs. 900,000. The development of the export trade points to a spreading desire in Afghanistan for British-made goods. Chief amongst these commodities are cloths, manufactured leather goods, articles of apparel, china, porcelain, glass beads, petroleum, corrugated iron and kerosine oil. In 1908 the Khyber Pass was twice closed by the British authorities: the first time because of a disagreement about the springs at Torkham, and on the second occasion on account of the misbehaviour of the Sarhang of Dakka. An unexpected result of these measures

* Caravan.

† Blankets.

was that the Amir was personally inconvenienced. The supply of kerosine oil ran short in the palace, and no more was procurable till the disagreement with the British Government had been adjusted. Amongst other exports is silver which in the shape of rupees, is flowing steadily from India into Afghanistan. The reason for this is that there is a growing demand for British rupees in Balkh, Bukhara and Cabul, in all of which places there is profit to be made on the exchange. Besides this, the caravan merchants, as they grow prosperous, are carrying back more and more cash with them every year.

Whole caravans of fruit frequently come down to Peshawar. They carry quantities of melons, grapes, pomegranates, chilgosas and pistachios. The alluring fruit-shop windows of Piccadilly, where the well-polished apples and pears of Kent look so tempting, have their counterpart in Peshawar. An inspection of the fruit shops affords a good deal of interest. The best melons are imported from Cabul and even from Samarkand and are priced at from two to three rupees each.* Small

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

pomegranates also come from Cabul, but are inferior to the luscious, deep-red variety brought down at considerable trouble and risk from Kandahar, Mustang and Samarkand. For one of these latter, the Peshawari Lucullus, will pay as much as seven annas. The pomegranates of Peshawar too have a great reputation, and during the early summer months find a large market in Delhi and Agra, where they are sent every morning in a special train. The beautiful white grapes of Cabul are brought down in cotton wool, and sold for one rupee eight annas a seer. The walnuts of Tirah are, if anything, superior to those of Kashmir, and both are found in the Peshawar bazaar. From Tirah and from the Suliman mountains come the insidious chilgosas, which the Peshawar folk nibble all day.*

Peshawar is the chief centre of a very important trade in carpets between Persia, Central Asia and India, and the rug fancier may spend many engrossing hours in the carpet shops. I tried hard to come in direct communication with the Afghan traders, but in this I was unsuccessful, for they have little to do with the disposal of carpets in detail. A caravan of rugs starting from Bokhara, Merv, Panjdeh, Samarkand or Kokhand is always preceded by an agent, who carries an invoice and description of the goods. The dealers in Peshawar buy up the whole consignment before it arrives. This is why the European has to pay such long prices for even a very small prayer carpet. The merchants too know full well

* The chilgosa is the kernel of a certain pine cone.

how to sway the rug gently before a purchaser to fascinate him with the moving lights and shades, playing over the deep brown and maroon colours. It is interesting to note that the long, narrow carpets are giving place to ones of a more convenient shape—a concession perhaps to European tastes, on the part of the Central Asian weavers. But even now they are often faulty in having one end broader than the other.*

Every trade has its own separate quarter. In the '*chirya bazaar*,' or bird market, all kinds of gaily plumed little birds, whose home is in Cabul, may be bought. Thrushes, goldfinches, linnets and other European birds are procurable in Peshawar, but they rarely survive the

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

Indian hot weather. In one quarter are situated the braziers, in another shoemakers, embroiderers and uniform dealers. Elsewhere a whole street is devoted to making up the *mazarai*, or dwarf palm, into its various commercial forms. Amongst other stalls are those of the money changers, where it is by no means uncommon to pick up a copper or silver Grecian coin, or a Bactrian "Menandar," or "Eueratides."

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

* Others say that Menandar ruled from B. C. 135 to B. C. 148, and was succeeded by Eueratides. "According to Strabo," says Wilson, "Menandar was one of those Bactrian Kings by whose victories the boundaries of the kingdom were chiefly extended towards the east." He crossed the Sutlej and passed eastward as far as the Jumna ; but Professor Wilson comes to the conclusion "that he never was

Another common coin is that of Kadphises. It represents the Scythian period, which succeeded the Bactrian. Of the Hindu dynasties which followed the Scythians, a silver coin displaying on one side a saddled bull, and on the other a horseman, is found in large quantities, as too is a copper coin bearing a lion rampant and an elephant, with Sanskrit characters. This latter is also found in the Suki Sultan Surak ruins near Rawal Pindi. Coins are constantly being turned up by the plough in the Peshawar district. A number were discovered buried in an earthen jar a short while ago, but it is said that the finder consigned them to the ground again, to avoid trouble with the Police.

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

King of Bactria, but that he reigned (B. C. 126) over an extensive tract from the foot of the Paropamissan mountains to the sea" and was "a conqueror of the neighbouring provinces."—Extract from "A year on the Frontier."

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

residence of General Avitable. It was visited by the Emperor Babar in 1519, who made mention of it in his memoirs.

The Gor-khatri stands on the summit of a considerable eminence, and on a clear winter day the view from its roof is really magnificent. You see from here one-third of the arc of hills enclosing the Peshawar vale; backed with glistening snowy ranges, extending from those east of the Kunar river to the Mohmand, Bajaur and Lowarai mountains, and so on westwards to the white ridges of Swat and the Mahaban. Due west of Peshawar lie the Khyber hills, with fort Maud visible in the throat of the pass. The main peaks of this knot of mountains are Tartara (6,764 feet) and Rotas (5,423 feet); while to the right of these, the sugar-loaf point of Toratsuka (4,453 feet) is very prominent. To the left of the Khyber, the hills rise steeply to the uplands of Tirah, and almost above Jamrud are the twin peaks of Zera, which were used as a signalling station in the Zakha Khel expedition of 1908.

From the Gor-khatri the geography of the neighbouring Pathan tribes is laid open as on a map. Away east where the Mahaban hills reach the Indus, lie the territories of the Utmanzais*; next to them those of the Gaduns† and

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

† *The Gaduns* are a non-Afghan race whose original home is believed to have been near Abbottabad in Hazara. Numbers are still

Khudu Khel ; and in succession, travelling westward along the mountain wall come the countries of Buner,* Chamla† Swat,‡ Ranizai, Utman Khel § and Bajaur.|| Then turning

located in that vicinity. Others suggest that they may be descended from the Yadu, a tribe expelled from Gujrat in B. C. 1100.

* *The Bunerwals* are a magnificent, deep-chested, dark-skinned race, who are now coming forward for enlistment. Their fighting qualities were proved in the Ambeyla Campaign of 1803, and again in Swat and Malakand in 1897. They have a reputation for truthfulness and honesty. The chief sub-divisions of the clan are the Ashazais, Nasozais, Doulatzais, Gadaizais and Nurazais. Of these all except Nasozais 'wesh' every tenth year, that is, they interchange their property amongst themselves. There are about 290 Bunerwals at present in the ranks of the Indian Army.

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

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

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

|| *The Bajauris* are also known as Tarklanris. Their wanderings and final settlement have already been traced in Chapter II. The three ruling chiefs amongst them are the Khans of Jhandul, Khar

south, the uplands of the Mohmands pass in review. South of them again the Mullagoris occupy the foot hills, and the Mullagori road may be seen crossing the low spurs, beyond the little post of Shahgai. Then follows the great sweep of Afridi hills, from the Khyber right round to Cherat. The Kuki Khels inhabit the nearer ridges of the Khyber; beyond them are the Aka Khels, and to the south the Adam Khels occupy the Kohat Pass. Thence, the Khattak hills run back into the distance towards the Indus again, thus completing this wonderful panorama.

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

and Nawagai. They are a tribe who certainly make good soldiers and might be much further drawn upon for recruits for the Indian Army. In 1908 only 250 were enlisted. The Mamun, Ibrahim Khel, Maidani and Jhanduli are the chief sub-divisions of the tribe.

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

themselves over mountain and plain, has already been described in the concluding pages of the last chapter.

Peshawar cantonment is *par excellence* the favourite station of Northern India. Its gardens and roads are full of flowers, and in season roses, chrysanthemums and violets make a great display. The variety of trees in the neighbourhood could hardly fail to attract the attention of even the least observant person. The commonest kinds, which line the Mall in its entire length, are the Farash (*Tamarix Articulata*), Mulberry (*Morus Indica*), Siris (*Albizzia Lebbete*), Toon (*Cedrela Toona*), Shisham (*Dalbergia Sisso*), Pipal (*Ficus Religiosa*) and the Jaman tree (*Eugenia Jambolana*). The Cheel (*Pinus Longifolia*) grows to a great size, in spite of the unsuitability of the climate, and Chenars (*Platanus Orientalis*) appear to thrive, though, as a rule, four thousand feet is their lowest limit. The specimens found in Peshawar are as yet young. Their leaves wither quite early in the summer.

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

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

Fort Jamrud is a large mud enclosure perched on a low mound about two miles from the mouth of the Khyber. The present post stands on the site of the ill-fated fortress built in 1836 by Hari Singh. It is a lonely spot to be quartered in. The only possible recreation, namely that of shooting along the foot hills, is even forbidden. A water-supply was laid on after the '97 expedition and proved a great blessing. It has since been improved.

The defensive towers of Kuki Khel tribesmen occupy undulating ground immediately beyond the border. The last time I saw the Khyber, was during the Mohmand Expedition in May 1908. There was then a remarkable scarcity of human life in the pass. Doubtless the Afridis were as uncertain about our intentions as we were ourselves. As a rule, however, the inhabitants, when not employed in stalking, or being stalked by, a neighbour, may be seen working in their fields. But even then the rifle cannot safely be put aside. I doubt very much whether the Pathan really appreciates the stormy mode of life

he is expected, as a matter of course, to endure. A troublesome and highly inconvenient blood feud is often the only heritage his parents leave him. I have heard many Afridi and Orakzai sepoy complain bitterly that they had spent the whole of their furlough close prisoners in their own towers, without once stirring out in the day time. "Conceal," says the Arab proverb, "thy tenets, thy treasure, and thy travelling." A sepoy with a blood feud has to employ considerable strategy when proceeding on leave to his home. His comrades in the Regiment who, when across the border, may be his deadly enemies, will take care to give timely warning of his coming. The route and time of departure is, therefore, in such cases, kept a profound secret. No mercy is shown in these blood feuds, and amongst only a few tribes are the women and children exempt from barbarous vengeance.* The high road is considered neutral ground. Feuds cease during times of national danger, and sepoy, while serving in the ranks of the Indian Army, sink their hereditary quarrels. In the Regiment the parties concerned may with safety be the best of friends, though neither side can trust the other sufficiently not to shoot him on sight across the border.† Newly-joined Pathan recruits have

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

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

to be taught by the older sepoys not to quarrel, and after about six months begin to realise the advantages of living peaceably. At first, however, there are tremendous battles in the lines amongst the young bloods, in which fists and sticks are freely used.

A feud may be settled occasionally by a money payment, or be silenced temporarily by a truce. Some time ago the entire Adam Khel tribe agreed to have an armistice for twelve months, and they set up pillars to witness the '*sulah*' or peace. The truce was scrupulously respected, except in one case, where a man shot his enemy. As soon as this outrage was known, the Jowaki *jirga*,* consisting of six hundred elders, immediately assembled, and quartered themselves on the offender. They refused to do business for a week, during which time the wretched man had to feed them. They then tried him, burnt his house and property, and fined him two thousand rupees. This money had to be raised quickly, and the *Jirga* gave one thousand rupees to the murdered man's relatives, and divided the rest amongst themselves. There is no doubt but that the greater part of the community is heartily sick of constant strife, and is always glad to arrange a truce whenever possible. There was some talk of prolonging the period of the armistice in this case. Negotiations were not, however, successful, and the '*sulah*' ended on the day of the

however, a feud amongst members of a recruiting party is highly detrimental to recruiting.

* Council.

Id (October 1908). Within a week, five men were shot in the Kohat '*darrah*,'* and two more in the Jowaki hills. It may well be asked why the Pathans adhere to such inconvenient customs. Most probably they do so as a concession to public opinion. A Pathan who does not take up his family feud is as much discredited as an Englishman would be, who failed to meet his debts of honour. Besides he is bound, for very existence sake, to deal summarily with his hereditary foes. The introduction of accurate and long range rifles has rendered blood feuds still more intolerable.

Some people disbelieve the existence of these vendettas; but how very real and disastrous they are, is shown by the fact that large numbers of Pathans are exiles from their native villages. I may quote, as only one instance of the many I know, the case of a Khudu Khel family, of whom only three males remain. They still have to pay the penalty for twenty-eight murders, some of which were committed by since deceased relatives. In consequence the family has had to leave its home and will probably never be able to return.

The two favourite methods of waging feuds are either to lay an ambush on the road for an enemy while he is travelling: or else to gather round a village at night, and shoot down the inhabitants as they come out in the early morning. In the latter case the aggressors arrange themselves in groups of four, and retire one group at a

* Pass.

time under cover of fire, if they are pursued. If a man is killed in action and his whole body cannot be carried away, at least his head is cut off and removed, to deprive the enemy of the pleasure of recognizing their victim.

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

At Ali Masjid the valley narrows to a forbidding gorge. The Fort is situated high up above the road and is approached by a zig-zag path. A small white *Musjid*, or shrine, in the *mullah* bed gives its name to the place. At all seasons there is water in the stream, in which we caught a few fish. There are pools too, where one can bathe, and I have pleasant recollections of enjoying a much needed wash, while my orderly kept a look-out for snipers from a neighbouring bluff. I can conceive nothing more trying than the flies and heat at Ali Masjid in May and June. The dust was swirled about with every gust of wind for us to inhale. The flies were well nigh intolerable, and were with difficulty kept from the spoon as it was raised from the plate to the mouth. The camp, in spite of its two exits, was a most difficult one to move in and out of, and the confusion into which the long lines of mules and camels fell, resulted in much tedious delay. The fine peak of Rhotas rises above this

confined valley. It appears to stand back considerably, but there is a story told of how, to settle a discussion as to how far distant the summit really was, a party of levies in Ali Masjid Fort sent a comrade up Rhodas to fire a rifle in their direction. The bullet hit and killed one of the party. A sad mishap occurred on the afternoon of our departure. Major Coape Smith went out into the hills with an armed escort, to try and recover some straying camels. His party was attacked, and he himself mortally wounded. He died shortly after being brought back to the Fort.

The Khyber must once have had a picturesque warden in the person of Colonel Leslie (*alias* Rattray), who was one of Ranjit Singh's British officers. This adventurer had his head-quarters at Ali Masjid Fort, and also occupied certain caves in the vicinity, from whence he levied blackmail on all passing caravans. Captain Woods describes him in 1837 as "an ill-conditioned, dissolute-looking Englishman, slipshod, turbaned, and robed in a sort of Afghan deshabelle—having more the look of a dissipated priest than a military man." "The Sikh fortress of Jamrud," he continues, "depended for water on the stream that runs through the Khyber, and the chief occupation of the young Lieutenant-Colonel, for so he styled himself, was to stop the supply, and again to permit it to flow on being bribed to do so." Major Pearse tells how "this reprobate turned Mussulman and assumed the name of Fida Mahomed Khan, much to the disgust of Amir Dost Mahomed, who expressed in strong terms the

contempt he felt for men who could change their religion to improve their fortune."

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

Two miles beyond Landi Kotal is the outpost of Michni Kandas, where on the 2nd of May, the evening

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

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

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

The Malikdin Khel from Ali Masjid mosque to Gurgurra.

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

The Shinwaris westward of Torkhan."—Ranken.

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

The Lundi Kotal affair of 1908 should be regarded as a separate business altogether from the Mohmand rising. What caused it, and why it came to nothing, has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it can be attributed to the general unrest which had followed the Zakha Khel expedition of the preceding March. Be this as it may, Lundi Kotal was threatened, and British territory actually invaded by a great hostile gathering. The strength of the *lashkar* has been much exaggerated, but on the 3rd of May 1908 it numbered at least eight thousand men. Many of the enemy decamped during the night, and the remainder were easily driven off by our troops next morning, after a few hours' fighting about the Khairegalai heights.

The Shinwaris, whose country lies beyond Lundi Kotal, and all along the northern slopes of the Safed Koh, are, as has already been mentioned, the latest arrivals on our frontier. Their ancestors accompanied Nadir Shah from Persia in 1738. They have always been a troublesome and turbulent tribe, especially fond of interrupting the caravan trade between Cabul and the Punjab.* Their behaviour has, however, much improved since 1883 and 1884 when Abdur Rahman sent Ghulam Haidar (afterwards the Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan army) to chastise them. The late Amir had a very poor opinion of the honesty of the Shinwaris. There is a well-known proverb to the effect that "you may try kindness for hundreds of years, but it is impossible to make friends of scorpions, snakes and Shinwaris." From the high ridges of Khargalai the view into Afghanistan is very fine. The road is seen winding down the valley from Torkhan to Dakka, and through the buttress of mountains a glimpse is obtained of the Cabul river and of Lalpura. Extensive snowy ranges form the distant background.

* * * * *

But to return to the Peshawar district. I can well understand people being disappointed with the ruins

* The Shinwaris are also fond of raiding the Turis in the Kurram. On one occasion they made a daring expedition against them by crossing the Safed Koh in a fierce snow storm. They carry on a considerable fruit trade with Peshawar. Their sub-sections are the Manduzai, Sangu Khel, Sipah and Ali Sher Khel. This last section is situated nearest the Khyber.

at Charsadda. Still, the locality is not without some interest, and a good deal of money has been spent on excavations as recently as 1902. Charsadda was visited in A.D. 640 by the Chinese Pilgrim Huien Tsiang. He described it as being then a flourishing centre of Buddhism, abounding in *topes* and monuments. The most notable finds have been the 'Hashtnagar pedestal' which is now in the British Museum, and an inscribed image which has been taken to Lahore. There are several mounds in the vicinity, which appear to have accumulated through the ages about the ruins which form their core. Most of them have been dug into. The tumulus, on the right bank of the Swat river, opposite Charsadda, is known as the Balla Hissar. It must have been a place of some importance, as the mound is full of fragments of old-time masonry. Quantities of images, coins, rings, and pottery have also been found there. Some eight feet from the surface, a massive stone wall has been unearthed. It was found to be three-and-a-half feet thick and from eighteen to twenty feet high. It stands in perfect condition, and is built of solid stone. This buried wall may have been part of a Buddhist monastery.

Mir Ziarat Dheri, which derives its name from the little shrine at its foot, is another mound near the village of Utmanzai. Archaeological experts have identified it as the city of Shahr-i-Napursan or 'the city without asking.' The natives still call it the 'Khaneh-i-Napiorsan.' If Mir Ziarat Dheri is indeed the Shahr-i-Napursan, it is the site of the 'Eye Gift' stupa, one of the four

important *topes* mentioned by Huiien Tsiang. A great deal, however, is conjecture, and no remains of masonry are visible now. It is a lamentable fact, that until quite recently bricks and stones from all the ruins in the neighbourhood were habitually removed by villagers for building purposes. Not far off is the Ghaz Dheri or 'tamarisk mound.' It contains the base of a 'stupa,' and traces of flag pavements.* Fragments of statuary still litter the ground. There is now no doubt as to the religious nature of the buildings of Ghaz Dheri as a small stone relic-box was found beneath the ruins of the 'stupa' in 1902. There are also walls, still protruding two feet above ground, in the adjacent hillock of Palatu Dheri. There is little reason to doubt but that these Buddhist settlements were destroyed by Mussulman hands at the same period as the other ancient monuments of Yusufzai.†

* There are also remains of flag pavements in Takht-i-Bahi, Sari Bohlol, Jamalghari and Ranigat. In all cases the flag stones are oblong. The natives particularly covet them for their own houses and it is only by posting *chowkidars*, or watchmen, that they can be prevented from removing them. However, we are hardly in a position to condemn their vandalism, for the great Herbert Edwardes himself confesses to having broken up ruins, reputed to be of Greek origin, to obtain brick to build the fort in Bannu.

† The recent discovery of a relic casket containing some fragments of the bones of Budha himself is probably the most important archaeological find ever made in the Peshawar Vale. The casket was unearthed, early in 1900, in the Shahji Dheri mounds which lie amongst the tamarisk shaded graveyards on the east side of Peshawar City. The history of these relics, and an account of the dramatic manner in which they were found, is described in detail in chapter 18 of my '*Burmese Enchantment*.'

Charsadda is the chief village of Hashtnagar. The district most probably derives its name from 'Hast Nagar,' or the 'eight villages' of Charsadda, Prang, Abazai, Tangi, Tarangzai, Umarzai, Sherpai and Rajar. Cunningham suggests that King Astes, a prince of Pushkalavati, may have named the locality 'Astes Nagar' (the village of Astes) after himself. The former theory, however, seems the most reasonable. Hashtnagar lies along the left bank of the Swat river, and is inhabited by the Muhammedzais,* who came down from the Jalalabad Valley, as before stated, during the first westerly irruption of the Pathan tribes. They have lately begun to take kindly to sepoy life, and there were in 1908 about one hundred and fifty of them in the regular Indian Army.

A good many Mohmands live amongst the Muhammedzais, and a few used to enlist. Army service was at one time popular amongst the transfrontier Mohmands, who came forward in large numbers immediately the Mohmand Expedition of 1908 was over. In fact, several young lads came to Peshawar, and presented themselves for service with their wounds still unhealed.

The interior of the Mohmand country is said to contain many rich valleys and flourishing settlements. The Gandab Nullah is the only part of the country I have visited, and that certainly is a hopeless wilderness. Mile after mile the scenery offers nothing but dreary boulder-strewn mountains. The streams in summer

*"Zai" at the termination of a proper noun means "son of," i.e., Yusufzai, son of Joseph; Musazai, son of Moses.

disappear underground, and only rise to the surface at intervals. The purity of the water is not above suspicion. In the deeper pools there are quantities of little fish, which can be caught in a sheet, and which make a very tolerable substitute for whitebait. Small eels are also quite common and can be hooked. The hardy pink oleander thrives in the ravines, and lends the only touch of colour to the desolate landscape.

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

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

part of the transport, after standing loaded for fourteen hours, was not able to move off before dusk.

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

The Bar, or transfrontier Mohmands, occupy the mountains north of the Cabul river from Dakka and Lalpura to our Michni, Shabkadar, and Abazai border. The greater part of the tribe is under Afghan influence. Its subdivisions are the Baizai, Khwaizai, Tarakzai, Dawezai, Kukuzai, Utmanzai and Halimzai. This latter clan is the nearest to British territory. It is said that the Mohmands did not show much inclination to rebuild the villages destroyed by the Mohmand Field Force. They have since received large consignments of arms from the Persian Gulf *via* Cabul, and have also purchased numbers of rifles from factories in the Kohat Pass. They have gained for themselves a reputation as brave fighters, as well as troublesome raiders, but are thoroughly mistrusted and detested by their neighbours, who accuse them of the grossest treachery. During the latter part of the Mohmand Expedition, the Mohmands induced half a dozen Afridi sepoys to desert with their arms and accoutrements. As soon as the deserters joined them they were immediately

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

relieved of their rifles, ammunition and clothes, and were left naked to find their way back to Tirah as best they could. Most Afridis had no sympathy with the deserters, who were disloyal to their salt, or, as the Pathans express it, "had defiled the ground where they had been fed"; but at the same time they were greatly incensed by the action of the Mohmands. The Mohmands, moreover, are vindictive, and frequently exhume the bodies of even Mussulman enemies, and burn them. Soldiers who died or were killed in the Mohmand country were buried about the hill-sides, and not in cemeteries, and their graves were carefully disguised. As I have already mentioned, the Mohmands refused to allow relatives to remove the dead, for proper burial, after the war. They, as well as the Orakzais and Waziris, mutilate in a very peculiar way the bodies of those who have committed offences against women. The Waziris also exhume and burn their enemies sometimes. The Afridis do not mutilate the corpses of their foes; but, on the other hand, they do not spare the women and children, and I have heard some ghastly tales of butchery of young boys.

One of the best known outlaws who has ever troubled the Mohmand border was Multan. He was himself a Zakha Khel, and had at one time been a sepoy in the 26th Punjabis. His military education gave him a thorough insight of the habits of picquets and sentries, and enabled him on more than one occasion to disguise himself and his followers as sepoys, or border police. In this way he carried out several successful expeditions.

His most daring exploit was to raid Peshawar city itself. On another occasion he attacked Jalozaï; and it was his gang which shot Major Coape Smith at Ali Musjid in May, 1908, and which fired into Ali Musjid camp a few nights later and nearly hit me. Multan met his fate near Peshawar in 1909, while leading a raiding party of Shinwaris. Timely warning was given of his approach, and his gang was caught in the open by a squadron of cavalry. He retired into some ravines, where he was held in check until a company of infantry came up. He and a few choice shots detached themselves from the rest of the party and put up a gallant fight, in which one *sowar* was killed, and an officer badly wounded. Eventually Multan was killed by a bullet which struck him in the face. This ruffian is said to have had great faith in the power of charms, and a number were found tied to his rifle. The members of his gang who were captured on this occasion were executed shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER IV.

JALOZAI.

Jalozai—British Monuments—Khattaks—Multan the Outlaw—Death of Multan—Rifle Theft—Tombs—Panorama of Hills.

JALOZAI recalls to many a soldier the memory of those 'dear dead days' when winter wars were waged, and battles were intimately associated with sunshine and sandwiches.

At first sight perhaps Jalozai may not appear an attractive subject to write about. But as a matter of fact there is quite a lot to be said concerning this tangle of ravines and low stony hills below the Cherat range. Jalozai has been the training ground of the Peshawar garrison for half a century, and is scattered over with the *sangars* and trenches of generations of budding soldiers. The hills are yellow, stony, and uninviting, but amongst them deep *nullahs* wind in and out, starting as hot, arid ravines, but often turning to pretty, shaded glades lower down, where springs suddenly gush from the river bed, and flow on beneath *palosa* trees, besides terraces of green turf, and through beds of watercress. The tired soldier, returning heated from the assault of 'savage enemies,' finds these dells most inviting.

There are two rather interesting monuments away to the east of the road. One is a brick obelisk, the inscription

on which reads "Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel William Donald MacDonald, Deputy Lieutenant, and Justice of the Peace of the County of Caithness' Scotland, who died of cholera when commanding the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders at Camp Jalozei on the 29th October, 1862, aged 35 years." The other monument is "Sacred to the memory of Major U. G. A. Middleton, Ensign J. St. Drysdale, Assistant Surgeon S. Hope, sixty one rank and file, thirteen women, and fifteen children, all of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders who died of cholera at or near this spot during the month of October, 1862." There are three walled enclosures containing only thirteen graves, in which this unhappy company appear to have been buried together.

The inhabitants of Jalozei are Akora Khattaks, with the curious exception of Dag, Selli Khan, and one other village, which, though in the Peshawar district, are Teri Khattaks. In the hills above live the Jalozei and Ashu Khel section of the Adam Khel Afridis, as far east along the ridge as Cherat. After Afridi Point, Cherat and the ridge towards the Indus, is British territory. A rough path leads direct from Jalozei to Cherat, and thence to Kohat. It is occasionally used when the Kohat Pass road is closed by the Adam Khel, or when a man wishes to avoid enemies in independent territory. At one time Multan, the famous outlaw, was the terror of Jalozei. On one occasion he dressed his gang as police, and being himself an ex-sepoy of the 26th Punjabis, easily deceived the sentry in the *chowki*, raided the *thana*, and carried off

twenty-eight Government mules and a quantity of loot from the village *buniaks*. The mules were eventually recovered through the mediation of the Adam Khels. Another time he remained three days in disguise in Pabbi village, quite close to the military picquet. Having matured his plans, he looted Pabbi and made good his escape past the picquet. A sentry challenged him, "Halt, who goes there?" "I'm Multan," replied the outlaw coolly, loosed off his rifle into the post, and so escaped leaving the sepoy to fumble for their ammunition. Eventually Multan, as described in the last chapter, was rounded up by the 19th Cavalry in 1909, and killed in the Fandu Nullah, twelve miles from Jalojai. Jaffar, an equally well-known outlaw, paid Jalojai two or three visits.

At one time rifle stealing from camps in Jalojai became so common that British Tommies used to bury their arms in the middle of their tents and sleep over them. An enterprising Pathan wormed his way one night between the sentries, and actually dug out a rifle from beneath its owner. But luckily just as he was securing his prize the soldier woke, and a desperate tug-of-war for the rifle ensued. The whole tent woke up alarmed and dazed, bumped their heads together, seized each other by the throat, and were soon a struggling mass beneath the heaving canvas. The thief got away, but had to leave go of the rifle. Up in Cherat a rifle thief was once unlucky enough to be noticed by a sentry who happened to be the regimental boxer. The Pathan was handed over to the police next day in a much battered condition.

Near Jalozai there is a large cemetery, the burial ground of all the neighbourhood, where dead generations sleep peacefully under the *palosa* trees. No one cuts the *palosa* of the 'House of the Khans,' and the trees there grow to a good size. The most conspicuous tomb occupies a hillock. It is hung with flags and peacock feathers, and for tactical purposes is known by soldiers as 'flag grave.' This is the shrine of the Mullah Shirki. Two beautifully carved slabs of slate rise slanting from the head and foot, and the body of the grave is also encased in carved blocks, bound together with iron clamps. The delicate geometrical designs frequently used in tomb-decorations on this frontier are well illustrated in this case. No name may be written on a Mussulman tomb, but inscriptions are allowed on the slabs above. In this instance the inscription is in Persian, and being translated reads :—' In the name of God the bountiful and merciful, the date of death of the revered and much loved Mullah Sahib Shirki, whose standing is known, a master, was on Friday night, the 22nd of Shadr, of the year of Hijera 1328 (1900 A.D.). The disc of the sun has become darkened. Jonah has entered into the mouth of the fish.'

Still more notable is the tomb of Mirza Gul in this same *khan-garh*. Mirza Gul it was who produced water in the ravine, and in the well by the camp, by sticking his staff into the ground. Near his tomb is a spring which is said to be hot. It is very slightly so, and is probably only of deep origin. It is claimed that to bathe

in its waters is a cure for eye diseases. This saint, Mirza-Gul, was a disciple of Sheikh Baba, whose white cement shrine is such a conspicuous landmark on the hills near Dag. Sheikh Baba again was a disciple of the celebrated Kaka Sahib, at whose tomb a festival is held yearly in Nowshera.

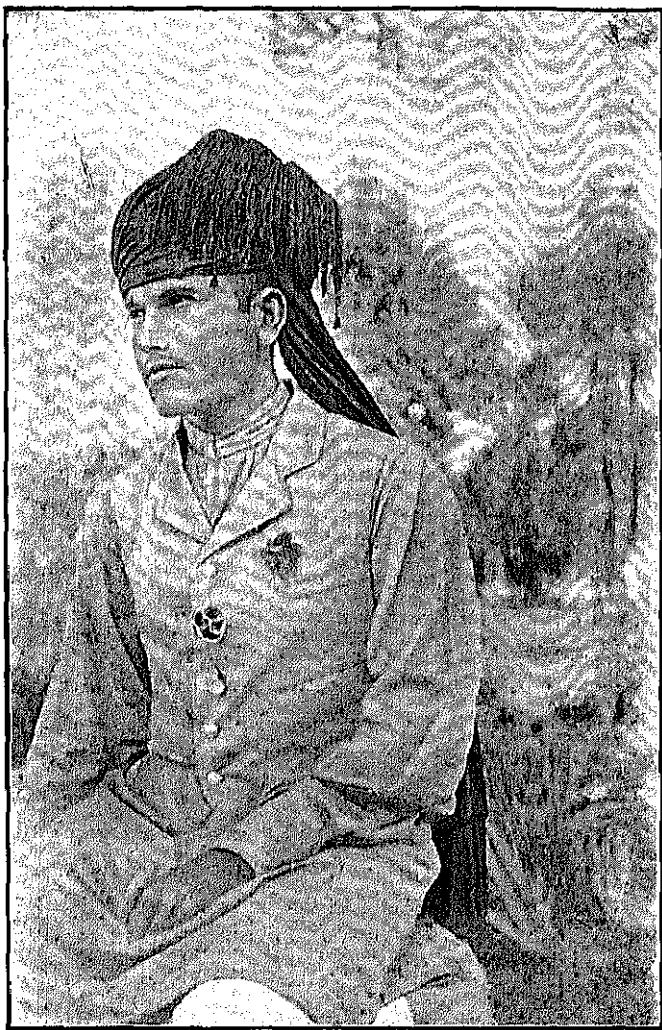
Sheikh Baba's tomb at Dag is worth visiting. It is a well-kept cement building, and stands amidst a cluster of *palosa* trees. The ground all round is covered with tombs, and the place is much frequented by sick people. We met one man being carried there on a bed ; and another poor old man was lying in the ravine below, too exhausted to continue his pilgrimage. The *palosa* trees about the shrine are heavily laden with stones of all sizes, which pilgrims have placed on the branches. The Sheikh and his son and grandson are buried inside the building. He lived about two hundred years ago. People visit the shrine from as far away as Swat and Buner. Sunday is the great day for pilgrimages to local shrines everywhere on the North-West Frontier. It appears to be the next most holy day in the week with Mussulmans after Friday. The reason they give is that Sunday is the day set apart by Isa Ali-e-Salaam (Christ). It is also the day on which the earth was created, a hot day, and therefore a lucky one for a pilgrimage or journey.

There are certain tombs of great length on this frontier which have a habit of growing. Habib Ullah Shah's tomb near Kurram Ghari in Bannu is 22 yards long. He was a Syed from Balkh. His mother's grave is 18

yards long. One in Peshawar City is 20 yards long, and there is a very lengthy one on the Jamrud road. But most celebrated of all is the *No Gaz Zyrat* (the Nine Yards Grave) in Peshawar Cantonment. Hindus reverence it almost as much as do Mussulmans. The Amir of Kabul sent Rs. 50 to the shrine at the time of his visit to India.

After rain Jalozaï assumes a new aspect. The whole panorama of Pathan hills becomes dark and soft in colour. Behind them rise the noble snows of Kafiristan, Chitral and Kaj Nag. Snow even lies for a few hours on the lower ridges. Eastward, the smoke of Jamrud fort and the fine entrance of the Khyber below Tartara, are easily visible thirty miles away. Looking north, the road and the fort of Malakand can just be distinguished above the low ridge of Takht-i-Bhai. And westward rise Mahaban, and the uplands of Buner, the Udyana of the ancients.

PICTURE VI.



Sepoy Nur Haidar—Adam Khel, Afridi.

CHAPTER V.

KOHAT.*

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

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

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

* These fresh-water crabs are found also in Jammu.

and stony, but nevertheless there are many pretty gardens, and with such an abundance of water much can be done even with unpromising soil. Unsightly mud boundary walls are a great disfigurement to the place, but an attempt has been made to replace them by *senetta* hedges. The main street of the city is picturesque. It is three-quarters of a mile long, and is usually crowded with transfrontier Pathans from the neighbouring Afridi and Orakzai hills.

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

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

* This name is derived from 'shahed,' a grave; and 'talab' a tank. Both tank and grave are passed on the road near the village.

is, however, nearly always misspelt. I once found a Government Martini whose parts had been completely substituted by parts copied in the Kohat Pass. The dishonest sentry who effected the exchange must have done so bit by bit, replacing a different portion each night that the rifle came into his hands. Kohat Pass rifles sell for eighty or a hundred rupees, but are acknowledged to be very inaccurately sighted.*

There was at one time an active traffic in fire-arms from the Persian Gulf and Cabul. A single-loading rifle cost only Rs. 14 on the Persian border of Afghanistan in 1908, and a magazine rifle Rs. 50. In Cabul these same weapons were worth Rs. 240 and Rs. 500, respectively. By the time they reached the Afridi tribes the price had again risen, and the Adam Khels gave as much as Rs. 800 for a magazine rifle. Similarly a (ten) clip revolver, which on the Persian border cost Rs. 50, and in Cabul Rs. 100, fetched Rs. 300 in the Kohat *Darrah*. As may be imagined, the prospect of such a large profit encouraged a brisk trade in fire-arms.

Water is very scarce in the Kohat Pass. There are a few wells, but the chief supply is from large tanks. When these dry up, as they do in summer, the women have often to go long distances for water. There is

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

always a certain amount of traffic through the pass, and a good deal of salt goes by this route to Peshawar. The Akora Khattaks are the great salt carriers. During the summer of 1908, a dispute between the British and Afghan Governments over the possession of the springs at Torkhan led to the closing of the Khyber road. Trade between Cabul and India was temporarily diverted into the Kurram and Kohat Valleys.

After traversing the pass for eleven miles, the road rises to a *kotal*, or ridge, occupied by a British post. The *kotal* has been the site of many a fight. From it, the view over the Kohat vale is admirable.

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

* Many Afridis were employed in Militias, Border Military Police, etc. In 1907 there were 1,031 Afridis in the Khyber Rifles alone. The eight sub-divisions of the clan are the Kuki Khel, Kambar Khel, Kamar Khel, Malikdin Khel, Aka Khel, Zakha Khel, Sipah and Adam Khel. Of these, the latter occupy the Kohat *Darrah*. The Kuki Khel, Malikdin Khel, and Zakha Khel are the three chief tribes in the Khyber, though others have small holdings there too, and share

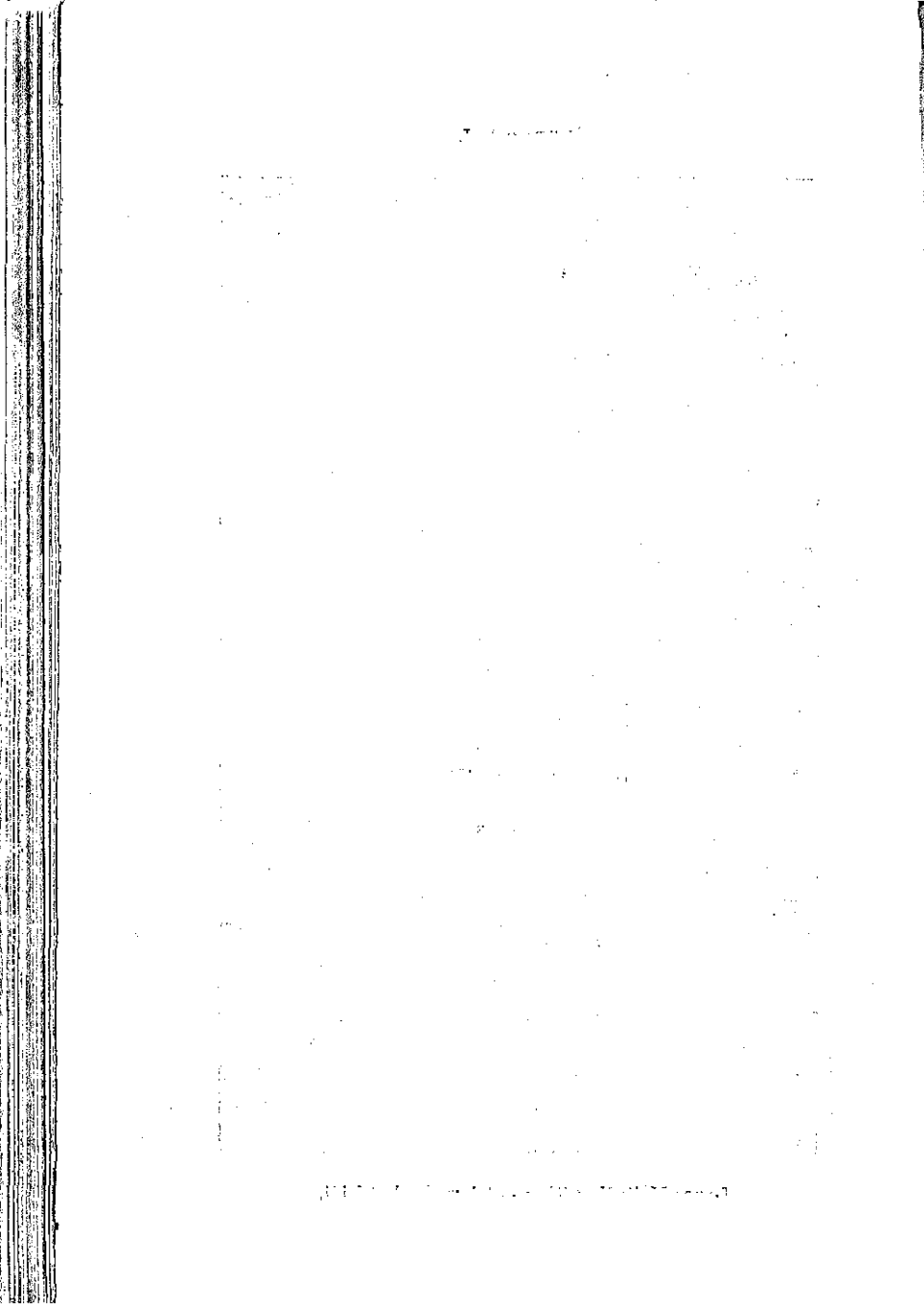
The character of the unfortunate Pathan has been torn to bits by the writers of half a century, who have lavishly applied to him the adjectives "treacherous," "blood-thirsty" and "cruel," until it has become fashionable to regard the Pathan as the worst kind of savage. I once knew a military officer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

the annual Government subsidy. All these tribes, even the Adam Khel, have land in Tirah. The Adam Khel, however, do not migrate as extensively as the rest in summer.

PICTURE VII.



Lanoo Nalk Nur Khan—Adam Khol, Afridi,



blow for the safety of his own life have become the maxims of the Afridi. If you can overcome this mistrust, and be kind in words to him, he will repay you by great devotion.' This is the opinion expressed by Warburton after many years of intimate experience. No European who has travelled amongst the Yusufzais or Khattaks can fail to be struck with the amenability of these same tribes to a fixed system of law and order. Cis-frontier Pathans are under effective control. Trans-frontier ones are not. That is the whole crux of the matter.

The picturesque pen of Lepel Griffin has immortalised the Pathan as the embodiment of all the known vices, held loosely together by one or two minor and utterly unredeeming good points. One is tempted to think, however, that effect, rather than useful information, has been the object in view. The vices attributed to the Frontier tribesmen are more or less common to all humanity. It is easy to make a blood-curdling selection of them and concentrate them in one single individual, easier still to introduce the resulting amalgam to a prejudiced public as a type of the race. But in the end you only get a Comic Opera Pathan,—an overdrawn caricature of the real thing. In truth the tribesman of fact and his brother of fiction are two widely different beings, and if the latter is to be found at all, it is in the Andamans, and he no more represents his people than the rest of the jail population of those attractive islands represent theirs'. Not that the Pathan is by any means a sheep in wolf's clothing. Indeed, his best friends are

bound to admit that there is more of the wolf in him than is absolutely necessary for self-preservation. Yet, on the whole, he is more sinned against than sinning, and the world has scarcely dealt fairly by him. To begin with, a malevolent fate has fixed his habitation on a scientific frontier between a suspicious Mussulman principality and a mighty and very grasping Kafir Empire.

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

Nature, too, has cursed him with the countenance, figure and physique of a stage brigand and *noblesse oblige*. Does not his bold dare-devil, cut-throat appearance saddle him with a terrible responsibility? There is nothing degrading in a barn fowl leading the life of poultry, but what would the birds say if the hawk did the same? Why, the very sparrows would point the beak of scorn at him! But what is the Pathan to do? If, being born with the beak and talons of a hawk, he fulfils Nature's mandate and goes a-hawking, an unromantic British Sirkar

promptly hangs him ; if, on the other hand, he seeks peaceful occupation, say, on the railway, he is either scorned as degenerate, or mistrusted as a wolf in sheep's clothing. But even here one is more or less dealing with the Pathan of fiction. Yet there does exist the Pathan of sober fact, who, in spite of his clothing, is neither wolf nor sheep—the Pathan with whom we rub shoulders daily in our frontier stations—whom we like and to a very great extent admire. It is he who really represents his race. But being the plain matter-of-fact Pathan of everyday life, literature knows him not, and only those are acquainted with him whom duty casts in his midst. To such he is full of interest, and his real picturesqueness lies in the fact that, in spite of his surroundings, he is more like the Briton than any other native of India.

When you meet a Pathan, you meet a man like yourself. Ask him a question and he does not, like many other natives of this country, assume you only do it to amuse yourself, and say "*mahum nahin*," or walk on without answering. No, a Pathan is always practical, and as he credits the Sahib with his own commonsense, he always answers a question sensibly and to the point. There is nothing finicking about him. He will never allow you to abuse him, but makes up for it amply by never making you wish to do so. There is perhaps no native of India who is less irritating to our nerves, and his ideas of tact seem to run on quite the same lines as our own. Contrast the demeanour of the man in the street in Bannu or Kohat with that of his fellow subject in Calcutta or

Patna. You seldom get a polite answer from a Babu unless you are his official superior. Yet he has the organism of a jelly-fish, and if it contains a heart at all, it is a Penal Code. He has only that to save him from the consequence of the impertinence which he mistakes for independence of character. But the Pathan, who is equally protected by the law, never requires it. His heart, being of the same stout material as his body, he takes his independence for granted, and very seldom parades it in the garb of rudeness.

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

I once knew a trans-frontier Yusufzai woman, who in the capacity of friend rather than servant was taken to England by a lady. With education Babu Jan very quickly developed a ready wit, and easily overcame the shyness which a life-time of seclusion had engendered. She told me that the Yusufzai women visit each other in their houses, and have their own social amusements, but that

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

they strongly resent intrusion. She remembered that on one occasion a party of girls stoned a lad to death for interfering with them. The employment of the women depends on the conditions of life in any particular locality. In Yusufzai the women spin, cook and draw water. The Khattak women reap in the fields, but seldom plough. In the more mountainous and poverty-stricken regions they labour hard at grass-cutting and water-carrying, and through excessive work quickly lose their looks and youthfulness.

* * * * *

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

The little village of Kot Banda near Teri is the home of Asil, a notorious Khattak outlaw, who, with

a kindred spirit Mir Ahmad, was terrorising the country while I was there. They had both abducted women and murdered villagers, and the local authorities were doing all in their power to bring them to book.

Troops were out after them from Kohat, Bannu and Thal; and the police and village *chigas*, or patrols, were searching the hills in every direction. I was interested in watching the hunt. Asil and his companion easily evaded the troops in such broken country. The police, however, headed them off successfully, and laid an ambush for them on a little-frequented track, leading over into the Waziri hills. The outlaws came upon it in the dawn, but escaped unscathed in a storm of bullets. The kidnapped women were, however, recovered. In the end, Asil got away safe, and is still at large. Mir Ahmad was driven by hunger to enter a Waziri village where he was taken prisoner. He escaped, recovered possession of his rifle, and made a plucky fight until his ammunition ran short. He was then seized and handed over to the police.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Barak section of the Khattaks, who live about Gurguri, are particularly thick-headed and uninteresting. The Teris are nearly as bad, but the Seni and Khwaram tribes are more vivacious. The Khattaks are fond of

litigation, and a large percentage of the people I met on the road were travelling in connection with law-suits. If there is any part of British India which is utterly unsuited to modern methods of administration, it is the North-West Frontier Province. Unable any longer to take the law into their own hands, the cis-frontier Pathans flock to the courts. Certainly one man in ten has a suit pending, and it is almost a point of honour to appeal against an adverse decision. The result is most injurious, as the peasantry beggar themselves over these petty legal proceedings. The underlings about the courts are notoriously corrupt, and the ease with which the law can be resorted to leads to a good deal of injustice in cases where a wealthy man can trump up a case and produce unlimited witnesses against a poorer neighbour. Quick justice, crushing punishment, and no appeal, is what would suit the Pathans far better. They would like it and understand it, and it would save their pockets.

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

Often this performance is followed by single dances, when young fellows in white *kurtas** and gold

* Shirts.

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

The hills in the vicinity of Narai and Bahadur Khel are full of salt. I rode out to Narai from Banda Daud Shah through broken hilly country, where even tufts of grass grew scantily. The hard, thin strata of sand-stone was tilted up at an angle of seventy degrees with the horizontal; and as the soft soil under it had been washed away, it formed jagged ridges, running parallel to each other across the country for miles. Narai is a scattered village amongst the hills. The salt mines are just beyond it. Masses of white salt lie on the surface, embedded in the reddish soil of the mountains. The deposit has not been worked for fifteen years on account of the difficulties of transport, but it is carefully guarded by watchmen.

There is a lot of salt, too, further along this same ridge at Bahadur Khel. A path leads from there over the Manzalai Hills to the Gurguri Valley. It is a lonely

* Drums.

ride, for the track is but little used. There is a small police post on the crest of the Manzalai, from which a good view is obtained of Kafir Kot, a mountain rising from the uplands of Waziristan. The rocks on its summit are heaped up into natural bastions and curtains, which have the appearance of a gigantic ruined fortress. Kafir Kot has an elevation of 3,729 feet. It is also known as Jumeh Lakeh. It is as grotesque a peak as could well be imagined, and there are stories told of its being haunted. So strong is the superstition, that no native will go near it at night.

CHAPTER VI.

SAMANA.

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

SAMANA is a summer retreat—a blessed, breezy refuge far removed from the suffocating heat of Kohat.

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

The Miranzai Valley was originally peopled with Dilazaks and other races, of whose early history nothing definite is known. The Orakzais conquered it, and remained in occupation for some time, until the Bangash tribes gradually encroached upon them, as they in turn were driven out of the Kurram by the more warlike Turis. In their expulsion of the Orakzai from Miranzai,

PICTURE VIII.



Amin Shah—A Khattak, *Mirasi*.

the Bangash were assisted by the Khattaks. As already mentioned, the final struggle took place in about the 13th century at Muhammedzai. After three days fighting, the victory fell to the Bangash, and the Orakzais were driven into the mountain regions which they now occupy. The country people have a tradition to the effect that, during this battle, a youth, dressed in spotless white, ran between the contending forces crying "*Daida, Samda Bangasha, Gharda Orakzo*" ("It is this—the plains for the Bangash, and the hills for the Orakzai"). The story concludes that this was regarded as a divine intervention, and that the various tribes forthwith withdrew to the land indicated by the youth. Muhammedzai can be seen from the train. There is a small fort there to guard the mouth of the Ublan Pass, which leads to the winter settlements of the Bizoti Daulatzais, a warlike clan of Orakzais, belonging to the Samil political faction.

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

* Millet.

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

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

* Sandals.

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

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

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

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

* Patdarband means 'the plain at the mouth of the gorge.' It exactly describes the place.

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

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

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

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

During the winter, the Samana Range is completely deserted. Only a small detachment of Sikhs remains to

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

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

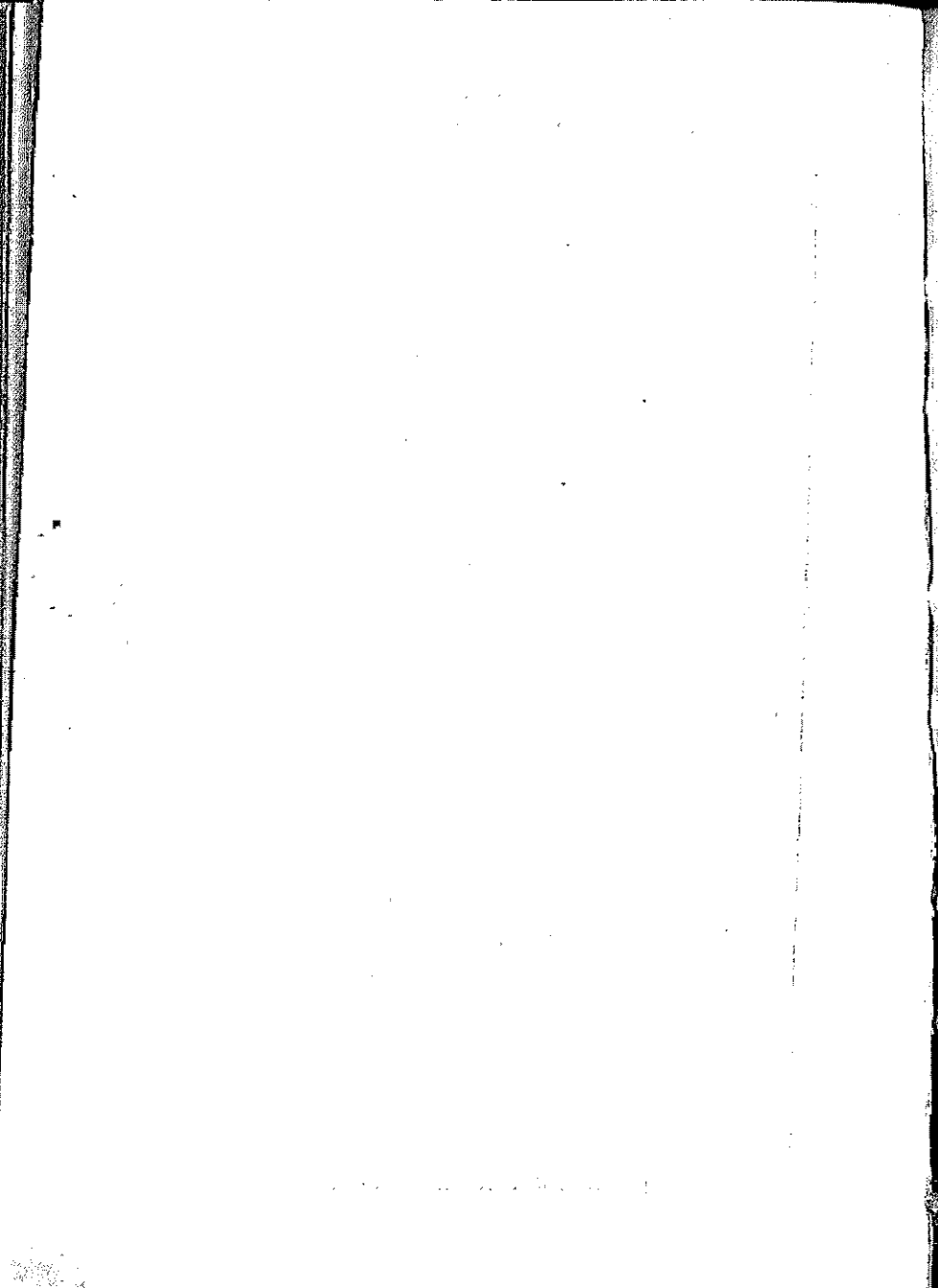
"Now melting in mists, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams."

The Orakzai are, as a rule, very poor, and most of the lads I saw looked thin and underfed. Their average height is about 5 feet 6 inches. The tribe is divided into twenty-five sections, and numbers some 30,000 fighting-men. They could be utilised for recruiting

PICTURE IX.



Bepoy Lala Jan—Ali Khel, Orakzai.



purposes much more than they are. As already mentioned, there were in 1908 only 550 of them in the regular army. Though they make good soldiers, only four regiments enlist them.* They are usually dressed in pearl grey cloth. The dye is produced from an earth found in the mountains of Tirah. The colour does not fade, and has the extra advantage of being quite invisible from a short distance on a hill side.†

Amongst the Orakzai inter-tribal quarrels are continually disturbing the peace of the community and rendering the highways unsafe. I collected from recruiting parties who came into Samana from Tirah, the following details of a little war which was waged all through the summer of 1908. The cause of hostilities arose from a disagreement between the Ali Khel and Mala Khel, as to which of them should assist the Khoidad Khel in expelling the Waziris from Chinarak. Chinarak was the estate of the late Malik Sarwar Khan. The Khoidad Khel offered the Ali Khel such a large sum of money for their assistance, that the cupidity of the Mala Khel was roused, and they in their turn insisted on being allowed to help, so as to secure a share of the subsidy. The result was a

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

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

violent quarrel between the would-be allies. In the meanwhile Chinarak was lost sight of altogether, and left to its fate. The Ali Khel belong to the Gar political faction, and the Mala Khel to the Samil. Various other tribes attached themselves to one side or the other, and in consequence the whole country was thrown into tumult. As may be imagined, recruiting for the Indian Army suffered a good deal.

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

pushed when it was ready to fire. The defenders of Zanga Khel kept a sharp lookout, and as soon as the gun appeared at the aperture, they poured a heavy musketry fire from 500 rifles into the opening. So disconcerting was the storm of bullets, and so many men were killed and wounded serving the gun, that the Jemadar at last gave up the contest in despair. A heavy fall of rain disheartened both parties who forthwith dispersed to their homes. The Chinarak quarrel was, however, too convenient an excuse for fighting to be allowed to die out, and has since been the cause of much strife. The gun used before Zanga Khel was originally captured from the Durani Governor of Kohat, at some time antecedent to British rule.

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

Fort Lockhart is a strong fort perched on the narrow crest of the Samana Range. There is scarcely sufficient flat space inside it to pitch a tent. In summer there is usually a Civilian Camp near the Saragarhi obelisk, and the fatal hill of Saragarhi, with a monumental cairn on its summit, is a mile to the west, along the ridge. Two tennis courts, over which a sentry stands while a game is in progress, and where the band plays twice a

week, are situated within fifty yards of the British frontier; and close by Crag Picquet stands boldly out on a spur of rock, a sentinel on the "Edge of the Empire."

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

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

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

* Suk means "fast."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII.

KURRAM.

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

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

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

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

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

* Peaked caps.

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

Lower Kurram, that is, as far as Alizai, differs very essentially from the Upper Kurram, and in appearance resembles the Miranzai. The villages are built of rough and irregular blocks of stone interspersed with layers of brushwood. Towers and defensive walls are the exception,

and the inhabitants are but poorly armed. The fodder is collected in ricks inside the villages, and great stacks of hay and *johwar* are also grouped together in large numbers on rising ground near by. The valley is narrow, and there is little room for cultivation. The trees are few and stunted, and the general appearance of the country is of low hills and broken *nullahs*, where the usual *palosa*, *bera*, *sonetta* and *mazarai* bushes form a thin scrub jungle.

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

The Kurram is inhabited by Turis. They are all 'Shiah' Mahommedans. There are a good many Bungash in Lower Kurram too, who are also 'Shiahs'; while the Bungash of Miranzai, with the exception of a few communities such as in Hangu and Thal, are 'Sunnis.' The Turis, unlike all other Pathans, have actually invited

Government to take over their valley. They are on the most friendly terms with the Englishmen who live amongst them ; and the heartiness of their salutation when they meet a ' sahib ' is quite refreshing to listen to. The Turis look upon the British Government as their deliverer from the oppression of their rapacious ' Sunni ' neighbours, and even consider that their ' Shiah ' religion resembles, to a certain extent, Christianity. They are not forgetful that Christians fought and died for them in their wars against the ' Sunnis,' and are even in a few cases buried in the most sacred ' Shiah ' shrines. In the Second Afghan War the Turis sided with us openly, and delivered an effective flank attack on the Afghan *lashkar* in the action of Peiwar Kotal. In the Khost Expedition they again assisted Lord Roberts, and in the recent Afghan War of 1919 they continued to support us loyally. There were in 1908 some nine hundred of them in the Kurram Militia. So certain is their loyalty to the *Sirkar*, that a systematic effort has been made to arm them better. Their weapons are now all registered, and means are available on the spot for arming the Turi *lashkar* on an emergency.

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

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

Various interesting people migrate through the Kurram down to India during the early months of winter to escape the severity of their own climate, and to search for employment. I met many Hazaras on the road. They take work as out-of-door servants in Parachinar, and also as road-menders on the tonga road. The Jajis, who are an Afghan race inhabiting parts of the adjoining districts of Hariob and Khost, also pass through the Kurram in great numbers. They travel in large bands, and are a fine-looking folk, though their poverty is as proverbial as that of the Hazaras. These two people together with a third tribe of Afghans, the Jadrans, all come in search of manual labour, and in this respect differ from the Ghilzais, whose sole object is trading.

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

The Kurram Valley became detached from Afghanistan at the conclusion of the Second Afghan War. It was not, however, finally taken over by us until 1892. Its status is now that of an 'administered' territory. It forms a thin wedge sixty miles long, and in parts not more than ten miles broad, running into Afghanistan, and giving us a footing on the Durand line. Khost and Hariob, both Afghan districts, hem it in on the west. Its borders on the south march with those of Waziristan; and on

the east lie the successive Pathan tribes, of Chamkanis, Zaimukht, and the Orakzai sub-sections of the Ali Sherzai and Massuzai. On the north, Kurram is separated from the Shinwaris by the great Safed Koh Range, which towers up sublime and white above Parachinar. Its peaks are Bazurgachuka and Bodeena, respectively 14,020 feet and 13,007 feet high, and it terminates in Sikaram, a great snowy giant who raises his massive head to a height of 15,620 feet above sea-level.* The Safed Koh is called 'Shpina Ghar' here, which has the same meaning as 'Safed Koh,' *i.e.*, 'The White Mountains.' The scenery of Upper Kurram is extremely beautiful. Dark pine forests cover the lower ranges, and naked cliffs and snowy peaks rise high above them. The chain is so situated that the rays of the setting sun fall full upon it. The effect on a chill winter evening when the pale snows flush pink and crimson, while darkness is already gathering in the valley below, is very fine.

There seems to be some doubt as to the origin of the word Parachinar. Some people say it means 'single chenar,' and others that it is derived from '*china*,' which is a common village name in Tirah. Several natives, however, told me that the big chenar tree, which still flourishes beside the Fort, was planted about two hundred years ago by 'Pari,' an influential *malik*, or chief, of the Pari Khel section of the Hamza Khel, and that the locality is named after Pari and his chenar tree. The Turis call

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

the cantonment 'Totki,' but this particular chenar tree they call Parachinar, and it is usual for them to arrange a meeting 'under Parachinar.' This outpost of civilization consists of a dozen bungalows, a fort, two streets of bazaar, and the lines of the Kurram Militia. Numbers of young trees have been planted everywhere, and many already yield fruit in season. Parachinar lies out in the middle of a dry plain at the foot of the Safed Koh. In former times the garrison used to occupy a site higher up on the spurs of the mountains. The present cantonment has an elevation of 5,600 feet. In summer the heat is never excessive, and in a very hard winter three feet of snow have been known to lie for a month.

The Peiwar Kotal is the chief place of historic and geographic interest in the Kurram. A short distance out of Parachinar along the Peiwar Kotal road, is a pretty *tope*, or grove, of trees known as 'Roberts' Bagh,' or 'Roberts' Folly.' Lord Roberts purchased it, believing it to be adjacent to the site of a future military cantonment. He afterwards gave the property to the Government of India. Shalozan is a village of some eight or ten towers, which supplies as many as two hundred men to the Kurram Militia. It is a well-wooded village, and though it was gaunt and dreary enough in December, I can well believe the enthusiastic accounts told of it, when autumn has turned the chenar leaves scarlet. Shalozan is noted for the beauty of its women. One of its families has always supplied ladies for the royal harem in Kabul. The grandmother of Amir Abdur Rahman was

a Shalozani woman. The Turis pride themselves that the Kurram produces four remarkable commodities, namely, the *Sang-i-Malana*, the stone of Malana; the *Brinj-i-Karman*, the rice of Karman; the *Chaub-i-Peiwar*, the wood of Peiwar; and the *Dakhtar-i-Shalozan*, the women of Shalozan.

This village suffered very severely in 1907 from cholera, and lost nearly 300 of its inhabitants. On such occasions the Turis are very sensible, for they move away from their homes and go into camps on the mountains. They have a curious custom of burying the victims of cholera with a large stone on the chest, and a pebble between the teeth. They think this procedure stamps out the disease. The custom sometimes gives rise to trouble, when a solitary Ghilzai stranger dies of cholera amongst them, for the relatives, when they reclaim the body later, look upon the breaking of the tooth, for the insertion of the pebble, as equal to mutilation.

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

The panorama of hills in front would have been very fine but for the lowering clouds which partly hid it. The lowest depression in the ridge is the Peiwar Kotal, where the road, one of the two great trade routes between Kabul and India, crosses. Along the ridge lay the main line of Afghan trenches, barring Roberts' advance in the Second Afghan War. To the left of the gap is a deep declivity known as the 'Devil's Punch Bowl,' a trap in which the 5th and 29th Punjabis were caught on the 28th of November, 1878. To the right of the *Kotal*,* narrow, rolling pine ridges run towards Sikaram; and it was along these hills that Roberts made his memorable night march and flank attack.

In the jaws of the gorge which lead to the pass is the little post of Teri Mungal which derives its name from a small Mungal village in the vicinity. Here I left my ponies, and changed the *sowars* for an escort of four men from the post. Already it had begun to snow, and I was glad of a chance of getting warm by walking. There was ice everywhere, even on running streams, and the cold was intense. The path lies up a ravine till it bifurcates, after which it rises sharply up a spur to the *Kotal*. It was by now snowing hard, and on nearing the summit I found a good six inches of snow all over the hills. The Peiwar Kotal Pass is so much shut in by projecting mountains that the view is limited, and those who, even in fine weather, expect anything but a glimpse

* Ridge.

of Afghanistan, will be disappointed. The deep depression of the *Kotal* forms a fitting gateway to the forbidden land. The road passes through it, crosses the Durand Line, and drops gently into Afghanistan, on its way to Alikhel. Alikhel is only sixteen miles distant and is the head-quarters of an Afghan Brigade. Pine woods cover the Peiwar Ridge; and the ilex bushes, which resembled holly, were very much in keeping with its wintry aspect. A knoll to the right is known as 'General's Hill,' and from a higher one to the left called 'Batteri Sar' a peep into Hariob can be obtained. A walk along the ridge to 'Picnic Hill' leads to the various places where there was hard fighting during the attack on the position, and an Afghan post may be seen on an open plain to the west. But on the occasion of my visit a keen wind was driving across the pass, and the snow was swirling silently down, obscuring what little view there was of the Afghan mountains. I was glad, therefore, to return to Teri Mungal, where the *Havildar* in command of the Fort gave me a meal of tea and eggs. The hot tea was most acceptable, even though eighty per cent. of its composition was, as usual, sugar. The Pathans have a curious custom of painting eggs black or red. Down in the plain, the dry snow turned to a cold soaking sleet, and I was thankful when I had covered the sixteen miles back to Parachinar, and was seated again by a big log-fire in the hospitable mess of the Kurram Militia.

The Mungals are a race who occupy Garbar. Numbers of them, however, become *hamsayas*, or serfs, to

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

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

At Ahmadzai are the ruins of an Afghan Post, which was occupied by the Amir's troops until we took the Kurram under our protection. From these ruins a pretty path leads along the left bank of the river to Agra, crossing on the way many stony bluffs and willow-lined streams.

To the south is the Jaji Maidan, and further on, under a high ridge running down from the Khost Mountains, the Darwarzargai route branches off to Thal *viâ* Tigar. At the end of the ridge above mentioned, where it overlooks the Kurram river, is a tall rock, beneath which two shafts have been driven by certain villagers, in the belief that treasure is hidden there. The other Turis were much amused at the credulity of those who undertook the digging operations; and the *mullah*, at whose instigation the search was made, had to decamp for a while.

One of the most interesting rides from Parachinar is to Khalachi, where the British post, which is situated on a low hillock, is confronted by three Afghan forts. The nearest of these is not more than 500 yards distant. The Afghan posts are collectively known as 'Patan' and at this time were commanded by a venerable, grey-haired Captain, whose monthly pay of forty Cabuli rupees was kept in a chronic state of arrears. He came out accompanied by a dozen Afghan soldiers, who each carried a couple of cartridges between the first, second and third fingers of the left hand, in case of accident. The Afghan garrison had one bugler who blew 'stables' when the Captain's horse was fed. This little post of Khalachi was the scene of a good deal of fighting in the June of 1908, when the *mullahs* were disturbing the Khostwals with inflammatory preaching. Their ardour was, however, somewhat damped by a message from the Amir, promising to cut out the tongue of anyone attempting a *Jehad*; and also by the fact that one of the *mullahs* who was

distributing charms against hostile bullets had his horse shot under him. Still, fighting did take place between the Khostwals and Turis, in which six Afghans and one Turi were killed. The quarrel was about some springs which belong to the Turis, and which are very necessary to them for their cultivation. It is a dispute of long standing, and is always a convenient excuse for scrapping. A truce was proclaimed in *Jirga*, to last for two years, but it was soon violated. The commandant of Khalachi Post, an Afridi Subadar, gave me tea according to custom, but I was luckily in time to regulate the sugar. He pointed out to me Khushka Ram and other localities in the uplands of Khost, and showed me the mountains of Garbar where the Mungals live. The ride back to Parachinar in the brilliant sunshine, with the Safed Koh resplendent in a new coating of snow, and with ice crackling under the horse's hoofs at every stream, was most enjoyable.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TALE FROM TIRAH.

"ARE you going to help me clean the Sahib's *topak*?"*

I saw the verandah-chick thrust open, and Sonny staggered out bearing my gun case, which was all but too heavy for him.

Minaur took it from him, and together they unfastened the straps and pulled out the cleaning materials.

I dropped into a verandah chair beside them and watched the operation. The tender care of my gun occupied much of Minaur's spare time. I associated the weapon with him as much for his continuous solicitude for it as for the many happy days we had spent together with the snipe on Ghoriwalla *jheel*.

"Minaur is very kind to you," I said to Sonny, who was taking full advantage of the orderly's good nature, by getting in the way.

"Sonny will be a real Sahib one day," said Minaur quietly. "He reminds me of my own boy, who was just twice as old as Sonny is now when he died."

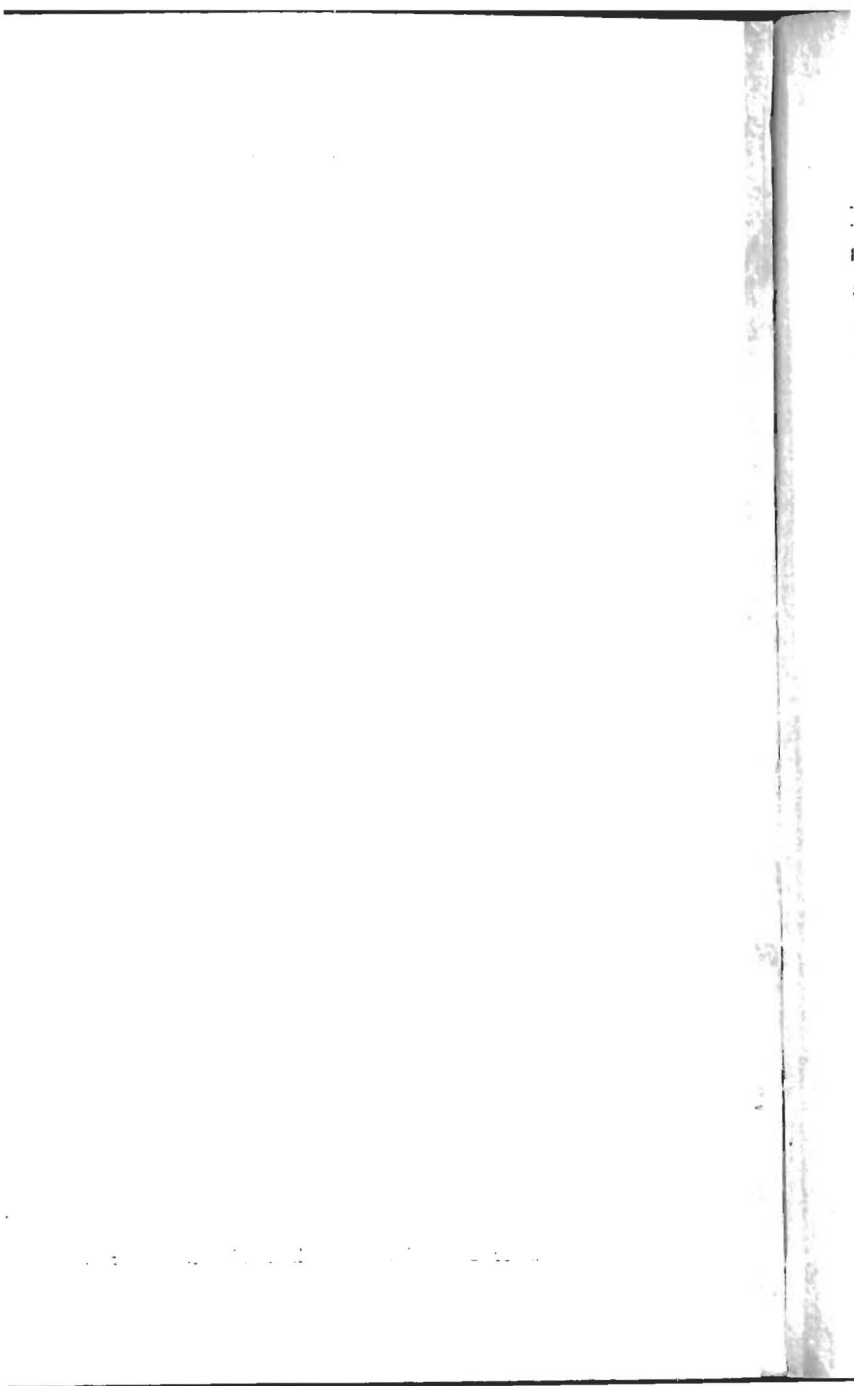
Minaur was a constant source of wonder to me. The more I imagined that at least I understood this one

* Gun.

PICTURE X.



Lance Naik Rakhman Shah—Mishti, Orakzai.



Pathan intimately, the more abruptly did I happen upon some side of his character and life of which I was as yet altogether ignorant. Minaur as a married man and a father was a thing new to me. I had known him as a recruit when first he came down from his Orakzai hills and joined the Regiment. That was when I was Adjutant four years ago. I had known him since as a good sepoy, and an excellent shot, and I had known him long and intimately as my orderly. And as I watched him now in his spotless raiment and flowing skirts with the long tassel of his black *pugree* thrown up over his head to be out of his way, the thought came to me that he was a credit to the work I had spent on him. In matters of dress he was very particular. He had worked two little triangles of yellow and red beads into the strands of his *phulla* fringe, and it struck me that the design was particularly picturesque and altogether unexpected in one who, four short years ago, had joined us in his grey Orakzai rags.

"You never told me you were a married man," I said, in the hopes of drawing him on to tell a story.

"We don't talk of such things to the Sahibs till we know them well," he said. "It is an old story, Sahib: six years old. But there—I have learnt to forget about it. You taught me to forget, Sahib, when you filled my head with 'right turn' and 'left turn' on the recruits' square, and that gave me new things to think about. No, Sonny Sahib, not that oil bottle, or the Memsahib will be angry."

"The reason of my enlisting at all," he continued, "arose from the feud that my father Haidar had with Mir Ahmad. You must remember Mir Ahmad, Sahib. He was a Havildar in the Orakzai Company, who went on pension last year. He did not enjoy his pension long though. He was ambushed and stabbed, you know, on his way home, soon after he passed Gulistan fort on the Samana. Did you never hear about it? Well, this quarrel arose from a very foolish thing. Haidar and Mir Ahmad were the best of friends until one day Mir Ahmad's dog killed a goat belonging to us. In the heat of the moment my father shot the dog, and so the quarrel began. Mir Ahmad said he prized the dog greatly as a watch-dog. My father said he should be kept in better order, and that he would always shoot any dog, or man too for that matter, who touched his goats. It may sound foolish, Sahib, but what I tell you is true when I say that twelve men have since died on account of that dog. Mir Ahmad was the first to start the killing. He shot my father's brother's son, and then of course for honour's sake we had to go on with it. Mir Ahmad's death has balanced the account—six on each side—so we have made a *solah*, or peace, and the feud is stopped for a year. I expect we shall make it perpetual after that, as we have both other enemies besides, but we shall arrange all that when I go on furlough month after next.

"The feud began very well for us, and my father's brother's son was quickly avenged. Following up his first advantage, Mir Ahmad organised an attack on our

house. Our house is a three-storied mud tower, with strong loop-holed walls. It stands on a bluff of the mountains overlooking the Khanki Valley ; and in a fold in the ground close by, we raise a crop of *makai*, or Indian corn, every year. There was a bright moon on the night chosen, but I suppose Mir Ahmad was tempted by the mists and clouds which lay banked up about us like masses of white wool. These clouds hang around us all through July on the Samana, blotting out the view over the Khanki, except at intervals for a few fleeting minutes when the mists flow away and melt, only to come bowling down over us again. My son Tokheb happened to be keeping watch at the time with a double-barrel rifle beside him. Though he was only nine summers old, he had already shown great aptitude for sport, and was quite a good shot. He was my eldest son. I had another, but he was born dead because my wife had before his birth sat under a mulberry tree, not knowing that it was overgrown with *jal*. You know the *jal*, Sahib ? Don't you ? It is that yellow stringy parasite which has no root of its own but lives by sucking the sap of mulberry and rose trees. They call it *Banoocha* here in Bannu. Anyway, if its shade falls on a woman about to bear a child, the child nearly always dies. So it was in our case ; and because Tokheb was my only living son, I was proud of him. He acquitted himself well that night. An unexpected rift in the sodden white mists flooded the valley with moonlight and disclosed Mir Ahmad's party within a few yards of our tower. My son instantly

fired and when I ran up to him he pointed me out two figures lying on the ground. One was dead. The other was badly wounded, and though we missed him as he staggered down the hill he died that same night.

"Now I was by no means inclined to make little of my son's splendid feat, and his prowess was soon known all through the Khanki. But that I see now was unwise. The little fellow was not sufficiently versed in the ways of men, and one day to our horror we discovered that he had been ambushed and carried off alive to Mir Ahmad's tower. I strove to hope that he might be recovered somehow, and my father Haidar, who was as distressed as I was myself, offered a large sum of money as a ransom for the lad. All overtures were, however, met with derision, and so we decided to make a return attack on Mir Ahmad's tower in the hope of surprising it and regaining possession of my boy. We crept close up one very dark night and lay there waiting for the dawn within a few yards of the fort. No one discovered us, and the watch-dog, who had begun to bark, became quiet after he had been rebuked two or three times by the sentry. All was quiet, until the first light appeared in the eastern sky, and then the bolts of the door were drawn back, and the ladder leading up to it was let down. Breathless we waited, every nerve braced for the rush. Haidar gave the signal, and we all fired at the figure in the open doorway. It pitched forward and fell amongst us as we ran towards the tower. I tried to seize the ladder, but as I reached it, it was wrenched upwards and the door

slammed above us. One of our party had the presence of mind to fire at the door while it was being bolted, and we heard afterwards that it was Mir Ahmad himself behind it, and that he was hit in the shoulder. That, of course, was one of the reasons why he was late in returning to the Regiment after his furlough that year.

"Our *coup* having failed, there was nothing for it but to retire while it was still fairly dark. This we did safely, and took up a position behind some rocks about 400 yards off, taking with us the man we had killed at the door, who we found to be Rab Nawaz, Mir Ahmad's younger brother.

"Then Mir Ahmad took his revenge, and a horrible one it was too. We saw Tokheb, my brave, beloved son, hoisted to the parapet of the tower. His hands were tied in front of him, and there was a rope round his neck. I rose and ran forward shouting to Mir Ahmad to have mercy. Several of our party seized me and dragged me down again. Then I saw Tokheb drop. In speechless horror I watched his convulsions against the tower wall at the end of the rope till at last he became still, and I knew he was dead. It was not breaking the neck, which is merciful and quick; it was a dreadful strangulation. Then I wept and laughed in turn, and at last a blackness came over me, and after many days I awoke wasted with fever on a bed in our own tower." Minaur squinted scrutinizingly up the bore of my gun, and wiped out some oil.

“After that, Sahib, nothing happened for many months. I vowed a vow to Allah on the Koran that I would take revenge; and the thoughts and the plans I revolved in my mind all that time alone saved me from going mad with sorrow for my son. And when Mir Ahmad rejoined the Regiment there was peace for a while, but after six months two more of our men were surprised and killed and both their rifles were taken from them. And at that time the hand of fate was very heavy on us, and my wife, for whom I had paid over eight hundred rupees, died. And because we were short-handed, and our feud was more than we could manage, we went down into the Miranzai valley (which is the *Sirkar's* territory) and remained there for the next two summers, instead of returning as usual to Khanki. It was then that I enlisted. I came to this Regiment because all of our tribe from Tirah always select it. I avoided Mir Ahmad in the company and he avoided me; and the Subadar, who knew our story, arranged that I should be in a different section. He also impressed upon me, what I already knew, that in British territory, and especially in the Regiment, all feuds ceased. So I served three years and in time became your orderly, Sahib. And one day I heard that Mir Ahmad was going on pension. I waited till he had started and that same hour I came to your bungalow. You were asleep, Sahib, and I waited burning with impatience till you woke, and then I told you that my house had been burnt and that there was no one at home to look after the cattle and women. I said that I must go.

on urgent leave now at once, and I prayed that my going might be kept secret, because I feared my enemy would lay an ambush for me. Do you remember all that, Sahib, and how you took me to the Colonel Sahib, and how I went off quietly on leave four days before it was published in orders? Well, I left Bannu that same afternoon, travelling up the bed of the Kurram Nullah towards Thal through the Waziri country. It was a hard race. Mir Ahmad I knew would take two days by tum-tum to Kohat and one by rail to Kai. I met no one, of which I was glad, since the Waziris are unfriendly towards travellers passing through their country. And so, God helping me, I was several miles on my way towards Shinawari when I saw the smoke of the train at Kai Station and knew I was in front of my enemy. Next morning I passed Gulistan and left British territory. I selected a quiet place and hid myself behind a rock above the road, where I could not be seen and where I could myself see any one coming from both directions. I waited there about half a day, and at last saw the *Havildar* coming down the hill towards me. I slipped down on to the path and waited. Mir Ahmad must have sat down to rest, for he was so long in coming that I feared he had escaped me after all. But at last I heard him come. For one moment we confronted each other in the road. He made an effort to disengage his rifle which was slung over his shoulder, but he was too slow. I leapt on him, and seizing him by the throat bore him to the ground. I scarcely recollect what happened, but I remember a fierce overpowering flame

of rage which burned my soul while it lasted, but left me afterwards more content than I had been for two years. I remember striking several times with my fists before I used any weapon, and then I plunged my knife home and home and home till tears of fury blinded me, and I desisted."

There were tears in Minaur's eyes when he finished. Sonny was already closing up the straps of the gun case. I rose and lit a cigarette to hide my confusion. A keen resentment against the part I had myself unwittingly played in the tragedy possessed me; and then a strong wave of pity came over me, pity for this fine, handsome, misguided savage.

Minaur turned to me from the doorway and said, "Are you going on the Manœuvres next week, Sahib?"

"Yes," I replied, "but——." I hesitated. Surely I could not continue to entrust my wife to the care of a murderer in my absence.

"Do you want me to go or remain?"

"Yes," I said. "Stay and take care of the Memsahib and Sonny as usual."

CHAPTER IX.

BANNU.

Bannu—Banda Daud Shah—A Valley of Salt—Dante's Inferno—Kafir Kot—Latamma—Fertility of Bannu—The Market—The Kurram River—The meaning of Bannu—Panorama of Hills—Ruins of Akra—The Mullah Powindah—Raids—Attack on Lakkhi—General O'Donnel—Reprisals.

BANNU is an obscure little frontier station out on the plains below the hills of Waziristan. It is distant eighty miles from Dera Ismail Khan and seventy-nine from Kohat. A narrow-gauge railway has reached Bannu, but the route is so roundabout that even now it is preferable to drive by tonga from Kohat *via* Banda Daud Shah and Bahadur Khel. At Bahadur Khel you enter through a tunnel into a curious salt valley. The low, deformed, dreary hills are seamed with glistening pockets of salt. A briny stream deposits saltpetre all over its bed. A solitary *chowkidar*, keeping guard over such vast mineral wealth, is the only living thing, animal or vegetable, in sight. And if you pass through this valley, white and blistering in the July noontide, you will believe that here is a scene from Dante's Inferno. Thence through more hills, and so out on to the plains of Bannu. Kafir Kot, the mountain which dominates the scenery of this frontier, lies to the north. Its bastions and curtains, which

the syces cut for the horses. After a couple of cuttings *shaftala* (a kind of clover) comes up under the wheat, and that crop is then used. All through the summer vast quantities of *bhusa* or chopped straw have to be bought, and there are few Europeans in cantonments who cannot estimate the contents of a four or five *charpoi* stack with tolerable accuracy. The land seldom gets a rest. The same field yields crops of rice, *shaftala*, wheat and millet all in a twelvemonth. Sugarcane is slow-growing and therefore occupies the ground for six months, but in nearly all other cases a second crop is sown before the first is ready to cut.

Friday is market day in Bannu, and for this reason is the weekly holiday for the garrison instead of Thursday. Throngs of people pour in from the country round, bringing with them horses, sheep, goats, cattle, vegetables and firewood for sale. The fair is held all round the city walls. It presents an animated and picturesque scene. The crowd consists of Bannuchis, Waziris, Marwats, Tochiwals, Khattaks, Khatris and many other people. It is not easy to distinguish between these different tribes, because the Bannuchis themselves are a mixture of all. Also the maroon-coloured turban, by which at first one hopes to differentiate, is not in fact distinctive, but is used by all classes indiscriminately; and the Marwat sheet, which they wear instead of *pyjamas*, is also adopted by many who are not Marwats. Lastly, a large proportion of the agricultural classes, who one might imagine to be Mussulmans, are in fact Hindus. The Waziris alone

have been in view all day, look more than ever like a huge ruined castle when viewed from the Bannu side. The Latamma Nullah revives a flagging interest in the journey. It is crossed near hills, to which raiders can beat an easy retreat, and for this reason the place is dangerous and has an evil reputation. Besides this, the dry *nullah* bed after a few hours' rain turns into a swirling torrent which no tonga can face.

And then of a sudden all this desolation ceases and gives place to luxuriant crops. The villages are buried in trees and plantain-groves. Date-palms grow everywhere, and together with the plantains give a tropical appearance to the place. The date-palms out along the D. I. K. road are quite one of the sights of Bannu. It is hard to determine which season of the year is most attractive. Some say November, when the sugarcane is high and the Indian corn, but lately cut, is being flayed on the threshing-floors. Others prefer Bannu in early spring when the apple and peach blossoms make a great display of colour. Others again, and with these I agree, believe that this frontier paradise is most lovely in early summer, when a green sea of young wheat covers the whole country to the foot of the mountains. Then rambling roses smother the hedges, hang in festoons from the trees, and invade the water mills and mosques. At that season natives pluck roses and stick them into their turbans.

In Bannu everyone has a stake in the agricultural proceedings. In April you dismiss your 'grass cuts' and become the owner of so many *karnals* of wheat, which

are easy to recognise because of their short pleated *kurtas*, or shirts, embroidered with scarlet thread, and their long, ill-kept hair.

The *shisham* trees of Bannu are a drooping variety. Plates, boxes, bed-posts, doors and drums are made of *shisham*, and are often carved or covered with bands of lacquer and sold in the market. A weird selection of evil-tempered Waziri horses are brought to the Friday fairs. Wall-eyed brutes, known as *Sulamani*, are particularly to be avoided. There are, however, many fine animals for sale, especially amongst those whose sires belong to Government studs. The prices asked are rather high, but it is worth knowing that an animal with a white star, or a white patch on its forehead, is considered unlucky, and may be bought cheap on that account.

Like the Latammar Nullah, the Kurram River, which flows close to Bannu, is given to heavy flooding after rain. Quantities of drift wood are washed down, and, in trying to capture this, the natives frequently lose their lives. Small mahseer are numerous, and near Kurram Ghari, where the river comes out into the plain, there are deep pools where good bathing can be had.

Kurram Ghari post is a lonely spot surrounded by fantastic, sterile hills. On the way there, a tree is passed called 'Nicholson's tree.' Under this grand old peepul Nicholson used to hold durbar. It has one horizontal branch, which was used as a gallows in those good days of shirt-sleeve justice.

Some say the name of 'Bannu' is derived from a Persian word meaning 'well-wooded.' But the usually accepted theory is that Bannu was the name of the wife of the Waziri Chief who first conquered the plain. Each district was then named after Bannu's sons. That across the Kurram River is called Shirani. It is luxuriantly cultivated. All the more striking, therefore, is the desolation of the Gumatti Pass beyond it. A small post commands the entrance of the pass. This is known as Olā Gumatti. New Gumatti is right inside the pass, and Gumatti village lies in a belt of trees near it. The native fort, which so stoutly resisted artillery fire when we attacked it, has since been demolished. The Gumatti defile, which till the construction of these posts was a veritable thorn in our flesh, and which cost us many lives in '99 and '03, is an imposing ravine, flanked with high rugged mountains which it is impossible to picquet thoroughly, without a big force.

So much for Bannu itself. But a word must be said of the panorama of mountains which surround it. Working from the south, round by the west, we begin with distant low hills occupied by the Bhitannis, who are a friendly people, except when the prospect of gain tempts them into allowing Mahsuds to pass through their country. Next comes an inhospitable upland known as Ghabaristan where live the Ghabars, who should not be confused with the tribe of the same name in Kurram. The first high mountain to the south-west is Seogar, which hides the Mahsud country from view, excepting one dark spur

occupied by the Shobia Khels and Jalal Khels. Jani Khel and Wali are two posts below the foot of Seogar. The well-known outlaw Salim, who was a Wali Khel Waziri, came from Jani Khel, where he was once a peaceable blacksmith. The Shakhtu Darrah and the Khaisora are two narrow defiles leading into the fastness of Waziristan. Of these the Shakhtu is said to be shut in by such narrow mountain walls that even a camel cannot pass through. Almost above it, but standing well back, is the wooded and often snow-capped peak of Pirgul or Pregul. The long four-gabled mountain is Shui-dar, and next to it is Vezdeh. These are the three chief peaks of Waziristan. The Showal district is well-wooded, and timber used for buildings in Bannu is all brought down from there. Next come an array of low and unattractive hills occupied by the Jani Khels, Bakka Khels and Muhamad Khels, till nearly north rise the jagged Umarzai and Hathi Khel hills behind Kurram Ghari, from which the Kurram river issues after having just been joined by the Kaitu stream. In a deep cleft of the mountains between Kurram Ghari and Gumatti, the majestic snows of the Safed Koh are visible all the winter; and one has only to go a little way out into the middle of the plain to have a grand view of Sikaram, Bazurgachuka, and Bodeena. North-east, behind Gumatti Post, rise the Kabul Khel hills, culminating in the weird bastions of Kafir Kot. All round by the east run the distant spurs of the Maidan and Salt Hills, amongst and behind which dwell Khattaks, Niazaïs and Jats. The Sheikh Budin ridge fills up the

south of the panorama, dividing Marwat from the Derajat.

The most interesting archæological remains near Bannu are those buried beneath mounds near the village of Akra. Like many other ruins on this frontier, Akra is ascribed to Alexander the Great.

There seems, however, little reason for believing the stories which connect him with these ancient mounds, though there is no doubt but that Akra is of Greek or Græco-Bactrian origin, and came into existence in the early part of the three centuries of Greek influence. Round about the mounds are several villages, and if you go and sit in the *hujra*, or guest-house, the little Pathan boys will quickly produce what they have found in the mounds. They bring in quantities of coins, many of which are defaced beyond recognition, but amongst which the silver Menandar and some copper coins bearing the head of a Greek soldier are to be seen. In this way the age of the mounds is estimated to be at least twenty-one hundred years. Many Kadphises coins are found too, showing that the city survived to be ruled by Hindu Kings. Clay and earthen-ware idols of a Hindu type are found in great numbers, but there is a remarkable paucity of stone images such as were popular at that period in the cities of Peshawar and Yusufzai. The few stone relics which have been found at Akra are not of any great size or artistic value, but they are often distinctly Greek, and are older than the pottery figures. The absence of any valuable artistic remains tends to prove that Akra was

not a centre of religion or learning, but was more probably a fort or outpost of the newly formed Empire, about which subsequent generations built an extensive settlement. That no building of any kind survives shows that the ancients were content to use the same excellent clay bricks which we, and our Waziri neighbours, still utilise or our frontier posts.

The mounds themselves are not very interesting. They stand about eighty feet high on the left bank of the Baran Nullah, seven miles to the south of Bannu. They are being constantly excavated by the villagers, who throw the rich ash soil on to their fields. The crops in the vicinity are consequently more flourishing than elsewhere. The story of an awful destruction and social upheaval is clearly written in these mounds. One is left to picture the appearance of a ruthless Mussulman Army on the plain, and to suppose that the inhabitants lowered their choicest images into the wells to save them from being broken up, as also did the people of Yusufzai. Then the place must have been given over to rapine, pillage and flames. All these events are recorded by layers of ash, charred wood and bone fragments. Pottery, beads, trinkets, signets and bits of polished jade and agate are washed out every year by the rains. The signets are usually of a black substance, resembling vulcanite in appearance and weight. They have on them figures of antelopes, lions and elephants. A little while ago a bin full of rice was dug up, which, though remarkable, is after all less wonderful than the discovery of grain and

foodstuffs in Egyptian tombs after far greater lapses of time.

I spent nearly two years in Bannu in 1910 and 1911. At that time the late Mullah Powindah was still alive, and the hatred he felt towards the British Government resulted in frequent raids on Bannu. These were subsequently stopped by General O'Donnel, C. B., who deported those sections of the population responsible for allowing raiders to pass. This strong action brought to a close a regular reign of terror during which we were never sure of a night in bed.

The Mullah Powindah was not a Mahsud by birth. He was a native of Bannu, and spent his youth there. He also underwent a short period of imprisonment in Bannu jail. What education he had he obtained in Bannu city. A disagreement with the jemadar of the jail, whom he shot dead, necessitated his hasty retirement from British territory at the age of about eighteen. He fled into Mahsud Waziristan, where he established himself at Makin. He there set up as a *mullah* and a seeker after knowledge, and soon assumed the title of *Badshah-i-Taliban* or *The King of Knowledge Seekers*. After the blockade of 1901-02, which was very largely brought about by his evil influence, the Mullah Powindah lost a good deal of his popularity. He nevertheless maintained himself by misappropriating money which was formerly paid by Government into Waziristan, and with this he bought arms and ammunition. He took full advantage of the boom in the rifle trade in Kabul in 1907, and sent

a large party into Afghanistan to purchase firearms. In this, and in the natural strength of Makin, lay his power. Makin, however, is by no means impregnable, and the village was gutted by British troops more than once even before it became the object of aeroplane attacks. The Mullah, fully aware of his rising unpopularity, used to take every possible precaution and had an escort whenever he stirred from his house. He was always elaborately armed himself. In appearance he was tall and well set up.

The activities of this pestilential fellow gave us a great deal of trouble in Bannu for many years. He was responsible for all the worst raids into British territory. The most serious of these was an attempt to loot the Civil Treasury at Lakkhi (20 miles from Bannu) on the 12th March, 1910. The raiders, forty strong, were led by the Mullah's nephew. They sheltered openly for the day in a mosque, trusting to the terror of their reputation to save them as usual from interference. However, news of their visit was wired to Bannu and a force was sent out in tum-tums. It reached the mosque at dusk and surrounded it just as the Mahsuds were going to leave it. A violent collision ensued, in which Captain Stirling, six men and six horses were killed on our side. The raiders had six killed. Five more were captured, who subsequently all died or were hanged.

It was, however, seldom that a decision like this was reached. Raids occurred all over the district. Rich Hindrs were carried off, tongas held up, posts attacked, and travellers murdered—the raiders escaping across the

border with ease by a thousand obscure paths. In all this, of course, they were assisted by tribesmen in our own territory who gave them free passage. As a rule, troops from Bannu arrived much too late after an all-night march in heat and choking dust. Nothing could have been more harassing than life in Bannu until at last General O'Donnel took over command. By instituting a system of reprisals, he reduced the tribesmen to order in a few weeks.

CHAPTER X.

FRONTIER FIELD FIRING.

The Bannu Brigade—Camp—Field firing—The Bakka Khel—Their craving for fire wood and spent bullets—A *Baramla*.

FIELD MANŒUVRES of the Bannu Brigade differ from those of any other Brigade. There is an essence of reality about them and a grim sense of humour which the Waziri cannot learn to appreciate. I remember in particular the annual field firing of the year 1911. Things began quietly enough. A camp was selected a couple of miles across the Waziri border in a weird and desolate spot. Stony, treeless hills and broken *nullahs* lay around us, intensely ugly and yellow in the sunlight; but at dusk there is a strange beauty about the rugged walls of Waziristan, which then assume restful violet tints. After dark the battery threw some star shells which illuminated the nearest ridges with a faint silvery light, against which targets were indistinctly visible. Amongst other things we nearly shot a follower, who, contrary to all orders, was wandering about outside the perimeter, but so sharp was he at taking cover as soon as we opened fire, that we thought he was one of the Bakka Khel Waziris who inhabit these parts, and who have a great weakness for spent bullets.

Our troubles began on the following day when we moved out to attack a village which had been specially built for our benefit. The columns became entangled in winding *nullahs*; and it was already hot before the troops reached the stony ridge of hills which was known to overlook the battlefield, and from which it was proposed to launch an attack on the village. Glasses were loosened as we reached the summit. The village was seen a mile away on the edge of a plateau. It consisted of three formidable towers connected together by low walls. Targets covered the whole countryside. 'Falling plates' formed an advanced line: 'running men' covered the further heights: and cavalry represented by cloth screens charged from right and left.

Now when every preparation was ready an uncanny thing happened. The 'falling plates' began to fall. The 'running men' began to run; and before glasses could be properly adjusted, the cavalry screens turned tail and fled, and were soon disappearing over the horizon into Waziristan. In fact the targets were alive, and were streaming away towards the hills as hard as they could go. The language on the ridge need not be repeated here. The Staff said bitter things—things which they must have been sorry for afterwards. Some one ordered the cavalry out, and we lay for an hour sweltering under the noon-day sun, watching the squadron round up the runaway targets, which presently began reluctantly to return to their forsaken trenches. And when they had returned there emerged from behind each—a Bakka Khel Waziri.

They were collected in a bunch and hustled from the ground to a neighbouring bluff; and though they were in imminent peril, they were permitted to remain there as they refused to retire further, and the morning was too far spent to start an argument. In the meantime whisky and soda had been tactfully handed round on the ridge, after which things looked a little brighter.

So at last the attack began, though the artistic attitudes of the targets were not restored, and they lay in despairing attitudes before us. The battery opened fire on the towers. The shells could be seen behind the village, bounding and ricocheting across the plain, raising spurts of dust where they skimmed the ground. And each shell as it sped away was pursued by a shrieking mob of Bakka Khels.

And now the battle became general. The flank attack on the right was beginning to make itself felt and the whole of the bullet-swept area was dancing with puffs of dust. The lines of infantry, bending low over their fixed bayonets, were steadied for the final assault. Bugles were blown. Someone began to cheer, and the line heaved forward for the charge—when suddenly from the ground before it sprang up another line—a gray line of ragged men, shouting and fighting. They charged the position, and, long before the infantry could reach it, were tearing down beams and targets from the *debris* of the towers, and grubbing up spent shot and shell from beneath the walls.

What a day that was for the Bakka Khel! What treasures of firewood and ammunition lay before them!

But they were destined to be disappointed. The General, to punish them, issued orders that the sepoy might have the wood. In a moment the ridge was ours; and the Waziris were driven off out of stone-throw range. In ten minutes the towers were demolished, and with beams and boughs waving high, like the moving woods of Dunsinane, the Bannu Brigade marched back to camp.

Next evening we made a night attack with blank ammunition, the noise of which must have lulled the suspicions of the whole district. Certainly it was a complete surprise even to us when, after re-assembling and heading for camp, we were suddenly turned aside in our march. Blank ammunition was rapidly withdrawn and ball issued. Orders were read by the light of electric torches. Units slipped away into the night, and by dawn had drawn a complete cordon round a troublesome area several miles away.

The inhabitants of this area had been issued with rifles with which to repel raiders. But instead of doing so, they had given raiding parties free passage, and had even shared in the loot. Now they slept before us innocent as babes, while the first glimmer of dawn had not yet challenged the brilliance of the stars. Orion and his splendid attendants shone low down in the west. A chill night wind shivered over the crops. Village dogs barked, but not more than usual, and presently a stark naked Wazir (they always sleep naked) stumbled amongst us and was downed with only a smothered exclamation. Presently the *mullahs* began to call the faithful to prayer

until in a few minutes the growing light revealed to them the surrounding cordon of troops.

Wazirs are pretty expert at hiding themselves. But we knew by this time all their weaknesses for corn bins, dung heaps, straw and firewood. One man took refuge inside his wife's skirts. The lady played her part well by loudly abusing us. Having failed to save her man, she first stoned us, and then tried to grip us by where the beard should have been.

We caught several men that morning who were badly wanted: but that ended the trouble in the neighbourhood for months. Ever afterwards the villagers slept out on the hard stones whenever they heard 'field firing.' Only once again did they offend—and on that occasion the round-up was repeated, and all their camels driven off to Bannu and auctioned. They tasted then the bitterness which we for months had had to endure until General O'Donnell invented the *Baramta* or 'reprisal,' which in a few brief weeks reduced the Bannu frontier to order.

I suppose few troops have ever been so alert and efficient as the Bannu Brigade of those days. It was never possible to say what force would be required, or in what direction. Yet even on dark nights it seldom took a column more than 15 minutes to turn out complete with transport, ammunition, rations and medical equipment. Without hurry, without a sound, the troops slipped away and were gone, and by dawn were surrounding some village, holding some post, or blocking some pass into the hills.

CHAPTER XI.

TOCHI.

Bannu—Kajauri—Lower Dawar—Treatment of Waziris—Lower Tochi
—Trade—Miranshah—Trees—Boia—Raiders—Tutnarai—A grand
view—Mahsuds.

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

There was never a more un-get-at-able place than Bannu, and Bannu is the base from which the journey to the Tochi must be made, unless one is lucky enough to obtain permission to travel *viâ* Thal, through independent territory.

The distance from Bannu to Miranshah in Tochi is 37 miles. The road is a good one, and has the advantage over that leading up the Kurram of being metalled throughout. The cultivation of Bannu stops abruptly on the left bank of the Baran Nullah. Beyond this, a stony and treeless plain rises gently to the foot hills of Waziristan. The border is crossed just beyond the small fortified post of Aslam Chowki, and a little further on the Tochi river comes in sight. In summer it is a considerable stream. It rises in Afghanistan and, flowing south of Bannu, joins

the Kurram river near Laki. The lower reaches of the Tochi Valley consist of dreary defiles through rugged and unimposing mountains, with no villages, cultivation, or trees to break the monotony for nearly twenty miles. The prospect, however, improves very much at Kajauri, where the valley opens out into a broad and fertile plateau, studded over with *kajur*, or date palms (*Phœnix sylvestris*), from which the place derives its name. The plain, which is several miles long, is divided into fields, which in summer are said to produce rich crops ; but in early January, when I visited it, the country was looking drab and sombre enough. Small fortified towers are scattered about it for the protection of the crops. The villages are, as usual, mud forts, and are enclosed by high defensive walls. The valley, as far as Miranshah, is known as Lower Dawar, and above Miranshah as Upper Dawar.

The people of Dawar are comparatively prosperous and well-to-do, and are in consequence the victims of constant raids from their more needy and manly neighbours in the hills. They are now no longer enlisted in the local Militia, being considered soft and effete. They suffer a good deal from fevers, caused no doubt by the extensive cultivation of rice. Fevers, enlarged spleens, eye diseases and gun-shot wounds are all treated free of charge in the Miranshah Hospital. The inhabitants of Dawar do not migrate in summer, in which respect they differ from nearly all other Waziris, who move up into the mountains with their belongings as soon as the hot weather sets in.

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

The narrow strip of the Tochi, sixty-three miles long, now brought under British administration, lies due south of the Afghan province of Khost, which is thus sandwiched in between the Kurram and the Tochi. The chief town of Khost is Matun, which was occupied by our troops

for a short while during the early part of the second Afghan war. I believe an Afghan Brigade is now stationed there. The political advantages of holding the Tochi and of thus having a footing in Waziristan are very great, even though we have no posts further west than Datta Khel towards the Durand line. The presence of British arms in Tochi and the Gumal has done much to overawe the troublesome Mahsuds.

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

Miranshah is situated in a stony plain, well above and away from the Tochi river. It was removed to its present site in about 1906, because the former fort was too near the hills. The old cantonment was demolished. The new fort is a fine building, though rather too large for its garrison. It contains the comfortable mess of the officers of the North Waziristan Militia, as well as the civil post and other buildings. Nothing that could give cover to snipers can be erected outside the walls, and even the 'sticky court' is sunk in a hollow. Half a mile away is another big enclosure, in which are the hospital, bazaar, and various native quarters. Water is brought to Miranshah all the way from Boia by means of a little canal

which follows every bend of the hill-sides for miles. There is besides a fine well, 115 feet deep inside the fort. Outside the post a big garden has been made in which quantities of young trees have been planted. These in time are to be put out all about the valley, which is at present very poorly wooded. Amongst other trees so introduced are the *safeda* or poplar, the Australian ilex, the peepul, various fruit trees, the rubber tree and the chenar. This latter shows signs of doing well. It is found in many Pathan districts, notably in Kurram, in the Panjkora Valley and in Dir. I saw one remarkably fine chenar in Tochi in the village of Kharok Ali, opposite Ahmad Khel, which must be quite 250 years old. I was assured that there was another quite as big near Datta Khel. These seem to be the only two large trees in Tochi. There are, of course, extensive forests on the mountains, particularly on the slopes of Shui-dar and Vez Deh, which are the two most prominent peaks to the south. The timber for building the new Infantry lines in Bannu was cut in the Showal district.

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

The elevation of Miranshah above sea-level is 3,200 feet. The cold in winter is severe. In January I found all the brooks ice-bound until midday, and a large fire in one's room was a necessity at night. Amongst other curious objects in the Fort are some iron 'alarm drums,

which now fulfil more peaceful duty as flower-pots.

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

At Muhammed Khel I found some ponies and an escort, waiting to conduct me to Tutnarai. The main road can hardly be called safe. A tonga driver and syce were captured on the 15th March 1909, and were only restored after a month. Major Graves was wounded in May of '09 while driving from Miranshah to Bannu. It was only a few weeks previous to my visit that the tonga was held up by a couple of Madda Khel Waziris. They murdered the driver, looted the tonga, and only spared a Waziri boy, who was a Naik in the Militia. This lad was one of the members of my escort to Tutnarai. We immediately left the road and struck up a level *nullah* bed, leading towards the mountains to the south. Gradually the ravine becomes a well-defined defile, with high containing walls, and an easy grit bed, up which we could gallop at intervals.

Tutnarai occupies a saddle, or pass, between two hills which are themselves each crowned with a small

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

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

The Mahsuds in Tochi do not bear the evil reputation that they have in Dera Ismail Khan. They are caught young for the Militia, and have proved themselves not

only men of pleasant manners, but of steady, and even reliable, character.

The dress of the Waziris is most distinctive. Their shirt, or *kurta*, is quite short, and reaches to only just below the hips. It is fully pleated, and the neck, back, and upper part of the sleeves are usually prettily embroidered with scarlet thread. The *pyjamas* are exceedingly loose; and maroon-coloured *pugrees* are much affected. They wear their black hair about four inches long, and brush it in a curl around the neck and ears. The Waziris are not so torn by internal feuds as most of the other trans-frontier races. To the poor of their own community, they are said to be charitable, and they do not offer violence to the wives and children of their personal foes. Their barbarity to all strangers, however, is such that every Pathan Sepoy in the Indian Army longs for nothing so keenly as a Waziri War. "Of the Waziri," says Edwards, "it is literally true that his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him."

CHAPTER XII.

SHAHBASH ILAM DIN.

Haved—A mixed population—Water Supplies—Harvest—Pathan legends of the Stars—A harvest quarrel—Superstitions regarding a certain grass-hopper—Madat-i-Takir, Ziarat—Destruction of corpses.

THIS is a tale told me one night at Haved by a Bannuchi villager :—

“ It is the cutting of crops which causes half the trouble in our part of the world. Every one is so exacting and quarrelsome over his water rights, that hardly a summer goes by without some one getting hurt. But it is a glad time too. Even as a child I loved the harvest, and now that I am a man and toil from dawn to sunset under the hot May sun, I enjoy the season more than ever. The harvest I am speaking of now was for us a particularly fortunate one. We had several times early in the year turned streams on to our fields in Haved, instead of letting them flow on into Landidak village as they should have done, and although the quarrel which arose between ourselves and the Landidak people resulted in our being fined in the Bannu court, the affair had nevertheless been profitable to us.

“ There is little good feeling amongst the neighbours of any Pathan country-side, but around Haved there is

even less than usual, because in almost every village there is a distinct and separate community. The land has been distributed in past years to all sorts of tribes. We in Haved are Bannuchis. In Multani they are Marwats, and in Landidak they are Mahsuds. What could have induced the Sahibs ever to have given land and water to these Shabia Khels who have always been their enemies it is hard to say. In the old days we used to shoot a Mahsud on sight, and so much do we distrust them, that we have a saying about them that they would kill you for the sake of your *pugree*."

"Well, thanks to the extra supply of water, our crops were good, and we engaged many men to help us reap them. We even employed a number of nomads, who had pitched their camp of blanket tents near us. On such occasions, when many of us work together in one field, we hire *mirasis** to play their *dhols* and *surnais*† to encourage the reapers, and every now and then we shout and dance and then resume our toil. Our fields lie near those of Landidak, and the Landidak people took great offence at our noisy proceedings. Their Malik tried to restrain them, but headed by an influential man called Ilam Din, they sent us insulting messages and told us to stop our drums. At this we laughed, and beat the *dhols* louder than ever, but that night we left sentries in the fields to guard the crops, for these dogs of Waziris, even when tamed by living in the Sirkar's territory, are not

* Musicians.

† Drums and pipes.

to be trusted. In the evening we returned home, and at dusk tarried to pray at the *Musjid* beneath the peepul tree. They have made a mud platform before the shrine, and there is a pool of water for ablutions.

"After the evening meal we gathered in the village *hujra*, or guest house, and sat talking and smoking late into the night, for we knew that there was little work left in the fields for the morrow. The married men went off one by one to their houses, but we bachelors always sleep in the *hujra*. We talked long of the stars which shone so brilliantly above us, and some one told the story of *Lila* and *Majrum* (Venus and Jupiter) and of how the two lovers meet once a year. And another told of the Horse's Road (the Milky Way), and of *Kui* (Carona) which is so called because it looks like the mouth of a well, and of *Charpoi*, the bed, which is the name we give to the Great Bear. Near the *Charpoi* there is an old woman, and a stick and a jackal. And we discussed the great fiery star with a long tail, which had of late appeared in the heavens before the dawn.* Some one said he had heard the *Mullah* remark that it foretold a war or a famine or the death of a great king. He is a wise man, our *Mullah*, for the next time I went to Bannu every one was talking of how the great King of the Sirkar had died.† Next morning we made a gay and joyful party and started late to cut the remainder of the crop. The *mirasis* led the

* Halley's Comet.

† King Edward VII.

way and we danced and sung and flourished our swords. My father and several others signed papers at the Thana that we would behave well, and we were then given permission to fire our rifles into the air, which is a thing which pleases us a great deal.

“The Landidak people, headed by Ilam Din, met us near their village. They appeared more angry than ever at our festival, which they thought was due to the successful use we had made of their water cuts. They ordered us not to use the road which passed near their village. And at this our men became angry too. The music stopped. The procession came to a standstill, and discussions and recriminations followed. At last we warned the Landidak people to stand aside and allow us to pass. Upon this Ilam Din, who was the moving spirit against us, said he would shoot if we advanced. So many lies have since been told in the courts that I hardly know who fired first,* but after the first shot many more followed, and five of our men were killed and one of the Mahsuds was badly wounded. We used the rifles lately distributed to us by the Sirkar for our protection, and it mortified us exceedingly when afterwards we had to pay a rupee for each bullet expended. The Mahsuds had, of course, been given no Sirkari rifles, but they had many of their own. When we saw so many men dead on the ground, a panic seized us, for we Bannuchis greatly dread the Mahsuds in fight, though we can always get the better of them in

* This fight occurred between two villages near Naurang, Bann District, in May 1910.

any court of law. So we fled across the fields back to Haved. Luckily there was a shrine by the way, which is sacred as a local sanctuary, and there we threw down our bundles, knowing that they would be quite safe within the enclosure of the shrine. Even the Landidak people would never violate the sacredness of our sanctuary.

“ Now it happened that the Ishtant Sahib,* who is called Laram Sahib, arrived in Haved that afternoon, and as we could not agree amongst ourselves what to do, and as the Jemadar of the post had been away all day, we went to the Sahib. He quickly ordered the eight Border Militia sepoys to get ready and rode over with them to Landidak. Most of us had recovered from our fright, so we followed him too. At Landidak the Malik came out to Laram Sahib. He had collected our dead and protested that Ilam Din was alone responsible for what had occurred. He told us that Ilam Din and six whole families who had been dissatisfied over the legal decision about the water had left the village half an hour before with all their property.† Ilam Din, the Malik said, was in a dangerous mood. He was sure to come back sooner or later to raid, for after this affair the Sirkar's territory was of course no longer open to him. Then Laram Sahib followed up Ilam Din, and overtook him two miles out on the waste land which extends to the foot of the mountains of Waziristan and Ghabaristan. Ilam Din and his

* Assistant Political Officer.

† An evacuation such as this took place at Jani Khel in April 1910.

party were greatly impeded with their flocks and their families, for their flight, as the Malik had truly assured us, was unpremeditated.

“Then Laram Sahib rode up to Ilam Din and told him to stop and speak with him. So Ilam Din, trusting the Ishtant Sahib, waited. He was a fine-looking fellow of twenty-four or twenty-five summers. He possessed powerful limbs, and square shoulders. His skin was very clear and white, and he had blue eyes, which even our women of Haved admired. Moreover he was careful of his appearance. His black hair was well oiled and combed, and he wore round his throat a necklace of beads which had been picked up from the mounds of Akra, which are not far from Landidak. He wore a short and fully pleated shirt, which reached only to his hips, after the Waziri fashion, and the neck and sleeves were richly embroidered. On his head he had a red *pugree*; and little black and green tassels ornamented his sandals.

“Laram Sahib at once ordered him to surrender, but to this Ilam Din would not agree, so he rode back and rejoined his own people. Then the Militia sepoy opened fire. But the Mahsuds, to save their animals and women, ran back upon us and drove the Militia before them. Then Laram Sahib himself took a rifle and stood his ground and shot three of Ilam Din's men, and remained shooting till the sepoy took heart and rejoined him.

“By that time it was nearly dark, and Ilam Din and most of his people escaped under cover of night. We caught three, who were hanged by the judge sahib when

he came to Bannu three months later. Ilam Din was the last to continue firing, and before he went he called out 'Laram Sahib! Oh! Laram Sahib, *shahbash*, you are a good fighter. Won't you say "*shahbash*" to Ilam Din.' But the Sahib made no reply.*

"That same night, when no one was about, my father sent me towards Landidak on a mission of great importance. He gave me a grass-hopper which he had bought that day for twenty-five rupees from a wandering Swati *fakir*. He told me to place the grass-hopper in my rifle and fire it in the direction of Landidak: but he desired me to go up so close to the village that the noise of the explosion would be heard by all the inhabitants. It is well known that if any wounded man hears the noise of the rifle fired in such a way, or if he even hears the ping of the bullet, his wounds from that moment begin to fester, and he dies. So I went close up to Landidak, stuffed the grass-hopper up the barrel, put a cartridge in behind it, and fired. We heard two days later that the man we had wounded had died. These grass-hoppers are infallible, provided the wounded man hears the noise. The Afridis have the greatest faith in them and frequently employ them in their blood-feuds, and my father was lucky to buy one so cheap.

"Then followed a tedious attendance in the Bannu courts again, and very little good came of it all. The

* The story of Laram Sahib and Ilam Din was told me by the Malik of Jani Khel, and is, I believe, true. I never discovered who 'Laram Sahib' could have been.

Landidak people told a mass of lies, and we Bannuchis, of course, only spoke truth. We had to go several times to Bannu which was a great inconvenience because we had our crops to thresh.

"It was many months after all this that Ilam Din suddenly paid us a visit. He came at dusk one evening after we had prayed, and were eating the evening meal. His visit was short, but he left the bazaar a wreck, and carried away with him a Hindu, and a runner from the Militia post called Dilawar, who, by the way, should by rights have been back in the post before dark. The Militia sepoy chased the raiders a little way, and next morning the Hindu, who was much too fat to run any distance, was found murdered near Madat-i-Fakir Ziarat, which is a shrine out on the waste two miles across the Tochi river. Dilawar was carried off into the hills, but because he was a very poor Mussulman, Ilam Din fixed his ransom at only one hundred rupees, two English knives and two china cups and saucers.* Of course, the Sirkar has learnt its lesson by now, and absolutely declines to pay ransoms, but for some inexplicable reason, which we have never been able to understand, Laram Sahib sent Ilam Din six times the number of cups and saucers he had asked for. Shortly after, Dilawar escaped, and came back to us. It now began to be known that Ilam Din was frequenting the Madat-i-Fakir Ziarat, and people said he meant to loot Bannu itself. But late one night Laram

* This ransom was demanded by Khostwals who captured the *chowkidar* of the Munsif's Court, Bannu. It was not paid.

Sahib with twelve *sowars** suddenly arrived in Haved. It was whispered that he had information of Ilam Din's whereabouts, and one of the *sowars* told my father that the Sahib had been sent some message by the *chowkidar* who is posted in Landidak to see that no trans-frontier Mahsuds come into that village. Anyway Laram Sahib and his *sowars* moved on before dawn, and a dozen of us went with them. We surrounded Madat-i-Fakir, and as it began to grow light we moved closer to the tomb from all directions. Ilam Din was there sure enough. A severe fight followed, in which several of our men were hit, and two died afterwards. Ilam Din was shot four times before he was killed. As soon as he was dead his gang lost heart and surrendered. Some one ran to Ilam Din's body and spurned it with his foot; but Laram Sahib went up to it and patted it on the shoulder and said, '*Shahbash* Ilam Din; *shahbash!* *shahbash!*' Then we remembered what Ilam Din had cried out to the Sahib long ago, at the time of his flight.

"Then the Sahib told us to take the body back to its own village of Landidak for burial. But as soon as he was gone we collected wood and burned the pig of a Mahsud, for that has always been our custom. They say that the Powindahs, when they catch a live Mahsud, lay him out, cut off his head with one blow and quickly place it on a hot iron plate. The features jibber and twitch for quite a long time in a way that is very diverting. Next day,

* Mounted men.

of course, we accused the Landidak people of having stolen the body. But Laram Sahib, when he heard of it, was very angry, and believed the report that we had destroyed Ilam Din's corpse. He fined us, but we have appealed against this gross injustice."

CHAPTER XIII.

SHEIKH BUDIN.

Sheikh Budin—Marwat Country—Pezu—Water—Paniala—Reservoirs—Dante's Inferno—Game—A Hoodless Cobra—Superstitions regarding Trees—Olives—Dust-storms—Climate—The Shrine of a Saint—High Places.

Now the journey was past,
They had landed at last
With their boxes, portmanteaus and bags ;
But at first sight the crew
Were not pleased with the view,
Which consisted of chasms and crags.

THESE lines fittingly describe my sensations as I scrambled up the last bit of stony road to Sheikh Budin, and looked down with severe disapproval upon the desolation of Dante's Inferno. Sheikh Budin is the Hill Station for the Derajat. It lies about half-way between Bannu and Dera Ismail Khan, at the end of a spur thrown out by the Indus hills towards the mountain system of Waziristan. It is desert nearly all the way from Dera Ismail Khan to Pezu. The sand is with difficulty kept from overflowing across the road. Nor is the fifty-one-mile drive from Bannu, over the dried-up Marwat country, any more attractive. You cross the hills through deep defiles, which fling back the summer heat upon you. One side of the hills, being composed of hard, black sandstone, slopes up gently, only to fall to the next valley in precipices, where

soft clays are exposed to the surface. Above these ravines and *nullahs* rises the main mass of Sheikh Budin. People have died of heat at Pezu before now, and it is questionable whether the subsequent delights of Sheikh Budin ever make amends for the burning hours one is forced to spend in Pezu. It is a fourteen-mile climb up a rough zig-zagging path to the top of the hill. Sheikh Budin has an elevation of 4,560 feet, and is, therefore, about the same height as Cherat. It is rather like Cherat in some ways. You suffer the same sinking of heart, when you first look down upon it, that is experienced upon reaching Cherat.

Even in the best years, Sheikh Budin is threatened with drought. There is not a drop of water on the hill, unless a little happens to have collected in some tanks. But they usually run dry. Water is carried fourteen miles from Pezu at the foot of the hill, and the wretched mules which bring it up in the afternoon to Sheikh Budin cannot get a drink until they return next morning to the plain. Europeans can afford to take a bath, but master's horse and master's cow have to drink it afterwards, so master does not make it too soapy. The servants never get a tub at all unless they can make surreptitious use of the bath water, before the cow gets it. Thirsty crows make desperate efforts to dislodge the covers of the water *ghurras*. A jar of water costs two annas, which is why some people take so little of it with their whiskey. The Pezu water is supplied by springs, and is excellent. There is, however, a slightly sulphurous spring at Paniala, and

the natives prefer this as it is only nine miles off, instead of fourteen. The word, *Paniala*, means "the place of water."

When such a rare thing occurs as a good year of rain a great deal of water can be stored in the tanks, which are 20 feet deep. They are four in number, and by a clever system of drains are supplied by the drainage of all the surrounding hills, including the drainage from the reverse slopes. Once, and not so very long ago either, there was a fine spring at the very summit of Sheikh Budin. In an evil hour the P. W. D. submitted estimates concerning it. They would blast the rock, and make a well. They did so, but blasted all the water out of the spring; so that what few drops now flow hardly suffice to nourish an unhappy bunch of maiden-hair. They say there is a connection between this spring and the one at Pezu. If the P. W. D. could be turned on to Pezu too, they could quickly benefit humanity by rendering Sheikh Budin altogether uninhabitable.

Sheikh Budin lies in a cup on the summit of the hill. The houses, though unpretentious outside, are wonderfully airy and comfortable within. From the verandahs of some, the hills fall away hundreds of feet. It is supposed to be a purely civil station, but the military, who are there on sufferance, really make it. The glittering Staffs of the Bannu and D. I. K. Brigades reside there in the summer, and write circulars exhorting the fever-laden and heat-distracted to further labour. Being situated on the exact top of the hill, half of Sheikh Budin belongs to

Bannu, and half to D. I. K., a scheme which involves several subtle conveniences. A circular road makes a figure of eight round the two peaks. The view over the plain after rain is noble. The Takht-i-Suliman can easily be seen rising from the uplands of Baluchistan. Pirgul and Shui-dar tower above the rest of Waziristan, and on a fine day you can even see the signal hill above Miranshah in Tochi. Sand deserts and palm groves stretch eastwards to where the waters of the Indus flash in the sunshine. In nearly the same direction, too, you look down upon a wonderful tangle of ravines and broken hills, split and twisted and riven by some awful convulsion of Nature. This they call Dante's Inferno. There is another Dante's Inferno near the tunnel on the Bannu-Kohat road, but this one at Sheikh Budin is the nethermost Hell of all. Nothing lives there. There is no water. No shrubs grow. Even the birds shun it, as if they feared gasses would rise and kill them. It is ugly, and dry, and utterly damned.

There are marhkor on the Indus hills, but they are shy, and their heads are too small to seriously attract sportsmen. Still, they *are* shot occasionally, and may be regarded as a distinct and smaller species of the Himalayan marhkor. A few foxes live round about, and jackals come quite close up to the houses every night. The only other creatures deserving notice are the reptiles, which are both numerous and deadly. The viper family is represented by the *Krait* (*Echis carinata*). Cobras are abundant. The most interesting is *Naia tripandians*

a rare, hoodless species. It has no spectacles and no hood, but is, in all other respects, a true cobra, and is very deadly. Specimens have been sent to the Natural History Society in Bombay, where it has been identified with another similar one sent from Chitral. The bite of a small grey lizzard, with black spots, is said by the natives to be fatal. Cases of death from it are reported from Paniala. The Bombay Natural History Society declares it harmless. In Pushtu it is called *Mar Chiraka* and in Punjabi *Kari*. Several harmless snakes are also found. The light-coloured scorpion is not very poisonous.

Sheikh Budin seems to have been founded in 1852. John Nicholson stayed there in 1856. Before Murree and Kashmir were as accessible as they are now, it was a popular hill resort for Derajat. In those days a whole regiment was stationed there, and the terraces on which its tents were pitched still exist. A cement skating rink has now fallen into disrepair. One cannot admire the old frontier institutions, which existed almost unamended in Bannu and Kohat to within recent years. They were not generous institutions, and it is lucky all India was not run on the same strictly commercial lines. However, Sheikh Budin actually possesses a racquet court, tennis court, library, residential club, and even a church and a cemetery, which do not appear to be encumbered by any one's prehistoric money claim. No doubt the owners were expensively bought out years ago. The church is a quaint little building, very much like those in Bannu and Montgomery.

Somehow or other, the absence of trees always provokes one to speak sympathetically of the few unhappy shrubs which do exist. At first sight you would imagine that the flora of Sheikh Budin was not worth worrying about except for boiling bath water. But if you look carefully—very carefully—you will find a hardy *palosa* struggling bravely against wind and drought. The *mazarai*, or dwarf palm, so rare in the Bannu district, but usually so typical of the frontier, grows here freely. It is used for matting. The date-palms down at Paniala, which grow in fine groves, are noted all up and down the country for the flavour of their fruit. Finely woven baskets are made from the leaves. The industry is now unfortunately decaying, and only a few old women are employed in it. There are wild olives on the stony ridges, but their fruit never ripens. One olive, now growing up well, was brought from the Mount of Olives. A single vine produces good grapes, and there are several mulberry trees, eucalyptus and blue gum, all more or less tortured into agonized attitudes by the wind.

Two of the olive trees possess supernatural powers. It is the custom to wish under one of them, and to register the wish by hammering in a nail. The trunk is now thickly studded with nails of all sizes, from tin tacks and broad-headed *chuppli* nails, to large iron tent pegs. A *Mullah* is sometimes in residence under the second holy tree. Here, to earn the fulfilment of your wish, you must hold your nose, and run seven times round the tree without breathing. This is no easy feat, as there are big rocks

and low boughs to avoid, and the pilgrim has to give up time after time. The performance is well worth watching through a pair of good field glasses. It is a peculiarity of these trees that their benefits are not limited to Mussulmans. There is nothing in the world to prevent the reader from driving in his nail, or leaping round the tree.

The climate of Sheikh Budin is not very good. A thermometer in a northern verandah registers a hundred degrees in summer. But the nights are cool, and a fresh breeze blows continually from the south-east. A storm in the north-west over Bannu usually means rain for Sheikh Budin too. Dust-storms are common, which envelop the place in total darkness for a few minutes. People suffer from fits of sickness which have not yet been accounted for. There are sudden changes of temperature which are apt to lead to chills. But when all this is admitted, it is really delightful to come up from the overwhelming heat of Derajat, and pull a couple of blankets over yourself at night. That is real luxury. Moreover, though the climate is bad, the oldest native inhabitant is believed to have endured it for over a hundred years—poor devil. There are 25 graves in the little cemetery down the *khud*. Of these only 12 are occupied by adults. The remaining thirteen graves are those of children, of whom all but one died before reaching the age of one year. The one exception died when thirteen months old. It would therefore appear that Sheikh Budin does not exactly suit children. Many of the deaths

occurred in one year, which was afterwards spoken of as "Babies' Year."

Old man Sheikh Ba-u-din, to whose residence this hilltop owes its sanctity, was a Kashmiri, and a Syed, or descendant of the Prophet. His shrine is perched on the highest peak, and is tended by a holy man who receives a small Government allowance for stopping. Otherwise no native servant would ever be induced to live there. Even the barber, the butcher and other necessary, but unwilling, functionaries, have to be subsidized. The shrine reminds one forcibly of the *high places* of Israel, where "The King went to Gideon to sacrifice there, for that was a great high place."

CHAPTER XIV.

DERAJAT AND WAZIRISTAN.

Dera Ismail Khan—Gundapurs—Powindahs—The Indus—Derajat—
Tonk the Unspeakable—A Mountain Spate—Conclusion.

DERA ISMAIL KHAN is the most important city of Derajat, and is the chief centre of trade between the Punjab and Southern Afghanistan. It is enclosed within high walls, and has two or three busy bazaars, which present a lively scene when the Powindah caravans are passing through. The shops which line the streets are backed with four-storied brick houses, which are adorned with picturesque wooden balconies. Braziers, cloth merchants, sweet sellers, fruiterers, and leather workers ply their crafts, and *hakims*, with their rows of medicine bottles, do a fine trade with unsuspecting Powindahs. Some of these doctors specialise in eye diseases, and also sell *surma* and other cosmetics. Weather-beaten, black-locked Powindahs, magnificent specimens of humanity, lounge about the streets enjoying the first civilization of India. There are many Hindus too, and a few Marwats. In the surrounding district there is a confusing variety of races, whose presence is difficult to account for. There are whole communities of Baluchis, who must have settled here many centuries

ago, and who are now entirely cut off from the Baluch tribes of Baluchistan. With them, often sharing the same villages, are Jats. In Kulachi, eighteen miles distant, live the Gundapurs, celebrated in days gone by for their fighting qualities. These Gundapurs, by the way, employed the *wesh* or "exchange of land" system until 1812. The Marwats of the Bannu district retained the *wesh* until still later, and it only finally disappeared after the first proper revenue settlement. There are besides in many of the villages Khattris, and such obscure people as Vail, Khokar and Dawe, of whom I was unable to gather any information.

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

Dera Ismail Khan as a station is not without its good points. Lying though it does in a desert, it is itself

buried in a mass of siris, safeda, tamarix, shisham, peepul and date-palm. These latter trees are very abundant, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of the cantonment.

In summer the broad flood of the Indus does much to isolate Dera Ismail, and the crossing of the river not infrequently occupies a whole day. I shall never forget crossing on my return from the Waziristan Expedition of 1917. The whole country was under water for miles and miles. The ferry steamer set us down in what appeared to be an inland sea, and we waded for nearly a whole day. The water was knee-deep always, and often breast-deep. I was never more glad in my life to reach dry ground and a first class railway carriage at Darya Khan, just as dusk was falling. In winter, however, the thirteen-mile drive in the sandy bed, along a rush-strewn road, and over innumerable crazy boat-bridges to Darya Khan, is an easy matter. Darya Khan is a disconsolate little village amongst the sand-hills.

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

Derajat was, in about 1469, governed by Hussain Khan, who divided out the district to three subordinates,

Ismail Khan and Fattah Khan (the sons of Sohrab, a Baluch from Makram), and Ghazi Khan. Each founded a city and named it after himself, and a strange fate has followed the towns of the Dera. Dera Ismail Khan was washed away by the Indus in 1825, when its inhabitants moved to the present site. Dera Fattah Khan has twice fallen into the river, and Dera Ghazi Khan is similarly threatened.

* * * * *

Beyond Dera Ismail Khan lies Tonk, which for general beastliness is without equal—the limit—the last word!

Before Tonk lies Waziristan, but Waziristan does not come within the scope of this book. I will, however, conclude with an experience of the Waziri Expedition of 1917 which has left a deep impression on my mind. The narrow valleys of the frontier, and particularly of Waziristan, are subject to sudden 'spates,' or floods, of which no words can give an adequate conception. In the case I am now describing we had had a long spell of intense heat. It was June, and the columns moved up the beds of absolutely dry *nullahs*. These *nullahs* were, in fact, the only roads. Heavy rain must have fallen somewhere in the hills, though we were quite ignorant of it when we set out that morning to escort a convoy.

All of a sudden the Advance Guard came running back upon us, and almost immediately a wave of water tore down the ravine. I never saw anything so terrifying in my life. There was no gradual rise of water, but it advanced like a wall ten feet high, filling the ravine completely. It travelled at ten miles an hour which was twice as fast as we could run. Great boulders were driven before it, and we could feel the shock of their progress as they bumped slowly along.

Most of us found safety on the hill slopes, but where the *mullah* walls were steep escape was impossible. Several men were drowned, including five who sought refuge in a little cave: and, of course, many mules and camels were lost. Two hours later the flood had abated and the boulders lay drying in the hot sun.

* * * * *

These pages are a picture of the border as it was before great changes were brought about by the late War. In essential features the North-West Frontier will always be what it always has been. Heat, flies, the absence of roads, the unreliability of the tribesmen, are factors which will endure. But science has modified conditions. We have yet to learn the exact effects of bombs, aeroplanes and motor transport. Weapons have changed. But the

people of our *Pathan Borderland* will remain—at least in our time—what they always have been—brave and debonair, fickle and inflammable—men with many virtues and many faults.

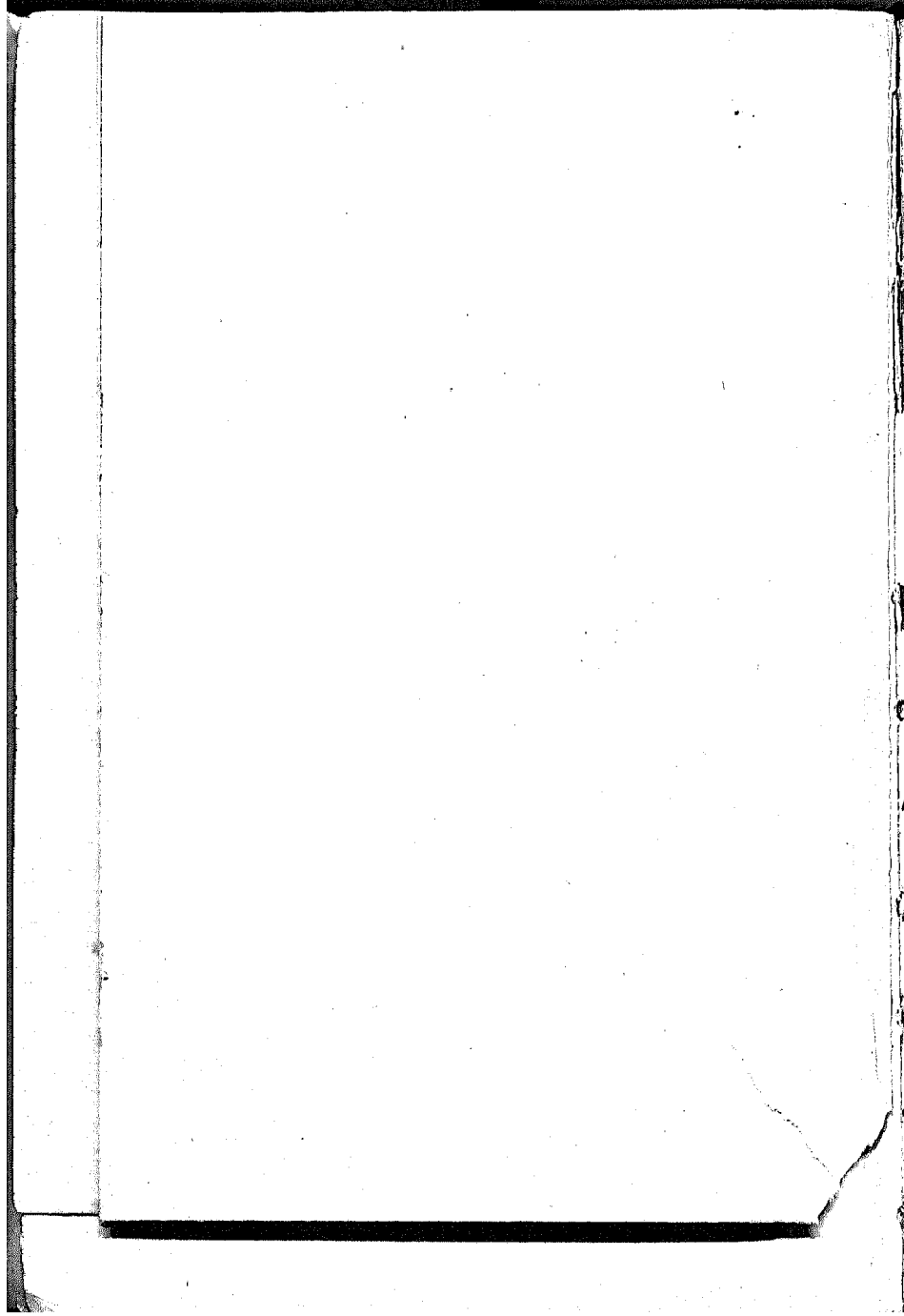
THE END

<p> TOTAL. </p>	<p> 100 </p>
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Pathans serving in Native Cavalry on 1st January, 1908.

Pathans serving in Sappers and Miners on 1st January, 1908.

GRAND TOTAL OF PATHANS IN THE <i>Regular</i> ARMY	...	10,630
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APPENDIX B.

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

<i>Corps.</i>	<i>Head-Quarters.</i>		
Chitral Scouts ..	Chitral	990
Chitral Levies ..	Chitral	110
Dir Levies ..	Dir	390
Swat Levies ..	Malakand	200
Bhittani Levies ..	Jandola	74
Peshawar Border Military Police.	Peshawar	580
Khyber Rifles ..	Lundi Kotal	1,691
2nd Bn., Kohat Border Military Police.	Kohat	550
1st Bn., Border Military Police (Samana Rifles).	Hangu	480
Kurram Militia ..	Parachinar	1,370
N. Waziristan Militia ..	Miranshah	1,270
S. Waziristan Militia ..	Wana	1,500
Hazara Border Military Police	Tochi	250
Bannu Border Military Police	Bannu	410
D. I. K. Border Military Police	Tonk	580
Total			0,445*

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

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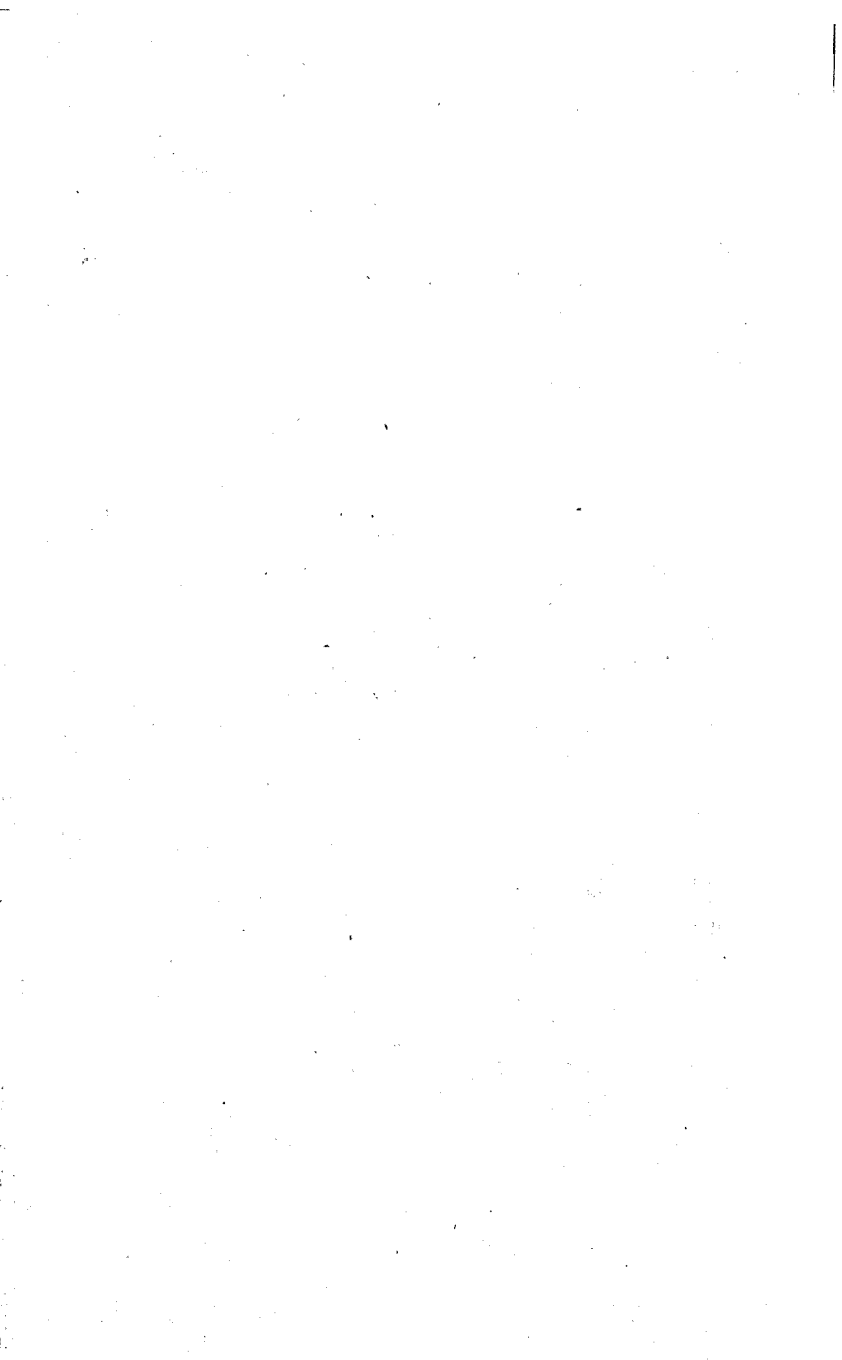
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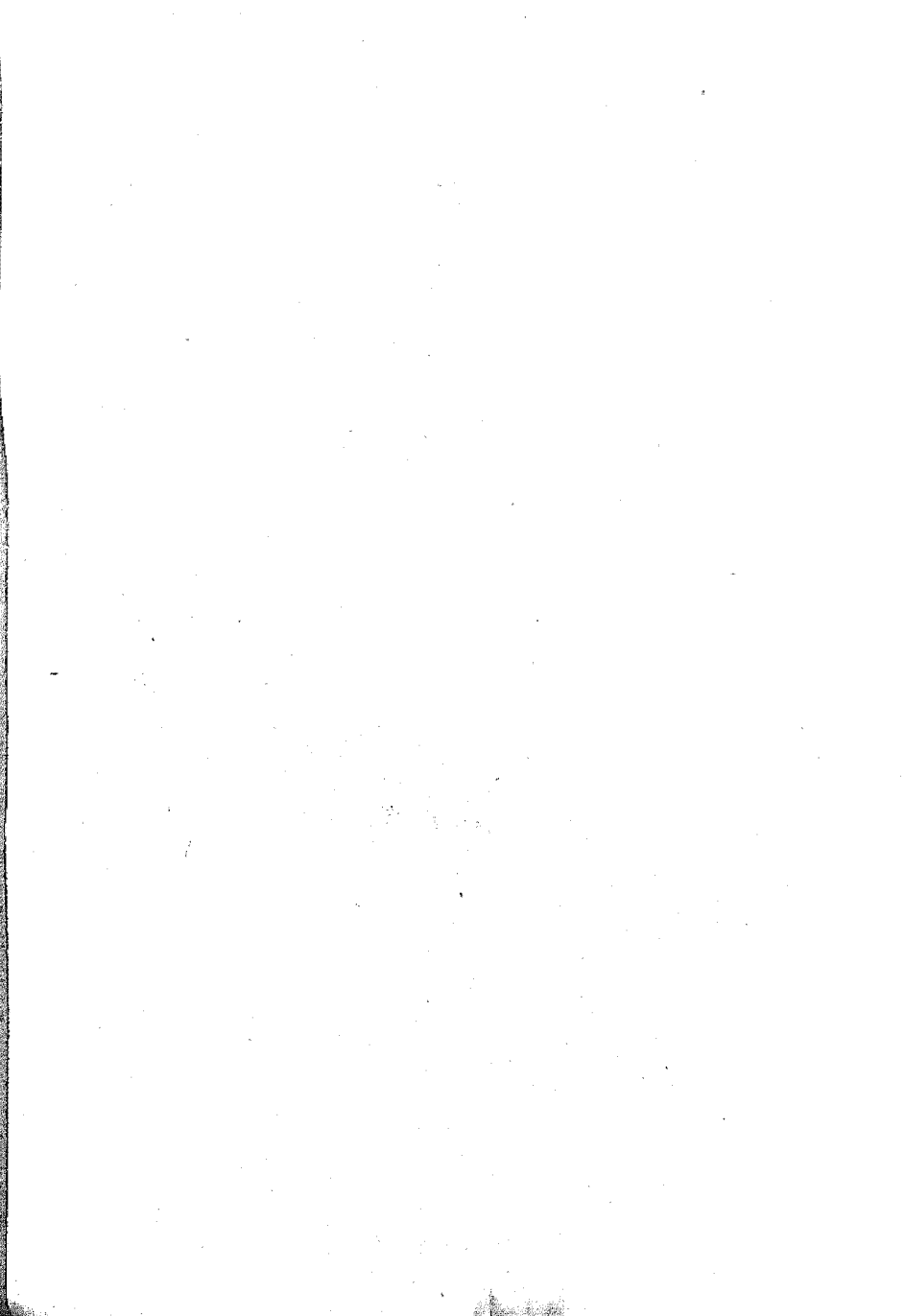
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