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The Baluch and Afghan frontiers of India

Fortnightly review (London, England)

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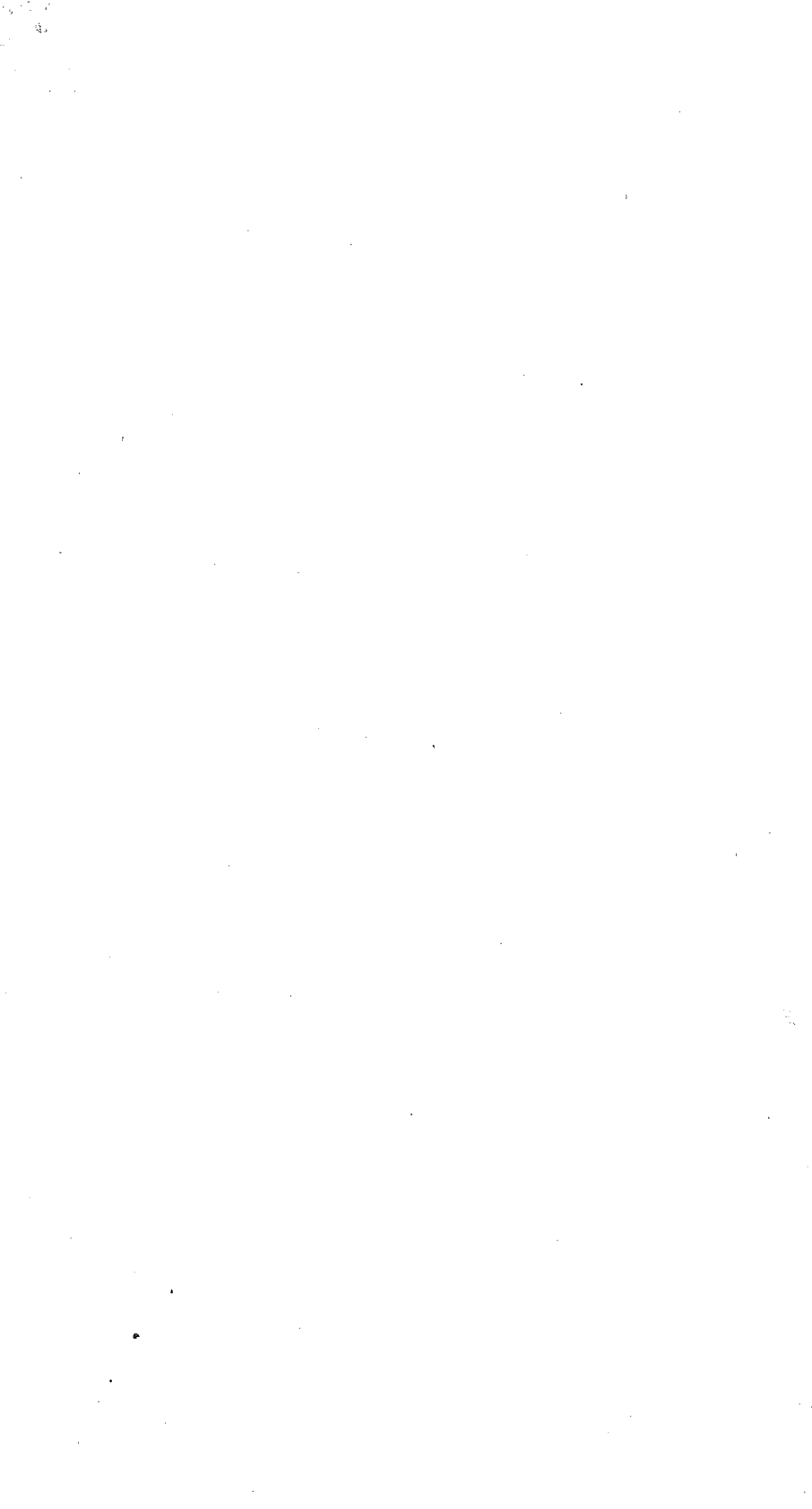
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INDIA



The author was probably Sir Charles Dillke, mentioned by Warburton (p. 190) as having accompanied Gen. Eddes to the Plover; see p. 463, below.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. COLXVII. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1889.

THE BALUCH AND AFGHAN FRONTIERS OF INDIA.

I.

WHEN I sailed from Karachi in May, 1867, I had been struck by its open sea and dancing waves, and had pronounced it of all the towns in India the least Indian, and a pleasant place enough. I had seen the harbour works for the removal of the bar, and had expressed a doubt as to the completeness of their probable success, but no doubt as to the importance of Karachi, destined, I then thought, as soon as the Indus railway was finished, to make enormous strides, and, when the Persian Gulf route became a fact, to be the greatest of all the ports of India, being on the straight line as against the wasteful curve. The wheat and cotton of the Punjab, and of Sindh which was not at that time irrigated, I prophesied would flow down toward Karachi. In 1867, as I left Karachi, I had seen the Ameers of Sindh come on board the ship to take leave of a great official.

When in November, 1888, I again set eyes upon Karachi there were the same dancing waves on the open sea, the same pleasant softness of climate, a bar almost as evil, although one removed by incessant labour to a somewhat different place, an enormously extended town, and vastly increased shipping, evidences of every kind that, although the Persian Gulf route is no more advanced than it was twenty years ago, when the first edition of *Greater Britain* appeared in November, 1868, the accomplishment of the smaller task, the Indus railway, has fulfilled my prophecies with regard to the growth of the port. Again uniforms came on board our excellent ship, but instead of the magnificence of the ex-Ameers of Sindh, the plain khaki jackets of a travelling staff, Sir Frederick Roberts, and those with him.

The middle of the day I spent in looking round Karachi, a specially important place when considered from the point of view of those military interests which I had come out to study, inasmuch as it is the inevitable military port of India, until, if ever, the Persian Gulf route is used, and Gwador, on the south coast

of Baluchistan, is connected by railway with Nushki, and comes partly to replace Karachi for warlike purposes. Some argue that in time of war we shall be unable to use the Mediterranean and Egypt, and that Bombay will then be better than Karachi for the dispatch of troops. There are, of course, possibilities each way. We may require to send troops hurriedly to India in a war in which we are able to use Egypt. We may even be able to send them in the course of time by the wider isthmus, that between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. If Asia Minor could be opened out by railways our shortest route in any war in which Turkey happened to be friendly would be by the Euphrates, even supposing that railways ended at Bushire as we call it (that is Abu-shehr), or some port on the Persian Gulf, and that our troops had there to take sea again to reach Karachi. It is probable that the first railways to connect Europe with India will approach India from this side. The political difficulties of passing through Afghanistan are likely for long to be so formidable that the railways which will ultimately unite Persia with the European system will probably become the postal route, a fine harbour being made at first upon the gulf, possibly at Bushire, three or four days' steam from Karachi, possibly at Bunder El Abbas, or some port at the mouth of the gulf within a couple of days' steam from Karachi. Ultimately I think it probable that a railway will be made along the north shore of the Persian and Arabian Gulf to India, for the country is, when crossed in this direction and not from south to north, far from difficult. By Egypt, or much more by the Persian Gulf, Karachi is our nearest and therefore our most important military port, saving two days for Northern India over Bombay, and four days for Quetta. The harbour is, as any other harbour on this coast would be, troublesome, and it is said that the sand which has been dredged out of it, had it not been gradually washed back again, would have sufficed to build up a sort of local Himalayan range. Still it is a sufficiently good harbour to be thoroughly useful for military purposes.

On the evening of the day on which we reached Karachi we left it in the railway train of the Commander-in-Chief, dining that night, breakfasting, lunching, and dining the next day in his carriage, and before breakfast on the second morning reaching the as yet untraversed line of the high-level broad-gauge route through the Bolan Pass.

Dawn on the first morning out showed me Sehwan, which I had seen in 1867, but a Sehwan and neighbourhood greatly changed since I came down the Indus in that year, and now under that almost continual cultivation which in 1868 I had ventured to prophesy for it. The next day we found dawn at Sibi, a rapidly-growing town where the two sides of the railway loop from Quetta meet, though only

one side—that by which we shall return through the Harnai Pass—is at present open to traffic. Both lines are strategical lines, and the local trade, being chiefly trade which accompanies half-yearly migration of tribes, mainly fails to come by rail. It has, however, enormously increased through the peace which we have brought to the Bolan. For several years, not very long ago, the Bolan Pass was entirely closed by civil war. In 1875 Sir Robert Sandeman, then Captain Sandeman, was directed to report whether anything could be done to reopen it. It was impossible to open the pass without the co-operation of the Khan of Khelat, and he was interested in closing it, as by closing it he forced the trade through his capital and obtained the duties, whereas in the Bolan he was obliged to share them with the local tribes. Sir Robert Sandeman came to an arrangement by which some of the wild Murrees were paid to keep the peace, and the policy was inaugurated of interesting the tribes in the protection of the passes, instead of attempting to hold them by a regular force. In 1878 the telegraph was carried through the Bolan, and the pass was used for the advance of troops. Fortified posts were built, and the pass was successfully kept open throughout the war, the tribes standing steadily to our side from the moment that we had begun to pay them. The paying for the protection of a pass does more than protect the pass. It enables us to make arrangements to keep the peace in all its neighbourhood, for, by coming into relations with the chiefs, our agents are able to hold assemblies of these leading warriors, and their decisions, which are generally sound, are obeyed without a question. Where necessary, pressure is brought to bear by the stoppage of “the service” of a particular tribe, and a perfect machinery of government and justice is established at small cost. The tribesmen not only guard the roads, but they arrest criminals, recover stolen property, carry letters, produce supplies, escort officers and survey parties, and generally perform all the duties of police in a wild country. As late as 1874 the Murrees were in the habit of raiding upon the Khelat plains, which geographically form part of the plain of India, and upon their neighbours upon both sides in the hills; and also in 1874 another Khelat tribe, the Brahoees, actually crossed the desert and invaded British territory in search of fugitive slaves. But so great and so rapid was the change, brought about in the manner that I have described, that even after Maiwand, when there were signs of trouble in India itself, and when beyond the Bolan there was a good deal of fighting with tribes lying between ourselves and the Afghans, the Bolan itself remained undisturbed.

At small stations between Sibi and the mouth of the Bolan we began to see some splendid men, long-haired, white-robed, gipsy-faced Baluchis, looking very black for the most part by the side of the nearly white Kashmirians and Kandaharces and the brown

Sikh police. Many of the men were over six feet three inches and admirably built. The dogs crowded round the train, to which they had not yet become accustomed, licking the grease off the wheel-boxes; and it is said that when the railway is first introduced into one of these wild frontier districts the trains go over the legs of so many of the dogs that there is a chance of a new three-legged breed being introduced before they come to understand the starting signals.

As we neared the mouth of the pass and began the ascent we met miles of camels, and thousands of people, with horses and asses and sheep, passing along the road. It is hard to say how they manage to live upon the march, for the country is absolutely sterile, and they have to carry with them all supplies, except food for camels, for the camels live upon the thorns. On the middle day of our long railway journey the thermometer had stood at 90° in the shade, but before we had climbed far into the hills the yellow sheep-skin tunics—the famous *poshteens* from Kabul and Kandahar, similar to those which I had so often seen among the Russians—began to make their appearance, and we were shivering in a bitter wind. The enormous importance of the Bolan as a possible invader's route to India had long been known, and it led to the occupation of Quetta as a strong natural position upon the other side. The troubles with the tribes in, and on each flank of, the Bolan had afterwards led to the pressing forward of the double railroad to Quetta, giving alternative lines, of which the northern was already open and running, while the southern through the Bolan had been made as a narrow-gauge line, then taken up, and now remade as a broad-gauge line at a high level less exposed to damage by water. This new line had not been surveyed for traffic, and I believe that in passing along it with our carriages we were breaking an Indian Act; but military progresses know no law, and as no stones happened to tumble upon our heads no one was the worse.

As we rapidly began to rise we passed many "switchback-railway" sidings, made to turn sharply up the hill, intended to save the trains from destruction if they should break away upon the steep inclines. The route now was literally swarming with the tribes. Thousands upon thousands of white-robed Baluchis were trooping eastwards towards the Indian plains, coming down from their hill villages, and bringing with them their great tents, their camels, their wives, and children, to leave all these upon the Indus shore on British soil, and to travel by rail throughout India to Lahore, to Delhi, some even to Calcutta, selling carpets and buying all the goods of which they stand in need for the coming year. In the spring they will climb back into Baluchistan and Southern Afghanistan by the Bolan, carrying so little food that they seem to live upon the stones. When we reached the picturesque portion

of the pass we left our carriages for an open truck placed at the head of the train in front of the two engines, and there we sat with the forepart of the truck occupied by the paws and head of His Excellency's dog; next came the one lady of the party and Sir Frederick Roberts, and then myself and all the staff. The long-haired warriors and tribesmen, who occupied every place of vantage on the crags, doubtless thought, and have since told their fellow-tribesmen on their return, that the whole scene was devised to do honour to a dog. In one place the line was so steep that our two engines, after failing once with horrid puffings, had to take us back up an incline to make a run at the severe piece, which has been fitted with a cogged centre line for a German engine to pull up the heavy weights. In the tunnels umbrellas were freely opened, because the tunnels had not yet been lined, and the dropping of small stones as the train went through was a frequent incident. At the top of the pass an English station-master had planted willows, and amphibious *Persicaria*, and a kind of willow-herb, in the pools and tiny trickling stream; but willows, *Persicaria*, willow-herb and all, Thames vegetation though they be, could not make the Bolan look like the Thames valley, for it is stonier than the hills of Greece, stonier than Palestine, more evil-looking than Laghouat—as bad as the Sinai Peninsula looks when seen from the Gulf of Suez. As we began to descend a little from the high level we found the bridges disturbing to the more nervous of the party, for, while they were no doubt substantial as far as the passage of the train was concerned, they were not planked, and were neither pleasant to look down through nor convenient for the workmen to cross. All the many labourers employed upon the line had brought their families from the surrounding districts to see us pass, and all stood smiling at us, but none bowing except chiefs. Here and there Indian traders, passing along the road with the tribesmen, would leave the rest of the caravan and come close down to the railway line itself to bow in the usual Indian fashion, their salutes being duly returned by Sir Frederick Roberts. The signalmen spread their hands before them and salaamed to the ground at the passage of the train.

At last, after the bare wild scenery, such as may be found anywhere in the great dry line across the old world between the Morocco Atlantic coast and Tripoli, and again between the Suez desert and Central India, we suddenly came out upon a splendid view over the plain of Quetta, bounded in the far distance by the Kwaja Amran frontier range, a view which reminded me of the first glimpse of the plain of the Great Salt Lake. Like Utah and Nevada, the plain of Quetta and the Pishin valley form what the Americans call a soda country, a flat alkali-covered tableland with bare hills rising range upon range like the Ruby Mountains, the

Diamond Mountains, the Quartz Mountains, and the Humboldt range that lie between the Great Salt Lake and California.

We ran rapidly down the incline, and while I was at tea with Sir Charles Elliott, the Minister of Public Works, in his carriage, which was attached to the rear of the train, we suddenly found ourselves, long before we expected it, drawn up in the red-carpeted station of Quetta, with my old friend Sir Robert Sandeman, in blue official uniform and civil cocked hat, solemnly bowing to His Excellency, who had changed from khaki into more European military costume, and was surrounded by a staff who had changed their clothes very quickly, nobody knew where and nobody knew when. A guard of honour of a hundred men in scarlet, with regimental colours also glowing brightly in the last rays of the setting sun, was upon the platform to receive the Commander-in-Chief, and in a minute more, under a capering, dancing, and galloping escort of picturesque Sindh Horse, we were driving rapidly to Lady Sandeman's hospitality at the Residency.

Quetta is now one of the largest of our stations, in India I had almost said, but Quetta is not in India. On the way up by railway from Jacobabad you first run out of India into Khelat territory, wholly independent but for the fact that Sir Robert Sandeman as Governor-General's agent in Baluchistan is all-powerful—all-powerful because, or chiefly because, he administers justice on the advice of the nobles of Baluchistan, continually called together by him, and in the name of the ruler of Khelat—partly too because Sir Robert Sandeman is a born ruler of men, and one whom, exactly fitted by nature for the work which he has to do, it is not easy to disobey. He is, however, even more loved than he has ever been feared. The railway, after going out of British territory into Khelat territory, in which we police the line and two hundred feet from it each way, comes back again into territory which was ceded by Afghanistan to India in 1878 by the Treaty of Gandamak—territory known till recently as the "assigned districts" of Pishin and Sibi, and very lately indeed become a part of India. But at Quetta we had run out of this territory again into a Khelat district, a district not independent because it is administered as if it were part of India on a regular system, we paying rent for it to the Khan of Khelat. Sir Robert Sandeman is Chief Commissioner of the new province, known as British Baluchistan, although ceded to us not by Baluchistan but by Afghanistan, which never, however, really occupied it except at two spots. As Chief Commissioner he rules British Baluchistan (as well as the Quetta rented district) from Quetta, not itself in British Baluchistan; and at Quetta he also carries on the duties of Governor-General's agent for independent Baluchistan, and is able to wield

powers such as he could not make use of if Quetta was an integral part of India.

The Sandeman system takes from the people a sixth of their produce in return for peace and protection and retention of their customs and tribal rule. The judgments of chiefs are enforced, and a good deal of the money is paid back to the tribes for service, but there is profit on the whole. The governing by their own laws and customs wins for him and for us the love and attachment of the Baluch chiefs, and even of the southern Afghans. The institutions which he fosters are aristocratic, but very free, and certainly popular with the tribes; and the local levies which he raises for our service form excellent troops. We hear that we shall have an opportunity of seeing for ourselves a good deal of these levies, for he has called together the chiefs of Western Baluchistan and of the districts to the north as far as the Punjab frontier to meet us in durbar at Loralai. The effects of Sir Robert Sandeman's rule in the neighbourhood of Quetta have been extraordinary. But a very few years ago marauders were common, and officers were killed within sight of the town when they went out to shoot.

“ A scrimmage in a border station—
 A canter down some dark defile—
 Two thousand pounds of education
 Drops to a ten-rupee jezail!
 The crammer's boast, the squadron's pride,
 Shot like a rabbit in a ride! ”

Now the country almost as far as Kandahar is so safe that an Englishman or a Hindu trader can jog about it if he chooses on a mule, and without a pistol. The Pishin valley is certainly more peaceful than almost any part of Europe.

The view from the Residency is a lovely one. The foreground was occupied by stalwart Sikhs with the blue and red turbans of the police of the Punjab, from which they were “detailed” for Quetta duty. Quetta stands on a flat plain, but three magnificent detached mountains are in sight, and a portion of the remainder of the landscape is filled in by a distant view of the far-off ranges. Five minutes after we had reached the Residency the red sun-fires were glowing on the mountains and there was darkness in the plain. There are no finer crags anywhere than those which frown upon our great forward garrison town; but darkness fell and there was no more time left to look at them, and tea in a comfortable drawing-room with pleasant society had charms for those who after nearly four weeks of sea had gone through forty-five hours of railroad.

A few years ago Quetta was looked upon as being out of the world. Now, thanks largely to the popularity of its rulers, it has become a

station which many officers prefer to almost any of the regular Indian stations. There is plenty of water; in consequence there will soon be plenty of trees, willows especially having been planted in great numbers, and growing rapidly. The height of the plateau upon which Quetta stands, varying as it does between five and six thousand feet above the sea, makes the nights cool in the hot part of the year and gives a severe winter, tempered by dryness and a splendid sun; and if only means could be found to avoid the frontier fever, which fills the hospitals with regularity in October of every year, Quetta would be a most pleasant place. It is a curious evidence of the sun heat and of the night cold of Quetta that European soldiers are struck down at one and the same time by sunstroke and pneumonia. The sober men seem generally to come into hospital with fever, and those given to excess with the direct effects of the hot sun or of the bitter wind. The sun and wind together so blister the skin that even the British officer and soldier, with all the inborn British horror of doing eccentric things, are forced to thickly cover their faces with various kinds of grease.

Quetta conversations soon brought back reminiscences of far-off days. When I had last seen Sir Robert Sandeman it had been in London, during the discussion of the occupation of the Khojak position, in which I had sided with him, and I was able soon to brush up my recollections.

We brought with us or found gathered here all the men in India who best understand the problem of frontier defence—a very grave problem too. The British Empire, enormously strong in some respects, easily protected on most sides by the mere expenditure of money upon the fleet and its necessary coaling stations, is vulnerable by land in two parts of the globe: upon the Canadian southern frontier and upon the Indian western frontier. In each of these places Great Britain is a continental power; but in Canada our neighbour is not a country with a standing army, not a country that, for many years past, has shown a disposition to extend its frontiers, or at all events not a disposition to extend them except when called by the neighbouring population. The British troops have been withdrawn from British North America, except from the point of Halifax, valuable to the mother country as a coaling station and as the head-quarters of a fleet. The Canadian Dominion has undertaken its own defence. It has a permanent force of trained militia, although too small a force. It has a large number of trained officers. It has laws which enable the whole population capable of bearing arms to be called out at once and drilled to take the field. It has in front of it practically only States militia, and the militia of States comprised in a Federation which does not desire to possess itself of Canada unless a majority of the

Canadian people should wish voluntarily to desert their connection with ourselves and to enter into political relationship with their neighbours. In India the problem is very different. Our neighbour, although not yet a very close neighbour, is the greatest military power in the world, possessing a peace army equal in strength to the German and the Austrian together, and given, to say the least of it, to territorial growth.

There has been a marvellous change in Russia since I wrote in 1868. At that time, while I alluded to her steady advance, and while I assumed that a few years would see Russia in exactly the geographical position that she now occupies, and while I argued against the occupation by us of any part of Afghanistan proper, I pointed out the lamentable weakness of our then frontier. I showed that if Russia were to move down upon India we should have to meet her either in Afghanistan or upon the Indus, and that to meet her "at the foot of the mountains and with the Indus behind us would be a military suicide." I showed that a retreat to the Indus would be a terrible blow to the confidence of our troops, that an advance into Afghanistan would be an advance out of reach of railroad communication and through dangerous defiles, and that it was a delusion to suppose that we could resist Russia upon our then frontier. I proposed a railroad from the Indus through the Bolan, and the concentration to the north-west of the Bolan of a powerful European force, to take in flank and rear any invader who might advance upon the Khyber; and I pointed out that such a position would be on the road to Kandahar, and that, although it would be a mistake to occupy Kandahar except by the wish of the Afghans, nevertheless the advance of the Russians would one day force the Afghans to ally themselves to us and to solicit the occupation of their cities. But, while I was right upon this point and anticipated the policy which was first laid down by Government ten years later, I took far too low a view of the strength of Russia in Central Asia. My own experience in five journeys in Russia which I made, shortly after writing upon India, between 1868 and 1873, led me to modify the view which I had formed as to Russian weakness; but time has also modified the facts themselves, and there can be no doubt that the affection with which Russia is regarded by the bulk of her Mahommedan population is of recent growth. I was utterly wrong, however, in my belief of 1867 that Russia would be unable to introduce civilization into Asia, and that her weakness there would be such that she would continue less homogeneous and less strong for defence than India. Since 1867 the Russians have ceased to be a merely backward people ruled by a foreign, that is a German, rule, and have become that which later observers have found them to be—a nation of all peoples patriotic,

and willing to bear heavy burdens for the sake of an idea. Drunken and ignorant too many of the Russian peasantry still are, and corrupt still is, in many of its branches, the Russian administration; but enormous strides have been made in the last twenty years, and especially in the last ten years since the Turkish war, and while India has advanced, Russia has advanced far more rapidly in every direction.

Not only is Russia the greatest military power in the world, but she is the European power with the largest homogeneous population and the greatest expansive force. Territorially she has the largest empire, possessing a vast share of the old world, and hers is a people full of patriotic and religious spirit, and so well disciplined that all except an infinitesimal minority obey joyfully and without question, under all circumstances, whether good or evil, the will of a single man. Yet, although subject to what, with our Parliamentary ideas, we are disposed to style despotism, the Russian people are full of spirit and of those qualities which we consider specially Anglo-Saxon—"pluck" and "go." Russia has absorbed with rapidity, but with completeness, the greater part of Central Asia, has drawn steadily nearer and nearer to our frontier, has made herself extremely popular with the people she has conquered. Her policy throughout the century has been apparently fixed in object, but pursued with patience; and while there seems no reason to suppose any probability of a speedy collision, which England will do nothing to provoke, it is impossible for those who are charged with the defence of India to shut their eyes to the possibilities or even the probabilities of the future. It is on these problems, of which I began the discussion in Quetta under the most favourable circumstances for obtaining light, that I shall have to pronounce my opinion as a contribution to a discussion on the importance of which I need not dwell. That opinion I shall naturally reserve for the point at which it was most fully formed. At the end of 1868, when I wrote upon this subject, I had ridiculed the possibility, under the then existing state of things, of Russia invading India, but a mere glance at a good map is sufficient to show that, by the extraordinary advance which Russia has made, both by pushing forward her frontier southwards and by rapidly making strategical railroads within the last few years, that which was impossible in 1868 is at all events less out of the question now. It behoves every Englishman to make up his mind upon the extent of present and of probable future danger, inasmuch as grave decisions may have to be taken by the country soon.

Besides Sir Frederick Roberts, who knows Afghanistan as no one else now knows it, and knows the Indian army as no one else has ever known it, we had with us at Quetta the Adjutant-General, General Elles; the Quartermaster-General, General Chapman, who

has given years of patient labour and travel to the Indian frontier; General Chesney, the military member of Council; Sir Charles Elliott, the Public Works member of Council, who has under him the strategic railways; General Nairne, the Inspector-General of Artillery; Colonel Sanford, the Inspector-General of Military Works, who is responsible in chief for the fortifications; Colonel Nicholson, the Secretary of the Defence Commission; and Generals Sir Oriel Tanner and Sir John Hudson, of whom the first was just giving up the command at Quetta, while the second was taking it over from him. On all political questions, and questions half political and half military, Sir Robert Sandeman and his local second, Major Barnes, are naturally the chief powers.

Our baggage, which had come round with the servants by the mail train along the ordinary railway through the Harnai Pass, by which we were to return, reached Quetta two hours after we did, and we were then able at last to wash and dress. Considering what Quetta was a few years ago, it seemed strange to sit down in a magnificent room with thirty people—ladies in Paris gowns, soldiers in scarlet, doctors in blue, and the only civil member of Council present dressed like myself, as an ordinary mortal—to a dinner worthy of a first-class embassy. The illusion that one was at a great European State-dinner was enhanced by a magnificent picture of the Queen, and nothing except the costumes and faces of the servants showed the latitude and longitude in which we were assembled. At last we retired to our own apartments, where we were “put up” by the side of the Commander-in-Chief, and had in consequence his guards over us, a post of Sikh police and a post of Bombay native infantry; and the step of the double sentries, unnecessary except for state, lulled us to rest. The next morning I started early with the soldiers, and without Sir Robert Sandeman and the ladies, for manœuvres on the Pishin plain, and for a sight of some of the new military roads.

In addition to the great strategic railroad, which was constructed on orders given by the Government of which I was a member, after the Penjdeh incident, military roads have lately been made from Quetta to Khelat, from Quetta to Dera Ghazi Khan, and through all the valleys around Quetta. Such roads have to be made with care, because there is always the risk that, made to assist the defence, they may be so placed as to prove of advantage to the invader. But the roads round Quetta have been considered with immense care by General Chapman and Sir Frederick Roberts, and I should imagine that it is unlikely that in this case such errors have been made. We ran out in our train from Quetta to Khanai. The country that we passed through was an arid sterile plain, crossed here and there by ridges and by water-courses; a bare tableland swept in summer by

hot dust storms, in winter by cold north winds. Around us were hills of ten to eleven thousand feet, of which the highest was the splendid rock of Takatu, 11,390 feet in height. In the gorges were stunted trees, juniper, wild olive, tamarisk, acacia, and false pistachio. Although the Pishin valley is poor at its Quetta end, further up it is irrigated in parts, grows fair crops, and pays the cost of administration. The large garrison of Quetta had been moved forward into the hills, and was waiting for us, divided into two forces, in the neighbourhood of the station of Khanai. We had taken our saddles with us, and cavalry horses supplied by the Sindh Horse were ready for us to ride. I had some scruples as to riding cavalry horses, and never did so throughout the journey when it was possible to procure a civil or a local levy mount, because I know the very proper touchiness upon this point of Indian cavalry soldiers. The advent of a large Government party often lames their best horses, which belong, at all events in theory, to the men. Sometimes worse happens. I know how the passage of a recent Viceroy along the grand trunk road, taking artillery horses from many miles away to draw his four-in-hand, once left at least two batteries without horses for seven weeks, and totally inefficient for that time, of course—a serious matter indeed in India. On this occasion, however, I had no choice, and must have failed to see the positions and the manœuvres had I not accepted Sindh Horse mounts.

The two local generals, Sir Oriel Tanner and Sir John Hudson, acted as umpires with a large umpire staff. The rest of us rode with the Commander-in-Chief up a gorge which, if practicable, would afford an obvious passage to an attacking force from the Afghan side round the local Matterhorn, without facing the giant Takatu, and avoiding the fortified lines across the plain of Quetta. But so strong is the natural position of Quetta that this gorge—the only means of approach from the north or west, except that across the deeply ravined and now fortified plain—contained some five excellent defensive positions, at each one of which a small force ought to be able to repulse a large one. My little Kabul horse, with Arab blood, seemed to be able to climb the side of a house, either up or down, was sure-footed as a goat, never tired, and apparently never needing to drink or feed; but even his mettle was tried by the steepness of the first position. No English horses would face these hills, which are not only of tremendous steepness, but covered with loose stones: the local horses never flinch and will go anywhere you take them. The whole time that I was in India, riding as I did two fresh horses every day upon the average, I never had one which stumbled, shied, or refused. The staff naturally go wherever Sir Frederick Roberts takes them, and when I followed him and them up one hillside I asked myself in amazement whether we should be expected to ride

down, and was glad to find that there was a limit somewhere, for even Sir Frederick himself, perhaps out of kindness to a civilian, dismounted to descend this particular hill, and we of course followed suit, much to the damage of all our boots. When much foot climbing is expected short boots are worn and the legs bound up with the native bandage, but at the manœuvres high yellow boots were worn. The force engaged consisted of two and a half British regiments, three native infantry regiments, all the mountain guns from Quetta, and one regiment of cavalry—quite useless in such country, except for escorts and messages to the rear. All scouting must here be done by infantry, who in their dust-coloured clothes cannot be seen at all in the usual sunshine of the country upon a background of dust and stones. On the rare occasions when the sun is obscured by mist or cloud they can be seen if moving; but even in sunshine the cavalry can be seen, not the riders but the horses, looking like so many ants. The heliograph was in use all along the line, and signal stations were established on the highest summits except on that of Takatu itself, which is too high for use except at enormous distances. The country is about the roughest in the world. The low ground is covered with sweet southernwood and with wormwood. On the hillsides there is here and there a juniper stump deprived of every branch by the tribal parties engaged to make the military roads for the defence position-guns. As the attacking troops from the Pishin Valley came within a long range of our mountain battery fire was opened upon them by the guns, but I could not myself detect their infantry in the blazing sunlight, and could not even find the British infantry of our own side who were lining the cliffs close to us in support of the defending guns. The mountain batteries form perhaps the finest and most useful force of all that serve the Queen. Nothing could exceed the rapidity with which they came into action or retired. The guns were screw guns in two pieces on separate mules, and in the twinkling of an eye they would be now in two pieces upon muleback and now put together and engaged. The battery, among the guns of which my horse was standing, was a mixed corps; the men who served the pieces belonging to the Royal Artillery; the mule-drivers—who, with the mules themselves, seem quite as well trained to their work as do the Britons—being Sikhs. These latter are mostly the stunted brothers of soldiers in our Sikh regiments, of stature too short to be taken for the infantry, but themselves as tall as the average British or continental soldier, as tall as the Commander-in-Chief, the Quartermaster-General, or many of the best officers on the staff, though naturally short of the gigantic form of Sir Oriel Tanner. It was wonderful, indeed, to see so tremendous a warrior, with a saddle like a boat, galloping up and down the hillsides upon little Afghan horses, and rivalling in his

riding the wiry Lord Sahib himself. It was impossible to have the strength of the position pointed out to one by more competent exponents. Sir Oriel Tanner has had great experience of this district during the years of his command. Sir John Hudson, his successor, is one of Sir Frederick Roberts's Afghan heroes. His Excellency's own knowledge of the frontier, which he has crossed in every direction every year for a great number of years past, and through which he has twice had to fight his way, is supreme.

As we all stand by the mountain battery in action, the Inspector-General of Artillery in India—a quiet scientific gunner, the late head of Shoeburyness—who has Sir Frederick Roberts's confidence in the highest possible degree, points out to the Chief and the Quartermaster-General the merits of the newest fuses, just come out from Woolwich, which are both time and percussion fuses in one, so that if the time fail the shell explodes on striking. The echo of the guns from the rocks is deafening; the position is found to be impregnable, and, in order that we may test the others, our white-armlet wearers have to make the violent assumption that the enemy has seized it in the night by surprise, and, as they give him the next or intermediate position also, we fall back to the third to see that defended. There we stand 8,000 feet above the sea, and a cold wind strikes us to the bone and marrow, blowing first one way and then the other, though but an hour before we had been grilling in a sun tremendous even for Central Asia. The ridge was one of those geologic walls that are common in Afghanistan, composed of a hard pudding-stone exactly like Roman masonry. Stones rounded in primeval times by water or by glacial action are imbedded in a natural concrete itself as hard as stone, and the mountain top for hundreds of yards together has an aspect as artificial as that of the walls of Pevensey Castle. These Titanic fortifications so block the way along the gorge that it seemed useless to continue falling back; but as the positions chosen for the chief defence all lay behind again, and still nearer Quetta, right under Takatu, we promised ourselves a further study of them on the morrow, and got back to Khanai to "lunch" at 5 p.m., just before the valley sunset, with the temporary opinion, at least, that, if this is the best way to Quetta, Quetta must be about the strongest position in the world. Immediately after sunset and our meal, a picked force consisting of chosen shots from the Worcester Regiment, under the general direction of the acting Adjutant-General for Musketry, Colonel Hamilton, fired with the new rifle volleys at 600 yards and at 400 yards, followed by rushes and by individual firing. The dust was knocked up as though by shell; the bullets picked up were frightfully torn and twisted, and the copper casing scattered about on every side in a fused form, but the copper is to be replaced by

nickel. At night our train in which we slept was guarded by sentries armed with the repeating rifles, which had a strange tiny and toy-like aspect. We were all up early, and as I had ridden across to a Moslem burying-ground on a high portion of the plateau I had a solemn view of sunrise over the lower slopes of Takatu. The Worcester Regiment picked shots were out again firing volleys at an unknown range, which proved when measured to be 2,090 yards—volleys which, owing to the low trajectory of the new rifle, took much effect. So rapid was the repeating action that there were always at least two flights of bullets in the air at the same time. We rode up the same gorge, round Takatu, to the fourth and fifth positions, where were waiting for us, divided into two forces, the same troops, with the addition of a garrison battery of Royal Artillery in charge of three heavy guns of position, a company of Royal Engineers, and the Quetta volunteers. As we passed through the attacking force upon our way up we found the narrow pathway through the gorge blocked by a sick camel, who had sat down to bubble, squeak, roar, and groan. A sergeant and eight men of a British regiment were surrounding him in despair, having failed to get him up. "What is it?" says the Chief to the sergeant, well knowing, however, what it was. "He won't move, sir," growled the sergeant in his deepest bass. But the result of the incident was that I heard an anecdote of the Afghan war, of how a camel had blocked the whole advance—how, after every humane effort had been made to move him, the anti-humane party, who had proposed lighting a fire against him, began to prevail. At last the fire was lighted, and the beast did not move. The humanitarians then came proudly to the front and interfered, pointing out that obviously he could not move. Pioneers were sent for, and, at the end of twenty minutes of severe labour, a road made round him, when, just as it was completed, the camel got up quietly, without having been touched, and, trotting forward, resumed his proper place in the ranks! However necessary he may be, and however useful, the camel is not popular in the British army, which infinitely prefers the mule. The view of Takatu was grand, but the position was so hopelessly strong that the attack was a mere farce. As we rode down through the attacking force the Commander-in-Chief, smiling at the officer commanding, said, "Well, what are you doing?" to which the reply was "Dying gloriously, sir," and there was nothing else indeed to be done. After a hard ride down the hill we reached Fuller's Camp to "lunch" at 4 p.m., the train having come round to meet us there. The camp is named after Lieutenant Fuller of the Royal Engineers, and is celebrated as the scene of a small disaster which followed Maiwand, when the little post was attacked by the tribes, a British sergeant killed, and three sepoy wounded

out of a garrison of seven. The blackened walls of the camp shelter are still standing, and the presence of a gigantic vulture in the neighbourhood of these gave the place a desolate and disagreeable air. We started at once back to Quetta in our train, as it was the famous Saturday night of, a rare event at frontier stations, a ball, given by the garrison to Sir Oriel and Lady Tanner upon their departure. Most of us were too tired to stay long to see the merriment. Although the troops had not marched in, a good many of the officers had ridden in through the mountains, after their long day, to enjoy the dancing.

On the next day church occupied the morning, and work considered of a fitting nature the afternoon—inspection of the great hospital in which there were a hundred and fifty British sick, suffering chiefly from ague and enteric fever. The climate in these hills would be a perfect climate for our British garrisons provided that care were taken in avoiding over exposure to the mid-day sun followed by exposure to the sunset chill; but this care is exactly one of those things which experience shows cannot be counted on from either the British soldier or his officer, and the annual October harvest of sickness is the natural result.

In the night, that is, on Monday morning at 1 a.m., leaving the ladies at Quetta, but taking Sir Robert Sandeman with us, we started in our train from Quetta for the end of the line towards Kandahar, crossing the Pishin table-land. The station-master, half Irish and half Piedmontese, had not seen Sir Frederick Roberts stroll down to the train, which he had done at that early hour of the night at which he generally retires to rest, and, just as we were ready to leave, Mr. de Rienzi refused absolutely to start the train unless he were assured that the Commander-in-Chief was in it. This was a delicate investigation, because no one could make sure that he was there without running the risk of waking His Excellency up and spoiling a good night's rest. Sir Robert Sandeman and myself, knowing his punctuality, took upon ourselves to declare positively that it was certain that he was in the train, and upon this we were most unwillingly allowed to start; but in the morning the familiar face was there. The station-master was a good specimen of an ex-soldier and gallant Royal Artilleryman, who, with a most British-looking son, rules the telegraph of Quetta as well as the Quetta railway. The son is only about ten, round, rosy, and chubby, and three natives are in the office with him. Apparently the native who is nominally the head man does not attend, and the small boy and the two other natives have no permanent understanding as to which of them is to take command; the result of which is that whenever a message is sent off the sender assists at a linguistic struggle which is extremely comic, and the end of which is that the

small boy proudly interprets the telegram, and, by survival of the fittest, reigns supreme. At Killa Abdulla we waited for dawn, that being the furthest station to which the line is opened and completed—a station inhabited as yet by little except hoarse-croaking ravens. Again, I fear, violating an Indian law, at sunrise we started, a lightened train, up the heavy and dangerous gradients to the tunnel works. There we got out and walked to the head of the tunnel, where we saw Pathan, Welsh, and Cornish miners working side by side. Many of the men from the Severn tunnel works have “come on” here, as they put it, and expect to finish by April, 1890. I notice that, in his able article in the last number of *The Fortnightly Review*, on which I shall offer some suggestions in my next, Colonel Maurice names three years as the probable length of time to be further occupied on the construction of the tunnel. There is a great difference between April 1890 and February 1892, but as Russia will not, I think, even before the later of these dates move forward beyond her present frontier near Herat, the matter is not a vital one.

The Khojak tunnel, through a wall-like range which reminds one of the Solitude of the Sainte Baume in Provence, is indeed a stupendous work, when we consider the difficulty of bringing up the fuel for the engines. We had with us a Canadian gentleman, as a petroleum expert, who is being employed by the Government of India to show how to use Sir Robert Sandeman's local petroleum instead of wood. The petroleum of Baluchistan has been pronounced good, and the use of it for fuel at the tunnel will save an enormous amount of carriage of brushwood, and that denudation of the hills which is at present going on. People employed by us are now cutting the juniper woods and doing exactly that which we forbid in most of India, and which we have prevented the natives from doing in Cyprus. Coal at the Khojak has to be brought from England, and it costs some fifty shillings a ton, and the Public Works Department are only human, so the speedy use of petroleum is to be prayed for in the interests of the forests and the climate of Baluchistan. When we emerged from the tunnel, over which we had been shown by Mr. O'Callaghan, the distinguished head of the civil engineering staff engaged upon the work, we were met by the local Afghan chiefs wearing handsome uniforms that had been given them by the Government of India. These tribal chiefs of the Kwaja Amran range hold the country up to within fifteen miles of Kandahar, and take pay from us and do service for us under the Sandeman system. All were of the Jewish type save one, and that one, curiously enough, was the very image of a Jewish friend of mine who has not the ordinary Jewish features. Their followers, in varied costumes with conical caps, some with dark green, some with light green, and some with white *poshteens*, all with enormous white baggy trousers, all

with rifles slung across their backs banging up and down as they galloped, crowded round us and salaamed, shook hands and salaamed again. Sir Robert Sandeman came in for more than mere hand-shaking and salaams, and here as elsewhere we found the chiefs wanting to almost embrace him. They told us that they were sceptical as to the possibility of making the two ends of the tunnel meet, and when they were assured that the miners will bring out the two workings on an exact line they shook their heads and smiled. Our arrival was a great event for the summit of the Khojak, for in our party were no fewer than three members of the Viceroy's Council, and the chiefs were naturally gathered in great force. Leaving them to make their way over the top by the old road, by which we afterwards returned—the road down which Sir Frederick Roberts's father had had to lower his guns by ropes in the first Afghan war, and down which, at the same places, Sir Frederick Roberts, his father's diary in hand, had had to lower his guns by ropes in the second Afghan war—we embarked in a truck to go up the so-called "vertical railway." This is a wire-rope railway, worked by a stationary engine, and having an incline of one in two-and-a-half. When we had shot up to the summit we were amused at finding a concrete lawn-tennis ground within sight of the mountains beyond Kandahar. Much of the work is being done by a crack regiment, the 23rd Bengal Pioneers, who are excellent workmen, doing their seven hours a day of labour, and good soldiers as well. They had been with Sir Frederick Roberts in the Afghan campaign, and they turned out and cheered like Britons. It was odd to hear, remembering where we were and who they were, their band performing the music of *Dorothy*. The presence of so many generals had a demoralizing effect on the discipline of regimental officers. When we went into a tent I heard an officer say to the general commanding his division, "We made a mistake just now. We turned out the guard and bugled to *your* party as you walked out of the tunnel, thinking you were His Excellency." "But after all we were a lieutenant-general and three major-generals," meekly replied his chief. It is not every day, one would think, that a good half of the Defence Committee of Calcutta and Simla fame are on the summit of the Khojak at one time. Countless camels were at work carrying over the top of the mountain all that was needed for the north-western side. The timber of the framing and the staging comes, strangely enough, from the Rocky Mountains, or from Oregon and British Columbia, for American timber is cheaper at this spot than the deodar of the Himalayas. From the summit we had a splendid view of the red Afghan desert and of the hills to the west of Kandahar; a view, as some foolishly call it, of the "promised land." The country in sight is called in the native tongue "the

country of sand ; ” but it is more like a red ocean, from which rocks stick up like islands. I watched Sir Frederick Roberts keenly gazing on the hills on which Ayoub took up his position before Sir Frederick beat him and saved us from the otherwise certain consequences of Maiwand. We rode rapidly down the steep military road to Chaman fort, our most advanced station, where there is a small post of native infantry, and thence, such is the extraordinary clearness of the air, we saw a sight which is however, seldom seen from here—the grand line of the distant snows of the Hindu Kush, some hundred and thirty miles away, to the north of Khelat-i-Ghilzai, on the Upper Helmund and the Argandab, which itself is seventy miles from this spot.

Here the Commander-in-Chief offered to leave any who might be tired, but said that he himself was going to ride on, and we began to think that we were going to Kandahar with an escort of Bombay cavalry, but followed by all the mounted portion of the Chaman militia, who had turned out to see us. It had originally been settled two years ago that the most advanced station towards Kandahar was to have been Chaman fort, but it was found last year that the inclines at that place would be too steep, and it was decided to go four miles into the plain. When we reached this spot, Sir Frederick Roberts announced his intention of going on again, and Sir Robert Sandeman accepted a fresh mount from his tribal levies. Dressed in a long black coat, dark trousers, and a black wide-awake, he bestrode a Kabul Arab, which had a Turcoman red prayer-carpet (which London ladies would covet for their hearths) over him for a saddle cloth, and a magnificent silver necklet, mounted with a brown topaz eye, round his neck. A week later, after my experiences of amulets and charms round the heads of the local horses, I should have wondered less at this strange sight. We rode on five miles further, through the howling wilderness, along a line marked out by the bones of dead camels, till we reached the spot where the slope from the high range had ceased, and where the great station, to which the trade of Southern Afghanistan will flow, can be safely placed. While we were examining the position of the future town, with a keenness which if we had been Americans would have been explained by the desire to possess ourselves of corner lots, a wild Baluchi ran up to us, shouting out wildly with frantic gesticulations. Some almost thought for an instant that he must be a hill fanatic, or, as the British soldier says, “ a lunatic ; ” but the poor fellow had lost not his wits, but his camel loads, and wanted us to find them for him. As we returned we passed through the bazaar of Chaman village, and found that a town has sprung up here in the last year which will now have to move. The street was lined by the infantry of the Chaman militia, no two alike ; and each with his own long rifle, no

two of the same pattern; their commander riding a white horse with his tail dyed red with henna. Scoffers began to ask the question—In a fight between the Chaman militia and the Quetta volunteers, which would win? When the tunnel has been made, we shall have at Chaman an open door on Kandahar: a door open for trade from Afghanistan to India, and open for military advance if necessary to Kandahar or to the Helmund. It is well known that in the autumn of 1888 the Ameer telegraphed to ask the Government of India to send troops immediately to Kandahar, and, although he withdrew the request upon the same day, it is possible that it may be made again. Sir Robert Sandeman was with Lord Hartington some years ago in opposing the continued occupation of Kandahar when the opinion of Sir Frederick Roberts was the other way. But there is now no difference of opinion between Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir Robert Sandeman, and indeed no difference among any of the military authorities, and little, if any, difference of opinion in India; it would be wrong to go to Kandahar against the wish of the Afghans, but it might be necessary to go at their request. If cavalry were kept at our new frontier post, they could ride to Kandahar in one forced march. Some of us could have gone there this day; certainly the Chief himself, his master of the horse and his other aide-de-camp, and the troop of cavalry of the escort.

While Afghan trade will go through our tunnel to avoid the heavy climb, tunnels are worthless to an advancing foe. My experience in the Franco-German War has shown me that it is useless to blow up railway bridges, as temporary bridges can be laid again at once except in the case of the strongest streams, but that tunnels can be easily blown up in such a way as to be rendered absolutely useless, and beyond the power of any army to remake in time of war. Local British opinion is divided about the tunnel. It may raise the suspicions of the Ameer, as he may think that it points to the seizure of Kandahar, although that is certainly not the intention of the Indian Government. Some would have preferred to have taken the railway round, instead of over and through, the Kwaja Amran range, and towards the Helmund and Seistan, skirting Northern Baluchistan and Southern Afghanistan—a line in fact running towards Persia rather than towards Kandahar. Some, on the other hand, are inclined to press the Ameer to allow us to lay the rail to Kandahar through his territory, as we have already laid it through portions of Khelat territory, and as the Russians have laid their strategic railway over Bokhariot soil. We have one hundred miles of railway stored at the front, and it could be laid to the Helmund in three months at the outside. There is the question, too, of what should be done with regard to the railway under various circumstances which may follow the present Afghan reign. The Martini-

Henry rifles given to the Ameer for the arming of his troops enable him to hold his own, and to put down all insurrections. They will enable the army to put down insurrection when he is gone if the army agrees on an Ameer. By guaranteeing a continuance of the subsidy, that is their pay, provided there were unanimous choice, we should have much influence in keeping the country together, which is to our advantage; but all agree that the wisest policy with regard to Afghanistan, and one which should accompany any political line of action which may be adopted, is that of the encouragement and development of trade. My own belief is that Parsee shopkeepers, and even British merchants, would do well to establish themselves at Chaman. A good deal of trade is already coming through, and it is certain that it must rapidly develop. The Afghans already take goods from India very largely through Peshawur and Kabul, as well as through the Bolan Pass and Kandahar. The railway rates, however, are too high. But it is not only by our railway and by securing peace upon the frontier that we have developed trade. Our military roads have also been of service, and especially the roads through and near the Khyber, the new road through the Bori Valley, and the road which runs by the side of the railway through the Pishin Valley and the Bolan. English houses should press the Ameer to let them establish branches at Kandahar. Both the town and the surrounding country are perfectly quiet, and there is less fear of robbery than in Piccadilly. If a good trade with the rich cities of Afghanistan should spring up, it would form a powerful security for the peace of Afghanistan and for the continuance of our influence. Colonel Bell, Deputy Quartermaster-General in the Intelligence Branch—the officer who came from China all round India on the outer line, and who is now making his way from Quetta through Seistan—has, I believe, expressed himself most strongly in favour of these views. There is more reason to expect British trade in Afghanistan than there is, in the nature of things, to expect Russian trade in Chinese Turkestan, yet Russian shops simply swarm in the towns of the Chinese frontier. The answer, I believe, that has been made by British firms who have been questioned on the subject is that the Ameer has a rather awkward habit of sometimes taking goods he fancies at his own valuation. But he is a very able man, and I cannot but think that he would fall in with the views expressed by Colonel Bell if they were properly placed before him. This would have been no doubt one of the objects of the mission which was lately to have gone to Kabul at the Ameer's request, and the sending of which is now delayed until the present year, when it is proposed that it should meet the Ameer, on his return from Herat, at Kandahar.

From Chaman we climbed back by the old road over the hill top, meeting a caravan of beautiful white asses and flocks of lovely little curly black goats, and even curlier cream-coloured sheep. When we reached the south-eastern opening of the tunnel, we left our horses and again took train for Quetta. A staff officer told me privately that, although I should be officially told the contrary if I asked, I had better offer money to the sowar whose horse I had been riding, as the horses in our native cavalry are considered the property of the men. I, of course, did so, and was severely snubbed for my pains, the man saying proudly that he was a "Pathan sowar," that is not only a "gentleman horse-soldier," but also of the Afghan race—a double reason why he should not lower himself by accepting a present like a servant. Still, while I admired the man's manner, I felt that most Englishmen would have taken the money under the circumstances of the case, and that a British cavalry private would have looked upon the sowar as a fool for refusing money for the compulsory use of his own horse. The whole of our native cavalry are in fact what the British Household Cavalry once were, and still are in a shadowy theory (which in some words of command survives)—gentlemen troopers, and splendid troops they are; so efficient that, while native infantry could hardly be used against picked European troops, except where our picked Bengal or Frontier regiments were supported by an equal British infantry force, the whole of our native cavalry could be safely used in the field in war either with little or with no British support at all. The official view is that they could be safely used in a proportion of three native regiments to one European regiment of cavalry, and that they could perform unaided the whole of the scouting and covering work; but I believe myself, from the answers given me to the questions I asked, that the cavalry could be safely used without British support, that they are equal to any cavalry that could be brought against them, and as good as any cavalry in the world. If I am right it is not really necessary to send British cavalry to India, and British infantry and artillery are sufficient; and a considerable saving to the Indian Government might be obtained by diminishing or abolishing the cavalry reliefs. The climate in the gorge a little before sunset was splendid, like a still Christmas-day at Toulon or Cannes, or a fine October day in Switzerland. As we journeyed back by train we were struck, in the hour that preceded darkness, by the sunset beauty of the arid ranges of Pishin. We crossed two great irrigation canals, brand new—a testimony to Sir Robert Sandeman's improvements—and, after watching the complete extinction of the glorious red light upon the hills, slept till Quetta.

On the next day I rode with Sir Frederick and the soldiers to see the fortifications and the positions of the Quetta plain; the ladies

driving in the same direction in the afternoon, but being unable from the roughness of the country to pass outside the fortified lines. Leaving the railway where it strikes the military road inside the forts, a few miles from Quetta, we crossed the valley from side to side inside the fortifications, visiting each position for the heavier guns. Then ascending the hillside we went to the hill forts which command the deep ravines, and then to the signal station, posted at a height of 7,000 feet, from which are flashed heliographic signals to the Khojak summit, forty miles away. We descended by the military road through the Ghazabund Pass. When we reached the bottom the Adjutant-General pulled up and said solemnly, "There is good water here," and we gathered round the spring, a rare sight on the North-Western Frontier. When we were about to drink the Royal Engineers stationed at the place at once interfered, and suggested that they had a store of soda-water, and the "good spring water" of the military map changed, I fear, into more dangerous compounds, on the ground that "the Afghans bathe in it." The works that we had seen are the last word of the art of modern fortification as applied to mud. All is in mud. Under this tremendous sun—which, after a night of thick ice and before another night that would freeze the Serpentine, has twice the strength of the English July sun and frizzles any part of British flesh exposed to it—mud becomes as hard as rock; witness our artillery troubles during our wars in Afghanistan. The first requisites in this country are a large hat and a small nose, and the officer commanding the cavalry who was out with us, an old Exeter College Oxford graduate, who has a large nose and a small helmet, suffered according to this rule. The forts are to be armed at once with guns, a little heavier than any which could be brought against them, which are already stored in the local arsenal; and then Quetta is impregnable. The Quetta arsenal is in the old Khelat-government fort, which occupies the summit of a lofty artificial mound, in which a Greek Hercules has been found. One of the redoubts stands on a similar but less lofty mound, that of Baleli, which gives its name to the Lines. The object of fortification is that you should not be attacked, and in the Quetta position we have a splendid example of the wisdom of resort to fortification in fit places. Nature made Quetta strong, but unfortified it would have needed an army corps for its defence. Three-fourths of an army corps is saved to us by fortification, and no enemy will pass that way; but, on the other hand, the position forms a splendid base for an offensive-defensive flank attack upon the invading enemy. The work has been rapidly and cheaply as well as admirably done. Not counting the work on the Khojak tunnel, or the completion of the 316 miles of military road from Quetta to Dera Ghazi Khan, by which we are to ride, there have been constructed

in connection with the Quetta defences, in eighteen months, the whole of this wonderful line of forts and two hundred miles of military road, for the sum of £120,000. From the Royal Engineer and Royal Artillery point of view it would seem to be almost a pity that the Russians will never come to Quetta to try the strength of the splendid lines; and "they will never be so uncivil as to come round them" is the remark of cynical critics. From the side of the hill opposite to the signal station Quetta is overlooked, lying behind us in security. Part of India is thus protected from attack, but not the whole, and I have now to see the remainder of the vulnerable side.

On the 14th November our train started for Kach by the northern side of the Quetta loop, some of the party riding as far as that point, where we all breakfasted together in His Excellency's dining carriage. We passed the scenes of the death of Captain Showers and of the fighting of 1880. From a point where the wild scenery began to become beautiful, all of us—both those who had ridden the first part of the way and those who had come by train—mounted upon trollies and ran down the steep inclines of the railway through the stupendous limestone cañon known as the Chuppa rift, which connects the Nari gorge with the Pishin tableland. The line is carried now along a precipice and now through tunnels, finally crossing the river itself upon a bridge. While we were spinning at a rapid pace through the last tunnel before the bridge, Sir Frederick Roberts said to the Civil Engineer in charge of the trolley, "We will stop at the bridge," and the breaks were put on so that the trolley came to a standstill in a position about the most uncomfortable to the eye in which I ever found myself; but the scenery was worth the dizziness. As we came down the valley Sir Robert Sandeman pointed out to us the spot where the Zhob men had made a bullet-hole through his helmet when, after Maiwand, they tried to descend on Quetta. At Sharnick and Nasak we ran into softer scenery, though the valley was still bounded by magnificent cliffs, rising in some places a sheer 7,000 feet from the plain to the top of Mount Khalifat at nearly 12,000 feet elevation. At Harnai we stopped for a long night and slept in the train. Here we were met by Sir Robert Sandeman's transport and by a strong detachment of cavalry to furnish our escorts. Passing through Harnai were many of the Sirdars from Central Baluchistan on their way to Sir Robert Sandeman's durbar at Loralai. The chief man who remained at the station to start with us on the next day was the famous Jam Ali, the Jam of Lus Beyla, a sad, handsome dignified gentleman, white-bearded, but young-eyed, and of a sweet and melancholy air. He is the former ruler and the present ruler (under circumstances which I will state, for they have some human interest) of a principality which lies along the coast and runs towards the Persian Gulf, the

revenues of which are some £30,000 a-year. Lus Beyla has sunk a little under the prosperity of Lower Sindh, but before we began to make the harbour of Karachi, one of the Baluch ports was known as "the golden port," on account of the large dues that were collected. The father of Jam Ali was removed from the throne for rebellion against the Khan of Khelat, and was put in prison by us at Bombay. Jam Ali, then a boy, was set on the throne and ruled the country admirably. He worked so hard to get his father back that we eventually relented, and the father returned to the throne which Jam Ali vacated in his favour, or, to be more accurate, the regency of the Crown Prince ceased. The father proceeded to marry several new wives, who ill-treated Jam Ali, and then to call together a portion of his chiefs, against the will of the majority, to declare an infant child by one of these wives the next successor to the throne. Jam Ali put himself at the head of the majority of the Sirdars, and raised a rebellion against his father. I think it was Sir Oliver St. John (who was acting in Sir Robert Sandeman's absence) who marched against him with the Quetta escort, captured him, and locked him up. Sir Robert Sandeman, I think, it was who freed him on his return. Last year the father died, and Sir Robert Sandeman having called together the chiefs, they decided to set Jam Ali once more upon the throne instead of putting up the child; so Jam Ali has come to his own again in the spirit, and Sir Robert Sandeman, although suffering in health from a heavy fall from his horse, is going all the way back, after his visit to the Zhob when he leaves us, right down to the coast, in order to instal his friend as *de facto* ruler of Lus Beyla. Jam Ali, I believe, is only about forty, but his misfortunes have aged him as well as probably added dignity to his face, and he looks like an old man, but an old man of singular beauty who has been softened, not hardened, by suffering. Although I could not speak with him except through Sir Robert Sandeman or the interpreters, I conceived a sort of friendship for Jam Ali, and we used for the ten days that we were together to salute each other morning and evening with special intention.

Another interesting person in our suite which met us at Harnai on the afternoon of our arrival, and with which we were to start upon the morrow, was a boy chief, looking sixteen or seventeen on horseback, but evidently not more than twelve. He was a very pretty boy with a strange sweet smile, and for him also some of us conceived a liking. He too rode with us the entire distance, riding always in the centre of the road, with his uncles, who were his protectors, riding one on either side of him. The supremacy of the boy over the uncles, as being the recognized head chief, was very marked, although he was too young to even wear a full-sized sword. Another distinguished person was the camel contractor, the greatest

camel owner between Persia and India—probably the greatest camel owner in the world; the son of the camel contractor of our two advances into Afghanistan in the second war, who had been wounded in serving with us at Maiwand, and for his services made a Khan Bahadur. This gentleman was a handsome man of some five-and-thirty years of age, brown in colour, about six feet two in height, heavily built, with a broad open smile, and a tremendous habit of shaking hands in pump-handle style. He was gorgeously dressed in blue and gold; Jam Ali wearing dove-colour, pale pink, soft light blue, and silver; and the boy chief wearing the ordinary Baluch white and the embroidered *poshteen* from Kandahar. All had cornelian rings, many cornelians somewhere about their neck, and some turquoises.

The camels began at night to gather round the train. There were all the fast-trotting camels that could be procured in Baluchistan, and a sufficient number of marching camels for our wants. Three camels were allotted to me, but, even with the greatest possible dispersion of load, I could only manage to freight two with my light luggage for the mountain march. In fact my two camels were well off, for when we got into the Punjab and obtained army mule transport, one mountain-battery mule easily carried what the two camels had brought. My camel drivers were Brahooes, coming from 400 miles away, and speaking a tongue that, as the lamented General MacGregor said in his *Wanderings in Balochistan*, is one "which no ordinary individual can be supposed to know." MacGregor went on to explain that while Pottinger says that they are Tartars, Latham describes their language as Tamil, an extraordinary difference which probably means that the philologists themselves have not got to the bottom of the Brahooes. On the 15th the camels started long before us with the baggage. Mine is becoming so much more Central Asian in appearance every day that I hardly know it when it appears rolled up in Afghan embroidered sheepskins, in Penjdeh carpets, or in thick Herat or Persian cottons. The starting of the camels was a pretty sight for those in the train, so long was the file and so graceful were the costumes of the swarthy Baluch drivers. Our party was to divide at Harnai, but we remained together, putting off the moment of separation so long as to only just leave ourselves time to conclude our day's march by sunset. It was by far our latest start. From Harnai there left by train, as the road was difficult for ladies, Lady Dilke on her way to Simla to stay with Lady Roberts till the march was over; Colonel Pole Carew, who had fever, went on by the same train as far as Sibi; Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Nicholson went on by the same train for a much longer distance; and Sir Charles Elliott and General Chesney were both of them also in the train for a portion of the way. With us there went on horseback into the hills, besides Sir Robert Sandeman and the Commander-in-Chief,

the Adjutant-General; the Quartermaster-General; a staff officer representing the general commanding the division, as Sir John Hudson had turned back to Quetta; Captain Rawlinson, an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief; Surgeon-Major Taylor of the Headquarter Staff; and a clerk of the Commander-in-Chief's office, who was not to have come as long as Colonel Carew was coming, but who, to his delight, was told to come when Colonel Carew fell sick. The nucleus of our party was the same all along the road until we reached the Punjab frontier, when Sir Robert Sandeman left us; but in addition there came with us in portions of the road Captain Ivar MacIvor, one of Sir Robert Sandeman's principal assistants; Lieutenant Archer, son of the Agent-General for Queensland in London, a new and rising political officer; also cavalry officers commanding the various posts, and the road engineers, mostly dashing young fellows from Cooper's Hill.

On the first afternoon Sir Robert Sandeman and I rode together, escorted by his local levies and a party of Sikh police, leaving the soldiers to ride with their cavalry escort. Jam Ali rode close behind us, with his pipe-bearer riding by his side, armed with a pipe sufficiently magnificent for a prince through whose territory our Indian telegraph runs for between two and three hundred miles, and who gets £700 a year for protecting it. The pipe was a State pipe, for Jam Ali never smoked it. The local levies are known on the frontier as "catch-'em-alives," because when they developed a habit of bringing in, for convenience, only the heads of criminals, they were directed by Government to take the offenders in a more civilized form, which they have since done. The name has now come to be used, often in the shortened form of "catch 'em," as an adjective for all that appertains to the tribes, and the choice of horses is stated to be between cavalry horses and "catch-'em" horses. I have even heard of silver rings, with large turquoises of uncertain colour set in them, being called "catch-'em" rings. I started from Harnai not only upon a "catch-'em" steed, but with a "catch-'em" bridle, consisting of a thick leather thong with a loop in it for two fingers, and a long end reaching to the ground, knotted and fringed, and serving as a whip.

Leaving the Harnai Valley, and turning our backs on steam, we still found the telegraph by our side for the first three marches: after that we were beyond all the inventions of the nineteenth century except pigeon post, which was intermittent, however, on account of the operations of the hawks. We rode up the splendid gorge called Mekrab Tangi, a cañon almost as fine as the Chuppa rift, but with greener sides covered with long creeping capers and bushes of maidenhair fern. As we rose into the hills once more, giant partridges became plentiful; and we passed through groves of wild

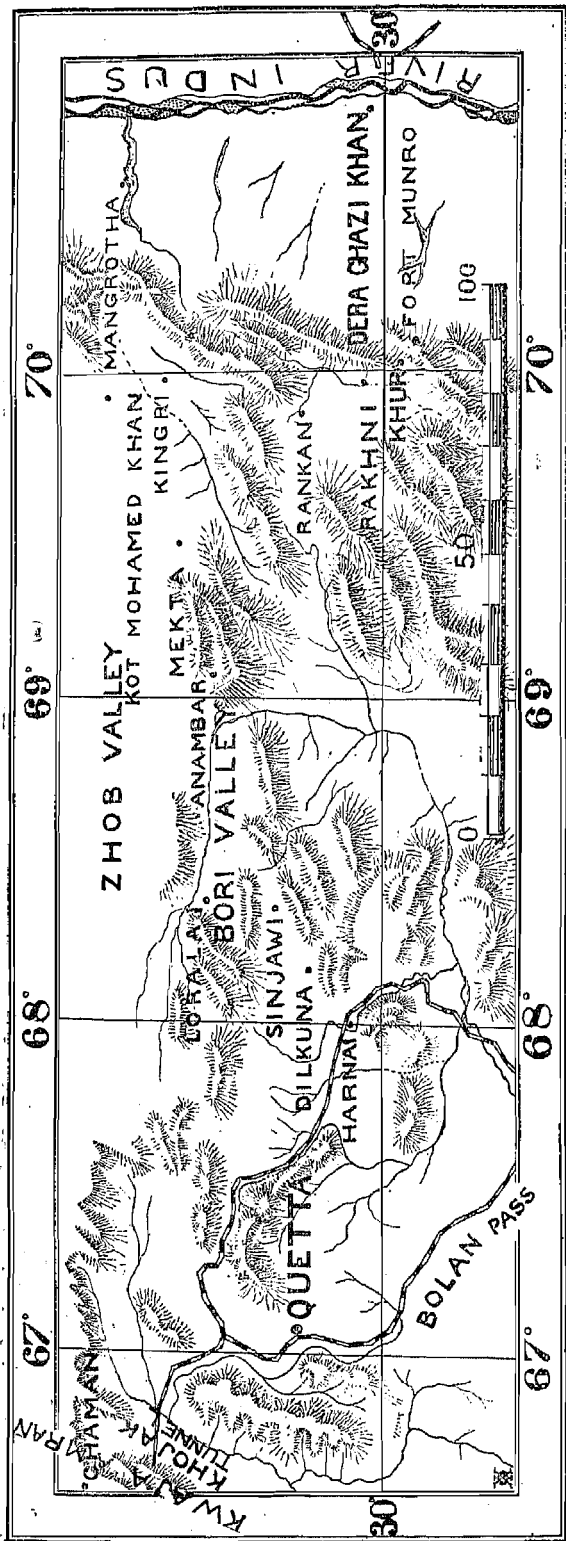
olive-trees, some of them of extraordinary size and therefore fabulous age. We reached Dilkuna at dark, to find our tea ready prepared for us in the engineers' bungalow, the only house, by Sir Robert Sandeman's most excellent and well-known butler, "Mr. Bux," a magnificent-looking personage, who once passed as a prince with the London crowd when his master brought him to England. Sir Robert and I had hustled on along the road in spite of the fine scenery, and we got in first; but before the moon rose clear of the great mountains Sir Frederick Roberts rode in with the staff and the escort of Bengal cavalry, and our party was complete for dinner in Sir Robert Sandeman's great tent, in which there was a suspicion of frost about the air, so that *poshteens* and fur-lined jackets became dinner-dress. We are the guests of Sir Robert Sandeman from Harnai to Loralai, and from Loralai to the Punjab. But for our halt of two days at Loralai we are to be the guests of the VI. (Prince of Wales's) Bengal Cavalry.

In the morning Abdul, Sir Robert Sandeman's bearer, brought me my little breakfast before light, and Sir Robert and I were off so early that we left behind us our "catch-'em-alive" escort, except some few who frantically caught us alive by a short cut up the mountain side. Rising rapidly from Dilkuna camp, which stands at some 5,400 feet, we reached a ridge of 6,600 feet by sunrise, and enjoyed that magnificent spectacle which in dry mountain countries daily compensates the traveller for all his petty troubles, such as night cold, noon sun, dust, cracked lips, and parched throat. In the half-hour next after sunrise the military road was literally covered with partridges of two kinds, running along it in front of us in troops and droves. The road was none too wide, and the corners were made dangerous by our occasionally meeting camels just at the worst places. Horses have never liked camels since their first meeting in classical times, when the camels of the Persian army under Cyrus terrified the horses of the Lydians under Cræsus. No amount of habit ever makes even Central Asian horses thoroughly used to camels. Moreover, camels know no "sides," and are just as likely to take the one side as the other, the inside as the out, so that one never feels thoroughly safe in meeting them at a corner until one has passed them. From the ridge we rode through a wide straight valley bearing a great likeness to Bridger's Pass and Laramie plains in the Rocky Mountains, by which I journeyed in 1866 before the railway, and in 1875 by train. At the half-way station-house I changed my this day's horse, to which I had given a sore back in return for a sore knee which he had given me, and obtained another and better "catch-'em," a white Arab with a noble tail. We went so fast that Colonel Jennings, commanding at Loralai, and another officer, who had ridden out to meet the party, told us that we were too early for the arrange-

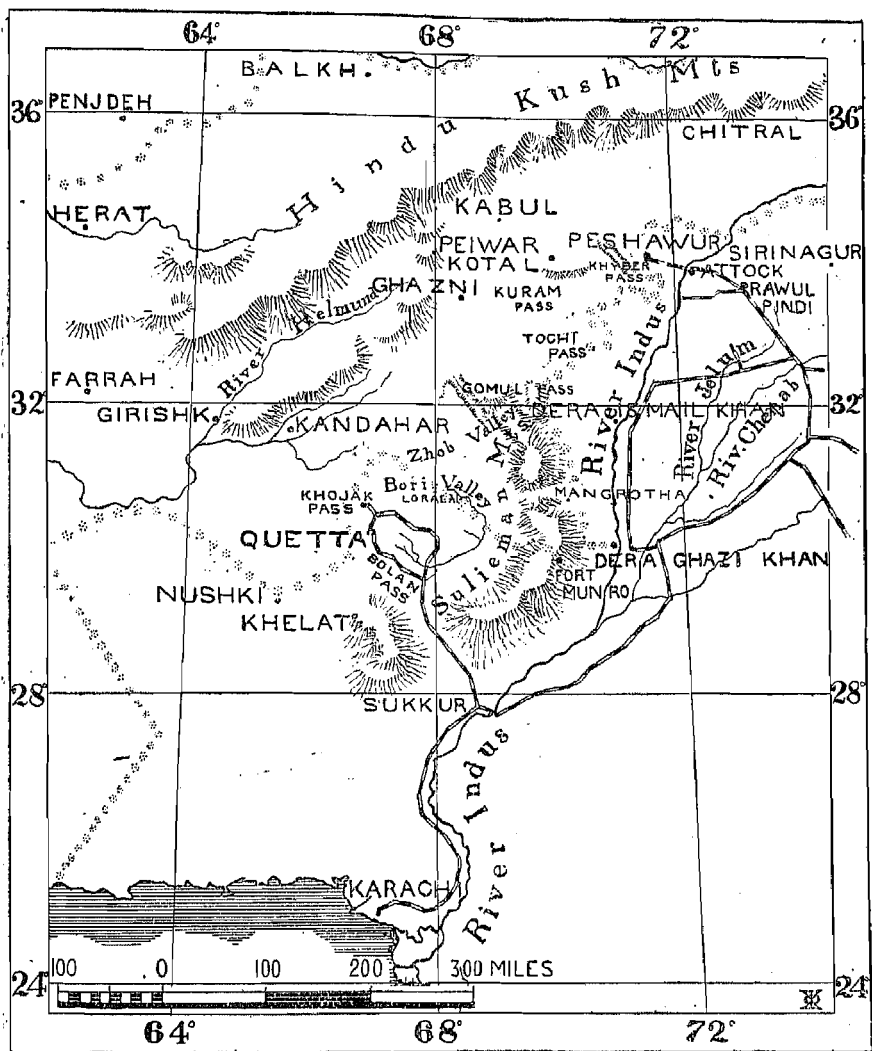
ments. By nine o'clock in the morning we had done our one-and-twenty miles, and soon after we reached the rich valley of Smallan, filled with splendid myrtles, upon which the unpoetic Baluchis feed their omnivorous "catch-'em" horses. A few minutes later we had arrived at our destination at Sinjawi. The Chief rode up and inspected a post of native infantry, and we soon got our second breakfast in a second tent. The plan of march is, that the moment dinner is over "Mr. Bux," packing the glasses and the chairs, of which there are no duplicates, marches, starting about ten o'clock at night on the fast camels, to the breakfast place, and there goes to bed, after looking up his supplies. The result is that when we arrive with tremendous appetites "Mr. Bux" is always ready to smile, salaam, and say "Good morning, sah. Breakfast leddy, sah."

Sinjawi Fort stands at the meeting of several frontier valleys. Kites sweep round it in the clear air and give it the look of an Indian station. So pretty is the green valley as it curls through hills, some golden-yellow and some orange-red, that General Elles and Captain Rawlinson climbed a high stony knoll twice in the day to make between them a panoramic sketch, that came out as satisfactorily as the Adjutant-General's well-known drawings of the Black Mountain gorges. At Sinjawi Sir Robert Sandeman was met by the head man of Dup or Dub, a good deal higher up our line of march, who has just returned from the Mecca pilgrimage—his first sight of sea and first experience of steam. He was very sick, he tells us, but "fire is stronger than wind or water" is the experience which he has brought back. He wore his topmost sheet like a Scotch plaid, while on his back was a smaller version of the Highland "target," such as we were now to see all along the remainder of the march, an ordinary Indian-made Afghan shield—a shield of hide embossed in shining metal, dazzling in the mountain sun. The chief of Dub bears a slightly doubtful reputation, as his village is on a disturbed part of the road, and his face was somewhat heavy after his interview with "the politicals."

On the 17th I started with Sir Robert Sandeman at the first ray of dawn towards the new entrenched military post of Loralai, to which the Bengal cavalry pigeon-post had preceded us on the previous evening; all but one of the pigeons having, however, been eaten by the hawks in the defile instead of getting home. Sir Robert Sandeman dropped behind about sunrise as Mr. Archer and others caught us up. I went on with Colonel Bigg-Wither, the maker of the road, but at last I tried to go by myself as he wanted to go slowly to be able to take one pony along for two days' march. I made a total failure of it, as these frontier horses are accustomed only to go in parties, so I had at last to ride up to the "catch'em" escort and ride with them, after which my horse, finding himself among his friends, behaved well. We seemed this day to have



THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF BRITISH BALUCHISTAN.



THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

somewhat got out of the country of the giant partridges, but we saw large numbers of small partridges and one or two bustards. At the second change of horses six hundred chiefs and tribesmen met us, almost all of them insisting on touching the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and of Sir Robert Sandeman. The splendid costumes and the great number of horses in the glaring sun made up a most picturesque scene, but the ceremony took a long time, and I was glad to ride ahead with General Chapman away from the crowd of kickers and the storm of dust. About a third of those present were Ghilzais from the Ghazni neighbourhood, refugees from the last insurrection against the Amcer. These risings are, it is said, provoked by over-taxation and by the offences of the Kabul troops against the honour of the women of the tribes. The features of the Ghilzais present were what we should call Jewish, or rather Ninevesque. The country just here was thickly studded with little towns, in which every farm-house or cottage was fortified with a strong mud wall and tower—fortified against the Murree raids. On the cliffs about a thousand feet above us were the ruins of a Buddhist fortress-monastery.

It was just ten o'clock when the mountain battery, which is stationed at Loralai, began firing its salute, and, crossing the Bori valley in a whirlwind of dust, surrounded by between six and seven hundred galloping Baluchis and Afghans, we entered the station in the form of an Arab *fantasia*. The white robes of the Baluchis as they flew out in the wind resembled the burnous, but our fellows came to pieces more than do the Arabs, yards of turban and yards of sash streaming behind them in the wind. The Commander-in-Chief was put up by Colonel Jennings, and I by Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher of the same regiment.

In the next *Fortnightly* I will give the remainder of my frontier diary and state some of the conclusions to which I came.

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THE BALUCH AND AFGHAN FRONTIERS OF INDIA.

II.

At Loralai, in the afternoon of the 17th November, there was a full dress parade of the regiment of cavalry, the regiment of native infantry, and the mountain battery of artillery; our Afghans and Baluchis being present this time on foot, as they had tired out all their horses. The cavalry and artillery were splendid fighting representatives of the modern Indian army. But the infantry regiment was from Bombay, and, though admirable in its old-fashioned British drill, did not give one the impression of having much dash about it. The guns went past to the sound of the Highland pipes, which are spreading in the Frontier Force, although I myself prefer their playing upon their own Baluchi pipes. The "full dress" did not extend to the generals, who, as we had been "marching light," had no full dress with them and, indeed, little dress of any kind. Splendid as was the full dress of the cavalry regiment—one of those in which the British officers wear the native dress, turban and all—while the Royal Artillery officers and the Bombay Indian officers were wearing the British red with white helmets, their natives wearing turbans,—I hardly see the need for putting officers at such a place as Loralai to the cost of so many uniforms as they have to provide. The mountain battery that we saw at Loralai was the very battery in which Sir Frederick Roberts himself served when a subaltern, and he found one native officer still in it who was a soldier in it then. Although the cavalry regiment is a good one, it contains too many men who are sick with fever. These are chiefly Jats from the country below Umballa, who do not eat meat, and avoid even red vegetables, pink turnips, and so forth, because they remind them too much of meat. The first cavalry regiment which came to Loralai, a Bengal Lancer regiment, is said to have lost nearly one in three of its men in nine months, most of these dying of pneumonia from exposure to winter cold when previously weakened by autumn fever. The native troops naturally do not like service in the Afghan plateau. Extra pay is given them to compensate for the high price of food, and

thick clothing is served out to them : but though the death-rate has been greatly reduced, it is still high, and the service is still unpopular. In my belief the climate is a far better one for British troops than for Indian natives, and the country ought to be chiefly occupied by British troops and by troops raised from among the mountain tribes. At present there is about the same amount of sickness among the white troops as among the natives, but I am convinced that among the white troops it could be avoided, whereas among the Indian natives it is in a large degree unavoidable from the climate being unsuited to them. With regard to the serving out warm clothing to Indian troops, when such advantages were given them at Kabul, in the winter occupation, the men saved the clothing instead of wearing it, and some carried it about with them as much as two years in order to present it to their relations when they reached home. The men are also given to starving themselves as well as to depriving themselves of every luxury in order to save their pay for the benefit of their families. It is one of the great difficulties of holding the frontier in force that Indian troops are not of much use at places like Quetta and Loralai in the winter snow and the cold, while the Europeans play foolish tricks with their health, and from the dulness of the stations are literally "bored to death." The Russians find that in their wilder garrisons it is an admirable practice to allow the men to make up shooting parties, organize commissariat for themselves, and go away for days and even weeks together without officers. A very feeble attempt in the same direction has lately been made in India ; but I think that something more might be done. Baluchistan literally swarms with game, and a great deal of amusement might be found for the men if a judicious system could be devised. Drunkenness is the great difficulty with the British soldier in such dull places, although a very large proportion of the men are either teetotallers or moderate drinkers. Unfortunately the minority make up for them, and it is mainly this minority that die.

The dust during the parade was so heavy that in the march past, until we changed the position of the flag, we were unable to see anything at all, and the troops marched in again to Loralai through walls of dust, and, spite of the night frost, clouds of wild bees and hornets.

Sunday, the 18th, was a quiet day at Loralai. We breakfasted with the Royal Artillery, and dined with the officers of the Bombay infantry regiment.

At Loralai, besides the military parade we had a civil durbar, but the generals and their staff did not attend it. There were no Englishmen present, except Sir Robert Sandeman, Captain MacIvor, Lieutenant Archer, and myself. Sir Robert Sandeman sat in an arm-chair ; we sat by him upon ordinary chairs, and the Afghans and Baluchis sat on carpets on the ground, in circles according to rank,

all round us, under a great tent, the sides of which were lifted so that their sowars and other followers could hear. The tribes not having much to do when away from their own villages, and assembled at such a place as Loralai, and not having much idea of time, were fully gathered three and a quarter hours before the time fixed for the durbar, and after a consultation we decided to anticipate the proceedings in order not to keep them there all day. Under the tent there sat nearly a hundred chiefs, while their retainers were thickly gathered round. At Sir Robert Sandeman's feet sat his Persian secretary and his Pushtoo interpreter. After welcomes, the proceedings began with the reading of a number of letters about Jam Ali's succession, chiefly from the Khan of Khelat and members of his family. After this the other chiefs congratulated Jam Ali upon his accession to the throne. Our young and lovely boy chief was next called into the centre of the ring, and his succession to his father confirmed. This boy brought in this year 3,000 rupees of revenue collected by himself, which looks as though he were worth at least £1,200 a year, a good deal of money in these hills. A solemn lecture was then delivered to the Murrees upon their worrying of their neighbours, by Sir Robert Sandeman in Hindustani, with a great deal of action. Sir Robert would think himself eternally disgraced if he were to use action in speaking English; but his Hindustani, for the benefit of the Murrees, resembled Provençal in being largely worked off with the arms. Some of the Murree chiefs speak Hindustani, and the speech was translated for the benefit of the rest. The Murrees were represented by a few wild-looking fellows with long chestnut-coloured hair, who might have been Parisians of the fifteenth century. After the lecture, to which they made no reply whatever, probably thinking "least said soonest mended," we were all introduced to the eldest son of the principal chief of Zhob (here pronounced Job), who wore a parti-coloured turban, and was a good and friendly-looking fellow in spite of the evil reputation of his people. We were also presented to an immense swarthy gentleman, formerly the Ameer's Governor of Sibi; then to a survivor of a party who got into a cave during Sir Robert Sandeman's great fight with the Zhob men, and were nearly all destroyed by one of the shells of the troops who were up there with him. I think that in all Sir Robert has had three fights with the Zhob people, or two fights and one famous war, in which there was no fighting, but in which he ate their mutton. The story is that the troops who were in the valley with him carried off under his directions six hundred she-camels and many thousands of sheep. They then camped and sent messengers throughout the Zhob to say that the camels would be saved, but that the sheep would be eaten at the rate of so many a day till the inhabitants came in and paid a fine, and that so many sheep had been eaten, and so forth. The

Zhob men soon appeared and made submission, but they were already minus several hundreds of sheep, which had gone down the army's throat. In spite of these little difficulties of the past few years, Sir Robert Sandeman and his ex-enemies are the best of friends, and shake hands and smile, and recount anecdotes of their several fights against one another. The real Afghan dresses at the durbar were not good; they were bright, but barbarous when seen close; the handsome coats were of Indian material from Benares. Sir Robert was good enough to introduce me to the chiefs as having had something to do with rendering the Bori road a possibility, inasmuch as I had argued upon Sir Robert Sandeman's side in favour of the retention of the northern portion of the assigned districts, when he came to London in consequence of objections to the course to which the Government ultimately agreed. I do not know that I should have favoured that course if the result had been to place the tribes under any one except Sir Robert Sandeman for the first trial of the new system. What he has done is to bind the whole people to us by making them fully feel the benefits of peace; and the result has been that we have obtained at this point a perfect frontier, and been able to move our troops from hot and pestilential valleys into a climate which will be thoroughly healthy for them as soon as they have learnt to take reasonable precautions. After the durbar Sir Robert Sandeman requested of the military authorities that two companies of infantry and a squadron of cavalry should be despatched from Loralai to a village, the chiefs of which had failed to attend the durbar. The telegraph line is about to be continued through their district, and they had been directed to come and discuss the matter, and it is impossible to allow the summons to be disobeyed. They will now have to follow Sir Robert Sandeman into the Zhob, for which he is bound when he leaves us, or else to meet him on his return.

On Monday morning, the 19th of November, finding that the road from Loralai for nearly twenty miles lay across a plain, I started with Sir Robert Sandeman in a tonga or wheeled vehicle with a "catch 'em" escort. Close to us on the north was a line of cliffs which are the sides of the hills that form the water-shed between the Bori and the Zhob. Within twenty miles north from Loralai you come to a country that is unsurveyed and almost unknown. Sir Charles MacGregor has described in one of his books the feelings of shame and restlessness produced in his mind by blank spaces on the Indian frontier maps. "Of course," he says, "it is not any particular fault of mine that maps have blank spaces on them, yet I always feel the glaring whiteness of the blanks is looking reproachfully at me." Now the west end of the Zhob is white upon the map.

The drive between daylight and sunrise was splendid. The moon was setting in silver and blue, making the rock walls of the Zhob to

gleam, alternately black with shade and white with mist, while the sun was rising in red and gold on the opposite side of the heavens. Wild-fowl were flying here and there over our heads as we bumped along behind our two fast mules. The Bori valley is fertile in its way. It is irrigated and all under cultivation once in three years, that is to say one-third each year. At last we came to a second pass into the Zhob, for there is one, little known, almost opposite to Loralai; this eastern one being that by which our troops entered the valley at the time of the Zhob expedition. We stopped to change mules, and round the neck of a child of the village saw beautiful silver amulets, with one enamelled charm, but they were all of Indian work. The Afghans and the frontier tribes buy all their best things in India.

As this was the only part of the military road between Quetta or Pishin and ten miles west of Dera Ghazi Khan where people ever drive, my mention of it is the right place for an observation upon British enterprise in driving. There can be no doubt to any one who knows Australia or New Zealand, Siberia, Russian Central Asia, or the wilder parts of the United States, that colonists, Americans, or Russians would drive anywhere about this road. I would say more. The Russians, the Americans, and the Australians have brought fast driving, day and night, over the roughest country to the perfection of a science, and for many purposes their driving is more practical than our riding, because it combines the advantages which otherwise can only be secured by the addition of fast-trotting camels, for the baggage, to the necessary relays of horses. Now it is easier to make carts than to produce trained fast-trotting camels, and we should gain by introducing driving on the Russian system along our military roads, where wheels are for the most part at present as absolutely unknown as if they had never been invented. I have sometimes in Siberia averaged through the twenty-four hours in driving a pace equal to that of most of the trains on the Indian railroads, stoppages not being deducted from the account on either side. We had sent on our saddles, and after our drive did nine miles on horseback to the little village of Anambar, which lies off the military road. The object of the Commander-in-Chief's visit to Anambar was to decide whether there should be a permanent military station there to watch the Murrees, as there is now a temporary post. The valley is a lovely one, filled with tamarisk groves, in which Captain MacIvor shot two giant bustards. On this day we parted with Colonel Archibald Bigg-Wither, the officer who made the road; a simple and charming frontier-man, for whom a villa at Wimbledon would have more delight than an Indian palace, but who sticks to the frontier and his duty in spite of the sharp contrast between his own civilisation and the roughness of the life.

Breakfast at Anambar was varied, as Captain Rawlinson had shot two partridges of a kind which seemed half way between our com-

mon English friend and the larger kind of "Frenchman." These were speedily in the pot with the two obara or giant bustards, and a magnificent stew was the result. At Anambar, which was in a fertile valley where there was no difficulty about pasturing the horses, many of the party went out shooting, and I remained at home to study, with the "politicals," the odd people we had with us. Some came from near the Persian Gulf and had African blood, being descendants of slaves who had fled from Arabia, and had been brought, themselves or their ancestors, to Arabia from the Soudan. Some Hazaras who were with us were of the Indo-Chinese type, and had faces such as we call Tartar. The Murrees, the Zhob men, and the Ghilzais were mostly of a brownish white in colour, with long brown hair, while the true Baluchis were dark, with hair of jet-black hue. One of the chiefs, who had come in to ask that the station of Mekta might be advanced into his district, is a gentleman who lately, having a party of rich Ghilzais living near him, sent to a brother robber in Zhob to ask him to come down to plunder them and share the booty with him. The robber came down, but the Ghilzais met him and his friend and said that they had sent two of their number to reveal the plot, which they had discovered, to our people. The chief, finding that he would suffer, at once surrendered his robber ally to the authorities as the best way out of the difficulty.

Up to this time we had had lovely weather, but in the night my tent became suddenly noisy with the sounds of wind and rain, and, after some hours of black downpour, when I got up I found the camp buried in a soaking fog. The climate was that of the Western Highlands, though the scenery was that of Calabria or Spain. I had my bundles rolled, but the camels did not come, for the ground was too slippery for their feet; and I was afterwards told by General Elles that seated on my bundles, when all my goods were packed, in my cold tent, waiting for the camels or for my horse, or for Sir Robert Sandeman to be willing to face the rain, I presented by lantern light a perfect picture of despair. At last we started, for the rain left off at daylight, and we ploughed our way first back towards the road, and then through a country of farmhouses fortified against the formerly almost continuous attacks of the Murrees, the Musa Khel, and the people of the Zhob. In one village we heard the rumour that "Mr. Bux" had lost his way in the rainstorm of the night, and we began to have doubts whether even his talent would suffice to provide breakfast on such a greasy, slippery morning. Breakfast, however, was perfectly ready at a place where one of the Government civil engineers from Cooper's Hill, who indeed accompanied us along the road for several days and was for that time the life of the party, long used to live. We breakfasted in front of a roaring fire in what had been his dining-room, but was now the principal room of a native house, which he had whitewashed and extended into a bunga-

low. During the time that he had lived here alone, making the military road, he had had what Americans call "a lively time." Being a man of perfect courage and much dash, he on one occasion organized a Zhob expedition of his own. His favourite horse having been carried off from his stable, and, as he heard, taken to the Zhob, he raised local levies and pursued him into the heart of the enemy's country, almost into the very capital of the *budmashes*—the terrible Mina Bazar. As the cavalry were going shortly to advance to Murga, and generally to look up the neighbourhood of Mina Bazar, we were never allowed to pronounce the name of either place before the "catch 'ems." When we were riding along and any reference was being made to either of these towns it was always in the form of M-u-r-g-a or M-i-n-a. I believe that in secret societies the passwords of the lodge or order are half communicated by members to supposed members in this fashion, which is known by the technical name of "letter or spell." This is the only disturbed portion of the road. The country is a rich one, and will become populous now that the raids of the three great surrounding robber tribes are stopped. But until we have pushed cavalry outposts across the first line of mountains to the north, the part of the road which runs through Mekta and Dub is not completely safe. I do not think that it would be risky for an Englishman to ride alone along it without escort, so great in this part of the world is our prestige, and so certain are the tribes that murder would not go unpunished. But it would not be wise for a small unarmed party of local traders to pass along the road, which is perhaps about as dangerous as a high road in the interior of Corsica or of Sicily, not more so; and this, although two years ago, the road was as yet unmade. We heard that some of the tribes who had come to attend Sir Robert Sandeman's durbar were plundering their neighbours on their way home.

The contempt of the traveller for wild beasts and his craven fear of the dog, the friend of man, were exemplified this day. Sir Robert Sandeman and I passed close to a wolf of whom we naturally took no notice, while he slunk away from us as fast as his legs would carry him without attracting too much observation; but a few minutes afterwards we had an engagement with two shepherds' dogs which constituted a more serious encounter. A scarcer sight was that of a woodcock, which the sportsmen of the party missed, for it is no joke to tear along roads on horseback and dismount to shoot. Surgeon-Major Taylor shot four rock partridges. The country was full of graveyards, but controversy rages among travellers as to whether, in the dry district which lies between the Euphrates, the Caspian, and Thibet, enormous graveyards in an almost uninhabited district imply that once it contained a far larger population. Perhaps they do mean this; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that nomadic tribes wander in great numbers for enormous distances in

this part of the world, and that they may have their favourite burying-places. Then, even a small population here makes a large graveyard, because the graves are kept up from time immemorial. They are merely heaps of stones, and passers-by fling stones on to each cairn, and it may be said that no grave once made is ever lost. These graveyards may have seen the passage of Alexander, for the rainfall is never sufficiently heavy to disturb the stones. A sign of the passing of many people is to be found in the enormous number of rags which decorate large trees where they exist. At our breakfast place, close to a stream swollen by the night's rain, which we had to ford, there was a great tamarisk-tree, which was sacred because some holy man had been buried near it, and rags—chiefly red, but not all red—were tied to every bough. The custom of tying red rags to trees to indicate peculiar sanctity is one which is met with in parts of the world as distant from one another as the county of Galway, New Zealand, Lithuania, Siberia, and Thibet. In the little fortified villages of the valley I was shown the "miniature mosques," which are put up outside the fortified enclosures. They consist of a flat stone about the size of an English grave-stone, with a headstone; and the villagers go out to pray upon them one at a time. In the whole of the long distance from Quetta to the shrine of Sakhi-Sarwar I did not see a single real ecclesiastical building, except those of our own Moslem soldiers. It is said that the Baluchis are such bad Mahommedans that they used not to pray at all until we came, and that it is the example of our more religious native soldiers which has induced them to begin. But I think that there is some exaggeration in this statement, although it is certain that at Khur they have lately built a praying enclosure, like a parish pound, not having had any place of worship until last year.

In the course of this afternoon we were met by Mr. Shakespeare of the Bengal Cavalry, who was hardly, however, able to sit his horse for fever which he has gone through all alone (that is, without seeing a white face) at Mekta. It seems sad to see fine young Englishmen, who have just left crack cavalry regiments and home stations, and joined our native cavalry, forced to live in such solitude as that of these mountain stations, where books are almost impossible to obtain; but they have the resource of shooting, as there is plenty of game. They are tempted, when their duty permits it, to ride tremendous distances in the hot summer sun to pay visits to one another, and I think that on these occasions there is sometimes a want of care about exposure that is a cause of fever. Then the posts themselves are always placed by water, and digging up the irrigated land is a source of fever in all countries where there is a strong sun. It might be better to put the posts upon the low stony hills, even if the water had to be fetched from a good distance. I have always suspected the Indian soda-water, which is consumed in great quantities by Englishmen, of

being also a cause of fever, for it is made at great numbers of different places with very imperfect supervision, and may often contain sewage matter. Lieutenant Shakespeare's post is one of those which are to be pushed forward, and it is possible that after a look at Murga he ultimately may find himself at Mina Bazar, and if so, may have trouble at first with the robbers who infest that town. The moving forward of the posts will open the Mangrotha Pass and ultimately the Gomul. Our survey parties have been fired on in these districts, and that cannot be allowed; besides, it is absolutely necessary for military safety that we should know what is passing behind the wall of the Sulieman range. At the present moment our road, which runs due east from Mekta to Kingri, turns suddenly due south from Kingri to Rankan and Rakhni, and it is a pity that so much money has been spent upon carrying it over the top of the range near Fort Munro, as it would be far easier to use and defend the shorter lines through the Mangrotha and the Gomul passes.

Before we reached Mekta the rain began again, and when I got my baggage it was soaked. The weather cleared, however, for a short time before dark, and I was able to sketch the two fine views; that back to the hills of the Murree Raj, and that the other way, onwards over the Mekta plain and towards the Sulieman. Here, at Mekta, in the seventeenth century, was the boundary between the province of Hind and the province of Kandahar.

On the next morning, the 21st, we were awakened at one and again at three by tremendous down-pours of rain, and the tent of his Excellency's clerk partly gave way and let in water, while Surgeon-Major Taylor and one or two others of the party had to call their servants and work at pegs and ropes. At daybreak the rain ceased, but the mud was South Russian in its character. Colonel Jennings had come with us the whole way from Loralai, and was to leave us at the first change of horses. He had slept at the regimental post, where he had stayed the night with Mr. Shakespeare, and started before dawn to ride back the short distance to our camp. He met Sir Robert Sandeman and myself about to start, just ahead of Captain MacIvor, Mr. Archer, and our police and "catch 'em" cohorts. Colonel Jennings told us that he had been three-quarters of an hour coming half a mile, and that whatever else we did we must not get off the embankment which had been thrown by the engineers across the Mekta valley. The next moment Mr. Starkey, the engineer, rode up to us from the same place, having been as long upon the way, and gave us exactly opposite advice. Left to our own wits, we tried a combination of the plans, which got us across the valley without mishap, but none except horses of the country would have faced such a sea of mud. We were in despair as to the power of our camels to accomplish the thirty-five miles of the day's march in time for our dinner and bed,

and we soon found one of them flat upon the ground, but the great majority struggled on and were rewarded by better weather. After leaving the chain of fortified farms across the valley that constitutes the village of Mekta, we were in an almost desert country for nearly thirty miles, passing only three houses in all, of which one was an engineer's shelter house, and two the fortified farms which are supposed to form the village of Dub. At three spots, however, along the road groups of Sirdars had come out from the side valleys on the Chief Commissioner's invitation, and one gentleman was even able to produce a purple velvet coat with gold embroidery. The villagers invariably bring presents, which are touched for acceptance and then left with them, or as we should think, though they do not—returned. I told Sir Robert that, to judge by the faces of the deputations, one would suppose that they were asking him to stand for the county, so popular did he seem. The country was less fertile than that which we had crossed as yet, and as bare as that in the hills round Quetta; and we noted the presence of less game, seeing only a few duck and teal near Mekta and one covey of rock partridges beyond that point. We passed through great beds of bright green earth, and some half green and half blue, like gas-works refuse. The strata were curiously twisted, sometimes horizontal, sometimes vertical, and also sloped at every possible angle in each direction, on the side of one and the same short hill. Suddenly we came on a splendid view backwards towards the Zhob and Murree countries, and saw the fresh-fallen snow upon the hills, and felt the cold breeze which proclaimed that the rain was over for good and the dry winter weather come. In five minutes more the sky was indigo blue, and the Indian winter sun was scorching our necks and drying both the road and our soaked bedding on the backs of the poor camels. The "foot camels" average, I find, two miles an hour, but the trotting camels, which average seven miles an hour up hill and down dale, can do a march of thirty-six miles, except in the worst of weather, as fast as we can do it with two horses each. This piece of country, if it were not somewhat sterile, would still be vacant, as it has hitherto been a no-man's land, between the Murrees, the Zhob people, the Luni Khel, and the Musa Khel. Any settler here would have been murdered, or at least his horses, camels, sheep, goats, or donkeys would have been stolen. Even this worst piece, however, might if properly handled grow the wine grape and the olive, and it is here and there covered with wild olive-trees. The flat valleys are often white with salt or alkali, and Indian officers are too much given to believe that such plains will not grow crops. But, when I remember the fertility of similar country in Utah and Colorado, I have my doubts. It is often found in the plains of India, and especially in the Punjab and in Sindh, that the introduction of irrigation brings out the alkali, and it is usual, I believe, to make

remission of taxation where it appears; but I have noticed alkali in parts of the Punjab that are fertile, as, for example, northwards from Pubbi on the Peshawur line, and at Loralai excellent vegetables are grown under irrigation with water that leaves a white deposit.

At the post to which we had sent forward breakfast we took leave of Colonel Jennings, and found the 1st Cavalry of the Punjab Frontier Force, who now took up the escort duty. A little later we came to a post of Punjab Frontier Force 4th Sikh Infantry, really chiefly Afridis and Pathans. Both the infantry and cavalry were splendid, and the men could eat up the Bombay troops, so unwisely, as I think, sent to the high plateau. I would myself sooner go into danger with a company of the Punjab Frontier Force Infantry than with a whole regiment of any South Indian troops. The splendid corps of officers of Colonel Jennings's Bengal Cavalry regiment could hardly be excelled; but, as far as men went, I thought the 1st Punjab Cavalry decidedly superior. This dirty and desolate bit of the road, which is considered dangerous by merchants, is kept quiet by our posts, and what is more, we are becoming popular with the Lunis, Murrees, and the Musa Khel, for these people, although hereditary robbers, have large possessions of their own, and really like best to keep them and to live in peace, provided that peace is kept on every side. Before the afternoon we had got into a better country, and found ourselves among the dwarf palms, which we had not seen since we left them at Harnai, showing that we had come off the higher levels into lower land. Then we sighted the Sulieman range, covered with fresh snow, which, however, partly thawed off it in the hot sun before sunset. We were here only about fifty miles from the Indus in a straight line, and the result of operations (which will probably involve no fighting) which the political officers, at the head of a force of infantry and cavalry both from Loralai and Kingri, and of several hundred "catch 'em" sowars, were about to undertake, will be to enable some road to be made across, instead of going as now a great distance round. When the Kingri post is advanced to Kot Mahomet Khan, and the direct line through the Mangrotha Pass made clear, the Indus might be reached in 60 or 70 miles, whereas we shall have to make 100 miles—half due south and half due east—before we reach it.

At the last change of horses my fresh "catch 'em" slipped his neck out of the halter while they were looking for his bridle, and bolted with my own English saddle towards the country of the Musa Khel, to which he belonged. I was mounted, in consequence, upon Mr. Archer's horse and saddle, which he very kindly lent me, while he took the horse and saddle of Mahmoud Khan, the excellent police officer, of the Quetta Residency, in attendance on Sir Robert, and Mahmoud took another "catch 'em" with the ordinary native carpet. Later in the evening my saddle was brought in. About

five miles short of Kingri we came on a great movable village of Musa Khel *kibitkas* surrounded by flocks and herds in immense profusion, the property of these rich nomads. They literally filled the valleys and covered the hill-tops on every side. Thousands upon thousands of sheep and goats, hundreds of cattle, tens of asses and of camels, were feeding on the mountain grass. From this point the water runs down to the Indus through the Sulieman range, for the pass is a very low one, only 800 feet, while we were going a great distance round and over the top of the main range. The Gomul is now in the condition in which the Bolan Pass once was, half closed to trade by black-mail, and the scene of continual robbery; and when riding along this splendid and peaceful military road we could not but reflect on what we shall be able to make of the Gomul, by far the best of all the avenues for Afghan trade to India and for Indian trade to Afghanistan. The question at once arose whether some post above the Zhob towards Ghazni will not have to be occupied to command and to quiet both the Tochi and the Gomul passes, as the occupation of Quetta quieted the Bolan. The country round Kingri is rich, but entirely without cultivation, villages, or fixed population, and this only on account of past raids.

At Kingri we found one hundred and twenty men of the 1st Frontier Force Cavalry, the post being commanded by Mr. Fane, who had come out to meet us, and who, like Mr. Shakespeare, was sick of fever. There was also an Irish doctor at the post, and a splendid company of 4th Sikhs. In front of the bungalow, but inside our military wall, was a wild olive-tree, to which red rags were tied; and when, through one of the officers, I asked why, I was told by our soldiers that a holy man had once passed that way.

On the 22nd November, after a very cold night, which produced a new sensation, the Quartermaster-General having tied up his *poshteen* with "Brandenburgs" of official red tape, seldom found so useful, we started long before daylight in a hard white frost. We had intended to set off at the usual time, but heard seven struck by the Sikh infantry on a gong which does duty for a clock, and mounted hurriedly. As a matter of fact we afterwards found out that it was half-past five, but there is nearly an hour's difference on this frontier between local time and railway time, and, although there is no railway, it is railway time that is generally kept by soldiers and officials. The three-quarters of an hour or so that the Sikhs had in hand, even beyond railway time, made their time that of Calcutta rather than of Madras. When we started it was no doubt seven o'clock somewhere in the Indian Empire, but it was half-past five at Kingri. It must be a temptation for troops in such a place to gradually shorten the hours of sentry duty and to push the time forward until they are checked by the British officer in command. We left the Sikhs and their double sentries (for they treated Sir Frederick Roberts as trea-

sure and doubled all their posts), and shivered for a few miles, as the road was not easy enough to allow us to go very fast, till the sun first struck the hill-side from across the Sulieman range. It was a pretty country of dwarf palm and wild olive that we were in, not unlike that round Capua would be if it were allowed to run wild. There was no population except two *kibitkas* of nomad Lunis, or, as they styled themselves in reply to Sir Robert Sandeman's shout of inquiry, "What tribe is that?" "Lunai." So far as one who is not a skilled geologist can judge, the idea of the soldiers that this country is a desert is a thoroughly mistaken one. Looking at it as a Provençal farmer, I should say that it might find room for millions of Italian *métayers* farming wine, oils, melons, stock, goats, and possibly, although not certainly, silk. The mulberry, undoubtedly, would grow, but the mere fact of its growth is not enough for the cultivation of the silkworm, as in some places the season of the leaf and the season of the worm do not sufficiently correspond. Immense quantities of game covered the plateau about eight o'clock as the sunlight grew stronger. There were partridges of three kinds, the giant, the rock, and the grey. We had a sort of advance guard with two shot guns, and we moved forward with a fusilade. Finally General Elles's horse bolted and he had to let him go, and to tear through the advance guard, put up the partridges and scatter the other game, until the Frontier Force steed was tired out. I was, as usual, on a "catch 'em," so easy that one could hardly distinguish his amble from his canter, and his canter from his fast gallop. He could not trot, but this was no loss, as in a "catch 'em" the trot is seldom easy. A good "catch 'em" should be what they call "a runner"—that is a horse that ambles at all his paces—an easy ambling walk, and an easy ambling gallop, fast or slow. I was promised that I might keep this particular "catch 'em," who seemed untiring, for all the marches of this day and for the first march upon the morrow as far as Rakhni, where we reach the Punjab and send back all the "catch 'ems," men and horses alike, in order that they may go with Sir Robert upon his expedition to the Zhob. Riding along a flat plain between the Sulieman and another range we came to a short conical hill about one hundred feet in height, on a crag upon the top of which there stood a mountain sheep with enormous horns. Mr. Starkey, the road engineer, borrowed a Snider from a sowar of the escort and missed him, as was to be expected, considering that he had just been galloping, that the Snider is not a sporting rifle, and that he did not know the gun. When we reached Rankan most of us went out shooting, for there were ponds and a stream, some duck, two large flights of pintail, and any number of black partridges, in the immediate neighbourhood of the station. We found also a woodcock and a hare. At this post was a company of Sikh infantry in *poshteens*, the yellow embroidered sheepskins of Kabul.

On Friday, the 23rd, we started at the usual early hour, and rode through groves of daphne bushes bearing both bloom and berries, then by a gorge, and then across the splendid plain of Rakhni, from one point of which we made out, on the top of the Sulieman, the houses of the Punjab hill-station of Fort Munro, and so felt that we were returning to civilisation and to India proper. The plain, which reminded me of that of Saint Maximin, in Provence, contains but two villages, and those not at all in the part through which we passed, and only a few camps of nomads with sparse flocks. The Rakhni Valley might be densely peopled; there is water, and it would grow almost anything. It was absolutely uninhabited until we came, as any settler would have been plundered by the Murrees, the Luni Khel, the Musa Khel, or the Sulieman Khel; but with peace it ought to maintain a large population. Just before we reached Rakhni camp Captain Rawlinson crossed us, galloping with one sowar after six gazelles, and driving them towards the mountain wall, so that he was certain to get a shot at short range as they turned to keep on the open plain. He got his shot, but he had been galloping so hard that he naturally missed, as Mr. Starkey had missed the mountain sheep; still, thanks to Captain Rawlinson and Surgeon-Major Taylor, there was plenty this day for the pot.

At Rakhni we took leave after breakfast of Sir Robert Sandeman, of Captain MacIvor, of Mr. Archer, of Mr. Starkey, and last, and in some senses, perhaps, not least, of "Mr. Bux." Sir Frederick Roberts had settled that we were to stay with them till two o'clock; but, although he is very fond of Sir Robert Sandeman, with whom he has worked for a great number of years, his natural and well-known desire to "get on"—to use his Excellency's favourite phrase—made us start at twelve in a greatly-reduced party. It was decided at the last moment that a few of the baggage-camels were to cross the mountains without loads in order to pick us up again upon the plains and carry our goods over a desert piece to Sakhi-Sarwar; but from Rakhni, over the mountain to the plains, for the second march of this day, and the first part of that of the morrow, our baggage went on the mules of the Sikh infantry of the Punjab Frontier Force, and accompanied by an infantry escort. Rakhni is still in Sir Robert Sandeman's dominions, although it is his last station towards the Punjab, and no one came there to meet us; but we could see the heliographic station near Fort Munro flashing down signals to ask at what time we should be starting. We had not gone far up the hill before the civil engineers from the Punjab side rode down to meet us, soon followed by Mr. Dames, the Assistant Commissioner of Dera Ghazi Khan, whose guests we were to be at Fort Munro and Sakhi-Sarwar, while at Dera Ghazi itself we were to be garrison guests. At Khur, where we had reached again an altitude of five thousand feet, but were about a thousand feet

below the summit, we found a fertile mountain plain, and a fort containing a strong company of the 4th Sikhs of the Punjab Frontier Force under a native officer. Their drill struck us as being as good even as that of the Bombay troops, and the men are, of course, individually far better. The Punjab officers have been trying planting at Khur; and I noticed four kinds of eucalyptus, orchards of peach-trees and apricots, and gardens full of petunias run wild; the monumental cypress has also been grown with good effect. We climbed again, and just before we reached the village of Fort Munro itself the plains of India spread before us. Although there is intense frost at night in winter, the climate at this elevation of six thousand three hundred feet is much warmer on the whole—doubtless owing to the vicinity of the hot plains and of the parched deserts near Multan—than that of similar elevations in British Baluchistan. Three kinds of eucalyptus have been planted with success on the very summit, and the dwarf palm and wild olive grow there naturally, although they would not be found at such a height in the neighbourhood of Quetta, or the Pishin or the Bori valley. The bungalows of the hill station, deserted by their summer residents, formed pleasant places of rest for us, and I myself occupied, with one other, the large house which had been the first one built at Fort Munro, that built by Sir Robert Sandeman when he, then Captain Sandeman, was a Punjab official, and had founded this hill station. Indeed, when I asked the servant with whom I was staying, a thing which sometimes occurs under Anglo-Indian hospitality, he replied, “Sir Lobet Sandeman Sahib,” thus giving me the name of the builder instead of that of the actual proprietor. I owe, however, deep apologies to the latter, because the servants made up such fires to keep us warm after sunset that they set fire to the matting of the rooms; and when we tried to pay for new matting, we failed entirely to discover to whom the compensation ought to go. The evening view was lovely. I strolled about to see the new open-air mosque that I have already mentioned, by building which the Baluch Mahommedans have shown that, since we have given to them peace, they have begun to take to prayer. I noticed that the birds of India were now beginning to appear in place of those of Central Asia, although the bird most often seen was still the crested lark, which is common to both countries.

Under Punjab auspices we had, on the 24th November, a later start, and I was able first to see sunrise over the plains of India. The Indus began to glisten; then the peaks of the Sulieman took red lights, although the plain was still shrouded in foggy darkness; then India became light while the Baluch plains behind were dim; and then at last both sides were light as the sunshine spread over the hills of British Baluchistan. From this spot Captain Sandeman, before his Baluch days, used to gaze upon the mountain valleys,

and wonder how long the Punjab policy of preventing travel, allowing the plunder of rich caravans, and shutting our eyes to all that passed beyond the Suliman, was to prevail. Happily, wiser counsels have now produced their blessed results of peace and trade; and when the Gomul is as open as the Bolan has become, men will wonder why we did not sooner see that the policy of aiding in the creation of a strong, united, and independent Afghanistan under our influence, as a buffer state, necessarily involved an extension of the tribal system up to the point at which the Ameer of Kabul is able to maintain troops and to collect revenue. There was not and there is not any necessity to make territorial annexations or to extend the actual frontier. It is better, in my opinion, not to do so, as the tribes prefer their aristocratic institutions and their own customs to the democratic despotism and the laws of India. But, as upon this side the Ameer's authority reaches only a little way to the south-east of Ghazni, there is a large tract over which the Sandeman system has yet to be applied. Fort Munro and Khur themselves are outside the Punjab "revenue frontier," which is close to Sakhi-Sarwar in the plain; just as the Khyber, though ruled by us, is also outside the Punjab frontier, which there also is in the valley. We had thirty miles' sharp ride down hill in four hours, through magnificent cliff scenery, by a road which will be one of the monuments of our rule, although I cannot but think that the expenditure upon it might easily have been avoided by following the lower line through one of the passes, instead of making our way over the hill-tops. Outside Sakhi-Sarwar we were received by the priests of the shrine, which is one of transcendent holiness in the belief of all the people on this side of India. We afterwards were met by the chiefs, who called at our camp later in the day, and brought a sheep to Sir Frederick Roberts as a present. We had left the district occupied by the 1st Punjab Frontier Force Cavalry, and our escort this day was of the 3rd—an admirably-horsed regiment. We were at last in the Indian plains again, and it was much warmer; but, after the brisk climate of Baluchistan, I found the heavy smell of the earth noticeable and unpleasant in my tent.

The next morning we made up for our late start from Fort Munro by setting off, after a good breakfast, as we had a long march before us, at 5 A.M. railway time—that is, soon after four o'clock. It was so dark that we missed our way at the first change of horses, and had some trouble to find the mounts and the fresh escort. After about twenty-one miles' ride we came to a good piece of road, where carriages were waiting for us, and we drove the last nine miles into Dera Ghazi Khan between dawn and sunrise. Here we were once more in the ordinary Indian landscape, the Persian water-wheels whirring, wheezing, groaning upon every side, and making the pleasant music of the Indian peasantry. We were again in the

India of green paroquets and mina birds, of hawking, of mosques, and of misty smoke from cooking fires.

At Dera Ghazi we were most hospitably received by the garrison mess, and had a long day of rest. Early on the morning of the 26th there was a parade on a pretty ground with a background of splendid date-palms, and with the Sulieman range purple in the distance. We said good-bye to Mr. Dames, and drove across the Indus by the long bridge of boats to the railway, where we once more found our train and luggage. Great were the rejoicings of Sir Frederick Roberts and his dog at meeting after their long separation during the frontier ride. At mid-day we set off for the Lala Musa Junction, and had with us in the train to spend the day Mr. Bruce, the Deputy Commissioner of Dera Ismail Khan, with whom we discussed the frontier question as we passed the entrances of the Mangrotha and Gomul passes, and noticed how easy-looking was the country. After forty hours of railway travelling we reached Nowshera, where, on the Kabul river, Runjeet Singh defeated the Afghans in 1822. Here the party divided for a few hours, Sir Frederick Roberts inspecting the Guides at Hoti Murdan, while some of the others remained to see two regiments of Bengal cavalry march in. Upon the return of Sir Frederick in the afternoon he held an inspection of the 15th Sikhs, a magnificent regiment of Zareba fame. Of three regiments of Bengal cavalry which happened to be here, one permanently, and two on their way through, one was the 12th, famed in Indian military history for having shown its readiness and ability to set off at one hour's notice for a march from Kabul. At Nowshera we were the guests of the Royal Irish Regiment, whose hospitality was magnificent, but almost too complete; and all admired this fine regiment, which had been but a week home from the Black Mountain, bringing with them a great banner which they had taken from the hill fanatics, and which was a prominent object in the mess-room. When we went round the hospital I noticed from the bed-cards that nine-tenths of the men were Roman Catholics, so it is clear that localisation in recruiting is being fairly tried. I believe that in the Connaught Rangers the proportion of Roman Catholics is almost the same, and in such cases the Roman Catholic regimental chaplain becomes almost a second in command as far as discipline goes. The evening view from Nowshera was a lovely one, with the hills of Swat in the north-east, the hills of Chitral on the north, and those of the Khyber to the west. The next morning we were at Peshawur, where the guard of honour, picked from a Highland regiment, was the finest that I had seen, and beat even that of the Royal Irish Regiment at Nowshera, good as it was.

At Peshawur cantonment our train was put into a siding, and each of us had a tent close by his railway carriage. Sir Frederick

Roberts and myself used our tents for writing, but slept chiefly in the train, while some of our party accepted invitations to houses in cantonments. The first day at Peshawur was occupied by manœuvres, the garrison being, as usual, divided into an attacking and a defending force, in order to work over the ground and to show the strength and weakness of the position. The ground was much cut up by water-courses, and an aide-de-camp of the general in command, as well as one of our party carrying a message, made close acquaintance with the irrigation canals in the course of the day. The proposal to fortify Peshawur, which had been agreed to, I believe, by Sir Donald Stewart, has since been vetoed, and the fact is that if we had been beaten through the Khyber our army would be unable to make a serious stand in the Peshawur Valley, and we have not sufficient troops in India to be able to throw away our men upon garrisons for fortresses on the scale of Metz or Strasburg. The fortifications of Multan, it is to be hoped, will follow those of Peshawur into space, and if more is to be done in the way of fortification after the Attock and Rawul Pindi works are completed, it will be done on the other side of the passes, in some position which will become a northern Quetta. An Irish regiment, a Highland regiment, three native infantry regiments, a regiment of Bengal cavalry, and a battery of Royal Artillery took part in the manœuvres. The men of this particular Irish regiment looked washed-out, probably through having stayed too long in the valley, first at Nowshera and then at Peshawur. One of the native Indian regiments had two fine companies of Afridis. This tribe of the Khyber neighbourhood is beginning to give us large numbers of excellent recruits, and I think we shall be able ultimately to tap the wilder Baluch tribes, as we have already tapped the Afridis. The difficulty with the Baluchis is that they insist on retaining their long hair and their white clothes; but they might be dressed in white, and I do not know that we need absolutely insist upon short hair.

The evening view from Peshawur from the tower of the topmost gate of the native town is one which conduces to thought about the frontier. The mountains which shut in the plain upon three sides, and indeed almost surround it, are mainly filled with hostile people, and are almost impassable to us except at the Khyber. In the equally extensive view from Fort Munro—a view down on to the plains, instead of upwards from the plains towards the hills—the country seen is protected and peaceful. Here the reverse is the case. We have before us those districts into which expeditions are continually being sent, and in which murders occur in nominal times of peace: while Peshawur itself, although now called quiet, is, like Hong Kong, a city of refuge for all the ruffians of the countries round.

On the 1st December I went through the Khyber. Sir Frederick Roberts had a touch of fever, and was unable to go, and General

Chapman was also glad of a rest. Our party consisted of the Adjutant-General, General Elles; the Military Secretary, Colonel Pole Carew; the Secretary of the Defence Committee, Colonel Nicholson; and myself, accompanied by the Royal Engineer officers who are making the new fort at Lundi Kotal, an artillery officer whose battery had supplied the horses, the cavalry officer commanding the escort, Major Mahomed Aslam (commanding the Khyber Rifles), and last, but not least, Colonel Warburton, the political agent for the Khyber. We drove to Jumrood, where General Elles inspected the garrison of four companies; then rode to Ali Musjid, where we changed horses, and General Elles inspected the garrison of one company, and then rode on to Lundi Kotal. Colonel Warburton is half Afghan. His father, who was at Kabul in the first war with the father of Sir Frederick Roberts, married an Afghan lady. Colonel Warburton is, on a smaller scale, of course, as regards territory, the Sir Robert Sandeman of the Khyber. The Afridis and other Khyber tribes, who were once about the roughest of any of those upon the frontier, have been tamed by him and made into excellent troops. I myself agree in what I fancy to be Sir Robert Sandeman's view, namely, that it is better to keep tribal levies as road-protecting and thief-catching militia, and not to make them into troops, but to induce their best men to volunteer as recruits for ordinary military service. As we drove to Jumrood it became clear that it was a mistake to attempt to fortify this valley by means of lines. The lines as proposed would have been twelve miles across, and would have been easily turned, and it is a good thing that money is not to be wasted upon this scheme. Peshawur is not a place which could be held against a superior force unless very strongly fortified indeed, and then the garrison would be almost thrown away. Before we crossed the Punjab frontier we passed several posts of Frontier Militia, clothed in uniform and looking almost like regular troops. Major Mahomed Aslam, who is a Sirdar Bahadur, and has the real rank of major in the British service, besides several orders, is one of the very few natives of India who have risen to so high a military position. He is his own master, as he commands the Khyber Rifles, and has practically no one over him. He has just brought back from the Black Mountain 300 of his men who had been picked for that service, and who distinguished themselves in every way, and these 300 were among the 800 whom we saw. They are splendid mountaineers, of Jewish type, with here and there among them a few who are very fair. The Khyber is made safe on four days a week, the heights being lined by troops, and not only are the whole of the Khyber Rifles under arms, but also the Frontier Militia. The latter provide their own arms, but nearly half of them are armed with Martini-Henrys originally stolen from us or sold by the

Afghans. On every height were small parties of armed men presenting arms to General Elles, who had to be continually twisting his neck to see them, perched above us as they were. The caravan from Kabul to Peshawur, and the caravan from Peshawur to Kabul each pass twice a week; and as it was a Saturday morning, we met the caravan from Kabul at Jumrood. The road beyond the Khyber and inside the Afghan frontier has lately been unsafe, owing to the attacks of the Shinwaris; but the robberies now, on the whole, are fewer than they were at the time when, during and after the last Afghan war, we had 5,000 men guarding the pass. We failed to keep the pass quiet when we employed large numbers of our own troops, and have succeeded splendidly since we have employed and trusted the Afridi levies, and laid all questions respecting pass arrangements and the security of the road before a combined council of the tribes. Even those worst of former robbers, the Zakha Khel of the Bazar Valley, are now joining our service in considerable numbers.

Colonel Warburton lately took his Khyber chiefs to see Calcutta, and the Anglo-Indian papers contained most amusing letters, supposed to be addressed by them to their friends. In one a Sirdar directed his brother not to go on with their blood feud till his return; for, he told him, he had bought such a splendid rifle that he would be able to sit at their own door and shoot right across the valley: when the woman came out in the morning for water he could shoot her, and then shoot the others one by one when they appeared, and be in perfect safety all the time—the ideal of an Afghan mountaineer. There is an understanding in the Khyber Pass that blood feuds are temporarily dropped when Colonel Warburton is there, but since the tribes have been employed by us the feuds are practically abandoned for four days a week, when they are under arms for the protection of the pass. Near Jumrood, at the entrance to the pass, you see two castles, of which one belongs to an officer in our native cavalry, and the other to his nephew. Once, when the uncle was away on his duty in Lower India, the nephew seized his castle, but the uncle's friends having turned the nephew out he built this second castle near his uncle's, and they since have carried on war. One distinguished officer of our native cavalry, Abdullah-Khan, who is on leave at the present moment, and staying at his castle (which is in the beautiful and fertile grape-growing hill valley of Titar, about forty miles south-west from the Khyber), is besieged there by his private enemies, and cannot get back to his regiment. In one of the villages of the pass we received two separate deputations at the opposite ends of the village, both being perfectly friendly to us, but at private war with one another.

The trade through the Khyber is now considerable, but the caravans are chiefly laden with grapes, apples, water-melons, carpets,

embroidered furs, and Bokhariote work. When I was in this district in 1867, and the Khyber was nominally Afghan territory, but completely closed to trade, an Italian circus set off to try the pass with a view to performing at Kabul. I had never heard what became of the proprietor, and now asked Colonel Warburton, who told me that the caravan was plundered and the owner killed soon after leaving Peshawur, and before he even left the plain or reached Jumrood.

It is clear, as one enters the mountains at this point, that the Khyber is not so much a pass as one of a group of passes; but although there are many spots at which the mountains can be traversed between the Afghan plain and Peshawur they all lie pretty close together, and they all lead from or towards the Attock crossing of the Indus. South of them there are detached high mountains, and no easy pass until we come to the Tochi. The present scheme of defence is one which commands in India universal assent. The railway is to be extended to the very foot of the Khyber passes, which are to be fortified to a certain limited extent, but the Attock position is to be made impregnable, and our base at Rawul Pindi is to be protected. We are strong upon this line, as we are strong upon the Bolan line. It is the Gomul Pass and Tochi Valley, which lie between, which are still closed to us and too much open to our enemies, being in the hands of unfriendly tribes. It is these which need for their control a new fortified position in the direction of Ghazni, or perhaps a station in the direction of the Peiwar Kotal.

Each considerable detachment of the Khyber Rifles paraded, with tom-toms beating and mountain pipes playing wild native music with very fine effect; and after each display their gallant commander, Major Mahomed Aslam, relapsed into the companionship of a briar-wood pipe of a most British appearance. Indeed, he enjoys his beer, although he eschews ardent spirits, and perhaps holds, like the Norwegians and like the New York "Dutch," that beer is not an intoxicating liquor—in his case within the meaning of the prohibitions of the Koran. Some learned Mahommedan doctors, indeed, think that the Koran does not impose an absolute prohibition, and that Mahommedans may lawfully be moderate drinkers. The chief points of interest as we rode up the pass were those where the Chamberlayne mission was turned back, and where our guns opened upon Ali Musjid and Ali Musjid opened upon us, and defied us until turned by a rear attack. Though it is a picturesque defile enough, there is nothing very striking in the Khyber Pass until one reaches the farther end. At Lundi Kotal village two boy chiefs, proud, fiery-looking little fellows, came to meet General Elles, and "handled revolvers" when the militia presented arms. At Lundi Kotal fort the pipes and tom-toms of the Khyber Rifles played "God save the Queen," but they played it so very slowly that General Elles, while patiently waiting until the end of the first bar, had to countermand the second, or the perform-

ance would never have come to an end. Tom-toms and hill-pipes, for which "God save the Queen" is hardly suitable music, are most effective in quick marching steps, and it seems cruel to allow—that is virtually, force—poor staff corps officers to subscribe heavily to regimental bands which habitually play out of tune and spoil the best British bands when they are massed with them, while the local music is so much more martial, so much more cheap, and, in a musical sense, so much less bad. Inside the fortified serai which the Royal Engineers have just completed, there was a deputation of Shinwaris, of whom three were as white as bronzed English sailors. The serai has towers for machine guns, and could resist any such attack as would be likely to be made upon it, but the real defensive position of the Khyber is a mile farther up. We had ridden so fast, in order to have the daylight on our return, that we found ourselves with time in hand, and I am glad, indeed, that this was the case, because merely to go through the Khyber to see Lundi Kotal and return is to miss that which makes the Khyber, in the widest extension of the term, worth seeing. The panorama from Sir Hugh Gough's wall, to which we rode after we had lunched with the officers of the Royal Engineers, is magnificent. There is a splendid view sheer down into the plain of Northern Afghanistan, and across it to the snows of Kafirstan, ninety miles away from us, with an elevation of 17,000 feet, and I do not know that a finer glimpse of typical Afghan scenery can anywhere be obtained than from the hill-crest a little beyond where stood our hospitals during the last Afghan war, and where the frontier of independent Afghanistan now begins.

We rode fast back, in both the first and second stages, and as I was galloping with four men of the escort who were leading, and we drew towards the site of Jumrood Fort, I saw an enormous table in a meadow with chairs round it and laid with a white cloth, so I pulled up short, suspecting the presence of tea. I thought that this was further hospitality on the part of the Royal Engineers, but found that Mahomed Aslam was our entertainer. He is a son of Shah Soojah's Vizier, and belongs by descent to a great Afghan family, who, having thrown in their lot with us, were driven out of their own country. Three of his brothers are in our service, one being a cavalry officer and aide-de-camp to the Viceroy, and two of them deputy commissioners. Mahomed Aslam gave us claret, beer, and tea, Kabul grapes (which had been cut off the bunches and packed one by one in cotton wool), Kabul apples with scarlet cheeks like Irish Crofton pippins, Kabul water-melons, and Huntley and Palmer biscuits. There was also excellent cold fish from the Kabul river, and honeycomb from the Attock, and the table was strewn with flowers, which, indeed, are always plentiful in this neighbourhood. As we left Jumrood for Peshawur and our camp,

the sunset light was catching the Swat Hills and the high mountains behind the Umbeyla Pass, and these were some pink, some purple, and some Indian red; while to the north the great Chitral peaks, 120 miles away in the unknown land, and nearly 20,000 feet in height, glowed with scarlet colour. As we drove home in the dusk we heard the latest local news about Kabul. After asking for British troops to occupy Kandahar and Jellalabad, and then countermanding his first telegram, the Ameer had given out in durbar that British troops were on the way to his assistance, and his enemies collapsed.

On Monday, the 3rd December, Cherat was inspected, and at night we left for Attock, meeting Sir Thomas Baker, the general in command of the division.

On the 4th we first examined the new railway bridge and rode across it upon mountain-battery mules. The bridge of boats has been got rid of since the iron bridge was built, but it would only be a reasonable precaution to retain the bridge of boats, and to take steps also for keeping up the ferry. It is not difficult to blow up bridges by means of dynamite, even without making anything like a military raid, and an apparently harmless passenger who will pass unnoticed, as our London experience of dynamite explosions has shown, is sufficient. All agree that this Attock position must be made impregnable, and the bridge—the only one at present built across the Indus, and likely for a long time to be one of two—must be defended. The difficulty is that upon the western side the mountains rise steeply in successive series of detached peaks, each series being higher than the one behind it towards the river, so that you never know where to stop. A narrow path had been cut in zigzags for mules up to the top of one of the highest hills, and we rode up it and walked down. The mules were, of course, sure-footed, but they had a disagreeable habit of stopping to browse upon thorns which grew among the rocks, and the nature of the hill was such that on these occasions it was undesirable to look down, but no accident occurred. It was not until we were far past the dangerous spot that one of our mules proceeded to kick General Chapman's horse and hurt General Chapman's foot. After a long ride across the hills we reached the village of Khairabad upon the railway, and then rode on to the advanced positions upon the Peshawur road. We had been rejoined, for the purpose of fixing the site of the new forts, by Colonel Sanford, Director of Military Works and Chief Engineer in India. Our fortifications will be almost on the site of the old Sikh castles built to resist Afghan attack, of which Attock Castle itself is only one of many, and which thickly stud the hills on both banks of the stream. After seeing all the spots proposed for batteries we returned to Khairabad, and

in the night went eastward by railway to Rawul Pindi, crossing the Indus for the fifth time since we left Dera Ghazi Khan.

Among those who met us at the station was Daoud Shah, the former Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan Army, who has a great affection for Sir Frederick Roberts, although it was his Excellency who arrested him, almost with his own hand, when, after helping us during our occupation of Kabul, Daoud Shah had begun to falter under the pressure that had been brought to bear upon him to turn against us. He is a magnificent man and a courteous gentleman.

On the 5th we rode with Sir Thomas Baker and his staff over the positions recommended for the defensive line of works for Rawul Pindi, which are singularly extensive; and on our way back to Sir Thomas Baker's, where we were staying, we visited the camps of all the numerous regiments that were in this largest of our Indian garrisons. It is a great advantage to have in command of so important a station as Rawul Pindi a man like Sir Thomas Baker, a thorough master of his work and a born leader of men. On the 6th, while the Commander-in-Chief rode down the long line of troops drawn up for his inspection, I as usual rode off to the flag to wait there until he had done, which on this occasion was above an hour, owing to the great number of troops upon parade. There I found the famous Ayoub Khan in an open carriage, and, when Sir Frederick Roberts rode up, the victor of Maiwand was introduced to his own conqueror at his own wish; in fact he had been present at the review with no other object. I had the opportunity on this occasion of seeing one of the finest bodies of picked troops which it is possible for the British Empire to produce. The cavalry consisted of four magnificent regiments: The King's Dragoon Guards, the 1st and 12th Bengal Cavalry, and the 18th Bengal Lancers. The last regiment is beyond all question the finest-looking regiment of cavalry that I have ever seen, and, besides our own Household Cavalry, I know the Austrian cavalry and the Prussian and Russian Guards. The 18th Bengal Lancers, formerly the 18th Bengal Cavalry, wear long full coats of a splendid deep red, not scarlet, which goes wonderfully well with their turbans of strong blue. Their lances have red and white pennons, and the dress is completed, of course, by white breeches and black boots. I thought them more effective than the Cent Guard of the Second Empire, and of more noble aspect than the Chevalier Guard of Russia. The body of native officers consisted exclusively of men of magnificent physique and perfect features. The regiment was part of the old Mahratta horse. One of the other Bengal Cavalry regiments, a regiment in orange coats, ran the 18th close in appearance in the mass. The variety of colours in the Indian Army is as great as in our own Yeomanry, but in war these showy uniforms are not

worn. There were two batteries of Horse Artillery on the ground, perfect as English Horse Artillery always is, one battery of heavy Artillery drawn by elephants, and five batteries of Field and Mountain Artillery. Of the three infantry brigades, the first contained, besides the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Sussex Regiment, one of the new native regiments of the Bengal Army—the excellent and useful 34th Pioneers. The second infantry brigade contained some of the Sikh crack regiments, although they are hardly any of them without a Pathan and Afridi element. Of the three Sikh regiments in this brigade with the Suffolk Regiment, the 14th Sikhs were perhaps the finest; and in the third infantry brigade, with the Seaforth Highlanders, of the three Punjab infantry regiments, perhaps the 4th, partly composed of Afridis and partly of Pathans, was the best. The 14th Sikhs and the 4th Punjab Infantry are perhaps the two finest regiments in the Indian Army, and equal to any troops in the world. Our Sikhs in general are fine men, far finer than any European average obtained by universal service, and finer than our own British voluntary recruits.

I had now completed my visit to Sir Frederick Roberts, and had seen not only the frontier, but, incidentally, half of the best troops in our native army. Altogether I had seen while in India some twelve regiments of cavalry, of which eleven were native regiments, some fourteen batteries of artillery, and some thirty-six battalions; and, prepared by previous inquiries, had been able to make up my mind upon certain important questions upon which I now proceed to state briefly some conclusions which I shall have other opportunities of discussing.

I had already written, in 1888, on the defence of India,¹ and had expressed the general opinion that, great as were our military deficiencies both at home and in the East, our Indian Army was in a more real condition of readiness than the portion of the army which is kept at home.

A certain number of my correspondents were inclined to question this view. There is in India, as elsewhere, a school of grumblers. Just as there is in England a large military opposition, so there is in India, although it does not bear so considerable a proportion to the whole army. Sir Frederick Roberts as Commander-in-Chief, and General Chapman as Quartermaster-General and Director of the Intelligence Department,² have on the whole the confidence of Indian soldiers of all ranks; but there are officers high up in position—men who have seen the working of the system behind the scenes—who declare that India is no better off than England in military preparation, and who think me wholly wrong in the belief that while

(1) *The British Army*. Chapman & Hall.

(2) Now unhappily resigned on account of a state of health happily since improved.

preparation for actual war is neglected in England, India is, at all events, looking to immediate needs, fairly ready. These officers point out that the Indian mobilization schemes, as sent home to England, assume the advance into Afghanistan in the event of war of two army corps intended to be able to take the field against the troops of a European enemy; they declare that so backward is Indian preparation that even one corps could only be put into the field by destroying many remaining units, and that not one horse or camel is provided for the transport of the second corps, which would take longer to constitute than would Russian transport even at the present time. These officers point out that those who have been sent by us to report on the usefulness of the new Russian railway for military purposes have told us that it is excellent for war, and that two branches which will soon be made will give the Russians all they need for an advance either upon the province of Herat or upon Afghan-Turkestan. They think that, in spite of our promises to the Ameer, we shall be powerless to prevent the Russians from establishing themselves in Herat and Balkh under pretext of some local rising or civil war, and that once there they could go to Kabul when they pleased. These officers argue that if there were ten thousand Russians seated at Kabul the whole resources of India would be inadequate to get them out again, and that Lord Wolseley's influence would prevent an officer or a man being sent out from home by way of reinforcement, he wishing to use them on the Armenian frontier. The school of which I speak also consider that the transport difficulties of the Russians have been exaggerated by our authorities.

Now when it is alleged that India is not much better prepared than England, we must remember that the old school of British officers were quite ignorant of all the means of mobilizing armies in a hurry. Just as in England the first corps is even now scarcely ready, for there is as yet no satisfactory scheme for horses, and the second, with the exception of one division, still a mere sham, so I was prepared on reaching India to discover that the same difficulties—chiefly money difficulties—had been found there, and that the result, although better than that in England through the constant dread of a Russian war, would be not so much better as I had previously believed. In India as in England I expected to find that the financiers had tied the soldiers' hands, and that General Roberts was as much hampered in his preparations as were the commanders of the British ships at the time of the Armada. No doubt the British carelessness about preparation and the want of the foreseeing faculty are only an exaggeration of the virtue of coolness under difficulties, but they are fatal to military organization, and in the long run to real economy.

One great difficulty in the way of Indian mobilization is that the

number of white officers in India is insufficient; and we must remember that the number of officers at home is always below the fixed establishment, and that for a great war both the militia and the volunteers would need more officers. The small reserve of officers who have served are rusty for want of doing any military work. Another difficulty is that two rival plans of campaign are in existence, the one predominant in India and the other predominant in England. The greater number of Indian officers expect to march with a large force into Afghanistan to meet the Russians, and believe that reinforcements will be sent from England to swell their armies and to make up for losses in the field. On the other hand, the dominant school in England expect to send an expedition from England, in combination with Turkey or some other allied Power, to attack Russia in other quarters. The English school do not believe in the possibility of our supplying a large army in Afghanistan at a great distance from its base, and are not in favour of advancing into Afghanistan. They think that it would be our best course to let Russia suffer all the inconveniences of an invader in Afghan territory for a long time before we send a British force to turn her out. The Indian school point to our promises to the Ameer, and declare that our prestige would suffer if we did not advance. The English school declare that it would suffer less by quiet preparation and concentration than by the troubles which penetration into Afghan territory would involve.

One thing which above all others seems necessary is that we should try to remove the consideration of these subjects from the home, or the Indian, or the Canadian point of view, and should take a general view of the possibilities of Imperial defence. But just as the home school are too ready to simply meet Indian demands with obstinate refusal, so the Indian school are too ready to consider Indian defence as a separate problem disconnected from Imperial defence at large.

India, with a considerable revenue, and with warlike populations of various races and various creeds, not easy to unite against our rule, ought to be a source of military strength to the Empire and not a drain upon us. This is hardly the case at present. The weak points in Indian defence are the insufficient numbers of the white troops to supply both a field army and an absolutely trustworthy reserve against a possible rising; the fact that only a portion of the native army is good enough for use against a Russian enemy; the necessity of leaving a large portion of either white or trustworthy native forces in India to keep the country quiet and to guard communications; the immense length of the line of field communications which would have to be guarded by the mobile portion of the army; the deficiency of white officers in the native regiments; the difficulty of supplying that deficiency when they are suddenly called

upon to take the field; and the want of sufficient transport, and of rolling stock upon the railways.

The questions which, in consequence of the previous discussion in which I had taken part, I first asked in India, and to which I obtained answers from all the seven or eight distinguished men who are best able to give them, may be summarized as follows:—

As to organization of two army corps for a field army.

As to the state of preparation of each, giving as a test of preparation the time required to place them in line at Kandahar, or in line one at Kandahar and one at Kabul—assuming an Afghan alliance—or on board ship at Karachi for an expedition.

As to the proportion of white and trustworthy native troops respectively in the field army.

As to the number of trustworthy troops that this would leave behind in India.

As to the equipment of the field army with all the necessaries for a campaign.

As to the improvement year by year in the rapidity of possible mobilization.

As to the number of troops needed for the lines of communication.

As to the number of white officers required to make up deficiencies.

As to the armies of the native states.

As to the length of time during which Burmah will continue to swallow up Indian troops, and the number which must be set aside for Burmah.

As to the effect of seniority promotion on the staff corps.

As to the loss of energy by the best men taking staff appointments and spoiling the regiments for the field.

As to the Presidency system, on which, however, I had already expressed an opinion in the strongest language I could command.

These were my purely military questions, which were followed by other questions half military and half political. I found that two army corps were organized on paper. There exists also nominally a reserve field division, but as troops would have to be brought from England to supply its place, this may be for the moment dismissed from view. In India, as in England, during the last two years, our officers have thoroughly discussed the question of mobilization, and have taken stock of our deficiencies. They now know exactly what they want to spend, and exactly the purposes upon which they wish to spend the money. As regards the two army corps for field service, the stations from which the troops can be safely drawn have been selected, and the roads by which each regiment or battery would proceed to the frontier have been carefully laid down.

There is one great difficulty about the constitution of the army corps. As a matter of fact the Bombay infantry and Madras infantry are not good enough to be employed against the Russians in the field; but it is held in India that the opposite pretence must be kept up, and this has led to a few southern troops being included in the lists of the field army. This is a mere sham, and should be

denounced as such; but to denounce it is to hurt the feelings of many very distinguished men. This weakness is imposed on India by England. The names of the advisers of Lord Hartington, and Lord Kimberley, and Lord Randolph Churchill are known to me, but I hesitate to print them because Lord Kimberley, and Lord Hartington, and Lord R. Churchill would be the first to declare that the responsibility for the past must rest on them. The Presidency system has, however, received its death-blow, and I cannot believe that, after the unanimous expression of the opinion of all who really know the present state of things in India, it can be permitted by the present administration to continue. I have already written so strongly with regard to it that I will only repeat that it constitutes a positive danger to our Indian Empire.

The strength of each of the two army corps that have been set aside in India for the field is 35,000 men, and the reserve division numbers 15,000 men, making a total of 85,000 men; but I prefer not to count the 15,000 men, to make up whom six battalions of infantry would be required from England at once, and a large force of officers and men to follow, and to reckon 70,000 men, half Europeans, all of whom are in India. The first army corps would require additional expenditure on transport, horses, equipment, and reserve supplies before it could actually take the field; but the transport is being gradually provided, and sanction has lately been received for the purchase of the additional horses and mules, so that by the next hot weather it is computed that there will be enough mule transport for the first corps, either belonging to the Government or ready at hand for hiring. At the present moment the first army corps could be at Kandahar in six weeks from the receipt of the order; but at the present moment, also, its transport would be partly camel transport, which is not so satisfactory as mule transport, as a portion of the camels would be from the Punjab, and unequal to the climate of Afghanistan. The period of six weeks for placing the first army corps at Kandahar can be greatly reduced by keeping up the whole equipment and purchasing the whole of the reserve supplies. The second army corps would require a larger expenditure of money than the first; but it is estimated that the resources of India are sufficient to enable the mobilization of the second army corps to commence immediately the first army corps has taken the field. At this moment it would be more than three months before the second corps would be at Kandahar or at Kabul. The lines of communication up to the most advanced bases are provided for independently of the field army.

The weak point is that to place seventy thousand men in the front line and to provide for the lines of communication, the regiments not sent forward would have their establishment of officers reduced,

and something like four hundred British officers would be required to fill up the gaps. At the same time, it is far from necessary that anything like this number should be sent out from England. A considerable number of commissions could be given to non-commissioned officers; and there are a good many of the younger men in the civil departments, and others engaged in indigo-planting, who are very efficient volunteers and splendid riders, and who are being gradually made available, and who in war might receive commissions. A greater difficulty lies in the obtaining from England all the men required to counterbalance the armies of the native States and the large native force that would be left in India. These need not be highly-trained men, but a considerable number would be required, besides drafts from time to time to replace casualties.

The armies of the native States are being dealt with by the provision of British inspection, and a beginning has been made in the Punjab. It will be possible to make of the army of Kashmir a very useful force for watching the passes on the Kashmir side, to the great relief of our field army; but I continue to retain the view with which I went to India, that the armies of the great Southern feudatory States should be disbanded as such, that is, reduced merely to police guards.

The condition of Burmah is far from satisfactory, but it appears to be slowly settling down, and it is to be hoped that each year will see the garrison reduced.

In my question about staff corps promotion I fancy that I hit a blot, but I believe that a scheme introducing more largely the principle of selection is now before the Viceroy. My question as to the loss of energy through the best men taking staff appointments received a satisfactory answer. Immense care has been taken of late to retain at the head of regiments, both as commandant and also as second in command, only men who are equal to leading them in the field against European troops. I think it must be said that in the Bengal army and Frontier Force the white officers are as efficient as are the officers with European troops; but I fear that in the Bombay and Madras armies the feeling that they will not be allowed to see service is beginning to produce its natural result. It is a great pity that we should have so large a portion of our Indian army excluded from the chance of brilliant and distinguished service in the field; but surely this fact points to the ceasing to recruit from the unwarlike races of Southern India, or from races which, once warlike, have ceased to give us real fighting men.

The questions that I asked which were partly military and in part political concerned Indian opinion upon the steps to be taken supposing Russia to enter the Balkh province, or the Herat province of Afghanistan, possibly in very trifling force, to redress some injury

or to put an end to a civil struggle disturbing to the Russian frontier tribes. Indian opinion undoubtedly is that, under whatever pretext Russia might enter Afghanistan, Kandahar should at once be occupied, and that the British officers from the Persian frontier should help the Afghans to hold Herat. But the Indian officers are clearly of opinion that the first and most essential point is to retain the goodwill of the Afghans. Prevention, they think, is better than cure. As we are bound to the present Afghan ruler by a distinct promise three times made, we should, they hold, publish these promises, so that Russia could not plead ignorance. We should then take steps to prevent, by a guarantee of the pay of the Afghan army, which pay we already provide, civil war upon the Ameer's death. We could easily make it the interest of the Afghan army to agree upon a successor to the throne. In this case it is probable that Russia would make no attack on Afghanistan, unless, indeed, we drove her into an advance by marked hostility to her in other matters.

Now while there is in India substantially but one view upon this question, there are in England many views. I am inclined to agree with Dr. Cust,¹ that it is somewhat of an absurdity for any Englishman to pretend that he does not mind our having Russia for a neighbour in Afghanistan. The necessity for increased expenditure upon Indian defence, which is already with us, and which has led to the making of very costly strategic railways, the throwing up of fortifications, and the increase of our armies, would be greatly aggravated by any further Russian advance; and increase of taxation in India is both a political danger and a very serious drawback to the good administration of that country. The necessity, which springs from our empire becoming conterminous with that of the greatest of military powers, of keeping up an effective fighting army, is a frightful burden upon the resources of India, and will become an increased burden if Russia draws nearer to us. As Dr. Cust has excellently put it, that feeling of quiet which constituted the best result of the *pax Britannica* has already passed away for ever; and all men in India feel that the present calm is a lull before a storm, for, as our arrangements unfortunately stand, we cannot safely look into the future beyond the life of the Ameer of Afghanistan, which has already been threatened both by rival chieftains and by assassins, and which for other reasons was at no time what doctors call a "good" life.

It is not possible to express satisfaction at the advance of Russia to close neighbourhood with ourselves, but to say this is not of necessity to maintain that we should defend the present Afghan frontier, and it is upon this point that views of all descriptions are held in England. There is to my mind no conceivable doubt that we are bound by every consideration of honour to the present Ameer. If

(1) *Linguistic and Oriental Essays.*

by any chance he were to be attacked by Russia he would expect our assistance, and, in my opinion, has a right to count upon it. Mr. George Curzon has taken exception in a recent article to my words, "We are solemnly pledged to defend against Russia the integrity of Afghanistan." "A pledge," he says, "was given to the present Ameer . . . to aid him in resisting unprovoked aggression on his dominions; but the very important qualification was appended, 'to such extent and in such manner as may appear to the British Government necessary.'" Mr. Curzon seems to think that no engagement exists morally compelling us to resist the infringement of the Afghan new north-west frontier. Now the pledges of which I spoke are contained in statements which have been made to the Ameer on several occasions. Mr. Curzon quotes one of 1880. I believe that the words used in another, in 1883 or 1884, were to the effect that so long as the Ameer conformed to our advice he would be assisted in repelling unprovoked aggression, and that her Majesty's Government did not intend to permit interference by any foreign Power with the internal or external affairs of Afghanistan. The Ameer has undoubtedly conformed to our advice, and under this pledge we are, in my opinion, bound to him. Again, when the Ameer came to India in 1885 it is understood that Lord Dufferin told him that a Russian advance upon his frontier would be met by England by war all over the world. It was immediately after this that the Ameer said publicly in durbar, in Lord Dufferin's presence, "The British Government has declared that it will assist me in repelling any foreign enemy;" and the Viceroy appeared to accept this as an accurate statement of fact.

No doubt those who may agree with the *Standard* newspaper, in a recent article upon the subject, that we had better prepare ourselves for the "expansion of Russia across a diplomatic line to a natural frontier held by a homogeneous population;" or in other words, those who wish to get out of our promises to the Ameer, may argue that the strongest pledge, having been given before the date of the Penjdeh incident, cannot have meant a guarantee of the then frontier. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the Ameer himself requested that Penjdeh should be yielded for the sake of peace. So, too, Lord Dufferin's statement, that a Russian advance upon the Ameer's frontier would be met by England by war all over the world, may be held to have referred only or specially to the moment at which it was uttered. But can it be seriously contended that within less than four years from the main work of Afghan boundary delimitation, that within a year and a half of the completion of the delimitation, we are to thus invite the Russians to cross the frontier which we then laid down; and can it for one moment be supposed that we can do so without incurring the deadly

hostility of the Afghans, who will consider, with justice, that we have utterly betrayed them? The frontier has just been traced with the greatest care, by a joint commission. Pillars have been jointly set up and numbered and mapped, the whole way from the Oxus to the Heri Rud. On the 8th June, 1888, the Emperor of Russia publicly proclaimed his recognition of the "entire validity of the arrangement." Now, almost before the ink is dry upon the map, we have a leading Conservative journal trying to get us quietly out of our engagements, while it prepares us for the application of that "natural frontier" and "homogeneous population" doctrine which forms the basis of every Russian article upon the subject. If these views are to prevail, it is clear that we are continuing the process of making boundary agreements with Russia which are no agreements, and which concern boundaries which are passed as soon as they have been laid down, and that we must be prepared, owing to the feebleness of our policy, first for a Russian advance to the line of the Hindu Kush, then for ruinous military taxation in India to meet that advance, which could have been avoided by mere willingness to make up our minds and to say what we had decided.

The *Standard* was supported by public opinion in giving up, in 1887, the British defence of Belgium, but on the present occasion we are dealing with more recent pledges, and with interests that are more plainly visible, and it is to be hoped that some weight may be attached to the opinion of men like Lord Dufferin, Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and Sir Robert Sandeman, on a subject in which the general public is none too competent to judge. If the first two names carry most weight in Conservative circles, Sir Robert Sandeman by his advocacy of the evacuation of Kandahar has shown his freedom from any possible vestige of military or Conservative prejudice, and ought to convince Liberals that there is much to be said for the policy of fully acting up to pledges given to the Amcer by Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1883 and 1885.

To the present Amcer we are indeed most solemnly bound. But suppose that we are considering the future of the question without regard to time, ought we or ought we not in the interest of India to defend the present Afghan frontier? There are no doubt many in England who argue that we should frankly adopt the boundary of the watershed or line of the Hindu Kush, and give up to Russia Afghan-Turkestan and the northern part of the province of Herat. Some say that by "an understanding with Russia," by which they generally mean inviting Russia to Constantinople as well as into the northern part of Afghanistan, we should be able to reduce our Indian force and our expenditure. It seems to me as plain as anything can be that, were Russia seated in the province of Balkh or

that of Herat, or in both, we should have, on the contrary, to increase expenditure. I am quite willing to admit the probability of a continuance of the wise, moderate, and pacific policy of the present Emperor of Russia. By lately reducing his army of the Caucasus and sending the troops to the north side of the Black Sea, he has given the best of proofs that he does not expect to be called on to fight us, and that he thinks war with Austria far more likely than war with England. I am willing also to admit that we should discuss this question from a point of view wider than that of mere British interests. Legitimate demands on the part of Russian opinion ought to meet with unprejudiced consideration. The Russian point of view appears to be that Russia needs good outlets to the sea. But it should be remembered at the same time that our first duty is towards British India, the interests of which are committed to our care, while its people are unrepresented, and that as regards Constantinople it is not ours to give. Moreover, there is some exaggeration with regard to Russia's need of outlets, and her outlet on the Pacific, if she keeps the peace with us, is a magnificent resource for her in the future. We have, however, to consider currents of national feeling and long periods of time, and there can be no doubt about the predominant feeling in Russia upon this question. The Russians talk freely to the French, and if we read the recent French works of travel in Russian Central Asia, and the descriptions of the conversations of the Russian hosts with their guests, we are able to contrast what men like General Annenkoff say to their French friends with what they courteously tell the English, and to form a pretty shrewd opinion that they look upon it as a settled thing that they are to continue to menace our hold of India. Another sign of their intention is that, by continuation of a process which was pointed at some years ago by the present able director of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, while the hitherto unknown territories that are already Russian are not surveyed, those which lie outside the frontier towards India are explored in every direction. The Russians know the Pamir and the country between Bokhara and Kashmir more accurately than we know the country fifty miles from our border, lying between ourselves and Afghanistan, behind the Tochi valley.

Some there are who admit that the Russians desire to occupy the northern provinces of Afghanistan, and to make the railway to Herat, but who assure us that the idea that the Russians contemplate the invasion of India is a delusion, and say that we ought to rid our minds of the belief that the advance of Russia weakens our position in India. They argue that we ought to cordially welcome the Russians and to co-operate with them, and point out with some force that in their present positions the Russians can at any moment

disorganize our Indian finances by moving a finger in the neighbourhood of Herat.

It is easy of course to see the disadvantages of the present state of things, but I am convinced myself that to betray our Afghan allies and to let our treachery be known through India, and in this way to raise Afghan feeling against us, and to encourage all the anti-English elements in Indian society by the establishment of the Russians in provinces which we had but recently promised to protect, would be a far greater evil, and would land us in that enormously increased expenditure which would be a fatal danger to our Indian Empire. With the Afghans friendly to us, and the native princes of India at least confident in our strength, we are all-powerful in Afghanistan; but with the Afghans turned against us, and with the princes no longer believing in our star, we should be weak indeed.

Given, however, the fact of the danger, there may be the greatest possible differences of opinion as to the best means of meeting it. The one policy which should in my opinion be unhesitatingly rejected is that, suggested by the Russian press, of a virtual partition of Afghanistan. There has recently been a controversy in the pages of this Review between an Indian officer and Colonel Maurice; a controversy in which I cannot agree with either side. The Indian officer somewhat puts himself out of court by comparing the suggestion for bleeding Russia at Vladivostock in the event of war, with one for bleeding England to death by an attack on British Honduras. In the first place Russia could not hold British Honduras or any other British colony so long as we command the seas, whereas we can certainly reach Vladivostock with an expedition, and carry on the war there and in that neighbourhood from a secure naval base; and as for an Indian officer's belief that Russia could afford to let Vladivostock go, it reveals a most complete innocence as to the conviction entertained by Russians of the necessity to their country of retaining its possessions on the Pacific. No one who knows Russia can doubt that she would fight as tenaciously for her hold of the Pacific coast as for Petersburg itself; but she would fight at present, and for some years to come, at an enormous distance from a base, and with every conceivable difficulty of transport against her. The Vladivostock policy is an exact repetition of the policy of the Crimea, but it is possible only for a few years to come. Neither can I agree with Colonel Maurice, who still discusses the defence of the British Empire by means of an alliance with Germany and Austria and Italy, in face of the fact that the Conservatives have, even under great pressure, declined to come to an agreement with Germany, and that the Liberals will certainly never come to any such agreement. Colonel Maurice quotes sometimes by name, and

sometimes, without quoting, adopts opinions from Sir Charles MacGregor's "confidential" book; but Sir Charles MacGregor, like our authorities in Pall Mall up to a year ago, for there is now a change, was stuck deep in the slough of the famous British expedition to the Caucasus. I notice that the Caucasus—not "the Caucasian"—now appears to be "played out," and that Armenia is replacing it in the opinion of our strategists. No doubt, with a Turkish and Italian alliance, operations in Armenia might be the best worth undertaking of all possible operations, but we shall be mad if we count upon alliances for the moment at which our struggle with Russia comes. We may have them, or we may not. If we have them our task will be comparatively easy; but that which is worth discussion and worth preparation is the more likely future in which we shall have to struggle with Russia without receiving aid.

There is one other pressing matter which suggests itself for immediate discussion. The "Indian Officer" having neglected to take sufficient account of the possibility of Russian advance from the north, Colonel Maurice makes the best use of the slip. No large Russian army can venture across the mountains of Chitral or descend upon Kabul from Balkh by the Hindu Kush. Sir Charles MacGregor, who was there writing of what he knew, has proved this to demonstration, although he did not make the allowance that all would who know Russia, for the use of sledges over the passes in winter time. That the attempt would be made by a small force in the case of war is certain. Steps have now been taken to stop any such force descending upon the plains of India without drawing upon our main field army. Colonel Maurice seems to think that a Russian descent from the north might take us in the flank. A small force no doubt might pass by Gilgit towards Kashmir, a small force by Chitral towards Jellalabad, and a small force by Balkh to Kabul; but until—should this unhappily come about—the Russians have been long at Balkh, no very serious danger is to be apprehended in this direction.

When I come, on a future occasion, to write elsewhere more fully upon this subject, I will discuss at length the question whether an invasion of India by Russia is possible, and the means of meeting it if it is; but for the moment it is enough for me to indicate the danger to India that lies in our encouraging that advance of Russia to Herat, Balkh, and the line of the Hindu Kush, with regard to the consequences of which I am in agreement with both the controversialists of the *Fortnightly Review*.

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- 295-6 Opening Bolan + keeping security by buying protection rather than force.
 Also Baluch migrants.
- 298 Quetta not in India. Relations with Kalat.
 British Baluchistan largely ceded by Afghanistan (via Treaty of Sardaroh)
 Quetta section, however, leased from Kalat — and serves as capital.
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- 300 "Frontier fever," and excessive sum.
- 301-2 Strength of Russia. Drang nach Osten.
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- 307 "Zulei's Camp", named for incident in af II after mainward.
- 311 Roberts rides 9 mi beyond Chaman fort to point where grand advance "station" is to be.
- 312-3 Br. benevolent policy toward Afghanistan.
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- 445 Highland bagpipes "spreading" in FF!
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- 448-9 The "perfect frontier" and indispensable Sardewan.
- 454-5 Saline ("alsaline") soil in Punjab + NW.F.
- 460 a strong; unified Afghanistan favored.
- 462-5 Peshawar and Khyber Pass.
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 Muslims can drink, acc'd some interpretation.

