

seek it there?..... Say,..... O may I seek it

f Con forza.

p ritard.

there? O may I seek it there?

ritard. *p* *tempo primo.* *cres.*

f cres. *cen - do.* *ff ritard.*

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system shows a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with dynamic markings like *p ritard.* and *tempo primo.* The third system concludes the piece with a final flourish in the piano part, marked *ff ritard.*

WANDERERS IN AFGHANISTAN.



travelling, it is not very difficult to reach this Indian town. Bombay can be voyaged to most luxuriously, and from Bombay to Kurrachee is a brief journey. From Kurrachee to Kotree there is a railway. Thence

WE are at Shikarpur, on the road to Afghanistan, in the valley of the Indus, in the Land of the Five Rivers. All the world is at peace, and we are seeking safe convoy to the city of Cabul, the capital of the Amir, Sher' Ali Khan Barakzi, away beyond the Sulimani Mountains. In these days of rapid

there are steamers on the Indus to Sukkur and beyond, and Shikarpur is twenty miles beyond Sukkur, where it is proposed to bridge the great river to Rooree, on the other side, with the rocky island of Bukkur as the resting-place in the middle of the current.

We are now in a thoroughly Eastern town, away from the life of the West. True, the "Sahib" is here, with his pith helmet and his puggaree, his lordly stride and his unmistakable air of master. The Sahib Collector is punishing the evil, and leaving the well alone, but above all gathering the dues of the great Maharanee and her Soubhadhar, the Viceroy in Calcutta. There is also the Sahib Captain, chaffering in the bazaar about some trifle which only a few years ago his predecessor of the army of Runjeet Singh would have taken with scant courtesy and no aches of conscience. But the "plunger" of Jacob's Horse good-naturedly wearies himself with cheaping a few rupees off the sword he is buying from the Lahore armourer, and meantime treads gingerly lest his spurs should scratch the rank crop of naked legs in their vicinity.

The captain is at home, and from the respectful salaams and teeth-showing which meet him on every side, seems a familiar personage.

We are making a journey in imagination, and are not therefore bound down by the exigencies of chronology. We fear no charge of anachronism, and may accordingly hazard a conjecture that the polyglot officer who escorts us through the Shikarpur bazaar is called Richard Burton, a well-known and withal a much-respected name in the Unhappy Valley, and in many other parts of the world which we shall never look upon. The student of mankind may here have a peripatetic museum. All India which loves gold mohurs, rupees, or annas, congregates thither, and every race from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, from Calcutta and Bombay, defiled of the Infidel, to Holy Bokhara, the Mecca of the Asiatic Mohammedan, jostle each other, intent on gain, pleasure, or the mere gratification of that curiosity which is the least of Oriental passions. It is a populous city of merchants, bankers, money-changers, dealers in every description of wares under the Indian sun, or which the wants of 300,000,000 people can call for. The town is built on a low-lying plain, surrounded by gardens and trees, which nevertheless do not prevent the entrance or the exit of the all-abounding dust, though they relieve with their tinge of freshness the hot glare and glitter of a sub-tropical town. There is a broken mud wall crumbling into mouldering fragments, and the places where eight great shady Eastern gates had been, mute memorials of departed days, and of the stronger arm that has now interposed itself between the citizens and their foes. The suburbs are large and straggling, and the streets—need we say it?—are narrow, crowded, and unclean. The houses are mostly of woodwork and sun-dried bricks, with low verandahs, and unglazed holes for windows. Public buildings there are none, and the bungalows of the city's masters—civil and military—are outside the town. A few mosques tell of the prevalent faith of the people; but in Shikarpur assemble men of many creeds, and a good many whose god is Cent.-per-cent., the presiding deity of the Great Bazaar, which stretches across nearly the whole breadth of the city. It is a long, tall-walled passage, narrow, darkened, and guarded against even the afternoon sun by mats laid over the beams which connect the houses on either side of it. At 4 p.m. it is High 'Change; then it is that the greed of filthy lucre runs its course.

Here is the flat-faced broad-limbed little Brahu from the mountains of Beloochistan—subjects of the Khan of Khelat, in much the same degree as are that knot of Afghans, settling the price of their camels, lieges of the Amir of Cabul; that is to say, they are only nominally so, and in reality, when out of the range of his smooth-bore cannon, do pretty well what seems good or bad in their own eyes, when within circuit of their jezail slugs. The Afghans talk eagerly together, are energetic in their gestures, and though we do not understand what is the subject of discussion in Pushtu, when we look at their fierce flashing eyes we recognise the prudence of that regulation which compels them to

deposit their arms in a place where they are not so likely to come in contact with their neighbour's fifth rib as in their girdles. The Belooch is a freebooter, and eyes the possible plunder around with a sharp professional eye. A Sindian gentleman, in brocaded cap and chintz padded robe, passes by, preceded by a running footman, who pushes aside the mountaineer, and, judging from the wild-cat expression in the man's face, would probably have been paid for his insolence had the "charay" or single-edged dagger been as handy as in days prior to the British "Raj" it was. Shoulder to shoulder stand a brawny Mollah or priest from Herat, a Hadji who has been to Mecca, and if the Persian proverb be true, a rogue among rogues. The rough-tongued Pathans stand bargaining with smooth-spoken Persians; "Candahar meets Multan, intent on preventing cheating by cheating; the tall turban of Jesulmere nods to the skull-cap of Peshin; and the white calico sleeve of Guzerat is grasped by the iron claw of Kelat. Here a greasy Moslem cook pours a ladleful of thick oil upon a fizzing mass of kababs, whose greasy streams, floating down the bazaar, attract a crowd of half-famished ryots* to enjoy in imagination the pleasures of the table. Here a Hindoo vendor of dried fruits, sugar, seeds, spices, opium, and hemp—the *tout ensemble* fragrant as an apothecary's shop in the dog-days—disposes of his wares to a knot of Jat ladies, with a pair of scales and a set of weights which would make Justice look her sternest. And here grim Eastern Cyclops—blacksmiths, tinmen, and armourers—are plying their clanging, clashing, ringing trade, in an atmosphere of 150° and in the proximity of a fire that would roast a lamb." All is noise, yells, threats, counter-threats, chaffering, and din indescribable. Two crafty Hindoos settle a bargain with their hands concealed beneath a sheet, but otherwise not one copper coin changes owners without a dozen offerings and rejections, and an amount of bad language which would even appal an *habitué* of Billingsgate, could he—or perhaps she—understand a tithe of the babel around. Bullion is all-valuable in the East; time is of no account. All the ninety-and-nine smells of the world are here, and at least one quite peculiar to the place itself. The ear is sick of noises, the nose suffers from the odours of the Orient, the lungs are poisoned with the stifling air, the very eye revolts at the sight of what it lights on.

As we pass out of the city to the Sahib Captain's bungalow, we are struck with the appearance of some fresh arrivals who are dismounting from their camels. They have women and children with them in abundance; old men and young ones, all very independent-looking, but some of them, if the truth were known, slaves bought in the Khivan market, captives in the Persian valleys of the Turcoman bow and spear; but all are under a head, who directs the encampment and marshals the patriarchal-looking throng. Here are the people we are in search of. They are the Lohanee merchants, the wandering traders of Afghanistan and Central Asia, who yet conduct their business in the primitive fashion which prevailed in the days

* Peasants.

when Marco Polo pilgrimed unto the Great Khan of Tartary, or in that still remoter day when the merchantmen going "down into Egypt" invested in Joseph as part of their venture. These Lohanee traders—or Provindiahs, as they are called—have their homes about Ghuzni, where they spend the summer. They then descend the passes before they are blocked up by snow, between Ghuzni and the Indus, in vast caravans of eight or ten thousand souls, the whole tribe moving bodily, men, women, children, and cattle, carrying their goods on camels and ponies. At Derajat they leave their aged people and children in black felt tents, with their flocks and herds in the rich pastures bordering on the Indus, while the able-bodied men—who must deposit their weapons at the first frontier British post—push across the Punjab with their goods for sale, either in that province, in Sind, or in the cities on the banks of the Ganges, where their carpets, felts, wool, bullion, and chrysolite rosaries always find a ready market. These old-world merchants are found far afield, and are not above taking advantage of steamboats and railway trains to help them on their journeys. In the bazaars of Delhi and Agra, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Mirzapore, and even Calcutta, Bombay, Rangoon, and Assam, the shepherd-traders—distinguished by their tall figures, independent bearing, and pre-eminently dirty persons—can be seen. They push ahead of the main body, taking with them a few samples, letters of credit, &c., and arrange bargains preparatory to the arrival of the caravans or kafilas. In the Bolan Pass, which is their usual route to India, they are liable to be attacked by the wild mountaineers; but, as a rule, their numbers enable them to compound with these clansmen for a reasonable amount of black-mail. Sir Bartle Frere, in a letter in Mr. Andrews' recent work on Hindostan, tells of the wife of an "eminent merchant" of this tribe, whose husband had been detained longer than he expected at Delhi, offering the Kafila-Bashee, or head of the caravan, demurrage at the rate of 10,000 rupees (£1,000) a day to defer the upward march of the caravan, so as to enable her lord to rejoin it, as she knew that, if left behind, he would be unable to follow them through the passes except at great risk to his life and property. These merchants are many of them very wealthy, for they do an annual trade of at least a million and a half sterling. Eastward they go to Calcutta, and westward to the great market of Bokhara. Here they bring English cloths, sugar, indigo, Benares brocades, gold thread and lace, leather, groceries, and drugs; and carry back to India, Russian gold and silver wire, raw silk and silk fabrics, carpets, Afghan postins or pelisses, rosaries, horses, almonds, raisins, preserved fruits of many kinds, furs, bullion, and such-like articles. With these men we may journey as far as we choose to go, provided, first, that we pay them; secondly, that they care to take the risk of escorting a possible spy; and thirdly—which is our business—if we are willing to risk being flayed alive, or tortured to death in a pit of sheep-ticks, as poor Conolly and Stoddart were. These provisos are easily overcome,

for we live in mythical times of piping peace, and are not troubled with the difficulties that encompass more material wanderers in Upper Asia. But we must have money. We pay the Provindiah his baksheesh, and pile on our camels stores to last us till we arrive in Cabul city. But in Cabul we have a hundred expenses to meet, presents to make, provisions to buy for our return journey, goods to purchase, and what in Spain are pleasantly called "gratifications" to bestow on the itching palms of Sirdars and Khans and greedy chiefs galore.

We must therefore have money, but not coin; for the sight of a gold piece anywhere between here and Bokhara would be the most certain method of meeting the fate which the gods decree for those they love. We have no desire as yet for a sudden death, so we seek a "shroff" who will give us a letter of credit on Cabul—some kind of circular note, "of no value to any one but the owner." We have no difficulty in obtaining this, and indeed in Shikarpur bankers are proportionately more numerous than in the City of London, and for our purposes infinitely more so.* We are recommended to one as more than ordinarily honest—or, rather, it would be better to say, less thievish than usual: that is, he will be strictly upright in his dealings so long as his credit is at stake, but when self-interest will allow him to steal, then the client has really no chance with him. He is a miserable, wizened-looking wretch, on whose countenance avarice has set its seal, and who, though probably worth a lac or two of rupees,† will submit to almost any indignity to increase the hoard. His turban and waist-cloth were once white (though not recently); his hand holds a rosary; behind his ear is a long reed pen, and over his shoulder he wears the thread of the "thrice-born." He is a Brahmin, and therefore scorns the rest of the world, and us amongst the rest; yet he cringes to us, as he would cringe to the meanest Sindian if he saw his way to make a pice out of him. The Moslem fanatics curse his shaven pate, and though he could buy the principality of the mountaineers who insult him, yet nothing in the world would induce him to return insult for insult—nothing, indeed, but an attempt to steal one of the piles of copper or silver before him. Then all the gods of his fathers, all the incarnations of Siva, and Brahma, and Vishnu would not suffice to ease the Hindoo Shylock's mind of the latent execrations with which it is laden. The Hindoo Shikarpuri are pre-eminently bankers, and in less than a century—for they were only allowed to settle here in 1786—have extended their operations over half of Asia. From China to Turkey, from Astrakhan to Hyderabad in the Deccan, a Shikarpuri letter of credit can be easily cashed in almost any considerable town. Without question or demur, six months' journey from this remote Sindian bazaar, the signature of that miserable-looking wretch—to whom, not without forebodings as to their

* In these notes, throughout which it is hardly necessary to say I owe much to Captain Burton's works on Sind, the famous bazaar at Shikarpur is spoken of as it used to be some years ago. Kurrachee has, however, now absorbed much of its trade, and in time will supersede it as the meeting-place of the nation.

† A lac is 100,000; a crore is 10,000,000.

latter end, we have paid over our rupees—will be honoured by the condescending cashier of the Agra, or London and Delhi, or by some shrivelled rag-enveloped anatomy in Cabul or Candahar. His circular note is called a "hundi." It is written in execrable caligraphy on a piece of bank-note paper, and the reader will see is so worded as to put the possibility of "raising" it out of the field. Forgery is equally difficult, for the note has private marks only known to the "shroff" and his correspondents, who would accordingly instantly detect the most cleverly manufactured hundi. Here is a translation:—

"1. True is the deity Sri.*

"1. To the worthy of every respect: may you be always in good health! May you always be happy, Mr. Brother Jesu Mal.

"2. From Shikarpur, written by Kisordas: read his compliments.

"3. And further, sir, this one hundi of 1,000 rupees I have written on you in numerals and in letters rupees 1,000 and the half, which is five hundred, of which the double is one thousand complete: dated—of—in the year of Vikramaditya, † to be paid at Cabul, after the term of—days, to the bearer: the money to be of the currency of the place. In the year of Vikramaditya," &c &c.

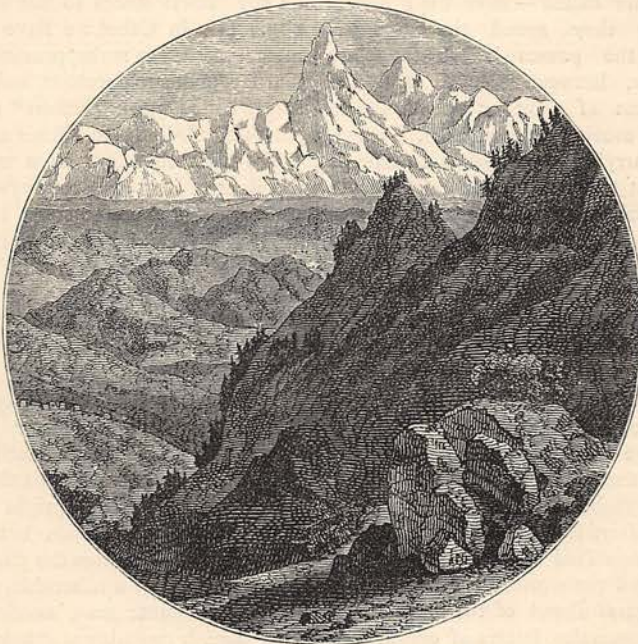
If you have no money you can be "accommodated." A "sahib" is always good security, though, to be sure, being bound Cabul-way you must pay a trifle extra interest—say 15 per cent. For what says the Sindian proverb? "Meet a cobra and an Afghan—kill the Afghan!"

Physically, Afghanistan may be described as consisting of a star of valleys radiating round the stupendous peaks of the Koh-i-Baba, and everywhere bounded by mountains of a very rugged and difficult nature. Between these ranges are a few valleys, and here and there a plain of some extent, dry and needing irrigation in the summer; and, in the greater number of instances, bitterly cold and blocked with snow during the winter. From India there are several passes through the Sulimani range, which act as a wall-like barrier on our side of the country. These "passes" are long valleys surrounded by high cliffs, jealously guarded by wild tribes, nominally subjects of the Amir of Cabul, but in reality treating him and his orders with the most supreme contempt. These tribesmen are poor and avaricious, hence they have the two prime moving causes of brigandage among them. They are, in a word, a good deal like what the Scottish

Highlanders were up to 1746. These were nominally subjects of the King of Scotland, but in reality obedient only to their own chiefs, and as their country was poor, lived by the hard toil of blackmailing the few travellers who passed through their glens, or by raids into the richer lowlands. The Afghan tribes are numerous, and each sept is again divided into a multiplicity of "khails" or villages, often at war with each other, and all of them at feud with the rest of the world. The Amir is frequently forced to chastise them as best he can, while against the Jowakis, Afridis, Khyberees, and other tribes, the British have had to send over forty different expeditions in less than that number of years. They follow agriculture to a very limited extent, pasture a few scanty flocks on the hills, but

like all Afghans despise shop-keeping. That they leave to the Persians, Hindoos, and other foreigners settled in the country.

The Lohanee merchants usually travel through the Bolan Pass; but there is also the Kuram, which is a good one, or the still more famous Khyber, where it is commonly said that "a British army was destroyed" in 1839. In reality this catastrophe happened in the Khurd-Cabul pass, 100 miles further on, and only the chief portion of the army was slaughtered, not the whole of its 5,000 men and, in round numbers, 12,000 camp-followers. Many were taken prisoners, and the writer of these lines numbered among his acquaintances not only Dr. Brydon, who was the sole survivor that reached Jellalabad, but several others who were taken prisoners by Akbar Khan, and sentenced to be sold in the Bokhara slave market. By the first route—the Bolan Pass—we reach the British post of Quetta (Kwatah), in Beloochistan, and then Candahar, which is now the second city of Afghanistan, but was at one time the capital of a distinct province or kingdom. Going by way of the Khyber, we pass the British citadel and town of Peshawur—at one time part of the Afghan monarchy; then Jamrood, the outpost where the defile is entered (the now notorious fort of Ali Musjid holds it for the Amir), and at Lalpura we come once more into comparatively open country. Many villages are passed, but Jellalabad, occupied by the English in the last war, is the only town of importance. This is 97 miles from Cabul, which is 186 from Peshawur, and 307 from Candahar.



THE HINDOO COOSH MOUNTAINS.

* This is the invariable preamble, but what the meaning of "1" is, no one seems to know—not even the shroff himself.

† The founder of a Hindoo era.

We have ridden rapidly on our imaginary journey, but the reality would have been a long pilgrimage, and one undertaken in much travail.

Cabul itself—situated 6,400 feet above the sea-level, that is 5,235 feet higher than Peshawur—is not an imposing city. Its entrances are commanded by almost perpendicular and fortified eminences, and on the south-west side, at the base of Baber Badshah, a small hill, is the tomb of the Emperor Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty in India, but who however does not, in his delightful memoirs, speak in very complimentary terms of the place where lie his ashes. The Bala Hissar, or Upper Castle, commands the town on the east and south-east side; while a girdle of bastioned wall shuts in the fort, the palace of the Amir and his officials, a barrack and bazaar. The great glory of Cabul used to be its immense stone-vaulted bazaar. This is, however, a thing of the past, for in 1842 the "Army of Vengeance" destroyed it, on account of the body of our murdered envoy having been exposed in it. Its successor is nevertheless still crowded with traders, and may be described as an Afghan Shikarpur, only in the Cabul bazaar Central Asia rather more predominates than in the Sindian one.

Such is the city to which, for weeks past, all eyes have been turned, but which forty years ago was even more famous—or infamous. We have selected the Lohanee traders as types of the wanderers of Afghanistan—the nomad merchantmen of whom Central Asia supplies so many. The jealousy of the authorities has for many years prevented almost every one save soldiers at the head of armies, or diplomats under special permits—and these, as we all know, not invariably— from entering the country. Yet curiosity or other causes have led

men to risk their lives in the attempt to penetrate the sterile valleys of Cabul. Arminius Vambéry got as far as Herat, not without being suspected, and then wisely turned back. Political spies—both Russian and English—have more than once been in it, unknown to the authorities. But the strangest of all wanderers who ever reached Cabul in modern times

was Wilhelm Friedrich Yapürt, a German, who appeared in Candahar in 1857, when Major Lumsden's mission was there. He was a native of Berlin, but had roamed for twenty years through half of Asia and Turkey as quack doctor, herbalist, and shoemaker, until he had reached Herat. Here he was cruelly treated, and several times led out to have his throat cut as an infidel, and only escaped on producing positive proof that, outwardly at least, he had conformed to Mohammedanism. He travelled from Herat to Candahar on foot, taking six months to accomplish the journey, and suffering hardships almost too terrible to think of. He was then on his way to Bombay, but finally changed his mind and determined to remain in Candahar. This, however, he was not destined to do; for when Dost Mahomed, who was then Amir, heard of him he was ordered to go to Cabul for inspection. What became of him the Englishmen could never learn, but when the Sipahis of their guard heard of his destination they merely stroked their beard and gravely remarked, "May Allah have mercy upon him!" Probably Dost Mahomed had none. He was suspected of being an English spy, for the Afghans know nothing of the Germans. To them Feringhistan is simply the land of the Feringhees—"a white-faced,

pig-eating race of infidels, very fond of eating and fighting and stealing each other's lands." But long before poor Wilhelm Yapürt wandered to his death, a Briton had found his way to Cabul. When the first English army wintered in that city, they were often puzzled by an inscription on a tombstone in the Mohammedan cemetery, which recorded that—"Here lyeth the body of John Hicks, son of Thomas and Edith Hicks, who departed this life the eleventh of October, 1666."

Who was John Hicks? who carved his tombstone? and what did he in Cabul in the days when Aurungzebe was Grand Mogul, and the second Charles King of England? It is a mystery, unaccountable save on Göthe's conjecture—

"To give wide space for wandering is it
That the world is made so wide?"

R. BROWN, PH.D., F.R.G.S.



A GROUP OF AFGHANS.