

**THE ADVENTURES OF THE
PANJÁB HERO RÁJÁ
RASÁLU AND OTHER FOLK-
TALES OF THE PANJÁB**

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The Adventures of the Panjáb Hero Rájá Rasálu and Other Folk-Tales of the Panjáb by Charles Swynnerton

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CHARLES SWYNNERTON

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THE PANJÁB BARD SHARAF SINGING THE ADVENTURES
OF RÁJÁ RASÁLÚ.

From a Photograph by Mr. Jno. Burke of Rawal Pindí.

1884. 7/7/84.

THE ADVENTURES

OF THE

PANJÁB HERO

RÁJÁ RASÁLU

AND OTHER FOLK-TALES OF THE PANJÁB.

Collected and Compiled from Original Sources.

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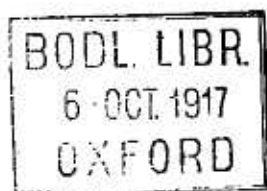
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near the witching time of night.—*Blair.*

Calcutta:

W. NEWMAN & Co., LD., 4, DALHOUSIE SQUARE.

1884.

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IN MEMORIAM.

A. S.

Ob. Novemb. 8: 1882.

O laggard time of sadness and of waiting,
O day prolonged from ling'ring year to year,
How oft I stand, within my heart debating,
Will sunset shadows never more appear ?

So long I've waited for the restful night,
Such tears I've shed for sorrow of the soul,
Sighing and sobbing in the fevered light
That, burning, beats from out the brazen pole !

Will day end nevermore ? And shall the sun
Forever stand remorseless in the sky ?
The swooning Hours of Time have ceased to run,
And men are wrestling with eternity.

I long for night, I long for dreamy covers
Within the hills or close upon the deep ;
I long for twilight hours, endeared to lovers,
And O I long for cool oblivious sleep !

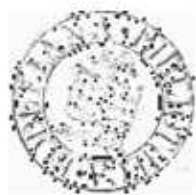
Some cavern's depths shall be my drowsy pillow,
Far from the wildering tumult of the world ;
There let me listen to the surging billow,
By windy currents hoarsely swayed and swirled !

There, sheltered, on the veined shingle lying,
Let me sleep out the remnant of my days,
Drugged by sweet sloth, all sorrow past, and sighing,
Past, all regard for censure or for praise !

The crystal wave that shivers at my feet,
The breaker foaming in the shadowy wild,
Will sing for love a lullaby as sweet
As e'er allured the fancy of a child.

Come then, ye stately Hours of Even-song,
Lead me far hence to some such dim recess,
Then fold me, wearied out, to slumber long,
Fold me in slumber and forgetfulness !

O laggard time of sadness and of grief
O day prolonged from rardy year to year,
When will the shadows, laden with relief,
Descend from starry kingdoms cold and clear ?





INTRODUCTION.

ON the summit of one of the peaks of Gandgarh by the Upper Indus stands an old fortress which is known as Káfir Kót; or, the Fort of the Infidels. It is situated midway between Pir Thán the highest point of the range, and the lofty village of Chenár Kót, beneath the precipices of which, over a friendly gap, runs the rough mountain road from the broad Indus Valley on the west to the beautiful vale in Hazará on the east, where Haripur, famous for its flowers and fruits, reposes among the cool groves.

At Káfir Kót, says tradition, the last stand was made by the "infidel" Hindús of the Chach plain, when the country succumbed to the exterminating inroads of barbarian Muhammadans from Central Asia about nine hundred years ago. The walls comprise within their area the very summit of the hill, resting on the south-eastern side upon the edge of a deep inaccessible cliff which descends for hundreds of feet into the peaceful valley beneath. Over the

verge of the cliff, just without the south-eastern angle of the fort, where the wall retires, there exists a famous cave overgrown by a hardy jujube tree, and so cunningly contrived by nature that only by accident could its existence be suspected at all. This cave is known as Káfir-Kót-kí-Ghar, or the Cave of the Fort of the Infidels. It runs in a downward sloping direction about forty feet into the limestone rock, and it ends in two small natural chambers very difficult of access. When the devoted garrison found their retreat cut off on all sides, it is said that they threw their arms into the bottom of the cave, and that then, in the character of unarmed suppliants, they came forth and made an unavailing appeal for quarter to their terrible invaders.

One bright winter's day after inspecting the old walls, and clambering down into the depths of the cave where ashes and potsherds existed in abundance to attest its ancient uses, I was resting in the dense shade of the grove of well-grown *Sanathá* which covers the hill, when I overheard some of my village-guides disputing as to whether the Cave of the Infidels might not be identical with the legendary Cave of Gandgarh, some asserting that it was the same, and others maintaining the contrary.

"Gandgarri-kí-Ghár," said a tall mountaineer from Sirikót "is in Pír Thán. To this cave Rájá Rasálu never came at all."

"As no one has ever been able to find the Cave of Gandgarh," answered a man of Gházi, "I do not see why this should not be it."