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Robertson's Confidential Report on Kafiristan

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REPORT

ON

JOURNEY TO KÁFIRISTÁN

BY

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BRITISH AGENT AT GILGIT KASHMIR.



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PART I.

NARRATIVE OF MY VISIT TO KÁFIRISTÁN.

SECTION I.

In the autumn of 1889, while at Gilgit on special duty with Captain, now Lieut.-Colonel, A. G. Durand, C.B., I was authorised by the Government in India to make an attempt to enter the country of those independent idol-worshipping tribes who inhabit the valleys running down the main range of the Hindu Kush, and constituting that little-known area which lies between Chitrál and the Kunar river on the one hand, and Afghanistan on the other. Circumstances and objects of my journey.

This region, although it is inhabited by tribes of different origin using different languages, all more or less inimical to one another, and among whom a primitive Pagan religion affords no bond of common union, is yet known, and has been known for centuries, by the single title, Káfiristán, which literally means "the land of the infidel." This name, for want of a better, and to prevent confusion, must be still applied to the whole district, which at the present time is completely encircled by Mahomedan populations. Its inhabitants willingly accept the designation of Káfir, although it is a word they cannot properly pronounce.

The permission given me by Government to enter this country was in answer to a request of my own, which I made from considerations principally of a political character.

During the second phase of the Afghan War in the winter of 1879-80, I heard at Kabul many rumours of the Káfirs and of their country. The subject interested me. Then, and subsequently, I read various accounts of that people and that country by writers who were at the time our only authorities on those subjects. Their statements were often contradictory, and sometimes obviously untrustworthy and fanciful. At the same time the strange details which they gave, and the more or less ingenious conjectures which they had formed, of the origin, the manners and customs, &c., of the tribes described, excited my curiosity. My duty, however, for several years carried me away from the North-West frontier of India, and Káfiristán and its inhabitants had become to me merely agreeable speculations for idle moments, when, in 1888, I was selected to accompany Captain Durand on his first mission to the Gilgit Frontier.

In connexion with this mission we also travelled to Chitrál, and there met several Káfirs of the Bashgul Valley, who were in attendance on the Mehtar Amán-ul-Mulk for the discussion of questions relating to the contiguous frontiers of the two countries. There were other Káfirs there also, engaged either in petty trade, or merely wandering about in restless idleness. We had, at the time, fresh recollections of a narrative of Colonel Lockhart's short visit to four villages in the Upper Bashgul Valley, and of the annoyances and difficulties which his mission had there encountered. It must be confessed that Colonel Lockhart's experiences, and the actual appearance of the Káfirs we saw, did not create in our minds a favourable impression of the people of the Bashgul Valley. First journey from Gilgit to Chitrál.

Characteristics of the Káfirs among strangers.

Out of their own country, and in a conciliatory attitude, the Káfirs are singularly meen, shifty, and forbidding in appearance. A scanty and dirty dress, furtive glances, shameless begging, and a prowling step, induce at first sight a feeling towards them of dislike and contempt. Closer observation, however, shows that the vile brown robe, trailing at the heels, conceals active and athletic forms; that the bland insinuating faces are keen and well-formed, and can give at times the bold fixed stare, or the wild, quick glance of the hawk; that the men playing the part of cringing beggars, with all the subtlety and duplicity of the Oriental, have fierce, impetuous, anything but simple natures, and are capable at any moment of throwing off the mask of humility and assuming their own proper characteristics—a fierce independence of spirit, tempered by clear perception of the exigencies of the moment and the possible dangers of a situation, and by an hereditary cupidity which in some instances almost amounts to insanity.

It was easy to perceive also, that their Chitráli hosts viewed these strangers with a dread as strong as their dislike. No matter how the gaily-dressed courtier of the Mehtar might boast and swagger, he always took care never to offend nor seriously to interfere with the abject-looking Káfirs. Many stories were told me of the dangerous character of these men. The Wai and the Kám were said to be the worst tribes, and of these the Kám were considered the better organised, the bolder and the more ruthless; being especially to be dreaded on account of their expert use of the dagger. I was given graphic descriptions of the stealthy approach, the lightning onset, the unflinching stab, the assassin-like killing of sleeping villagers, the cleverly planned ambushade. There was no bright side to the picture. To the Chitrális the Káfirs were simply assassins, hereditary brigands, blackmailers, whose undoubted bravery, extraordinary powers of endurance, and stalwart independence, only deepened the sombre hues in which they should be depicted. The Chitrális spoke feelingly. As near neighbours to the dreaded tribesmen, the high officials of the Chitrál State thoroughly understood the situation from the point of view of their own country. It was galling for them to know that the nominal tribute of the Kám tribe and its nominal recognition of the suzerainty of the Mehtar, were purchased by the payment of presents to the Kám head men, and by the avoidance of critical disputes, even when the Káfirs were clearly in the wrong; that the servility shown by these men was merely lip-service; and that it behoved all prudent Chitrális of any position, including even the Mehtar and his sons, to spend large sums in buying Káfir wives, and so obtain family connexions with the more important clans of the Bashgul Valley. It is not surprising that the Chitrális detest the Káfirs as much as they affect to despise them. In ordinary intercourse they never refer to them by name without prefixing some opprobrious epithet.

What I myself saw and heard of the Káfirs at Chitrál certainly helped to revive my interest in them, but perhaps that would not have been sufficient in itself to induce me to make an attempt to enter their country, if it had not been for the thought that Káfiristán was possibly destined to play an important part in Indian frontier questions in the near future. That was the point of chief interest to me. I wanted to find out the exact value of Káfiristán as a factor in the general problem how best to secure the safety of the North-West frontier of India against any possible invasion on the part of the Russians, or to prove it a *quantité négligeable* in all discussions on that subject.

Plan of the expedition.

In laying my proposals before Government, I had an adequate perception of the difficulties to be encountered. It would be quite useless from my point of view merely to march rapidly to a definite place, and then return quickly to Chitrál. My desire was to make a comprehensive study of the peoples of Káfiristán, to examine their tribal organisation and discover their value as friendly disposed but neutral allies, or as active partisans in war; and to find out whether there was any cementing bond of union between the inhabitants of the different valleys likely on an emergency to weld the heterogeneous segments of the population into some kind of alliance which, however temporary, might still enable the Káfirs to show a united front to a common enemy. To accomplish these objects, a somewhat lengthy visit must be paid to Káfiristán. The people must be induced not only to tolerate my presence amongst them, but also to confide in me; while their statements would require to be verified by personal observation, or to be checked by the cross-examination of many different individuals.

When permission to enter Káfiristán eventually reached me, I was at Gilgit with Captain Durand on the eve of accompanying him on his second visit to Chitrál. On the march there was plenty of leisure to think out my plans. After much consideration it was forced on me, for reasons which it would be tedious to relate in detail, that the only possible plan by which I could ensure remaining in Káfiristán for any length of time would be for me to make a rapid preliminary journey to Kámdesh, the chief village of the tribe. Once there, my best endeavours must be directed to making

friends with the head men, and to inducing them to send one or two of their number to India with me, where I proposed to load them with obligations, and make them handsome presents, always impressing upon them that the reason for this generous treatment was because they were my guests. This was to be done in the hope that the Káfirs might thereby learn the meaning of reciprocity, so that when I, in my turn, became their guest, I should not be forced to run the risk of wrecking my enterprise by exciting their cupidity, or by inflaming their inveterate jealousy of one another by giving presents to anyone. My plan, in short, was to make the Káfirs believe that I would never understand their treating me in any other way in Káfiristán, than I had treated their representatives in India. In making up my mind to this plan of action it must be understood that I was not ignorant of the character of the people I had to deal with.

I parted from Captain Durand in Chitrál in October 1889. He returned to Gilgit, and I started on a 10 days' visit to Kámdeh with a small party of Kám men, who were at the time on a visit to the Mehtar, and who cheerfully agreed to take me into their country. As soon as they accepted me as their guest, I started off at once ahead of them, giving them no time either to alter their minds or to try and bargain with me; and I did not see them again until I was actually on the Káfiristán border. There, one of them, a head man, at once made a peremptory demand for money and for 50 rifles. I had, however, taken the precaution of leaving all money behind, except a small sum for necessary expenses, and had nothing with me except a small tent, some bedding, a few cooking pots, and a small box of medicines. It was, besides, perfectly obvious to the Káfirs that rifles could not be produced merely for the asking. The general opinion of his friends was also against the head man, so he was at length compelled to give way. The rest of the little party were always friendly, and on the whole we got on capitally together. This short journey to Kámdeh was one of the roughest experiences I have ever undergone. There was practically no transport of any kind, so that my tent and nearly the whole of my very limited baggage had to be left behind on the frontier, while the few remaining articles, which I was compelled to carry with me, were the source of endless trouble and disputes. On more than one occasion they were thrown aside, and altogether abandoned for a time. Food was very difficult to get, and was of the poorest quality. The hill paths were most difficult, and the weather extremely hot. Horses cannot travel in Káfiristán. The people I met on the road, though inquisitive, were not unfriendly. Unhappily, exaggerated reports of the presents Col. Lockhart had given to the Lutdeh people were rife everywhere, and my companions continually suffered from the superfluous fear that they might not ask enough. I made a contract with the troublesome head man, who agreed to arrange for the carriage of my bedding, &c., to Kámdeh for a certain definite sum. He subdivided less than two light loads among six people, insisted upon being paid in advance for the journey, and then took the money and went away altogether, leaving me in the lurch. The carriers at short intervals asked for supplemental payments, although they were at times obliged to break into broad grins at the absurdity of their own demands. As some compensation for all this trouble, everybody we met on the road was most cheery, when he had finished gaping with astonishment at my unprecedented appearance. At night, the Káfirs feasted all round me in the highest spirits, sleeping and singing in detachments. Very little rain fell. I reached Kámdeh footsore from severe marches, and thoroughly knocked up from want of sleep and from scanty food. I was kindly received into the house of an old head man named Dán Malik, who ever afterwards remained my firm but undemonstrative friend.

During the three days I remained at Kámdeh I left no stone unturned in conciliating the head men and the people generally. The latter were easily pleased and came in numbers to see me. Of the head men, however, only a few put in an appearance, while two of them, the priest and another of hardly less importance in the village, viewed me at first with grave suspicion. Luckily the priest had a little son, of whom he was inordinately fond, suffering from sore eyes which I quickly cured, while the other head man was very vain of his dancing, and proved easily assailable by compliments on his skill in that exercise. After the second day both these men became friendly and matters went on smoothly.

My offer to take two young men back with me to India was at first openly scouted and derided. It was then taken up enthusiastically. Several suitable youths volunteered to go with me; they were accepted, were carried off proudly by their admiring friends and relations to prepare for the journey, and then were seen no more. At length two young men agreed faithfully to go with me. One of them belonged to a powerful family or clan, while the other was a man of low rank in life, who was palmed off on

Visit to
Kámdeh.

me by the priest and Dán Malik as a relative of their own. As a matter of fact, this low born man was the only Káfir who eventually accompanied me to India in 1889, for at the last moment the courage of the other failed him, and he never put in an appearance after I started on my return journey from Kámdesh. I subsequently heard that the low-born man had been permitted to go with me to India because it was generally considered that if he were enslaved or killed in that distant country, it would not be a matter of much consequence to the tribe.

Return to
Chitrál.

My march back to Chitrál was characterised by difficulties on the road similar to those I had already encountered, and also by a somewhat unpleasant episode which occurred just short of the Chitrál frontier, where I fell in with a travelling band of Káfirs of the Mádugál or Mumán tribe. They came upon me when I was almost alone, and attempted to extort presents by threats of violence; but I pretended to treat their demands as a joke, wilfully misunderstood their meaning, and eventually got through them without loss of dignity, without being plundered, and with nothing more than a slight scuffle. I pushed a man somewhat roughly but laughingly down a hill slope, upon which all the remainder gazed at me in solemn surprise, and there the incident closed. Shortly afterwards I came up with their chief, from whom I demanded food. This he readily supplied and then remarked on the terrible things he would have done if we had not eaten together. This same man, a thorough rascal, 18 months later gave me great trouble in his own village, where he wished to keep me a prisoner until I should accede to his demands and ransom myself.

On the border land at the Kalash village of Utzun, a much more serious difficulty confronted me. The Káfir youth, my prize, the chief result of my journey, in an agony of terror at finding himself deserted by his promised companion, burst into tears and declared that nothing on earth would induce him to go one step further. I reasoned with him for hours, painting glowing pictures of the delights of India, and even bribed the people about to add their assurances to mine. But for a long time all was of no avail. Finally, however, he cheered up a bit, dried his eyes, and declared he would accompany me to India provided that I adopted him as my "son" on the spot. The unpleasant ceremony of adopting a son after the Káfir method will be fully explained in the proper place. It had to be gone through, and when it was over the objects of my first visit to Kámdesh may be said to have been fairly well attained. So I started forthwith for India to equip myself both mentally and otherwise for a prolonged stay in Káfiristán.

At Gilgit I met a missionary agent, a converted Mohmand, whom the Church missionaries at Peshawer had most kindly placed at my disposal. Syad Shah was the name of this "native Christian." He had visited Káfiristán on more than one occasion, and was fairly well acquainted with the Káfir tongue spoken there. I engaged him to take care of my Káfir "son" and to return with me the following year as an interpreter. He was a genial kindly man, and a pleasant companion. Unhappily he was somewhat timid in disposition, and lacking in firmness of character. In the end he proved a bad bargain, but at first he was useful to me in many ways.

Preliminary
visit to
England.

We reached India without incident. Having settled several business matters with the Foreign Office at Calcutta, I took short leave to England. On the voyage home and out, I was greatly indebted to my friend Captain Parfitt, of the P. and O. Company's Service, for much valuable advice and many useful hints. This gentleman is not only possessed of high scientific attainments, but has a peculiar gift of lucid explanation. In London I availed myself of the generous help that the Royal Geographical Society places at the disposal of all would-be travellers and explorers. Unfortunately, however, I made the common mistake of attempting too much in the short time at my disposal. It did not then seem impossible for me to attack with fair hopes of success various sciences of which I was practically in complete ignorance. Able and experienced instructors put the subjects they taught in so clear and pleasant a light that everything seemed easy and simple. But when, after the lapse of a few months, I tried to apply the information I had been given, naturally I found that a short scamper into the fair fields of science, no matter how easy and pleasant the journey may seem, and no matter how vivid all impressions may appear at the time, leaves on the mind little more than vague and confused pictures of a vast and beautiful country.

Having provided myself with toys, photographic apparatus, compressed medicines, and miniature surgical instruments, together with various small articles which I thought might please and amuse the Káfirs, I left London and returned to India in May, to complete my equipment for Srinuggar. After receiving the scientific instruments and books which were provided for me by the Government of India, there was nothing

more to do except to choose followers and servants who were willing to accompany me on my journey to Káfiristán.

My choice was very limited. Volunteers at first were numerous, but no sooner had the nature of the difficulties to be encountered been honestly explained to them, than their enthusiasm rapidly cooled down and they cried off. Finally, I was compelled to content myself with Syad Shah already referred to, and a young Pathan who had been with me before, and who, though young, plucky and hard-working, was unluckily of a morose and quarrelsome disposition. During the winter, while I was away in England, this man had been taught simple cookery, farriery, etc. He was most intelligent, and but for his infirmities of temper would have been an invaluable servant. I took, of course, my Káfir "son," Shermalik, who was awaiting me at Srinuggar in the charge of Syad Shah. He had already acquired in India an ungrammatical but very useful knowledge of Hindustani. At the urgent request of the other three, I also engaged with some reluctance a powerful hard-working Kashmiri, named Rusala. He had a shifty, ill-looking face, with a fawning or bullying manner, according to circumstances. He was, however, undoubtedly intelligent and quick at learning all menial duties, and there was really no one else to be had. In the end, this meek-looking man nearly succeeded in wrecking my plans altogether, and it was only his want of pluck which prevented him from turning my journey into a complete fiasco.

On my arrival in Srinuggar, I had found to my extreme annoyance that Shermalik, the Káfir, had been followed to India by a Kunar Valley Mahomedan, named Mian Gul. This individual I had met in Káfiristán. He was connected by marriage or by ties of friendship with many of the chief men of Kámdesh. He had two homes; one at Mirkani at the mouth of the Ashruth Valley, the other in the "Gabar" village of Arnu or Arundu. He had travelled down to India by the direct road from Chitrál to Peshawer through Dir and Swat, a road he knew well, for his occupation was that of a petty trader. He was in the habit of carrying news about the Káfirs to the Peshawer Church missionaries, and with the money he received in return for his information he bought small articles in the Peshawer bazaar to trade with in Káfiristán. His sole object in following the Káfir to India was the pursuance of a well-laid plan to "exploit" me. In anticipation of my arrival he took the Káfir to various shops in the Srinuggar bazaar, where they together selected a large number of swords, shields, and guns, and all manner of expensive articles of clothing, which they intended me to buy for them, and in the supposed improbable event of my refusing to comply with their wishes, Mian Gul hoped to succeed in persuading the Káfir to leave me secretly, and go back with him by the Dir-Swat road to his own country. He promised the man large but impossible rewards if he would agree to do as he wished. Shermalik, however, partly from loyalty to me, and partly from a shrewd suspicion that Mian Gul could never redeem his splendid promises, declined to listen to his treacherous companion, when I refused to entertain their wild suggestions for a single instant, and the time came for him to make his decision one way or the other. Nevertheless, he was thoroughly demoralized, and in a fury of disappointment when he found his dreams of wealth could not be gratified. If I had bought even half of the property these two men had selected, I should have been utterly ruined in pocket, while my baggage train would have extended to an impossible length.

My difficulty, however, was greater than it may appear. I could quickly reduce Shermalik to tears and subjection, and then as quickly restore him again to smiles and temporary happiness by small gifts and personal kindnesses, but Mian Gul was a man of different fibre; he knew his power. It was quite possible for him to get back to Káfiristán a full month before me. Once there, he could easily create so strong a prejudice against me, that it might be impossible for me to return to Kámdesh at all. I had consequently to be most cautious in my dealings with him. As a preliminary we had a private interview together, in the course of which he became thoroughly frightened and cowed. I then paid him in a lordly way his own estimate of his travelling expenses, making at the same time an extremely liberal allowance for his daily requirements. Finally, as if no unpleasantness had occurred between us, I engaged him to be my servant at a definite monthly wage, and then started him off at once to Peshawer to buy kerosene oil, and convey it if possible to Chitrál, where in any case he was to await my arrival.

I had decided not to ask Government for a guard or an escort of any kind. My reasons were, that a considerable number of armed men could alone be of real use to me in time of danger, while such a number could neither be fed nor supplied with transport. A small guard, on the other hand, would be worse than useless, for not

only would it be unable to withstand any serious attack, but there would always be the fear that the men might begin quarrelling with the Káfirs, and in that way start a disturbance the result of which might be very serious.

Srinuggar to
Gilgit.

With the four followers already mentioned I left Srinuggar for Gilgit on July 29. On the road I engaged five Balti coolies who agreed to remain with me for a year, carry loads, and make themselves generally useful. I never think of these five men without a warm feeling of admiration for their faithfulness, simple devotion, and kindness. No threats nor promises could ever induce them to swerve in their loyalty for an instant. They were childlike in their simplicity, and childlike also in their complete trust in me. For several weeks in Káfiristán they were my sole companions. During that period, those five men carried my loads, cooked my food, did all my work, and made friends wherever they went, while one of them actually qualified as an interpreter. I have had as good servants in India as any man could have, but I never had any so good as these poor Baltis.

On August 17 we reached Gilgit. Two days before a terrible misfortune befel me at Bunji. In crossing the Indus one of my boats containing 17 Astori coolies was swamped and sunk. All on board were drowned with the exception of the boatman, who managed to escape with great difficulty and reached the bank. Most of the articles I had so carefully selected in England were lost beyond recovery. A great part of my photographic apparatus, all my toys and books, my diaries and journals for three years, besides a large quantity of small valuables. Every penny I had with me went down also. I had to borrow money from the Kashmiri Major in charge of the ferry to enable me to get on to Gilgit. Not the least of my misfortunes was the fact, that, with the exception of a light pair of lawn tennis shoes which I was wearing at the time, every pair of boots I possessed was lost in the river. Shermalik lost some of his treasures also. They were of course ultimately replaced by me, but at the moment he was so excited and in such despair at the extent of his misfortunes, that he declared he would throw himself into the river and be drowned also.

At Gilgit Mr. Manners Smith was officiating for Colonel Durand as British Agent. He and Dr. Roberts, the Agency Surgeon, did everything in their power to help me. Mr. Manners Smith managed with difficulty to get money for me, and was unremitting in his efforts to start me off for Chitrál, and the clerks in the Agency gave me Kashmiri "chapplies" to replace my lost boots. In a few days I was again in a position to march.

Gilgit to
Chitrál.

Leaving Gilgit on August 24, I arrived at Chitrál on September 15, without having experienced any difficulties on the road. The baggage, consisting of 27 loads, was carried for me by Balti coolies engaged at Gilgit. My idea was to take all these loads to Kámdesh with me by the aid of these porters, if it were possible to do so, and then send the Baltis back at once to their homes in Kashmir. I myself hoped to be able to get a house in Kámdesh in which to store my goods, and for all subsequent journeys I intended to rely upon my five permanent porters with whatever other help was obtainable. This indeed was the only possible plan. I had already had painful experience of the danger of relying upon Káfirs to carry my baggage, and my entire party which, including myself, amounted only to 10 persons, was yet the utmost number for whom food could be ensured. As a matter of fact, my five Baltis always had to carry my baggage themselves without any help, except on one or two rare occasions, when assistance was given them. This compelled me to cut down my travelling outfit to its lowest possible dimensions, and often compelled me to leave my tent behind me. For if ever any one of the Baltis fell sick or was over-worked, it was always impossible to supply his place and get the tent carried. Uncomfortable as the arrangement was, it was nevertheless always better to abandon the tent, than to part with any other portion of my marching equipment.

SECTION II.

With Amán-
ul-Mulk at
Chitrál.

From the 15th to the 21st of September I remained at Chitrál, as the guest of the Mehtar Amán-ul-Mulk, who treated me with consistent kindness.

My original intention of marching straight to Kámdesh with all my baggage by Kila Drosh and the Kalash village of Utzun, the road I had formerly traversed, had now to be altered for two reasons. First, there were secret rumours about that a small band of Dir fanatics had set out with the intention of intercepting me on the further side of Utzun, and second, none of the Kámdesh headmen had come to Chitrál to meet me.

The rumour about the Dir fanatics I had no means of verifying. The story was circumstantially told me by a man who had every reason to wish me well, and he

himself appeared to be convinced of the truth of his narrative. It was to the effect that the irreconcilable Mullah of Dír, Shah Baba, had sworn 12 men on the Korán to waylay me on the road between Utzun and Gourdesh at some spot in the thick forest on the mountain ridge which separates those two places. The men, it was said, had been given rifles on the understanding that all were eventually to be returned except in the event of a successful ending to the expedition, in which case the man who actually fired the lucky shot was to be allowed to retain his weapon, while the others were to be given small allotments of land. Umra Khan, of Jandole, was said to be cognisant of the plot, and of the party sent out on this business, a very large proportion were understood to be recent converts of Shah Baba's. Such men are generally held to be extremely fanatical. They were incited to attack me by the assurances they received that my mission was not only hostile to their religion, but must interfere with their material prosperity also, because my real object was an unavowed attempt to get possession of all the Nursut country on behalf of the Government of India. My informant added that the chief desire of the instigators of the plot was seriously to compromise the Mehtar of Chitrál in the eyes of the English, it being thought that he would be held personally responsible for anything untoward which might happen to me.

All this news was given to me secretly and somewhat dramatically. The narrator had been resident in Jandole for some months, and was believed to have enjoyed some share of the confidence of Umra Khan while there. It was impossible to find out the exact degree of credence which should be given to the man's statements. If he merely concocted the story to demonstrate his personal devotion to me in the hope of immediate or future reward, he had at any rate learnt his lesson carefully and cleverly and stuck to the details consistently. However, it was not a matter of supreme importance. I had no particular wish to travel by any special road; indeed it would be pleasant to discover another and easier route to Kámdesh; but the chief reason which made me change my plans was, that none of the Kám Káfirs had come to meet me at Chitrál as they had promised. This looked rather ominous, especially to Syad Shah, who confessed that he did not like the situation at all. He was obviously nervous and unwilling to leave Chitrál, so I determined to put him in charge of the bulk of the baggage and let him remain in Chitrál, while I pushed on through Aiún and Bomboret into the Káfir valley of Pittigul, and discovered for myself the true position of affairs.

I told the Mehtar of my intention, which he objected to very strongly, but, finding me fixed in my determination, he suggested sending one of his own sons with me and a suitable escort to guard me as far as Kámdesh, and then at once bring us back again to Chitrál.

The Chief of the Lutdeh Káfirs, Kán Mára, with five or six followers was with the Mehtar at the time, and the latter, who had now grown very old, tried hard to persuade the Káfir to go with me, and, taking advantage of my supposed ignorance of the country, lead me to Lutdeh instead of Kámdesh, and finally, send me back again within 10 days to Chitrál. Kán Mára saw the impossibility of carrying out such a childish scheme, and laughingly declined to have anything to do with it. The poor old Mehtar then got more and more depressed. He refused his food, and shed bitter tears at my pertinacity. He pathetically remarked to his courtiers that 25,000 rupees a year depended on my safety.

Finally being at his wits' end he implored me to sign a paper exonerating him from anything which might befall me, and stating clearly that I was acting in direct opposition to his wishes and advice. Although I recognised the risk of putting my name to a document which might seem to give the Mehtar a free hand to intrigue against me to his heart's content, I nevertheless agreed to comply with his wishes, for I knew he was well aware of the firmness of character of Colonel Durand, who was on his way back to Gilgit, and must recognise that, document or no document, it would be most dangerous to his interests could it ever be proved that he had a hand in any such intrigue against me as was so lamentably successful against poor Hayward in Yasin. So I signed the papers.

As a last move in the game, the Mehtar sent me over letters said to have been written by Umra Khan, which stated that the latter intended to attack the Bashgul Káfirs at once. The Mirza who brought the letters explained that they had been intercepted on the road. They appeared to be forgeries, but I sent back word to the Mehtar that, in my opinion, if any letters of Umra Khan were ever captured they had been written with the intention of being seized, and that we were both of us so well acquainted with the peculiar character of the Chief of Jandole that we might fairly infer that, if he had written declaring his intention of attacking the Káfirs, then his

real object must certainly be to attack some one else in a precisely opposite direction, and that consequently Swat was probably at that moment in imminent danger of an early invasion from Jandole.

The Mehtar having in vain exhausted all his arguments against my leaving Chitrál, made a final stipulation that his son Ghulám Dast-i-Gír, with a strong following, should accompany me over the Pass and into the Pittigul Valley. His selection of this particular son indicated that the Mehtar still hoped that something might yet be arranged to prevent my remaining in Káfiristán, but as it was impolitic and undesirable to begin wearying discussions all over again, I contented myself with warmly thanking him for all his anxiety on my behalf. We parted from one another most amicably.

The old Mehtar Amán-ul-Mulk was torn by conflicting counsels. He disliked my journey, and thoroughly distrusted its objects. He always to the end of his days regarded the Government of India with grave suspicion, and sincerely believed that its real desire was to extend its sovereignty over Chitrál, over Káfiristán, and over all the neighbouring districts south of the Hindu Kush. His great fear of the power of the Amír of Kabul originally impelled him to seek an alliance with Kashmir; his dread of the Afghans being greater even than his suspicion of the English, and their feudatory, the Maharaja of Kashmir. The Mehtar's overtures had resulted after a time in his receiving a yearly subsidy of money and other presents, first from the Kashmir Durbar, and subsequently from the Government of India as well. Avarice rarely diminishes with age, and the British-Kashmir subsidy had gradually become such an important item in the Chitrál State revenue, that if anything had occurred to jeopardise or stop it the Mehtar would have been completely heart-broken.

His final resolve was sufficiently astute for so old a man. He decided first of all to try everything in his power to prevent me from going to Káfiristán at all, but, failing in that attempt, he still trusted in his ability to induce the Káfirs to rob, ill-use, and cast me naked out of their country, and in that way afford him an opportunity of playing a characteristic manœuvre. He would receive me with indignation and compassion while at the same time he would make urgent application to the Government of India for more rifles and further subsidies, with which he hoped, while nominally avenging my wrongs, thoroughly to conquer for himself the whole of the Bashgul Valley, and thus effectually prevent the Káfirs from coquetting ever again with British officers. But age had unsteadied his once firm will, and I have more than a suspicion that on several occasions his impatience to carry out the alternative part of his scheme led him to disregard my personal safety altogether, and made him merely desirous of finding a pretext for sending an armed force paid and equipped by the Government of India into Káfiristán to avenge my actual death, which was to be brought about by means of intrigues from Chitrál. The Mehtar had, however, got beyond carrying out a continuous and persistent line of policy. He kept shifting and re-sorting his cards, which he could not prevent even the simplest and most unobservant from seeing.

In our personal intercourse I believe the Mehtar always had kindly feelings towards me, but that of course would not prevent him for a moment from sacrificing me, if he thought it the best policy for Chitrál. He is dead now, but I shall always hold him in my memory as the wreck of a truly remarkable man.

SECTION III.

Chitrál to
Kámdesh.

Leaving most of the baggage behind in the care of Syad Shah, I started from Chitrál on September 22, with a few coolies only. The Lutdeh Chief Kán Mára, and several of his fellow tribesmen travelled with me on their homeward journey, while the Mehtar's son, Ghulám Dast-i-Gír, with an armed retinue, composed my escort.

I had sent on a message to warn the Kámdesh people of my arrival in Chitrál, but had received no reply, nor had my messenger returned.

We travelled by Aitún and the Kalash village of Bomboret, and thence over a comparatively low but steep path to the Káfir valley of Pittigul. We reached Kámdesh on October 1, having been somewhat delayed on the road by certain occurrences.

At Bomboret we met the first of the Kám Káfirs, Shermalik's brother and three of his friends. They reported everything as satisfactory at Kámdesh. The following day one of the head men of the Kám put in an appearance. He made no excuses for the absence of the representatives of his tribe on my arrival at Chitrál, but brought me greetings from Dán Malik and the High Priest. He then began informing everybody in most energetic tones that I ought not to be allowed to go to Kámdesh at all without first giving the Káfirs rifles and money. This did not sound encouraging. Kán Mára

and his large following of Lutdeh (Katir) men left me at Bomboret to proceed by the Sháwal Pass to their own country. They had been very friendly, and, in bidding me good-bye, warmly invited me to visit them whenever I was able to do so.

After crossing the Pass from the Bomboret district into the Kám Valley of Pittigul, our troubles began at once. On the very first night the man sent from Kámdeh to help us, whose name was Tong Chandlu, was with difficulty restrained from attacking one of my servants with his spear. The altercation arose on the question of the best site to pitch my tent. Then extortionate demands were made for food which had to be acceded to, yet on the following morning the money was returned with a brief remark that it was altogether insufficient. When I attempted to reason with the Káfir seller, he and his companions burst forth into loud complaints. They wanted to know why they were not given enormous sums for their sheep and goats, such as they said Colonel Lockhart at Lutdeh paid for his supplies. They finally became very sullen and angry. It appeared certain to me that Ghulám Dast-i-Gír and his Chitrális were trying to embarrass me by playing on the cupidity of the Káfirs, so I sent for the Chitráli Prince and then and there politely but firmly insisted on his saying good-bye, and returning to his own country forthwith. In vain he protested that he must remain with me, that the orders of his father were explicit on the point, and must be obeyed. He urged that at any rate the Chitráli guard might remain to protect me even if his own society were distasteful and displeasing to me. As I remained politely impervious to all his arguments, he had at length to give way with as good a grace as he could assume, but he left me very reluctantly to start on his homeward journey to Chitrál. I then informed the importunate Káfir herdsman that the prices he had rejected so scornfully were in themselves extortionate, and that the animals purchased and eaten should be paid for after the whole matter had been discussed and settled in Kámdeh. With this assurance he seemed to be fairly content, but there were more serious troubles ahead.

The village of Pittigul is the headquarters of the wealthiest of all the Kám Káfirs, a man named Torag Merik, who is also the wildest and most impracticable of all the head men. He is the same individual who gave me so much trouble on my first visit to Káfiristán, and left me altogether, as soon as he had got money from me to arrange for my transport. On the present occasion he was violent and most outrageous in his demands. He continually threatened my coolies and servants, and in conjunction with Tong Chandlu made things most uncomfortable for me. He wound up by declaring that I must remain where I was for the present, as he required time to decide whether he would let me go on, or insist on my returning to Chitrál by the road I had come. I learnt afterwards that he had been promised a thousand rupees by Ghulám Dast-i-Gír on behalf of the Mehtar, if he succeeded in preventing me from going further into the country. At this juncture another head man arrived from Kámdeh, while a large number of Káfirs were hanging about my camp. Shermalik was one march behind, ministering to an unfortunate horse I had foolishly attempted to bring into the valley. I kept very cool and quiet, but refused to give way to any single demand advanced by Torag Merik. On the following day Shermalik caught me up. I made him display all his presents to the assembled tribesman, fire his rifle at a distant mark on the hill-side, exhibit his derring, and then relate truthfully to his fellows how he himself had been invariably treated by the "Franks" in India. His account of the kindness and honour he had received in India made a profound impression on his audience. They appeared to feel a glow of reflected pride on learning that Shermalik used to ride about on horseback like a Chitráli Prince, while their eyes glistened wistfully as he spread out his gorgeous robes and other finery for their inspection. The rifle was greatly admired, its mechanism being gazed at in a kind of respectful awe. Finally, the latest arrival from Kámdeh, a well-known head man sprang to his feet, and after making many panegyrics on my generosity, exclaimed excitedly that every one of the beautiful garments exposed to view was worth at least eight or ten cows. On this Torag Merik came to me hurriedly and breathlessly to say that I ought to start at once for Kámdeh and stay there all the winter, or as long as the place pleased me, and that when I went back to India, he would send his own nephew to accompany me. Everything being now satisfactorily arranged to all appearance, it was decided that early the following morning my little party should resume its journey. All the Káfirs became friendly and helpful, chatty, and inquisitive, without being troublesome. We all sat round the camp fire talking cheerily till late into the night.

In the early morning, we found most of the Káfirs had already started on ahead, being probably impatient to get to their homes to relate the important and interesting

news they had to tell about the "Frank" and his followers. Among the few that remained behind were Torag Merik and Tong Chandlu. For some reason or other these two men had undergone another change in opinion during the night. The reason for their discontent was not obvious, but I have a suspicion that they had stolen two sheep of mine, which were said to have broken away during the night, and that this successful theft had whetted their appetite for plunder. They kept interfering with the loads, saying that they were too heavy or were badly fastened. As no Káfirs were to carry any of my baggage these comments were altogether gratuitous. Finally, my servant, Mir Alam irritated by their remarks, returned a petulant answer. This seems to have been what they were waiting for. In an instant they threw themselves into a furious rage, drew their daggers and began shouting out abuse. I believe that the whole scene was arranged as a final attempt at blackmailing, for when they perceived that I was quite unmoved at the sight of their violence, and that I was fully prepared to defend my servant if necessary with my double-barrelled pistol, they gradually let their wrath subside, sheathed their daggers, and even made some sort of sullen excuse that my servant was chiefly to blame for what had occurred, because he had begun by abusing them. This was quite untrue. The young Pathan had indeed for a moment hurled back defiance when Torag Merik had infuriated him by vile abuse in far too fluent Pushtu, but the boy had at once pulled himself together, and refrained from adding a single word when the actual crisis occurred.

However, this was the last of our troubles. Torag Merik remained behind at Pittigul, and was still scowling and growling as we moved off. The other man, Tong Chandlu, went with me, and except that he was unusually silent on the road, gave no sign that he was not perfectly content with me.

Near the village of Kamu, where we made our next halt, the people flocked out to meet us, indeed the reception given me at this place might almost be called enthusiastic. Two of the chief men of Kamu came for a long talk. They declared that my staying in their valley would give the greatest pleasure to all, as now Umra Khan would certainly abstain from his threatened attack on the Káfirs. It was easy to perceive that all the Kám had a wholesome fear of the Khan of Jandole. Supplies were brought readily, and the people, with unexpected politeness, refrained from being too pressing in their burning curiosity about me. Then and afterwards the Káfirs always withdrew to a distance when at a certain time in the afternoon, as at the end of a march, my servant was seen getting my bath ready. They appeared to attach an exaggerated importance to the proceeding. In the restraint the Kamu men placed on their insatiable Káfir curiosity, I was glad to perceive a distinct feeling of friendliness towards me. On September 30, we made a short march to the little hamlet of Bináram, a collection of houses about a mile and a half from Kámadesh. This place was Shermalik's home, and his relatives claimed the right of entertaining me on the first day of my arrival at the headquarters of the tribe. We were received with respectful kindness by troops of Káfirs, men, women, and children, who escorted us up the steep hill on the top of which Bináram is perched. Everybody was anxious to carry something for us, not the loads of course, as that would imply some measure of degradation, but small articles, such as guns, sticks, and superfluous clothing, were eagerly seized, and proudly carried before us. We were most hospitably entertained, all offers of payment for provisions being politely but firmly declined. Shermalik's treasures were once more exhibited and admired, a tall man putting on the vestments one by one to show them off with proper effect. The people were outspoken in their expressions of astonishment and delight at the gaudy Peshawer "chappans" (long loose robes).

On the following day we marched into Kámadesh and pitched near the east division of the village. Crowds of people came to welcome me. A kind of deputation of the head men, led by Dán Malik and the priest, warmly welcomed me and expressed the hope that my stay amongst them would extend over three or four years at least. They declared that if I would only take the daughter of some head man as my wife, their satisfaction would be complete, for then they would surely know that I really desired to remain with them. I was not at all prepared for such a friendly reception, the offer of a wife being as unexpected as I imagine it was entirely unprecedented. My reply was couched in appropriate terms, and the wife difficulty was got over without offence by my referring to the difference in our respective national marriage customs. They then suggested that I should send for a woman of my own race from India as soon as it was possible to do so. They obviously placed a curious importance on my getting married. We were shown great hospitality, and everyone was most kind and obliging.

SECTION IV.

I had next to make arrangements about getting a house. There was a tower on the top of the hill which overlooked the whole of the village, and was isolated. It would have suited me admirably, but a transparent little intrigue between Shermalik and the priest, which it was not worth contending against, obliged me to take over one of the houses belonging to the priest.

The Káfirs continued amiable, but soon we began to experience considerable difficulty in getting supplies, especially sheep. Some of the animals brought for sale were on the point of dying from disease, while good, healthy animals were hard to buy, as their wool made them very valuable to the Káfirs. Fowls and eggs were scarce. There is a tiny hamlet of Káfirs converted to Mahomedanism nearly opposite to Kámdeh, across the river. The people of that place, Agaru, promised to supply me with fowls, but they only sent one or two altogether. Even grain and flour were after a time only obtainable after a vast deal of worrying.

Scarcity of supplies.

We were compelled to take advantage of the gratuitous distribution of food by men undergoing the necessary ceremonies for becoming head men or Jast, as they are called. These compulsory public banquets were continually recurring at short intervals. On every such occasion my coolies and servants were marched off to the feast, where they were entertained in precisely the same way as everybody else. That is the right of everyone who happens to be in the village at the time, whether he be a casual visitor or a regular inhabitant.

My efforts were unremittingly directed to getting on a friendly footing with the people. They, on their part, seemed to respond warmly to all my overtures. They thronged my house, were never tired of being shewn the results of the photographs I had taken during my first visit to Káfiristán, and such other trifles as had escaped from the loss of my baggage in the Indus. Crowds of sick people were brought to me, and it seemed as if I were gaining the full confidence of the village and tribe.

Kám factions.

Yet, in spite of all this, there were not wanting signs that the Kám were by no means agreed upon the desirability of having me among them. Two parties were formed. One of these, numerically important, waited with impatience for some assurance that my presence in their village meant a material and immediate advantage to them. A sub-division of this party were anxious to try against me the characteristic Káfir tactics of bullying and blackmailing. The second party, my steady supporters, were recruited for the most part from the inhabitants of the eastern division of Kámdeh. These men, although inferior in number to their opponents, comprised many individuals among those who were the most respected in the tribe for prowess in war, or for the possession of wealth.

Unluckily all the influence of the Mehtar of Chitrál was steadily directed against me. He kept sending messengers into the valley to start intrigues amongst the Káfirs, and, not content with this plan of embarrassing me, he also summoned various head Káfirs to Chitrál, and there incited them in every possible way to expel me from their country. He argued, and with a fair measure of success, that my visit to Káfiristán was fraught with danger to its inhabitants, that my design was merely to spy out the land, learn the roads and study the positions, and then to bring a large army which would seize the whole valley. He strongly advised that my avowed friendship to the Káfirs should be put to the test, and suggested as a crucial experiment that I should be asked to pay down a large sum of money and give the Kám 100 breech-loading rifles. He more than hinted that I had left behind in Chitrál immense treasure and many stands of arms which were originally intended by the Government of India as presents for the Káfirs, but which had been wilfully kept back by me because I considered the Káfirs a wretched savage people, quite unworthy of such splendid gifts. He wound up by frankly offering bribes to the head men to induce them to turn me out of Káfiristán then and there.

Intrigues of the Mehtar.

Of course, the Mehtar overreached himself in showing his impatience and his over anxiety at my remaining in Kámdeh. I was kept well acquainted with all that was going on; whenever a messenger arrived from Chitrál I obtained private intimation that some head man was getting unsettled in mind, or had been openly declaring that I should either produce the coveted rifles or leave the valley altogether. My invariable plan on receiving such news was to send for the malcontent head man on the spot, and then try to reason with him. The arguments I employed were somewhat as follows:— I would ask ironically, How long had the Mehtar shewn such a warm interest in the Kám Káfirs and so strong a desire to befriend them, and why was it that he was so

anxious to get me out of the country? Did the Káfirs really suppose for an instant that his policy was solely dictated by a desire to benefit them? Had they not heard how the Mehtar had formerly acted towards the Yásin? Were they not clever enough to perceive that his real object was dictated by a fear lest the Káfirs should become fast friends of the English, and so grow strong and altogether independent of the power of Chitrál? I invariably ended by assuring my listener that the territory already occupied by the English was quite as much, if not a good deal more, than they desired; that the idea that we coveted the poor villages of Káfiristán, where even my small party could hardly get food enough to eat, was an idle and foolish thought; that my sole reason for coming to visit them was a desire to study everything which could be learnt about the people, and when I had thoroughly acquainted myself with all these matters then to try and help them in every way in my power. I would subsequently write and inform the Government of India how I had been received, and how anxious the Káfirs were to become firm friends of the English, and so on.

My words always seemed to have the desired effect at the time they were uttered, but of course all were not equally convinced of my sincerity, nor had everyone the power of keeping to one opinion steadily. Then, although everyone knew that the Mehtar would never keep his promises nor pay the bribes which he so freely offered, yet many men remained with a vague sense of injury in that I, at any rate, had not paid them the same amount for abstaining from annoying me, as the Mehtar had promised to give them, if they made it impossible for me to remain any longer at Kámdesh. But on the whole, matters proceeded as satisfactorily as could be expected. I had the great advantage of being always able to turn a doubtful scale in my favour by the influence which arises from personal contact. There was also a small party of head men, intelligent and far sighted beyond their fellows, who attached themselves to me from the first. They acted from the sincere belief that my residence amongst them would ensure a freedom from all attacks by Umra Khan, the Amír of Kabul, or the Mehtar of Chitrál. These men were extremely anxious about my personal safety. They freely admitted that in such a large village as Kámdesh there must necessarily be a number of dangerous people who were as foolish as they were open to bribes. The fear was that some of these men in the hope of prospective gain might try to do me some personal injury. I was assured that during the day, there was no danger of any kind, but that at night it behoved me to be most cautious, that my door should be securely fastened, and my apartment kept dark, while it was desirable that the position of my bed should be continually changed, so that no one on the roof of the house at night could possibly know in which direction to shoot at me through the smoke-hole.

So we went on from day to day. I sent for Syad Shah with the rear baggage from Chitrál. He reached Kámdesh without mishap, but he said he had been a good deal bullied on the road. As soon as he arrived all the Baltis, with the exception of the selected five already mentioned, were sent back to Chitrál to be taken through the Mehtar's territory to Gilgit.

Journey to
Dungul
Valley.

It very soon became apparent that in whatever other respects they might differ about me, and about the treatment I should receive, all the Kámdesh people, both my friends and my opponents, were united in a resolve that I should on no account leave their chief village to travel about the country. Every suggestion on my part about the desirability of my making a short journey for sporting purposes or for exercise, was met by the raising of every possible objection. Direct opposition was not displayed at this time, but unremitting attempts were made to render my desire to move abroad impossible. When I expressed a wish to go shooting up the Kamu valley, I was assured that there were no supplies whatever in that direction, that the Kamu villagers were hostile to the idea of my going there, and that consequently the projected journey must be abandoned. They added that if I had expressed a wish to go down the Dungul valley in the Bailám direction, instead of going to Kamu, such a journey could easily have been arranged. I jumped at the suggestion and expressed a keen desire to visit the Dungul valley. They at once whipped round in the most shameless way, and declared that the first fall of snow which happened on October 21, had so completely blocked the pass over the Kámdesh hill, that it had become altogether impracticable, that war parties infested the Dungul valley, and that, in short, the thing could not possibly be done. I answered that my mind was made up, and that nothing could prevent me from doing as I wished. The Kám head men appeared to give way and acquiesce in my starting. The priest, Sbermalik, and three others of the tribe were told off to accompany me as guides and escort, and a day for the journey was fixed. The night before the appointed day, when everything was packed up, the priest sent word begging me to defer my journey for 24 hours as he had important professional

work to do. This seemed a reasonable request, and I complied with it, but on the following day he sent over a similar message to which I naturally demurred and declined to wait for him any longer. He then pretended to be offended at my want of consideration for him and his duties, and the following morning, instead of coming over to me, he remained sulking in his house, while Shermalik and the other guides where nowhere to be found. So I was compelled to start without escort or Káfir companies of any kind. On the road to the pass, an hour or two later Shermalik caught me up. He was in a state of great indignation, and kept assuring me in a loud voice, that I could not follow the dictates of my own judgment in the Kám country as I was accustomed to do in India; that it was necessary for me to submit to the Jast in all things, and so on. He was quickly reduced to tears by my threatening to discard him on the spot. He accompanied me throughout my journey, but was ill at ease all the time, and could not control his temper. The poor fellow was between two fires; he feared my anger, and its result in possible loss of wealth to himself; yet he was terrified at the idea of disobeying the orders of the Jast, who certainly have very decided methods of enforcing their mandates.

My journey was somewhat dangerous, as we very soon discovered, but why on earth the Kám objected to my carrying out my first intention of going up the Kamu Valley, a place inhabited by their own people, which I subsequently visited without the slightest difficulty, I have never been able to discover. Perhaps it was to establish the principle that I must never leave Kámdeh.

As we proceeded on our journey, we came, every few hundred yards, on bands of wild Káfirs of the Kashtán tribe, on their way back from raiding on the Asmár frontier. These people were convinced from the fact of my having no escort that I was leaving Káfiristán hurriedly and secretly, and was on my way to Jellalabad. On the second day my baggage was stopped a dozen times at least. The procedure I adopted on each occasion was to meet the Kashtán in a confident manner, shake hands, give the Káfir salutations, ask questions, examine their arms, and display my own, while my coolies at a sign from me, crept past us. I then got away from my wistful-looking, frowning interlocutors, as quickly as I could, and hurried after my baggage to find it stopped in all probability by some other party. Shermalik was of the greatest use to me, but he and the coolies soon got thoroughly frightened. The prowling bands were all doubtful about letting us pass, and as the law of averages must soon begin to tell against me, I took the first opportunity of leaving the main road to turn up a fine valley leading in the Kamu direction. We had hardly got out of the way when a large raiding party of 250 Katirs, Kashtán, and Mádugál Káfirs swept down the valley upon Bailám. Fortunately, Utah, the priest, hearing what was happening, threw aside his sulkiness, and with a few trusted followers, hastened to my help. After his arrival we were comparatively safe, for none of the tribes mentioned would venture to molest the Kám priest or anyone in his charge, for he was not only the highest ecclesiastical official of the tribe, and the head of a clan, but if his age was taken into consideration was also the show man of his nation, being equally famous for "safe foot in the corrie," "sage counsel in cumber," as well as for the reddest of red hands in the foray. The chief remaining danger was, that the raiders might return with avenging Pathans following closely at their heels. For the rest, Utah merely had to keep his eyes on my belongings to prevent their being stolen. All turned out well in the end. When the wild raiders returned, chanting pæans of victory, displaying their spoils and boasting of their mighty deeds, we fraternised and started back together most amicably. They, indeed, seemed delighted to have me with them to listen to their war songs or to admire their fusillades of triumph. About a mile from Kámdeh we all separated, the warriors returning to their respective homes, while my party marched down the hill to Kámdeh.

After a few days' stay in the village, embittered by continual squabbles with the head men, I gladly seized the opportunity of going to Kamu to see some sick people there, and then shoot up the valley at the mouth of which Kamu stands. This little expedition was now urged on me by the very people who were formerly so opposed to my undertakings. The Kámdeh folk were very anxious concerning the illness of a certain man named Gutkech, who was not only an individual of considerable importance in the tribe, but was also the officiating priest of the Kamu village. My friends confessed that all that had been told me about the impossibility of visiting that place was untrue, and that these false statements had been made simply to meet the supposed exigencies of the moment.

Visit to
Kamu
Valley.

I left Kámdeh on November 12, and after staying two days at Kamu went a short journey up the Kamu Valley. Shermalik again accompanied me as interpreter, for

Syad Shah, on the ground of old age and indifferent health, persistently refused to leave our headquarters at Kámdesh. My experiences at Kamu were anything but agreeable. The people who had been deputed to accompany me on my shooting expedition were most troublesome. Their intention was to reduce me to subjection, so to speak, and in every small particular to make me obey the directions of the Chief of the party. This, of course, was an impossible state of affairs, my position being not very unlike that of a prisoner taken out for an airing. Before I succeeded in relieving myself of this annoyance high words had been spoken. Shermalik, terrified at the threats of the Kamu men, became openly rebellious, threw down his rifles and cartridges, and decamped altogether. I went on my way as if nothing whatever had happened, and tried to demonstrate that my will was at least as inflexible as any Káfir's. After leaving me the best part of the day alone on the hill side, for the Kamu men also went away in anger, they all came back again and calmly recommenced their system of directing and ordering my footsteps just as before. However, they gained nothing by this move and before we reached the village of Kamu on our return journey, I led the march myself, having completely turned the tables on my companions, who were now obliged to obey my instructions. Nevertheless, before this satisfactory state of things was obtained there had been considerable unpleasantness. After this experience I never allowed any Káfir to go just in front of me on the march unless in the capacity of guide. I made an exception in the case of the priest, partly because he was extremely helpful to me, but chiefly because it was his right and privilege to precede everybody of his tribe.

When I returned to Kámdesh, on November 17, the old annoyances soon began again. One evening Syad Shah, thoroughly scared, brought me a peremptory message from Torag Merik that a certain number of rifles must be produced within a stated period, or I must leave the valley without more ado. This was probably merely a threat made in the hope of extorting money, and if that were its real object, it failed as all such threats had invariably failed. Then a deputation from the head men came to see me and kept harping on the same string about the rifles, but after considerable discussion their tone became very friendly and all that could be desired. It is only fair to add that in the course of our conversation no mention was ever made of my having to pay any penalty for non-compliance with their wishes. Still, intrigue was in the air, and my life was rather uncomfortable.

I take two
"brothers."

Acting on Syad Shah's repeated suggestions, I finally consented to go through the peculiar ceremony of becoming Torag Merik's brother. This was done secretly and by night. It proved a valuable lesson to me, showing as it did how impossible it was to keep anything of the kind from the knowledge of the Káfirs, for the very next day the affair was all over the village, while the sole result of my action was that Utah, the priest, was greatly incensed, and declared that his prior claims on my friendship had been publicly and openly slighted. There was obviously only one way out of the difficulty, and that was to adopt the priest also as my brother. He pretended at first that the thing could not be done, hinting that one stranger could not have more than one brother. Subsequently he changed his mind and entered into the subject warmly. Finally he became my "brother" with real enthusiasm. This custom of the Káfirs of adopting strangers as their "brothers" will be fully explained hereafter. It is one of their methods of levying contributions in the Kunar Valley and in other places. The Káfir swears friendship with the traveller in the usual way. He receives presents and conducts his newly-made brother through the debatable land, no other Káfir attempting to interfere with him. Theoretically, the Káfir is supposed to give presents also, but practically he contents himself with handing over a cheese or some other gift of trifling value, while he himself receives robes, money, &c. according to the importance of his safeguard. But it was no part of my plans at this time to excite the jealousy of all the other head men, by making presents to one or two of their number. So I declared that we had become brothers on precisely equal terms, and as our friendship was from the heart alone, it was unnecessary for us to symbolise the sentiment by the exchange of gifts. This was not at all Torag Merik's idea of the situation, but the priest accepted it readily, so the other was compelled to acquiesce in this decidedly unconventional arrangement.

Towards the end of the month the weather became very bad indeed. My flat roof afforded poor protection against the rain, and we were in a miserable plight, besides the extreme difficulty we experienced in getting supplies. The food question became so urgent, that it absorbed most of my time and all my thoughts. Altogether, the month of November ended somewhat unpleasantly.

SECTION V.

December, January, and February were destined to be a time of great trouble to me, although it opened auspiciously enough by my being invited to join the Jast (head men) in a ceremony of a very exclusive kind. It is probable, indeed, that on no former occasion had a stranger ever been permitted to view such proceedings. Although I had been particularly asked by the priest to go to his house for this particular ceremony, both Shermalik the Káfir and Syad Shah my interpreter, declared it would be quite impossible for me to obtain admittance into the inner room, where none but head men or those who exercised religious functions were ever permitted to enter. But, as a matter of fact, I was warmly welcomed on my arrival by the priest and his companions, who conducted me to a seat with great politeness. The respect with which they treated me on this occasion seemed a good omen for the future relations in which we should live together. Indeed, when I look back to my residence in Káfiristán, after comparing different dates in my diaries, the conclusion is forced on me that if the Káfirs had no warm affection for me, which, from our different mental training, our different modes of thought, and our different rules for conduct, was in the nature of things quite natural, yet in their hearts they never bore me any ill-will; indeed, I imagine they had a kind of liking for me, principally based on the idea that they could trust my word as well as my kindly disposition towards them. Only on one occasion, in the Presungul Valley, was personal violence ever suggested or threats uttered to my face, and that unpleasant episode was brought about by a peculiar combination of circumstances, quite foreign to the usual conditions under which we lived together. It seemed that the Káfirs if left to themselves were always inclined to be friendly, provided that their friendliness did not cost them much trouble, and that many of them were not so greatly desirous of getting money out of me, as they were fearful that others of the tribe were being given large presents in which they themselves had no share. It was this peculiar but characteristic jealousy, not only of neighbouring tribes, but also of one another, which was the real origin of more than half my troubles.

Immediately after the ceremony above referred to, my life was comparatively easy and pleasant. In all probability it would have remained so for some time longer, for my relations with the Kám people were daily becoming more and more friendly, had I not been unlucky enough to contract a somewhat serious illness which kept me in bed, with only one or two days' interval, from the 8th to the 25th of December. It was during this short illness that the dormant cupidity of the Káfirs was aroused, and their inveterate jealousy and suspicion of one another accentuated in a very curious way by the bad behaviour of my Kashmiri servant Rusala. The special characteristics of the people were by this time well known to me, and it had been my constant endeavour to keep the men on good terms with one another, by never in any circumstances giving anyone a present except for services actually performed, and by uniformly acting on the supposition that the real danger to the success of my journey lay in the springing up of inter-tribal dissensions. It may be interesting to show how careful well-laid plans may be completely upset by apparently trivial causes.

There was an epidemic of influenza raging in Kámdosh. Every household had one or more of its members attacked. I caught the disease also, and while under the influence of high fever dosed myself with opium and other drugs, in a way which, no doubt, greatly delayed my recovery. Several of my followers were also ill, but Rusala and two of the Baltis escaped infection altogether, and waited on us invalids in the usual kindly oriental way. On the night of December 15, when the fever was high, and I, no doubt, appeared very bad indeed, Rusala thought the time had come for him to look out for himself. He took the keys from under my pillow and went to a room above, where the two faithful Baltis kept watch over my boxes. He proceeded to rummage my property, the timid Baltis not daring to interfere, appropriating money principally, but also sundry articles of warm clothing and trinkets of little or no real value. In the morning my fever abated, and I was told what had occurred. A portion of the stolen property was recovered, Rusala was disgraced and mildly punished, and the affair seemed at an end; but Rusala, fearing that vengeance was in store for him and that he would probably be imprisoned in India for life, made up his mind to run away then and there, and get back to Kashmir as speedily as possible, while in the apparently improbable event of my ever returning there, he intended to bring a false charge against Syad Shah and accuse him of being the actual culprit. He thought rightly that it would be difficult for anyone to convict him of the crime after a lapse

of time especially if witnesses could only be produced with the greatest difficulty, or not at all. In pursuance of this plan he bribed the Káfirs right and left with my property. He prevailed on the priest's brother personally to conduct him out of the valley, and as it subsequently became known, was actually able to induce the priest himself to adopt him as a son in the usual Káfir way. Rusala went away altogether on the 20th, but returned a few days later with a considerable following of Káfirs. He had become so certain of his own position, and also of his power eventually to outwit his new friends, that he had the assurance to return for more "loot" and to make absurd demands on me for back pay which he falsely alleged was due to him. He made his attack through his Káfir accomplices. It seems he had promised certain definite sums to each of his supporters, the payment of which was to be contingent on their forcing the money out of me. He had succeeded in short, by bribing with my money, and by lying promises, in buying over some of my best friends. Yet it must be confessed that they were very shamefaced when the matter was brought to an issue, while some of them purposely kept away from the village on the Chitrál frontier. The only people I could at all rely upon were those who had become enraged at being excluded by Rusala in the general distribution of my goods. Matters shortly assumed a dangerous complexion. Rusala and his friends attempted to dictate terms to me, the chief of which were, that Rusala should return to my service, that all the rest of my servants should be dismissed, and that Rusala should be placed in sole charge of all my property. I was ill in bed when these conditions were excitedly laid before me and argued by eloquent Káfirs, Rusala himself keeping carefully out of the way. Shermalik, out of an intense enmity he had acquired for Syad Shah, brought a little party of his own to wait upon me. They declared that in their belief, Syad Shah was the man who had stolen my goods, and that Rusala was an ill-used man, and ought to be reinstated at once in the way he wished. They also with their tongues in their cheeks, affirmed that Rusala had a right to the absurd rate of back pay which he demanded. Although very weak and ill, I was not idle all this time, and gradually a small number of trustworthy Káfirs came over and took my side in the dispute. One of them sent me word that the only way out of the difficulty was for him to murder Rusala, a task which he professed himself both able and willing to perform. Of course I refused him permission to kill my rascally servant. After considerable thought, I came to the conclusion that it might be necessary to shoot Rusala, but I determined that it should only be done as a very last resource if fighting and bloodshed actually began or were inevitable, when, to save myself and my party, I resolved to shoot Rusala myself openly, and accept all the responsibility for the act. However, this dire necessity never arose. My unswerving determination not to yield to any demand made by the Rusala party gradually told on them and wore them down, while public opinion by degrees began to turn in my favour, and several important men openly or privately declared themselves on my side. Rusala was at length abandoned by all his friends, as soon, indeed, as they were convinced that there was no more of my property to be divided amongst them. Promising him full protection from personal injury, they brought him over to me. He approached with a confident air. But I insisted on his unconditional surrender. After much argument this was granted, and the chief head man amongst Rusala's supporters provided the stick with which justice was done.

My triumph may seem to have been complete; nevertheless, before Rusala was escorted from Chitrál to Gilgit, there were several minor troubles which had to be met. On one occasion, Utah, the priest, threatened to murder all my servants in revenge for the indignities heaped on the head of his adopted son, and when, after more intrigues and much discussion, Rusala eventually left the valley, he marched off in a state of cheerful defiance, for, although abandoned by the priest, yet he had been openly acknowledged as the adopted son of that worthy, and in consequence there was a kind of special sanctity which clung to him, and his person was of course inviolate. A kind of poetic justice befell him, however. He had buried a considerable sum of my money in a stolen silk handkerchief at the foot of a tree on the road to the Kunar Valley when he first left me. Snow hid the spot and prevented his finding it again when he went away for good. The treasure eventually became the property of a lucky Káfir, whose little son found the money which had become exposed by field rats digging up the handkerchief.

The total result of the Rusala episode was unfortunate for me in every way. The Káfir appetite for unearned gains had been whetted. Ever afterwards I was looked upon as a person of extraordinary wealth, who could not possibly have brought so many rupees into the country for his own private use. A gradually increasing suspicion arose in the tribe, that my own personal adherents gained much profit by

my continued residence in Kámdesh, while the bulk of the Kám people derived no benefit from it whatever. The suspicion that I gave presents and money to a few favoured individuals was quite unfounded, but it had the unpleasant effect of persuading my friends that they ought to receive what everyone believed they actually were receiving. These growing feelings of suspicion on the part of some, that gifts were being distributed with partiality among a people claiming equal rights, and the impatience of others at finding themselves gradually incurring the dislike of their fellow tribesmen without any compensating advantage in the way of increasing wealth, eventually led to my expulsion from the Kám Valley. An entire reversal of my policy, the open giving of money to a limited number, a deliberate but straightforward attempt to create a party enthusiastic for my return, and another larger party hopeful of personal advantage by my being again among them, enabled me to get back again to Kámdesh after having been once expelled, although my return journey was naturally undertaken in circumstances of considerable difficulty and danger. But this is anticipating. The chief annoyances at the moment were, first, the envious, covetous eyes with which my visitors gazed always round my room, and secondly, the impossibility of my entertaining my guests properly with tea, tobacco, sweetmeats, and so on, for Rusala, taking advantage of my illness, had made unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by distributing my little stock of luxuries with a carelessly lavish hand. At the termination of the Rusala episode, it seemed advisable on many grounds that I should leave Kámdesh for a short period. By removing to a warmer climate, I could alone hope to regain my health and strength, while the somewhat unsatisfactory relations which still existed between the Káfirs and myself, made it advisable that for a time at least we should not see too much of one another.

The moment I announced this intention the greatest opposition was aroused on the part of the people, and I was so absolutely boycotted that no Kám man could be induced to accompany me either as guide or escort. But, as I was determined that nothing should prevent my doing as I wished in the matter, we started down the Kámdesh hill, alone through the deep snow, but were compelled, on account of my bad health, to halt for a few days in great discomfort at the village of Mergrom, which is a kind of city of refuge for those Káfirs, and their direct descendants, who have killed fellow tribesmen, and who continue unable or unwilling to pay the necessary ransom for the shedding of blood. From Mergrom I sent off a message to Gul Mahomed Khan, the "verted" son of Torag Merik, who lived near Gourdesh. He came at once at my summons bringing with him several hunting dogs, and we went shooting together up the Charadgul Valley. The Kám people, perceiving they were out-manceuvred, hurried off some of their number to overtake me and offer all manner of excuses for leaving me to wander about the country alone, and then to try on various pretexts to persuade me to return at once to Kámdesh; but I refused to listen to these messengers, and, accompanied by Gul Mahomed Khan, marched down the Kunar Valley as far as Nári or Núrsut. The Káfirs all the time gave me great trouble, and succeeded in weaving round me such a mesh of falsehood, that to this day I do not know whether it was true that 30 Shál men hurried up the Valley in the hope of firing a volley into my tent at night, but only reached Nári the day after I left it on my return journey. Even if the story were true, and the Shál men had arrived at Nári a day or two earlier, they would still have been doomed to disappointment, for although my tent was temptingly exposed on the camping place formed by the contiguous housetops of the fortified village, I and my people were securely and comfortably enconced within good walls, whence we could observe whatever was going on. Nári was, moreover, so full of Káfirs, that the Shál men could only have fired at my tent from a distance, and must have then decamped as quickly as possible.

Journey to
Nári.

The people of Nári, on this, my first visit, behaved very badly. The Malik, or head man, on our arrival, came with an angry-faced crowd to watch our proceedings. He refused to afford us any help or to sell any supplies, and shouted out insolently, "Who is this Frank? What does he want here?" I answered that I was a friend of the Mehtar of Chitrál, his sovereign, and that I claimed hospitality in the name of that Prince. On hearing this, the Malik violently exclaimed that he was a subject of no prince, and had but one superior, Heaven. We finally got the food we wanted through Gul Mahomed Khan, while some men with a Káká Kheyl caravan, on learning that a year or two previously I had been very good to a certain Mian well-known in Chitrál, and a relative of several of those present, crowded round me with offers of friendship

and help. Various Chitráli officials, who had joined me on the march, were ostentatiously helpless.

The trouble-
some Malik.

I had all along suspected that the Malik was not only playing a part but playing it badly; nevertheless he and his followers were rapidly becoming an intolerable nuisance, while there is always a danger in permitting oneself to be openly bullied. So I arranged a little plan to bring matters to an issue which I calculated could not be other than favourable to me. On the following morning, seeing the Malik approach in an exaggerated blustering manner, I gave my Pathan servant who was on guard over my tent a prearranged signal, while I turned my back, ostensibly to talk to some Káfirs. The Malik swaggered up to the tent and expressed his intention of going into it. The delighted Pathan in the most insinuating manner politely assured him he must not do so, and when the Malik persisted in opening the hangings of the tent, the Pathan, suddenly changing from suavity and gentleness to ferocity, hit him cleverly between the eyes and knocked him over on his back. The Malik was at once cowed and hurried off weeping, and explaining in a deprecating way to anyone who would listen to him, that he was merely going to look into my tent and nothing more. I was most carefully watching what was going on, but, seeing that it was unnecessary for me to interfere, I pretended to know nothing of what had occurred until the head men of the Káká Kheyls came and told me of it. I sent at once for the Malik and talked to him seriously about his behaviour; I then forgave him all past offences, at the same time warning him to be careful of his conduct in the future. Two or three Káfirs who were standing by then asked him threateningly what he wanted, interfering with my tent. The poor Malik was so terribly non-plussed at hearing this, that there was little doubt left in my mind that he had been instigated to annoy me by the Káfirs themselves, in order to prevent me from prolonging my stay in Narsut, and to compel me to hurry back to Kámdeh. However that may be, our late turbulent host became at once extremely civil, not to say servile, and almost enthusiastic in his helpfulness. We met several times afterwards, and were always very good friends.

Return to
Kámdeh.

On my return to Kámdeh I noticed that the common people of the village were much less cordial in their manner, while several head men, notably the priest, made various determined but unsuccessful efforts to force me to give them presents.

About the same time also the Mehtar of Chitrál recommenced his intrigues against me, but he worked so clumsily that, although he undoubtedly increased the general distrust of my intentions, yet he contrived at the same time to awaken the suspicions of the Káfirs against himself; so that at length it came to be generally believed that the Mehtar wanted me to be killed or badly injured, so that he might have a pretext for invading the Bashgul Valley, with the help of the Government of India. I think he certainly had this design in his head at the time, but Colonel Durand at Gilgit seemed to have some prescience of my position, for about that period he wrote one or two firmly worded letters to the Mehtar which alarmed him greatly. Shortly after receiving them the Mehtar changed his plans altogether, and his sole remaining desire was to get me out of the Káfir country as safely and as quickly as possible. This sudden change of front, from bribing men to injure me to impressing nervously on the same men the absolute importance that no harm should happen to me, bewildered his hearers. They whipped round also, and to many it now seemed a matter of vital importance that I should remain in Kámdeh, not because they believed in the honesty of my intentions more than they did before, but because they believed the Mehtar had been warned from Gilgit not to do anything which might endanger my personal safety, and on no account to attack the Káfirs until after I had left their country. Consequently, the head men thought that the date of my departure from Káfiristán might be the signal for a Chitráli invasion of the Lower Bashgul Valley. My short journeys were in each instance believed by many to be nothing less than my actual departure from the valley, although the majority of the people invariably trusted my word, and raised only a tacit resistance each time I left the village. They all, friends and opponents alike, always seemed greatly relieved when I came back again.

Proposal to
keep me
prisoner.

On January 14, it was seriously debated whether it would not be advisable for the Kám to keep me a strict prisoner for at least three years. It was argued that by so doing the tribe would not only secure a valuable hostage, but would also be in a position to apply the screw and compel me to send to India for rifles or whatever else the Káfirs wanted. This last consideration had a great hold on the national conservative instincts of several of the head men. News of what was going on was brought to me. I pretended to laugh it to scorn, but at the same time took the precaution of sending for the instigators of the notable scheme, to talk it over seriously with such as answered my summons and came to see me. I

reminded them of the sacred rights of hospitality, instanced once more the way in which I had treated Shermalik in India, and assured them yet again that whenever I left Kámdesh it would be openly, in broad daylight, and never as a thief or a prowling animal. Finally, I declared I had no intention whatever of going away in the spring, and I challenged anyone present to say that he doubted my word. Thereupon everyone gave me his assurance that he believed me implicitly. At the termination of all these interviews, I invariably parted with my guests with cordial expressions of friendship on their lips.

After a few days the clouds appeared to be slowly drifting away, when a formidable intriguer appeared on the scene in the form of Mian Gul, of Mirkani, and Arandu, the man who once caused me so much anxiety about Shermalik at Srinuggar. This individual had met me at Chitrál with some kerosene oil he had brought at my request from Peshawer. He had been most liberally recompensed, and was also given a monthly salary for acting as my nominal agent in the Kunar Valley, but Rusala had excited him greatly by untrue stories of the enormous wages I paid my servants, until Mian Gul became firmly convinced that he himself was most badly treated because he only received ten rupees a month for doing little or nothing. He always maintained that, because he had carried information to the Peshawer missionaries about the Káfir tribe, he held the gates of the Bashgul Valley, as he put it. Sincerely believing himself to be a thoroughly ill-used man, he became an active intriguer against me, and attached many of the Kámdesh head men to him by promising them a large share of the money he intended to force me to pay; for his avowed object to his friends was simply to blackmail me. His tactics were so similar to those employed by Rusala, that the inference that he inspired the latter is almost irresistible. Mian Gul was an abler man than Rusala, but resembled him in the fact that he was wanting in real pluck. He began craftily, and I had no idea of what was going on until I found that some letters of mine, given a month previously to Mian Gul to send to Peshawer, had never been taken further than Mirkani at the mouth of the Ashruth Valley, where they were detained in Mian Gul's house. Unfortunately, this man always had some personal fear of me ever since an interview we had together in Srinuggar, on which occasion I had spoken my mind to him freely, so that when he came to Kámdesh to press his imaginary claims, he opened his attack through certain of his Káfir wife's relations and through his own personal friends, instead of coming to me straight to tell his grievances, and in doing so, give me the opportunity of explaining matters to him. Everyone in the village knew what was being attempted, and eagerly awaited the result of this flagrant attempt at blackmailing. I was told that my letters for the time being must remain where they were, and it was plainly hinted that Mian Gul must be propitiated. To this undisguised attempt at bullying I firmly replied that unless the letters, which by tacit agreement were made a test question, were produced on a particular day, then Mian Gul must consider himself as dismissed from my service, and that I would never employ him again in any circumstances. I added that I would accept no excuses of any kind, that my determination to dismiss Mian Gul if the letters were not produced at the time mentioned was fixed and unalterable, no matter what happened in the meantime, sickness, falls of snow, or anything else. The letters were not produced, and I formally dismissed Mian Gul. A deputation of head men then waited on me to ask, or rather demand, that I should reinstate Mian Gul in his old position. I declined to comply with this request, giving my reasons in full. Then we had a very bad time indeed. The air was full of threats. Every single head man of any importance in the tribe had attached himself to Mian Gul's cause, and every kind of menace was conveyed to me, often by very circuitous roads. Shermalik, my "son," became thoroughly frightened and with tears implored me to leave the valley secretly and at once before worse befell me. He said he had made his own arrangements to go away also, for he had now become so obnoxious to the tribe from his connexion with me that it was no longer safe for him to remain in the valley, but I remained quite firm and pretended to ignore the possibility of any danger.

For several days no Káfir came near my house. I was regularly boycotted. Then, on January 23, I was summoned to Torag Merik's house to meet, or one might almost say to appear before, the chief head men who were assembled there. This was the first time such a request had ever been made to me, for it had been the invariable rule for a deputation of the Jast to wait upon me whenever there was anything for us to discuss together; but as it would not have been safe to refuse to go, and as my chief anxiety was to get at once into close contact with my opponents, I waived all ceremony, and started as soon as the summons from the head men was delivered to me.

Intrigues
and dismissal
of Mian Gul.

Difficulties
with the
Jast.

The most important of the Jast were already collected together in Torag Merik's house when I arrived, and Mian Gul was lying half concealed on the roof close to the smoke hole, from which position he could see and hear all that went on below. On entering the room where the Jast were collected I affected cordiality, and tried to appear unconcerned and genial. A meal was in progress, of which I also partook. As soon as the eating was finished all the Káfir batteries were opened on me at once. Cajolery, arguments, threats, all were in turn employed. I was told of the danger involved in disobeying the orders of the Jast, the mildest of which, it was explained to me, comprised the burning of the delinquent's house, and the plundering of his goods and chattels. I replied it was most right and proper that the authority of the head men should be strictly maintained, and went on to remark on the different customs among Englishmen and Káfirs, and explained how remarkably law-abiding the men of my race were, but I refused to accept any suggestion which tended to support the idea that I, a guest, must necessarily submit my strictly private affairs to the authority of the Jast. I contended that as Mian Gul was my servant, paid with my money, I had a perfect right to dismiss him if he failed in his duty to me, that he had so failed, and consequently had been dismissed. I added that my decision on that point was irrevocable. Torag Merik then got very excited, but I particularly noticed that Dán Malik and the others tried persuasive methods only after the failure of their attempts at coercion. After about three hours' incessant talk the Káfirs got exhausted and bored to death. Observing this I assumed a rage I was far from feeling and sprang to my feet, declaiming against Mian Gul, his treachery and disloyalty, and concluded by stating positively that nothing on earth would move me from the position I had taken up, nor would I willingly look on the face of such a rascal again. Torag Merik came in for a share of my invective also, in that he, my "brother," had openly sided against me. The head men present looked at first doubtful, then surprised, and finally they applauded, while my interpreters had their work cut out to follow my rapid speech, but my gestures had no doubt helped my hearers to understand my meaning. The victory so obviously remained with me that Mian Gul sent down word from the roof that he would accept my decision if he were paid a preposterous sum of rupees which he declared was still owing to him. Even the Káfirs shouted with laughter at this impudent demand, while I, taking advantage of their humour, brandished my stick and threatened Mian Gul with all sorts of calamities in English, which, though not understood, was evidently accepted as the outpourings of natural indignation. This was practically the end of what at one time promised to be a troublesome if not dangerous business. The Káfirs became most friendly again, as was shown by their once more urging me to marry and settle down amongst them for good. In the evening Utah, the priest, came to my house to make a last appeal for Mian Gul, so that no stone should be left unturned in getting some of the promised presents out of him. Utah's request had also to be refused. It appeared from his remarks that he had purposely abstained from being present at the meeting at Torag Merik's house because, he said, he was sure the Jast would be defeated, and he could not bear to witness such a sight. From this observation it seems probable that the Káfirs had been only playing a game of bluff with me all through. If so, I can only say that they were extremely good actors. Following up the advantage I had gained over Mian Gul, I next insisted on my letters being given up forthwith. They were eventually brought to me by Mian Gul, who then received his arrears of pay up to the time he was dismissed from my service. He returned to the valley only once while I remained in it. He continued his intrigues, but the failure of his direct attempt at blackmailing had discredited him to a great extent in the eyes of the Kám, who formerly looked upon him as a man of almost superhuman wisdom. He still remained a thorn in my side, but not a very painful one. I had on one occasion to take active steps to prevent his being murdered by an over-zealous partizan of mine. To the end he chiefly worried me by his persistent statements to Káfirs that he knew for a fact that the Government of India had entrusted me with many valuable presents for the Káfirs, which I was engaged in "eating" myself instead of handing over to their legitimate recipients; but he also at the same time started a report that I was a "small" person of no importance in my own country, the robbery or murder of whom would be allowed to pass unnoticed. In his anger he thus made conflicting statements about me which enabled me easily to turn the tables on him, and laughingly ask my hearers if a "small" person, such as Mian Gul described me to be, was likely to be entrusted by the Government of India with the presents he spoke of. It was, indeed, an easy matter to make the Káfirs perceive the glaring discrepancies of Mian Gul's story, provided that my audience were in a sufficiently cool and reasoning humour.

SECTION VI.

During the months of March and April 1891 my relations with the Káfirs continued steadily to improve. The spring festivals kept them fairly employed, and although the populous upper village left me rather severely alone, there were no more individual attempts to extort or worry presents from me. Of course there were various small unpleasantnesses to be undergone. The Káfirs, for instance, were unremitting in their endeavours to corrupt the loyalty of my followers, and their efforts were not without some measure of success, except in the case of the Baltis, whose unswerving fidelity neither threats or promises could affect in any way. Syah Shah did succumb to these sinister influences. He maintained close friendly relations with Mian Gul, and caused me considerable annoyance. He fell very ill, and from the date of his recovery, gradually detaching himself from me, fell completely into the hands of Mian Gul and the intriguing Káfirs. He then became frightened out of his wits at his new friends, and secretly left the house of the chief man of Kamu, with whom he was staying for the benefit of his health, as the climate of that village is considerably warmer than in Kámdesh. He was at once followed, and, as if he had been a prisoner instead of a guest, was severely beaten and robbed. My influence, however, was sufficient to enable me to recover all the stolen property. Shortly afterwards Syah Shah was sent off to India. He had proved in the end a thoroughly bad bargain. His natural timidity had increased with age, and he fell an easy prey to the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. As he invariably refused to accompany me on any of my short journeys, declaring that he was too old and too unwell to leave Kámdesh, I consequently had but small opportunity of exerting continuous personal influence over him.

Departure of
Syah Shah.

While on a short visit to Shah-i-Mulk at Kila Drosh I discovered that that prince, with the full consent of his father, the Mehtar, was desirous of erecting a fort at the village of Nári or Narsut. I was asked to select an appropriate site for the building and perform what is the Chitráli equivalent to laying the foundation stone. The Mehtar's object was to create a general impression amongst the surrounding tribes that the proposed fort was being built by order of the Government of India. Of course I was compelled to excuse myself as politely as possible from doing as he wished, and made haste to get back to Kámdesh to be relieved from further importunities on the subject. During this short stay in the Kunar Valley we ran short of supplies on more than one occasion. Once, on the way to Kila Drosh from Arandu, being without food and very hungry, I was compelled to take by force a goat which the owner refused to sell me out of his flock. He was a fanatical looking Mahomedan who admitted he was a subject of Shah-i-Mulk. The incident was unpleasant, but happily it was also unique. We were at the time in very great straits. The man was eventually told that the whole circumstances of the case should be related to Shah-i-Mulk and the whole value of the goat paid over to that prince. On hearing this, the man expressed a wish that the money should be paid into his own hand. He was accordingly given the price of the animal with a small addition, as compensation for the buffet he had invited and received. We left him apparently quite contented. His refusal to supply me with food was dictated by pure churlishness, and because he considered me a Káfir, *i.e.*, "infidel" of the worst type. The whole circumstance is recorded here, because it was the only instance of the kind which occurred during my mission.

Kila Drosh.

In April I paid another visit to the Kunar Valley, going as far down it as Upper Bailám. A Chitráli guard accompanied me in addition to my own Káfir escort. The Chitráli soldiers were a company of the regular troops which the Mehtar was at that time forming. It was a custom of this guard to stand round me with fixed bayonets whenever I rested even for an instant, guarding my person with unnatural alertness for a time until they became wearied of the occupation, when they one and all would march off and leave me altogether. During one of the many intervals in this spasmodic vigilance, a somewhat serious disturbance broke out between the inhabitants of Arandu and my followers. The villagers used the smooth water-worn stones which they keep ready on the house tops for such purposes. We all had to turn out and fight, until the lagging Chitráli guard came to our help. There were a good many bruises and contusions, but no one was seriously hurt. After the tumult was suppressed the leaders of the disturbance were bound and delivered over to me for punishment, it being carefully explained that I might do with them whatever I pleased. An inquiry, however, elicited the unpleasant fact that the quarrel had been undoubtedly caused by the high-handed behaviour of my own Pathan servant. The prisoners were

The Kunar
Valley.

therefore at once released, and the Pathan who had suffered rather severely in the fray, was suitably admonished. A short time afterwards he had to be dismissed from my service altogether. This unhappy incident was followed by no bad result in the village in which it occurred, for the people of that place were, from that time forward, invariably helpful and friendly to me. For any expedition similar to mine it is most desirable that all followers should be good-tempered men. This is, indeed, a far more important qualification in selecting servants than any other I can think of.

During this second visit to the Kunar Valley I found the fort at Narsut rapidly approaching completion. When I returned to Kámdesh, on April 27, I found most of the men were away with their flocks and herds, and the village in consequence was nearly empty; but those who remained received me with more than usual cordiality. Little crowds came daily to see me, and many sick people were brought for treatment, so that my time was fully occupied. At the time of the year at which I am now writing, "Great Gish," the war god, is honoured by drum beatings and by curious observances. He is the national god-hero to whom all successful warriors make obeisance on their return from a foray.

What may be called the bloodshed season opened in 1891, at the beginning of April, when the pass which leads into the Dungul Valley from Kámdesh was sufficiently clear of snow to allow the hardy Káfirs to cross it.

On April 5 two Kashtán men returned in triumph after having committed a couple of murders in the Asmár direction. The Kám men also had achieved some similar small successes which delighted the tribe, and these, in conjunction with the Gish ceremonies, kept them all in a high state of good humour. There was daily practice with bows and arrows, and much preparation of weapons on the part of young men hungering for fame.

In the prevailing general satisfaction I was especially honoured, and the individual who is supposed to be at times temporarily inspired during sacrifice and other religious functions took every opportunity of performing his antics before me. He, no doubt, helped to increase my general popularity, which at that time seemed considerable. Utah, the priest, after many doublings, had settled down as my firm friend, and even my avowed opponents had begun to abandon their intrigues against me as hopeless speculations. In short, the general aspect of things was decidedly encouraging, and the only rift in the lute was the dislike and impatience with which the Kám listened to any suggestion of mine about visiting other tribes. So long as I was content to remain with them and never speak even of other Káfirs, so long would a majority of the Kám be delighted to have me with them, but the moment a word was spoken of my wish to go to Lutdeh every brow lowered and every face grew sullenly angry. The Kám people had no objection to my going to Chitrál or to the Kunar Valley, both of them Mahomedan districts. They reserved all their jealousy for their co-religionists in Káfristán.

Umra Khan
of Jandole.

For some time past also a cloud no bigger than a man's hand had appeared on the horizon. It had increased a little, but as yet gave no portent of a coming storm. This was Umra Khan, the ruler of Jandole. He was then engaged in making secret overtures to the Kám, who on their part had shown themselves perfectly willing to send and receive emissaries bearing friendly messages.

The Káfirs just then were extremely discontented with the Mehtar of Chitrál. The cause of quarrel was the grazing grounds about Narsut. The Kám claimed both banks of the Kunar river at the place mentioned, while the Chitrális wished to restrict them to the right bank only. There had been threats and recriminations on both sides, which culminated in a straining of the relations between Chitrál and the Kám almost to the snapping point. The Mehtar re-affirmed his intention of introducing Gujars into the Narsut district, while the Káfirs roundly swore they would murder all such intruders. The Mehtar's action in building a fort at Narsut had also given great offence to the Kám, who were secretly assured by Umra Khan of his entire sympathy. There had, consequently, come to be a considerable *rapprochement* between the Káfirs and the wily Khan of Jandole. Whenever my opinion was asked on this frontier question I consistently threw all my influence into the Chitrál scale. It had ever been a favourite idea of mine that Chitrál influence could not extend too far down the Kunar river. At the time of which I am writing it existed in some form or other as far as Upper Bailám, as was obvious from the fact that Chitráli officials had conducted me thither. I felt certain, moreover, that the Chitrális were only "trying it on," and would never really come to an open rupture with the Káfirs for the paltry increase of revenue which the settlement of a few Gujars would afford the Mehtar. Besides, although Umra Khan had expressed a desire to meet me privately while nominally on

a hunting expedition—a meeting, by the way, which never came off—and although he was apparently inclined to be friendly towards me, I was nevertheless well aware that he was using all his new friendship with the Káfirs to induce them to send me out of the country. I, therefore, never tired of pointing out to the Káfir people that Umra Khan's real object in being so anxious about my leaving Káfiristán must simply be that he himself was desirous of being in a position to attack the Bashgul Valley without at the same time running any risk of compromising himself with the Government of India.

For a long time past the Káfirs had been dreading an attack from Umra Khan, and had been in much doubt both as to the willingness and also the ability of the Mehtar to help them against the Jandole people in case of need. Yet in spite of this dread of Umra Khan, and although my words had some slight weight with them, they were yet greatly elated, almost intoxicated, at the uncommon friendship which Umra Khan was displaying towards them in expressing his willingness to help them covertly in their present quarrel with the Mehtar. This feeling was sedulously worked upon by one of their own head men named Mír Ján, a man of considerable repute amongst his fellows for political sagacity and astuteness, who himself really believed in the good faith of Umra Khan. Mír Ján had several times visited Jandole, where he had been well treated, and had received many valuable presents. He was one of the Kám orators, and consequently possessed much influence over the people. It was well-known also that he had much to lose if Umra Khan proved faithless, for his grazing grounds were in an exposed position, where they were liable to be raided by the Jandolis at any time. No doubt the knowledge of this fact had no small influence in convincing Mír Ján that the true policy of this tribe was to ally itself with Umra Khan. It was, indeed, one of those arguments which can be used effectively on both sides of a question. In the end no definite conclusion was arrived at, for the Káfirs wanted me to stop with them, and yet did not want to disoblige Umra Khan. There the matter rested, but it was obvious that should I ever become unpopular again, then Umra Khan's party would rapidly increase in strength and influence, and might tell heavily against me at a critical moment. This, as a matter of fact, is what actually did happen. When I eventually left the valley for good, my departure was generally accepted as an assurance that Umra Khan would become a firm friend of the tribe. Unhappily, however, my predictions were confirmed to the letter. Umra Khan promptly raided the Káfir grazing grounds in Narsut, killed several people and carried off others for ransom, and there has been war to the knife, accompanied with lamentable bloodshed, between him and the Kám ever since.

Schemes of
Mír Ján.

SECTION VII.

During the early part of May the disputes between the Chitrális and the Káfirs, concerning the grazing grounds at Nursut, reached an acute stage. Shah-i-Mulk brought in a family of Gujars, all of whom were immediately murdered by the Káfirs. One of the assassins was captured and detained by Shah-i-Mulk, who, however, refrained from punishing him in any other way. Both sides then assumed a threatening attitude. Finally, the Mehtar sent an ultimatum to Kámdesh, that unless the Káfirs at once and for ever gave up all claim to the "Ailáks," on the left bank of the Kunar river at Nursut, a Chitráli army would at once invade the Bashgul Valley. The Kám naturally got very excited on hearing this, and a deputation of the head-men waited on me, bringing the Mehtar's messengers with them. The whole question at issue was then discussed in my presence, and I willingly agreed to do everything in my power for the maintenance of peace. In the fulfilment of this promise I wrote at once to the British newswriter at Chitrál, and desired him to see the Mehtar without delay, and point out the danger I should be in if war broke out with the Káfirs. I further instructed him to write to Gilgit, if he thought it necessary, and explain the state of affairs to Colonel Durand. Although it was nearly certain that the Mehtar was merely trying to extort by threats what he had failed to obtain by other methods, yet there was considerable danger that the inflammable Kám might take these threats literally, and anticipate any hostile action on the part of the Chitrális by raiding across the frontier. To me it was absolutely certain that the Kám would never give up their immemorial rights to the Narsut grazing grounds, rights which they had established once and again by hard fighting, unless they were thoroughly beaten in war. I had, after very great trouble, at length succeeded in making arrangements for visiting Lutleh. The Kám strongly disapproved of my going there, but were just then in a conciliatory mood towards me on account of the help I had been able to give them in

Disputes
between
Chitrális and
the Káfirs.

their negotiations with Chitrál. I had, however, to put off my journey for a few days on account of an outbreak of inter-tribal fighting at Lutdeh. It was of the usual fratricidal kind for which the Katirs have so unenviable a notoriety. It is the intense enmity of family to family, of brother to brother, in that district, which has given the Mehtar of Chitrál a predominating influence over that part of the Bashgul Valley. Many of the Kám who were connected by marriage ties with the Katirs, rushed off to Lutdeh to try and arrange peace. Happily their efforts were crowned with success, and in a few days I was able to start on my journey.

Journey to
Lutdeh.

I was accompanied by two or three Kám men, one of whom, a head-man, had secret instructions from the Jast to bring me back to Kámdeh on a certain definite date, and to watch and see that I did not become too friendly with the Katirs. In short, my Kám followers were to be as much my custodians as my escort. To reach Lutdeh from Kámdeh that short portion of the Bashgul Valley inhabited by the Mádugál Káfirs has to be traversed. This tribe had always been friendly towards me, but their chief, Bahdur, was a man of insatiable cupidity, and always looked on me as a barred tiger, just before feeding time, might gaze on a stalled ox; but the Kám were far too powerful and far too close at hand for Bahdur to give me any trouble while I was under their escort, and we were treated extremely well by his people.

On the border of the Katir country I was met by my old friend Kán Mára, of Lutdeh, and by several Káfirs belonging to the western branches of the Katir tribe, who were then, and still are, at war with the Kám people. My reception was most agreeable. The greatest hospitality was shown me, and my entrance into Lutdeh itself was signalled by drum-beatings and by other attempts to do me honour. The people were very polite. It was by this time well known throughout the Bashgul Valley that curiosity, which took the form of personally handling me or my garments, was a thing I never permitted, and that certain topics of conversation were most distasteful to me. It was amusing and gratifying to notice how a man would pull himself up when he found he was approaching dangerous ground, and then with apologetic looks would change the conversation. The quiet behaviour of the women left nothing to be desired. They kept themselves entirely in the background. It was a moot point with the Káfirs whether I was a confirmed woman-hater, or whether I was such a superior person that their women had no possible attraction for me.

The Mandál
Pass.

After resting a day or two at Bragamatál (Lutdeh) we marched leisurely up the valley, being warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained at the fort villages which are peculiar to this part of the Bashgul Valley. I crossed the Mandál Pass into the Minján Valley of Badakhshán on June 1, in the face of a most strenuous opposition. The Káfirs did everything they knew to prevent me from going, both Katirs and Kám combining to try and stop me. They even went the length of trying to lead me by false assurances up the Skorigul Valley, which debouches into the main Bashgul Valley, a short distance above the village of Pshui or Pshowar, and were furious, when I could not help laughing at this puerile device. They then tried every possible plan short of actual violence to detain me. Shermalik, my Káfir "son," became clamorous, rebellious, and openly defiant. At the foot of the pass the whole party announced their intention of leaving me altogether, declaring that no one knew the road; that the snow was terrible, and that everybody was in fear of the furious Afgháns who were known to be waiting for us on the other side. On hearing this I bade my companions good-bye, expressing a friendly hope that I should see them again on my return journey. I then moved on with three Baltis, the only following of any kind that I had, and the only men who could always be relied upon to obey my orders without comment. We had not gone more than a mile or so when the majority of the Káfirs came running after us and declared their intention of accompanying me. They were not in the least abashed at having to gainsay all they had told me, but, on the contrary, laughed cheerfully at their former lies. We crossed the pass fairly easily; but once in the Minján Valley my troubles recommenced. The object of the Káfirs was to get money, or the promise of money, out of me. The Kám head man, who had accompanied me from Kámdeh, had elected to stay behind, not liking the snow, so he said, but he had sent in his place an extremely intelligent but wild Kám Káfir, named Mersi, who was but slightly accustomed to or acquainted with me and my ways. He was unluckily an orator, and consequently possessed great influence over his companions. All the rest of the Káfirs, with the exception of Shermalik, who was completely under the influence of Mersi, were Katirs and strangers to me. They had persuaded themselves that renewed threats of leaving me, violent wrangles, and mad behaviour generally, would compel me to agree to whatever demands they chose to make. Finding milder methods of no avail, I was at length compelled to take the floor. I sternly ordered

the chief of the Katirs, who was also Kán Mára's son, to sit down in a place I indicated under pain of never being allowed to come near me again, while I dismissed the masterful and turbulent Mersi on the spot. Finding my orders were being obeyed Mersi rushed off white with passion; but, stumbling in crossing a torrent, he fell heavily, breaking two fingers of his hand. He had to return humbly to get the bones set and his pain relieved.

I only went as far as the first Minján village, for the people came to implore me to go back lest the Amír of Kabul should make my unauthorised visit an excuse for wreaking his vengeance on them. Porters carrying the baggage of the Afghán Governor of Faizabad had already made their appearance in the district, while that powerful official himself was expected to arrive the following day. So there was nothing for it but to return by the way I had come, and save the kindly but wretched Minjánis from the terrible plundering which my visit might be made a pretext for inflicting on them. I wrote a letter to His Highness the Amír of Kabul expressing a desire to visit the Minján Valley, and asking his permission to do so. I also explained the circumstances which had led to my finding myself on his frontier while travelling in Káfristán. This letter was never delivered. It was buried, and so well was the secret of my journey kept that three months afterwards, when I met some Minjánis from the lower villages, they assured me that they had never even heard of my arrival in their valley.

On our return journey we reached Bragamatál (Lutdeh) on June 6. Two of the three Baltis who crossed the Mandál with me got snow blind, and although their eyes quickly recovered under treatment they remained weak and ill for some days on account of the severity of the march they had undergone. I had left a fourth Balti behind at the village of Pshowar in charge of my baggage. He had been particularly well treated by the villagers. The remaining Balti was sick at Kámdeh. He had been instructed to follow me, bringing my tent, as soon as he was fit to travel. Having so little transport, if any of my five Baltis fell sick, my tent had perforce to be abandoned. This always added greatly to the discomforts and fatigues of a march, as it then became difficult or impossible to insure a good night's rest after a toilsome day.

Return to
Lutdeh.

I remained at Bragamatál ten days, very pleased with the general friendliness of the people. A letter reached me there from the Mehtar of Chitrál in which he distinctly assured me he never had the slightest real intention of attacking the Kám people while I remained in their country, but had simply been trying to frighten them into compliance with his wishes. This was satisfactory, but the news from Kámdeh itself was much less so. It appeared that the Káfirs had stripped and beaten two of the Mehtar's messengers on the road, and that a small armed force of Chitrális had been very nearly attacked in Kámdeh itself.

On June 14, the Balti who had been left behind arrived at Bragamatál, but without my tent, having been told by Dán Malik to leave it where it was. My somewhat prolonged absence had evidently created a suspicion in the minds of the Kám men that I was not going back at all, so that Dán Malik was detaining my tent as a kind of hostage for my reappearance. I thereupon sent another man to fetch it, who met me with it on the way.

We returned to Kámdeh on June 19. Before leaving Bragamatál Kán Mára had assured me he could take me to Presungul (Viron), but very strongly deprecated my making any attempt to get into the more western valleys. However, he said that if I was determined to try and get there he would do all in his power to help me. As the Katirs were just then on most friendly terms with the Presungul people, it would obviously be a great advantage to me to go into that country under Kán Mára's auspices. The Katirs, moreover, were at peace with the Wai and the Rámgul Káfirs. The Kám, on the other hand, had been at war with the Rámgulis for generations, and were always liable to be attacked by them when travelling in the Presun country.

Arrival at
Kámdeh.

Nothing could be pleasanter than my relations with the Kám, from the date of my return to Kámdeh on June 20 to the end of the month. The Chitrál difficulty was settled, the Mehtar had admonished Shah-i-Mulk, the Káfir prisoner had been set at liberty, and friendly relations were again established. The Kám head men rightly thought that I had had a principal hand in bringing about this satisfactory state of affairs. They talked about building me a house, there were no longer difficulties about supplies, and an unusual deference was paid to my real or supposed wishes.

We planned a journey into the Presun (Viron) Valley. It was arranged that I was to go with a few Kám Káfirs up the Baprok Nullah and cross the Mami pass into the Presun country with the help of the Katirs, while Utah, the priest, with a strong escort of Kám men, was to travel by another road, meet me in Presungul and

escort me back to Kámdesh. Nearly everybody seemed amiable and helpful. There were, indeed, false rumours flying about that I had distributed large sums of money at Lutdeh, but as the authors of those rumours were known to be men persistent in their hostility to me, their statements were received with a good deal of reserve. The inveterate enmity of the men referred to could only have been overcome by bribing, when the remedy would have been worse than the disease, for the thing could not have been kept secret, while to bribe an enemy often means paying a premium for ill-will. Umra Khan continued to send in his messengers, who explained that the only obstacle to a complete *rapprochement* between their master and the Káfirs was my continued presence in Kámdesh, and to assure them that as soon as ever I left the valley he was prepared to enter into a firm alliance with them, and use all his military power to help them against either the Mehtar of Chitrál or the Amír of Kabul. These matters were openly discussed, but the great majority of the people were still quite satisfied with things as they were. Whether at that time I was living in the calm which precedes the thunder storm, or was merely in a fool's paradise, I have never been able to decide; but I imagine that the end of June was really the period when my popularity reached its zenith, in spite of the discontent which my journey to Lutdeh had undoubtedly awakened in the minds of many.

SECTION VIII.

Troubles at
Kámdesh.

Early in July there was clearly something wrong with the people of the upper village. One or two of their head men came to tell me they feared the Kám people had lost favour in my eyes since I had been to the Káfir country. I assured them that was not the case, and they went away apparently satisfied at my words. Nevertheless there was obviously some soreness in the minds of many of the villagers concerning my visit to Lutdeh. The ungrateful Mersi, who had left me at that place on our return journey to Minján, brimming over with gratitude for my kindness in treating his broken fingers, and for the wages he had received for accompanying me, no sooner arrived in Kámdesh than he began to grow discontented with the money he had been paid. He appears really to have convinced himself against his own reason that I had given much more money to the Katirs than to him. He went all over the upper village complaining of the treatment he had received, and gradually infuriating himself with his own eloquence.

My Kám followers were paid according to their rank, and according to the number of days they had spent with me. It thus happened that the Kám head man who started with me from Kámdesh had received a larger sum than Mersi. This head man was in considerable disgrace with his fellows for allowing me to cross the Mandál Pass. Public opinion was indeed so strongly pronounced against him that he kept to his house, and was terribly cast down. It gradually came to be accepted as a fact, that not only had I given a splendid largess, but that the head men, particularly those of the eastern village, were receiving regular payments from me.

Mersi attempted openly to force me to give him an enhanced present. He was so obviously in the wrong, and had behaved so badly throughout, that he could get no single man to support him. He uttered vague threats about murdering me, and conducted himself so violently that there was no possibility of my coming to terms with him. Indeed, he had gone to such lengths before I actually returned to the village, that he had closed every door of possible reconciliation. He had so furiously excited himself, and had indulged in so many wild vapourings, that had I bought him off, his sudden change of front would certainly have been attributed to its true cause. He would have been admired for his successful tactics, and would at once have found many imitators.

All this time Mír Ján, Umra Khan's adherent among the head men, was untiring in his efforts to impress the people with his own belief in the irresistible power of the Khan of Jandole, and with the sincerity of his wish for a friendly alliance with the Kám.

My old friends of the east village remained fairly firm, although the rumoured favours I had bestowed on the Katirs had not been without an unfortunate effect on their minds also. Their jealousy of the Lutdeh people did not make them exactly hostile to me, but somewhat sore and a little indifferent.

Village
feuds.

On July 14 there was a large gathering of the head men to decide whether a house should be built for me, and if so, where it was to be erected, and who was to do the work. It seems that the proceedings opened quietly enough, when some remark was

made which stirred up those feelings of inter-tribal jealousy so characteristic of the Káfirs. Soon the representatives of the three divisions of Kámdesh—the upper, the lower, and the east villages—were hard at work quarrelling. At first they were all against one another; but before the end, the east division had to contend against the other two, united. I knew nothing of what was going on, but I subsequently heard that my friends in the assembly grew more and more excited, and finally quitted the council in great anger. I was informed afterwards by a small deputation from the east village, that in future I must rely upon them alone. They would build me a house, arrange for my supplies, and take me wherever I wished to go, while the rest of the tribe were to have nothing whatever to do with me. I learnt subsequently that in the acrimony of discussion, the upper villagers had declared that I was of no use to them, as I gave them nothing, but reserved all my favours for the eastern villagers; while the latter indignantly and truly denied ever having received anything from me.

Of course, I busily employed myself in pouring oil on the troubled waters. My efforts were attended with a fair measure of success, when an unlucky fight between two women in the upper village led to a general disturbance there. The quarrel itself was soon settled, but the general excitement remained and soon found an outlet for its energy by restarting the old contentions about me with the east village.

And now matters went on from bad to worse. The malcontents were careful to explain that against me, personally, they had no complaint of any kind, and several of them added that, should existing dissension go to an extreme length and fighting occur, still everyone respected me so much that not a hair of my head would be injured. But my friends were rapidly becoming cowed by the majority, and there was no real fear of a fight. They were alternately accused of receiving my money and then taunted with not supporting me better. It was at length agreed that a certain test should be applied to discover if I were really a sincere friend of the Kám or not. Acting on this suggestion, head men, representing the whole of the tribe, waited on me to ask me to send for a force of Chitrális to co-operate with the Káfirs in a raiding expedition. The spokesman declared that it was well-known to all the village that the Mehtar would do anything I asked him, and that if I asked him for rifles he would certainly send them. They argued also that the Mehtar would be delighted at the chance afforded him of capturing prisoners and selling them as slaves. It was fairly obvious that no raid was contemplated; nevertheless, the question could not be trifled with. Quietly, but in unmistakable terms, I declined to do as they asked, pointing out that I was a man of peace above all things, and winding up by saying that although, as they were well aware, I was always ready to help them to the extent of my power if they were wantonly attacked by an enemy, yet I would never entertain such a proposal as the one they were advancing. My answer was listened to in sullen silence, and the people shortly afterwards went away without offering any comment on what I had said. The next day Torag Merik came to me with another deputation; indeed, the suggestion to test me in the way described originated with him, and on hearing my reply, he, in a real or simulated fury, ordered me to leave the valley forthwith. Then followed two or three days of interminable talk, until it was at length decided by the great majority of the Katirs, that I should be told to go away. My own friends acquiesced in this decision. They argued that it was not worth while, nor were they strong enough, to fight for me. In this they were perfectly right, but as they felt a little ashamed of abandoning me they kept murmuring half-hearted complaints of my having largely rewarded the Katirs while I gave nothing to my own friends.

The upper and lower villages were furious because they believed the east village had benefited largely in a pecuniary sense by my living in Kámdesh, while the east villagers were quite indifferent about my remaining longer, because I had not given them presents. So for the first time, since my experience of the Kám, all parties were united, at least to the extent that no one was prepared to make a point of my being permitted to stay in Kámdesh.

I tried one or two tentative experiments on a small scale to see the result of bribing antagonists, but it did not answer. It only made the recipients shamefaced and silent in counsel, where they had before been vociferous and leather-lunged.

So bearing in mind the extreme friendliness of the Katir people and their obviously sincere promise to take me to Presungul (Viron), I determined to struggle no longer against the inevitable, but accepted my dismissal as gracefully as possible.

At the last moment I determined on a plan which might not only enable me to return to Kámdesh if it were absolutely necessary, but would also, at the same time, enable me to reward all those who had served me, although it was certain to cause great dissensions amongst the people. So every man, woman, or child who had in

any way been helpful to me received a money present from me after I had left the village. Every one knew what each individual received, and that it was payment for actual service rendered, while all those who had opposed me, or who had looked on passively, of course got nothing.

Departure
from Kám
Valley.

Once more the village divided itself into parties, the minority not only devoted to me by the payments they had received, but driven into my arms, so to speak, by the resentment of those who got nothing, while among the majority there must necessarily have been a great number who, whatever they might say, would be naturally anxious to curry favour with me in the hope of being handsomely repaid for their good offices.

In spite of all that had passed we parted on very fair terms. The only discordant note was the determination on the part of the majority of the Kám that, whether I went to the Katirs or not, I should not travel by the straight road up the Bashgul Valley. They said bluntly that that road was closed to me, and that the only way I could get to Lutdeh (Bragamatál) was by going first to Chitrál. Numbers of individuals representing all factions repeatedly assured me that, personally, no one had any illwill towards me, but that all parties had come to the conclusion that it was better for me to go away, as my continual residence in their country had become a source of strife and contention amongst the people.

I told Utah, the priest, who had expressed his intention of escorting me out of the valley, that my determination to go to the Katirs was fixed and unchangeable. I then asked if, in the event of my wanting to return to the Kunar Valley through Kám territory, any objection would be raised to my doing so, by which I meant, should I be stopped by force? He scouted the idea of my being opposed in any way, adding, "You have done no one any wrong, either with their wives or female relations; no one would ever dream of interfering with you." This was satisfactory enough as far as it went, which was perhaps not very far. Although the Kám men had declared that I could only reach the Katirs through Chitrál, I had not the slightest intention of travelling by that round-about road. My idea was to move up the Pittigul Valley and cross the Pass (Manjám) on the range which separates the head of the Pittigul from the Katir Valley of Manangul, whose torrent flows into the Bashgul river at Lutdeh.

My intention was not definitely announced until we had passed the village of Pittigul, in order that there might be no tribal discussions on the point. The general belief was that as our road was up the Pittigul Valley we intended to enter Chitrál by the road we had left it, viz., over the Parpit Pass leading to Bomboret. When my Kám companions were informed of my real intention, they raised no objection. Utah detailed his brother and several other Kám men to accompany me, as well as two or three of the Pittigul villagers.

I was the recipient of many little kindnesses on the part of poor people just before quitting the Kám Valley. Men brought me goats and sheep in acknowledgment of my surgical treatment of relatives of theirs. Of course, all were handsomely rewarded in return, but the offerings were certainly not made in the hope of getting presents. Just before I left Kámdesh a number of poor people went to the head men, without my knowledge, and begged them to accept certain cows and other property, and then ask me to remain in their country. They had to be threatened with a beating before they desisted from their amiable but mistaken efforts on my behalf.

We left Kámdesh on June 24, and reached Bragamatál (Lutdeh) on the 30th, by the circuitous mountain road already mentioned.

A severe disappointment awaited me at Lutdeh, which was as entirely unexpected as the fantastic ceremonies of the women which we were in time to witness.

It had happened that during a sacrifice to Gish, the Pshur, the individual who is supposed to be temporarily inspired on all such occasions, had announced that great Gish was offended at the paucity of the offerings made to him and had instructed the Pshur to order the people to attack (*i.e.*, make a raid). After he had delivered himself of this sacred mandate, the inspiration of the Pshur suddenly ceased.

The head men collected together to consider what should be done. It was eventually decided that it was undesirable on every ground to raid either the territory of the Amír of Kabul or that of the Mehtar of Chitrál, while there were many objections to attacking the fierce Kám people. It was also known that, in a certain valley belonging to the Wai tribe, there was abundance of flocks and herds, so it was ultimately decided that the raid should be made there. A few days before my arrival the expedition had started, and there was no single male remaining in the Kátir district over 12 years of age except the Pshur, and such as were too old or too ill to undertake

the journey. The women meanwhile, abandoning their field work, collected in the villages to dance day and night in honour of and to propitiate the gods.

All this was bad enough, but it was not till two days later that the full measure of my bad luck disclosed itself; for in their progress in the Presungul Valley, the Káfirs had managed to come to loggerheads with the Presun tribe, and had slain two or three of them. So when the warriors returned with immense spoil, but lamenting many killed and wounded, they found themselves involved in war with the Wai, and with the Presun Káfirs as well. All idea of the Lutdeh men being able to take me to Presungul had now to be given up. In fact, the only people by whose assistance I could get to Presungul were the Kám, who had just turned me out of their territory, kindly but most decisively. The problem to be solved was how to get back to the Kám again. It was a most difficult one, yet it had to be faced.

Kán Mára, the chief of the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley, acting under instructions from the Mehtar of Chitrál, obviously wanted me to leave his village, though he was reluctant to tell me to go in so many words, while two other of the head men of Lutdeh were beginning to grumble about my remaining any longer amongst them; not that they had any strong feeling on the subject, but because they thought there was an off-chance that I would bribe them to silence when I heard of their discontent.

I decided at length to march up the Skorigul Valley and then pay a second visit to Ahmed Diwána. In this way I hoped to gain time while Shermalik, my adopted son, who, by reason of the money I had given him, had lately married into one of the chief clans of the Kám, was to try his utmost to carry out my new plan of inducing the Kám to ask me to return to them. He was carefully intructed in all the details of my scheme, and was to keep me informed of the course of events by sending trusty messengers to Lutdeh at frequent intervals. Kán Mára, who maintained his predominating influence over his tribe by reason of the consistent support he received from his son-in-law, the Mehtar of Chitrál, gave a great sigh of relief when he heard of my intention to travel about the country, and hurried me off with as much haste as decency permitted.

Journey to
Ahmed
Diwána.

On reaching the village of Pshui, or Pshowar, I found the people in anything but an amicable frame of mind. They conceived themselves badly treated by the Lutdeh men in the division of the spoils taken in the recent raid. They absolutely refused to allow any of the Lutdeh men with me to enter their village. The latter laughingly admitted that the Pshowar men had been swindled, but remarked that they were slaves, and it did not matter. However, the "slaves" made things very uncomfortable, not because they had any personal resentment against me, but because, knowing I was a friend of Kán Mára, they hoped to annoy him by being rude to me. As a matter of fact old Mára, provided that he were able to retain his unjust share of the plunder, cared little or nothing about any inconvenience I might suffer on his account.

At Pshui.

One of the head men of Pshowar, a man who had accompanied me into the Minján valley a month or so before, agreed to conduct me through the Skorigul. Everything was settled when a second head man swaggered up, and positively declared that unless I consented to take his son to India with me, as I had taken Shermalik, he would not allow me to travel in the Skorigul. This was merely a prelude to many other demands of a toll-paying character, which, of course, I refused to listen to. We passed a most uncomfortable night. In the morning one of my cooking vessels was stolen from a Balti in a most impudent manner in broad daylight, while the men of the village looked ripe for any mischief. A formidable Rámguli desperado, who was also present, wavered in his mind whether to join forces with me or incite the Pshowar men to further mischief. He wanted me to buy him over, but in an emergency of this sort it would have been dangerous to have shown any symptoms of wavering, so I adopted high-handed proceedings and sternly warned off the Rámguli. I threatened the villagers, if they gave me any further trouble, with the vengeance of my old friend Muríd Dast-i-Gír, of Drusp, a prince to whose attack they were peculiarly exposed. I then ostentatiously examined my pistols and, cocking both barrels of my rifle, put myself at the head of my frightened coolies, and marched out of the village in high dudgeon.

The blackmailers evidently did not wish to proceed to extremities, while I knew that a short distance from Badáwan I had a firm friend in old Karlah Jannah, who, although he was a kind of an outlaw from the Katir tribe, was yet sufficiently strong to inspire fear in such as those who inhabit Pshowar.

The friend-
ship of
Karlah
Jannah.

So we went on our way unmolested. Karlah Jannah received me with great warmth and kindness. We became "brothers" in the usual Káfir way. We were both of us more or less outcasts, and each had a sincere liking for the other. I remained at his

fort several days, after which he escorted me up the Skorigul in defiance of the Pshowar people, but had to confess his inability to take me anywhere else without several months' previous preparation and tribal negotiation.

Return to
Lutdeh.

Being by this time impatient for news from Kámadesh, I determined to return to Lutdeh in the hope of meeting a Kám messenger from Shermalik, so I bade good bye to Karlah Jannah, who, shortly afterwards, finding the valley too hot for him, retreated over the Mandál Pass, and went over to the Afghans in Badakhshán.

Journey to
the Kám
border.

The Pshowar people on my return journey gave me no trouble as I passed their village, but were clearly anxious to be friends again. They had found a strayed dog of mine, and made the *amende honorable* by feeding the little animal to such an extent that it was scarcely able to walk. I accepted their overtures in the spirit in which they were offered, but declined an invitation to stay a night in the village, being quite satisfied with things as they were, and feeling no inclination to run the risk of rupturing our newly-restored friendship.

Ten weary days passed in Lutdeh, during which time I was chiefly occupied in watching with my field-glasses for the Kám messengers, who never came. At length I resolved to march leisurely to the Mádugál tribe, and see what effect my presence on their actual border would have on the Kámadesh people. While halting at the village of Chábu, Shermalik joined me, bringing the best of news; indeed it was altogether too good to be true. He asserted that the Kám hungered for my return, and that since my absence there had been such unhappiness in the tribe that wives would no longer talk to their husbands. The upper village head men were prepared to do anything I wished, for a consideration, while the common people would know no happiness until they saw me again. One piece of information was decidedly cheering. The Káfirs had allowed my baggage to be taken away to Chitrál immediately after I left them, and in their scrupulous honesty had insisted on sending away also various articles which I had discarded as useless. This was intended to show that the tribe was friendly towards me personally, and that we had no ground of complaint against one another.

Shermalik's roseate account of the friendly feelings the Kám had for me were somewhat discounted by a row, nearly ending in a fight, which he had with two of his compatriots we met on the road, the latter abusing him because he was trying to take me back to Kámadesh.

Nevertheless we started down the valley in high spirits. We arranged that two of the upper village head men were to meet me at Bagalgrom (the chief village of the Mádugál Káfirs) and thence conduct me up the Kámadesh hill. Shermalik hurried forward to warn the people of our near approach, while my party followed slowly behind.

SECTION IX.

L. C. Mirak
and Bahdur.

When we reached Bagalgrom, on September 3, there were no Kám head men to meet me, but on the following day one of the lower village Jast made his appearance. He was one of the tribal orators, a man named L. C. Mirak. So far from helping me, he at once set to work, in conjunction with Bahdur, the Chief of the Mádugáls, to bully me. We could get little or no food, and those two rascals behaved most violently.

Finding at length that nothing was to be got out of me, even in the way of promises, by such tactics, L. C. Mirak went away vapouring. Bahdur at first demanded that I should leave in his hands my "native doctor" Gokal Chand, who some time previously joined me from Chitrál. A man well instructed in surveying and in road sketching had been sent up to me from Peshawer, and had actually got as far as Lutdeh, when at the sight of the Káfirs his courage failed him, and although he was then within a few easy miles of my camp, he turned round and fairly bolted back to Chitrál. I thereupon sent for Gokal Chand, who had been with me once before in Kámadesh, a man on whose single-hearted loyalty I could rely implicitly, and whose premature death in India in May, 1892, I shall never cease to deplore. It was this man that Bahdur announced his desire of detaining, ostensibly as a doctor, but presumably for ransom. When I refused to entertain the idea for an instant, Bahdur informed me that I was his prisoner, and behaved so outrageously that I made an excuse to pitch my tent by the village bridge, and carefully studied the ground with a view to being able to make a bolt with my baggage to Kámadesh if necessary, as I felt it would be better to go back to the Kám uninvited than to run the risk of an almost certain con-

fict with the Mádugál folk. Bahdur was so sure of his position and so careless, that it is probable we should have got away in the night, and, with ordinary luck, have had no necessity for using my firearms.

We were, however, saved this experience by the opportune arrival of two Kámdeh head-men, C. Astán and Málkán, who represented the upper and lower villages respectively. They were accompanied by several followers, and announced they had been sent from Kámdeh to escort me to that village. They further declared that all the tribes were gratified at my coming back to them and were prepared to receive me warmly; but I was privately informed that this was hardly a true description of the sentiments of the tribe, and that these two headmen with a few others were playing a bold game to take the Kám by surprise, all the conspirators feeling sure that they would be handsomely rewarded for any help they were able to give me.

Sept. 5 was a somewhat exciting day. The following extract from my diary gives the details:—

Arrival at
Kámdeh.

“Bahdur furious, but dares not oppose the Kám Jast. At suggestion of latter I give Bahdur handsome present, which he shortly afterwards thrusts back into my pocket, demanding five times the amount. I made no sign. Bahdur rages, but eventually heads procession over bridge, and sulkily bids me farewell. We reach foot of Kám Hill, and begin ascent. Half way up meet scared messenger who says village has gone mad, and Shermalik's house has been burnt, because he was suspected of bringing me back. Resolved to go on. Rioting at north end of village. People rushing about with mad cries, waving weapons. C. Astán views proceedings from top of small rock, jumps down girding his loins, and swears he is prepared to die for me. Málkán has gone on. Troops of women have followed us for some time. Thought women disliked me, but at a word from Astán that I am in danger they rush to collect my friends. Utah Ding, Shyok, and other fighting men, few in number but nearly all famed in war, collect round me. A big fight seems inevitable. Coolness of little Gokal Chand. Clever suggestion of my friends. They advance up the hill in a body, while I, conducted by one man slip through the Indian corn-fields and down to the lower dancing platform where my friends are rapidly collecting. They receive me respectfully, many kissing my hand; meanwhile men of upper village, finding I am not with advancing party, rush to upper dancing platform, whence there comes terrible uproar. Málkán makes admirable suggestion. Acting on it, I, accompanied by him alone, start for his home in upper village. Malcontents astounded at our quiet and matter-of-fact approach. They sit in silent wonder. I greet all I know in the customary manner and try to express by my features my entire ignorance of what is going on, and what the row is about. Our triumph complete.”

The success of this little *coup* was due to three causes. First, Málkán was the head of one of the clans most hostile to me and no one suspected that he was my friend as he had been bought over secretly. Secondly, there was no strong feeling against me personally. I should probably only have been attacked if surrounded by my own friends. Thirdly, most important of all, the rioters were taken by surprise. Káfirs almost invariably require time to sit in conclave and decide on a definite line of action.

But our troubles were very far from ended. I find in my diary under date Sept. 6, Rioting. the following note:—

“There seems no doubt that had I gone to C. Astán's house last night there would have been a severe fight, and in all probability many men must have been killed. Most violent discussions everywhere. At big conference this morning, the disaffected, white with rage, left the dancing platform in a body at 9 a.m. in a most dramatic manner. Old Sumri, A. Chára's mother, has come down to cheer me up. The feeble old woman with her big heart is quite capable of fighting on my behalf, or rather, of getting badly hurt by persistently sitting in front of my door. The Káfir idea of comforting one is peculiar. A man just observed to me that there was not much risk for me personally, that if people were killed they would be villagers, and that did not matter. About 10 o'clock C. Astán, the “debilála,” and several others came to say they would have no other ‘king,’ but me, they intended to build a fine house for me at once, and so on. All the time a furious rabble were rushing up and down outside with deafening outcries, which were sometimes actually drowned for a few seconds by the clamour in my room. I repudiated all wish to be a ‘king’ declaring that I only desired friendship, and adding that my heart was so sad at the internal discords of the village, that until peace were restored it would be impossible for me to discuss such questions.

“It was shortly after this that C. Astán performed a miracle. The mob outside had been growing more and more furious every moment. My room was full of friends

C. Astán's
miracle.

stripped to the waist waiting for a general attack. They looked anxious but determined. Once or twice there were false alarms, when the men jumped to their feet. The last of these was peculiar. The mad crowd sweeping backwards and forwards over my housetop (my roof was contiguous to many others, which together formed the largest level space in the village) suddenly seemed to gather itself together about my smoke-hole. The general shouting and excited speaking all at once collected itself into one swelling roar, when Chára was dragged in through the door. It seems he had made some remarks on my behalf to the crowd, which at once fell upon him. Luckily, a few friends were at hand, who dragged him out of the clutches of the maniacs, and then rushed together into and in front of my room. Most of my friends in the east village were lying low, fearing to excite still more the already raging crowd by showing themselves; but Utah, the priest, had sent me word secretly that they were all ready, and the instant there was a real attack he and the others would hasten to my assistance. I think that, in spite of the numbers against them, my party would have won in the end, although it must have been a touch and go business. It was just at the moment when Chára was pulled in, and the end seemed to have at last come, that C. Astán performed his miracle. He rushed out and in some extraordinary way managed to make himself heard above the awful din. In an instant there was absolute silence, and almost immediately afterwards the riotous throngs quietly dispersed. Waking up from a nightmare could not have produced a more remarkable change to the senses. I was never more astonished in my life."

The truth was that the wily Astán had shouted out that I was willing to pay sixteen thousand rupees to make friends again, and that the Káfirs believed this daring lie. But I did not learn this till afterwards, and Astán's power over the people seemed to me marvellous.

Death of
Sunra and
Nílira.

On the morning of the 7th the village was quiet, but on that day, when I required every scrap of good fortune to enable me to weather the storm, a surprising piece of bad luck happened. Two youths, Sunra, the grandson of Dán Malik, and Nílira, Utah's son-in-law, were killed during a raid on the Tsárogul people. These lads belonged to the party most devoted to me, and were personal friends of mine, indeed Nílira, in virtue of my adopted relationship to Utah, always addressed me as "father."

The whole village was in an uproar again, and when the heads of the slain were brought in for funeral ceremonies, all the women wailed piteously, while the men were furious for vengeance. The bereaved fathers threw themselves from their housetops and rent the air with their lamentations. The grief of these unhappy people was most tragic. Nílira's father in particular, ordinarily a mean looking man, now became like an inspired seer. Though badly hurt by his fall, he yet with outspread hands kept crying out in a mighty voice, "O Nílira, my son, my son!" No wonder his sorrow-laden accents touched the hearts of the people. I never heard anything so intensely pathetic in my life. When I went to try and comfort him, he, all bandaged as he was, threw himself at my feet and implored my help, although how I was to help him I could not understand. But on the following day two of my firmest adherents from the east village came as a deputation to ask me to write to the Mehtar for a large force to help the Káfirs destroy Tsárogul. Although in declining to accede to the request I gave all my reasons as convincingly as possible, and used all the tact I possessed to soften the disappointment my reply must necessarily cause, my interviewers left me in sullen anger, scarcely able to conceal the resentment they felt.

During the next few days the funeral rites of the two youths and of a third man, a famous warrior, who had died suddenly, fully occupied the attention of the village, and my own personal following became a little more reconciled to me although the greatest caution was necessary in dealing with them.

At the time Sunra and Nílira were killed two others of the Kám were made prisoners by the Wai people, although the latter were at peace with the Kám. On the 14th the prisoners were returned with honour, as a Káfir equivalent for an apology. This was good news, but on the same day C. Astán came to ask me to pay down the 16,000 rupees he had promised the people in my name. Mian Gul, the ancient thorn in my side, had fully convinced the tribe, who knew nothing about money, that I had more than double that sum with me; so C. Astán played a bold game, and declared he could not go back and face the Jast without the money. His ambition was to pose as the wisest man and the greatest benefactor of the tribe. He was impervious to reason, and kept repeating, "How can I now face the Jast; what can I say?" My reply was, "Speak the truth." He went away sorrowful. For the next three days the village was simmering.

On the 17th an envoy from the Mehtar arrived. He also brought me a letter from the Chitrál newswriter, which told me that the Mehtar had determined to help me in every possible way, and had promised to help the Kám against the Tsarogulis on certain conditions, among which was the sending to him beforehand of certain beautiful girls. On the 20th the Chitrál diplomatist brought the head men to me with much complacency, but the meeting quickly resolved itself into something approaching a faction fight; and on the following day the Mehtar's ambassador left the country in consternation at the state of affairs, and at the contempt with which the Mehtar's advice was received. A strange thing then happened. The head men had all more or less come over to me when a new danger arose. The young men, the "braves," believing that they were shut out from all my favours, openly revolted against the Jast, and there was a general temporary overthrow of authority in the tribe. The head men were at once cowed in a way which showed that their authority was a matter of sentiment only, but a few of the more astute immediately placed themselves at the head of the new movement to try and retain some portion of their old *prestige*.

An envoy
from Chitrál.

Then began a series of continual changes in popular opinion which it was difficult or impossible to prognosticate or understand. On September 22 I was told that I might do just what I liked, and go where I pleased, selecting my own escort and arranging with them myself, while on the 23rd it seemed almost impossible for me to do anything else than start away for Chitrál at once. On the 24th, in the morning, affairs were once more arranged, definite payments were to be made and divided equally by the Káfirs themselves. In the evening of the same day I was passionately ordered out of the valley. During those days my opinion of the questions under discussion was never asked for in a single instance, nor was I personally referred to in any way.

On the 25th there was another complete change of front, and we started in a hurry for Presungul, taking advantage of the fair wind while it lasted. My adherents in the east village had by this time lost all patience with their opponents, and had resolved, in the event of my forcible expulsion from the upper village, to conduct me to a certain tower, and there settle the matter in dispute once and for ever by force of arms. My increasing party in the upper village also met together and secretly agreed to have recourse to force if Málkán's ultimatum was not accepted. Málkán's arrangement was this: he was to give security for my promised payments by placing all his portable property in the hands of the opponents of my journey, while my escort was to be composed exclusively of my enemies who were to be paid a definite sum for their services.

Start for
Presungul.

It was a curious plan to start, as I did, with the wildest and most turbulent of my opponents as my companions, yet it was the easiest way out of the difficulty, and the only method of avoiding bloodshed. I trusted also in my ability to make the men behave properly as soon as we had once got away from the village, for if you can only prevent Káfirs from going off together and holding exciting conferences, they are much less difficult to manage than might be supposed.

We crossed the Pass on September 28, and began our march down the valley.

SECTION X.

My escort behaved abominably. Utah, the priest, and two other of my friends followed secretly from Kámdesh. When they caught us up there was great trouble, but Utah with much tact soon secured his usual ascendancy, by posing always as one of the bitterest of my opponents. The chief danger of a turbulent people is when they are left in disgust by their natural leaders, and are ruled by mere demagogues. From this extreme danger Utah's presence relieved me.

Trouble with
the escort.

My rough experiences in Káfristán were now beginning to tell on me. I got fever and sore throat, and one of my heel tendons became swollen and inflamed, so that I was practically powerless to stop the excitement and the insane cupidity which had seized on my escort; but to all their insolent demands for money I turned a deaf ear. The Kám next declared that supplies must not be paid for by giving money to the villager who brought them, but the price must be paid to the Kám to divide amongst themselves. When they were informed that this could not, and should not be done, they waxed furious. But it was no part of my plans to leave behind in the minds of the Presun the impression that I, the first Englishman they had seen, had bullied and swindled them; and I took great care that every man received his just due, although the payments had to be made secretly, for fear lest the Kám, of whom the villagers stood in the greatest dread, should force the money from its lawful owners. My

Illness.

escort kept holding daily conferences, which I was unable to prevent or be present at. These meetings gradually became noisier, and the situation more and more unpleasant. At a village called Pushkigrom, the only dangerous village in the valley, there was a disturbance between my escort and the people, which was only stopped when the former remembered in time the paucity of their own numbers.

Temporary
desertion of
the escort.

On the following day, having fully incited the villagers against us as they supposed, my escort left me in a lurch. As a matter of fact, I was delighted to get rid of the troublesome rascals. I fraternised at once with the villagers, and took the opportunity, on being deserted, or rather on being left unguarded, to limp down the valley to inspect a place I much wished to see. But as soon as they found that they had failed in their attempt to frighten me by leaving me alone in the middle of the excited village, the Kám trooped back again, and I had to begin my return journey in their company. Utah and my few real friends dared not say a single word, but were compelled for their own safety to side with the majority. At length my servants were put under arrest and told that the least disobedience to orders would entail their being killed on the spot. My tent was rushed before my face and my firearms seized. It would have been useless to shoot one or two men and then to have my whole party massacred, so I was forced to adopt other plans. I only just failed in recovering all my lost ground by means of "swagger," when one of the Kám shouted out: "You obey this Frank as if you were his dogs." Thereupon the band began to play in earnest. I was bluntly told I was a prisoner and was to be carried straight away to Kámdesh, tied to two poles. The situation had, in fact, become impossible, and, for the first and last time in Káfiristán, I was in imminent danger of being subjected to personal ignominy.

Crisis.

But, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, I escaped over the fort wall at night accompanied by the faithful Gokal Chand and a bribed Presun man. We hid ourselves in a labyrinth of goat pens, where the only possible fear of discovery lay in my being tracked by my own dogs. Happily we had crossed the river, and the dogs were accustomed to be left alone with the Baltis. From our hiding place we watched the Kám people hunting everywhere, scouring the country to find us, and then eventually starting off with my Baltis as prisoners under the impression that I had gone to the Katir part of the Bashgul Valley. We then emerged from our hiding place to find the faithful Utah waiting behind, weeping but hopeful. After ascending and examining the Kamah Pass, which leads from Presungul to the Minján Valley, we next, after a night's rest, hurried after the Kám men, rightly conjecturing that they would be hard put to it to explain in a satisfactory way to my friends, or even to my opponents in Kámdesh, the cause of my absence. The Baltis I knew were safe, provided that I put in an appearance without delay, while it was nearly certain that after a few days' reflection my late companions would cool down, and, after separating each to his own home, would rapidly grow shamefaced and depressed when deprived of the support of their fellow-rascals.

Return to
Kámdesh.

I got back to Kámdesh, on October 14, to find my prognostications were true. The men who had behaved so badly to me, were now become excessively humble. The whip was then in my hand, and I applied it as freely as was consistent with prudence. After haranguing the people many times, I only consented to return to my house in the upper village when I had received profuse apologies, and when we had reached a point beyond which it would have been unsafe to carry the matter further. When Káfirs are excited it is necessary to keep absolutely calm and cool, but when they are ashamed of themselves it is good policy to assume anger and indignation. In all circumstances a traveller should contrive, at all hazards, to maintain his personal dignity in an unbending manner. There was now a considerable revulsion of tribal feeling on my behalf, nevertheless it was clear that the time for my going away had arrived. My remaining object was that my departure should be a friendly one on both sides. The Kám had become tired of their internal dissensions and were more desirous than ever of entering into an alliance with Umra Khan of Jandole. They were prevented with difficulty from adopting the suicidal policy of introducing a large Jandole force into their valley to help them against the Tsarogulis. They indeed stopped short of this mad scheme, but they were all agreed in the opinion that they had nothing to lose and everything to gain by accepting the Khan's overtures. Now he had always made a great point of the necessity of my going back to Gilgit before he and the Káfirs could become friendly. It was a knowledge of this fact which made the Kám willing and anxious that I should leave their country without further ado. I also wished to start for Gilgit, where frontier troubles were threatening, and where it occurred

to me that I might possibly be of use, besides which it was extremely doubtful if I could have borne the strain to my temper of a longer residence in Káfristán, without a break of some kind. Even my best friends thought it expedient for me to go away from Kámdesh for a time. We all parted on good terms. At our final interviews the statesmen of the tribe begged me to remember them with goodwill. They were evidently well assured of my kindly intentions towards them, and plumed themselves greatly on having secured my friendship, while they, at the same time, felt certain of securing the alliance with Umra Khan. My warnings against the designs of that wily and ambitious ruler were entirely disregarded. Only a very few people paid the slightest attention to my words, and those were men of little or no influence in the village. The Káfirs were simply fatuous on the subject of Umra Khan, and in the sequel paid dearly for their credulity.

Just before starting I announced my readiness to take a certain number of the Kám tribe to India with me as guests of the Viceroy. Nearly the whole village clamoured to go with me. Instead of finding it hard to get men to accept my invitation as was the case on my first visit to Kámdesh, the difficulty was how to make any selection from the crowds of volunteers. Once more angry discussions broke out all over the village. The different clans became jealous of one another, and fighting was only avoided with difficulty, and not before one or two dagger wounds had been inflicted. To prevent further disturbances it was decided by the Jast that no one should be allowed to go with me at all. To enforce this decision a large company of the Kám was deputed to escort me to the frontier, nominally to see that I suffered no inconvenience on the road, but really to prevent any of the Kám going away with me. It was also decided and proclaimed that should anyone be presumptuous enough to disregard the orders of the Jast and accept my invitation to India, then his wives, his houses, his flocks, and his herds, would be seized, and sold, and the proceeds divided among the clans. At the time I was fully determined to return to Káfristán after a winter's rest, to penetrate into and explore the western valley. I had, therefore, been careful to secure young men of good family belonging both to the Kám and the Katir tribes, who were to go with me on a visit to India. It was all very well for the Kám elders to threaten all kinds of penalties to anyone who accepted my invitation, but I knew perfectly well that practically nothing would or could be done to anybody who accompanied me, always provided that he belonged to a sufficiently powerful clan.

I left Kámdesh on October 22, and crossed the Chitrál frontier two days later. The large number of Káfirs who escorted me bade me good-bye in a cordial and friendly spirit just short of the border. I was certainly not surprised when an hour or two later the young men I had invited to accompany me began to catch me up one by one. They fell into their places calmly and naturally, listening with the greatest fortitude to the messages which were sent after them by the Kám head men. They knew perfectly well that the clans to which they belonged were not only strong enough to protect their property from being pillaged, but were also at heart delighted that their representatives were with me.

Departure
for Chitrál
and Gilgit.

I stopped five days in Chitrál collecting my party, and making final arrangements for the journey to Gilgit. The Mehtar was extremely kind and helpful, while I found that the Chitrális, especially Shah-i-Mulk, the Governor of Kila Dros, and others who lived near the Káfir border, viewed me with great interest, not unmixed with some feeling of disappointment. They had all predicted with conviction that I should never be seen again, especially after the disturbances broke out in Kámdesh consequent on my return to that village, and I imagine that they were just a little hurt at finding their prophecies falsified. Shah-i-Mulk never tired of slightly paraphrasing an old saying:—"It is all very wonderful, but the most wonderful thing is that you have returned."

SECTION XI.

My party reached Gilgit on November 16. The Hunza-Nagar expedition was on the point of starting, and shortly afterwards, owing to the unhappy accident of Col. Durand being wounded at the storming of Nilt fort, I found myself officiating as the British Agent at Gilgit until the end of the war. Since that time I have been constantly employed on frontier "political" duty, and my once cherished design of returning to Káfristán will probably never be carried out.

Conclusion.

My work in that country is consequently most incomplete, but one chief object always present to my mind I believe has been carried out. It was this: that in everything I did or said the possibility of some other Englishman following me should

Suggestions
for future
travellers.

always be remembered. I invariably acted on the supposition that I was the first of a series of travellers about to visit Káfiristán, and that the success of those coming after me would largely depend on the way I managed the people, and on the general impression I gave them of my fellow countrymen.

Without being didactic it may be well for me to put down my opinion of the methods which should be adopted by travellers who may have dealings with a people like the Káfirs. The first thing is to try and impress their minds with the idea of a strong personality. Geniality and grave kindness of manner are as valuable as anything like buffoonery or "chaff" is hurtful. I found that the Káfirs would at times shout with laughter at good-tempered ironical remarks of a very simple kind. With an excitable people, such as they are, perfect coolness and command of the temper when they are effervescing or clamouring are indispensable. Ignorance of the language spoken has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. It is even necessary sometimes to assume a greater ignorance than you have. On more than one occasion at Kámdesh I have discomfited a furious conclave by quietly bringing a chair near them, sitting down in a convenient position, watching the proceedings with a sympathetic interest for a few minutes, and then turning to my book.

Once the rascal Mersi had the assurance to harangue a small crowd, inflaming them against me, close to my house. I strode up to the orator, nodded pleasantly to him, and offered the Káfir salutation, "How are you?" He was so embarrassed that all his eloquence left him, and the people laughed heartily, enjoying the fun of my supposed unconsciousness of what was going on. Another time a man, peacocking before a group of women, shouted to me to leave the valley within a day, or he would—and he made a sign with his hand of plunging a dagger into his stomach. I went up to the man, touched the place he had so violently indicated, and told him to go to Gokal Chand for medicine. That man was shouted at by his fellows for weeks afterwards. It is needless to multiply instances, for I imagine any educated Englishman with the faintest sense of humour can always score off wild men up to the actual outbreak of hostilities, provided that he keeps cool. No particular amount of courage is required, for anxiety is a transient emotion and goes away of itself after a day or two. I am convinced that the real cause of my troubles in Presungul was my own illness, which prevented me from restraining the first beginnings of the outbreak. When I recovered it had made too much headway, and I was helpless, for the people had gone mad. Truthfulness is very important. The Káfirs used to test my word by coming back a week or two after I had told them stories about the size of London or the number of persons who could be carried in an ocean steamer. They would with assumed ingenuousness revert to the conversation and cross-examine me with great skill. I always took care that the numbers and other facts never varied in my answers. On one occasion I was telling them about coal and the way it was employed in England. My listeners sat absolutely silent until one man murmured, "If we did not know that Franks never tell lies no one would believe this."

The people gradually came to trust me very considerably. At first I never could get sheep or other provisions without paying money down on the spot; but later on men would go away for weeks without taking the price of their property. They treated me, in fact, as a kind of bank.

A traveller cannot, in short, be too rigid in keeping all promises. I also adopted the plan of insisting on having my own way as far as possible whenever I had once definitely announced a fixed determination, even when a persistence in my resolution might appear almost churlish. On the whole the results of this experiment were good, and it taught me caution and the necessity of never declaring a fixed resolve except after proper consideration.

It is needless to mention, on practical no less than on moral grounds, the absolute necessity of the traveller's having nothing to do with the women of the country. Certainly the temptation to infringe this rule is not strong in Káfiristán, but one sometimes sees bright eyes and pleasant faces, and solitude, especially during the enforced idleness which one often has to bear, gives too much time for thoughts of all kinds. It is also almost an established rule for a careful Káfir host to provide his guest with female companionship. Nevertheless continence, though not understood, is respected, and even if it only conveys the idea that the visitor is such an exalted person that the women of the country cannot possibly find favour in his eyes, even then no harm is done, while it prevents molestation by the women and interested calculations on the part of their too complaisant male relations.

Lastly, it is always of the utmost importance to try and discover the drift of public opinion. It is dangerous to disregard it merely because it often appears illogical or

inconsequential, although it may be politic to set it at defiance on certain occasions if you feel sufficiently sure of the ground beneath your feet, while it is absolutely necessary to do so in all personal matters when your conscience compels it. A greater mistake cannot be made than to strive unduly to win the affections of the people. The thing itself is practically an impossibility. If you retain their respect and confidence and possibly their gratitude also, nothing more is necessary. The only way to gain the love of their hearts is voluntarily to abdicate the heirdom of centuries of civilization, to sink to a lower level of conduct, to approve of what cannot be defended, to affect an indifference to most of the Christian virtues. It is well also to remember that you cannot change the nature of an adult, however much you may be desirous of doing so. Wild men may be controlled or influenced by the methods universally known, but their instincts are immutable.

PART II.

KÁFIRISTÁN AND ITS PEOPLE.

SECTION I.

GEOGRAPHY, DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRY, CLIMATE.

The geographical position of Káfiristán is all included between latitudes $34^{\circ} 30'$ and latitude 36° , and from about longitude 70° to longitude $71^{\circ} 30'$. The western frontier being very imperfectly known and somewhat ill-defined, it is difficult to estimate accurately the size of the country. Its greatest extent is from east to west at latitude $35^{\circ} 10'$, its greatest breadth is probably at longitude 71° . Its map area may be put down as somewhere about 5,000 square miles. Position of
Káfiristán.

Its boundaries are Badakhshán on the north; the Lutkho valley of Chitrál on the north-east; Chitrál proper and lower Chitrál on the east; the Kunar valley on the south-east. The boundary on the south is Afghanistan proper, and on the west the ranges above the Nigrao and Panjsher valleys of Afghanistan. The political boundaries of Káfiristán are Chitrál and the debatable land of the Kunar valley on the east, and the territories of H. H. the Amír of Kabul on all other sides. Boundaries.

On the north, I believe, the Minján valley of Badakhshán which has of late years come under the rule of the Afghán Governor of Badakhshán, dips down, so to speak, into the heart of Káfiristán. This valley has never been traversed by any explorer, and my own visit to it was extremely short. I base my opinion on the statements made to me by Káfirs and other natives of the neighbouring districts and on conversations with several Minjánis; also on certain deductions which seem to me not unreasonable and which will be detailed hereafter.

The actual extent of country I was able to explore was not very great. I traversed the whole of the Bashgul valley and many of its subsidiary valleys from end to end, and crossed from it to the top of the Minján valley of Badakhshán.

I also examined the Kunar valley and several of its feeders from Mirkani to Bailám. Finally I marched through the sacred inner valley of Káfiristán called Viron by Mahomedans and Presun by the Káfirs.

All the Káfiristán rivers find their way into the Kabul river, either directly to the south, as in the case of the Alingar, or after mingling their waters with those of the Kunar river at Arandu and at Chigar Serai. At Arandu the Bashgul river empties itself into the Kunar. The Bashgul draws its highest waters from three main sources at the head of the valley of the same name. Of these three sources the stream coming directly from the Mandál is only the second in volume. As it descends it passes near its source through a lake of considerable size and a tarn, and then receives on either hand babbling rills, streams, and mountain torrents. Of these, the first of any importance is the Skorigul water, which falls into the main stream just above the village of Pshui. The next is the Manangul, which empties itself into the Bashgul at Lutdeh, in Bragamatál. The pleasant river then pursues its quiet course undisturbed by the riotous streams from the side valleys, and winds past Badamuk, Oulagul, and Purstám, gradually changing its character in its narrowing rocky bed, until at Sunra, on the confines of the Katir and Mádugál countries, it assumes many of the features of a cataract. It becomes a raging torrent in a dark narrow valley, dashes against the huge Rivers.

boulders which obstruct its course, and flings high its spray with deafening uproar. There, as in several other places where the tortured water foams and lashes itself against the rocks on its margin and in its bed, the river is beautiful beyond description. Tree trunks encumber the waterway, jam against the rocks, pile up in picturesque confusion, or hurry round and round in the swirl of a backwater. It races past Bagalgrom and the hill on which Kámdesh is built, receiving at the village of Urmir the torrents from the Kungani Pass and the drainage of the Nibingul Valley. Below Kamu it is joined on its left bank by the Pittigul river, which has its origin near the Manjám Pass, by the Gourdesh Valley stream, and by many others of all degrees of importance below those particularly named, and ends as before stated in the Kunar river at Arandu.

The Presun river is formed by the Wezgul drainage which includes that of the pass leading to the Skorigul; that of the Mami Pass which leads to the Baprok Valley, and that of the Uzamezhalgul, up which is the road to the Kungani Pass. Just below the Uzamezhalgul it is joined on the right bank by a considerable stream from the Shidgul, up which valley there is no road, the stream rising in a *cul de sac* of lofty unscalable hills. At the village of Shtevgrom the Presun river is joined by the mountain streams from the Kamah Pass, and flows placidly down the valley through meadow land set aside for the service of Imra, and past all the other Presun villages. After passing the last, Pushkigrom, it makes an abrupt turn, which was the limit of my journey, and enters, I was told, the Tsárogul or Tsáro country. Some little distance lower down, now named the Tsárogul river, it receives on its right the Kti river which drains the small valley of the same name. The point of junction is a very sacred place in the Káfir imagination. On the narrow tongue of land which separates the rivers just before they mingle, there is a rocky ridge where the gods were wont to assemble, and where there is a peculiarly sacred stone placed there by Iura.

The village of Tsáro, most difficult to approach, is on the right bank, about half a mile lower down, and nearly opposite Tsáro, the Amzhi Valley of Waigul empties its drainage into the main stream. The Tsáro river is also said to be joined by the two Ashkun rivers, the upper falling into the Kti river, the lower, which drains the Ashkun Valley, inhabited by Sheikhs (Káfirs "verted" to Mahomedanism) joining the Tsáro river direct. A short distance down the valley below the village of Tsáro is said to be a Wai village, the inhabitants of which have recently turned Musselmans, and, somewhere near, the Wai river joins the Tsáro (Presun) river, which emerge from Káfiristán and fall into the Kunar at Chigar Serai.

Concerning the Alingar or Káo, the stream which empties itself to the South into the Kabul river, I know nothing except by hearsay. My informants told me that the main Western valley of Káfiristán was inhabited by the Rámgul branch of the Katirs, and that it was large and maintained a numerous population. Its river, after receiving many side streams, was joined by the Kulam Valley streams from the left, and ended in the Kabul river at Laghmán. The Kulam river is probably much shorter than the Rámgul river, for the valley of the former only contains four villages as against the 20 or 30 said to be in the Rámgul country. The river I have called the Bashgul river is sometimes called the Arnawi river, and the Bashgul Valley the Arnawi Valley. This is apt to be misleading, for the village of Arnau (called Arandu by the Chitrális) is on the left bank of the Kunar river, a few hundred yards below the point where the Bashgul river joins the Kunar, while the Arnauigul, up which there is a road to Dír is the name commonly given on the spot to the valley down which a torrent rushes to join the Kunar river, and on the right bank of which the village of Arnau or Arandu is built. The Káfirs themselves do not call the Bashgul Valley by that name—it is a Chitráli word. Indeed, the Chitrális continually refer to all Káfirs as "Bashgulis" as though the two words were synonymous. In the Bashgul Valley there is a village called Bazgul, which may have been the origin of the name now given to the whole country by the Chitrális. The Káfirs themselves have no single designation for the whole country. They call different parts of it after the name of the different tribes who inhabit it. Thus the upper part is called Katirgul (Lutdeh or Kamtóz in Chitráli), the middle portion Mumán (Mádugál in Chitráli), and the lower part Kám (Kamóz or Kámdesh in Chitráli). So, also, the Bashgul Valley is a convenient term for describing the whole country from the Mandál Pass to the Kunar river, while Arnawi Gul or Arnawi Valley is incorrect, and might be misleading, so I shall adhere strictly to the former name. The river which I have variously designated as the Presungul or Tsárogul river, which flows into the Kunar at Chigar Serai is often called the Péch, and is referred to by Bellew and Lumsden as the Kamah, a very good

name inasmuch as it flows along the main road from the important Kamah Pass to Chigar Serai. It might seem advisable to give this river a single appellation. We could call it the Péch, a fairly well-known name, or Kamah, a good and convenient one; but to prevent confusion it will be inscribed on my map as the Péch or Kamah river.

It would not be right to assume that the description of the east of Káfristán or of the Viron valley necessarily applies also to the western districts, yet it is more than probable that in the varying scenery met with in the Bashgul valley, in Minján, the Kunar Valley, and in Viron or Presungul we have specimens of nearly every kind of country to be met with in Káfristán beyond these limits.

To speak generally, then, Káfristán consists of an irregular series of main valleys, for the most part deep, narrow, and tortuous, into which a varying number of still deeper, narrower, and more difficult valleys, ravines, and glens pour their torrent waters. The mountain ranges which separate the main drainage valleys from one another are all of them of considerable altitude, rugged, and toilsome.

During the winter Káfristán is practically converted into a number of isolated communities with no means of inter-communication. Take, for example, the Bashgul valley. During the times the hills are under snow the only way to reach the Katir people, who inhabit the upper part of the district, is to travel from the Kunar Valley through the territory first of the Kám and then of the Mádugál tribe. If either of these two tribes is at war with the Katirs the latter are thus completely isolated from the rest of the world until the passes open in the spring. The inhabitants of Viron, or Presun, are similarly cut off from the surrounding tribes, for the only entrance to their country when the passes are closed is up the Péch or Kamah river, which flows into the Kunar at Chigar Serai. All the passes which lead from Badakhshán into Káfristán appear to be over 15,000 ft. in altitude. I have only explored the Mandál and the Kamah. These two were both above the height mentioned, but were held to be the lowest of the series. On the Chitrál side the roads over the enclosing ranges are somewhat less elevated, but still very high, and are completely closed by snow in the winter. There is one low ridge, only 8,400 ft. high, between the Kalash village of Utzun and Gourdesh, but even that is impassable for two or three months every winter.

Some of the ravines up which regular roads run are of the most romantic and picturesque description, others are bare, rocky defiles. Indeed, almost every kind of mountain scenery is to be met with in Káfristán, from silent peaks and naked ridges, snowfields and glaciers, to thickly wooded slopes echoing to the bleat of flocks, and wild vine and pomegranate thickets bordering tumultuous little streams.

At the lower elevation the hill sides are well covered with wild olives and evergreen oaks; very many kinds of fruit trees, walnuts, mulberries, apricots, grapes, and apples are met with near the villages or growing by the roadside, while splendid horse-chestnuts and other shady trees afford pleasant resting places from the sun in the hot months. At somewhat higher elevation, say from 5,000 to 8,000 or 9,000 ft., there are dense pine and cedar forests. They contain large numbers of magnificent trees, which even a tired-out hungry traveller cannot pass without admiration. Higher still the pines cease, the hills become bare, rocky, shaly; the juniper-cedar, and the wild rhubarb are succeeded by willows, birches, and similar trees, while still higher, say over 13,000 ft., there is no vegetation of any kind except rough grasses and mosses. Numerous wild flowers are met with at different altitudes. The rivers teem with fish which no Káfir could be persuaded to eat. The people declare the fish live in dirt, and actually shudder at the idea of using them for food, as we might shudder at the idea of eating vermin. Immense numbers of "chikor," the red-legged partridge, as well as pigeons and doves, are to be seen, and large numbers of gaudy "manál" pheasants. The chief wild animals are the "markhor," which are extremely numerous, the "uriál," leopards, and bears. I do not think there are any ibex; none have ever come under my observation, nor has one ever been described to me.

The climate of Káfristán naturally varies with the altitude, but it is very hot in the summer months at all elevations. In high valleys such as Presungul and at Ahmed Diwána, the winter is certainly rigorous. When I was about to leave the former country a little deputation of the Presuns came to me with a request which illustrates, not only their simplicity of character, but also the severity of their winters. They begged me to ask Imra (God) to make their country a little warmer. During the winter of 1890-91 at Kámdeh (elevation 6,100 ft.) there was an excessive amount of

The unexplored remainder.

Mountains and valleys.

Isolation of the tribes in winter.

Beauty of the scenery.

Fauna and flora.

Climate.

snow, but the thermometer never showed a lower temperature than 17° F. below the freezing point.

In some of the Káfir valleys the absence of wind is quite remarkable. On this account low temperatures can be borne without discomfort. In the Kunar valley, which is wet and windy in the winter, but where snow, if it falls, quickly melts, the sensation of cold is certainly greater than at Kámdesh, for instance, where the thermometer is actually much lower.

The rainfall in Káfiristán is probably greater than in Chitrál, but is insufficient for the requirements of the crops, and has to be supplemented by a somewhat elaborate irrigation system.

Meteorological observations.

I append tables of my weather observations. Those for a portion of July and the whole of August were lost, as I have stated elsewhere.

DECEMBER 1890.

Date.	Place.	9 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
28	Mergrom	36		43		36	Light rain.
29	"	34	Heavy snow.	34	Heavy snow.	33	Heavy snow.
30	"	35.5	Clouds clearing.	43	Low clouds.	39	Clouds clearing.
31	Mergrom. (March)	30	Clear.	39	Clear. (March.)	33	Clear. (Nisadgul.)

JANUARY 1891.

Date.	Place.	7 AM.	Remarks.	9 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
1	March up Charadgul.	30	Clear. (Nisadgul.)	48	Clear. (March.)	31	Clear. (Choradgul.)		
2	March	32	Light clouds.	47	Light clouds.		Clear.		
3	Charadgul. (2nd. camp, 4,800 yards.)	41	High clouds.	48	High clouds.	39	"		
4	Choradgul	43	Clear.	53	Clear.	39	"		
5	"	42	"		Light clouds.	40	"		
6	"	39	"	62	High light clouds.	43	Clouds.		
7	Charadgul. (2nd. to 1st camp.)	39	High clouds.	34	Snow.	43	Rain.		
8	Choradgul. (March)	45	Clearing.			45	Cloudy.		
9	Birkot	44	Cloudy.			43	Rain.		
10	"	41	Rain.		Rain.	40	Cloudy.		
11	Nari	42	Clearing.	Midday 47		44	Clouds.		
12	"	41	High clouds.	Midday 49	High clouds.	43	High clouds.		
13	Birkot	44	Cold wind.		Wind.		Wind.		
14									
15									
Date.	Place.	7 AM.	Remarks.	9 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
16									
16	Kámdesh	32		33	Snowing.	39	Snowing.	32	Snowing.
17	"	32		32		37	Clouds.	28	Clear.
18	"	29	Snow and clouds.	22	Bright sun.	27	Bright sun.	24	High light clouds.
19	"	17	Clear.	31	High clouds.	31	Sun and clouds.	25	High clouds.
20	"	23	High clouds.	29	Bright sun.	20.5	Bright sun.	26	Clear.
21	"	21	Clear.	30	Snowing.	20	Snowing.	29	Snowing.
22	"	26	Light low clouds.	30	Bright sun.	34	Bright sun.	30	Clouding over.
23	"	29	Clouds.	32	Clouds.	34	Clearing.	29	Clear.
24	"	25	Clear.	31	High clouds.	30	High clouds.	28	High clouds.
25	"	28	Clouds.	32	Snowing.	32	Snowing.	30	Snowing.
26	"	30	Light snow.	33	Heavy clouds.	39	Light snow.	31	Light snow.
27	"	30.5	Heavy clouds.	33	Snowing.	33	Snowing.	23	Cloudless starlight.
28	"	18	Clear.	30	Clear.	32	Clear.	21	Clear.
29	Agatsi	19	Kámdesh. (Heavy clouds.)	24	Kámdesh. (Heavy clouds.)	41	Clouds.	34	Clouds.
30	"	31	Snow.		Snow.	69	Bright sun.	35	Clear.

FEBRUARY 1891.

Date.	Place.	7 A.M.	Remarks.	9 A.M.	Remarks.	2 P.M.	Remarks.	9 P.M.	Remarks.
1	Agatei	35	Snowing.	36	Snowing.	35	Snowing.	34	Snowing.
2	"	34	"	34	"	34	"	35	Clouds.
3	"	26	Clear.	32	Bright sun.	40	Bright sun.	23	Clear.
4	"	20	"	32	"	38	"	23	"
5	"	23	Light clouds.	29	"	34	(Kamu). Light clouds.	23	"
6	"	24	Clear.	33	Clear.	42	Clear.	23	"
7	"	22	"	28	"	34	"	20	"
8	"	18	"	24	"	39	"	25	"
9	"	17	"	24	"	34	"	25	"
10	"	23	Light clouds.	29	"	30	"	30 Mid- night.	"
11	Kamdesh	24	(Agatsi) clear.	31	(Agatsi). Clear.	30	"	22	"
12	"	21	High clouds.	28	High clouds.	33	High clouds.	20	Snow.
13	"	24	Snow.	44	Clouds.	42	Bright sun.	20	Clouds.
14	"	19	Clouds.	35	"	39	Clouds.	28	Clear.
15	"	21	Clear.	39	Bright sun.	43	Cloudy.	28	Clouds.
16	"	26	High clouds.	35.5	High clouds.	46	Clear.	32	Clear.
17	"	32	Clouds.	36	Clouds.	37.5	Snow.	31	Clouds.
18	"	31	Snowing.	40	Snowing.		Clouds.	32.5	Clear.
19	"	32	Clouds.	42	Sun and clouds.	50	Sun and clouds.		Rain.
20	"	34	Sleet.	40	Sleet.	36	Cloudy.	31.5 A.M. 12.20	Clearing.
21	"	25	Clear.	36	Bright sun.	42.5	Bright sun.	26.5	Clear.
22	"	28	High clouds	33	High clouds.	35.5	Clouds.	28	Snowing.
23	"	26	"	39	"			27.5	High clouds.
24	"	29	"	41.5	"	47			
25	"	29.5	Clouds.	35	Clouds.	37	Light snow.	31.5	Light snow.
26	"	31.5	Snowing.	40.5	Snowing.	42	Snowing.	34.5	Snowing.
27	"	34	Clouds.	40	"	30	"	35.5	"
28	"	35	"	39.5	Clouds.	49	Clear.	34.5	Clear.

MARCH 1891.

1	Kamdesh	35	Clouds.	40	Clouds.	47	Sleet.	38	
2	Kaigu	31	(Kamdesh). High clouds.	44	(Kamdesh.) High clouds.	51	(Pechikpo) †	43	
3	Sarat	32	Clear.	42	Clear.		Clear.	36	Clear.
4	Near Charadgul	29	" (Sarat bridge).	30	" (Sarat bridge).	54	" (Badigul).	38	"
5	Arnu	38	" (near Charadgul).	36	" (Charadgul).	59	" Cloudless.	44	"
7	Camp. Lat. 35° 22' 00"	31.5	" (Arnu).	47	" (Arnu).	60	"	45	"
8	Camp. " 38° 24' 28"	37	"	48	"	60	"	41	"
9	Mirkani	44	March. High clouds.	49.5	March. Clouding.	59	Clouds.	46	Clouds.
10	"	41	Clouds.	51	Clouds.		"	46	" (Kila Dresh).
11	Kila Dresh	40	"	47	"		"	51	High clouds.
12	Mirkani	42	"			50	Sun and clouds.	53	Light clouds.
13	Damir	46	" (Mirkani).		Clouds (march).	52	Clouds (Damir).	45	Rain (Damir).
14	"	43	Rain.	47	Rain.	49	Rain.	44	Clearing.
15	Lambarbat	45.5	Clouds (Damir).		"	40	"	45	Clouds.
16	Arnu	43.5	Bright sun.		Bright sun.		Bright sun.	52	High clouds.
17	"	48	High clouds.	50.5	Clouds.	54	Rain.	47	Rain.
18	"	46	Clouds.	52	Clouds and sun.	54	Clouds.	48	Clear.
19	Near Niadgul	46	" (Arnu).		Clouds.	52.5	"	42	"
20	Near Mengrom	37	Light clouds.			49	Rain (Mengrom).	34	"
21	Kamdesh	35	Hoar frost. Clear.		Clear.	44	Wind. Clear.	30.5	Clear.
22	"	34.5	Clouds.	52	Clouds and sun.	44	Snowing.	36	Clouds.
23	"	34	High clouds.	46	High clouds.	41	Light snow.	33	High clouds.
24	"	35	" and sun.	41.5	Heavy clouds.		Snowing.	34	Snow.
25	"	35	"	42	" and sun.		High clouds and sun.	30	High clouds.
26	"	36	Clouds.	41	Clouds and sun.	43.5	Snow.	36.5	Clouds.
27	"	38.5	Bright sun.	47	Bright sun.	50.5	Bright sun.	43	Clear.
28	"	42	"	52	"	50	"	44	"
29	"	43.5	"	55	"	50.5	"	45	"
30	"	46	"	50.5	"	51	"	47.5	"
31	"	50	"	59	Clouds.	59	Clouds and sun.	45.5	Clouds.

APRIL 1891.

Date.	Place.	7 AM.	Remarks.	8 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
1	Kāmdesh	50	Bright sun.	57	Bright sun.	60	Rain and wind.	66	Rain.
2	"	48	Rain.	47	Rain.	60.5	Bright sun.	66	Clear.
3	"	46	Bright sun.	56	"	68.5	"		
4	"	46	"		Bright sun.	66.5	"	46	Clear.
5	"	49	"	56	"				
6	"	47.6	"		"	60	Bright sun (Urnir).		
7	Nisadgul	51.5	" (above Jin-jām).	59	" (below Mergrom).	71	" (opposite Pitsigul).	59	Clear.
		5.30a.m.	Nisadgul.						
8	Arnu	51	Shiarjinegul.					63	"
9	"	59	Light rain.	55	Heavy rain.	58	Clouds.	53	Rain.
10	"	55	Clouds.	65	Bright sun.	69	Bright sun.	64	Clear.
11	Nari	60	" (Arnu).	65.5	Clouds.	69	Clouds (after rain).	65	Clouds.
12	Sou	61	"			73	Bright sun.	66	Bright sun.
13	Nari	59	Bright sun.			76	Clouds.	62	Clouds after rain.
14	"	57	"	67	Bright sun.	59	Rain.	56	Heavy rain.
15	"	53	Heavy rain				Clearing.	54	Clear.
16	Kuntgul	56	Bright sun.			77	Bright sun.	67	"
17	"	54	" (23° 85" Aneroid).					59	(23° Aneroid).
18	Birkot	54	"			61	Bright sun.	61.5	Clear.
19	"	52	"			61.5	"	68	"
20	Arnu	60	"					71	Clouds.
21	"	63.5	Clouds.			69	Rain.	58	"
22	Twig Bridge	63.5	Rain (Arnu).			70	Sun and clouds (Arnu)	60	Clear.
23	Gourdeah	54	Bright sun.			79	" "	64	"
24	"	"	"	64	Bright sun.	73	Sun.	57	Clouds.
25	"	60	"			61	"		
26	"	60	"			74	Bright sun and clouds.	63	Clear.
27	Bazgul	37	Light rain (March).			59	Rain.	48	Rain.
28	Sarat Bridge (below).	44	Clouds.					54	Clearing.
29	Kāmdesh	62	Bright sun.			70	Bright sun.	63	Clear.
30	"	54	"			69	"	54	"

MAY 1891.

1	Kāmdesh	59	Bright sun.			68.5	Bright sun.	65	Rain.
2	"	47	Rain.			55	Clouds.	52	"
3	"	50	Clouds and sun.			69	Bright sun.	63.5	Clear.
4	"	56	Bright sun.			75	"	60	"
5	"	54	"			77.5	"	59	"
6	"	68	"			79	"	59	"
7	"	68	Wind and sun.			69.5	Heavy rain.	43.5	Heavy rain.
8	"	47	Heavy rain.			44	"	43.5	"
9	"	46	Clouds.			65	Clouds.	50	Clear.
10	"	59	Bright sun.			71	Bright sun.	55	"
11	"	63	Sun and clouds.			74.5	Sun and clouds.	56.5	Clouds.
12	"	54	Light rain.			61.5	Light rain.	52	"
13	"	"	Sun and clouds.			74.5	Sun and clouds.	54	Clear.
14	"	69	Bright sun.			77	Bright sun and clouds.	60	Clouds.
15	"	61	"			70.5	Bright sun.		
16	"	62	"			76	"	61	Clear.
17	"	65.5	"			64.5	"	65	"
18	"	65	"			77	Clouds (Kashān).	57	Clouds.
19	"	61.5	Sun and clouds.			77	Sun and clouds.	69.5	Rain.
20	"	65	Bright sun.			60.5	" "	60	Clear.
21	"	68	"			70	Clouds.	56	Clouds.
22	"	"	Clouds.			62	Light rain.	54	"
23	"	69	Clouds and sun.			74	Clouds and sun.	55	Clouding.
24	Near Puretām	65	Bright sun (Urnir).			78	Bright sun.	66	Clear.
25	"	50	"			75.5	"	64	Cloudless.
26	Bragmatāi	54	(Chābu).			75	"	59	"
27	"	55	Cloudy.			70	Clouds and wind.	69	Light clouds.
28	Apsai	58	(Shidgul).			60	" "	68	"
29	Ushwar	55	Clear (above Apsai).			67	Sun and wind.	60	Clear.
30	Badawan	61	"			66	"	56	"
31	"	45	(Badawan).			66	Camp, 10,260 ft.	45	Camp, 11,360 ft.

JUNE 1891.

Date.	Place.	7 AM.	Remarks.	9 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
1		0				0		0	
2									
3									
4									
5									
6									
7	Bregamatál	69	Bright sun.			80	Bright sun.	70	Clear.
8	"	68	"			79	"	70	"
9	"	64	"			61	"	69	Clouds and light wind.
10	"	60	"			61	Bright sun and snow.	67	Clouds.
11	"	64	"			66	Clouds.	62	Clouds and moon.
12	"	66	"			74	Clouding.	61	Clear.
13	"	62	9,500 ft.			61	Light rain (9,000 ft.).	65	Clouds.
14	"	62	Clouds.			67	Light rain.	63	Clearing.
15	"	64	"			66	Wind, clouds, and snow.	68	Light clouds.
16	"	64	Bright sun.			61*5	Clouds and snow.	63	Clouds.
17	Oulagul	69*5	"				Rain.	60	"
18	Bagalgrom	63	Cloude (Oulagul).			67	Showery.	68	"
19	Kámdesh	64	"			69*5	Rain and hail.	69*5	"
20	"	66	Bright sun.			69	Bright sun and clouds.	66	Clouds and snow.
21	"	65	Light rain.			67	Sun, clouds, and thunder.	65	"
22	"	67	Sun and clouds.			76	Sun and clouds.	68	Clear.
23	"	61	Bright sun.			78	Bright sun.	62	"
24	"	66	"			66*5	"	69	"
25	"	69*5	"			68*5	"	67*5	"
26	"	70	"			64	Bright sun.	68	"
27	"	71	"			67	Clouds.	70	"
28	"	73	"			65	Bright sun.	70	"
29	"	71	"			76	Clouds and wind.	60	Clouds.
30	"	66	Cloudy.			68	Clouds and sun.	67	Clear.

JULY 1891.

1	Kámdesh	68	Bright sun and clouds.			66	Light clouds.	60	Clear.
2	"	66	"			68	Bright sun.	68	"
3	"	69	"			69	Bright sun and clouds.	67	"
4	"	70	"			94	"	67	"
5	"	73	"			85	Clouds.	72	Clouds.
6	"	71	"			92	Bright sun.	68	Clear.
7	"	73	"			90	"	67	"
8	"	69	"			61	Sun and clouds, hail and wind during afternoon.	60	"
9	"	62	"			65	Sun and clouds.	64	"
10	"	69	"			94	Bright sun.	70	"
11	"	76	Bright sun.			99	"	71	"
12	"	76	"			98	"	76	"
13	"	78	"			100	"	76	"
14	"	79	"			85	"	78	"
15	"	76	"			83	Clouds and wind.	62	After thunder.
16	"	69	Filmy clouds.			73	Clouds and snow.	66	Clouds.
17	"	67	Bright sun.			77	Bright sun.		
18	"					78*5	"	70	Clear.
19	"	73	Bright sun.			77	Clouds and snow.		

SEPTEMBER 1891.

Date.	Place.	7 AM.	Remarks.	9 AM.	Remarks.	2 PM.	Remarks.	9 PM.	Remarks.
3	Hagalrom -	64	Bright sun (near Châbu).			80	Bright sun (Sunri).	7	Clear.
4	" -	67	" "			75	" "	71	" "
5	Kâmdash -	69	" "			84	" "	71	" "
6	" -	64	" "			81	Clouds.	62	" "
7	" -	80	" "			76	" "	62	" "
8	" -	67	" "			78	Bright sun.	67	Clouds
9	" -	63	" "			81	" "	70	Clear.
10	" -	63	" "			79.5	" "	70	" "
11	" -	62.5	" "			79	" "	72	" "
12	" -	64	" "			63	" "	73	" "
13	" -	65	" "			82	" "	71	" "
14	" -	65.5	" "			82	" "	73	" "
15	" -	64	" "			81	" "	72	" "
16	" -	64	" "			82.5	" "	73	" "
17	" -	66	" "			81.5	" "	73	" "
18	" -	67	" "			80	" and clouds.	73	" "
19	" -	68	" "			77	" "	70	Clouds.
20	" -	67	" "			79	" "	71	" "
21	" -	68	Clouds.			76.5	" "	64	" and stars.
22	" -	69	" "			70	Clouds.	67	Clear.
23	" -	66	Bright sun.			72	" and bright sun.	69	" "
24	" -	67	" and clouds.			73	" "	62	" "
25	" -	55	" "			64	" "	50	" "
26	On the march	46	Light clouds and sun (Nichingul Valley).			46	" (10,850 ft.)	36	" (1,800 ft.)
27	" -	37	Bright sun (12,400 ft.)			55	Bright sun (12,740 ft.)	50	" "
28	Shtevrom -	40	" "			47	Clouds and bright sun.	46	" "
29	Prontzrom	40	" (9,050 ft.)			67	Bright sun (8,760 ft.)	49	" (8,760 ft.)
30	Diogram -	39	" "			64	" "	50.5	" "

OCTOBER 1891.

1	Kstigrom	44	Clouds.			46	Heavy rain.	39	Clear.
2	Satsungrom	41	Heavy clouds.			47	" clouds.	41	Heavy rain.
3	Pushkigrom	38	" "			49	Sun and hail storms.	40	Clear.
4	" -	38	Clear.			57	Bright sun and clouds.	42	Clouds.
5	Satsungrom	37	Clouds and snow.			50.5	" "	43	" "
6	Kstigrom -	36	Clear.			56	Clouds and snow (9,400 ft.)	45	" "
7	Diogram -	33	Bright sun.			46	Bright sun.	40.5	Light clouds.
8	Prontzrom	34	" "			63	Snow and rain.	37	Clear.
9	Shtevrom -	31	Clear.			49	Clouds.		
10						48			10,700 ft.
11		24	(12,000 ft.)			36	(13,100 ft.)	38	Shtevrom.
12	Nichingul	36.5	Light clouds.			36	Kunjanigul, 12,960 ft.	30	11,900 ft.
13	" -	36	11,050 ft.			47	Rain.	42	7,100 ft.
14	Kâmgrom -	40	7,000 ft.			67	Wind, clouds, bright sun.	49	Clear.
15	" -	44	Bright sun.			58	Bright sun.	50	Clouds.
16	" -	43.5	" and clouds.			63	" and clouds.	62	" "
17	" -	46	Rain.			54	Clouds.	48	Light clouds and stars.
18	Kâmdash -	44	Bright sun and light clouds.			58	" "	50	Clouds.
19	" -	46	Bright sun and clouds.			67	" "	48	" "
20	" -	46	" "			69	Sun and clouds.	63	" "
21	" -	48	Rain.			63	Rain.	48	" "
22	On the march	41	High clouds.			61	Bright sun (Jinjâm.)	63	Clear.
23	Gourdash -	41	" (Sarat bridge.)			72	" "	63	" "
24	Utzun -	43	Bright sun.			40	Bright sun and clouds.	61	" (4,975 ft.)
25	Kila Drosh -	46	" (Utzun).			71	" (Suwir.)	40	" "
26	" -	46	" "			69	" "	62	" "
27	Gairat	46	" "			69	" "	65	" "
28	Chitral -	41	" "			70	" "	48	" "
29	" -	50	" "			63	" "	43	" "
30	" -	40	Clear.			66	" "	46	" "
31	" -	44	Clouds.			63	Clouds.	49	Rain.

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1	Chitral	46	Heavy rain.			40	Bright sun and clouds.	42	Clear.
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SECTION II.

ROADS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

The main roads of communication, if they can be called roads, are necessarily almost invariably along the river banks, so narrow and steep are the valleys. Although they vary greatly from one another in degree, the roads are almost always extremely difficult. That part of the Bashgul Valley above Chábu, as well as nearly the whole of the Presungul, is quite easy when once you get into those districts; but all other Káfiristán roads with which I am acquainted are simply abominable. Perhaps the worst of these so-called roads are those of the Dungul Valley and those on the left bank of the Bashgul river in the Kám country, although the whole of the valley below Chábu and Púrstám is difficult. In these and in similar places it is rare to find even a couple of hundred yards of moderately level ground.

Character of the roads.

Marching is one incessant clamber, along rough stony tracks which run over spurs and bluffs, or, by means of frail wooden galleries across the faces of low precipices. Sometimes it is most difficult to get over smooth rock surfaces. Indeed, in some places where the ground is of this character the inexperienced or badly-shod traveller may only be able to proceed at all by edging himself along in a sitting posture. Dogs cannot get over these places without assistance. In other instances the rough stony nature of the track over or between boulders at the water's edge is very tiring, and bruises the feet of the unseasoned traveller, besides cutting his boots to pieces. The frail galleries, already spoken of, are purposely kept unrepaired so that in war time they can easily be destroyed.

Difficulty of travelling.

The bridges over the rivers are often extremely well built, and are carried high above the water. They are made so narrow in the middle, where they are usually not more than 18 or 20 inches wide, and they have such low parapets, only about 6 inches high, that they look very much like water-troughs for irrigating fields. Such structures are always trying to the nerves of a traveller, especially if he is suffering, or has lately recovered, from an attack of fever. If this is the case with the good bridges it may be imagined how extremely bad the inferior ones are. Sometimes a broken tree, banging across a narrow stream, is utilized as a bridge, the angle of ascent or descent depending on the height at which the tree is partially broken away from the trunk. Yet these are pleasant and easy means of crossing a torrent when compared with certain old and rickety bridges which sway and groan with the pressure of every footfall. There is one in particular, near the village of Mergrom, which the five Balti coolies, who accompanied me throughout my journeys, and are in their own country accustomed to some of the most execrable bridges in the world, found the greatest difficulty in crossing. Although it was not more than 15 yards in length, when covered with hard slippery snow, pitted with the irregular frozen footsteps of previous travellers, this bridge was distinctly dangerous, for it had no rail of any kind. A fall would have meant certain death, for the water-course below was full of jagged rocks. Frequently a bridge consists merely of one pole or of two poles placed side by side, high above the water, and it requires a good head to cross at all. When they are near the surface of the water they are, of course, less difficult. The rope or twig bridge, so common in Gilgit, Chitrál, and the Kunar Valley, is never met with, at least in Eastern Káfiristán. The only one of that description I am acquainted with is placed every year across the mouth of the Bashgul river by the inhabitants of Birkot for the convenience of Káfirs trading with them and the other Gabar villages of the Kunar Valley. In the Presun country the bridges are remarkably good. They are made on the principle of the dug-out boat from large tree trunks, and are both safe and easy. They are sometimes protected by a wooden door placed at the end. The bridge at the village of Badamuk, in the Bashgul Valley, has a regular block-house defence on the left bank of the river. To speak generally, the bridges in the upper part of the Bashgul Valley are easy and safe, while lower down they gradually become more and more difficult. Káfirs think nothing of a bad bridge, but then they will often stroll out on the squared 6-inch roof-beams of a house, projecting many feet over a precipitous slope, before they are cut down to the proper length when the verandah is completed. Women, as a rule, find greater difficulties in getting over bridges where there is excessive vibration. They have to be helped over occasionally. On the other hand, I have seen four women in a cluster trot over the good but narrow Lutdeh bridge, one mounted on the shoulders of a second, and the other two holding the first woman's hands. The vibration was so great that it seemed as if the whole party must be

Bridges.

precipitated into the water; but, so far from being dismayed, the women repeated the performance more than once.

Wading.

Another point which makes travelling in Káfiristán somewhat difficult is the necessity for wading in the river at certain places. In the Mádugál country there are several such places. Some of them are of considerable extent and easy enough except for the sharp stones in the river bed which are apt, if the traveller is wading with naked and unaccustomed feet to pain him so that he stumbles and gets a ducking; but at other districts the wading is difficult, if not actually dangerous, from the force of the water, though not from its depth, for at the worst place of all, which is fortunately not long, the water only comes up to the waist, the footway being the under water ledge at the foot of a precipice. There it is sometimes very hard to keep close enough to the rock, and avoid being washed out into the raging torrent. At this place dogs have to be dragged through anyhow, and emerge from the ordeal more than half drowned. At some of the wading places, particularly during the snow melting season great care has to be observed owing to the strength of the current.

Mountain tracks.

The roads over the mountain passes are none of them easy. These passes must be tackled according to their altitudes, the amount of snow upon them, the season of the year, the time of day, and so on. I suffered terribly on the Mandál, but the reason of that was that the Káfirs gave me credit for being as good a mountaineer and as rapid a traveller as they themselves are. They also greatly underrate the distance. The result was that I arrived at the last climb late in the morning under a hot sun, and the softened snow gave me enormous trouble in surmounting the pass, and I kept dashing my feet against and jamming them between the stones concealed beneath it.

How animals travel.

No horses can be used in any part of Káfiristán I have visited except in the upper part of the Bashgul Valley where they may be ridden for a few marches. In Presungul also they might be employed if they could only be conveyed thither. There is one pony at Kámdeh, a present from the Mehtar of Chitrál to one of the Káfir elders. He was taken thither in the early winter along the edge of the shrinking river. I myself took a Yásin pony over the Parpit Pass down the Pittigul Valley and so to Kámdeh, but the animal suffered terribly, his feet and legs being cut to pieces. Several times it seemed as if we must abandon him, but he was eventually got out of the country by wading him along the margin of the river during the winter.

The roads by which cows are taken are circuitous and high up the ranges. It appears that cows can go where ponies cannot. This is certainly the case with bad mountain torrents which cows sometimes have to cross. I have seen the unfortunate animals swept down and battered against boulders, and eventually emerge on the other side after an experience through which a horse could not have passed without fracturing some of his bones.

The roads referred to are the merest tracks. Sometimes they are not even tracks, for owing to the conformation of the soil or its changing nature, impressions will not remain on it at all, but as a rule tracks are always to be found, even over the smooth surfaces of rocks, in the regular lines of communication. If the tracks stop abruptly, at the foot of an unscalable bluff for instance, the probabilities are that the traveller has reached a wading place. There are various routes into Káfiristán. Of some of them, like the Khawak which leads into it from Afghanistan, we know little or nothing. There must be several, if not many, from the Panjsher and Tagao Valleys, up the Alingar and the Káo, for in addition to the most convenient routes over mountain ranges there are nearly always many others which are occasionally employed by the neighbouring inhabitants, but being difficult, dangerous, or roundabout, are only used on exceptional occasions, and are known only to a limited number of people.

Known routes into Káfiristán.

If we set aside these routes from Afghanistan, of which so little is known, and the by-paths over the mountains known to few and seldom used, there remain the following routes, of which in each instance something more or less definite may be written:—

1. The routes from Chitrál into the Bashgul Valley, of which the chief are:—
 - (a.) The Zidig, leading from the Upper Lutkho Valley (Gabar) to Ahmed Diwána.
 - (b.) The Pshui from the Lutkho Valley (Izh) to Pshui.
 - (c.) The Sháwal from the Kalash Valley of Bomboret to Lutdeh (Bragamatál).
 - (d.) The Parpit from the Kalash Valley of Bomboret to the Pittigul Valley of the Kám country.
 - (e.) The Patkun from the Kalash Valley of Utzun to the Káfir Valley of Gourdeh—the easiest of all.
 - (f.) The Bromni from the Kalash Utzun district to the Pittigul Valley of the Kám country.

2. The chief routes from the Kunar Valley into Káfiristán are :—

- (a.) The Bashgul Valley, which debouches into the Kunar Valley opposite to and just above the village of Arandu—an easy road.
- (b.) The Dungal Valley, which joins the Kunar Valley from the West, just above the Gabar village of Palasgar. Up this valley is a difficult and defensible road to Kamu and to Kámdesh, each branch leading over a pass.
- (c.) The Péch or Kamah river, which falls into the Kunar at Chigar Serai, and up which is the road to the Waigul, the Presungul, and probably to Ashkun and Kti as well.

(NOTE.—Between these main roads are many others, which are fit only for herdsmen and sportsmen).

3. The chief routes from Badakhshán are through the Minján Valley. They are :—

- (a.) The Mandál from the hamlet of Peip in the Minján Valley into the top of the Bashgul Valley.
- (b.) The Kamah from the village of Shtevgrom in Presungul to the village of Tullu in Minján.

(NOTE.—In the Skorigul (Lalúk) Valley three or four roads were shown to me which were said to lead into the Minján Valley.)

- (c.) A road leading straight from Minján over a pass into the Kti Valley.
- (d.) A road branching off to the west from the Minján Valley, and leading over a pass into the Rámgul country.
- (e.) A road from Minján to the west leading over a pass into the Kulam Valley.

(NOTE.—The last three unnamed passes were described to me merely, but I feel sure that they exist. They were all declared to be higher than the Kamah (15,500 feet) and more difficult.)

Besides the above routes into Káfiristán, the following are the most important roads in the country itself :— Roads in Káfiristán.

1. From the Bashgul Valley :—

- (a.) The Skorigul (Lalúk), up which are two or three roads leading over passes to Minján, and one leading over a pass into the Wez valley of Presungul.
- (b.) The Manjám, which leads from the Manangul (the valley from the Sháwal to Lutdeh) into the top of the Pittigul Valley.
- (c.) The Baprokgul, which leads over the Mami Pass into the Wezgul and the Presun Valley.
- (d.) The Oulagul, which leads by a difficult road over a ridge into the Pittigul Valley.
- (e.) The Níchingul, which leads over the Kungani Pass into the short Uzhamzhal Valley which debouches into the Wezgul of the Presun Valley, and also by roads up lateral streams joining it on the right bank, to the Wai country.
- (f.) The Kamu Valley, which divides and has roads, one over a low ridge into the Birkotgul, the other into a fine valley which joins the Dungal; and others of less importance.

2. From the Dungal Valley there are difficult hill paths to the west which lead into the Wai country.

3. From the Presungul there are :—

- (a.) Valleys leading to the Wai country.
- (b.) A valley near Shtevgrom, which bifurcates, the left tract leading over a range to the Kti Valley, the right leading to the Rámgul (after crossing the Minján Valley presumably).
- (c.) A pass over the range which deflects the river below Pushkigrom, leading to the valley of Aspít in the Kti Valley.

These are the more important roads with which I am acquainted. There are numbers of others which it would be tedious to mention. I have only given those which lead from the territory of one tribe into that of another.

The road from Minján Valley to Shtevgrom.

Of the routes with which I am acquainted, or partially acquainted, perhaps the most interesting is that from the Minján Valley over the Kamah Pass to the village of Shtevgrom, thence, through a charmingly easy valley rich in flocks and herds, and containing six large and populous villages, it follows the course of the Péch or Kamah river round the bend below Pushkigrom, where my personal knowledge of it ends as abruptly as the river turns, and so on to Chigar Serai. If we argue by analogy it is probable that from the bend mentioned to Chigar Serai the road is extremely difficult. But if this is not so, and if the Minján portion of the road is of an average kind, this route from Badakhshán to Chigar Serai ought to be a good one, for in the Presun Valley there are large tracks of grass land, and considerable quantities of supplies could be obtained. Wood is scarce at the upper part of the valley, but plentiful lower down near Pushkigrom.

Road between the Minján and the Kti Valleys.

Another road which might prove of considerable interest is that which runs from the Minján Valley over a pass into the Kti Valley. Thence it may perhaps follow the Kti river to its junction with the Péch or Kamah or may from the village of Aspít cross the range which intervenes between this village and Pushkigrom and the Presun country.

The passes which have to be traversed to reach the Kti, Kulam, and Rámgul Valleys from the Minján Valley were all described to me as being much higher than the Kamah (15,500 ft.), and much more difficult. Whether this is so cannot be decided, as my information on the point was not altogether trustworthy.

SECTION III.

THE KÁFIRS: ORIGIN AND PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Probable early history.

It seems probable that eventually the view will be accepted that, to speak broadly, the present dominant races of Káfiristán, the Katirs, the Kám, and the Wai, are mainly descended from the old Indian population of Eastern Afghanistan who refused to embrace Islám in the 10th century, and fled for refuge from the victorious Moslems to the hilly countries of Káfiristán. There they probably found other races already settled, whom they vanquished, drove away, or enslaved, or with whom they amalgamated.

Aboriginal races.

It is possible that part of the present slave population, also the Jazhis, and the Aroms are remnants of these ancient peoples, while the Presuns are probably also a more or less aboriginal race, who either successfully resisted the newcomers, or were driven from more fertile regions and milder altitudes to their present valley. As there is no literature nor any written character of any kind in Káfiristán, it is hardly possible to do more than guess, in an unscientific way, at the meaning of the stories related, or the traditions repeated by the people.

Native tradition.

The Kám have two versions of themselves to offer. One, proffered by what may be called the agnostics, is that the tribe originally came from the Salarzai country, and that, beyond that fact, no one knows anything about them. The other version is that the Kám were originally Arabs; some say of the Koresh tribe, while others affirm that it is the Wai, and not the Kám, who are Koresh. The story goes that, after suffering many vicissitudes in consequence of the fighting connected with the propagation of the Mahomedan religion, the Kám found themselves at Kandahar, and after another interval, at a place called Kamich, in the Rámgul. There they warred furiously with the Wai people, but in the end were victorious, and compelled the Wai to pay them a yearly tribute of four cows and four measures of wine. The collecting of the tribute was, however, always a matter of difficulty, and at length the Kám messengers who were sent to secure it were all murdered. Soon after this it happened that the Kám were engaged at a great dance, at which they were surprised by a huge army of Wai people. A terrible fight ensued in which the Kám were successful, but at the cost of 1,000 lives. The defeated army suffered still more severely, and lost at least two-thirds of their number. It was immediately after this great fight that the Kám left Kamich, and migrated to the Bashgul Valley. The reason for this move was that the flesh of the markhor of the Kamich district was found to cause severe and fatal illnesses, and it was to obtain a better variety of markhor meat, that the Kám began to search for a new country. The tradition seems to have been altered in the telling. It looks as if the great fight at Kamich resulted in the defeat of the Kám, who had to take to flight, and find a new home for themselves in their present country. On reaching the Bashgul valley, continues the story, the Kám found it inhabited by a race called Jazhis, an aboriginal people of whom there are a few families still remaining in

Ishtat (or Gourdesh), and two households at least in the village of Pittigul. The Jazhis were driven out from their lands and homes, which were at once appropriated by the Kám. The dispersion of the vanquished was complete. None of them were made slaves, nor are the Kalash of Chitrál nor any of the surrounding natives in any way akin to their dispossessed Jazhis.

The Kám affirm that the whole of the country from the Eastern Káfiristán frontier as far as Gilgit was, in former times, inhabited by the Kalash, while the true Káfirs extended at least as far as Swat in one direction, while on either side their extent was practically boundless.

In Káfiristán tradition, the Gourdesh (Ishtat) people are said to be partly descended from the Arom people, while the remainder are of Jazhi descent. It is related that a man from Aromgrom in Aromia made improper proposals to an Ishtat (Jazhi) maiden, who refused to accede to his request on the ground that it was a shameful thing for a woman to have a baby before she was properly married. It was not until the man had made her a present of his dagger and solemnly promised to protect any child she might have by him, provided that it was not a girl, that the maiden's virtuous scruples were overcome. From this irregular union a boy was born who is the direct ancestor of Shermalik, the Chief of Ishtat.

The Katirs in the Bashgul Valley informed me that they came from the west, and were once part of a numerous tribe, which divided into two parties. One division consisted of all the wealthy, and other notables, who went to London, while the other, comprising menials only, settled in Káfiristán. They warned me not to trust the Kám, or to believe them for an instant if they declared that they and I were descended from a common ancestor; for it was notorious that it was the Katirs and not the Kám who were of my race, the Kám being really akin to the Russians. This shows that the Káfirs of the Bashgul Valley know something of the sentiments with which the English and the Russians regard one another in the East.

Of the origin of the Presun, the Mádugál, the Kashtán, &c., and of the slaves, there is even less information to be collected locally; but some of the traditions related to me are of value for two reasons; they show the nature of the evidence placed at the disposal of the traveller by the Káfirs themselves, and they illustrate the crude, bald narrative which suits the present intellectual position of the people. For instance, the Mádugál tribe, according to Kám grey-beards, was created in the following peculiar circumstances. One day, long ago, the people of Kámdesh were startled by the fall of a thunderbolt from Heaven. A great noise and much fire were associated with the phenomenon, and added to the fear and bewilderment of the spectators. After a time, venturing forth from their homes, the Kám perceived seven men, two of whom were playing reed instruments to two others, who were dancing. The remaining three were busily employed in performing sacred rites to Imra. From these seven individuals, who took wives from the Katirs, the whole of the Mádugál tribe is descended.

The slaves also are accorded a semi-divine origin, as the following narrative shows. It appears that one day up in the sky, a father blacksmith said to his sons, "Bring me some fire." Just as the lad was obeying the order, there was a lightning flash and the boy fell through the slit it caused in the floor of the sky on to the earth. From this youth one portion of the slave population is derived; the remainder being the offspring of Waiguli prisoners taken in war. Of the Presun, the following account was given me. In the beginning of the world, God created a race of devils. He soon afterwards regretted having done so, but felt himself unable to destroy all those he had so recently endowed with breath. But Moni (sometimes called Mahomed by Káfirs under the impression that prophet and Mahomed are synonymous terms), grieving at the terrible state of affairs, at length obtained a sword from Imra, and permission to destroy all the devils. He killed very many, but seven, the ancestors of the Presuns of to-day, managed to escape him.

As there are no rock inscriptions, no ancient books, nor any literature of any kind to be found in Káfiristán, and as the traditions of the people themselves give such small help in forming any opinion concerning their origin, the only hope which remains that the Káfirs may be eventually assigned their proper place in the general history of the world is from a comparative study of their language, their manners and customs, and their religious ceremonies, as well as from their cranial measurements, and other anthropometric observations. That they are made up of different races appears certain; that they have no admixture of Tartar blood seems obvious; that they came from the West, at least the great majority of them, is their own fixed idea, and is more than probable. If there may be points of resemblance between present Káfir and ancient

Estimate of the evidences of Káfir origin.

Greek sacrificial observances, and if certain of their domestic utensils, such for instance as the Wai wooden dish-stand, may seem to be fashioned in Grecian mould, it may perhaps be conjectured that some of the Káfir tribes, at any rate, are still influenced, as the ancient Indian populations of Eastern Afghánistán were also influenced, by the Greek colonists of Alexander, and that these Káfirs, having never been under the rule of Mahomedans, may possibly represent some of the people of Eastern Afghánistán as they were before the victorious Moslem defeated and converted them to Islám. If the Káfirs really represent these peoples, the resemblance must be partial, and possibly unflattering. Civilization abruptly fell asleep centuries ago in Káfiristán, and is still dormant. A conquering race may progress in the arts and in civilization, as it progresses and excels in war-like skill. But not so an isolated people like the Káfirs. They have degenerated until their tribal headquarters are merely robbers' nests. In the various shifts and expedients to which they have been forced in order to preserve their freedom and their lives, lying, running away, and underhand devices have been particularly serviceable. In their mode of warfare no spark of chivalry is possible. The silent watcher, his face protruding from a thicket, his wild eyes glancing swiftly and fearfully around, or the lithe form wriggling like a snake along the ground to stab his sleeping enemy, man, woman or child—these are the pictures which arise in my mind when I think of Káfir braves; not because this illustrates the sole method of warfare employed, but because continued intercourse with the people and observation of their silent stealthy gait and shifty faces taught me what are the most popular methods of attack. If it were not for their splendid courage, their domestic affections, and their overpowering love of freedom, Káfirs would be a hateful people. In other respects they are what they have been made by uncontrollable circumstances. For them, the world has not grown softer as it has grown older. Its youth could not be crueller than its present maturity, but if they had been different they would have been enslaved centuries ago. Their present ideas, and all the associations of their history and their religion are simply bloodshed, assassination, and black-mailing, yet they are not savages. Some of them have the heads of philosophers and statesmen. Their features are Aryan, and their mental capabilities considerable. Their love of decoration, their carving, their architecture, all point to a time when they were higher in the human scale than they are at present. They never could be brutal savages such as are some of the African races, for example, because they are of a different type, but they are as degraded in many respects as it is possible for such types ever to become.

The physical characteristics of the Káfirs.

The physique of the Káfirs is magnificent of its kind. They are lightly built men who seem to be almost always in hard training. Fat men are altogether unknown. The average height of a number of Káin Káfirs whom I measured was from 5 ft. 5½ in. to 5 ft. 6 in. The shortest was just over 5 feet, the tallest 6 ft. 1½ in. The biggest man of the tribe was 6 ft. 1 in. He was a splendid man to look at, heavily built and of prodigious strength. As a rule, however, the men of medium height are not only the most active, the fastest runners, and the most enduring travellers, but are generally the most physically powerful as well. I have frequently noticed this when watching Káfirs "larking," and have seen how the taller men could never get away from the others in a short sharp run over the flat, nor disengage themselves from the grasp of men much shorter than themselves. Actually the four or five strongest men of the tribe are above the average height, but with this exception the rule holds good.

I once came across one old man, a Kashtán, leaning on his long matchlock, who was a striking figure. He was of splendid and colossal proportions, but with all his bigness there was a suggestion of activity about his limbs which was surprising when one noticed his grizzled locks.

Gracefulness.

Admirers of form would delight in Káfirs in their own country. They give such an impression of gracefulness and strength when once the eye has become accustomed to the vile robes they wear. As might be expected of a wild excitable people, their gestures are most dramatic. I remember always a group of malcontents leaving a meeting which was discussing me. The dissentients rose in a body and moved slowly away with flashing eyes and white faces, heads thrown back and walking clubs pointed upwards at intervals. As they kept turning back in indignant protest to cast scornful glances at their opponents, they made a fine picture.

Agility.

Another fine sight is to see two young men in a village quarrel try to get at one another. All bystanders throw themselves between the belligerents in the hope of securing them or keeping them apart. It then becomes more than ever a point of honour for the angry youths to strive to reach one another. In their attempts to evade the peacemakers, they dash up and down the steep village hill and over the

house-tops, at times making remarkable leaps. On such occasions they fly past the spectator like a tornado; really marvellous examples of energy and graceful strength.

Káfirs have well-developed chests. Their arms are muscular but not remarkably so. There being no special exercise for bringing particular muscles into prominence, and no regular wrestling, their arms would not compare to much advantage with those of a Punjâbi athlete. The arms are somewhat long and the wrists and hands rather small. The squeezing power of the fingers is as a rule not very great. The flanks, hips, and gluteal muscles are light. The legs are splendidly muscular, but not too big, and the feet are often extremely well shaped with a high instep.

Strength of various parts of the body.

In their own country Káfirs have a great idea of personal dignity. An important man marches about the village in a slow dignified way, almost always attended by one or two satellites. As a rule everyone likes to have somebody of inferior rank to walk a step or two behind him. Young braves who are entitled to the distinction wrap themselves in a blue cotton shawl and stalk about or pose in a delightfully ingenuous way. Almost all Káfirs have rather a high step, as if the knee were always bent a little. This is particularly noticeable in men above the average height.

Personal dignity.

In repose a Káfir is usually not seen to advantage. His clothes often obscure his proportions, and he is fond of sitting forward on his stool, his elbows on his knees and his hands grasping a walking club standing between his legs. He is generally also conscious of some ceremoniousness in paying or receiving a visit. He looks better when lounging and taking his ease on the ground with his legs stretching out before him. He cannot sit comfortably on his heels like a native of India, but prefers a stool, a plank, or a billet of wood, or else to spread out his legs straight in front of him like a European.

The Káfir in repose.

On the march Káfirs travel with a quick rather short untiring step. As hillmen they cannot possibly be surpassed, their wind being as excellent as their legs and ankles are strong, while all are comparatively light weights, and not too tall. Their pluck is immense; women and boys apparently overcome with fatigue, still struggle on till they reach their destination. Káfirs can stand all temperatures. Heat does not unduly disturb them, they can sleep comfortably in severe cold in spite of their scanty clothing. They can go without food when necessary, as well as or better than probably any other race.

Káfirs on the march.

Their countenances are of a distinct Aryan type, the nose, as a rule, being particularly well shaped. The Kám and the Wai contain the handsomest people I have seen, especially the Wai; the Katirs have fewer good looking men, and the Presuns are spoilt by their heavy stupid look. There are distinct gradations in type from the best-looking of the chief families to the patsas or shepherds and so down to the slaves. In the highest types the men have well shaped heads, good features, and quiet steady eyes. The cast of feature is grave, one might almost say intellectual, occasionally of a beautiful Greek type. Of the latter description I know one remarkable instance amongst the Kám young men, and one still more striking example, who, curiously enough, was a young to middle-aged Presun woman. The lowest type of face is of two different kinds. There is the bird of prey type—hooked nose, low forehead, receding chin, and quick-glancing close-set eyes. In such cases the forehead is particularly bad, being narrow and low, with the hair not unfrequently growing almost down to the eyebrows. In fact instances may be met with where the only true hairless forehead is a circular space just above the root of the nose and about the size of a florin. The other variety of the degraded type is often seen among the slaves. It has stupid or crafty, dark, rounded, somewhat heavy features, while the nose is badly shaped and coarse. The hair grows low on a narrow receding forehead as in the other type. Between the extremes of the highest and the lowest types there is every possible gradation in shape of feature, colour of skin, and size of head. The head men as a rule are the best-looking of the race, but among them are often men with rather bad foreheads and shifty glances, who at least hold their own among their fellows. The most important man of the Kám, and the chief of the Mádugál, both answer to this description. They are both extremely wealthy and are the wildest men I have met. They agree also in this particular, that both are famous warriors and the most distinguished of their tribe in that respect.

Káfir faces.

The colour of the Káfirs is on the whole less fair than that of the upper classes in Chitrál, and less fair than many Badakhshis I have met. They do not at all approach the black races, but are equally removed from those with white skins. In tint they resemble more the average inhabitant of the Punjab. Of the various Káfir tribes, the Wai seem to be the fairest and some of the Katirs, some of the Kashtáns, and some of the Presuns the darkest. It is, however, hard

Káfir complexions.

to estimate properly the darkness of skin of the villagers of Pshui, for instance, for there the people use a fuel which gives forth a particularly grimy smoke, the effect of which on the Pshui men seems to be seldom or never neutralized by washing. So also with the Presuns. Living in a cold high valley they are particularly reluctant ever to wash their faces, which are often literally sooty. A Presun Káfir, taken prisoner and sold to the Khan of Lálpura, made his escape and visited me at Kámdesh. I was astonished at the comparative fairness of his complexion. A few months later, seeing him in his own home, I found him just as dark as the rest of his compatriots. He had probably not washed himself in the interval. The Presun children have often light eyes and fair hair when quite little. The Káfirs, in short, are thoroughly eastern in colour, as well as in every other respect. Red-haired, or more or less albino people are few in number, less than one per cent. of the total population.

Hair. With very few exceptions all Káfirs wear the "karunch" or scalplock. This is formed in the following way. The whole of the head is shaved, except a round patch, some four inches in diameter over the occiput, where it is not cut at all. A tiny lock in front of each ear is often permitted to remain also. Children at the 31st or 32nd day after birth, both male and female alike, have their heads shaved. A Káfir's hair is not very long, seldom more than 12 or 14 inches, and, with very rare exceptions, is quite straight. It is usually extremely dirty and matted into ratstails. On some heads of boys the crop of hair is prodigiously thick, but that is exceptional. A few of the Bashgul Káfirs do not wear the karunch but have the hair cut short all over the head. These men can, and occasionally do, pass for Pathans on their various thieving and murdering expeditions. Káfirs who, after turning Mahomedans revert to their old religion, are said to be restrained from wearing the karunch until they have slain a Musselman in fight. This may or may not be true. The "reverts" I know all wear their hair in Pathan fashion, although one of them had assassinated the Khan of Asmár.

The Káfirs admire beards, and love to dye them red as soon as they begin to grow grey. The young men, particularly, are fond of applying antimony to the eyelids, but only a very few have the opportunity of thus ornamenting themselves.

**Character-
istics of the
Káfir women.**

The women are, as a rule, shortish and of light build with muscular limbs. Pretty faces are rare. Little girls are often decidedly good-looking, but the hard field work and constant exposure to all kinds of weather quickly darken the complexion and make it coarse. The features are often good, and their type varies precisely as it does in the case of the men. The handsomest woman amongst the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley was a slave, but she was merely one of those exceptions which point an argument. The Wai women are the handsomest of all those I have seen; the Mádugál those with the fewest personal attractions.

The Presun women look the most powerful, but all alike are wonderful walkers and are capable of undertaking extremely long journeys, carrying loads. Old grandmothers think nothing of marching over the difficult road between Lutdeb and Kámdesh in one day. Girls with their conical baskets lightly laden trot past one on the road, or march steadily and rapidly up the steep hill paths. At a slower pace they can carry enormous loads, stones for house building, grapes for the winepress, walnuts for storing, or corn to be threshed.

Their attitudes and gestures are, for the most part, clumsy. What we call gracefulness is rare, although it is common enough in young men and lads. The little girls, from their earliest days, run wild, and climb and practise gymnastics, just as boys do in other countries. A boy comes to a stranger to be petted, a girl goes into shy contortions at a distance, or climbs trees or the wooden framework of the dance houses. Women also climb trees with facility. I have passed under a large mulberry tree, and found it tenanted with matronly figures, literally grazing on the fruit. It is astounding how big and old-looking many of the Presun girls are before they attain the cap which marks maturity.

All Káfir women roll the hair up, and confine it in some sort of cap. Girls confine their locks with a double thread round the brows. Most female heads, like most female faces, are appalling dirty. The teeth are perhaps the best feature of the women. Their gait seems to depend for gracefulness on the length of their garments, the less encumbered Kám women taking longish, more or less manly strides, while the Presun women take much shorter and quicker steps.

Diseases.

The appearance of both men and women is often spoilt by small-pox and its results, and by a terrible ulceration, which frequently eats away the bridge of the nose, the

cheeks, or the lower eyelids; also in the Bashgul Valley, by goitre, which seems to be almost exclusively confined to women.

As the result of very many observations of an unscientific kind, I could never discover that the Káfirs displayed any superiority to other races in quickness of eye, certainty of hearing, or skill in aiming with weapons. My eyesight always proved as good as theirs, although they could always see markhor on a hill-side long before I could. They are good throwers and good swimmers, and play skilfully games requiring a good eye and a good wrist. They never fail, when slaughtering cattle with their narrow axes; the cut through the neck vertebræ which fells and paralyses the beast, is never bungled. Their most remarkable physical characteristics are their activity and their powers of endurance. In these two qualities combined they far surpass any other people with which I am acquainted.

General estimate.

They are, moreover, wonderfully good at "locality," in remembering places and roads they have only once visited and travelled over. I have sometimes in winding valleys, many miles distant from the village, asked a Káfir in what direction Kámdesh was. He has always correctly indicated the proper position without a moment's hesitation. This faculty is almost an instinct, and has been perfected by heredity. In their raiding expeditions, when small parties set out with the object of secretly penetrating into an enemy's country and attacking people unawares, the only hope the raiders have of getting away after a murder has revealed their presence in the district, lies in their fleetness of foot and in this instinct for locality.

"Locality."

The Káfirs, at least the younger men, have the enviable faculty of being able to sleep at pleasure. Two or three of them accompanied me on one occasion to Kila Drosh, where we were the guests of the Governor. As there was nothing for the Káfirs to do, and as it was not advisable for them to be too much in evidence outside the fort, they slept nearly continuously for two whole days and nights. Another time, at the end of a march, three Káfir youths with me noticed a blanket which my Pathan servant had cast aside while he was settling the camp. They pounced upon the blanket in great glee, carried it out of sight behind a rock, spread it on the ground, and in an instant were sound asleep. My servant, hunting for his property, found the little sleeping party, roused up the boys, and took away his blanket. The Káfirs were wide awake in an instant, and merely grumbled a little at the Pathan's selfishness.

Power of sleep.

When we crossed the Mandál Pass, owing to our late start and the consequent heat of the sun our journey was most trying for all but the Káfirs. They used to race on ahead, occasionally singing, dancing, and twirling their axes. They would then throw themselves down on the snow to wait until we reached them. We invariably, when we got up to the place, found them sound asleep.

SECTION IV.

KÁFIR CHARACTER.

The Káfirs are by no means simple in character; they can intrigue, concoct plots, and then carry them out with the secrecy and tenacity of the average Oriental. On one occasion a head man of Kámdesh went on a visit to the Amír of Kabul. On his way home, while journeying up the Kunar Valley, he was waylaid by some followers of the fanatical priest of Dír, and murdered. The man who actually dealt the fatal blow was a Káfir who had embraced Islám. He escaped to Dír, and lived there under the protection of its powerful priest. The head men of Kámdesh consulted together how the murder should be avenged. Eventually they decided on a plan which will show the persistency with which a Káfir can carry out, at times, a settled resolve. They employed a man to go to Dír to declare himself a convert to Mahomedanism, and to become a follower and avowed disciple of the fanatic who is the head of the Musselman religion at that place. Their emissary remained at Dír for more than two years before he could, under the veil of friendship and a common religion, induce the murderer to pay a stealthy visit to Káfristán, where, of course, he was at once seized and killed, as had been arranged.

Intrigue.

The mental powers of Káfirs are often considerable. Many of the head men have intellectual looking faces, and are possessed of intelligence, judgment, and considerable mental energy, but the intense conservatism of the elder men, the result of inherited tendency, the isolated nature of their experience, and their not unjustifiable belief in their own astuteness, make them distrustful of new ideas. They nevertheless thoroughly

Intellect of Káfir.

appreciate the value of rifles, pistols, and other arms which they do not themselves possess. They have also a considerable respect for the higher civilization of their Musselman neighbours, and have as exaggerated an idea of their learning as they have of the destructiveness of Western firearms. All Káfirs have a real admiration for their own customs, nearly all of which they consider perfect. If more efficient expedients are pointed out to them, and suggestions made about changes, they reply "But this is our custom," which is with them a conclusive argument.

Their mental acuteness and strength of memory are considerable. The following are illustrations:—As already explained I took a Káfir to India with me in 1889. He was of poor family, and of a somewhat degraded type. When we returned together to Káfiristán, among other presents I handed over to him some 280 Indian rupees. He begged that I would give him the equivalent in Kabul rupees. The Kabul rupee was then worth $12\frac{1}{2}$ annas against the 16 annas' value of the Indian rupee. I carefully calculated out the number of Kabul coins he was entitled to, and handed them to him. He objected, saying that my calculation was wrong. We had an elaborate argument, I appealing to my figures, and he appealing to his fingers and toes, which he used to represent scores of rupees. In the end he convinced me that he was right and I was wrong. This man was certainly not above the average of Káfir intellect, and he never could explain to me the means by which he arrived at the correct number of Kabul rupees he was entitled to. On another occasion I had forgotten the arrangement of a certain puzzle lock. I mentioned my dilemma to a certain friend of mine, a man who was solely remarkable for his splendid courage and his numerous homicides. He took my puzzle lock in his hand and sat playing with it until he actually found out how to open it, nor did he ever afterwards forget the arrangement of letters by which the feat could be accomplished. Yet this man had never in his life seen a printed letter until I showed him those on the puzzle lock. As a third example of their cleverness in certain respects, I was one day showing the High Priest a small conjuring trick, the principle of which, though simple enough, I should have taken a long time to discover myself. I had a double tin funnel which, when the thumb was placed over the narrow orifice, allowed the fluid poured into it to rise up into a middle chamber, where it could be retained or set free at will by the movement of a finger on an air-hole. The trick consisted in filling the funnel, including the second chamber, with wine, which was apparently allowed to flow away. Water was then run through the funnel, which was shown to the people as empty. Finally, the finger being slipped off the air-hole, the wine was allowed to escape from the middle chamber, and the spectators were expected to be mightily mystified. When I showed this little toy to the priest, and tried to mystify him in the usual way, he sat down thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then looking up, remarked he understood all about it. And so he did. He had thought it all out quietly in a few minutes.

Inquisitive-
ness.

The memory of the Káfirs for places that have been visited is remarkable. I have already referred to this in another place. Káfirs are most curious and inquisitive. They long to finger the garment of a stranger and examine him minutely. On my first visit to Káfiristán, before we had come to an understanding on the subject, it was difficult to perform my ablutions except when it was dark. Subsequently the curiosity of the elders could be kept within bounds, but that of the children could only be combated successfully by driving them away and treating them sternly. They were very curious about the wonders I told them of my own native land, the size of London, the carrying power of a big ship, and particularly about Her Majesty the Queen. The head men on one occasion asked me how it was that such a wonderful nation as I belonged to, could submit to be governed by a "jukor" (a woman). I replied that in the first place they must not speak of my Sovereign as a jukor and told them the Persian designation of the Queen. This impressed them very greatly as was intended. I then remarked that rulers of great kingdoms were in the hand of Imra, and added that it was a small matter for him to bestow wisdom and justice quite irrespective of sex. To this they agreed.

Jealousy and
cupidity.

Among the most striking mental peculiarities of Káfirs are their extreme cupidity, their extraordinary jealousy of one another, and the intensity of their intertribal hatred. Their cupidity is indeed a wonderful sight to see. A Káfir will come into your house or tent, sit down on a stool, and talk quietly until he begins to cast his eyes round the place. You may then notice in many cases that the man's eyes half close, his face flushes, and his whole demeanour becomes a striking example of extreme covetousness. Káfirs are always ready to starve the belly for the sake of gain. They are remarkably avaricious. Their jealousy of one another is so great that they are

often ready to break out into murderous quarrels on the mere suspicion that an English traveller like myself was giving away presents with partiality.

Their inter-tribal hatred is so intense that it often entirely deadens their political foresight. A tribe is always ready to beg the help of its most inveterate Mahomedan enemy during a temporary peace, and introduce him into its territory in order to help in the chastisement of some other Káfir tribe. Inter-tribal
hatreds.

Káfirs are very fond of blackmailing, and seem to prefer to try and attain their ends by threats even when other methods are obviously more promising in their results. The Ashruth and Damir Valleys and the Kunar district, as far down as Sou at any rate, are favourite hunting grounds for the Bashgul Valley Káfirs. In those districts almost every villager is a "brother" to some Káfir. This means that he is more or less protected from the exactions of other Káfirs, and in return supplies his "brother" with food and lodging whenever called upon to do so. In times of peace a traveller of any importance on his way from Ásmár to Chitrál generally finds it expedient to get a Káfir to escort him up the dangerous part of the Kunar Valley. While I was at Kámdesh the Amír of Kabul released a number of Chitráli slaves, gave them handsome presents, and dismissed them to their native country. The instant news of this event was brought many Káfirs raced down the valley as far as they dared go, to intercept the Chitráls, go through the ceremony of brotherhood with them, and then escort them up the valley. The man who made the most profit by this transaction was greatly envied and admired by his fellows, and on his return to Kámdesh related to me with proper pride how he had outrun the famous old Káfir Torag Merik, and subsequently successfully resisted the latter's insidious attempt to get a share of the spoil. After bidding goodbye to the victim, from whom he had received a horse, a valuable coat, and many rupees, the Káfir a few days later started for Chitrál with a small cheese as his return present for his "brother," and in the hope of coaxing something more from him, but this attempt was a failure, for a Chitráli on sure ground is quite a match for most Káfirs. Into such a habit of threatening do Káfirs fall, that I have heard a man threaten God. The individual referred to had a little son grievously ill, and likely to die. Talking to me about the child's condition he spoke of the feasts he had given in Imra's name and the sacrifices he had made in his honour. "Yet," he complained, "I have lost twelve sons by sickness." Then he shouted out, "If this little one dies I shall turn Mahomedan." The child did die eventually, but the father did not change his faith, though like the French King he ever afterwards thought that God had behaved ungratefully, after all that had been done for him. Black-
mailing.

The Káfirs are very untruthful. A successful lie excites their admiration, and a plausible liar is to them a sensible, sagacious man. Their want of veracity is most striking on first acquaintance, for they, like so many other wild or savage people, evidently hold the belief that telling the truth, merely because it is the truth, must necessarily be harmful to them. Other reasons which make them untruthful are their boastfulness and love of admiration. These three causes taken together made them weave tissues of lies around me, some of which I did not detect until several months had passed, while others have probably remained undetected by me to the present day. To prevent my starting on some particular journey almost the whole village of Kámdesh must have entered into a conspiracy to give me false accounts of the dangers to be encountered, on more than one occasion. The knowledge of such facts as these make it sometimes most difficult for a stranger to decide on his line of action. For instance, on one occasion, believing the people were adopting their usual tactics in dissuading me from a particular journey by exaggerating its difficulties and dangers, I started, regardless of their protests, and then discovered that in that particular instance they had spoken truthfully. Lying.

Their love of admiration and their desire to stand well in the estimation of their fellows give to public opinion an almost irresistible force. When a Káfir finds himself more or less isolated in his views on some particular question, he seems at once to grow distrustful of himself, and unless he have some sort of following, will cease to argue the point altogether, and will sit shamefaced and silent in council. This characteristic of Káfirs seems to be quite apart from their natural and well grounded fear of contumaciously opposing the wishes of a majority, which has indeed very forcible methods of making its opinions respected. A Káfir, wild and independent as he appears at first sight, has a strange reluctance to act on his own responsibility on any important doubtful question. He loves to go off with his fellows and noisily discuss what should be done. With a single Káfir it is easy to do as you please, provided that you do not transgress his unwritten code of manners or run athwart his natural customs. He will Love of ad-
miration and
credit.

probably prove a pleasant and helpful companion. So also will Káfir boys. But if you have a party consisting of several men to deal with, it is necessary to be continually on your guard against little schemes and plots to your detriment. One or other of the men is certain to be always trying to originate some plan by which, at your expense, he may pose as a kind of public benefactor to his friends and excite their admiration for his astuteness. It is not only to get money that these little conspiracies are hatched. It is just as likely as not that their object is to take you off the road you want to travel in order that the Káfirs may visit some place where they have friends or to save them crossing a pass or journeying in a direction they have no interest in. Káfirs love to talk, to give or receive advice. The giver of advice is always in a more or less dignified position, while the listener is certain to be flattered, unless the conference is to end in a row.

Love of freedom.

Within the limits which their custom provides, Káfirs love personal freedom. Theoretically, every man acts on the impulse of his own wishes. He changes his mind whenever he thinks fit to do so. He walks into a house and sits down and gets up and goes away just as he pleases. If he undertakes to accompany you on a journey, he thinks nothing of breaking his promise. He generally offers some slight obviously untrue excuse, which must be taken as it is meant. It is merely a form of politeness. Little boys go off to visit distant friends and relations without a word of warning to their own people. Women also to a less extent, and when not at work, wander over all the districts it is safe for them to travel in.

Personal dignity.

One of the greatest surprises in store for a traveller who has only seen Káfirs out of their own country is to observe their wonderful sense of personal dignity. Men of any importance march about their villages in a slow imposing manner, almost invariably followed by one or more companions of lower degree. Those entitled to wear blue shawls stalk about wrapped up in these garments, or pose in the most picturesque way. When the Jast are attired for the dance, their solemn manner and proud bearing are remarkable. In spite of the frequently grotesque nature of their dress, they are not in the least comical, but distinctly impressive. At all religious ceremonies and sacrifices, even in their games, they strike the onlooker as both merry and self-respecting. Men capering at a funeral while the tears run down their cheeks are only fantastic. Odd they undoubtedly appear to a stranger, and intensely interesting, but they are rarely or never the cause of derisive laughter.

Politeness.

A Káfir in his own way is a model of politeness. He gives precedence to a superior, and unaffectedly takes his own proper position. On a march the most important individual usually leads the party, all in Indian file. Everybody gives way to the High Priest. In a crowded assembly in-doors, the advent of an important man like the Debilála, for instance, would be announced by everyone rising and saying, "Here also is Arakon," or whatever the man's name was.

On the road everyone met receives a salutation—formal and kindly. A man travelling up the valley would be asked "Have you come from below?" He would answer "Yes," and ask a similar question in his turn. When parting they would bid each other goodbye. If they had sat down to talk the man leaving would use a particular form of address, and not merely say goodbye, but give the equivalent of "Goodbye, please do not rise." An acquaintance on the road would be greeted heartily. His hand would be held while he was asked "Is it well, is it very well, are the people of your house well?" and after these formal inquiries many kindly questions would follow. At a meal by the roadside a portion or portions of the food would be offered to anyone, man or woman, coming along the road. It would be at once politely declined on the ground that it could not be spared. It would then be pressed on the wayfarer and accepted.

Reception of visitors.

There are regular forms to be gone through on arriving at a strange village in the Bashgul Valley. At the village of Oulagul I arrived one day wet through and tired. We all knew with whom we were to take shelter, but at a hint from my Kám companion we all went into a stable and sat humbly on top of our loads. This gave our host time to clear out a room and make proper arrangements for our reception. He finally came down the terraced houses and invited us to climb up to his abode. On another occasion at Bagalgrom in somewhat similar circumstances we sat in a row on a plank on the opposite side of the river and my companions produced food and began to eat it ostentatiously, as though that were our camping place. We were then invited to a half-finished house, very leaky. Finally, the redoubtable Bahdur himself appeared and escorted us to his house with great ceremony.

In making visits of this kind it is etiquette to entertain the guest, not only with meat, drink, and firing, but also with conversation. A circle is formed round the fire, everyone seated on a stool. The host leads the conversation, which usually is about nothing in particular, and everyone has the bearing of a man who feels he is giving and receiving honour by his presence. As far as I was ever able to determine, the company, with the help of relays, would have sat in this dignified but sociable way in the room all night, while my host was always anxious to sleep in the same apartment with me. In the cold weather, after being entertained for an hour or two, I used to beg that the fire might be put out on account of the pain its smoke caused in my eyes, and that windows and doors might be kept open for the same reason. This always made the company ready to fall in with my suggestion that it should adjourn to some other apartment.

In spite of their avarice, which in some instances almost amounts to a mental disease, Káfirs are most hospitable. No man, however reluctant to expend his supplies in entertaining guests, dare break the unalterable laws on the subject. The only exception to this rule is in the Presungul, where the people are so plundered and bullied by visitors from other tribes that they try to evade the sacred rites of hospitality in every possible way, and are in consequence generally despised. Among other Káfirs the expenditure on food supplies in entertaining guests must be very great. I was particularly struck with the kindness and readiness with which visitors were received and fed in the upper part of the Bashgul Valley. At my first visit to any village a sheep was killed for me as an offering from the whole community. At subsequent visits particular men received me in turn and provided food. It was known that the reward would be liberal, so the chief men decided who were to be my hosts; but for my first visit no payments were taken. I once sat down for a chat at Badamuk village on my way to Lutdeh. My whole party had been lavishly entertained at Purstám a short time before, but in spite of my protests a goat was immediately killed, and all my followers were regaled, while the question of payment was waived aside, the villagers declaring that they were honoured in being allowed to entertain us. As a rule, the Kám hospitality was of a very different kind. Their system was once explained to me. I was told that visitors from non-Káfir countries were always entertained well, for it was obvious that the guest on leaving, could not for very shame refrain from giving a present exceeding in value the food he had received. My experience was that the longer I remained in Káfiristán the more difficult it became to get supplies, even at exorbitant rates, but I have no doubt that to feed my following, limited in number as it was, must have been a considerable strain on the resources of a small household, while a village as a whole could seldom or never be treated with. Káfirs among themselves, both by nature and of necessity, are most hospitable.

Family affection in Káfiristán is very strong. Some tribes are in the habit of selling little girls, and money will tempt some men even to sell children who are nearly related to them. As a rule it is the offspring of the slaves that they dispose of so readily. Boys are rarely sold in this way, but little girls are often looked upon as goods and chattels. Men of good family in the Bashgul Valley would not sell female relations other than the children of slaves, except to men of exalted station like the Mehtar or the princes of Chitrál. In spite of these sales Káfirs are very kindly in their family relationships. I have known a man tend a poor crippled brother, an epileptic, with the affectionate consideration of a woman, and have observed innumerable instances of devoted affection on the part of men for their brothers, their children and their relatives generally. A Káfir's delight in a son is very great. He is fond of his old parents and of his relatives by marriage and is obviously of an affectionate disposition.

He is kindly to all children, but would probably think it indecent to show affection for little girls of say 10 years old. He makes jokes about them to their disadvantage as if they were young women.

Káfirs are never rough and cruel to animals. They do not care much for dogs, though they employ them for hunting and as watch-dogs. Goats are treated as if they were domestic animals, and are quite used to being petted and handled. The animals attach themselves to the people. A common sight is to see a goat licking a man or boy. The man seems to like it; the goat certainly does, probably for the sake of the salt contained in the sweat. If a flock of goats is wandering away in a forest or on the hill-side the herdsman throws stones at them and abuses them to bring them back. He would rarely think it necessary to run round and head them back. Goats follow little boys about in an amusingly affectionate way. Once a boy accompanied by a goat came to my camp. The boy went to sleep while the goat went trespassing into a

neighbouring field of young corn. The boy was roused up. He threw a fragment of granite at the goat which immediately ran to him, bleating loudly. Then the boy went to sleep again and the goat remained by him until he awoke, a long time afterwards. Of course the Káfirs do not show the slightest reluctance to kill their petted animals. Bulls and cows are so accustomed to being handled that no ropes are required to hold them when they are about to be sacrificed. A man takes hold of the horns and depresses the head, when a second man with a blow of a small axe divides the cervical spine. The kindness with which the Káfirs treat animals at any rate saves them some trouble in slaughtering.

Káfirs not
cruel.

Although a Káfir thinks it a virtue, and in accordance with religion to kill Mussel-
mans, and gives himself the benefit of any doubt about their being enemies; although in his raids into hostile territory, whether Káfir or Mahomedan, he spares neither women nor children; although he holds human life as of very little account, and although in hunting he may appear to employ brutal methods of getting game, he is not a cruel man by nature. To anyone who considers how wild he is, his comparative freedom from brutality is astonishing.

Bravery.

Káfirs are wonderfully brave. Little parties of two or three will stealthily penetrate many miles into an enemy's country where they would be at once killed if caught. They will creep into forts and villages during the night, stab right and left, and then fly to their own hills with a hue and cry after them. In view of the inferior nature of their weapons they achieve wonders. The extreme difficulties which the country presents to an invader has, no doubt, much to do with their being able to maintain their independence; but the chief reason, after all, is the gallantry, the reckless bravery, and devotion with which the Káfirs defend themselves, or carry any war into the enemy's country. It is curious to notice the almost superstitious fear the Káfirs have of rifles, a feeling generated by ignorance. On one occasion a successful raiding party on its way home was crowded round me on a hill slope. There were about a hundred men present. To amuse them I opened the breech of my express rifle. The instant I did so many of them dived down the hill side from abject fear of what was about to happen. Again, at the capture of Nilt fort I had six Káfirs with me. The Hunza-Nagar force had a good many rifles with them, and the fire utterly demoralised the Káfirs. They became so unhappy then and subsequently, that a few days later I sent them all back to Gilgit to await there my return when the expedition was over.

Loyalty and
self-sacrifice.

Káfirs are splendidly loyal to one another, and are accustomed to acts of self sacri-
fice. Two youths were killed on one occasion, while I was in Káfiristán. One of them was badly hurt, and could not possibly have got away from the enemy, but the other, a magnificent mountaineer, was killed, simply because he refused to run off by himself and abandon his companion. The High Priest once went on a killing expedition accompanied by one other man, Chandlu Astán. They killed six sleeping people in a Bajour village, and then raced back to Káfiristán with a crowd of avenging Pathans behind them. The priest twisted his ankle, and sank helpless on the ground. He implored and at last threatened Chandlu Astán with his dagger in the hope of making him go on alone and save himself. The other, however, refused to leave his friend. He managed to hide him up, pulled away at his foot until the ankle became straight again, and eventually got him to the wooded hills, and so safe to Kámdesh, although dozens of enemies must have been searching all round the place where the two men lay concealed.

Quarrel-
some-ness.

Káfirs are very quarrelsome among themselves. It is absolutely necessary for a man to take a quarrel up on the instant, to assert his manhood. I have never been at any gathering of Kám or Katir men without seeing one or two rows. Hardly a day passes without some disturbance somewhere, due to this cause.

Peace-
making.

But if quarrelling is a manly thing, peace-making is a sacred virtue. Men, boys, even dogs, are separated at the first indication of a probable fight. The Káfirs are so extremely quick in their movements that an instantaneous quarrel is followed by a lightning-like onslaught, and so one or other of the combatants often gets more or less hurt; but there is never time for a second blow. The fighters are at once seized, hurled aside and separated, or thrown down and literally sat upon by the by-standers. Any one who did not lend a hand in stopping a village fight would be looked upon, and would consider himself, as mean and unworthy.

Religious
tolerance.

There is nothing like religious intolerance among the Káfirs. There would be something of that nature in Presungul if the people there were braver. They have the desire but not the power to be intolerant. Other Káfirs think nothing of a man going away in the sulks for a year or two and becoming a Musselman. He generally

reverts after a time, but many families of Bashgul Káfirs have Mahomedan relations settled in the Lutkho Valley, or Chitrál, or in the Kunar Valley. They treat these renegades in every way as if they had never changed their religion. The Káfir is always loyal to his blood. Close by Kámdesh there are two settlements or hamlets, Agatsi and Agarú. They are both at the foot of the Kámdesh hill, although some distance apart. These hamlets are inhabited by Mahomedan converts, Agatsi by members of the Bilezhedári clan, and Agarú by members of the Utahdári clan. The latter are thorough rascals and thieves. They are denounced by Utah, the High Priest, himself, and are cordially disliked by the Kámdesh folk. Nevertheless, they are as safe in their houses as they can well be. To attack and kill anyone of them would bring the whole Utahdári clan on the head of the assailant. It is blood and race that the Káfir clings to; about religion he is comparatively indifferent. If a Káfir slave-boy, sold out of his tribe by its members, were executed, say for murder, in Chitrál, he would be avenged by his tribe.

Káfirs are extremely sociable, as I have already indicated. They have some sense of quiet humour. Their badinage with women is of course obscene, and most of their jokes have the same flavour, but they are greatly amused at ironical remarks, and also at anything, however simple, in the nature of repartee. A man, for instance, came grumblingly and half angrily to me on one occasion to complain that the medicine he had received for a sore tongue had done him no good and that his tongue was very bad. He seemed to infer that I was responsible for his tongue being painful, and spoke rudely to me. I merely replied that his tongue must be bad indeed to cause him to speak to me in such a manner. He and the bystanders alike seemed to think this a very good joke, and good feeling was at once restored. Women, of course, are an endless theme of small witticisms. Káfirs never give way to fits or shouts of laughter, but occasionally beam with geniality and cheerfulness. In making little jokes I was careful that they should be of a kindly sort, and by always assuming an expression of facetiousness left no doubt in the minds of my hearers that a joke was intended. My "son" Shermalik, and one or two others who knew me well, used to laugh in advance when they saw the expression, and before they heard what there was to laugh at. It always showed the Káfirs that I was in a pleasant humour, and gave them the opportunity of displaying their politeness. There are not a few Káfirs whose conversation, at present principally referring to the sexual relationship, displays an intense curiosity which may perhaps be the germ of scientific speculation.

Sociability
and humour.

It is as natural for a Káfir to thief as it is for him to eat. The children are encouraged to steal. If anything is stolen, traced and finally returned, the excuse always made is that it was carried off by boys. My maximum and minimum thermometers, dry and wet bulb, and other meteorological instruments were all taken away and destroyed by little boys, the first time they were set up. The villagers thought it was only natural. There was one boy about 16 years old who was really attached to me, but he could never resist an opportunity of pilfering. He always had to make restitution, but it did not cure him. While we were in the Kunar Valley this boy stole a kid from his own particular friend and carried it for miles inside his shirt without anyone knowing of the theft until the rightful owner, suspicious of his friend, caught us up and recovered his property. In short, Káfirs are born thieves. Little girls are accomplished pilferers. I watched once two innocent-faced little girls persuade a Minján trader to show them a comb. The instant it was in their hands they threw it on to a neighbouring housetop to which the Minjáni could not climb, but could only reach it by a round-about road, while the girls went straight up the difficult walls like monkeys. While the Minjáni seized one child and pulled her down, the other got beyond his reach. He rushed to seize her feet, letting go of his first capture, but he was too late. The girl got the comb, and both disappeared, leaving the poor trader distracted and helpless.

Thievish
instincts.

The mere killing of an individual is looked upon as a small affair, provided that he does not belong to the tribe or to another tribe with which it is at peace, for in the latter case it may mean war. Killing strangers might or might not be considered inexpedient, but it would not be considered a crime.

Murder and
adultery.

Adultery and fornication are looked upon as natural acts, and anyone caught in adultery and compelled to pay the customary penalty is merely considered unlucky and a subject for laughter. The chastity of women and Káfir ideas on this subject are dealt with in the section on women.

The Káfir
idea of a
"good"
man.

In the Káfir's opinion a really fine manly character, what he emphatically calls a "good" man, must possess the following attributes: he must be a successful homicide, a good hillman, ever ready to quarrel, and of an amorous disposition. If he is also a good dancer, a good shot with bow and arrows or matchlock, and a good "aluts" player, so much the better. These qualities constitute a fine man, but to be really influential in the tribe, an individual must be also rich. The possession of wealth gives enormous power to anyone in Káfiristán. A man may be brave, devoted to his country, clear-headed and sagacious, and yet have little or no weight in the tribal councils if he is poor, unless indeed he be also an orator, when to a certain extent his eloquence may make amends for his lack of riches. It might appear that the knowledge of this fact might be used by a traveller to bend the people to his own ends, but it is not so. Káfirs can be easily bribed, and will do almost anything for money, but their natural boastfulness compels them to publish the fact that they have been astute enough to get money from the stranger, when the cupidity of their friends and relations is at once inflamed, reason is thrown to the winds, and the gravest difficulties arise.

SECTION V.

THE TRIBES: THEIR DIVISIONS AND ORGANISATION.

The differ-
entia of
religion.

Káfiristán at the present day is divided among certain tribes who differ from one another in language, dress, and manners and customs. Indeed, the only connexion which they have with one another is in the fact that all alike are non-Mahomedan. This sole peculiarity which they have in common may not long be maintained. Along the fringes of Káfiristán are numerous villages of Káfirs which have changed their own ancient religion and have accepted Islám. These converts are known locally as "sheikhs." But it is not only on the borderland of their own ancestral country that these sheikhs are to be met with. Close to Kámdesh, the chief village and the tribal headquarters of the Kám, are two small hamlets, one almost exactly opposite, across the Bashgul river called Agatsi, the other on the left bank of the Níchingul torrent known as Agaru. Both these little settlements are inhabited by Kám people who have become Mahomedans. Agatsi is a quiet peaceful place occupied by people who are of the Bilezhedári clan of the Kám, while Agaru is a most troublesome nest of thieving rascals who belong by birth to the Utahdári, a priestly clan. I have been assured by the Kámdesh villagers that they would gladly be rid of the Agaru folk, but on account of their relationship they can no more be interfered with than if they were true Káfirs. Utah, the high priest, confirmed this to me. He declaimed against his fellow clansmen of Agaru, but explained that if any one killed one of them it would be just the same as if he killed an ordinary Káfir. In the case of war with a Mahomedan power I was informed that even in the event of an actual invasion of the country the sheikhs would not co-operate with the Káfirs, nor fight on their side, but would stand really aloof unless the invaders, if victorious, unduly oppressed the conquered Kám, when the sheikhs would probably do all in their power to protect and avenge their relations. The two small sheikh communities, Agaru and Agatsi, are of no importance in connexion with the power for offence or for defence of the Kám tribe, but the tolerant way in which the Káfirs look on them and on others of their race who have changed their religion for Mahomedanism is not only interesting in itself, but has to be borne in mind in all speculations concerning the future of Káfiristán. What is true of the Kám people applies with equal force to the rest of the Bashgul Valley Káfirs, although there are no other Mahomedan communities in the district. In the Wai country Mahomedanism is strongly making way. While I was in Káfiristán news was brought me that another of the Wai villages had destroyed the shrines of its heathen deities, and to all intents and purposes had become Musselman. The change was effected without bloodshed. As soon as the Mahomedans formed a sufficiently large majority of the inhabitants they threw down the shrines of Imra, Dizane, and other deities and cast away the idols. The minority made no great movement in defence of their faith. It is quite possible that before many years have passed it will no longer be correct to say that the different tribes inhabiting the so-called Káfiristán all resemble one another at least in the respect that all alike are idolaters.

The Siah-
Posh and the
Safed-Posh.

The old division of Káfiristán into the counties held by the Siah-Posh, and that inhabited by the Safed-Posh was more convenient than scientifically correct. The Siah-Posh, the black-robed Káfirs, are made up of several different tribes, some of which have been at war with one another from time immemorial, but they appear in

spite of this fact to have a good deal more in common than merely a resemblance in dress. They do not all speak the same language, but the difference in speech seemed to me more a difference of dialect than a radical distinction of language. Although it is true that one tribe of the Siah-Posh uses different words from those employed by another tribe for identical objects, and, although even the names of villages are altered by one people so as to be partly or entirely different from the names used by another Siah-Posh community, yet all the tribes who wear the dark-coloured raiment seem at once to understand one another and to be able to converse together fluently and without hesitation. But if this is true of the Siah-Posh, it is far different when we come to consider the so-called Safed-Posh or white-robed Káfirs. Among these tribes, of which two stand out as of chief importance, the Wai and the Presun, there is no similarity in dress, appearance, or language: they cannot converse without the aid of interpreters. The Wai and the Presuns (Viron) are not more dissimilar from one another than they are from the Siah-Posh.

A convenient classification would be to divide all Káfirs into (1.) Siah-Posh. (2.) Waigulis. (3.) Presungulis or Viron people. There is another important tribe, called the Ashkun, of whom, however, it was most difficult to get any information. They are probably allied to the Waigulis. Although the classification given above might be found very convenient, it will be necessary to aim at more exactitude by enumerating in a tabular form all the tribes by their local names. As every valley in Káfiristán has more than one designation, while some have three or four, as, for instance, the valley on the road leading from Utzun into the Bashgul Valley, which is called Gourdesh by the Pathans, Istorgats by the Chitrális, and Istrat by the Kám Káfirs; so every tribe, doubtless, is spoken of in a particular way by different people. The names I shall use are those I heard in the Bashgul Valley or in Chitrál. Subsequent travellers entering Káfiristán in a different direction from my routes will almost certainly learn various new names for the people I am attempting to describe.

A classifica-
tion of
Káfirs.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| (1.) Katirs. | } Siah-Posh. |
| (2.) Mádugál. | |
| (3.) Kashtán or Kashtoz. | |
| (4.) Kám. | |
| (5.) Istrat or Gourdesh. | |
| (6.) Presun or Viron. | |
| (7.) Wai. | |
| (8.) Ashkun. | |

It is probable that numerically considered the Katirs are more important than all the remaining tribes of Káfiristán put together.

The Katirs inhabit various valleys as Siah-Posh communities entirely independent of one another, but they acknowledge a common origin and a general relationship each to the others.

Tribes of the
Siah-Posh.

The Katirs are divided into the following groups:—

- (a.) The Katirs of the Bashgul Valley, also called Kamozi and Lutdehchis. This people inhabit the Bashgul Valley from Ahmed Diwáná (Badáwan) to the hamlet of Sunra on the border of the Mádugál country. They occupy 12 villages, besides several small hamlets like Sunra, Lalúk, and others in the Skorigul. The names of the villages are as follows:—

Ptsigrom,	?
Pshui or Pshowar,	Badamuk,
Apsai,	Oulagul,
Shidgul,	Chábu,
Bragamatál (Lutdeb),	Baprok, and
Bajindra,	Purstám.

- (b.) The Kti or Katwár Káfirs, a small independent sub-division of the Katirs who live in the Kti Valley. They have but two villages, or rather one large village and a second, Aspít, hardly larger than a hamlet.
- (c.) The Kulam Káfirs, living in the Kulam country, have four villages.
- (d.) The Rámguilis or Gabariks. These are a most numerous division among the Katirs. They live in the most western part of Káfiristán, on the Afghán frontier. They probably inhabit several side tracts beside the main valley which gives them the name of Rámgul Káfirs. They are said to have 24 villages.

Of the other tribes included under the designation "Siah Posh," the chief is the Kám or Kamtoz. This people inhabits the Bashgul and its lateral valleys from the confines of the Mádugál country to the Kunar Valley. It has seven villages and various small settlements or hamlets. The villages are:—Urmir, Kámbróm or Kám-desh, Mergróm, Kamu, Sárát, Pittigul, and Bazgul.

The next Siah-Posh tribe in general and numerical importance is the Mumán or Mádugál Káfirs, who occupy that short tract of country behind the Kám and the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley. They are collected into three villages and possess also a few hamlets. The names of the villages are:—Bagalgrom or Mumán, Sasku, Mungul.

The next Siah-Posh tribe is the Káshtán or Kashtoz who, with the exception of one or two little settlements, are all located in one village, Kashtán, where they are greatly over-crowded. They formerly had a village in the Dungul Valley which was taken and burnt by the Asmár people, since which event the whole of the tribe have had to crowd into the little village of Kashtán, which is close by and to the west of Kám-desh.

There is a little colony of Siah-Posh Káfirs at Gourdesh or Istrat, an extremely over-crowded little village. The Gourdesh folk are said to be very different people from all the other Siah-Posh Káfirs, and to be in great part a remnant of an ancient people called the Aroms.

(NOTE.—There is in a hamlet called Arombróm, up the Arundo or Arnuigul, which it is declared was formerly a great village and the headquarters of the people.)

I believe the above list includes all the Siah-Posh Káfirs.

The Presun

The Presun people, also called Viron by their Mahomedan neighbours, are probably a very ancient people. They inhabit the Presungul, and are entirely different from the Siah-Posh tribes on the one hand and from the Wai and the Ashkun people on the other. They are remarkable for their more peaceful disposition, and their inefficiency as fighting men. They have patient, stolid faces for the most part, and, compared with the Káfirs, are heavy in their movements. The thick clothes they wear add to their awkward, clumsy appearance. They are a simple people, very industrious, capable of wonderful feats of endurance, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of one of the villages, Pushkigrom, are meek and poor-spirited. Why the Pushkigrom villagers should be so different from the rest of the tribe is a problem that has puzzled me very much. When I was in the Presungul the other five villages, in the curious Káfir way, were at war with their near neighbours, the Wai, while Pushkigrom stood aside altogether and maintained friendly relations with that people. In such circumstances it is no wonder that the Presun people were defeated by their enemies. Many had been slain, many carried away captive to be ransomed or killed in default. Sad stories were told me of the straits the people were in. Indeed, it seemed probable that the Wai, provided that the Pushkigrom men remained neutral and the Siah-Posh tribes did not interfere, could do very much as they liked in Presungul, for the only act in the way of reprisal of which the Presuns could boast during the three years the war had lasted, was the murder of a Wai girl. But before I left the valley I heard that the Pushkigrom men had declared war with the Wai for some reason or other, by slaying a Wai man captured on the road, and that the Bashgul and the other Káfirs were interested in not permitting the Wai to go too far in their conquest, for fear lest there might be no room left for their own exactions. The Kám, for instance, make periodic visits to Presungul during the time the passes are open, and return with any presents the Presuns think it expedient to give them. The Kám, indeed, behave a good deal like owners of the country. The Presun villagers carry loads for them and have to produce food and necessaries, but all alike have to be circumspect by day and safely housed if possible by night—the Presuns for fear of the Wai, the Kám for fear of their inveterate enemies the Rámgul Káfirs and the Tsarogul Sheikhs. The high valley of the Presuns is easy, the grazing excellent, the flocks and herds are good, and the people can be plundered without much difficulty, but it is a sort of cockpit for Káfristán, and no man can wander there in absolute safety except when the passes are closed by snow. The Wai have more than once brought Afgháns into the country to plunder and harry, and have in this way added to the general state of insecurity which prevails. At one particular place on our march my escort of Kám Káfirs went through at a trot, garments girded up, bows strung, and matchlocks lighted, and with keen, wary looks on every face. The distance was only a few hundred yards, but all were greatly relieved when we got past the dangerous spot safely. The Presuns have six villages: Shtevgrom, Prontzgrom, Diogrom, Katigrom, Satsumgrom, and Pushkigrom.

The last tribes on the list are the Wai and the Ashkun. Of the Ashkun I know next to nothing, nor did I ever meet any Káfir who was able to give me much information about them. The small total of what I was told amounts to this: that the Ashkun people speak a language somewhat similar to that of the Wai, and are friendly disposed towards them. Their country is separated from the Kulam Valley by a range of mountains. They have two large villages; one (Káfir) on a river which flows into the Kti before its junction with the Péch or Kamah, the other (Mahomedan) on the banks of a torrent which falls directly into the Péch or Kamah on its right bank.

The Wai
and the
Ashkun.

The Ashkun country is surrounded by thick forest, practically impenetrable, and is defended by a very brave people, particularly well armed with matchlocks, who are at war with all the other Káfir tribes, with the possible exception of the Wai. The Wai people speak a language quite different from that spoken in Presungul or by the Siah-Posh, and are a brave, high-spirited race, remarkable for their hospitality, and for their proneness to quarrel. They are said to be as genial in entertaining guests as the poor Presungulis are declared to be niggardly and contemptible, while they bear a high reputation for bravery. The Bashgul Káfir speaks with admiration of the two good meals a day which the Wai men offer a visitor, while he laughs disparagingly at the way in which a Presun runs into his house and shuts the door when he perceives a stranger approaching. However, the one is not so well formed by nature to speak with a possible enemy in the gate as the other.

The Wai people have ten villages of which the names were given me as follows:—Runchi, Nizhai, Jamma, Amzhi, Chimion, Kegili, Akun or Akum, Mildesh, Bargul and Prainta.

Of certain of these villages I have frequently heard, particularly of Nizhai, near the Péch river, I believe, which is the residence of a very energetic Mullah, who has either converted the people there to Mahomedanism, or keeps them steadfast in their new faith. The information was volunteered that, in the event of the Mehtar attacking Tsarogul in conjunction with the Kám, who are deadly enemies of this country, the Nizhai men and the Mahomedan Ashkuns would certainly hasten to the assistance of their Sheikh brethren. The Amzhi Valley drains into the Péch or Kamah just opposite the valley of Tsaro. While I was in Káfristán it was raided by the Bashgul Katirs, who brought away great spoil, but not without severe loss. The Amzhi shortly afterwards retaliated by surprising and killing every living thing in the little hamlet of Sunra in the Bashgul Valley. At present it seems that there is no very strong tribal feeling amongst the Wai. They are perpetually fighting amongst themselves. One or two of the lower villages have turned Mahomedan, while the Katir raid on the Amzhi was held by the remainder of the tribe to call for vengeance from the Amzhi only, the sufferers.

Of the slave population of Káfristán mention will be made hereafter (*see* page 100). A portion of them, at any rate, are probably the remnant of an ancient people subjugated and enslaved by the present dominant tribe. Possibly the Presuns also come under the same category of a very ancient people, although they are not only not enslaved, but actually have in their midst Siah-Posh slaves and none of any other kind. The remains of another ancient race are said to exist at Pittigul in the valley of the same name, and at Gourdesh in Istrat. From intermarriages with the Kám and others, the Jazhis, as they are called, cannot now be distinguished from other Bashgul Káfirs, but the tradition remains that they were in full possession of the Lower Bashgul Valley when the Kám invaded it from the west and drove out or slew nearly the whole of the people they found there. Possibly Pittigul and Gourdesh being out of the way, so to speak, were able to resist the Kám for some time, and then to amalgamate with their conquerors on more or less equal terms. Pittigul is peculiar in certain respects. It is remarkable in having a priest of its own, which no other Kám village has. The Kámdesh Utah, or priest, is not only a village but also a tribal functionary.

The slaves.

INTERNAL ORGANIZATION OF THE TRIBES.

I have not been able to get any real insight into the political organization of any of the tribes, except those in the Bashgul Valley, the Katirs to the North, and the Kám and the Múlugal and others lower down. It is consequently with reference to the Bashgul tribes, and especially to the Kám, that the following description chiefly applies. It is probable, however, that the internal management of the other tribes is formed more or less on the same model.

Inter-tribal
enmities.

Although the Rámgul, the Kulam, the Ktis, and the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley, have all been considered as belonging to one great tribe—the Katir—yet each of the divisions enumerated is to all intents and purposes a separate tribe. Each is entirely independent of the other, and makes war or peace without in the slightest degree considering its neighbours. For instance, the Western Káfirs have been at war with the Kám for generations, at any rate, while the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley are at the present moment the friends or allies of that tribe, although Katir and Kám in the Bashgul Valley still look upon one another with some amount of jealousy and distrust, and only a short time ago were fighting furiously. A great source of Káfir weakness is the readiness with which the different tribes fight with one another, and the different clans of a tribe, or the different families of a clan, engage in sanguinary quarrels. Among such people as the Wai and the Presun it is not uncommon for a single village to stand aloof from the rest of the tribe, and take no part in a foreign war. The Katirs of the Bashgul Valley, at any rate, appear ever ready to start inter-village quarrels. Indeed, sometimes, if what one hears is true, portions of Káfiristán must be simply chaos. The Kám, on the other hand, hold much better together, and it is probable that it is for this very reason, that although not a numerous people they are yet greatly respected as well by the neighbouring tribes as by the Chitrális and the Pathaus.

The tribe an
aggregate of
clans.

A tribe consists of a number of clans, each powerful according to the number of fighting men it can bring into the field, and according to its aggregate wealth. Besides the regular clans there are a number of men who belong to groups of families which can hardly be called clans. Such men are less important than members of the great clans, because the fighting strength with which they might have to support an argument is inconsiderable. Yet such individuals as have amassed wealth are readily accorded a good deal of respect. Lower still in the scale is a class of men, the members possibly of once important groups of families or small clans which have died away and become impoverished from some cause or other difficult to determine at the present day. These men are poor and without any tribal authority of any kind. It is from this class that the patsas or shepherds are obtained. The patsas are hired to tend the flocks and herds of wealthy Káfirs during the winter months on a regular scale of payment in kind.

The lowest class are of course the slaves. The several divisions of the Kám people may be shown as under:—

- (1.) The clansmen belonging to important clans.
- (2.) Men belonging to very small clans or groups of families.
- (3.) Men of distinctly inferior family but free men.
- (4.) Slaves.

Between classes (1) and (2) there is a point where it is difficult to decide, to which category certain individuals belong, nor is there any peculiarity in the appearance of the one class to distinguish it from the other. But with the men of class (3) it is as a rule quite otherwise. They appear to approach more closely the slaves than the members of the important clans, and often differ considerably from the latter in features and in general appearance.

Names and
standing of
the clans.

The chief clans of the Kám are as follows:—

- (1.) Utabdári.
- (2.) Demidári.
- (3.) Garakdári.
- (4.) Sukdári.
- (5.) Bilezhedári.
- (6.) Waidári.
- (7.) Lanandári.
- (8.) Kanardári.
- (9.) Gutkehdári.
- (10.) Batardári.

The first six are really important clans. Of these the Garakdári and the Bilezhedari are probably the largest, the Demidári the wealthiest, while the Utabdári, the clan which produces the tribal priest, though not so numerous as some of the others, and perhaps less rich than the Demidári, is yet as important as any. Of the remainder the Lanandári is probably the smallest of all. It is difficult to determine how many fighting men any of the above clans can muster. It is also

hard to decide which is actually the biggest, for any Kám man belonging to any one of the first six would most certainly declare that his own clan was the most numerous though, probably, whichever the man belonged to himself he would probably admit that the Demidári were the wealthiest.

Probably the Garakdári and the Bilezedári number about 300 fighting men each, while the Utahdári, the Demidári, the Sukdári, and the Waidári have only about 80 men. The Lanandári contains, probably, no more than a dozen or fifteen warriors altogether.

Each of these clans has one chief man or more to represent it. These representations are generally, in the more important clans almost invariably, headmen or Jast. But it must not be supposed that they all have equal authority. Some of them are absolutely without weight of any kind in the tribal councils. All these clans are closely connected together by marriage ties. Indeed, as all Káfirs are polygamous to a certain extent, and as no man may take a wife from his own clan or from his mother's, or from his father's mother's clan, it can easily be imagined how closely the people are connected with one another.* Nevertheless a clan is always ready to act together as a clan without reference to cousinship or marriage ties.

Government
of the clans.

An individual's importance in a clan is principally gauged by the wealth he possesses and his influence or popularity depends in no small degree on the way in which he feasts his fellow tribesmen, and his willingness to provide sacrifices. If to this important qualification he adds a reputation for bravery, and has a fair record of slain, and is moderately clear headed, he may fairly expect to become one of the chief men of the tribe as he gets on in years. But to be of the very first consideration he must belong to one of the biggest of the clans, and also have several grown sons and grandsons.

If he goes several times through the ceremonies connected with the free banqueting of the whole tribe, or makes his sons go through those ceremonies, and he himself goes into a still higher grade by means of further banquets, then he becomes one of the inner circle of the Jast, of which there are never more than four or five in the whole tribe, and he will be treated with the utmost respect by everybody. The importance of grown-up sons and grandsons lies in the numerical strength they afford in family, clan and tribal quarrels. It is a most important thing to belong to a big clan for the same reason—where there is strong feeling on any particular subject, abstract justice is apt to be overridden by brute force, by majorities always ready to back up their argument by blows, if necessary.

The chief clans of the Bashgul Kátirs are :—

- (1.) Jannahdári.
- (2.) Barmodári.
- (3.) Shakldári.
- (4.) Mutadawadári.
- (5.) Charedári.
- (6.) Sütukdári, and
- (7.) Sowadári.

The divisions of this tribe are, however, of comparatively small interest, as the Jannahdári are so wealthy and powerful that they completely overshadow all the other clans. The priest of the tribe, Kán Mára, belongs to the Jannahdári, as do also all the other prominent men in the country.

An individual cannot become of great importance in the tribe until he is a headman or Jast, one of those individuals who are permitted to wear the women's coronetted earrings through the upper part of the ear, and to wear whatever gorgeous dress he can procure for religious ceremonies and dances,—a man to be admired and envied by all who have not attained the same rank, and one to be always treated with respect and given precedence. Little boys can become Jast, that is to say, they can go through the prescribed ceremonies, attain the earrings, and probably be given a place in the dances also, but they will not be considered as other than boys while they are boys. They act sometimes as acolytes, and hold water for the priest during certain special ceremonies and feasts, at which none but the Jast and

The Jast.

* The word "zhame" (brother-in-law) is so constantly heard in Kámdesh that one of my Baltis fell into the error of supposing it was an ordinary word of greeting, and on one occasion when helping to raise a house beam shouted out to the Káfira "Now, zhame, lift!" The priest cheerily exclaimed with a grin, "All you who are Talib's brothers-in-law—lift," and all the Káfirs amused themselves with the joke, instead of getting angry as Indians or Pathans would have done.

the priest may be present. Amongst the Kám it takes nearly three years to become a Jast and involves the giving of twenty-one feasts, ten to the Jast and eleven to the tribe at large. There are also several complicated ceremonies to be gone through. Among the Katirs their necessary observances can be completed in about two years.

The village feasts.

The feasts are most expensive. Amongst the Kám many men utterly ruin themselves in becoming Jast, spending their substance to the last goat, the last cheese, the last pound of ghee, and take praise to themselves for having done so. The feasts are not left to the discretion and liberality of the individual. If he were to offer cattle in poor condition or male goats of inferior size, he would be immediately heavily fined. While going through the ordeal the man himself or his immediate relations are all conscious of the dignified position the family is attaining. They often at such times profess a liberality they are far from feeling. I have more than once or twice been promised a goat by one of them, but I never expected it to be sent to me, nor was I ever disappointed. A man cannot go through the ceremonies by himself; he must have a female coadjutor. She may or may not be his wife, but usually is not, for the expense of two persons of the same family giving these compulsory feasts at the same time is so great that there is only one man in the Kám tribe, Torag Merik, who can bear such a strain on his resources. An arrangement is usually made between two men by which one of them goes through the Jast ceremonies with the wife of the other, whose husband will be associated with the first man's wife in similar feast-givings as soon as the flocks have had time to recover the drain to which they have been subjected. The initiatory proceedings are sacrifices of bulls and male goats to Gísh at the chief shrine. The animals are examined with jealous eyes by the spectators to see that they come up to the prescribed standard of excellence. After the sacrifice the meat is divided among the people, who carry it to their homes. These special sacrifices at the shrine recur at intervals; but the great slaughterings are at the feast-giver's own house, where he entertains sometimes the Jast exclusively and sometimes the whole tribe, as already mentioned. At Gísh's shrine, after a big distribution at the giver's house, one or two goats are offered to the war god, the meat is distributed and carried away, while tchina cakes, cheese, salt, and wine are consumed by all present. New arrivals sit down quietly and look expectant. They have not to wait long before they are attended to. Handfuls of tchina cakes, very thin, either circular with a diameter of 2 inches or so, or oval, with a maximum measurement of 3 inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and small cubes of cheese, are brought round on trays with salt. The wooden wine bowl circulates at intervals. Little family parties may be seen, the gaffer with a small cake in his left hand heaped up with salt, into which he and his four or five grandchildren dip as they eat.

The only privilege the woman gains is that she is allowed to wear markhor or goat's hair round the top of her dancing boots, and to have a share in the dancing when, at the completion of all the formalities, there is a ceremonial dance at a particular festival.

For the general distribution of food to the villagers, considerable preparation has to be made. The slaughtering of the animals and the cooking are done in the afternoon for the following morning's feast. I witnessed one of these preliminary slaughterings. The place selected was on two or three contiguous house-tops, which afforded a level space of some 20 yards in length and 12 to 15 in breadth. There were several large stone pots (valued at two or three cows apiece) boiling on their respective iron tripods, each of which was declared to be worth one cow, so valuable are utensils of all kinds in Kámdesh. Two or three slaves attended to the fires. Seated in the shade of a wall were all the notables of the village while sauntering about with the high slow tread of mountaineers were many friends and neighbours of the feast-giver. They were so numerous that they had great difficulty in avoiding the large wooden bowls full of blood, which stood about in different places where animals had been slaughtered. Streams of half congealed blood marked the positions where the carcasses had been dragged on one side to be skinned and dismembered. Several dogs were furtively lapping at the semi-solid stream, keeping a wary eye on passers by who occasionally aimed at them a blow or a kick and drove them off howling dismally. There were 15 big male goats and five bulls killed while I was there. From the number of people present, and from the way they behaved, the spectacle was evidently regarded in the light of a highly popular show. The goats were slowly driven forward one by one, rapidly seized, and thrown across a stool, when a sharp knife was thrust into the neck behind the angle of the jaw and the arteries near the spine

divided. The edge of the knife was then turned round and made to cut outwards through the front of the neck. The head was then twisted violently round and separated from the body by a few touches of the knife. The string of goats was disposed of rapidly. They were patted and petted and stood perfectly quiet awaiting their turn. Only the last two or three struggled and tried to break away, although the smell of blood was overpowering. The bulls were seized one by one by the horns and the heads depressed to the ground by a Káfir, the animals not making the slightest resistance. Then a second man with a feeble-looking axe, which, however, never missed its mark, knocked them down dead or paralysed them by a single blow behind the horns, the blood spurting forth copiously. Generally one or two additional blows were given while the bull lay prostrate. All the time this was going on the feast-giver was standing before one of the fires over which the pots were boiling, and kept adding certain branches and crying "Yamach!" stepping back every now and then for a handful of blood to throw on the fire, or for a goat's head to singe in the flames. No one joined in the responses, as all do before the idols, but the individual had the entire ceremony to himself. The carcasses were dragged or carried away to be hung up and divided, in the case of goats or to be skinned and knifed on the ground in the case of oxen. In spite of the bowls placed to receive it, blood covered the whole of the ground, the headless carcasses quivered as though still alive, and the smell of raw meat and filth became intolerable. The rapidity with which the animals were killed and their bodies scientifically cut into joints or properly shaped fragments was remarkable. One of the most unpleasant of the sights was to witness the workers consume with much relish the stray portions of raw fat. The women of the household stood by in readiness to receive into their conical baskets the omentum and its fat, and showed much housewifely anxiety in watching its course from the animal's body until it was safe in their custody. This was the show to which all Kámdesh had gathered. Those who could not find room in the confined space on the housetop, sat in groups some distance off talking politics, discussing one another's garments, or else performing friendly offices for one another which need not be more particularly mentioned. The public banquet is a common sight. It takes place on the housetops, of course, as there alone can sufficient level space be procured. The spot is arranged for the company by having deodar poles, 6 ins. in diameter, placed opposite to and about 4 ft. distant from one another. On these the guests seat themselves, about 25 on each pole, and cooked meat in fragments is brought round in the usual conical baskets used by the women. The servers were the men and women of the family. The number of seats being limited, there is usually a crowd of men waiting patiently until the earlier guests are satisfied. Every ten minutes or so the latter are replaced by onlookers or fresh arrivals. Bread is handed about in the shape of thin "cnappaties," 10 ins. in diameter, made with tchina flour. The business-like manner in which people came, sat down, were fed, and then went away without paying any kind of compliment to their hosts was very curious. These feasts vary in magnificence. A man's entertainment may not fall below a certain standard, but it may be as expensive or ostentatious as he likes. A very rich man will supplement these average banquets by giving wine or other luxuries. On certain days meat is always consumed; on others it is not eaten at the place of entertainment, but great lumps or portions skewered together are in readiness for the guests to carry home with them, while bread, ghee, etc., are partaken of at the house. A miserly Káfir, a man remarkable for covetousness in a nation where cupidity is esteemed a virtue, will do his utmost, will try every shift and expedient to render his feast a success. He thinks nothing of ruining himself completely to become a Jast, and ever afterwards refers to his impoverished condition with a proud humility, expecting and generally getting the sympathy and admiration of his audience at every such allusion. Not unfrequently as one of the periodic food distributions are drawing to a close some man, often a visitor from some other tribe, will suddenly raise his voice and sound forth the praises of his host, dilating on his bravery and generosity, on the wealth of his family, and the proud position they hold as dispensers of food largess. The Kám folk are particularly proud of these general entertainments, and frequently asked me if in my country people gave away in "charity" as largely as the Kám did.

The entertainments given to the Jast alone are considered most imposing and exclusive functions by the people. It is named the Mezhom. As the number of the Jast is limited an array of seven male goats and one bull is sufficient for each day's entertainment. I was invited to take part at a Mezhom, a compliment, I believe, of an unprecedented kind. When I reached my host's house the verandah was thronged

with people, and one or two carcasses of goats were lying about. A small party of slaves were drumming and piping before the door of the living room, which had all its furniture removed and long planks substituted for the convenience of the Jast, who were seated in a dignified, expectant manner all round the room. The smoke-hole opening had been enlarged till it was about 4 feet each way. I found that Utah the priest, who was also the candidate for the Jast honours, was busily engaged tending the sacred fire burning on an upturned iron girdle resting on an iron tripod. He was adding ghee, wine, portions of chappaties, and tchina flour to the flames. At the threshold, which was raised $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the ground level, as is the case in Káfir houses, sat a well-known Jast. The goats brought one by one to be sacrificed had merely their heads thrust into the room, when the Jast above-mentioned at once seized and killed the animals, catching the blood in wooden vessels. Utah took a handful of blood as it was flowing from each goat and added it to all the other things on the fire. The Debilála continued singing the praises of the god, while, at each addition of blood to the fire, at a signal from Utah, the whole audience chorussed a response. The severed heads were then singed in the fire. The usual response "i-i yamach!" was repeated twice by every one, and two of the Jast in my corner piped a monotonous bar or two on the reed instruments. In the verandah the slaves every now and then came in with terrible effect. In the enclosed space their music had a surprising clangour, and drowned the Debilála's chaunt altogether. After all the seven goats had been killed the ceremony was practically at an end. An old woman brought in a basketful of earth to throw over the blood on the floor. She had, no doubt, been through the necessary feasts, or she could not have been present in the room. So also with the little boy who, acting as an acolyte, poured water over Utah's hands. The entertainment wound up with a general feast. The people outside in the verandah who caught glimpses of the strange and rather gruesome entertainment considered themselves honoured and gratified. The Káfir who went to India with me explained that he liked such shows just as I liked the Calcutta theatres. The feast-givers are known as "Kaneash," while those who have already completed their virtuous work are known as "Sunajina."

The
Sanowkun.

The Kaneash have a complicated ritual to go through quite apart from the food-giving ceremonies already described. As the time approaches when they may don the carrings the formalities become more and more complex. On February 11, I was camped a short distance from Kándesh, and my friend the priest, who was also a Kaneash, sent a breathless messenger to inform me I must be present at an important function at his house that evening called the Sanowkun. We hurried back to Kándesh, calling on our way on Utah, who was found busy with the garments he was to wear in the evening. As Utah's "brother" I was expected to contribute a turban for his benefit. Utah came over to see me at five o'clock, but could not stay more than an instant, he was in such a flurry of excitement. He hurried away to dress, although the entertainment did not begin till eight o'clock. At the time appointed I found Utah's living-room full of guests seated on planks placed against the wall, or on stools, wherever there was sufficient room for them. In the middle of the hearth a fire was blazing brightly. Against one of the centre wood pillars Utah was seated. It was the hour of his triumph. He was a simulacrum of a man in that he closely resembled one of the decked out effigies. He had on a thick stumpy turban, having in front a fringe of cowrie shells strung together with red glass beads, and furnished with a tail. A plume-like bunch of juniper-cedar was stuck in the front of this striking headdress between the folds of the cloth. His ears were covered with a most complicated collection of earrings of all shapes and sizes. About his neck was a massive white metal necklace, brass bracelets rudely stamped with short lines and marks adorned his wrists, while he had on his feet the ordinary dancing boots with long tops ending in a markhor hair fringe. He wore a long blue cotton tunic, reaching nearly to his knees, and the curiously worked black and white nether garments made for these occasions at Shál in the Kunar valley. Perhaps the most striking part of the costume was a Badakhsháni silk robe of the usual gaudy pattern, which was thrown negligently across the shoulders. In his hand was the dancing axe of his fathers. He was bursting with pride and delight at his own appearance. After a short interval, Utah being unable to officiate as priest, a Jast stepped forward and acted as deputy. He bound a white cloth round his brows, took off his boots, washed his hands, and began the night's proceedings by the sacrifice of two immense billygoats, the largest I have ever seen, the size of young heifers. The sacrifice was conducted in the usual way with the customary details. The special feature of the ceremony was the dabbling of

some of the blood on the forehead of Utah and on the forehead and legs of his son Merik, who, seated opposite his father was still weak and ill, for he was only just recovering from small-pox. For the boy this proceeding meant that he might thenceforth wear trousers. Besides the ordinary flour, bread and ghee, placed by the fire ready for the sacrifice, there were some enormous chappaties, about 15 inches in diameter, like those given to elephants in India. At this point these were lifted up, a sprig of blazing juniper-cedar thrust in the centre and they were then solemnly circled round Utah's head three times and made to touch his shoulders, while the deputy priest who handled them cried "Such, such!" The same thing was then done to the boy. After an interval for refreshment there was dancing; but just before they commenced a visitor from Bragamatal burst forth into panegyrics upon Utah and on his dead father, and spoke of the immense amount of property which had been expended on the feast. This fulsome flattery was rewarded according to custom by the present of a lungi or turban cloth, which was taken from the waist of the little boy, Utah's son, who was still suffering from the effects of small-pox. The fire was then taken away and four or five visitors were provided with turbans and dancing boots, as well as scarves to wear over their shoulders or round the waist. Utah's sister and her little daughter, aged twelve, then made their appearance in full dancing attire. As soon as all were ready pine-wood torches were lighted and the dancers began the usual 1, 2, 3, pause, 1, 2, 3, pause. Utah with the Debilála and the Pshur, the man who gets temporarily inspired, took up a position in the centre of the room on the hearth, while the others danced outside the central pillars of the room. The first dances three in number were to Gísh the war god, and then the Pshur, who had been unusually quiet all the evening, saw a spirit, and behaved in his most furious manner. His frantic gestures in the direction of the smoke-hole made Utah and the Debilála at once enlarge the opening by pushing up the covering with their axes; he then seized the ghee vessel and carried it off to prevent the spirit getting hold of it. He breathlessly explained that in order to obviate a great calamity to Utah and to himself a goat must be sacrificed on the morrow. He was finally interrogated in a formal way by his brother ecclesiastics, they and the company generally chorussing responses in the usual manner at regular intervals. After Imra had been danced to, Dizane was honoured in the same way, the Debilála chanting her praises while he danced. Then succeeded dances to other deities.

The following day music and amusements for the young were continued all day at Utah's house, and then early on the morning of the 13th he, with the assistance of many of his friends, ceremoniously changed his turban for a broad-brimmed, crownless, hat, into the front of which a sprig of juniper-cedar was thrust. This changing of the headdress is called the Shara'ute. In their uniform which they wore till the spring, Utah and his brother Kaneash, of whom there were three more, were considered "pure." Great care had to be observed that their semi-sacred garments were not defiled by coming into contact with dogs. The Kaneash were nervously afraid of my dogs, which had to be fastened up whenever one of these august personages was seen to approach. The dressing has to be performed with the greatest care in a place which cannot be defiled by dogs. Utah and another had convenient dressing rooms on the top of their houses, which happened to be high and isolated, but another of the four Kaneash had been compelled to erect a curious-looking square pen made of poles in front of his house, his own roof being a common thoroughfare. The ceremony of the Sanowkun is always performed in much the same way, although sometimes the details are slightly varied.

Another curious duty undertaken by the Kaneash is to grow a miniature field of wheat in the living room of the house. On February 25 I went to visit one of them. Against the south wall of the room there was a little mound of earth some 3 ft. by 2 ft., about 1 ft. high, and levelled on the top. In this tiny field wheat was growing; the young shoots had already attained the height of 2 ins. or 3 ins. No woman has anything to do with this wheat growing; it is all done by the Kaneash alone, and among the Kám is remarkable as the only agricultural operation the men ever attempt. Just in front and to the east of the tiny field was a flat stone and an iron tripod, on which some pine sticks were placed all ready for lighting. In front of this miniature altar was a stool with a flat piece of wood in front which was to serve as a footstool. The Kaneash every evening goes through the following rite. He seats himself on the stool and takes off his boots, while some friends or relations light the fire, bring forward a wicker basket piled up with cedar branches, a wooden vessel containing water, a small wicker measure with a handful of wheat grains in it, and a large carved wooden receptacle full of ghee.

Wheat
growing
by the
Kaneash.

The Kaneash having washed his hands assumes the crownless hat he must always wear, and begins by lighting and waving about a cedar branch while he cries "Such!" "Such!" He then thrusts this into the water vessel before him and then burns a second branch completely, after waving it as before, and sprinkling it with the now holy water. He then proceeds to sprinkle the cedar branches, the fire, and the ghee vessel. Next he piles cedar branches on the fire with a few wheat grains and a handful of ghee, and begins his incantation while the flames are dancing merrily and the smoke rolling upwards in clouds. He pays tribute to all the gods in regular order, every now and then pausing to sprinkle and cast his offering on the fire as at the beginning. The temperature of the room frequently grows terrific for the ordinary house fire is blazing on the hearth all the time. The scene altogether is a strange one, especially as the walls of the room are frequently adorned with grotesque figures painted in black on its clay-coloured ground. The sprig of cedar worn in front of the hat shows that the wearer is an ordinary notable who has become a Jast. If he has gone through the ceremony before, he wears two sprigs of cedar. This is very rare indeed, but while I was in Kámdesh a famous Káfir named Torag Merik who was a Kaneash had his headdress adorned with three sprigs of cedar to show it was the third time he had completed the food distribution. His associate was his own wife. These facts were sufficient to tell the initiated that Torag Merik must be the richest man in the whole of Kafirstan in all probability. The woman associate of a Kaneash does her killing and feasting at her house on the day following his. She has no wheat growing to do, nor does she make offerings to the gods. She merely has one round of dancing with her partner at the Munzilo festival.

Minor ceremonies.

There are all manner of side ceremonies connected with the Jast. I went on one occasion to see a man who was just beginning his feast-giving. One of the Kaneash officiated as priest, which, I believe, all are capable of doing during their period of purity. A bull and some goats were sacrificed. Into the flowing blood arrows were dipped, and then, at the end of the proceeding, were fired away promiscuously. A vessel containing blood mixed with water was afterwards emptied ceremoniously by ladlefuls on to the ground and subsequently a tub with similar contents was similarly emptied. No one seemed to know the meaning of all this, or else none could or would explain its meaning, but on the whole I am inclined to think that, even allowing for my difficulty in understanding the language spoken, it is probable that the original meaning of many of their ceremonies have been lost by the Káfirs; that they continue the ritual handed down from their forefathers without troubling about its meaning, and like many other people mistake the ceremony itself for the principles it symbolises. In the year 1891 the Kaneash began their final duties on the 11th of February. None of them were permitted to leave the precincts of Kámdesh, except for one particular sacrifice at Urmir, until May 10. On the latter date the four put off their crownless hats until they were finally wanted for a particular dance, and went about with their heads bound round with a big piece of white cloth, put on as a crown would be worn. They continued to wear the rest of their uniform for an indefinite period.

The Duban festival.

The Duban festival at Kámdesh began on March 21 in 1891. This is the period of the spring dances and Káfirs come in from the outlying villages to participate in them. The Kaneash all have to be present to take part in the performances, which were curious. On the 22nd the serious business of the festival began. The dancers, all of them Jast, having arrayed themselves in Sultánzari over-garments, gaudy turbans used as scarves, their heads adorned with white turbans, into the front of which were thrust sticks ornamented with the crest feathers of the pheasant, danced round and round to so slow a measure that they hardly appeared to bend the knee or to move forward. They were preceded by the four Kaneash of the year, attired in their official dress and crownless hats and were followed by more or less of a rabble, hunted up by the Uir Jast, a kind of master of the ceremonies, to swell the throng. The procession tramped slowly round the dancing house. In the centre of the dense crowd was a man beating a drum and the Debilála hammering incessantly at a small one. This surprised me greatly, for, as a rule, it is only slaves that beat drums. These two individuals kept chanting line by line what I believe was a hymn of praise to Imra. Just as they reached the last word of the line the rest of the performers broke in with a "ai inge-e.e.e. yuma derinjs tunamach!" This went on for an indefinite time apparently, the only variation being that occasionally the leading four, the Kaneash, faced round and led the procession, creeping backwards instead of forwards. All the performers were most solemn in feature, while the leaders bore themselves with much dignity. At length an end came to this part of the show, and Utah proceeded

to the door at the east end of the building and with his back to the opening faced the fire and had water poured over his hands. A bowl of water was then handed to him, which contained a sprig of cedar. With the latter he sprinkled water about three or four times, much of it falling over the bright dresses of the Jast. Each time he recited the word *Such!* Then he commenced naming each god in turn, thus: "*Ai Imra tunamach!*" (this is in your praise O Imra), and so on. The whole audience chorusing the usual responses, "*i. i. i. yamach!*" There was no sacrificing and consequently no sprinkling of blood.

An interval followed, during which late arrivals, all important men, began with the help of admiring friends to robe themselves, covering their everyday dirty garment with bright hued silks from Peshawer and Badakhshán. When all were ready a single line of Jast stood ranged round the dancing house, all facing inwards. All dressed in their best attire and each holding his bright dancing axe over his shoulder. Utah and the other three Kaneash having exchanged their crownless hats for the cowrie fringed turbans threw each of them a Badakhshán silk robe over on his shoulders, and placed themselves at the top of the room. Curiously enough, Utah of the four was the only dancer, and the other three from age or other causes preferred to lean against the pillars in the centre and look on. The *Debilála* and the *Pshur* occupied a position in the centre and in front of Utah. A big log fire was blazing between them. Between the line of Jast ranged round the centre group and the spectators were a number of women dancers, who were grotesque and dirty to look at in spite of the ornaments on their persons. The spectators crowded every corner of the building while its two open sides were filled up for the most part by girls and young women who packed themselves between the timbers of the heavy open framework and climbed into all manner of difficult places where one would expect to see adventurous boys. The latter, however, were almost without exception in the place of honour on the floor of the house. Dances in honour of *Gish*, *Dizane*, *Imra*, *Krumai*, &c., were then gone through. The *Durban* dancing continued until February 27.

The last appearance of the "Kaneash" as exalted individuals is at the *Munzilo festival* in August. A careful description of that event at second hand went down the *Bashgul* river with my last note book. But the chief points connected with it were as follows:—

The *Munzilo* festival.

Each of the Kaneash had to dance with his female associate. On the first day, No. 1 danced with his feminine coadjutor. On the second day, No. 1 and No. 2 both danced with the partner of the latter. On the third day Nos. 1, 2, and 3, all danced with the last named's associate and on the final day all the Kaneash danced with No. 4's partner. Each day while the man distributed food in the morning, the woman his ally, provided the evening meal. The Kaneash have to sleep out of doors throughout the festival, the two belonging to the upper village at *Dizane's* shrine, the other two near the shrine of *Gish*, the war god. All the Kaneash have to shave their heads, moustaches, and beards, leaving only the *karunch* or scalp-lock. At these final feasts, cheese was given away to everyone and the most arduous efforts had to be made by the food-givers to get a sufficient supply of the article. For many days before the *Munzilo* they were busy buying up all the cheeses they could obtain anywhere, an immense number being required to meet the extraordinary demand.

Another and nominally higher grade than the ordinary Jast is called by the *Kám* The *Mirs*. *Káfirs* "*Mir*," by which they mean king. To attain this dignity a man must first become a Jast. He then, at or about the *Nilu* festival, gives a great feast. The following year at the same date he entertains the whole of the village for two days. At the third *Nilu* he has one more food distribution after which he is a *Mir*. The outward and visible sign of this rank is that he is permitted the privilege of sitting on the national four-legged little stool outside a house or verandah, but I do not think there are any other tangible advantages in being a *Mir*. In *Kámdesh* in 1891, there were three men who enjoyed the title, while a fourth was qualifying for it. The priest of the tribe even before he becomes a Jast, is allowed the royal privilege of seating himself out of doors in the way described. Anyone may sit on planks, on benches, or on stools inside a house, but the unique position of occupying a stool outside the house is reserved for the *Mirs*, and the priest. One woman had also attained this exalted rank. She was rather old and weak-looking. She never did any field work, but appeared to pass the whole of her time availing herself of her peculiar right to seat herself outside her own door.

The men of the very highest importance in Kámdesh in 1890-91 were all Mírs, but the individual who was qualifying for the rank, although a man of great distinction in his own clan, could never have become, in any circumstances, of much consequence in the tribe. All the Mírs were grey beards. I do not know if there is any age qualification for the position, but possibly it is one of the many unwritten laws of the Káfirs that it would be presumptuous for any middle-aged man to seek the distinction.

The Ur Jast. The Ur or Uir Jast is an official elected annually, who holds an important position in the tribe. Indeed, during his year of office he is the equal of the Jast, I should say, but as he is a kind of magistrate and master of the ceremonies combined, he will be more particularly described when I come to the Káfir method of internal government.

Poor free-men. There is a class of the community to which I have already briefly referred. It has no distinction or distinguishing name, but consists of men of no family or position whatever, who are also devoid of wealth. They are not slaves. They have no flocks nor herds of their own, merely a little land which their wives cultivate. It is from this class that the shepherd or "patsa" is chiefly obtained. During the winter months he takes care of the goats, and receives for the whole winter one animal for every 20 in his custody. He often attaches himself to an important man as a henchman, and performs all the duties of a servant without receiving that title.

Recapitulation. A Káfir tribe such as the Kám is composed of the following social grades:—

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> (1.) The Mírs and the Priest. (2.) The Jast, and the Uir Jast (an official). (3.) Members of important clans. (4.) Members of very small clans or groups of families. (5.) Poor freemen, patsas or shepherds. | } Members of the same class. |
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The family. The family is the unit of the Káfir body politic. As the importance of a clan is dependent, to a very great extent, upon the number of families of which it consists, so the importance of a family is similarly dependent upon the number of adult males it can produce to back an argument or support the head of the house in all his contentions.

Authority of the father. The head of the house is autocratic in his own family. All his descendants give him respect and obedience during life, and honour his memory when he is dead. If a son believes himself to be dealt with unjustly by his father, and is hopeless of redress, he may leave the tribe altogether and turn Mahomedan for a time. He rarely opposes his father actively or threatens him, although he may threaten to make family affairs uncomfortable or disastrous unless his grievances are remedied. In some instances, however, when the father's actions have been of a particularly gross character, the son, backed by public opinion, may and does openly quarrel with and threaten his father. For instance, one of the brothers of Kán Mára, of Lutdeh, seduced and carried away his own daughter-in-law. His outraged son insisted upon about eight times the usual number of cattle usually paid as compensation for adultery, and swore that unless this demand was at once complied with he would not allow his father "to remain alive" in the valley. The penalty was paid.

Succession to the headship. When the father of a family grows senile his authority naturally lessens. On his death, if there be more than one grown-up son, the first-born (provided always he is not the progeny of a slave mother) becomes the head of the family, but his authority is not very great. Brothers try to hold the family flocks and herds in partnership as long as they can, but quarrels frequently arise which usually end in the property being equitably divided and each one going his own way. The disadvantage of separating until separation can no longer be avoided, is so well recognised that great efforts are made by relations and fellow clansmen, or other friends, to patch up any quarrel which occurs. Separation means weakening the family, and if none of the brothers have sons old enough to help in tending or herding the flocks, it also means great inconvenience, for no man can leave his grazing grounds to go to his village unless he leaves a deputy behind him, either as paid servant or a partner.

Family quarrels. Peacemakers in Káfiristán have always plenty to do. Brothers continually quarrel. The two most famous young warriors of the Kám tribe were two brothers named Shyok and Din Malik respectively. Together they owned a great deal of property. The former was the Uir Jast of the tribe in 1891, and both were saving up to become Jast. A terrific quarrel broke out between these two concerning the ownership of a sheep-skin bag. The High Priest with great difficulty succeeded in patching up

a peace, but assured me it would only be of a temporary nature. Just as I was leaving the Bashgul Valley a serious dispute broke out between the priest and his two brothers, the latter alleging that the former had received many presents from me which he had not shared with them. They demanded that the flocks and herds should be divided, and insisted on separating from their illustrious brother unless he came to terms with them.

Káfirs are polygamists. If houses are plentiful, as in Kámdesh, one man while young or middle aged may have several homes, two or three that is to say, for inferior or slave wives do not require separate maintenance, but as he grows older his sons will occupy his houses, and he will probably be content with one for himself, which the youngest son will eventually inherit, as will be explained in dealing with inheritance. Polygamy.

A typical powerful Káfir family was that of Dán Malik, of Kámdesh, or that of Kám Márá, of Lutdeh. Dán Malik was a very old man belonging to the important Demidári clan. Although not so wealthy as Torag Merik, he was of more weight in the tribal counsels, not only because of his deserved reputation for shrewdness, but because he had three stalwart sons and four or five grandsons on the verge of manhood. In 1891 he was undoubtedly the chief man of the Kám tribe, but since then he and two or three of his grandsons have been killed, and no doubt at the present time Torag Merik, my shifty "brother," is the most powerful man in the Kám tribe. Dán Malik lived in a single house with his aged wife and several little grandchildren, whose fathers, two of his sons, had been killed on the frontier. His three surviving sons lived in houses of their own, near at hand, each ruling his own family, but all looked up to Dán Malik as a final court of appeal in all matters. All the property of the family was held in common, and no dispute ever appeared to arise about the distribution of property, although two of the sons were both turbulent and avaricious, and all were of middle age. The average woman is of no importance in a family except as a field worker and as a bearer of children; she need not therefore be further referred to in this connexion. A typical Káfir family.

GOVERNMENT OF A TRIBE.

Káfirs are theoretically all equal. They maintain this principle themselves. Actually there is an oligarchy, or in some tribes an autocracy. The affairs of a tribe such as the Kám are managed by the Jast nominally, but actually by a small group of greybeards, who at ordinary times rule in a more or less absolute way. The Katirs and the Mádugális submit to the rule of one individual, unless their cupidity is aroused, when all common rules apparently snap of their own accord. A theoretic democracy.

The Kám ruling authority in ordinary times consisted of three Jast, who were also Mírs, and the priest. They used their power tactfully and always knew the bent of public opinion. The inner council.

Next to this inner council of the Jast come the orators, a troublesome class, who have wonderful influence in exciting or convincing the people. Volubility, assurance, and a good voice are as powerful amongst the Káfirs as elsewhere. All the orators of real influence were Jast also; one of them was one of the Mírs. On all questions of policy, foreign or domestic, Káfirs sit in Parliament and discuss the matter noisily. Yet in ordinary times the opinion of the inner council, most likely previously agreed upon among themselves, prevails. The orators.

A Káfir parliament is a strange sight. The clamour is wonderful. A dozen men, perhaps, try to speak at once, each has his own little group of listeners whose attention, if it wanders, he seeks to retain by loud ejaculations of "ai ai!" or by little pokes in the ribs with his walking club. If some very exciting topic is being discussed, perhaps all are talkers and none are listeners, but, as a rule, when one of the tribal orators begins to speak he gets the attention of the greater part of the assembly, his efforts being helped by shouted illustrations or further arguments by one or two of his admiring friends. Káfirs love to argue among themselves to decide on some definite line of action. Singly, they are often reasonable, but when they go off in a mob to the dancing platform, or group themselves under a tree and begin excited discussions, it is practically impossible to foretell what they will decide. Moreover, the discussion arrived at on one day is quite likely to be rescinded on the next day, and reverted to on the third. But such occurrences are exceptional, and only happen when the people are labouring under strong excitement on some subject such as a prospect of gain, which appeals to each individual personally, and maddens him with cupidity. A Káfir parliament.

and indecision how to obtain it. Generally the Jast or its inner circle manage everything.

The Urir.

The Ur or Urir are 13 individuals selected annually to act as a kind of magistracy in the tribe. Their chief, the Ur or Urir Jast, is an important man; the remainder are merely his followers and assistants. The duties of the Urir as a body are to regulate the amount of water that each agriculturist is to receive from the common irrigation channels. In ordinary times at Kámdesh there is no difficulty about this, the water is brought down in canals from the snow field behind and to the south of the village, and is ample for all requirements, but if the snow fall has been light, and the summer is hot and dry, great troubles arise. The women clamour for water for their parched fields, and quarrel, abuse one another, and fight viciously for the little water which remains. The Urir, either alone or with the general help of the community, keep the artificial water courses in good order.

Another important duty they have is to see that no one picks or eats walnuts or grapes before the appointed time. Many wild stories are told of the strictness with which this duty is done, and it is related that the inquisition is so searching that the ordure of suspected individuals is examined to see if it contains grape stones. These statements I doubt. For visitors and guests great exception is made, and the people are delighted to entertain strangers just about the time when the fruit is ripe, but permission to collect it has not been given. A traveller sometimes finds himself overcome with the kindness of his entertainers, who as a matter of fact are practising hospitality to themselves as much as to him. But with this exception the rule is strict about the plucking of fruit. The Urir punish disobedience by the infliction of fines which as they naively put it they "eat" themselves. It can only be the prospect of sharing in the fines which make men willing to serve in the often thankless office of the Urir. It is astonishing how well the people obey their unwritten laws. There are occasionally disputes and quarrels in consequence of the penalties inflicted, but both the punishers and the punished are obliged to be circumspect, for a public opinion which avenges any outrage on itself by promptly burning down the culprit's house and destroying his property, is a power not to be lightly disregarded. If the Urir were flagrantly unjust or tyrannous, public opinion would suppress them at once, while on the other hand disobedience to their lawful and proper enactments would be certain to be punished. The flaw in the arrangement is that the Urir, being human, fear to offend the wealthy or the strong families, but the system seems to work very well on the whole.

The Urir Jast.

The head of the Urir, the Urir or Ur Jast, is not only the chief elected magistrate, but he has other duties also to perform of a somewhat complex nature. Generally speaking, he acts as master of the ceremonies at all the festivals and dances. He beats up recruits for the dances, and stimulates flagging energies, not only by exhortation but also by example. He is the most earnest chaunter of responses, and the most untiring dancer in the village. He has to light the fire at the gromma every Wednesday night for the weekly Káfir Sabbath, the Agar. He also seems to be the official entertainer of guests.

A Urir election.

The election of the Urir Jast and his 12 companions in 1891 took place on March 19, at the Durban festival. I missed seeing the procedure for myself. It seems that the proceedings were of a simple character. First of all a bull was sacrificed to Gísh; after that the Jast and the people present decided who should hold office for the following year. Finally, Utah, the priest, taking that portion of the flour which remained over from the sacrifice carried it to the new Urir Jast's house, when the election was considered complete. It seems that all the flour not used as sacrifice is similarly carried to the Urir Jast's house. On the particular occasion referred to this newly elected Urir Jast was absent with his flocks. So his brother at once adorned himself with a fillet, threw a scarf over his shoulder, and began to wander restlessly all over the village, as though very busy, yet apparently doing nothing, the 12 Urir stringing after him. The actual Urir Jast was sent for in hot haste, and on his arrival had to feast all comers for several nights at his house, where there was dancing, as well as other festivities. On the last day of the month soon after noon women from every part of the village appeared, carrying each a wicker basket full of flour to the new Urir Jast's house. The women all wore their horned caps, which among the Kám are only worn on occasions of special ceremony. The whole of each basketful of flour was not bestowed upon the Urir Jast, but a small quantity was carried home again by each woman, where it was used in an offering to Imra. It was burnt with cedar branches, ghee, and bread on the family girdle.

On the whole, in consequence of the contributions he receives, the Ur Jast's appointment is believed to be lucrative as well as honourable, although his expenditure on the village feasts must be considerable.

Besides the authority exercised by the Jast and by the Urir the Káfirs are influenced very strongly by tradition and custom, the unwritten and even unspoken laws of the people. If the perplexed stranger asks the explanation of practices and usages which are new to his experience the reply will almost invariably be "Insta chit" (It is our custom), and this will be said in a tone and with a manner which imply that the speaker considers that there is nothing more to be said on the subject. The fear of ridicule is a powerful factor in preventing a Káfir adopting novel procedures or inventing new rules for action. If he can refer any given question to central principles generally recognised and accepted by Káfirs he is happy, but if he have no good cause for action of his own initiative he will do little or nothing; he will wait to have the matter settled by open tribal discussion.

Influence of tradition and custom.

The tyranny of majorities is very great. As a rule a minority gives way at once. Indeed it must be so, but the final argument is usually a threat. A Káfir is accustomed in all ordinary questions rapidly to calculate his chances of success, if the matter in dispute should end in a fight, and he dearly loves to fight with all the probabilities in his favour. If physical superiority is against him, he generally gives way at once, acquiescing, without rancour, in the views of the majority. In his own way the Káfir has an immense amount of Eastern fatality in his disposition, and is usually intelligent enough to distinguish between what is and what is not inevitable.

Tyranny of majorities.

Disobedience to the Jast in council is punished promptly and severely. The offender's house is burnt down, and his property dispersed and destroyed. As the Jast come from all the clans of a tribe their decision is the decision of the whole people, and he must be a brave man indeed who would refuse to accept the fiat of the council. The penalty mentioned is in reality a theoretical one only, for no one ever incurs it. If he felt himself unable to obey the rule of the Jast, a man would run away from his tribe altogether. The only instances I know where the punishment was ever threatened were two in number. The first was to me. It was hinted that if I declined to do as the Jast wished, then my house might possibly be burnt down and my property looted. I persisted in my refusal and nothing more was said. The second instance was on my taking Káfir youths to India. All families wanted to send representatives with me. A large number were consequently disappointed and enraged at the selection I made. In Chitrál the Jast sent a peremptory message to my guests that unless they returned at once their houses would be destroyed, their wives sold, and all their property divided among the tribe. It was obvious that this threat was not sincere, and had been forced from the Jast during a period of excitement and chagrin on the part of the majority of the Kám. My companions calmly ignored the mandate. They nearly all belonged to powerful clans, and knew that in the circumstances their property and their wives were safe. A week or two afterwards the whole of the Kám were delighted and expressed their delight at the arrangement I had made.

Various offences.
(1) Disobedience to the Jast.

The penalty for theft is rather doubtful. Theoretically it is a fine of seven or eight times the value of the thing stolen; but such a punishment in ordinary cases would only be inflicted on a man of inferior mark, unless it were accompanied by circumstances which aggravated the original offence. I should say, as a rule, that the loser would get his property back, there would then be high words, and the prospect of a fight, neighbours would intervene, and a goat would be sacrificed by the thief. Everbody would make friends and the sufferer would be given some slight supplemental payment as recompense for the trouble he had been put to in recovering his property. The tribe would heavily punish anyone who stole from another tribe or people with whom they were anxious to keep on good terms. Then the virtuous indignation expressed by the tribe's orators is most edifying, and the penalties are severe. In one case I know restitution was ordered by the Jast, and a fine of 15 Kabul rupees was also inflicted.

(2) Theft.

Murder, justifiable homicide, and killing by inadvertence in a quarrel are all classed as one crime, and punished in the same way. Extenuating circumstances are never considered. The single question asked is, Did the man kill the other. The penalty is an extremely heavy blood ransom to the family of the slain man, or perpetual exile combined with spoilation of the criminal's property. The man who has caused the death of a fellow tribesman at once takes to flight and becomes a "chile" or outcast, for his clan will not help him in any way. His house is destroyed and confiscated by the victim's clan, and his property seized and distributed. If he has relatives such as

(3) Murder.

a father or a brother who hold goods in common, it is asserted that their property is looted also, while if it is known that their possessions are entirely separate they must not be touched. There seems, however, to be a general impression abroad that the law in this respect is more severe to the poor than to the rich. Nevertheless, public opinion is strong enough to ensure that the shedder of blood leaves his village in any case without any hope of returning to it except by stealth. A murderer's family is not despoiled of his landed property. The chile or outcast is not compelled to leave his tribe. He must merely leave his village, and always avoid meeting any of the family or clan of the murdered man. If by chance he comes across any of them on the road he goes aside and conceals himself, or goes through the pretence of hiding himself so that his face may not be looked upon. In a village in similar circumstances he will hide behind a door or steal round the back of a house. His sons, those not grown up, as a rule become chiles also, and the same law holds good concerning his daughters' husbands and their descendants. Musselman traders who have married the daughters of "chiles" have to behave in precisely the same way as any other chile when they visit Kámdesh, for instance.

"Cities of Refuge."

The village of Mergrom is the largest of several "cities of refuge." It is almost entirely peopled by chiles, the descendants of slayers of fellow tribesmen. I have known one of those people, a wealthy man, who had to avoid the Utahdári clan, go quietly to Kámdesh in the evening and hold a secret conference with Utah, the chief of the Utahdári, concerning questions of trade. In his case no rancour remained behind in the other clan. The man was a ceremonial outcast, and the grandson of him who did the deed. Nevertheless, he was as much an outcast in reality as if he were himself the murderer.

Atonement in kind.

A man may atone for the shedding of blood by paying a large sum of money or in kind. This is so rarely done that there is even some doubt about the exact amount required, but it was generally stated to be 400 Kabuli rupees in cash and 400 Kabuli rupees' worth of property, clothing and what not. It is also said that if this kind of atonement is made it reflects so much honour on the family of the man who makes it, that the males are ever afterwards permitted to carry about a particular kind of axe to show their social importance.

Vengeance.

In the event of a double killing; that is to say, of a killer himself being slain by his victim's relatives, I was told the custom was for a cow to be killed, when the representative men of each clan would each put a foot in a pool of the animal's blood. This would constitute a solemn peace and an oath of a very binding character. This Káfir custom of avenging a murder is a valuable one. It prevents blood feuds which in Káfiristán would mean the extinction of a tribe, while its peculiar advantage is that it does not cause any additional loss to the fighting power of a tribe where every single male is of great importance to the whole people. The penalty is really extremely severe. It is considered an act of virtue to dash in and separate quarrellers. Men, women, and children will throw themselves between fighting men with the greatest intrepidity, and frequently get hurt in doing so. It behoves every Káfir to prove his manhood, and show he is not a "slave," by trying his utmost to injure his enemy up to the time the goat, the peace offering, is sacrificed, while everybody is interested in preventing him from seriously hurting his foe. His family fear that he may become a chile and lose his property, while all other Káfirs are impelled by public opinion to play the blessed part of the peacemakers. I have sometimes in argument put in imaginary cases, for instance: Suppose a man in defending his life from a murderous attack happens to slay his assailant, why should he become a chile? The reply at once was, "He should have disabled his enemy and not killed him." About accidental deaths I am in a little doubt. I know a man, the son of a friend of mine at Kámdesh. When a boy this man by ill-luck killed a little girl. He was hurling stones, one of which struck her so that she died. None of the family would even look in the man's face. If he were sitting in a verandah talking to me none of the Demidári would enter. He lived away at the village of Pittigul. I do not think, however, that he was regarded as a chile.

(4.) Assault.

The punishment for a murderous assault is decided by the Jast. For instance, a man once stabbed Dán Malik, one of the most important men in Kámdesh in 1891, but since slain by Umra Khan's men. The culprit nearly killed Dán Malik, and had to pay as compensation a large number of goats. Grievous injury would always be paid for. Slight hurt would be atoned for in the usual way, the man in the wrong having to provide the goat for the reconciliation feast. Sometimes the general indignation of the community causes a kind of lynch law to be employed. The chief man at

the village of Kamu was caught by the husband in an intrigue with a woman. The husband was soundly beaten by the seducer and his followers, but the whole village turned out, the peccant individual's house was burnt down and he himself put to flight. It was only after much intercession that he was allowed to return to and remain in the village.

On one occasion a Káfir, in the hope of getting a reward, went and told the Mehtar of Chitrál of a pretended plot against the life of his son, Shah-i-Mulk, declaring that he himself was the man who had been bribed by the Kám to strike the fatal blow. Although retribution was ordered by the Jast, the village really went to the man's house and comprehensively sacked it of its own accord, all being actuated by the same impulse.

The ordinary punishment for a man caught in adultery is a fine in cows. In the Kám district six cows have to be paid; in the Katir district only three. In this case also a man's clan will not protect him, so that he must pay the penalty as soon as he is able. When the woman runs away from the husband the penalty is, of course, greater, for there is the value of the woman herself to be taken into account. As before mentioned, the women often try to entangle men in order to get cows for their husbands, but when this is not the case the women seem to escape with little or no punishment if the fine is paid. The fine seems usually to soothe the husband's jealous feelings. (5.) Adultery.

Among the curious penalties are fines for eating certain fruit before the prescribed date; fines for making fun of any of the Urir within nine days after their appointment, and so on. (6.) Minor offences.

Besides the solemnity of an oath of peace made by two men, each putting the foot in the blood of a cow sacrificed to Imra, ordinary vows may be made by sacrificing a goat. Similarly, men may be released from a vow in a precisely similar way. Indeed, there are few ceremonies of any ordinary kind which cannot be done in Káfristán by sacrificing a goat. I have been assured that a very binding oath is made in the following way:—Suppose a man is accused by another of stealing a cow, and is desirous of refuting the charge in the most convincing way possible, he shaves his head, even the karunch or scalp lock, and also shaves off his beard and moustache. He then strips himself absolutely naked, and, led by a friend to Imra's shrine, makes oath that he is innocent of the charge brought against him. He then puts on his clothes and goes home to sacrifice a goat. His late accuser also has to sacrifice a goat. I have never myself witnessed this ceremony, or that of swearing with a foot in a pool of cow's blood. My information is derived from conversations on the subject. Oaths.

A man often insists on having his debts paid him, but I have never heard of anything like interest being charged. Káfirs are frequently most generous in their lending. Suppose, for instance, a poor youth wins some great competition like throwing the "shíl." As a result of his victory he has to feast the village. Some one or other is certain to come forward and help him to do this, often with the absolute certainty of never being repaid. Káfirs are most lavish and generous in loans of this description. On the other hand, I have known a rich man belonging to a powerful clan trump up a claim on a suddenly enriched man of no importance (the Káfir who first went to India with me) that the father of the latter, before he died, had borrowed from the former many goats. It seems every one knew this was false, but the man having once advanced the claim, had to maintain it with threats of violence, until at length the other man, having no family or clan behind him, found it well to compromise the matter by handing over one or two goats in payment of a demand for several score. A powerful family, being creditors of a poor man, on the death of the latter seized the daughter, and kept her more or less as a bondswoman, until she ran away to Chitrál with a lover who was not satisfied with mere access to his sweetheart. He gave up his own wife, his home, and his religion for this woman. They both became Musselman, set themselves up in Lower Chitrál, and defied the family creditors. This episode constituted one of the few really romantic love stories I heard of in Káfristán. Debt.

The great majority of debts are almost certainly never paid at all, the debtors being usually very poor people. They probably attach themselves to their creditors in many ways, and perhaps pay back in unacknowledged servitude the amounts they owe. In any civil disputes about property, the disputants fight, are separated, sacrifice a goat, and friends settle the matter. I saw this procedure carried out on a question arising about the profits of a certain partnership. A quiet argument was the first stage, abuse and a broken head the second, the inevitable goat and a reconciliation

the third; but in spite of this reconciliation the partnership was dissolved. The man who was actually in the wrong had to pay for the goat. He did this by stealing the animal from me. This was considered by all a tactful thing to do as it enabled the man to get out of an unjustifiable quarrel without cost to himself. They were all surprised, almost shocked, at me, a stranger, insisting on restitution.

In all other disputes the good old law of the strongest winning always prevails. It is that which makes the head man with many sons and grandsons so important a personage; since he can bring so much force to bear on those numerous minor questions between men of the same clan which so constantly arise; also, in disputes with families in other clans, which are not of sufficient importance for the whole clan to interest itself in. Wealth is also very important. The very rich man who is popular in the tribe because he keeps going through ceremonial feast-giving is certain to have a large number of ordinary supporters on almost any question, in addition to the number to be got by bribery. The poor man of unimportant family, no matter how brave he may be, is no match for a rich man who is not a coward.

Inheritance. The law of Káfir inheritance starts with the assumption that a woman cannot hold property. She has no rights of any kind, and cannot inherit. The property left by a father is divided equally among the sons, except that the eldest has his share increased by some single article of value, such, for instance, as a cow, or a dancing robe, while the youngest inherits his father's house. It might seem that by inheriting the house of his father the youngest son has a distinct advantage over his brethren. This, no doubt, is true, but still the eldest of the brothers is the head of the family. I do not know to what this curious custom of the youngest inheriting the house property is due, nor could any one explain it. It may have been originally intended to prevent the youngest, while a weakling, from being thrust out of the house by his elder and stronger brothers. Of course, as the sons grow up, they settle in houses of their own which always remain theirs. The inheritance is strictly confined, I believe, to legitimate sons by free mothers. Slaves' sons would not count. If there are no children the deceased's brother would take all the property. If there were only one son, and he very young, the brother would, as a kind of guardian, practically do as he chose with the property, provided always that he gave away large amounts of it in feasting the tribe. The wives in such a case as this would also be his to dispose of. He would keep them himself or sell them in marriage. The mother of the heir would probably remain with her son in any case. If the heir is a son he may dispose of his stepmothers. I do not know if he ever sells his mother in marriage. I know she is often re-married, and it is probable her price goes to the son. In one case, elsewhere referred to, the son himself married one of his step-mothers. In the failure of the immediate near male relations, the estate would fall to distant male relations, and in failure of all such, to the clan. Never, in any circumstances, does it go to relatives by marriage, which, indeed, might mean its going out of the tribe altogether.

SECTION VI.

VILLAGES, HOUSES, HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES.

Introduction. Káfir villages are built in various ways according as they are liable to attack by a numerous enemy or by small raiding detachments. Other considerations also must have been taken into account in settling the plan of the different villages. The chief of these must have been whether the inhabitants were numerous and brave enough to protect themselves by numbers alone, or would have to rely partly or chiefly upon natural defensive positions or on fortifications. Another important question to be decided would be the total amount of arable land available for the community. In places where the cultivatable ground is inconsiderable, the houses are generally piled on top of one another or built in the strangest positions in order that the fields may not be encroached upon. In some instances the configuration of the ground has rendered a particular plan necessary. In many cases several of the above considerations have determined the site and arrangement of a village.

Women's quarters. In one respect all Káfir villages agree with one another and that is in having the women's retreat, or Nirmali-house, placed at some distance from the other habitations. From the position of many of these buildings the inference is irresistible that the villagers are much more anxious to keep the female inmates far removed from the

ordinary dwelling-houses than they are afraid of having them captured by an enemy.

The following are the chief varieties of Káfir villages :—

The fort village is peculiar to the Kátir tribe. In the Bashgul country Ptsigrom in the Skorigul, Pshui, Apsai, Shidgul, and Badamuk are of this kind. These villages are built in an oblong figure, the houses, two or three stories high, surrounding a centre courtyard which is partially occupied by a dancing-place and a rude altar, while the dancing-house or gromma, which is used in the winter and in bad weather, is close by. The exterior of such a village offers to an enemy an unbroken front, as all the windows of the rooms looking outwards are very small. There is usually only one entrance gate, or at most two, in which case the second not unfrequently, as at Badamuk, leads into dark passages difficult to penetrate at any time without a guide. The main entrance is capable of being quickly and effectively closed. Such villages are usually built on the bank of a river flowing through the Káfir equivalent for a plain. When besieged the inhabitants obtain their water from the river by means of a tunnel, which leads from the central courtyard to the river's edge, and ends in a covered way made of roughly hewn timbers. These fort villages contain from 120 to 200 different families, and are all greatly overcrowded. The houses which form the four sides of the oblong figure have low cellars like chambers underneath them, into which sheep, goats, and cattle are driven when an attack is imminent. The corners of the village are generally strengthened by towers, and at Badamuk and other places, where there are steep slopes in close proximity, one or two detached three-storied towers are built up the hillside as an additional security. A great deal of wood enters into the construction of these villages. On the courtyard side the dwellings or rooms are often furnished with verandahs or wooden galleries open in front, the uprights and frames of which are often rather effectively carved in the ordinary basket-work pattern, or with purely conventional heads of animals. The different floors of a house are reached by solid ladders, that is to say by planks shaped by the axe alone, and deeply notched at proper intervals for the feet. The quaint carvings, and the irregular outline of the inner aspect of the houses caused by the verandahs or galleries, render these villages somewhat picturesque, but they are grimed black with smoke, the open spaces are littered with the bones and horns of animals killed for food, and the general appearance is squalid and depressing, while the stench is sometime hardly bearable. The cellars or half subterranean stables already mentioned are used in peace-time as latrines. The odoriferous pine leaves with which they are littered do but little to disguise the fact. These chambers are only cleared out when manure is wanted for the fields.

(1.) The fort village.

Good examples of this form of construction are found at Purstám, Bajindra, and Gourdesh. The houses at Purstám are clustered together on the east face of a steep detached rock, inaccessible from every other direction. The lowest habitations are on the bank of a side branch of the Bashgul river. The road up the rock between the houses is extremely steep. Half way up is the gromma or dancing-house with its wooden platform adjoining. Bajindra is one of the most curious villages in Káfiristán. At that place advantage has been taken of the flat upper surface of a huge detached piece of rock, and upon it some thirty different domiciles have been crowded and super-imposed, the one on the other. The only way to reach the houses is by a bridge which connects the village with the hillside behind. This bridge can be easily broken away, and then the houses are absolutely inaccessible. The drawback to the position is that the river is a little distance away and there is no other water supply for the people. There are two or three little hamlets in the Skorigul built precisely after the fashion of Bajindra on fragments of rock, but they are all on the river bank by the water's edge. The village of Gourdesh is a densely populated cluster of some twenty-five houses, built on the knife-edge of a rocky spur which projects into the Gourdesh valley, and compels the river to flow in a pear-shaped course round its base. This spur, 200 or 300 feet high, is precipitous except at its point of connexion with the main range of hills, where there is a watch tower, and where the village can be easily defended. To enable all the houses to perch on the rocky ledge many ingenious contrivances have had to be adopted. In some instances the verandahs or wooden galleries are supported on long wooden pillars, the bases of which fit into crevices in the rock. An additional appearance of insecurity has been produced in some places where the sustaining pillars, having proved too short, have been supplemented by the placing of smooth water-worn stones beneath them. The insecurity

(2.) Villages built on defensive positions.

of this arrangement is, however, more apparent than real, for experience has taught the Káfirs so much skill in the management of weights that even the most fragile structures they erect rarely, if ever, collapse. Villages like Gourdesh cannot possibly grow larger, and in consequence they are greatly over-populated.

(3.) Populous villages.

Places like Kámdesh, Bagalgrom, and Bragamatal (Lutdeh) depend for their protection on the strong arm of a numerous population rather than on fortifications or the happy selection of a good defensive site. Any detached towers which such villages may possess are more for use as watching places than for defensive purposes, although they are capable of being employed for the latter purpose also. In some portions of Kámdesh the houses are built in regular terraces, which rise one above the other like a giant's staircase, or they are made to overhang steep drops or low precipices. They are likewise crowded into many awkward and inconvenient positions with the obvious intention of not curtailing or interfering in any way with the cultivation. In many other villages the same cause and the same result are seen to a very much greater extent. Kámdesh, Bagalgrom, and that portion of Bragamatal which is on the right bank of the river, are built on no regular pattern, houses being erected wherever there is room for them. The left bank part of Bragamatal is laid out in the form of half a regular hexagon open towards the south. The enclosed space is occupied by the gromma and dancing platform, and by detached clusters of houses.

(4.) Walled villages.

The only regularly walled villages with which I am acquainted are in the Presungul. Their general construction is as follows. The houses are packed together on and in the substance of a mound or rounded hillock. Many of the rooms are underground. At the foot of the slope a short distance away there is a protecting wall topped with brushwood. At Pushkigrom, the lowest village in the valley, the arrangement is somewhat different. There the houses are built on a slope which is surmounted by watch towers from which extend walls which run down to and encircle the houses. This surrounding wall is strengthened with barricades at different points, and looks fairly strong.

(5.) Undefended villages.

There are some villages in Káfiristán which are both small and defenceless, and are also easily accessible. From such places the inhabitants must bolt at once if a formidable enemy makes his appearance. There are others which could be defended if the people were brave, *e.g.*, Kstigigrom in the Presungul. There, however, the villagers prefer to retire to a large cave overlooking their homes, where they cannot be followed. From that safe and elevated position they have more than once watched their houses being sacked and burnt. Other small villages seem to find a sense of security in the fact that they are more or less hidden away in the hills or up difficult and unpromising ravines. Of these, as of all other villages in Káfiristán, it may be said that they find their chief protection in the easily defensible nature of the main roads of the country.

HOUSES AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

The one-room house.

The simplest form of house consists of one apartment, oblong or square in shape, and measuring some 18 by 18 or 18 by 20 ft. It is usually well built of cedar timber and rubble stones embedded in mud mortar. The timbers fashioned with the axe alone and roughly morticed together at the angles of the building, form a series of wooden frames upon and between which the masonry is built. These wooden frames are about nine inches apart. The thickness of the walls is about five inches. They are well plastered with mud both inside and out, and are strong and durable. There are sometimes two doors but usually only one. The door is a solid piece of wood, shaped by the axe alone. There are no hinges, but small projections from the upper and lower edges are made to revolve in sockets in the door frame. The Káfir slaves, if we consider the indifferent tools at their disposal, are extremely clever at carpentry. In addition to the door or doors there is often a little window also. It is usually 15 or 18 ins. square, and is closed by a wooden shutter revolving on pivots. The doors are fastened by a wooden bolt, which is made to run easily in a groove cut in the solid substance of the door, and thence into a socket in the door frame. The bolt has vertical notches all along one side. Just above the groove in which it works is a small round hole in the substance of the door. This is the key-hole. The key is a piece of iron wire, about the thickness of the top of the little finger, and more than a foot long. It is bent back in such a way that it is somewhat of the shape of a pot-hook, and can

be pushed through the key hole, and then if it is turned downwards the end can be made to catch in the slots in the bolt, and the latter can be pushed back, and the door opened. Sometimes, however, it is a very tedious operation to get the end of the iron wire to catch in the notches of the bolt. I have often watched a tired-out woman come home from field work and spend a wearisome time before she could get the arrangement to work. When my own bolt proved recalcitrant I was accustomed to solve the problem by lowering some small boy into the room through the smoke-hole to open the door from the inside.

In the centre of every room at each corner of the square hearth are four wooden pillars, which are often elaborately carved. These pillars are usually between 5 ft. and 6 ft. apart, and are either rounded or more or less square in shape. Their diameter varies from 9 ins. to 15 ins. From the lateral walls of the apartment two large beams cross over, and are mainly supported on the top of the hearth pillars. Centre-pillars.

Boards covered with beaten down earth form the roof, but they do not fit accurately, so that snow, water, and rain find easy access into the room. The only way to minimise this discomfort is to keep adding earth to the roof, and to get it beaten down or trampled by men or goats. The roof is the worst feature of all Káfir houses. As they are all made in the way described and are all flat, there is not one which is even moderately watertight. It is necessary that they should be flat, for contiguous roofs form, perhaps, the only level spaces which can be found in some villages, where corn can be winnowed or thrashed, or fruit be spread out to dry. The roof.

The smoke-hole is over the middle of the hearth. It is usually about a foot square, and has enclosing boards which project a few inches above the level of the roof. It is closed by a flat board, with a long handle in the middle, being placed over it. The long handle hangs down into the room, whence it can be pushed up, and the smoke-hole opened. The hearth square in the centre of the room is raised a few inches above the level of the surrounding floor, and like the latter is made of beaten earth. There is some special sanctity connected with the hearth, for although slaves may cross the threshold of the priest's house, they may on no account approach the hearth. The height of a room does not exceed seven or eight feet. The smoke-hole.

The foregoing description applies to the house of an average poor Káfir of the Bashgul valley. In such an apartment he brings up his family. There would probably be also a stable or rough kind of shed, leaning against one wall of the house, and more or less completely closed in by mud walls, or by screens made by twisting twigs together. This shed would be used as a latrine.

A better kind of house in the Bashgul valley consists of two stories, the upper part being reserved for the dwelling place, while the lower half is used as a cow stable or a wood store. The best built habitations in the Bashgul Valley are those used by the wealthy Káfirs of the Kám tribe. Such dwellings consist of three stories. The top floor is the living place, the middle story is the store room, while the bottom room is employed as a cow stable or wood store in the winter, and a latrine at all times. In this variety of house a verandah is almost always projected from the top story. These verandahs, or open wooden galleries are well made structures, closed on all sides except in front. They are frequently elaborately ornamented with carving. The projecting floor of the verandah is supported on long wooden pillars, the lower ends of which are securely kept in their proper position on the ground by the nicety with which the weights above are adjusted. The roof of the verandah is upheld by the wooden framework of the structure, and by a row of pillars which run down the centre of the floor. Frequently all the pillars and the front of the verandah are prettily carved, and its roof beams, which are allowed to project a foot or more beyond the walls, are fashioned at the ends into effective, if grotesque, animals' heads. Houses of the better class.

In the Katir part of the Bashgul Valley the houses are, on the whole, distinctly inferior to those of the Kám tribe, for instance. This is more particularly the case in the fort villages, where the exigencies of space require that each floor, consisting of verandah and living room, shall house an entire family. But, however the rooms may be arranged, and however large or small a house may be, the principle on which it is built remains the same. It is either one cubical apartment, or several superimposed, and with or without verandahs. Katir houses.

The houses of the Presun or Viron Káfirs differ in many respects from those already described. Perhaps the most obvious and striking peculiarity of the Viron houses is that their accommodation is principally underground. This arrangement is more Houses of the Presun Káfirs.

particularly noticeable in the upper, and consequently colder, part of the valley. In that position, also, wood being scarce, it is sparingly used in the construction of the walls. The timbers are not shaped with the axe, as in the Bashgul valley, but are used in the form of round poles. The large proportion of mud and rubble to timber gives the houses a somewhat badly built appearance. There are no verandahs to break the ugly lines of the buildings. In the lower part of the valley at Pushkigrom, wood is abundant, and the domiciles are built almost exclusively of round poles, very little masonry being used in their construction. The villages themselves are either built on a hillock or on a slope. There is one exception to this rule in the case of the village called Diogrom, which is on level ground close by the river. In the villages of the upper part of the valley, those parts of the houses above ground are very low and the doorways which open on to the lanes, are rarely more than 3 ft. 6 ins. or 4 ft. high. The houses are packed together closely, and the paths between them are hardly wide enough for a man with moderately broad shoulders. Many of the houses have three apartments, one below the other: one being half underground, and the other two completely so. I carefully examined the house of the Shtevgrom priest. From the roadway, a 3 ft. 6 ins. doorway opened on to a short ladder, by which the floor of the dwelling-room was reached. That apartment was 20 ft. square, but only 7 ft. high. The roof was supported by numerous pillars, all of which were grotesquely carved into a supposed resemblance to gods or goddesses. Four pillars carved with more than usual care, bounded the hearth in the ordinary way. Each was made to resemble, more or less, a man on horseback. The horseman was given an enormous face, shield-shaped, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long by 10 ins. at the broadest part, the brows. The chin was not more than an inch and a half from the top of the diminutive horse's head. The rider's left hand rested on the horse's neck. What at first sight looked like an enormous ear, turned out to be the horseman's right arm grasping a weapon. The tiny animal itself was given a little stand, such as a toy horse has. The nose of the effigy was scored by parallel lines, intersected at right angles by similar parallel lines. All the other pillars in the room were similarly carved into grotesque male or female forms, except that they were not provided with horses. Above the hearth, which was 7 ft. square, there was a wooden structure 4 ft. square, which projected above the level of the roof about 4 ft. This was roofed, and in one corner of it there was a smoke-hole 1 ft. square. This peculiar chimney arrangement is very common in Presungul. From the dwelling room a ladder led into a lower apartment, which was not more than 5 ft. in height. There was yet another room, lower still, which was reached in a similar way. There it was possible to stand upright. From this lowest apartment a tunnel ran under the village wall to the river bank. A second tunnel which I was solemnly informed had been originally constructed by Yush (the Devil), burrowed under the village tower or citadel.

A Káfir
tower.

A Káfir tower used for watch and ward is from one to four stories in height. It is of square shape, and commonly 10 ft. by 10 ft. The door is always some considerable height above the ground, and is reached by a ladder, which can be drawn up in time of need, when the men inside are completely out of reach. The floor of each of the upper stories has a large square aperture in the middle, and each is usually provided with a ladder. The top of the tower, the three or four feet which constitute the parapet, is a little wider than the rest of the building, and projects about a foot outwards on every side. At the foot of this parapet are a series of holes all round, which enable the defenders to see clearly all the walls of the tower, and to command its base. Such structures are sprinkled all over the country, and are, as a rule, extremely well built.

The dancing
place and
gromma.

The dancing place is always the most important spot in a Káfir village. There is usually only one, but Kámdesh and Bragamatal have two each. A dancing place should consist of a house to be used in winter and in bad weather; a boarded platform, which, if the level ground available is very limited, as is commonly the case, often projects from a slope, and is upheld at its outer extremity by long poles; and a level piece of ground, on which particular dances are performed, which is furnished with a rude stone altar. A description of the upper Kámdesh dancing place will also apply, with some modifications, to all similar places in the Bashgul valley. The whole place is called the gromma, a name evidently derived from the word "grom" or "brom," the Bashgul term for a village. A Káfir who had been to India with me always called the gromma the "church" when he spoke Urdu. To the north of the Kámdesh dancing place is the gromma or dancing house. It is 12 ft. high, 35 ft. long, and 30 ft. broad. Its sides are barred, not closed, by heavy square beams, between the intervals of which spectators can thrust their heads and shoulders restfully. During

a spectacle, these apertures are generally crowded with the heads of girls and women. Down the centre of the gromma run two rows of massive pillars, which support the heavy roof. They are about 6 ft. apart. The central four are quite plain, except at the top, where they are ornamented with carved horses' heads. The remaining four are completely covered with the ordinary basket-work carving. In the middle of the roof there is a 4 ft. square smoke-hole. Bordering the gromma to the south is the largest level space in the village. It is about 30 yards square. On it there is a rude altar, formed of two upright stones, with a horizontal one on top. On this altar there is almost always to be seen the remains of a recent fire. To the east this space is continuous with a platform, which is carried out from the steep slope and maintained in that position by wooden pillars and beams. It looks, and is, a shaky structure. A railing runs round its three dangerous sides. Seats are provided on it in the shape of long planks, of comfortable breadth, a few inches off the floor. These platforms are always to be seen if the village is built on the side of a hill. Most of the shrines at Kámdesh are provided with a platform, which only differs from that at the gromma in point of size. In villages built on the flat, such as those in the upper part of the Bashgul Valley, the platforms are lifted off the ground on trestles. They are, indeed, an essential part of every dancing place, because certain ceremonies cannot be performed except on them.

The gromma of a Presun (Viron) village differs considerably from those of the Bashgul Valley. In the first place, they are nearly all of them half underground. That at Diogrom, for example, is like a huge bear-pit, and is reached by long passages sloping down from the village level. They are very large, as they are used for guest houses, and are capable of holding a large number of people. In one corner they generally have a small shrine, containing a quaintly carved idol of some god. The four central pillars are hewn into marvellously grotesque figures, the huge shield-shaped faces of which are more than two feet in length. The arms are made to hang from the line of the brows, while, if a goddess is represented, the long narrow breasts, which look like a pair of supplementary arms, start from between the arms and the brows. There is never any doubt, however, about the sex of an effigy of this kind. The knees of the figures are made to approach one another, while the feet are far apart, as if, indeed, the god or goddess was swarming up the pole backwards.

There is a building peculiar to all Káfir villages. This is the "pshar" or Nirmali house, the lying-in hospital and women's periodic retreat. It is always placed on the outskirts of a village, and not infrequently is outside it altogether. In the Presungul, for instance, at one place it is on the opposite side of the river to the village. In the Bashgul Valley it is usually a very badly built low single square apartment, into the construction of which very little wood enters. It is there distinguished by having two or three sheepskins fastened to a pole and stuck on the roof. It has no windows, and is a squalid looking place, blackened by smoke and disfigured by the abominable sheepskins. In the new hamlets springing up in the Skorigul the pshar is the merest hovel, half underground and yet incompletely sheltered. In the Presungul these retreats are much better built. They are commonly placed near or on the river bank and apparently consist of two or three rooms in a line, the doors all facing towards the water. The unpleasant sheepskins are not employed to indicate the buildings, their peculiar shape and their isolated position being quite sufficient for that purpose.

There is another class of buildings in Káfristán which so enter into the inner life of the people that they require a full description. These are the "pshals." The word pshal literally means a stable, but it is used by the Bashgul Káfirs to designate their dairy farms, and their grazing grounds, as well as the buildings in which the herdsman confines his flocks and watches them by night. The life of the average well-to-do Káfir is about equally divided between the village and his pshal. Indeed, if he have no brothers or relations or friends in partnership with him, and have no sons or only young ones, he must pass the whole of his time with his flocks, except in the winter, when a patsa or shepherd is usually hired. Some tribes have their winter pshals almost as far away as the summer pshals; the Kám for instance. Others, like the Presuns, have them almost at their doors, where the collection of stables and goatpens is twice as big as the village itself, and to all appearances is just as well built. The Katirs of the Bashgul Valley are in this matter something between the Kám and the Presuns, and have some winter pshals close to the village, and others far away. On the summer grazing-grounds there is every variety of building, from the hut made of a few branches with rough goatpens attached, which is to the commonest form, to the

The Nirmali house.

Pshals.

strongly-built regular pshal, with its artful arrangement of stones on the top, which in the dusk resemble men on the look-out on the roof. Not infrequently the night pens are erected close to a shallow cave or near some shelving rock, which can be partially enclosed by branches and so made into a little dwelling and store place for butter and ghee. The best pshals are, however, permanent structures always, and a great deal of labour and a considerable amount of skill are expended in building them. The winter pshals of the Presuns are somewhat smaller than those of the Bashgui tribes, and are arranged in labyrinths where a man may hide himself in complete security, as I found myself on one occasion. I have passed a good deal of time with the herdsmen of the Kám and Katir tribes, and have spent many days in different pshals. They are generally well-built, practically on the same pattern as the houses, and as in the case of the latter the weak point is the roof, which lets snow water and rain through it easily. The average size of a pshal is about 20 feet square. It has no ornament of any kind. Inside, raised about three feet from the ground, there are usually platforms made of and closed by wattles. These are for the kids. In another part of the interior, also raised some feet above the floor, is the common couch for the shepherds and their visitors. It is made of light branches and is sufficiently elastic to vibrate under the weight of a man. In the winter several men and women all sleep together on one of these couches, which are about 9ft. long by 6ft. broad. In the summer the women having the field work to do rarely visit the distant pshals, except to carry flour and other provisions to their relatives. Underneath the raised structures referred to, during the night, more than 100 goats, without counting the kids, are often packed just before it gets dark. The coughing and restless moving about of the animals, the bleating of the kids, with the stagnant odorous atmosphere, make a night in a pshal an experience not readily to be forgotten. There is a large fireplace in one corner which in the winter always contains a blazing fire, in front of which the Káfirs sit cooking their food and talking cheerily till bedtime. Just outside the pshal there is always a huge heap of brown aromatic ordure which is increased every morning after the daily sweepings.

The cows are mostly kept in the villages during the winter for protection, and stall feeding, but if a man have large herds he only brings some half dozen or so to the village, and keeps the rest at different pshals. Their stables are similar to those used for the goats and sheep, except that the internal arrangements are different. The calves are kept apart in little enclosures which run down all one side of the building. The top of the main partition is composed of a long plank or two or more joined end to end. It is on this that the patsas sleep. It is amusing to go into one of these cow-stables on a winter night during the absence of the herdsman. The animals appreciate the fire and stand warming their tails in front of it in a comically human fashion. At the pshala Káfir is always on the look-out for thieves and enemies day and night. He never takes off his dagger, even at night, and during the day may constantly be seen watching his property fully armed with matchlock and other weapons.

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES.

Cooking
utensils.

In many Káfir houses a large heavy shelf five or six feet from the ground runs across the room and rests against the wall opposite to the door. It is embedded in the substance of the building: it is some two feet broad, and two and a half or three inches thick. One or two small pegs are knocked into the mud walls and serve as nails on which small articles may be hung. On the hearth there is either an iron tripod or three small carved dogs of soft stone on which cooking vessels may be placed. The iron tripod is somewhat of a luxury as iron is an expensive commodity and is not produced in Káfistán. The stone dogs are very commonly seen, but in the poorest houses the people have to be content with fragments of rock to boil their pots upon. The cooking vessels are either made of clay or of a peculiar soft stone obtained in various places in the country. For all ordinary purposes crocks are used. The other variety is inconvenient except for big feasts. The stone vessels are always of large size and are said to be very expensive. I was told that they were worth one cow each, but that was probably an exaggeration. A large convex iron plate somewhat like a Scotch girdle, but rather larger and without the big handle, is used for cooking chappaties, (unleavened bread cakes.) It has a small iron handle fixed to the edge to enable it to be carried about conveniently. To turn over the cakes while they are cooking small iron spuds are employed. Dough is kneaded in long and shallow wooden trays, which look smooth

and well finished although axes or knives are alone used in making them. Carved wooden vessels of all sizes are used to hold milk, honey, wine, and other articles of food or drink. They are more or less cylindrical in shape and are nearly as deep as their greatest diameter, which is about midway between the top and the bottom. An extraordinary amount of labour is sometimes expended in carving these vessels. They are sometimes adorned with pretty patterns and are generally provided with two handles placed opposite to each other. These are usually wrought into the shape of rams' heads. Occasionally a few fragments of brass are inlaid in the handles. Some are quite plain, except for the carved handles, but the majority have a band of carving extending an inch or two below the brim. They are made by laboriously cutting them out of blocks of walnut wood. The ornamenting must be a labour of love, so prettily and carefully is the work done. Some of these vessels are very graceful in outline.

Large plain wooden tub-like vessels are to be seen in most well-to-do houses. They are capable of holding several gallons of wine and other fluids. At large gatherings they are placed in convenient positions for having their contents dipped into, and handed round in bowls and drinking cups. Clumsy long-handled cups are used for skimming cooking pots and tasting the stew. Wine is sometimes handed round in shallow tin bowls, but these are rare as compared with those made of walnut wood. Flour and small quantities of grain are carried about in shallow wicker baskets of which the diameter rapidly diminishes from the brim to the small flat base. These baskets are of different sizes and are used as measures. Store vessels.

The fire is usually tended by hand, but the Káfirs have small weak tongs, besides certain nondescript fragments of iron, by which the ashes can be raked and explored. Usually, however, sticks or half-consumed brands are employed for the purpose. Káfir fire-irons.

The ordinary furniture of a room consists of bedsteads, stools, and little tables, while planks are often employed as benches. When used for that purpose they are raised three or four inches off the ground by stones, for Káfirs dislike high seats almost as much as they dislike the absence of seats altogether. These benches are usually seen in verandahs. In a room, if there is a deficiency of stools, men sit upon billets of wood, two or three inches thick, or on pieces of firewood. Fixed furniture.

The bedstead is of the common eastern pattern, similar to the charpoy of India. It is usually too short for Western tastes. It is of rough construction, but is not uncomfortable. The wooden framework supports the interlacing strips of narrow hide or the goat's-hair ropes on which the sleeper lies. The bedding consists of goat's-hair mats or Presungul blankets and whatever spare clothes are available for such purposes. There are no pillows of any kind. Káfirs do not undress on going to bed. They loosen their clothes and in the villages the men take off their daggers. At the pshals they merely draw them to the front so that they lie between the legs. The bedstead is used as a couch for distinguished visitors, the national broad edged budzun, a Chitrál robe, or a blanket being spread upon it. Although intended as a seat of honour it is best avoided, as it usually swarms with vermin. At a pshal I have been provided with a bear-skin to sleep upon. One experience of that kind was enough. If a traveller has not a singularly tough skin, clean ground is greatly to be preferred. A baby's cradle is simply a diminutive charpoy turned upside down and swung by having the four legs attached by string to a hanging rope. When the child is a little older the cradle can be reversed and turned into a small ordinary bedstead. The bedstead.

The tables used by the Bashgul Káfirs are of wicker-work. They are small and not more than 10 ins. to 12 ins. high. The round tops are about 15 ins. in diameter. They are contracted in the middle and exactly resemble the little stands used by sweetmeat sellers in India. An extremely well-made little table is occasionally seen in the Bashgul villages. It is manufactured by the Wai tribe. The three legs are of iron curiously wrought. They clasp and hold in position a shallow carved walnut-wood bowl. This little table is about 20 ins. high, and appears to be of Greek design. It is rigid, however, and is not made in such a manner that the legs can be folded up. Tables and stools.

The stools for which Káfristán is famous are small, but of varying degrees of smallness. They are made in the same way as the bedsteads, but are square. The seat is about 15 ins. both ways, and is commonly made of interlacing narrow strips of leather. It is usually about 9 ins. from the ground. All Káfir houses possess a certain number of these little stools. They are also used to a limited extent in the Kunar Valley by the Gabar villagers and others.

The
"sheni."

The large oblong box called the "sheni," besides being used as a coffin, is also employed as a receptacle for the storage of grain and other property. My dwelling room at Kámdesh possessed two of these somewhat depressing-looking objects. The shenis are always long enough for a corpse, but are not all of the same size. Some are very large; all are heavy. The average size is probably 6 ft. to 7 ft. long, 2 ft. 6 ins. broad, and some 3 ft. 6 ins. to 4 ft. high. They are made with axe and knife alone. The sides, ends, lid, and bottom are neatly fitted together by a shaped projection from one board passing through a hole in another board and secured with a peg. The ends serve the place of feet, the bottom board being fixed to the end boards 5 ins. or 6 ins. from its lower end. By this means the box is raised off the ground. It is, of course, far too heavy to be carried about. The various boards of which it consists are carried separately and the whole fitted together in the house. After serving its purpose as a store chest it can be taken to the shenitán or cemetery and used as an above-ground coffin.

Cupboards
and other
receptacles.

On the rare occasions when I have been permitted to enter a store room in Káfiristán I have more than once noticed a cupboard fixed on a shelf some distance from the floor. It was like a small sheni. The front was provided with two equal-sized folding doors prettily carved.

The other receptacles for food stores are large stone or wooden vessels which are ranged along the shelf already referred to as being opposite to the door, and goat-skin bags and sacks. Wine, honey, butter, ghee, grain, are all kept in goat skins of appropriate size. Some of the sacks are so large that when full of grain or flour they constitute a heavy load for a strong man. If all his store places are full a Káfir is not particular where he keeps his property. I have been to visit a sick old man and found the floor of his room covered with cobs of Indian corn to the depth of a foot. The legs of his bed were fitted into cleared spaces, and the cobs around him were nearly on a level with the bed itself.

SECTION VII.

CLOTHING AND ORNAMENT.

Káfir cloth-
ing in
general.

With the exception of very young children, none of the Káfirs go naked. The sexes are clothed differently, although they have one garment in common. Rank is usually indicated by the ear ornaments worn by the men, and not by dress. Clothing is varied but slightly, and in the case of women not at all, in accordance with the season of the year. For special festivals particular costumes are worn, or elaborate additions are made to the ordinary attire.

There are distinct sumptuary laws relating to clothing. The Afghán "postin" seems to be prohibited altogether, but, with that exception, the rule seems to be that within certain limits any man may wear what he chooses, provided that he first obtains the sanction of his fellow tribesmen by feasting them. For instance, one man I knew wore red trousers at particular dancing festivals. Although a good warrior, he was not particularly distinguished above his fellows in that respect. He presented six cows to the village, and was then permitted to wear the bright coloured garments he longed for, of which, by the way, he always seemed particularly shy, and invariably covered as much of them as possible with his long Chitráli robe.

Different tribes have recognised peculiarities of dress. In some cases these differences are slight, in others they are remarkable. All the tribes that use dark coloured garments appear to wear nearly identical clothing, while the other tribes have distinctive costumes.

Woollen cloth is manufactured in Káfiristán. All cotton clothing, and all silk, velvet, and so on, used for the making of the headmen's dancing dresses are imported. The thick blanketing used is woven on looms by female slaves. There appears to be nothing of the nature of what we call fashion. The clothes are shaped and sewn. There is no difference between indoor and outdoor clothing. No clothing is removed in saluting, or in visiting. In making vestments and women's caps, ordinary needles and thread brought into the country by pedlars are employed. All sewing is done by the men. The gaudy dancing dresses are looked upon as valuable property, and descend from father to son, although a certain amount, I believe, is put in the coffin boxes with the corpses. There is no particular uniform worn by fighting

men or by the priests, but the latter have a wisp of common cloth twisted round the head coronet-wise, or they use some other kind of distinctive head dress.

A man who has killed a certain number of enemies, not less than four or five, is permitted to use the blue turban taken from a dead Musselman, as a shawl or wrapper. The long narrow turban cloth is cut in half, and the halves sewn together side by side, so as to give a shawl of the necessary breadth. The men are very proud of wearing these sheet-like wrappers, and stalk about in them in a highly dignified way.

The great majority of the male Káfirs wear nothing whatever on the head, either in summer or in winter. When it is very cold or very hot they protect the head and face with anything they may have. There seems to be no prohibition against wearing head coverings, but they can only be obtained with great difficulty. A favourite headdress is the soft roll-up Chitráli cap. This can be worn in all but the hottest weather, and is soft and comfortable, but it is practically only obtainable by the Bashgul Valley Káfirs, and only by a small proportion of them.

To speak generally, the women are well and sufficiently clothed. The legs are often encased in gaiters, and the feet covered with soft reddish leather boots, according to the time of year, the nature of their work, and so on, but more often than not they go about with bare legs and feet.

Having spoken generally of the clothing of the Káfirs I must now enter into particulars. It will be convenient first to describe the dress of those tribes who, from their custom of wearing sombre-hued garments, are often included under the name of Siah-Posh Káfirs. The tribes include all those who inhabit the Bashgul Valley; the Katirs, the Kám, the Mádugál, the Kashtán, and the Gourdesh, as well as those branches of the great Katir tribe who live in the western valleys which run down from the Hindu Kush, and are known respectively as the Kti, the Kulam, and the Rámgul or Gabarik Káfirs. Subsequently, the dress of the Wai and of the Presungul Káfirs will be described.

Dress of the
Siah-Posh.

The simplest and commonest form of dress of the Siah-Posh—of the males that is to say—is the goat skin. It is worn by boys, and by poor men, at all times. It is also used by the great majority of all classes of the people when engaged in raiding, or hunting, or when herding or watching their flocks. In the villages, only those in poverty appear in this dress, except on the death of a near relative, when it is assumed as a mourning garb. When employed in this way it is merely thrown across the shoulders over whatever other clothes are being worn. The goat skin is a shapeless wrapper, girdled at the waist by a leather strap. It only partially covers the neck and chest, and in men reaches about half way down the thigh. In extreme cold a cape of the same material is added, and rough sleeves also, which are sewn into the body portion by huge stitches an inch or an inch and a half long, made by boring holes, and then passing a stout thread through them. Imperfect as must be the protection which this primitive garment affords against rigorous cold, I have frequently seen Káfirs on the war-path or during hunting expeditions trudge through the snow with no other clothing, except, perhaps, goatshair gaiters and boots. Owing to its scanty dimensions, and also on account of the defective method employed in curing hides, which leaves them stiff and unmanageable, it is difficult for a man to arrange his goatskin decently when he sits down for formal conversation, while in climbing trees he has necessarily to abandon decency altogether, and is compelled to expose his nakedness like a monkey. However, in villages it is comparatively rare to see men, even slaves, wearing this garment, except with cotton trousers as well.

The goat-
skin.

Although, as we shall presently see, there is a thick, blanket-like cloth made in Káfiristán, yet fragments of goat skin are almost invariably employed for all the various purposes for which pieces of cloth are usually required; such, for instance, as to make small bags, to bind up wounds or sore places, or to protect broken limbs from injury by the sustaining splints. Infants are also carried about wrapped up in portions of goatskin. The fashion is to wear the hairy side of the goatskins outside, indeed, in rain or snow it would be the only way to prevent the leather from spoiling. But in severe, dry cold, the hairy side is sometimes worn inside.

Another strictly national garment of the Siah-Posh Káfirs is called the "budzun," in the Kám tribe. It is worn by all females, and by many men as well. Its colour is a very dark brown; its shape is peculiar. On a woman it reaches from the neck to the knees and covers the shoulders, but leaves the neck and a wedge-shaped portion of the upper part of the back uncovered. This particular form of the back part of the garment permits the head of a baby carried at the back inside the dress in the usual Káfir way, to protrude into the daylight; yet there is no difference between the

The
"budzun."

budzun as worn by the men, who never carry children in this way, and that worn by the women. The budzun opens all down the front. The men rarely confine it at the waist, but generally wear it thrown loosely over the shoulders. The women, on the other hand, always keep it closely and decently adjusted to the body; they usually fasten it about the level of the breast by a large brass pin, or with an iron substitute that looks like a small packing needle, and at the waist, by a long, dark red, flat girdle about an inch and a quarter broad ending in black or red tassels. The bottom of the dress has a regularly wavy outline, and is edged with red. The most striking peculiarity of the shape of the budzun is the way in which the absence of sleeves is compensated for by the large flaps which overhang the armholes. These give the female wearer, when seen from the front or from one side, the look of a person attired in an Inverness cape. The Siah-Posh Káfir of the western valleys, have proper sleeves to the budzun, which in all other respects resembles the Bashgul garment, except that it is slightly lighter in colour, while the edging is different in tint, and is narrower. The women bunch up their budzuns through the girdle, and in the receptacles thus formed, carry various articles such as walnuts, food, and similar small articles.

A Bashgul woman's mourning garment is simply a tattered budzun, worn cloak-fashion over her every-day dress, and a special cotton head dress, which will be referred to when we deal with funeral customs.

If we put aside those articles of attire which are used merely for ornament, there is no other clothing I am acquainted with which is made in Káfiristán from materials manufactured in the country itself, except the caps of the women, their leggings, the soft red leather boots worn by both sexes, and the goat's hair gaiters and footcoverings worn by the men when travelling through the snow.

Sewing.

All the sewing seems to be done by the men, who may often be noticed leisurely at work on the small cotton caps worn by the women. Old men often used to come to sit with me, and frequently brought their "work" with them. I have also seen a party of old men seated in a room where there was a dying girl, for whom they were busily employed in making grave clothes. Distinguished warriors who are also dandies are permitted to have their shirts rather prettily embroidered in colours, both back and front. One of these young braves once told me with a chuckle, that the personal badge he himself wore had been worked by a "yar" (*i.e.* friend), mentioning another man's wife, but I never myself saw a woman using a needle.

Women's cotton clothes.

The women's cotton clothes consist of a cap and of an under garment. The latter, however, is only worn by the females of comparatively wealthy families. The cap is a square piece of cotton cloth, folded in and sewn at the corners, so as to form a square headdress about an inch and a half high. It is worn at the back of the head. Below the Katir part of the Bashgul Valley the cap is assumed by all women immediately on attaining the age of puberty, and is worn on all occasions except at particular festivals and religious ceremonies, when the peculiar horned headdress is used. Among the Katir tribes the custom is different. The horned cap is worn in the fields, and for all out-door occupations, while the cotton head gear is reserved for the house after the day's work is done. The assumption of a headdress marks the age of puberty; before that event occurs, the girls simply bind the head with a double string, occasionally ornamented behind with flat, button-like silver beads, at the level of the brows.

The cotton under garment or shift is of the same length as the budzun, or a little longer; it often shows an inch or so below the woollen tunic. It is provided with sleeves, and is often rather prettily embroidered at the edges with blue. Poor women can never afford this luxury, so that in the fields under a blazing sun they must always work in their heavy hot clothing, while their more fortunate sisters can slip off the budzun down to the waist, and still be sufficiently protected by the cotton under-garment. Káfir women, though anything but moral in their conversation and behaviour, are never indecent in their clothing.

The horned head-dress.

The horned head-dress is a very peculiar article of attire. It consists of a pad six inches broad from front to back, made of hair covered with black net. This pad rests on the top of the head. From each side, in front, project upwards and outwards two horns about seven inches long. From the base of these front horns, two others run backwards and downwards over the pad, parallel to each other, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, tapering slightly to a blunt point. All the horns are about an inch in diameter at the base, and are made of the same material as the pad. At the front of the pad, resting on the brow of the woman, is an ornamented square iron bar five inches in length, and

about a third of an inch in thickness; and immediately below this is a spiral iron ornament, three inches and a half from side to side, and one inch in diameter. Some of the coils are round, others are flat. The latter have rough designs punched on their outer surface. Running backwards on the top of the pad, there is another iron ornament lighter and smaller than that for the brow. It is about two inches long and half an inch in diameter. To the end of this are attached four or five common brass thimbles and perhaps a coloured bead or two, and then a couple of brass spirals which look like springs, three or four inches long, finished off at the lower end by two or three more brass thimbles with round brass bells fastened inside them. At the base of the front horns, two or three cowrie shells are often sewn on as an additional ornament. I have seen on the brass thimbles short English inscriptions, such as "For a good girl." These were the only printed or written words I ever found in Káfiristán. The western Siah-Posh women wear an identical head-dress, except that it is narrower and the front horns are much shorter; not more than half the length of those worn by the women of the Bashgul valley. These short horns sometimes peep out from a covering of cotton cloth enveloping the whole head dress. The back horns are also comparatively small. One woman I saw had ornamented her cap with a string of cowrie shells twisted round the base of the front horns. In the Katir district of the Bashgul Valley, the peculiar appearance of these horned head dresses is often enhanced by the custom many women adopt of slipping cotton bags over the horns to keep them from dust and damp. The material for the horned caps is made by female slaves on very light looms, constructed of a kind of cane. The entire apparatus is easily held between the knees, and the weaving is done by the fingers exclusively. A slave informed me that the net-like cloth thus manufactured, is also useful for protecting the eyes from snow blindness.

The gaiters worn by the women are made of precisely the same material as the budzun. They extend from just below the knee to the ankle. They have a reddish stripe along the vertical edges, to which are fastened strings for keeping them in position. There seems to be no rule about wearing these rough, coarse, woollen gaiters. In hot weather they are rarely seen, while even when it is cold, many young women seem to prefer marching and working without them.

Gaiters of
the women.

The boots made for the Káfirs by the slaves are of soft reddish leather, reaching to the ankles, and are fastened by leather thongs. They are highly esteemed by the surrounding Musselman tribes, and are often given by a Káfir to his Mahomedan friend or "brother." They are by no means uncomfortable to wear for short journeys, but for long distances they are insufficient protection to unhardened western feet. The Káfir methods of curing leather are defective, and, as a result, their boots cannot be worn when it is raining and have to be taken off and carried whenever the ground is wet from overflow from irrigation channels, or for any other reason. For the snow the Káfirs cover the legs and feet with a thick material woven from goats' hair, which has the especial advantage of being warm, while at the same time it is not spoilt by damp.

Káfir boots.

A Káfir youth, starting on an expedition to cross a snow pass or kill markhor, would generally be attired as follows: The head would be covered up with any cloth the sportsman possessed, in addition, perhaps, to the very popular soft brown roll-up Chitráli cap. The body would be clothed in a goat-skin coat, usually open at the neck and leaving the arms bare, but possibly fitted also with a cape and sleeves. A leather belt would not only keep the body garment in position, but would also support, on the right side, the inevitable dagger, and on the left a set of bandoliers having the appearance of Pan pipes. The legs would in all probability be protected by the goats' hair leggings already mentioned, and the feet by coverings of a similar material. In the case of an ordinary poor man, the leg from the middle of the thigh, where the goat skin coat ends, to just below the knee, where the leggings begin, might be altogether bare. The complete dress is somewhat suggestive of that of the Scottish Highlanders. The above articles of attire comprehend all the clothing made by the Siah-Posh themselves. The goat-skins are prepared by anybody. The horned women's caps, the woollen cloth for the budzun and leggings, and the goat skin gaiters, as well as foot coverings of all kinds, are manufactured by the slaves exclusively; while the cotton clothes and cements are sewn and fashioned by men of all classes.

Hunting
dress.

Of imported articles of dress the Káfirs are very fond, the men of the Bashgul Valley favouring Chitráli brown robes and caps, while the western Siah-Posh tribe, and indeed all the Káfirs appear to prize chiefly the black woollen robes made in Minján, and no doubt in other places as well. A Siah-Posh Káfir, well dressed, according to his own idea, wears a cotton shirt and trousers, a Chitráli cap on his head, a Chitráli, or similar

Imported
dress.

robe flowing from his shoulders; footless Chitráli stockings and soft red leather Káfir boots; in short, with the exception of his boots, the whole of his dress is either imported, or made from imported materials.

The budzun, though still worn by a few old Káfirs of conservative instinct, has been almost completely ousted, in the Bashgul Valley at any rate, by the long Chitráli or Minján robes, which are now worn by all those rich enough to wear what they please. The arms are very rarely thrust into the unnecessarily long sleeves of the Chitráli "shukr." The garment is preferably hung loosely on the shoulders, and a characteristic gesture is the one-handed hitch up of the robe by the collar part, (the other hand being usually occupied with the walking club) as a young or youngish Káfir springs out through the doorway of a house, or darts away at the close of an interview. The long arms of the trailing garment are often tied up at the wrists and then used as convenient bags for the reception of small quantities of fruit, grain, flour and so on.

The Káfirs like a certain coarse cotton cloth made and sold to them by their Musselman neighbours, and infinitely prefer this rough variety to the much better specimens I had with me, the product of Indian looms. They maintained that the cotton they procured was both stronger and warmer than mine. The trousers they fashion are short and very wide, while the shirts are worn in the usual oriental way outside, not tucked into the trousers. If a man have only enough cotton cloth to make one garment he uses it for trousers, as then he can wear his goat-skin coat open in the hot weather.

Scarcity of clothing.

It is always a matter of considerable difficulty for Káfirs to get sufficient clothing. Hardly any man has more than one suit of cotton clothes; so, on the rare occasions on which it is being washed, such for instance as his undertaking a long but peaceable journey, the man has in the meantime to keep very much out of the way, or must appear in public with a Chitráli robe bound lightly round him. On meeting a man thus clad, it would be a relevant and proper thing at once to ask him where he was going, and how many days he expected to remain away. The women generally have but one budzun, after they have arrived at full growth, and their clothing is sometimes desperately tattered and torn, as well as dirty. Many of them, indeed, look as if they were in mourning for deceased relatives, when they are merely in their usual everyday attire. But if the inhabitants of the Bashgul Valley are hard put to it for clothing, the Siah-Posh of the western valleys are frequently in still more desperate straits according to all accounts. One of the commonest reasons for their selling their young female relatives is to procure clothes, so it is said. I have seen several of them who were compelled to substitute for a body garment, a strip of turban or other cloth with a slit in the middle through which the head was thrust, the sides of the body as low as the waist remaining uncovered. For head covering they frequently had a wisp of cloth bound round the brow, for, Chitráli caps being unattainable, they had either to go bareheaded, or bind anything on their heads which was at hand, as the poorer Bashgul Káfirs are also compelled to do; but with this trifling exception, and in a slight difference in the edging of the budzun, and the presence or absence of sleeves to that garment, there appears to be but little difference in the dress of the different tribes, which collectively constitute the Siah-Posh Káfirs.

Dress of the slaves.

Oddly enough, the slaves are by no means the worst-dressed among Siah-Posh communities. This may be because they are the manufacturers of so much of the clothing worn. A slave cannot be detected by any peculiarity of his attire. His budzun is precisely the same as everybody else's, nor has it any distinctive marks or badges of any kind. Nevertheless, he is usually readily recognisable after a little practice, on account of the more or less degraded type of his features. There is one point, however, about the slaves. I cannot ever remember to have seen one of them wearing a Chitráli or Minjáni robe, or a Chitráli cap, or indeed, any regular head-covering. My recollection may not be accurate, however, as there is no note on the point in my diaries.

Siah-Posh blankets.

The only blankets made by the Siah-Posh are of goats' hair. They may be warm, but look rough and most uncomfortable. Indeed, though used as blankets, and spread as such on beds, they look far more like door-mats.

Winter clothing.

Cold does not seem to affect the Káfirs in any way; indeed, they are hardly less scantily clad in the winter than in the summer. Except when wearing goat's hair foot coverings, which are hardly ever used in the villages, they discard boots altogether in the snow, lest they should be spoilt, and the men go about bare legged. The women, also, trudge to the water mills with a similar absence of all protection to the legs and

feet. Children used to come to see me, clad merely in short goat skins, open everywhere, except at the waist. Babies are kept warm out-of-doors by tucking them inside the clothes, so that the naked bodies may come into contact.

There is one tribe of Siah-Posh called the Kashtán. They inhabit the village of that name which is close to Kámdeh. They formerly had another village called Dungul in the Dungul Valley, from which they were ejected by the Pathans. It appears that a long time before this event, the Dungul villagers were in great fear of their Pathan neighbours. During the winter months, the Káfirs were so entirely cut off from the rest of the tribe at Kashtán, that, to avoid wounding delicate susceptibilities, they adopted the Pathan dress more or less completely. This compliment failed in securing the desired result, but some of the refugee Dungul women still wear in Káfristán the ordinary attire of a Mahomedan woman. I think, indeed, that they are rather proud of the distinctiveness it gives them, while one or two incidents have come under my notice which incline me to think that the Bashgul Valley Káfirs, at any rate, certainly admire the blue costumes of the Gabar Mahomedan women of the Kunar Valley.

Dress of the Kashtán.

With the scanty toilette at his disposal it might seem that a Káfir youth of the "masher" type would find small opportunity of satisfying his ideal; but human nature seems to be much the same everywhere, and a blue shirt, or some special mode of wearing his apparel supplies the Káfir dandy with the solace which young men of his age and temperament undoubtedly require. I have watched a youth at the end of a march dress himself in the clothes he had carefully carried over his arm throughout the day. He first went down to the river and washed himself until he was reasonably clean. Then he arranged his long scalp lock with a piece of wood, in place of a comb. The piece of wood was not run through the hair, but the lad tossed his wild, wet locks back with his left hand and then forward on to the stick in alternate motions. Next, taking a pair of footless Chitráli stockings, he drew them on to his legs with great circumspection, and tucked the extremities of his coarse loose trousers into the tops of them. Lastly, he put on his single upper garment, an ordinary shirt-like thing, and fastened his dagger belt round the waist. But this was by no means so simple an operation as it sounds. The shirt, or upper garment, had to be pouched up, so that folds fell in a particular way and the plaits on the hip required to be drawn down tightly, but with regularity and smoothness. When all was finished he strutted about before me taking steps about six inches long.

Toilette of a Káfir "masher."

On account of the sad colours they use, and by reason of the excessive dirtiness of their cotton garments, a Siah-Posh crowd, except when arrayed for a religious dance, presents a sombre and squalid appearance. The women are fantastic without being always picturesque. Separately they are often comical. They sometimes appear as if they were arrayed in an Inverness cape. At other times, from behind, one would imagine they wore a frock coat and boots, an illusion which their somewhat lengthy stride helps to increase. When, startled from field-work while wearing the horned cap, they suddenly look up from a bent posture, their resemblance to some kind of black goat is certainly curious. On the other hand, the sight of a tired woman, with a heavy load in the conical basket on her back, and possibly a lusty infant at her breast, crawling wearily home from work, is very depressing. I believe the black garments of the Siah-Posh are preferred by the people because they hide the dirt and, in wet weather, the filthy water drops from the sooty ceiling, less than lighter coloured clothing would.

Siah-Posh dress in general.

The Presun or Viron people wear a dress entirely different from that of the Siah-Posh. It is made exclusively of thick grey blanketing which has a ribbed appearance. The men wear a kind of wrapper coat with sleeves, confined at the waist with a leather strap supporting the dagger which no Káfir likes to be without. The coat is open in front almost to the middle of the body. It reaches to the knees. Long wide trousers of the same material as the coat cover the legs as far as the ankles. They are folded on themselves, and secured in that position by narrow coloured woollen tape wound round and round the leg, which enables them to be tucked comfortably into the ordinary soft leather boots worn according to circumstances. No head covering of any kind is used except by a few on religious ceremonial occasions.

Dress of the Presuns.

The women wear a kind of skull cap, small and round, which fits on to the back of the head. Girls not yet arrived at puberty, and it is astonishing how old-looking and big some of these girls are, wear merely four large cowrie shells on a string which passes over the crown of the head and behind the ears. The body garment is very long and grey. One might almost call it a gown which reaches to the ankles. Into the back of this garment woollen cloth of a dark brown or even black colour is often

woven. This is done, I was told, to hide the dirt marks caused by sitting on the ground. When it is very cold the women wear a couple or more wrappers. Babies are not tucked into the back of the dress, as is the custom in the Bashgul valley, but are taken care of by little girls who carry them on their backs slung in a small blanket.

There appears to be no cotton cloth in the Presun valley. The clothing of the people is all made by themselves. The thick heavy robes of the women hanging about the legs, cause them to take short mincing steps very different from the more or less manly stride of the Siah-Posh women.

The Presun people use blankets made of the same material as the other clothing. They are some five and a half feet in length, and about four feet wide. They consist of two lateral pieces sewn together with strong rough stitches. They are often elaborately embroidered at the ends in square patterns in blue and red chequers. For their excellent woollen cloth the Presun people are as famous as for their elaborate wood-carving. The heavy loose clothing of the Presun people gives its wearers a certain air of clumsiness which their heavy-looking faces accentuates.

Dress of the
Wai.

A detailed description of the Wai people's dress was unluckily lost with a notebook carried away in a torrent. This loss has to be supplied chiefly from memory, but partly also by a few notes found in my diaries. The Wai men affect white cotton clothes and blue and other colours whenever they can procure them. There is nothing remarkable about the cut of the upper garment or shirt, and the short wide trousers. I well remember three splendid-looking men of this tribe with high aquiline features, marching up the Kámdesh hill with the slow, decided, almost stamping tread of born mountaineers, their shoulders thrown back, their chests expanded, their mouths half opened for easy breathing. They seemed too proud or indifferent to show the slightest curiosity on meeting me. They wore white cotton shirts and trousers, and had blue shawls carried over the shoulders, the weather being hot. I have also seen Wai men on one or two occasions in goat-skin coats, or wrapped in the blue shawls made from Afghán turbans; but I have no recollection of any distinctive thick garment, nor of any peculiar blanket. The women wear, at times at any rate, shallow turbans of white or karki-coloured cloth, with strings of cowries in front of each ear, and necklaces of red and white beads. From the centre of the front of the turban there projects a small red tuft. Their clothing is of light-coloured material, at a short distance they appear to have a body garment, and a skirt reaching to the knee. Coming closer to them the observer perceives that they are hard put to it to procure clothes, and that their light coloured garments are of poor quality. They have a small pad fitted on the lower part of the back, which supports the apex of the conical baskets they use, in which custom they differ entirely from all other Káfir women I have seen.

ORNAMENTS AND DANCING COSTUMES.

It will be convenient to describe ornaments and dancing costumes together. The particular dancing dresses are never used for any except ornamental purposes.

A Jast
hat.

There is one particular crownless hat furnished with a short tail. It is exclusively worn by men, who after much feast-giving are on the point of assuming the earrings which proclaim the fact that they have become Jast, or head-men. This peculiar hat consists entirely of a brim about two and a half inches broad, which is apparently composed of layers of cotton webbing, something like the "Nawar" tape used in India for making beds, except that is only about half as broad. Into the front of this hat, between the layers of the webbing, a sprig of juniper-cedar is thrust, or more than one in the case of men who have been through the Jast ceremony more than once. I believe that this particular hat is never worn at dances. If this is so, it is the only unusual and ornamental article of dress which is not also employed in adding to the spectacle of a religious ceremonial dance.

Dancing
turbans.

Káfirs at their dances, and at no other times, wear turbans. These turbans are generally white, and are tied round the ordinary "kullah," or peaked cap. Being usually somewhat skimpy they require to be adjusted with considerable nicety. Those about to become Jast put aside at dances the crownless hat already described, and replace it with a large turban furnished with a short tail behind, and decorated in front

with a fringe of cowrie shells strung together with red glass beads. Into the front of the turban are fastened sticks tipped with the crest feathers of the manál pheasant, a very popular ornament. Some peacock's feathers we took up from India were greatly admired when used in this decorative way.

Those who are head men are entitled to wear, through the upper edge of the cartilage of the ear, the small silver earrings somewhat resembling a baron's coronet, which almost all Siah-Posh Káfir women possess; while from the lobe of the ear depends a narrow twisted silver bar about two inches long, terminating in a ring two-thirds of an inch in diameter. Those completing the observances required for the rank of headman wear such a complicated collection of brass earrings in addition to the above, that it is impossible to describe them. They look like gigantic Indian puzzle rings open. The neck is not uncommonly encircled by a silver, or what looks like a silver, fluted ornament, solid and heavy like those worn by Hindu women. The wrists may be adorned with brass bracelets rudely stamped with short lines and marks.

The body garment consists of a long flowing robe with sleeves. It reaches to the heels, and has to be tucked up through the iron-studded leather belt or its substitute to prevent the skirt trailing on the ground. Káfirs love to have their robes inordinately long in the skirt and the sleeves so that they may, in one garment, possess as much valuable cloth as possible. The robes are made of Badakhshán silk, sham kin-kob or sultánzari from Peshawar, cotton velvet, or coloured cloth, according to the wealth of the owner. If a dancer possesses more than one of the chappans he will habit himself in two of them at least, leaving a sleeve of the outer one empty and hanging down his back, so that the glories of the robe underneath may not escape attention. He may, in addition, wear a spare piece of silk, or a cloth belt worked with cowrie shells, sash-wise over one shoulder and under the opposite one. The trousers worn are of coarse cotton and are made wide and short. They are often tucked into the pretty Chitráli stockings. Men about to become Jast, wear a special pair of trousers made for the Kám people by the inhabitants of Shál in the Kúnar Valley. These trousers are only worn in conjunction with a certain long blue coat reaching to the knees, which hides the nether garments except below the knees, in which portion the latter are prettily embroidered in a black and white chequered pattern. They do not extend as low as the ankles, and have deep lateral slits of four or five inches long at the bottom on both sides.

The dancing boots worn both by men and women who have gone through the necessary ceremonies for the rank of Jast are elaborate and peculiar. The part corresponding to the golosh of English boots is ornamented in red and straw-coloured squares, and the whole boot is decorated with red woollen rosettes, while from the long soft drab-coloured uppers, which reach nearly halfway to the knee, depend long fringes of white goat's hair or markhor's hair dyed red at the tips. This fringe falls over the ankle part of the boot, and increases its fantastic appearance. The boots are secured to the legs and ankles by narrow woven tape.

The above description applies: 1st, to men of the Jast class, and 2nd, to those completing the observances by which alone this rank can be attained. At the spring religious dances it is this class which supplies the performers almost exclusively, although occasionally young men of good family and renowned in war are invited to supply vacant places in the throng. Each dancer is provided with the peculiar-shaped dancing axe described elsewhere.

But although a head-man may array himself in this fashion for the great festivities in which he occupies so prominent and striking a position there are yet many gradations of style according to the wealth of different individuals, or in ordinary dances according to the tribal *status* of those taking part in them. Some men only add a silk or other turban cloth worn scarf-wise over one shoulder and under the opposite arm. Others may wear as their sole ornament, a kind of fillet, consisting of two rows of flattened half spherical silver buttons behind and at the side, while the part for the forehead and brows is of some black material, or is merely a double string, such as girls wear. Some appear in footless Chitráli stockings as their only additional ornament. Nearly all wear soft leather boots, but a certain number dance in bare feet only.

On certain particular occasions the women actually wear the men's ornamental costumes in addition to their own. On one occasion I arrived at the village of Lutdeh to find that all the men of the district had started for a raid on a neighbouring Káfir tribe. According to custom, the women had abandoned their field work and were

collected in the village dancing day and night to their gods for the success of the expedition. Some of them were arrayed in men's dancing robes worn under the budzun, and only partially displayed by the budzun being slipped off one shoulder and down to the waist. Many brandished daggers or twisted dancing axes; but this was the only occasion on which I witnessed this curious custom.

For ordinary ceremonial and other dances women appear in various degrees of finery. The horned caps already described are sometimes adorned by having a piece of coloured silk or white cloth bound round the front horns.

Large silver blinkers are worn by the lucky few who possess them. They appear to be only permitted to women who bring them as part of their dowry on marriage.

All women wear the serpentine earrings. They are heavy, and depend from the lobe of the ear. A string over the top of the head helps to sustain them. These earrings, like the small coronetted variety, are worn at all times; the blinkers on occasions of great importance only. Women never, I believe, except in such instances as that already mentioned, wear any special garment for dancing; but the budzun is sometimes slipped off one shoulder so as to show the white cotton garment beneath; but even that is unusual. As a rule, only ornaments are worn. Of these the most common are silk or coloured cloth sashes, or else belts studded with cowrie shells, hanging from one shoulder, or perhaps a small turban wound round the waist, on the top of which may very likely be seen rows of cowries prettily worked on cloth; while suspended from its lower edge are a number of metal discs; odd shaped implements like trepanning saws, and hollow metal balls, which clang and clash with each shuffle of the dancer. In front sometimes hang down from the belt a couple of ends covered with cowrie shells. Girls, if adorned at all, merely wear a few cowries and beads, and the ordinary beaded band round the head.

When arrayed for dancing, the women wear their belts so low that their waists appear of a prodigious size. No doubt the Káfirs consider this in itself a point of beauty in a woman. Women who have gone through the regular feast-giving may wear on high occasions the strange hairy dancing boot just as the men do; in other cases they jerk and shuffle about in the ordinary boot of the country, or with bare feet merely. Nobody seems to pay the least attention to the dancing women. They are neither admired nor disparaged. They are simply ignored. At religious dances they move outside the circle of posturing, stamping men, and often seem to have a bad time jammed up between dancers and spectators.

In addition to the more characteristic ornaments worn by Káfirs, there are many others in the shape of cheap rings with imitation stones worth about a penny a dozen, and strings of beads and such like articles which are brought by pedlars from Peshawar and other places. The Wai women have a peculiar kind of earring, large, flat, more or less like a kidney in shape.

Two strange figures.

In the Presungul one day, while nursing a sprained heel tendon, I saw a man clothed in a long red coat with an Afghan "kullah" and turban. In his hand he carried a long spear, while across his back was a double curved bow and a quiver full of arrows. He stamped along vigorously, making the most of certain bells he had about him, which clanged at every step. He made a profound obeisance at an Imra shrine close at hand, and at once started off again energetically. In my disabled state I was unable to get near enough to him to examine his ornaments. He was the owner of the house which contained the iron pillar, and was travelling down the valley on duty, inspecting all the herds in the country, to select the two fattest cows for sacrifice at Imra's shrine. Another fantastically ornamented figure—the equivalent, I was informed, of the man becoming a Jast in the Basbgul valley—accompanied me on the last march from Presungul to Kámdesh. We were supposed to be "shadowed" at the time, and probably for that reason there is no account of the man's ornaments in my diaries. I only remember that he wore, among many other articles, the kidney-shaped Wai earrings.

SECTION VIII.

WOMEN: THEIR POSITION; MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, HOME LIFE.

Position of women.

Káfir women are practically household slaves. They seem to have no civil rights of any kind. To all intents and purposes they are bought and sold as household commodities. While they are young their life is one of incessant labour and trouble. In most cases the entire work of agriculture is in their hands, as well as all carrying

work, except the very heavy kinds for which they have no strength, such for instance as dragging timbers from the forest for housebuilding operations. Probably for the same reason the men alone do the threshing of the corn. Women are rarely actively illused; they are merely despised. The only females who receive any share of respect are the aged, the mothers and the grandmothers of the tribe. They, especially if they have been through the Jast ceremonies, do receive a certain amount of consideration. Young women are of course sought after by the men, who are ever ready to indulge in an intrigue, but even with this object they appeared to be valued merely in proportion to the difficulty involved in getting hold of them. A Káfir with three or four young wives is still always on the look-out for love-charms or philtres. He will ingenuously explain that he does not wish his own wives to get more fond of him, but longs to influence and overcome strange women whom he may meet accidentally. Real or assumed sexual passion is looked upon as the index of a man's virility. Quite old men will pretend a lustiness they are far from feeling, and if they are at all unwell and under medical treatment they like their medical advisers to order them to abstain from sexual intercourse, for this enables them to complain loudly against the tyranny they are subjected to. Gokal Chand, the Indian compounder who was with me in Káfiristán, made himself very popular by ordering abstinence in this respect, and then sympathising with the sufferers from his stern orders.

Young women are very immoral, not because their natural average disposition is either better or worse than that of women of other tribes and races, but because public opinion is all in favour of what may be called "gallantry." A Katir Káfir visiting Kámdesh, or a Kám man staying in a Katir village, always expects to have a female companion provided for him by a thoughtful host. It is said that a stranger can always be accommodated in this way; that there may be two or three women in a village who would refuse to give themselves up to a visitor, but hardly more than that number. No payments are expected by the women, since Káfirs never have anything to give. It is merely a form of hospitality for a host to offer to bring to his guest some woman whose husband happens to be away at the time. The husbands, knowing well this national peculiarity of the women, by which they themselves have doubtless profited, are exceedingly jealous, not because of the wrong done to them morally, but because they have received no benefit in the way of the fine paid for adultery. The daughters-in-law of Kán Mára, the Chief of the Katirs, were young women who were devoted to their husbands, yet they persecuted my Baltis with improper overtures until the latter appealed to me to protect them. In this comical instance it was money the women wanted, for they despised the Baltis heartily. The High Priest of the Kám and other notables were at first surprised and somewhat hurt at my refusing to allow them to act as pimps for me. A woman taken in adultery is not stoned. On the contrary it is extremely probable that she will be considered a good wife, who has brought a fortune to her husband. It is often a matter of collusion between her and her husband. A man who possesses no cows expects his wife to help him in getting them. She lays her plans and tries to inveigle some youth of fairly rich parents into her embraces, when the husband surprises the couple, or at least one of them, and there is a great outcry. The neighbours rush to the scene with much laughter. A goat is sent for on the spot for a peace-making feast between the seducer and the husband. Of course the neighbours also partake of the feast, the husband and wife both look very happy, and so does everyone else, except the gallant who pays for the goat, and knows that he or his family must also pay the penalty for adultery. There is no getting out of that, for his clan will not help him, unless the husband demands a higher penalty than that sanctioned by custom. There are several households in Kámdesh whose sole property in cows consists of the number paid by an adulterer. Among themselves the women are wonderfully helpful and kind to one another when there are no disputes going on about the irrigation of the fields or other business matters. They are very industrious and appear to work incessantly. They start off to work at daybreak, and drag their wearied limbs home from the fields just before it gets dark. They are fond of and most respectful to their husbands, and are devotedly attached to their children, especially to the boys. In other respects they are like women generally; some are good and some are bad.

Sexual relations.

Marriages are very simple affairs. They are actually the purchase of women by men. When a man wants to marry a particular girl, he sends a friend to her father to ask his consent and arrange about the price. On the latter point there is often much haggling. When the amount to be paid has been settled the suitor visits the girl's house, a goat is killed, and the marriage is consummated the same night, or at

Marriage.

any rate the man generally sleeps with the female, although she is often so young that even a Káfir cannot always consummate his marriage. Many a young girl cohabits with her husband before she has arrived at the age of puberty, indeed, I should say they generally do so. Infants in arms are sometimes married, or at least affianced, to grown men. It is comparatively rare to find a girl of 12 who is unmarried. A young woman who remains unmarried must be a hopelessly bad character. I was told that it was considered a shameful thing for a girl to have a child before she had a husband. That may be so, but the remark seemed rather unnecessary, for the number of girls who are unmarried and yet old enough to bear children must be very small. If, however, an unmarried girl were found to be misconducting herself, nothing would be done to the man, while the girl would probably be scolded by her parents, and the matter would be hushed up. Full-grown young women, and even middle-aged women, are sometimes married to boys, for the former are field slaves quite as much as wives, so that an orphan lad who is the owner of fields must marry in order to get his field land cultivated. As the Káfirs are polygamists there is no hardship involved in this custom—to the boy.

Polygamy.

All well-to-do Káfirs have more than one wife, but rarely more than four or five. It is considered a reproach to have only one wife, a sign of poverty and insignificance. I remember being present at a heated discussion at Kámdesh concerning the best plans to be adopted to prepare for an expected attack. A man sitting on the outskirts of the assembly controverted something the priest said. Later on the priest turned round fiercely and demanded to be told how a man with "only one wife" presumed to offer an opinion at all. The spectators laughed at the interrupter's presumption, and partly hustled, partly led him away, for he had to pretend a desire to assault the priest in reply to the scorn poured out on him. The man's conduct was excused to me on the ground that he must be mad. As a matter of fact, he was right about the expected attack, and the priest was wrong. The price paid for a wife depends entirely upon the *status* of the suitor. If a poor man, he would have to pay eight cows; if fairly well-to-do, twelve. If the girl's father were very wealthy he would probably refuse to entertain a poor man's proposals at all. If both families were wealthy and important, the suitor would have to pay a very large price, but not nearly so much as he would ever afterwards declare he had given, for he would almost certainly get with his wife a female slave, certain silver ornaments, or sundry measures of corn. In such an instance as this the Káfir love of bragging would have to be allowed for. Both families would try to exaggerate their own importance by the fables they told about the marriage expenditure. Although a man may marry a woman with the full consent of all concerned, and although she may bear him children, neither she nor her children would be allowed to leave her father's house until the last penny of her price had been paid. I am not quite sure, however, if sons would not belong to the father. Daughters I know would not. It is paying the full price which gives the man the right to take his wife to his home for her to work in his fields.

Exogamy of the clan.

As mentioned before, a man may not marry in his own clan or in his mother's or in his father's mother's, but he may marry all sorts of female connexions by marriage. A brother takes over his dead brother's wives, to keep himself or to dispose of as he thinks fit. There is in Kámdesh a man named Ganga Malik who married his own step-mother. Many other curious marriages have come under my notice. A woman in Káfiristán is really a chattel. She cannot inherit. She has no property, even in herself.

Divorce.

Divorce is easy. A man sells his wife, or sends her away. An old Káfir, after telling me he had had altogether 12 wives, added that he had only two remaining. He explained that some had died, while he had tired of the others and had sold them. If a woman behaves very badly, and her husband, although he dislikes her, cannot dispose of her, he may send her back to her parents. I remember an instance of this kind. The woman was the prettiest I ever saw in Káfiristán, and would have been considered a beauty anywhere, but she was so bad and troublesome that no one would take her. She was sent back to her father's house and worked for him. I was told that if anyone were found in adultery with her he would have to pay the usual fine to the husband. If she were found with child by some unknown man, nothing could be done. If a girl were born, the woman would keep her; if a son, the husband would claim him. When a woman runs away with another man the husband tries hard to get an enhanced price for his fugitive wife. His power to do this, and the power of the seducer to resist any unusual demand, depend very greatly upon the respective importance of the two families, *i.e.*, the number of men each can produce as family

connexions to argue the question. If both men were of the same rank the price the husband originally gave for the woman would probably suffice, but endless squabbles, followed by peacemakings, would have first to be gone through. Although divorce is theoretically so simple, and usually is so in practice, yet with well-born wives the woman's family and public opinion have sometimes to be considered. If the woman had misbehaved badly in the Káfir sense there would be no difficulty in the matter, but if the husband simply tired of her and wanted to get rid of her out of the village, there might be obstacles raised by her family against his doing so. But this reservation would apply only to a very few families in the Kám tribe, for instance. The power a Káfir has over his wife to beat or otherwise ill-use her is also limited by public opinion. It is a sacred duty for all Káfirs to separate quarrelling persons, so that if a husband and his wife were quarrelling the neighbours would step in and insist on being peacemakers. Husbands who on returning from a journey receive hints, but not proofs, that their wives have been behaving badly and unprofitably, do maltreat the women, but the punishment has to be inflicted secretly late at night, and as a rule is not very severe. Káfirs rarely divorce their wives unless the women run away from them. Young boys who find themselves married to old women when they grow up commonly acquiesce in the arrangement, and procure younger wives as soon as possible.

The family life of Káfirs is kindly on the whole. A well-to-do man with several wives may have two or three different homes. In Kámdesh, where there are plenty of spare houses, this is certainly the case. The women seem to get on very well together. It is not invariably the youngest and prettiest wife who has the most influence, except with old men. Middle-aged men sometimes, though rarely, are influenced by a woman's force of will rather than by personal attractions, especially if the woman is the mother of many children. Husbands and wives enjoy playing with the baby together, and will glance significantly and delightedly at one another when their offspring makes some admirable childish remark. All very young children are spoiled, both boys and girls, but very soon the girls are neglected and the boys indulged. A Káfir asks nothing better than to carry about or be followed by a tiny son. He allows himself to be bullied and tyrannised over by the mannikin in a most amusing way. If he have not a son to play with, he will sometimes take care of a little girl with a natural fondness, but without any pride. A small child may, as a rule, have anything it cries for from an enormous meat-bone bigger than its arm to a bundle of lighted faggots from the fire. Indeed, everybody is kind to children. A little slave girl on her way to be sold is treated with as much apparent affection and pride in her baby tricks as if she were her conductor's own daughter. As soon as girls grow to the age of eight, they begin to experience the evil destiny assigned to their sex. The women of the house are always very respectful to their lord and master, and hover about serving him and his, even when they appear scarcely able to stand. They fare very badly and only get coarse food themselves, except when feasts are going on, when at the end they eat up the scraps. There is, however, every variety of attitude in the way different men treat their wives, except that none are treated too well. Boys generally tyrannise over their mothers, mothers are often stern and harsh with their daughters, while the husband and father is a very great man indeed, and much puffed up with his own importance in his own house. A Káfir woman and her dirty little baby, when looked at aright, are just as charming to watch as similar human pictures anywhere else. Men often fear their mothers-in-law as well as their fathers-in-law in a very amusing way. The priest's father-in-law once came down to my house to quarrel; he was in a very bad temper. I sent for the priest, who promptly hid himself. On another occasion his mother-in-law goaded my Káfir son to a retort which she more than deserved. Nevertheless the priest had to make the quarrel his own. Sons are, as a rule, kind to their aged mothers. One poor old woman had a bad fall, breaking her arm and lacerating the deep-seated blood vessels. I did my best to stop the bleeding, but without permanent success. The woman's son, a well-known warrior, was greatly concerned about his mother for three days, during which period he was very miserable. On the fourth day, however, he came to me to say that he had work to do, and so doubtless had I also; that if I chose to cut off the old woman's arm he was quite willing it should be done, but that it was no good trifling any longer. He then went away and began to prepare the funeral feasts, which were really wanted a few days later. Connexions by marriage are looked upon as relatives and kindly treated. Old people of both sexes are devoted to their grandchildren, especially the old men. The old women are often so physically exhausted after their hard life that

they appear to be emotionally dead a long time before they actually expire. Káfirs have a natural turn for politeness and ceremoniousness, odd as it may sound to say so, and this, in spite of the furious quarrelling which occasionally arises, makes their domestic affairs run smoothly on the whole. Young boys soon learn to be wonderfully independent, and are placed in charge of their father's flocks at an absurdly early age, while those belonging to important families quickly acquire habits of command and a sober style in business matters. The worst feature in the domestic life of the Káfirs is the idea they seem to have that anything is good enough to feed a child upon. I think that the little children are, on the whole, even worse fed than the poor women. A goat's hoof, the dirty rind of cheese, or any other garbage, is thought good enough for children.

SECTION IX.

SLAVERY.

Position of
slaves in
general.

The slave community is a curious and interesting class. Their traditional origin is dealt with elsewhere. It is probable that they are partly the descendants of an ancient people subjugated by the Káfirs when they first entered the country, and partly the descendants of prisoners taken in war. Among the slaves all are not of the same social position, for the house slave is said to be much higher in grade than the artisan slave; but this is one of the many points in connexion with the slaves which has always puzzled me. The skilled mechanics, the woodcarvers, the bootmakers, and the silver workers are called "Jast bari"; "jast" means senior or elder, and "bari" means slave. The lowest class of all is the blacksmiths. All the craftsmen of the Káfirs, carpenters, daggermakers, ironworkers, and weavers, are slaves, as are also all those musicians who beat drums. These slave artisans live in a particular part of a village. In Kámdesh the slave quarter is called "babagrom." The domestic slaves live with their masters. The relations existing between the slaves, their masters, and the ordinary free population are very curious. It is impossible to insult a Káfir more than by calling him a slave. In a village quarrel, that is the epithet used to lash opponents into fury. Slaves are considered so impure that they may not approach the shrines of the gods too closely, nor enter beyond the doorway of the priest's house. They are always liable to be sold, and also, I fear, to be given up to another Káfir tribe to be killed in atonement for a murder. Their children are the property of their master to do with as he thinks fit. Yet, in spite of all this, their lot is by no means so bad, as it must appear. A very curious case I knew was one in which a master and his slave went through the ceremony of brotherhood together. The master, in talking to me about his slaves, mentioned this fact quietly, and as if there were nothing unusual in it. The slave artisans work for their masters with material supplied by the latter, and are not paid for their labour. If the slaves work for others they do not hand their wages over to their masters, but keep it themselves. On the other hand the masters do not supply the artisan slaves with food or clothing; the latter are entirely self-supporting.

Singular
privileges.

The house slaves are fed and worked more in the manner implied by their name. They probably would be beaten or otherwise punished if they were not industrious, but I never saw anything like harshness in the way they were treated. A curious circumstance about the slaves is that they are permitted, after giving certain feasts to the free community, including of course their masters, to wear the earrings of the Jast, but this privilege does not appear to exalt the individual, except among the slave community. The bondsmen also adopt, more or less closely, all the manners and customs of the rest of the community, and give feasts at funerals, and on other great occasions. But perhaps the most perplexing point about them is that they are sometimes chosen to be members of the Urir, the annually elected magistrates, provided that they are not blacksmiths, and that they are Jast bari. In 1891, this actually occurred while I was in Kámdesh. It was explained that it was a useful thing to elect a slave representative, because he knew so much about his own class, and their doings. What really happened is what might have been expected. The slave Urir was instrumental in bringing a freeman to punishment by fine. The latter, with his brethren, waited a certain number of days, during which the persons of the Urir are peculiarly sacred, and then attacked the slave. The rest of the Urir, all of whom were free men, rushed to protect their brother magistrate; the different families and clans began to take sides, and what promised to be a bloody

quarrel was only averted with great difficulty. There is no distinctive badge either for male or female slaves, but their physiognomy is often quite sufficient to show the class to which they belong. Slaves are just as patriotic as the rest of the community. There was one slave at Kámdesh, a blacksmith, belonging to the most despised class of all, who was pointed out to me as a tall man of his hands, and the slayer of many of his country's foes. Many others fight well when occasion arises.

I was assured that at Kámdesh slaves could only be sold in the village or down the valley, and that if one escaped and ran away to Katirgul, he would have to be given up at once or there would be war. Slaves are rarely sold unless the owner becomes very poor indeed. A young female slave is more valuable than a male, because there is the probability that she will bear children; an old woman or a very old man is of course worth nothing at all. When a female slave is sold out of the valley, she is always sent by herself, for if she were one of a party they would certainly all run away from their purchaser. Mahomedans are always ready to buy female slaves, or their young female children, and pay high prices for them, partly, no doubt, because they are thereby enabled to make converts to Islám.

Trade in slaves.

The Presuns, who are a feeble folk, have no slaves of their own, and purchase them from the Katir tribes. It is a strange sight to see Káfirs in the Siah-Posh garb, and therefore presumably manly and independent, owning as their masters the heavy-featured cowardly Presuns.

There is very little traffic in slaves. Female children of slave parents are sold and sent away to neighbouring Mahomedan tribes. The slave population is very limited in number, and as it comprises all the artificers of the village, it would be exceedingly inconvenient to the tribe if such men were always liable to be sold. Nevertheless, I believe that the community lays no claim to a common property in the slaves; they all belong to their respective masters, to be sold or retained as each thinks best.

On one point I am not clear. It is concerning the position of children of a free man by a slave mother. I believe that sometimes a slave woman is taken into the house of a free man, and that her children are not slaves, although they rank much below the children born of a woman of the same rank as the man. One sometimes discovers that the eldest brother, the head of a family, has a half brother who is looked upon as a man of no importance. He probably inherited nothing at the death of his father, yet he is treated kindly by his half-brethren and is undoubtedly a free man. The point I have not determined is this: was the mother of this man of no account, a slave woman, or merely a woman of low rank?

Children of freemen by slave mothers.

The Utah, the priest of the Kám, who is considered so pure an individual that slaves may not approach his hearth, has two children, a girl and a boy, who are both of much lower grade than his other children. Their mother was a Bashgul Katir, but I never could ascertain whether she had been a slave or was merely of inferior rank. Utah had given the daughter to a Gujar of the Kunar Valley, who paid an exorbitant price for the girl, believing her to be one of the ordinary children of the Kám priest and being anxious to proselytise a Káfir damsel of such presumably high birth. Utah told me the story himself with a grave face, but with his tongue in his cheek, so to speak. I subsequently discovered that he spoke truly.

SECTION X.

TRADE AND AGRICULTURE.

(1.) Trade.

The greater part of the external trade of Káfiristán is carried on through the Mahomedan villages on its frontiers. Some of these villages are inhabited by Káfirs who have changed their religion, or whose ancestors did so, while others are inhabited by non-fanatic Mahomedans, such as the so-called Gabar people of the Kunar Valley, or the Moghli Shíahs of Minján. There is a certain amount of trade also done in the Chitrál bazaar. Pedlars, bringing small wares and ornaments from Peshawer or Badakhshán, also enter Káfiristán to ply their vocation. The Minjánis travel into all Katir districts, the Rámgul, the Kulam, the Kti, and the Bashgul, and also trade in the Presungul. They never visit the Kám or the other Siah-Posh tribes. The Western Katirs sell young female children to the Minjánis, but of late years this traffic has decreased considerably, although the Kti people in particular are always on

External trade.

the look-out to steal little girls and sell them in Minján. The Lutdeh (Bragamatál) villagers plume themselves on the fact that the Minjánis bring merchandise to their very doors. They contrast this pleasant arrangement with that which prevails among the Kám tribe, where the people have to go to the Kunar Valley for outside supplies. The Minjánis bring in black woollen robes (shukrs), coarse cotton cloth, wooden combs, cheap Badakhshi silk over-garments, small trinkets, and salt, which they exchange for wool and hides, honey, and ghee. They carry back enormous loads of hides and wool, and regard the Minján Pass as merely an incident of the journey. In the evening they sit quietly by themselves in the Káfir villages waiting for some one to bring food for which, of course, no payment is ever made. With Presungul the principal trade is salt; with the other Western Káfirs, salt and clothing. The salt is sold at about the equivalent of eight seers for one rupee. The Presuns buy it by the slab, the standard unit being an irregular shaped fragment of rock salt, some $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. thick, and a span and a hand's breadth in its greatest length.

Besides salt, cheap stuffs for dancing dresses, cotton cloths, needles, thread, beads, brass thimbles, pewter rings, and other personal ornaments, iron, lead, and other metals, gunpowder, and matchlocks, have also to be imported into Káfristán, since none are produced in the country itself.

In the Gabar villages of the Kunar Valley salt is sold at eight or ten seers to the Kabuli rupee, if coins are used. One seer of ghee will purchase four seers of salt. A roll of coarse cotton cloth made locally, 12 ins. broad by 24 yards in length, is worth one rupee. Of better qualities of cotton which are brought from Peshawar the price is four or five yards, according to quality, for one sheep. If the Káfirs have a few rupees, as a rule they do not care to trade with them as they believe they got better bargains by bartering goats, sheep, and ghee.

Exports.

The Káfir exports consist chiefly of ghee, hides, wool, goats, sheep, honey, and walnuts, in the order named. The soft leather boots made at Kámdeh are also highly appreciated by the Mahomedan on the borders. In exchange for such commodities they appear to have little difficulty in getting iron, gunpowder, and matchlocks; it is simply a question of price. The lower Bashgul Káfirs get their iron from the valley of Damir chiefly. Chitrál is too long a journey for most Káfirs, because nearly all portorage is done by women, but the Katirs go there a good deal—for salt particularly. In the Kunar Valley in peace time and in the winter a large number of Káfir women are to be seen. They carry ghee, walnuts, and other articles. The pedlars are few in number. They bring all manner of trashy goods into the country, sham jewellery, imitation kin-kob, common kullahs, cotton velvet, cheap silks, glass beads, brass thimbles, sometimes with English inscriptions on them, and all manner of worthless looking small articles for personal adornment. They get enormous prices for such small wares if the intrinsic value of the articles be alone considered, but if the cost and labour of a long journey, and the constant danger the men run of being robbed be also taken into account, the actual profits gained must be very small. If they were not hospitably entertained wherever they go, such trading would be impossible. Indeed, prepared food or fruit is never bought or sold in Káfristán. Strangers or natives can always get enough to eat in ordinary times. In this respect the difference between Chitrál and Káfristán is very great.

Measures and currency.

Among the Káfirs themselves all business is done by barter. A cow is a standard of value, being reckoned at twenty Kabuli rupees, a goat is three rupees, and a sheep one. It does not necessarily follow that those animals can be obtained at the prices mentioned. If one asks the price of a matchlock he will possibly be told it is worth one or two cows, as the case may be, that is thirty or forty rupees. A drum might be valued at a goat, and so on. Grain and flour are measured in shallow wicker baskets of which there are three particular sizes. The exact amount each basket was supposed to hold and its price were one of those secrets the Káfirs never divulged to me. Everything depended upon the amount of heaping up which was allowed. The same may be said of a goat-skin sack of grain, flour, honey, or ghee. All such measures must be estimated by the eye and then bargained for. No one will believe that there can be any curiosity about measures of quantities except when the idea of purchase is also in the inquirer's mind. Rough scales and weights are in common use. There is probably a set in almost every household in the Bashgul Valley. Smaller and somewhat more accurate scales are employed for precious articles such as silver. I have a small weight in my possession which is a tiny brass model of a kid, but the usual weights are fragments of stone.

Káfirs are clever at all trade tricks. They sold me several ornaments as silver which are really of base metal. They took silver from me to fashion into earrings and brought me articles made of a kind of pewter. The Jast bari who did this kept all his processes a profound secret. All I ever learned of the silver workers and brass workers was that they are decidedly clever and immovably reticent about their occupations.

With regard to the other trades, the slave women weave the woollen cloth on small upright looms identical in principle with those seen in India.

Miscellaneous trades.

Nor could I perceive any difference in the manner of working iron. There was a regular forge, an anvil fixed upon a huge block of wood, an adjacent trough full of water, and a blast furnace. The bellows were a pair of goatskins, emptied and inflated alternately. The smith at work had hammers of different sizes for the various manipulations required. In short, everything was such as would be seen in an Indian smithy.

The Káfirs are, indeed, well skilled in many of the ordinary trades. The Presuns are far behind the Bashgul people in this respect, but they also are far removed from savage simplicity. The bootmakers are very skilful. They make good strong soft leather foot-coverings, very durable if they do not get wet. Leather curing is not properly understood, and all leather articles soon get hard, crack, and spoil. Much of a Káfir's spare time, and he has a great deal of it, is passed with a goatskin, which he rubs and twists between his hands or gets some one to help him pull at and stretch. This is amateur skin-curing, but everything connected with the tanning of cowhides is done by the slaves, the skilled artizans. Ropes are twisted from goat hair and are fairly strong, though rough-looking and cumbersome.

Crocks and other potter's vessels are well made. They are of the usual oriental pattern.

Wood carving cannot be called an art; it is merely a trade. There are a limited number of patterns, and nothing whatever is left to the worker's imagination; so also with the wood sculpture and effigy making. Everything is stereotyped and conventional. All this work is done by the carpenter slaves, the men who also make coffins and shape the timber for housebuilding.

There is no special trade of building. Everyone can build a house, although the carpenters must make the door, frames, and windows, and hew into proper form the roof, boards and pillars. All farm and dairy work is done by the people who are all equally expert. The implements are made by the carpenter and blacksmith slaves.

Versatility of the craftsmen.

There is very little differentiation of trades. The carpenter does wood work of every description. The blacksmith can often act as silversmith; at any rate the silversmith can always do the work of the blacksmith. The leather worker makes belts, pouches, boots, and certain parts of musical instruments. The versatility of the craftsmen prevents anything like supreme excellence being maintained in any one branch. The nearest approach to new ideas in the manufacture of novel forms of utensils which my visit suggested to the Káfirs was in utilizing my empty jam tins. These were in one or two instances fitted with small iron rings at one point of their circumference and carried about as drinking cups, being fastened to the owner's girdle by a thong of leather. The best carpenters and wood carvers in Káfiristán are to be found in the Presun Valley; the best iron workers in the Wai country, while the best bootmakers and leather workers are in the Bashgul Valley.

(2.) Agriculture.

The chief crop produced in Káfiristán is a kind of millet called in the Punjáb "tchina." Others are wheat, barley, and Indian corn. Rice is not cultivated. A considerable quantity of wheat is grown, but it is somewhat of a luxury, and is reserved for guests and feasts. Tchina (millet) is the staple food of the people. Indian corn is produced in considerable quantities; barley less than any of the other food grains. Field operations begin at different dates in different localities in accordance with their altitude and aspect. The amount and duration of the snow-fall naturally determine the dates of the spring sowings also. Kámdesh village is between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea level. On April 4, 1891, ploughing began in that village, while on October 2, 1890, I had witnessed the Indian corn crop being harvested. In the same place on September 7, 1891, the wheat and tchina crops were cut. The wheat was

Crops.

being dried on the housetops preparatory to being winnowed; the tchina was being threshed. At the beginning of April, 1891, there was still a good deal of snow all over the cultivated fields. It melted wonderfully quickly, and little torrents, streams, and runnels were draining away from the arable land. At the Sheikh hamlet of Agatsi, on the opposite side of the river, some 1,800 feet lower than Kámdesh, the fields were already green with the young wheat, which I was informed had been sown before the snowfall. At the end of September 1890 I had watched people ploughing in the Pittigal Valley.

Ploughing.

When the ploughing began the land was very soft from the lately melted snow. The ploughs used are so light that they can be easily carried over a woman's shoulder. They are furnished with an iron tip and have a prominent heel which stands high out of the shallow furrow. They are of rough and primitive construction. Two women manage a plough which is drawn by a small ox. The animal's movements are controlled by one of the women placed on the off side, who grasps in her hands a long handle, fixed at the other extremity to the yoke which works on the ox's neck just in front of the hump. With the leverage afforded by this long handle the woman seems to have no difficulty in keeping the animal on a level course or in turning him as she pleases. The plough itself is controlled by the second woman, who works alongside instead of behind the handle, which is fore and aft and made to be grasped with both hands. After traversing the small field a few times the women change places so as to equalise the labour. Stooping over the handles sideways is more arduous than directing the course of the ox, although the woman staggering along and pushing against or dragging at the animal's neck with the long yoke pole appears to be doing more work. Mahomedans beyond the border always maintain that in Káfristán a woman is harnessed to the plough with the ox, but this is not true. In the Kám tribe a man never touches the plough handle; but in other places men do work in the fields even when they are not slaves. Musselmans within the borders of this country, as at the little settlement near Gourdesh, plough in the usual way, one man doing all the work and driving a pair of oxen. At this place the two systems may be seen in operation in adjacent fields.

Harrowing and sowing.

No time is lost in getting the seed into the ground. On April 5, in a particular field near my house, the plough started breaking up the ground. On the following day the seed grain was being sown. After the plough had done its work, strings of women in an irregular line began breaking up the clods with hooked sticks or with implements like blunt axes, furnished with wooden handles and iron heads. Another instrument looked like a light open crutch without the arm rest, and was used upside down. One woman worked the single end, while a second, with ropes fastened to the forked extremities, dragged it up after each plunge into the broken-up furrow. Walking about when this work had been completed, I noticed the sower casting handfuls of grain in what seemed a very niggardly fashion from a small goat-skin bag carried in the left hand. On May 5, 1891, all the Kámdesh fields were ploughed, and in several places the crops were showing above the ground. The women were hard at work carrying manure.

Weeding and manuring.

On May 14 I watched the weeding. The women worked eight or ten in a line, except when the space was very limited or the slope very great. Then they worked singly or in couples. Each used a stick which had an offshoot from the end at right angles to the handle part. They were kneeling, stooping or sitting, but a few, especially the old women, were bending down in the characteristic attitude of female field workers in England.

By May 18 the wheat had grown up several inches. Such of the women as were not weeding were busily occupied in manuring the fields with stable and latrine refuse, which was carried in their conical baskets and then distributed in handfuls over the crops.

Irrigation.

In July irrigation of the fields was necessary almost everywhere. The quantity of water allowed to each was regulated by the Urir, but in 1891 there was a good supply of water and consequently no fighting and quarrelling among the women, as there frequently is in years of drought. The women turn the water into their fields and regulate its flow in a very deft way. Their only implement is a short hooked stick, but they thoroughly understand what they have to do.

Threshing and winnowing.

On September 7, on returning to Kámdesh, I noticed that the wheat was cut and threshed. The grain was spread out on blankets on the house-tops to be picked, cleaned, and winnowed. The millet (tchina) was being threshed. The flail is a long stick with

a strong curve at the handle end. It is used by twirling the wrist backwards in a circular way, while the hand never relaxes its grasp. The implement is continually being shifted from one hand to the other. Little friendly parties are made up for threshing, which is usually the men's sole share in the work of agriculture. The workers circle round a heap of grain in a regular manner, bending and swinging their flails in unison, often forming a very graceful picture. The Indian corn is carried about the beginning of October. On October 2, 1890, I marvelled at the huge loads of this crop which the merest "slips of girls" contrived to carry up the severest slopes.

Winnowing is done with a small wooden vessel, shaped like a flat-bottomed boat, and furnished with a handle five inches long projecting from the square stern. A woman ladles up the grain and the wind does the rest.

When necessary, at the mouth of ravines and valleys, and in other situations, fields are carefully terraced, especially in the Presungul, where the natural difficulties of the country have made the inhabitants skilful and painstaking agriculturists. Terraced fields.

To speak generally, the Káfir cattle are good. They are inferior to good English breeds, but reach the average of those seen in Kashmir. A certain number specially fattened for sacrifice to Gísh in connexion with the Jast ceremonies are really handsome animals, as big as English beasts, and much resembling them in shape and colour. Seeing them in India one would conjecture that they were English, or at least half English. Some varieties are humped. Cattle.

The beef obtainable in Káfiristán is extremely tough, a quality which is due no doubt to the method of killing cattle, and to the fact that the meat is never hung. Káfirs like it, but then they always eat the flesh of cattle which die from disease.

In the autumn, when feeding is difficult, horse-chestnut branches are utilized as fodder. A certain amount of stall feeding is practised. At the end of a day's weeding, the long grass stalks are collected into bundles by the women to be carried home, dried in the sun, and stacked for winter use. These grass stacks are very common objects. In the Presungul they are built on the top of the pshals. In Kámdesh they are often built on specially prepared platforms. My kitchen in Kámdesh was made by building up walls under one of these platforms. Until the stack was nearly consumed the kitchen was the only place which could be relied upon to be always dry. Fodder.

Every man in Kámdesh who possesses cows brings as many of them as possible into the village during the winter, partly on account of the facility for feeding the animals, and partly because the ghee and cheese making may be done there comfortably.

The goats are a fine breed. The males in some instances attain a prodigious size, especially those reserved for sacrifice and fed up with that object. Sheep and goats.

The sheep are very poor. It is rare indeed to get any of even comparative excellence. They are ill-fed, and consequently are diminutive, thin, and bad eating. Their flesh is not much liked by the people, but a certain number have to be kept for the sake of the wool.

Butter is churned in goat skins. The ghee is made in the usual way by driving off the water of the butter by heat. The Káfirs are famous for their ghee. It is rarely adulterated, and is of excellent quality. In the summer months, while the men are away at the dairy farms, they live almost entirely on butter-milk, bread being difficult to obtain, and animals being comparatively rarely killed for food. Butter.

For cheese-making the following is the process. A short length of goat's intestine (challah) is fully inflated, and tied tightly at both ends with goat's hair. It is then hung up over the fire for days, months, or even for a year. When wanted for use it is untied and well washed. It is then placed in a dried hollowed-out pumpkin filled with water, which is then covered with a wooden top and placed by the fire from morning till midday. Equal portions of this, of water and of "aillah" (the residue in cheese-making) are then mixed together and poured into the vessel holding the milk. The whole is then stirred and set down by the fire, and in two hours the cheese is ready to be worked. Cheese.

I watched wine being made at Bináram, a hamlet close to Kámdesh. The arrangements were very simple. A flat-topped boulder conveniently placed by the roadside formed the floor of the wine press, and one side of a second boulder did duty for one of its walls. The other walls, more or less semi-circular in continuous outline, were made by stones placed one on the top of the other and raised to a height of two and a half feet, the interstices being filled up with clay. The greatest length of the vat was about five feet six inches, and its greatest breadth about four feet. The floor sloped naturally, and at the lower end, in front, an aperture had been left, partly closed by a little brushwood, from under which a deeply grooved piece of wood, with its edges still Wine-making.

further deepened by clay from the vat, protruded, and afforded an outlet for the expressed juice. When I arrived a considerable quantity of grapes had already been thrown into the receptacle, and a woman kept emptying into it fresh basketfuls which she brought up the steep hillside from below where the vines grew. When everything was ready and the vat was full of grapes, its owner laid humorously violent hands on a big man who was looking on. He was persuaded to tread the grapes. They took him aside and carefully washed his legs and feet, and then put him into the press. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, treading with so much vigour that he had to be frequently checked to prevent the juice from over-flowing the receiving vessels. These were at first large wooden cups, which when full had their contents ladled back into the press. This was explained to me as a "necessary custom always observed." Then goat skins were filled with juice through a kind of wooden funnel. That was all. The first sweet grape juice in the goat skin is very pleasant. In eight or ten days it becomes sour by fermentation, and is then wine. There is no process of straining and the fluid is most uninviting in appearance. Probably it is to remove the scum from near their lips that the Káfir always blow into the wine bowl before drinking. The wine is usually poor and thin, but even then is usually diluted with water. I have, however, tasted wine which had been kept for three years. It was clear and distinctly strong. Some Europeans think ordinary Káfir wine pleasant to drink. I have never seen a Káfir drunk.

Dried grape-cake.

When the juice is nearly all extracted from the vat a semi-solid residue remains. This is taken out a small quantity at a time and placed on a flat stone, some two feet or so in diameter with a raised edge of clay two inches high all round. Here, protected by circles made of twigs, two large stones are put on top and pressed down by a long pliable pole used as a lever, one end being firmly buried in the ground while a number of men hang with all their weight on to the free end. The amount of force used can be easily regulated by the number of men employed. This dried residue is made up into cakes for food. It looks and tastes most unpleasant, but it is nevertheless highly appreciated by Káfirs, who believe that it possesses most sustaining qualities.

SECTION XI.

WAR AND PEACE.

Tribal feuds.

It is probable that there is no single tribe of Káfirs at the present day which is at peace with all the other tribes. Some of their wars, if wars they can be called, have continued for generations. For instance, that between the Kám and the most western Katirs, the Rámgulis, is said to have lasted over a hundred years. As the two districts are far apart very little damage is done by one tribe to the other. Years probably pass without a single man being killed on either side or a single head of cattle being captured or lost. The one dangerous place for both people to meet is in the Presungul, or on the road from Presungul to Minján, because the Presungul people are not strong enough to protect sojourners in their country. In the upper part of the Bashgul Valley Kám and Rámguli can and do meet. Each may want to murder the other, but such an act would be followed in all probability by war with the Bashgul Káfirs. The murdered man's tribe would hold the Lutdehichis responsible for their fellow tribesman, while the Lutdeh men would possibly declare war or exact compensation from the murderer's tribe. In a wild country like Káiristán such events do happen, though rarely.

Blood for blood.

For instance, just after I returned to Kámdesh from Lutdeh (Bragamatál), a Wai man murdered a Rámguli in the latter place and then fled to his own country. Shortly afterwards the Bashgul Katirs raided the Wai country, and the murder, although it was not the stated reason for the attack, no doubt influenced the Katirs considerably, when they decided in what direction they should raid after Gísh had, through the Pshur, ordered them to get more sacrifices for his shrines. A murder of a Káfir in the territory of a people, or by a member of a tribe, with whom his tribe is at peace, is not necessarily followed by war. As an example, two Káfir youths were killed by a distant tribe, through whose valley they were travelling to try and murder in a third tribe closely connected with the other. The Kám did not want war just then, so the affair was compounded in the following way. The fathers of the two young men who had been killed went to the valley where the event had occurred, and after much negotiation obtained two persons, a man and a woman, whom they conducted a

short distance on the road home to Kámdeh and then slew. Thus their honour was satisfied and the two tribes remained at peace.

A man of any position at all who has been killed must be atoned for by blood. In 1891 some Kám Káfirs were hunting some Jandole Mahomedans down the Kunar Valley. The Jandolis ran for shelter to the Mehtar's new fort at Nursut which was garrisoned by Chitráli soldiers. The fort door was banged to just as the last Mahomedan, closely followed by the leading Káfir, passed through. It was a near shave and the Chitráli at the gate had to fire, killing the Káfir, to keep him from entering. The murder at Nári fort.

Time passed on until in 1893 I found myself at Chitráli on a special mission from the Government of India to the Mehtar Nizám-ul-Mulk. One day a messenger came to me from a well-known Káfir named Shyok, who sent word that as an old friend of mine he was anxious not to cause trouble of any kind in the then critical state of affairs at Chitrál, but that the man who had been killed at the Nári fort was a member of his, Shyok's, family, and although the slain man was an individual of no tribal importance, yet Shyok must have a Chitráli to kill. In the circumstances, to prevent complications, and particularly out of friendship with me, Shyok was prepared to accept any Chitráli, a slave even, but a Chitráli of some kind or other he must have. As I knew Shyok to be remarkable for cupidity even among Káfirs, I thought I might settle matters by paying him myself a ransom for the slain man. My Káfir "son" came to see me on the subject. He said: "You know Shyok well. There is nobody in Káfristán so avaricious as he is, yet if you offer him a lakh of rúpees he cannot accept it. For his honour's sake he must have a Chitráli to kill in front of the dead man's coffin." I used all my argument and persuasion in vain. I was told the Mehtar would understand the situation and would readily supply a victim if I advised him to do so. How the affair ended I do not know. Probably Shyok or some of his friends caught some unhappy Chitráli and killed him, and the Mehtar winked at the deed if he heard of it at all.

While on this subject, I may mention that at the end of 1891 old Dán Malik was killed in the Kunar Valley during a treacherous raid on the Káfir grazing grounds there by Umra Khan of Jandole. Some time afterwards a Pathan was caught in the Kunar Valley by some of Dán Malik's relatives and taken to Kámdeh where I was told the poor captive was placed on the ground in front of Gísh's shrine. The whole village assembled there, and a regular worship of Gísh was conducted in the orthodox way by the High Priest. At its close the prisoner was taken to the Kámdeh cemetery and stabbed to death in front of Dán Malik's coffin. The arranging of Dán Malik.

In 1891 the Kashtán tribe, whose village is about half-an-hour's walk from Kámdeh, were at war with Asmár, while the Kám were at peace with that Khanato. The Afgháns obviously could not discriminate between Kám and Kashtán. So six or seven of the former tribe were killed by the Mahomedans. There was more than a suspicion that the men were slain in positions where they had no business, and not impossibly while actively fighting against the Asmár people. The Kámdeh elders made no protest, but small parties of Kám warriors went secretly and murdered a sufficient number of the Asmáris to satisfy the dead. These proceedings were winked at. There was no dancing at the gromma, no songs of triumph, but every one in the village knew what had occurred. Neutrality.

Among themselves, I doubt if the Káfirs have any custom equivalent to a declaration of war. War begins by a raid by one tribe on another. When a people intend to participate in an existing war, or to start one on their own account, they sometimes, at any rate, merely content themselves with killing some members of the tribe they dislike. Probably there has been some anterior straining of the intertribal relations, and such an act of war is held to be quite sufficient without any formal declaration of hostilities. With Mahomedan enemies the procedure is different. At one time, while I was in Káfristán, there was a fierce dispute between the Kám and the Mehtar, which culminated in the former threatening to send the latter a bullet or bullets, which was equivalent to a breaking-off of all negotiations, and a notification that war had begun. Sometimes, I was informed, arrows were sent by Káfir tribes to intimate to the recipient that hostilities had commenced; but of my own knowledge I can say nothing on that point. Beginning of a war.

The commonest cause of war among Káfirs themselves is robbery. One tribe knows that another tribe has fine flocks and herds, and decides to make a raid. Sometimes the Pshur starts a raid, as in the case already referred to, by declaring, during temporary inspirations, that the gods order it. Another cause is the general excitement of a tribe seeking to find some outlet for its energy. As an example of this, on one Casus belli.

occasion, in 1891, the Wai retaliated on the Bashgul Katirs for raiding by secretly marching down the Níchingul and exterminating the hamlet of Sunru, the lowest settlement of Katirs in the Bashgul Valley. In their rage at this reprisal the Katirs very nearly attacked the Kám, declaring, I know not with what truth, that the latter were cognisant of the whole affair. They contended that the Kám had permitted the Wai to raid on them through Kám territory, and ignored altogether the fact that the Wai men must have marched through the Mádugál country also, but then they were friendly with the Mádugális. On another occasion the Kám very nearly attacked the Wai because they believed the latter might possibly have been implicated in the killing of two Kám men.

Inter-tribal
jealousy.

All Káfir tribes are extremely jealous of one another, no matter how they may have inter-married. Káfir hates Káfir far more intensely than he hates Mahomedans, and this sentiment is always liable at periods of unusual excitement to start internecine strife.

Foreign foes.

With foreigners the Káfirs are, as often as not, the actual, though remote aggressors. Ambitious Musselman Chiefs may raid into Káfiristán, burning with the desire to earn the title of Gházi, and fanatics may be maddened by Mullahs to draw the sword for Islám, proselytise, or exact tribute from the infidel, or die the pure death of the "martyr"; but the Káfir is an uncomfortable neighbour at all times. He is incessantly robbing, blackmailing, or murdering on the frontier unless completely over-awed by the power of some particular chief, as the Bashgul Katirs were by the Mehtar Amán-ul-Mulk, of Chitrál, or the Kám by the Khan of Jandole. Many of the attacks by Mahomedans in Káfiristán have been in revenge for murdered relations and plundered caravans. In 1891 there were agrarian troubles in the Kunar Valley. The Mehtar wished to introduce Gujar families into the grazing grounds, but each time it was attempted the Káfirs murdered the whole family. No war resulted. Even murderers caught red-handed would not be killed by Chitrális unless they were ready to invade Káfiristán immediately afterwards.

A Mahomedan people entering on a Káfir war would be careful to keep their design as secret as possible. The Káfirs, although their suspicions might be aroused, would receive the first definite intimation that war had begun by the irruption of the enemy into their territory. In 1891, at the end of the year, Umra Khan lulled the Kám tribe into false security by lying promises and honied words. Then he suddenly raided the Nursut grazing grounds with great success. That is the origin of the bitter strife which is still raging furiously. From his own point of view Umra Khan acted with statesmanlike astuteness, and his action would be applauded by general Mahomedan opinion. A Musselman is under no obligations to behave honourably in his dealings with "infidels."

The murder
of the Khan
of Asmár.

The war between the Asmár people and the Kashtán tribe originated as follows:—The Kashtán had a village in the Dungul Valley, not far from Palasgar. As that settlement was almost completely cut off from the rest of the tribe during the winter, the Dungul Káfirs gradually became quiet, and were careful not to give offence to their Mussalmen neighbours. They even went so far as to adopt their dress to a great extent, the women dressing like Musselmans. But one day an armed party of Asmár men came to the village and burnt it. Then desultory fighting ensued, and has been continued ever since. The Khan of Asmár was murdered outside his own fort, as he was sitting at a feast after a hunting expedition. His murderer was a Káfir who had been converted to Mahomedanism, and lived at Asmár with his wife and family. He was a Kashtán Káfir, and one of his Dungul blood relations had been killed by Asmáris. In the midst of a crowd of retainers, who were, of course, completely taken by surprise, the Káfir plunged his dagger into the Khan and then started off for the Káfir hills, which he managed to reach in safety. He told me the story himself with modest pride and apparently with no regrets for his Mahomedan wife, who had been led out and stoned to death by the Asmár people. This man was considered a great hero on his return to Káfiristán, and the dagger with which he assassinated the Khan was eagerly bought by a wealthy Káfir at the high price of two cows.

Mahomedan
hatred of the
Káfirs.

All the neighbouring Musselman tribes have an intense hatred of Káfirs, with the exception, perhaps, of the Kunar Valley Gabar villagers, and the Minjánis. This does not arise, I am convinced, from religious prejudices as much as from the injuries they have received from the Káfirs through long ages. Similarly the Káfirs love to dance to Gish after killing Mahomedans, but their hatred of Afgháns is far more a race hatred than religious fanaticism. Even in times far remote it may be doubted if race antagonism was not at least as strong as difference of creed in keeping Afghán

and Káfir at bitter feud. Both are brigands by instinct, and both are careless of human life. Perhaps the Káfir is the worst of the two in both respects, but the Afghán makes the account more than even by his added perfidy and cunning.

As war and not peace may be said to be the normal condition of Káfiristán, peace arrangements may be considered before methods of warfare are described. Peace generally happens when two tribes feel themselves equally exhausted, or when one tribe has proved itself overwhelmingly superior to the other. Peace might sometimes be defined as a cessation of hostilities for a longer or shorter period, rather than as peace in our sense of the word. Among themselves it is probably arranged in the first place by some neutral tribe friendly with both. The ratification of such preliminaries depends greatly upon the peace offerings suggested, which the stronger tribe receives, I believe, giving nothing in return. Within the present generation the Kám have been at war with the Wai, the Kashtán, the Mádugál, and the Bashgul Katirs, in addition to their long standing feuds which have never yet been resolved. At the different peace makings, the Kám and the Katirs exchanged a cow for a cow, showing that they considered themselves still equal in strength, while the Wai paid the Kám four cattle and the Kashtán paid 18 cows and 18 axes, in this way indicating that they were more desirous of peace than the Kám. Of what the Mádugál paid I have no record. The animals in each case were sacrificed at Arom's shrine.

Peace making.

I am not sure how Káfirs come to an end of hostilities with a Mahomedan people, but they no doubt send and receive messengers, and the Káfirs probably ratify their promises by sacrificing a goat. When war was imminent between the Kám and the Chitrális in 1891, as soon as wiser counsels prevailed on both sides several Káfirs went to see the Mehtar, and solemnly promised to abstain from killing Musselmans in Chitráli territory, and agreed to pay tribute in kind for grazing rights in the Kunar Valley; they confirmed their promises by ceremoniously sacrificing a goat at Chitrál.

It generally takes time for a Káfir, unless utterly crushed, to make up his mind for peace. His furious resentment against his enemy is not quickly cooled down to the overture-making point. After desultory but not bloody warfare on the frontier and after experiencing inconvenience in not being able to get supplies as usual from over the border, he gradually comes to entertain an idea of the desirability of peace.

After a war there are no blood feuds. The High Priest of the Kám had respect and friendship for Karlah Jannah, of Badáwan, notwithstanding the fact that the latter killed the former's brother during the last war between the Kám and the Bashgul Katirs.

In their inter-tribal fights the Káfirs are always desirous of getting outside help. The Mehtar of Chitrál has on more than one occasion allied himself with the Kám against other Káfir tribes and among the never-ending family quarrels of the Bashgul Katirs, Amán-ul-Mulk succeeded in obtaining for himself a preponderating influence in that part of the valley. The price paid for the Mehtar's help was usually all or most of the prisoners taken and a certain number of beautiful girls in addition. The late Mehtar was generally willing to send a force to co-operate with the Kám in a raid on those terms, and was paid in a similar way for his support of one of the factions of the Bashgul Katirs. The Wai Káfirs invaded the Presungul with the help of an Afghán force on the terms that their allies might keep all the plunder they could get.

Foreign alliances.

When attacked by foreigners, who are always armed with much better firearms and other weapons than the Káfirs possess, the latter usually adopt purely defensive tactics. They hold positions, form little ambuscades, and so forth, but are always prepared to fall back before the superior strength of the enemy. They seek to cut off stragglers, and harass the invader in every possible way. Then, when the enemy from accumulated losses, lack of supplies, or hopelessness of further successes, begins to retreat, the light-footed Káfirs attack him on all sides like a swarm of hornets. Dogged resistance is turned into furious bravery. A Káfir never fights so well as when the advantage is on his side. He plays a winning game splendidly. Each man tries to emulate the traditional heroes of his tribe, and will perform the grandest deeds to gain the admiration of his fellows. I was told of a man named Shyok, one of the most famous living fighters of the Kám tribe, that on one occasion he dashed single-handed into a group of the enemy, stabbed right and left, and escaped uninjured. He is a man of enormous strength, and in spite of his weight is as active as a leopard.

Methods of warfare.

The most common plan of carrying on hostilities is for small parties of Káfirs, two or more, to penetrate into the enemy's country and kill sleeping people or women, or form small ambuscades, and then, if successful, hurry back at full speed to dance to Gísh. On such expeditions the Káfirs exhibit the most extraordinary courage and

Guerilla warfare.

powers of endurance. In the present Kám-Jandole war they have killed several people close under Umra Khan's feet at Jandole. Their wonderful walking powers enable them to travel distances which seem almost incredible.

Provisions.

On a disturbed frontier many little groups of thin, worn-out looking men may be met marching rapidly but wearily homeward. They represent the unsuccessful warriors. They have to carry their own food, as in the enemy's country it is nearly impossible to get supplies of any kind. There is a particular cake which Káfirs carry on their expeditions. It is made of the refuse from the wine press mixed with flour and ghee. They believe also in the sustaining powers of cream cheese. They carry as much as they can, but must often be half-starved before they got home again. Indeed, they look so always, and come back very thin.

Plundering raids.

When the Káfirs attack in large numbers beyond their own borders, it is, I think, generally with some particular object of plunder. For instance, while I was in the Dungul Valley, news was brought that the Mahomedan enemy of the Kashtán had a large collection of sheep and goats near Bailám. In a wonderfully short space of time a Káfir band, consisting of 250 men, mostly Kashtáns, but numbering among them many Mádugális and Katirs, swept down the valley. Their object was an early morning surprise. They were, to all appearance, half-naked savages, armed for the most part with bows and arrows, spears, and of course daggers. Not a third of the party had matchlocks. Even the spears were very few in number. The pace at which they travelled was extraordinary. They missed the plunder, but succeeded in killing several Mahomedans, whose weapons they brought back as trophies. In such an attacking party as this, there are theoretically no leaders. Each man goes at his own pleasure, and may act on the dictates of his own private judgment. Actually, there is a kind of council of headmen and famous warriors, who decide all points, how the attack is to be managed, and so on. As soon as the fight is over, everybody seems anxious to get home again as fast as possible, and fleet-footed youngsters press on ahead to be the first to spread the news in their village.

The song of victory.

I was standing with some Káfir companions two days after the raiding party had passed me, making arrangements for a return journey, not unmindful of the possibility of the returning braves being followed by an avenging Pathan force, when three men emerged from a grand defile a quarter of a mile further down the valley. They were Káfirs. On catching sight of us, the first man halted for his two companions. The three then formed a line and began a sonorous chant, beginning, "Á í Gísh," and ending with a mighty "Wo," very loud and sharp. This was a pæan of victory. At the first notes my Káfir companions raced away to congratulate the men who brought the good news. The singing meant more than that the Káfirs had been victorious, for it is never sung, I believe, if a single Káfir has been killed. In the singing there were none of those high falsetto notes, so much admired in the east. When the main body came up, the song was resumed at long intervals. On one occasion 30 Mumáni men formed up on a flat-topped rock, with the son of their head man a pace in front of them. He and the others began the song, chanting a few words in unison, then all together for a few bars, and ending with a stentorian "Wo," while far behind on the line of march the "Wo" was taken up and repeated by the main body and the stragglers. Finally, a couple of miles above Kámdeh, guns were fired off, and we all separated for our respective homes.

Celebrating a triumph.

When a successful little party has come back the fact is soon known throughout the village. If it returns in the evening it usually camps out all night. Relations go and congratulate the heroes, take them food, and pass a cheery night on the hillside, while the song of triumph is sung at intervals. In the morning, arrayed in much finery, with dancing axes in their hands, they are conducted to the dancing platform, and in company with the women of their family dance to Great Gísh. In the intervals of the dance the women throw wheat grains upon the heroes. The dancing is only performed when small bands return. If a large raiding party or small army comes back victorious there is no dancing, nor is there any if a Káfir has been killed. The dancing of the returned warriors is strictly a family affair, and few outside the men's intimate relations take the trouble to go and see it. In the daytime when news is brought that a victorious party is near at hand, the women run delightedly to wash their faces, fill small wicker baskets with wheat, and go out to meet the braves. The men of the family go also. Proud fathers lead in their sons, who are either kissed actually or a yard off by nearly every one they meet. The Gísh observances are more fully observed at Kámdeh than at Lutdeh. There is always some kind of dancing, but at Lutdeh there is little or no dressing up of the principal characters.

In fighting among themselves Káfirs pursue the same tactics as against foreign enemies. A Káfir will fight just as resolutely in defence of his property as to save his life. When every fighting man of the Bashgul Káfirs went to raid the Amzhi Valley of the Wai they must have outnumbered their opponents by five to one, yet the latter followed them up, got in front of the returning raiders on the hill-side, and in their frantic attempt to get back their flocks and herds engaged in severe hand-to-hand fighting. As a rule a Káfir always loves to have numerical superiority on his side. I know an instance where six men hid in the long grass on the edge of a field where a Sheikh and his wife were working. Waiting their opportunity they rushed at the man and seized his hands in the old "Thug" fashion and then stabbed him to death, catching and killing the woman subsequently. On another occasion a small party concealed themselves for days near an enemy's goat pens. Every night they surrounded the place. At length one night a man emerged to fetch water from the river. As he was stooping down to fill his pitcher he was seized by the arms and killed. The assailants then sat down to watch again. The men in the goat pens four or five in number, suspicious of the delay of their companion, then came forth armed with guns, when the others decamped and raced back to their village. Káfirs spare neither man, woman, nor child. All alike are considered mortal enemies. One Kám man I know, who used to twist his moustaches as only famous warriors may do without being jeered at, based his claim to renown on the fact that he had murdered nine women and one man. With Afgháns, the moment one of their number has been killed by a Káfir, all turn out, seize their arms, and follow the assassin in the hope of catching him, Káfirs sometimes take advantage of this and form a big ambush. Two or three of their number then go on in the hope of killing an Afghán. If they succeed they run back through the ambush which is then ready for the pursuers. I know one instance in which the manœuvre was terribly successful. The Afgháns on their part are not one whit behind the Káfirs in ruthlessness. Just before I arrived in Kámdesh a small party of Afgháns managed to cross the ridge to the south of the village. They found four little boys tending goats. They murdered the children on the spot.

Káfir weapons are the dagger, bows and arrows, spears and matchlocks. The peculiar shape of the Káfir dagger is too well known to require an elaborate description. The commoner and cheaper varieties are about a foot in length; from the top of the hilt to the point of the blade is just under 13 inches. The blade is 8 inches long, and gradually tapers from the hilt, where it is just over an inch in breadth to the point. It is double edged, and a little over a quarter of an inch thick at the hilt. It is grooved down the middle on both sides, nearly to the point. The hilt guard is 5½ inches from side to side, and ornamented at each extremity by a circular convex brass button, firmly riveted to its upper surface. Three and a half inches above the guard, and parallel with it, is another cross-piece of iron, very strong and carefully ornamented. Between this and the guard the shaft of the hilt is so fashioned that four fingers may close on it firmly each in its own groove. The weapon as a whole is much more powerful than it looks. The rivetting of the blade to the handle allows a slight movement of the blade, which gives a deceptive appearance of weakness. The sheath is made of iron or brass with an inner backing of wood. The back of the sheath is incompletely closed by metal, and permits the wood lining to be seen. The top of the sheath has an ornamented brass collar, while at the lower end it terminates in a metal knob with a constriction just above, which is often tightly bound round with iron or brass wire. Costly daggers have brass sheaths, which are frequently ornamented with silver studs at the top.

Weapons:
the Káfir
dagger.

Káfir bows are distinctly feeble looking, but a skilful man will shoot with fair accuracy up to 80 yards. The arrows are unfeathered. They are 24 inches long. The shaft is made of reed, bound in the middle and at both ends with very fine string. The arrow-head is of a peculiar shape. It is three-sided, and has three sharp edges which meet at the point, and are peculiar from the fact that their other extremity is prolonged backwards from a quarter to half an inch beyond the base of the bayonet-shaped arrow-head. This must make the arrow very difficult to extract from a wound. The sharp edges are 2½ inches long.

Bows and
arrows.

The spears are fitted with a straight blade pointed at the end, and are often ornamented with a brass stud or two. At the base they are furnished with a stout prong for thrusting into the ground. A peculiarity of some of the spears is that what looks like a long prong is substituted for the straight double-edged blade mentioned above.

Spears.

The Káfir matchlocks are purchased at the frontier. None are manufactured in the country itself. They make extremely bad shooting and cannot be trusted to go near a small mark—an envelope, for instance—at a greater distance than 20 or 30

Matchlocks.

yards. Káfirs brag a good deal about the power of their fire-arms, but I have watched them practising at a mark using a rest, and have seen them shoot markhor many times, and I should much prefer them to shoot at me with a matchlock at 40 or 50 yards than to have a good man aim at me with an arrow at the same distance when I was not looking. For the matchlocks the Káfirs carry leather pouches for ammunition, flint and steel of an ordinary description, and bandoleers, which at a short distance look like Pan pipes.

Shields and
swords.

Shields are all imported, and are more for ornament than for use. There are very few swords, and mutilation of a dead enemy is never practised. What swords there are, have been received by their owners as presents from Mahomedan chiefs.

The cannon
of the Kám.

The Kám are very proud of possessing a cannon. It is kept in the ground floor of a house at the top of the village. It was made by Dir men, who were brought to Kámdesh for the purpose. It is very solid and heavy. The metal on the outer surface is rough and knobby. The length of the barrel is 3 feet 6 inches, and the diameter of the muzzle 4 inches. A leaden ball and a block of wood are said to be fired simultaneously by this weapon. It is carried about from place to place on cross-pieces of wood, and requires for its transport three score or five score men, according to different informants. It has been in action and performed prodigies according to the Kám, notably on one occasion during a siege of the village of Apsai in the last Katir war. It must be fastened to a tree in order to fire it. It has no stand or carriage of any kind. The Kám are inordinately proud of the possession of the weapon, but I doubt if they would care to use it again, except for the sake of its moral effect.

Axes and
clubs.

The dancing and other axes are not intended for fighting purposes, although the small variety might be so employed on an emergency. The walking club of which Káfirs are so fond, and which they delight to ornament with carving about the handle end, is only used in quarrels. I was told that an ordinary head would smash the club unless the latter were shortened in the grasp, and merely the thick lower end used to strike with.

SECTION XII.

RELIGION AND THE CALENDAR.

The Káfir
Pantheon.

The Káfir religion is a somewhat low form of idolatry, with an admixture of ancestor worship and some traces of fire-worship also. The gods and goddesses are numerous and of varying degrees of importance or popularity. I believe that Imra the Creator, Moni, commonly spoke of as the prophet, Gísh the war-god, Bagisht, Dizane, Krumai, and Nirmali, are common to all the tribes, but there are several inferior deities or godlings who seem to be peculiar to particular localities. It is probable, almost certain, that the same god is known by different names by different tribes, but, even if we allow for this, there must still be many gods who are unknown or disregarded, except by particular tribes, or even in particular villages. In Presungul every village is supposed to be under the care of one special god whom the villagers worship and honour above all others. The god Arom is the tutelary deity of the Kám tribe, but he appears to be rather unpopular, and I imagine that he is rarely or never sacrificed to except when a peace is concluded. On such occasions the cattle which constitute the peace offering from the enemy, are sacrificed before his shrine.

Difficulty of
investiga-
tion.

The difficulty of getting information from the Káfirs about their religion is very great. In Presungul the people at first protested against my being shown their gods at all, and it was only after they had been assured by my companions that I was a "Káfir" like themselves, that they gave me somewhat reluctant consent. The Bashgul Káfirs had no objections of this kind, indeed they seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in showing me their little temples and in inviting me to be present at their ceremonies. On those occasions they were in the habit of watching my face narrowly, as if anxious to discover from my features my opinion about their observances. With them the chief difficulty was that they seemed to know so little themselves about their own theology. I was constantly referred for information from one man to another, but each succeeding informant seemed to know less than his predecessor, while the little he had to tell was only extracted after the expenditure of much time and trouble. Cross-examination of a Káfir irritates, when it does not bore him or send him to sleep. If pressed with what he considers tiresome questions the man not unfrequently jumps

up and makes a clean bolt of it. I had mainly to rely upon little stories of the gods which were related to me and other listeners in the evening round a fire by Utah the High Priest, and a man named Karlah Jaunah, who was a born story-teller, but who unhappily was extraordinarily impatient of anything like interruption, and equally disliked subsequent questions designed to clear up doubtful points in a narrative. Dán Malik, of Kámdesh, was the man who by common repute knew more about the principles of his religion than any other person, but I never succeeded in getting much information from him. He had a habit of always turning the tables on me by plying me with questions, besides which he seemed to think that the most interesting points for discussion were whether the English or Russians were created first by Imra, which country was first created, how many daughters "Baba" Adam had, and many other similar speculations, which he would return to again and again to the exclusion of all other religious questions.

It must be remembered that the Bashgul Káfirs are no longer an isolated community in the strict sense of the word. They frequently visit Chitrál and have dealings with other Mahomedan peoples as well. Many of their relatives have embraced Islám without abandoning the ties of relationship. One of the results of this free intercourse with Musselmans is that Bashgul Káfirs at the present day are very apt to mix up their own religious traditions with those of their Mahomedan neighbours. This greatly confuses matters, and I feel it is hopeless for me to try to write anything final, or even moderately comprehensive, concerning the religion of Káfiristán. I must content myself with a modest record of what I actually saw and actually heard. Possibly a better acquaintance with the Bashgul language might have made many things clear to me which now remain dark, and perhaps if my interpreters had been better the same result might have followed, but I myself incline to the opinion that the chief reason why I discovered so little about the Káfir faith is because the Káfirs themselves know so little on the subject. I imagine that in Káfiristán the forms of religion remain, while the philosophy which those forms were originally intended to symbolise is altogether forgotten. This is not, perhaps, surprising in a country in which there are no records of any kind, and everything depends on oral tradition.

The Bashgul Káfirs, or at any rate the younger portion of the community, are inclined to be somewhat sceptical. They are superstitious, of course, but I have often witnessed sacred ceremonies burlesqued or scoffed at when two or three waggish young men have been together. Gísh is the really popular god of the Bashgul youth. In their worship of him there is great sincerity. I have been asked by a young Káfir if we English did not prefer Gísh to Imra (the Creator) as he himself did, and many Káfirs have expressed their disappointment on learning that "Franks" knew nothing of Gísh. Scepticism.

The older people are devout in their respect for all the gods, but Bashgul Káfirs seem to abandon their religion without much regret. They leave it, as they return to it, chiefly from motives of material advantage and rarely appear to trouble themselves about religious convictions. The purest form of the Káfir religion is probably to be found in the Presungul. I was told that although the Bashgul Káfirs had no objection to my bringing fowls into their valley, the Presungulis would never permit it in theirs. In Presungul there is a distinct atmosphere of religion. Devil's villages abound, the old watercourses are currently believed to have been built by gods or goddesses, miraculous imprints of divine or demoniac hands are shown on rocks, there is an iron pillar which is said to have been placed in its present position by Imra himself, and a sacred hole in the ground to look down which is certain death to anyone. Large tracts of fertile land lie undisturbed by the plough because they are consecrated to Imra. Most important of all, the valley possesses a great temple of Imra, famous throughout all Káfiristán. The Presuns unfortunately speak a language which I was told that no one can ever learn. However that may be, it is certain that no Bashguli can talk it, while I myself could never remember a single word used at any of the sacrifices I witnessed. To me the invocations and incantations were merely soft musical mewings. The Presuns were very friendly after a short acquaintance and looked upon me not only as a very great man but also as one who might be trusted. But the fatal language difficulty always prevented my learning much from them. On my leaving their valley a deputation of notables came to ask me a favour. This was that I should ask Imra to make their country a little warmer. They evidently believed that I had the power of influencing the god in the direction they desired. Bashgulis and Presuns contrasted.

Theology.

In the Káfir theology there appears to be both a heaven and a hell. It divides the universe into Urdesch, the world above, the abode of the gods, Michdesch, the earth, and Yurdesch, the nether world. Both the heaven and the hell for mortals is in Yurdesch, which is reached through a great pit, at the mouth of which a custodian named Maramalik, specially created by Imra for the purpose, is always seated. He permits no one in Yurdesch to return to the upper world.

When a man dies his soul or breath—the word “shon” has both meanings—enters into one of the shadow forms we see in dreams, which then becomes a “partir.” Good people appear to wander about as shades in a paradise in Yurdesch called Bisht, while as a common Káfir phrase goes, “Wicked sinners are always burning in fire,” in Zozuk (hell). Káfirs have no intense fear of death, although they cannot understand suicide. The idea of a man killing himself strikes them as inexplicable. They are never melancholy. The gods are worshipped by sacrifices, by dances, by singing hymns (Lálu kunda), and by uttering invocations (namach kunda). Fairies and demons are propitiated by sacrifices. The only phrase I know which is comparable to our “profane swearing” is “Shut Imra di psálá,” (May the curse of God strike you!)

List of the chief deities.

The principal gods and goddesses are:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| (1.) Imra. | |
| (2.) Moni. | |
| (3.) Gísh. | |
| (4.) Bagisht. | |
| (5.) Arom. | |
| (6.) Sanru. | |
| (7.) Saranji or Sauranju. | |
| (8.) Satarám or Sudaram. | |
| (9.) Inthr. | |
| (10.) Duzhi. | |
| (11.) Nong. | |
| (12.) Paráde. | |
| (13.) Shomde. | |
| (14.) Dizane. | } Goddesses. |
| (15.) Nirmali. | |
| (16.) Krumai or Shumai. | |

Besides gods and goddesses, there are demons, the chief of whom is Yush, and fairies innumerable. The High Priest of the Kám instructed me as follows:—

Imra is the creator of all things in heaven and earth. By the breath of his mouth he endowed with life his “prophets” Moni, Gísh, Satarám, and the rest, but Dizane sprang into existence from his right breast. Placing her in the palm of his hand, Imra threw her violently upwards. She alighted in a lake, and was concealed and released in a manner to be described presently. Of the inferior deities or “prophets” only Bagisht was born of a woman and not created at once by Imra’s breath. Besides creating the godlings, Imra also created seven daughters, whose special province it is to watch over the work of agriculture with a protecting hand. As the time for sowing approaches goats are sacrificed in their honour, in order that crops may be ample, and the earth beneficent.

Imra also created fairies and demons, but the latter gave so much trouble to the world that Moni, with the divine permission, almost entirely exterminated them. One terrible fiend, a devil of the worst type, on one occasion was dancing before Moni. The prophet removed a screw or plug from the demon’s body surreptitiously. He repeated the act until seven screws had been withdrawn, when the body of the evil one fell to pieces. From the fragments of the body, seven in number, seven fresh demons sprang to life, but Moni slew them all with his sword.

Story of Bagisht.

The story of the birth of Bagisht, was told as follows by the Kám priest:—

“In a distant land unknown to living men a large tree grew in the middle of a lake. The tree was so big that if any one had attempted to climb it he would have taken nine years to accomplish the feat, while the spread of its branches was so great that it would occupy 18 years to travel from one side of it to the other. Satarám became enamoured of the tree, and journeyed towards it. On his near approach he was suddenly seized with a mighty trembling, and the huge tree burst asunder, disclosing the goddess Dizane in the centre of its trunk. Satarám had, however, seen enough;

he turned round and fled. Dizane began to milk goats (a question as to where the goats were, in the water or on the tree, was thrust aside with a wave of the hand). While she was engaged in this occupation a devil observed her. He had four eyes, two in front and two behind. Rushing forward he seized Dizane by the breast, while she bent her head to her knees, quaking with terror. The fiend tried to reassure her saying, 'It is for you I have come.' At that instant she became pregnant. As the days of her term approached their completion, she wandered into the Presungul and stepping into the swift flowing river, gave birth to an infant, who at once unaided stepped ashore, the turbulent waters becoming quiet, and piling themselves up on either hand to allow the child to do so. The country people were astounded at the prodigy. They hurried to the scene, and on the river bank found a little boy seated on a stone. The child at this started down the river by himself, leaving all spectators bewildered. He had gone only a short distance when he met a man who asked him his name. He replied 'You know my name, I do not.' The stranger then informed him that he was Bagisht, and that he would always be known by that name thereafter."

To understand the Káfir idea of Imra, the Creator, some more stories must be told. Many of them are bald and inconsequential; others illustrate the fact that the Káfirs have endowed Imra with many of their own special characteristics. Of the first kind the two following stories will be sufficient:—(a) Once upon a time Imra and the Devil (Yush) rode a horserace. Imra's horse was made of gold; the Devil's of iron. For some time neither gained an advantage until Imra created innumerable rats which burrowed into the ground and made an immense number of holes, over which the Devil's horse stumbled and blundered, allowing Imra to win easily. (b) Imra once gave a book to the Devil, and after a time demanded it back again. The Devil refused to give it up on the plausible ground that it had been given to him, and was his. Then Imra and he had a fight, the Devil was killed, and the book recovered.

Legends of
Imra.

The following are better stories:—

(1.) Imra and all the prophets—the narrator of this story was a Persian-speaking Káfir, who used the Persian word for prophet to denote all the gods except Imra—were seated one day at the mouth of the valley up which runs a road from the Skorigul to the Presungul. The goddess Krumai, in the shape of a goat, came over from Tirich* Mir, and went among them, but none recognised her except Imra, who took an opportunity when she was not looking to push her into the mountain stream. Struggling out of the water Krumai ran diagonally up the steep rock, leaving the marks still visible in a vein of mineral of a colour different from the rest of the rock. When she got to the top she began kicking down showers of stones on to the gods below, to their great annoyance. Imra told them that the goat was Krumai, and added that he alone had been clever enough to discover that fact. On hearing this they all abjured Krumai to behave better. She thereupon assumed her proper shape, came down amongst them, and subsequently entertained them all at a sumptuous banquet, which she brought from Tirich Mir, and served on silver dishes.

(2) Imra one day sat himself on the rocky spur at the junction of the Kti and Presun rivers. He was engaged in making butter in a golden goatskin churn. From the skin three women emerged, who went and populated different countries. Imra then added water and a fourth woman was created, who settled in Presungul.

(3) Once Imra took the sun and the moon from the heavens, and the world became buried in darkness. Everybody died except one man, who prayed to God for a little light. Moved by pity, Imra gave the man a bit of the sun, and a bit of the moon, which he fastened on each side of him, and then, mounting his horse, rode away. Wherever he went there was just sufficient light for him to guide his horse. After a time he reached Presungul when Imra appeared in front of him. "Hullo," said the man "who are you?" "I am Imra," was the reply. The horseman was speechless with astonishment. "Let us perform the ceremony of friendship," suggested Imra, but the man pointed out that they had not a goat. "Never mind that," replied Imra, "I will soon fetch one." Saying that he stepped over to the mountains by the Zidig, and returned with a fine goat. "But," objected the man, "where is the knife to sacrifice it with?" He had no sooner uttered these words than the goat began to dig up the ground vigorously with its fore feet, shaking its body all the time as a wet dog does. At the bottom of the shallow hole made by the goat, a knife was revealed.

* Tirich Mir is a sacred mountain. At Badáwan (Ahmed Dawání) there is a small square erection in the usual Káfir style, like the pedestal of an effigy. This is surmounted by what is said to be a model of Tirich Mir. Before this curious shrine goats are sacrificed to the gods and fairies supposed to live on the mountain.

Imra seized it, and he and the man went through the ceremony of swearing brotherhood. When it was over Imra said, "Now what are you going to give me?" "I have nothing," replied the man; "what can I give?" "You have your horse," persisted Imra, "give me that." "But I shall have nothing to go about on," protested the man, "no, I cannot give you my horse." Thereupon Imra summoned an angel, who quietly stole the man's horse and led it away. As it was being carried off in this way, the horse cried out "I have a sword in my ear, pull it out and kill all your enemies." Imra drew the sword out of the horse's ear, and used it against his enemies as directed. He subsequently replaced the sun and the moon in the sky, and light was restored to the earth.

(4.) A good story was told me about the sacred tree whose branches were seven families of brothers, each seven in number, while the trunk was Dizane, and the roots Nirmali, but the record of this story was lost in a mountain torrent.

(5.) After Imra created the world "Baba" Adam and his wife were in Kashmir. They and their 40 children were on one occasion sleeping in pairs, and when they woke up, no single pair understood the language of another pair. They were then ordered by Imra to march off in couples and populate the world. They went most unwillingly, declaring that Kashmir was good enough for them, but Imra's orders had to be obeyed.

(6.) The reason why iron is found in some countries is that Imra cast a devil made of iron into each of those countries. This was told me in the course of conversation, and my companion Karlah Jannah was astonished that I had never seen a certain iron bridge in Kashmir made out of the body of a devil.

(7.) Once Imra and all the godlings were seated on a hill top, while in front of them were a golden bed and a golden stool. "These belong to me," observed Imra. "Not at all" cried the others, "they belong to us all in common." "Very well," rejoined Imra, "we will soon see who has the power to use them to the exclusion of everybody else." With that remark he sat himself on the beautiful bed. All the other gods looked confounded, no one venturing to say anything.

(8.) On a second occasion Imra took the sun and the moon from the sky, and, fastening them one on each side of him, rode into the centre of the mountains behind Kstigigrom in Presungul, where he went to sleep. But he had been watched by seven devils, who, finding him fast asleep, carried away the horse and fastened it in a house. Of course, all this time the world was in darkness, and the gods were blundering about on the road, falling and hurting themselves. "What shall we do?" they cried in despair. Presently one of them (I forget which), fancied he perceived a track of light. This was really the path taken by the horse. Following it up the god came to the house where the horse was confined, and then, through a crack in the door, saw what had happened. He went back at once and told his brother gods. They all went in a body, broke down the door, and liberated the horse. While they were leading him out, the horse observed that he had a sword in his ear, which should be pulled out, and with it the devils ought to be put to death. The gods at once obeyed this injunction. Afterwards the sun and the moon were restored to the heavens, and the world was again illuminated.

(9.) The following story seems to show that other gods besides Imra are possessed of creative powers to some extent. Inthir made Badáwan (Ahmed Diwána) his resting place, and there created vineyards and pleasant places; but Imra suddenly declared the place was his. Inthir refused to give way and a severe fight ensued, in which he was worsted, and was compelled to retreat down the valley a short space, when he created the hill south of Badáwan and also the Skorigul Valley. But Imra again attacked him and once more drove him away, so that he was compelled to abandon the Bashgul Valley altogether and fly for refuge to the Tsarogul.

(10.) But Imra often helps his people. Once upon a time there was an enormous snake which inhabited the Minján end of the Bashgul Valley. He used to lie in wait for travellers on the top of certain high rocks, still pointed out, as are also the tracks by which he used to descend and eat up the unlucky strangers. The tracks indicated are some light quartz veins which show distinctly against the darker ground of the rocks. Imra, pitying the people, sent a messenger to the snake, ordering him to desist from the evil practices; but the snake not only paid no attention to Imra's remonstrances, but ate up the messenger who conveyed them. Then Imra came himself, and slew the snake by cutting up its head. The large tarn above Badáwan was formed from the flood which flowed from the snake's head. The very spot where the fabulous reptile was killed was shown me by a Kátir.

Imra is sacrificed to very frequently, sometimes from motives of simple and general piety, especially by the older and more thoughtful members of the community, sometimes for particular reasons, such as recovery from sickness, thanksgiving for seasonable weather, and for other material benefits. At the religious dances he is not more honoured than many of the other gods and goddesses. He receives three rounds, but there is none of the enthusiasm which is infused into the dances for Gísh, or the light-heartedness which accompanies the comical steps and posturings in honour of Krumai. Possibly, in former times, Imra the Creator was chiefly worshipped, but at the present time Gísh is certainly the popular deity in the Bashgul valley, while Imra probably retains his proper ascendancy in the Presungul and in other places. Cows are commonly sacrificed to Imra everywhere in Káfristán.

Imra's sacrifices and temples.

Imra's temples are in every valley, and are also met with far away from any dwelling-houses. They sometimes contain a wooden idol, sometimes merely a block of stone. In Kámdesh there are two principal places where sacrifices are made to Imra. One is a little temple at the top of the spur in which the valley is built, the other is a simple stone some 3 ft. by 1 ft. by 1 ft., which is placed on end under a mulberry tree, four hundred feet lower down the slope close by a very sacred pool. The stone is blackened with the blood of countless sacrifices, while the shrine above the village is comparatively rarely visited.

The chief temple to Imra is at Presungul at Katigrom, which is undoubtedly the most sacred village in the whole of Káfristán. The temple itself is an imposing structure, elaborately ornamented. It is between 50 ft. and 60 ft. square, and about 20 ft. high. On its east side it has a square portico which covers as much space as the temple itself, and is supported on carved wooden pillars forming a kind of rough colonnade. The portico is open to the east and south, but is boarded up on the north side. Its height is a few feet below that of the temple, and when I saw it the roof was in a dangerous state of disrepair. The carving of the pillars is supposed to be very fine. They are all fashioned after one of three designs. A favourite one is to have a row of rams' heads, one on each side of the column, extending from the top to the base. Another popular design is to carve at the foot of the pillar an animal's head from which the horns are made to extend the entire height of the pillar, crossing and re-crossing each other at intervals, and ending above in points between which a grotesque face appears with hands grasping each horn a few inches from the top. The third variety is of the common basket pattern form. Under this portico many sacrifices are made; a large offal heap to the south shows that the offering are cattle. There is a sacrificing stone in the colonnade, and near it one or two niches for idols. The east side of the temple on to which the portico is built, has seven famous doors of large size, and above each another smaller door. Of the seven large doors, five cannot be opened; they are securely fastened up. The other two at the south end of the east front are thrown open on solemn occasions when the people are allowed to enter and view the holy place. On these two doors and in a line with them on the dummy doors and in the intervening spaces are eight colossal wooden figures of Imra. The effigies are hewn out of the wood, and stand in relief against the great planks which constitute the greater part of the front or east wall of the temple. The figures are probably seven feet high, and represent Imra seated and working a goat skin butter-churn. The face of each is prodigious. The square cut chin reaches within a hand's breadth of the goat skin on the god's knees. The brows and nose are, in the majority of the figures, scored with lines, while those on the two doors have rough iron bells suspended between the eyes. The goat skins are represented as carved all over. Above the faces of the images a large circular head-dress appears with a horizontal line of carving across the middle, and vertical cuttings running upwards and downwards from it. Between several of the figures there are rows of what appear to be intended for cows' or rams' heads. From one of these rows the heads can be drawn out of their sockets, and the glories of the interior are partially disclosed. Above the colossal images is a board ornamented with small figures and horns. On the outer side of the temple to the north are five other huge wooden figures which help to support the roof. On the south side the ornamentation is almost entirely confined to the upper part of the wall, which consists of a series of carved panels. On the west there is little or no attempt at ornament of any kind.

I was only permitted to view the interior through the peep holes already referred to, which afforded me merely a tantalizing glimpse. In the centre of the floor there is a square fireplace, from the four corners of which pillars extend to the roof of the building. On each of these pillars more than one subject had been carefully cut. For instance,

on one of them were two huge faces. Facing the entrance there was in the middle of the west wall a structure which looked like an altar. It was built of clay and provided with a wooden shelf. Above this, on the wall, was something I at first mistook for a square cloth, but which I eventually satisfied myself was a design painted in squares. On the same wall to the south were other similarly designed but differently shaped paintings, and drawings of animals done in the usual Káfir conventional style. I could just see a portion of the top of an idol of Imra, occupying the north-east corner of the temple. Projecting from the top of the temple and corresponding with this spot, there was a small wedge-shaped wooden structure which looked like the roof of a canopy over the idol. As far as could be seen, the walls of the temple were adorned all round with carved hats of an irregular half spherical shape, stuck on the end of poles. The whole temple must have occupied a great deal of time and labour for the Presuns to complete, so simple are they, and so rude are their tools. It is regarded by them and by all other Káfirs as a stupendous monument to the glory of Imra.

Imra's hand-writing.

Close to the south wall of the temple outside is a small square wood and stone erection about four feet high and of the usual construction, with poles surmounted by rams' heads at each corner. Upon it are certain stones, believed by the Káfirs to bear the impressions of Imra's hand in the shape of sacred writing. These supposed writings of the Almighty consist merely of a curious arrangement of a dark lustrous mineral in a greyish blue stone. The stones themselves are smooth and water-worn, and the dark lustrous flaws are like the wavy V's which children use for depicting birds. People in bad health often sacrifice to these stones with the very best results.

The mysterious hole.

A short distance from the temple in thick grass near the river is the famous hole. All that is to be seen is a patch of jungle grass, limited in extent and easily overlooked. I was particularly requested not to approach the spot, and replied that as I was a guest and a visitor of the tribe I would not think of doing so. The spot had already been examined by Afghan raiders, brought into the country by the Wai tribe, and the priests possibly thought that if I also went to see the sacred hole, their fables might be exposed. The sceptical Afghans did not suffer in any way, so the revised legend about the hole now is that any Káfir looking down it dies at once, and that Christians are also Káfirs. The old story was that anyone looking down the hole saw the nether world and died at once. An old Káfir once assured me that he had seen with his own eyes a man killed in this way. Occasionally, not more than once in many years, a horse is obtained from somewhere and sacrificed at this spot. The officiating priest moves backwards, not daring to look behind him, and cautiously removes a few of the stones which encircle the orifice. Then, taking some of the horse's blood, he throws it backwards over his shoulder, and after replacing the stones, quickly moves away.

Imra's iron bar.

Close by the temple, in a house in the valley, there is a miraculous iron bar placed in its present position by Imra himself. I was with some reluctance conducted into the apartment where the bar was said to be buried under a heap of juniper-cedar branches. The proprietor of the house, a great and holy man, seemed greatly relieved on finding I listened to all he had to say about this iron pillar and yet showed no inclination to verify his statements by searching the heap of branches.

Other places sacred to Imra.

There are large tracts of meadow land bordering the river in the Presun country which are reserved in honour of Imra. In these places cattle may graze but the grass may not be cut for fodder, nor may ploughs turn over the soil. Besides the great temple at Kstigigrom there are other temples to Imra in probably every village in Káfiristán; also at particular places, such as Ahmed Diwána, below Purstán, on the left bank of the Bashgul river, and many other sacred spots. These temples or shrines are small, and have no peculiarity distinguishing them from those of the other gods. They are about five feet square and perhaps six feet high.* The lower two-thirds or three-fourths are made of rubble masonry, built between wooden frames of squared timbers. The top part is often entirely of wood with a door or window in front, through which the idol, or the sacred stone which does duty for the idol, may be seen. In some cases poles are placed at the corners of the wooden roof. The poles are sometimes surmounted by fragments of iron, such as tongueless bells, iron skull-pieces, and other similar objects, placed there to commemorate some successful raid, during which they were obtained and brought back as trophies.

* The dimensions of these shrines are given from memory only. The references in my diaries generally run: "Imra's shrine, usual size and shape," "Imra's house, ordinary pattern," and so on. These objects were so commonly seen that I must have imagined they had been described over and over again in my different diaries, but no actual measurements are anywhere recorded.

Imra almost always has a shrine to himself. So also have Gísh and Moni, although not invariably. The other gods are often associated, three, four, or even five being worshipped in one idol-house, the breadth of which is then proportionately enlarged, and each idol appears at its own particular window. At Kámdesh, near the east part of the valley, is a very sacred spot with a temple to Gísh fitted with a door which is removed for a limited period each year. At three of the corners poles project upwards, two of which are crowned with caps, one of iron, the other of mail, brought back from some successful foray, the third is hung round with a bunch of tongueless, roughly-made iron bells, which are carried about and clashed together at a particular festival. Immediately facing Gísh's shrine is a similar but smaller structure dedicated to Moni. It is occupied by three stones in a row, the middle and largest being worshipped as Moni. At Imra's shrine, at the top of the village, a conventionally carved face appears at the little door, but the popular place for sacrificing to him is at the foot of the village, where there is the simple block of stone under a mulberry tree, which has been already referred to. Near it also there is a sacred muddy pool dug out of the hillside and protected by a door. To the north of the east part of the village of Bragamátal there is a shrine on the hillside which is hung about with juniper-cedar all along the front. It has five windows, from four of which idols look out into the world. To begin from the right there are Dizane, (Shumai or Krumai), Saranji, and Satarám. Dizane's idol has a round face with white stones for eyes, and an irregular white quartz fragment for a mouth. She has a cheerful and even comical appearance, while the others having the usual extensive flat surface for the lower part of the face, and no mouths, either because time has removed them or the shadows conceal the short lines intended to represent teeth and lips look extraordinarily solemn. In Presungul the idol-houses are much more carved and ornamented than in the Bashgul valley, while the god is often shown seated under a wedge-shaped roof, and sometimes engaged in playing a musical instrument. At Diogrom there is a Monitán (Moni place, *i.e.*, shrine) where the "prophet" is made into an extraordinary shape. He is furnished with large circular eyes with a dot in the middle, he has cat-like moustaches, and appears to be holding his head in his hands, the face peering out between the points of long horns which starting from below cross and recross each other till they reach the god's chin. Occasionally the shrine is placed on top of a village tower in Presungul, a plan I have seen in no other district. The only really elaborate shrine I know in the Bashgul Valley is Dizane's at Kámdesh. It was built by men brought from Presungul for this purpose. It is covered with carving and has the wedge-shaped roof so common in Presungul and practically never seen in the Bashgul Valley except at this place. Along both sides of the base of the sloping roof poles are fixed and support wooden images of birds, said to be pigeons. This is really a very pretty little temple. Some of the shrines, however, are allowed to fall into a dilapidated state, as for instance at Ahmed Diwána, but they are not necessarily unpopular on that account. It seems to be no one's business to repair isolated shrines, and in the Bashgul Valley no Káfir is fervid enough or sufficiently public-spirited to do the work. In Presungul they are always in good repair.

Besides the idols or sacred stones in idol-houses, there are a large number of other sacred stones set up in different places to which sacrifices are regularly made. Some are said to be of divine or supernatural origin, some have been placed in their present position to be worshipped, others have been erected to the memory of ancestors. It is of the first two varieties only that I speak at present. Besides the Imra stone at Kámdesh, there is another famous stone at the meeting of the Kti and Presun rivers, which is said to have been placed there by Imra himself, and there are many others, all over Káfiristán. Bagisht has a popular place of worship at the mouth of the Skorigul, Duzhi and Bagisht have sacred stones near Urmir village, and numerous other instances might be cited. Sometimes a sacrifice is made to one of these stones from a long distance, as for instance from the top of Kámdesh village to Bagisht's shrine at the mouth of the Skorigul.

It would seem that Moni, called emphatically "the" prophet, ought to be ranked next to Imra. He is worshipped with more respect than enthusiasm, especially at Kámdesh and Bragamátal. In Presungul he retains his rightful position in the Káfir Pantheon. Traditionally he is the god always selected by Imra to carry out his orders, to exterminate demons, and so forth, and there are few stories related of him in any other connexion. In spite of the popularity of Gísh worship, I believe Moni is the head of the inferior deities. In almost every village he has a shrine. At Kamu his little temple is better than that of any other god, but at all places he is occasionally sacrificed to by pious persons, when he shows, in a way elsewhere described, that he is desirous of a sacrifice. In Presungul, at the upper part of the valley, there

Gods
grouped for
worship.

Sacred stones
outside
temples.

Moni.

are two small patches of glacier several miles apart opposite to one another. They are called Moni's marks, and are affirmed to be the places where the gods stand to play the game of aluts. At the village of Diogrom I was shown a block of stone of no great size, an isolated fragment of gneiss. Its presence in the village was accounted for in the following way. Once upon a time, for some reason not stated, Moni found himself in Hell. He wished to get out, but could not. An eagle at length offered to carry the prophet up to the earth, but Moni doubted the bird's ability to perform such a feat. The eagle, however, made good its words, and placing the prophet on one wing and the stone on the other as a counterpoise, flew up through the earth and emerged at Diogrom, where he deposited the prophet and the stone, which remains to this day to testify to the truth of the narrative. At the religious dances Moni is honoured equally with the other gods by being given three rounds, but there is nothing peculiar about the ceremony.

Gish.

Gish, or Great Gish as he is always called, is by far the most popular god of the Bashgul Káfir. Every village has one or more shrines dedicated to his worship. He is the war god, and however sceptical the Bashgul youth may be on some points they are all fervid in their admiration for and devotion to Gish. The Chief of the Kalash villagers of Utzun once informed me he was of real Káfir blood through his mother, and to emphasize the difference between him and the other Kalash villagers, told me the Utzun people worshipped Gish, whose shrine had been erected by the speaker's father. On this account he affirmed that the Utzun folk were true Káfirs. In order to compliment a Káfir and to make his eyes glisten it is only needful to compare him to Gish, and it is impossible to say a more acceptable thing to a Káfir woman than to call her "Gish istri," that is, Gish's wife. Gish in the Káfir idea was not born of a woman. His life was derived direct from Imra; by a word he was created. He lived on this earth as a man. He was first and foremost a warrior, a man of iron nerves, fierce and sudden in his terrible onslaughts. He spent his life in fighting and died as a hero should. In his furious lightning-like attacks and in his desperate enterprises he was successfully above all others. He is the Káfir type of a true man, and can never be sufficiently honoured. Fabulous numbers of enemies felt the weight of his fateful hand. He killed Hazrat Ali, he killed Hassan and Hasein, in short he killed nearly every famous Mahomedan the Káfirs ever heard of. After killing Hazrat Ali he played with the head with a polo stick just as the Chitráli princes play polo at the present day. Some say Gish's earthly name was Yasid. Several villages pride themselves on possessing two idol-houses dedicated to Gish. At Kámdesh there is only one, but an extraordinary number of bulis and male goats must be sacrificed before it every year. The front of the shrine is black with coagulated blood. Dozens of goats are killed there at a time, and the temple is drenched with the ladlefuls of blood cast upon it. The initiatory sacrifices for the Jast ceremonies are performed at Gish's shrine. That grimy little temple must have looked upon many other ghastly ceremonies, the worst of which perhaps is when a wretched Mahomedan prisoner is brought there for a regular service, in which probably nearly the whole of the village participates, and is then taken to the coffin box of some dead warrior and there slain in order to satisfy the indignant ghost of the deceased. For the last 11 days of April, and during the first four days of May 1891, every morning and night for a full hour slaves beat drums in honour of Gish. During the same period and for four additional days the "inspired" priest Sharu, having taken the tongueless iron bells already referred to from Gish's shrine, went about the village ringing them against one another. He carried them on three iron rings six inches in diameter, three bells on each ring, and occasionally dusted them with a small branch of juniper-cedar. At night he deposited them in any house he chose, when the delighted householder at once sacrificed a male goat, and made merry with his friends. During his wanderings about the village Sharu was followed by troops of little boys, to whom he occasionally threw handfuls of walnuts, and then chased them with pretended ferocity. If he overtook one of them he gave them a slight bang with the bells. The children all the time imitated the bleating of a goat. On May 1, 1891, Sharu was more than usually inspired. He came towards my house early in the morning, his face whitened with flour plastered on with ghee. He was rushing about in the maddest way, clashing the bells and brandishing his dancing-axe. The muscular exertion he underwent was remarkable. He threw himself about like an untiring acrobat, while his voice was prodigious. He was followed by the high priest, the Kaneash of the year, a small ordinary crowd and groups of little boys. The great men spoke soothingly to the "possessed" Sharu and recited at intervals religious responses to the glory of Gish. My dogs rushed at Sharu with open mouth, and loud outcry. I hurried to the rescue with whip and

whistle, for dogs are impure in Káfiristán, but Utah and the others had driven them off before Sharu hurled his bells at them, missing them intentionally I am sure. This wild impostor, as he undoubtedly was, was an excellent fellow at bottom, and a great friend of mine. He would never do anything, even in his most "inspired" moments, which he thought would trouble me. A few minutes later he came to see me, his face washed and his manner placid, but before he recovered his ordinary sanity he ordered a man named Nilira to sacrifice a bull to Gísh. The mandate was at once joyfully obeyed, as had been two similar orders on the preceding day. During this time of the year the door of Gísh's temple remained open; Sharu simply took away the door, ultimately replacing it on July 9. In the month of September for ten days drums are beaten morning noon and night in honour of Gísh. Every small raiding party which has been successful in that it has killed someone, after some preliminary formalities is taken to the gromma, where the heroes with their female relatives dance solemnly to Gísh. At all the spring and other religious dances, the moment the drums begin to beat a particular measure, the pipers cease and the spectators know that a Gísh dance is about to be performed. Usually the utmost enthusiasm prevails, the lookers on stimulating the dancers with shrill cat-calls. Every dancer braces himself for a supreme effort. The whistlings cease as the performers begin to shuffle with intense solemnity, while the spectators follow with excited glances every movement of the dance. In Presungul Gísh seems to be much less admired than among the Siah-Posh tribes. Only male animals are offered to Gísh, such as bulls and goats. Certain smooth holes in rocks are often pointed out as Gísh's cannon.

Bagisht is a popular deity. He presides over rivers, lakes, and fountains, and helps good men in various ways in their struggle for wealth and power. It is more particularly because Káfirs believe that by sacrificing to Bagisht they will become rich that they are assiduous in his worship. To the miraculous birth of this god reference has been made in another place. Like all the other godlings he is believed to have lived in this world as a man, and to have become deified after his death. I am not aware of any temple erected to Bagisht. I cannot remember one. There are three celebrated places where he is particularly worshipped. One is at the mouth of the Skorigul, where a simple stone marks a sacred spot visited by large numbers of people who sacrifice sheep there. Another is in Presungul. The third is at Wagúk, which from the description of the journey to it related to me, appears to be in Badakhshán or somewhere west of Minján. A Káfir I know, went there, taking a big male goat as an offering. He plumes himself on having made the journey. Another place sacred to Bagisht is about half a mile of the river channel in the Kunar Valley, just above the village Nári. At Kámdesh there is a stone at the foot of the hill by the village of Urmir where sheep are sacrificed, but the only other place, I believe, is above the village, near Imra's little temple, where the offerings are made to the sacred spot at the mouth of the Skorigul. Just at the rise to the bridge which spans the Bashgul river at the village of Bagalgrom there is a blood-smothered stone where sacrifices are also made to Bagisht. The usual offerings to this deity are sheep, although goats also are sometimes given.

The god Arom I never heard of until I had been in Káfiristán several months. Nevertheless, he is the tutelary deity of the Kám. His shrine, a simple wooden framework containing a large fragment of stone, is made of short beams square-hewn, and placed over each other in pairs alternately. In shape the little shrine resembles one of the ordinary effigy pedestals, but is a little larger, and wood only is used in its construction. When a war is brought to a successful close and terms of peace are agreed upon, the animals are taken to Arom's shrine and there sacrificed. The number of animals demanded from the opposing tribe depends entirely on the strength it retains. If very weak many bulls would have to be given, while if peace were made on equal terms a bull would be exchanged between the late belligerents. The High Priest, knowing that I was interested in the Káfir gods, once came to inform me that Arom had seven brothers. There, unhappily, his knowledge ended. He did not know the names of any of the seven, or anything else about them. When the time comes for the Kaneash to cast aside their distinctive garments, a portion of the ceremony which has to be gone through before they can assume their ordinary clothes is for each of them to sacrifice a male goat to Arom. This is before they shave their heads and beards.

Of the gods Sanru, Saranji or Sauranju, Satarám or Sudaram, Inthr, Duzhi, Nong, Shomde, and Paráde, I know little or nothing. Sanru, I was told, was the father of Saranji, although other informants had assured me that all the inferior gods, except Bagisht, were created directly by Imra. Saranji is the tutelary deity of the village

of Pontzgrom. He has a little shrine on the top of the village tower, and a second near the mouth of the Pontzgul. He is also worshipped in the Bashgul Valley. Satarám is the weather god. He regulates the rainfall. Inthr I only heard of because he fought with Imra, as already related, and had to retreat from Badáwan to the Tsarogul (Péché). Duzhi has a shrine near Urmir village. It consists of a stone, and is close by Bagisht. Nong and Shomde are deities peculiar to the Presungul. The latter is the tutelary deity of the village of Diogrom. Paráde I never could learn anything of. I discovered his existence by learning on one occasion that he had expressed a desire to be sacrificed by means of the swinging bow. But all my questions concerning him were of no avail. No one knew anything about him except that "he was created by Imra."

Dizane.

Dizane is a popular goddess, and is worshipped wherever I have been in Káfiristán. The Giché, or new year festival, is entirely in her honour, and she also has special observances during the Dizanedu holidays. Everybody who has a son born to him in the preceding year offers a goat to Dizane at Giché. Dizane takes care of the wheat crop, and to propitiate her, or to increase the produce of wheat fields, simple offerings are made, unaccompanied by the slaughter of an animal. A great irrigation channel is shown the traveller in Presungul, which it is affirmed that Dizane herself constructed. There is also a good bridge in the same district called by her name. When the men of a tribe are away raiding, and the women collect in the villages to dance day and night to propitiate their gods, and sing their praises, Dizane is one of the chief deities they supplicate for help. To her their hymn goes something like this: "Send my man home safe and unwounded;" while to Gish, for instance, they sing: "Send us many goats, and cows, and other plunder." The legend which ascribes Bagisht to Dizane as her son has already been referred to, as well as the mythological story which makes Dizane the trunk of the fabulous tree whose roots were the goddess Nirmali, while the branches were seven families of brothers, each seven in number. I have been assured by some Káfirs that Dizane was the daughter of Satarám. She may have been originally the goddess of fruitfulness. She usually shares a shrine with other deities, but at Kámdeh she has the prettiest little temple I have seen in Káfiristán all to herself. There at the Munzilo festival those Kaneash who live in the upper village have to sleep.

Nirmali.

Nirmali is the Káfir Lucina. She takes care of women and children, and protects lying-in women. The women's retreats, the psbars, are under her especial protection.

Krumai.

This goddess I thought was a god for several months, in fact until I saw her effigy in one of the dancing houses in Presungul, when no doubt could remain concerning her sex. She is worshipped everywhere, I believe, but I have never been present at any sacrifice in her honour. She lives, according to some authorities, on Tirich Mir. But I know her chiefly by a comical dance performed in her name, which always winds up the performances at the regular ceremonies, when each important deity is danced to in turn.

Fairies.

We now come to the fairies. These aerial spirits are everywhere in Káfiristán. They have to be propitiated in order that the millet crops may be good. A fire is lit in the centre of the growing crop, juniper-cedar, gbee, and bread are placed upon it, and a certain ritual intoned. No animal is sacrificed. At the time that the ceremony to the fairies is being prepared, certain thick bread cakes have to be offered to Yush the devil. So also when Dizane is being invoked to protect or improve the wheat, Yush has to be simultaneously propitiated. There is a certain powerful fairy, called the Charmo Vetr, who lives high up the Kutaringul, a ravine which empties its waters into the Bashgul River between Mirkani and Arundo. This vetr (fairy) continually receives offerings of goats and kids from the Kám tribe, and in return has given that people great help against their enemies. My tent, owing to the great heat in Kámdeh, was pitched for some time under a magnificent deodar tree above the village. In the branches of this beautiful cedar a fairy dwelt, and in addition there was an Imra stone concealed somewhere in the foliage. For the twofold reasons, cheeses for sacrifices and other offerings could be left there unguarded by mortals, for no one would dare to steal the property placed in this manner under supernatural protection. The fairies are often mischievous, and at sacrifices often cause the inspired priest much anxiety. He is constantly impelled to rush forward to save the basket of flour from being carried off by them. They also take a particular delight in annoying him. Sometimes he is pushed violently about, and his raiment torn to ribbons by malicious fairies. I have often watched these men when they were on the look-out for vetrs, and have admired their dramatic start of surprise and fear when the fairy manifested

its presence, and the wonderful physical energy which certain of them put into their performances. Káfiristán is indeed a fairyland. A fairy has appeared to Sharu in my dwelling room, and I have been cautioned more than once about the necessary precautions to be taken to prevent subsequent disaster to myself. The precautions usually consisted in my being advised to eat some particularly delicate food, and to keep a vigil. I think on the whole, however, that the Káfir fairies, if properly propitiated, are more benevolent than malicious. On the night preceding the Dizanedu festival there is an annual dance in honour of the fairies.

The demons and their chief, Yush, are rather dubious spirits. Yush himself is of red colour, "like English soldiers," and lives in rocks. He loves to seize travellers at night and destroy them, but if a man is wearing his dagger he is never molested. In most of the stories in which Yush is introduced, he is made to appear as a foil to Imra. So with the other devils. The end of such narratives generally is that the devils were cut to pieces. In Presungul I passed several ruins which looked like deserted villages, the inhabitants of which had been content with very small houses. I was told that those places were the remains of Yush villages, formerly built and inhabited by devils. On a block of stone in Shtevgom village, there is what is said to be the impression of Yush's hand. It is of colossal size, and has five fingers, besides the thumb. Towers and tunnels are also pointed out as having been constructed by Yush. In some way the devils are often connected in narratives with iron or iron structures. Iron is found in certain countries because Imra cast devils into them. Iron bridges are made out of devil's bodies, and so forth. By the side of a track leading to the upper part of Kámdesh there is a small rough altar, always covered with the ashes of a recent fire. They are the remains of sacrifices made to Yush to propitiate him and induce him not to make mischief. When offerings are made to Dizane or to the fairies, so that the fields may yield good crops of wheat and millet, Yush is always given a particular kind of thick bread-cake at the same time. Yush seems to be always mischievous, never benevolent. His machinations must be guarded against or he must be propitiated by sacrifices. I believe, however, that he is never danced to.

Yush and the
demons.

There are distinct traces of ancestor worship, although it is strenuously denied by the people. The effigies erected to the memory of the dead are sometimes sacrificed to and their pedestals sprinkled with blood by descendants or near relatives suffering from sickness. Long fragments of stone are set on end in many places. These, no doubt, are partly intended as cenotaphs, but a goat is always killed when they are erected. The Marnma festival is in honour of the illustrious dead. The two last days of the Duban are also devoted to dancing, feasting, and singing for dead and gone heroes. In Presungul there are no effigies erected to deceased relations as is so popular a custom with the Siah-Posh Káfirs, and I believe the same thing may be said of the Waiguli. In Presungul I myself noticed nothing in the nature of ancestor worship.

Ancestor
worship.

Concerning the existence of fire worship in Káfiristán, the evidence is not so convincing. Indeed, the only fact I know in support of it is that at all the Agars a sacred fire to Imra is lit by the Uir Jast, and must on no account be omitted, even when, owing to sickness or other tribal calamity, dancing is not indulged in.

Fire worship.

The functionaries of religion are the Utah or high priest, the Debilála, who chants the praises of the gods, and the Pshur, the individual who is supposed to become temporarily inspired during religious ceremonies, and at other times as well.

Religious
functionaries.

The High Priest, the Utah, is a very important personage. The Kám priest is the seventh of his line in direct descent. He is also the head of the Utahdári clan, one of the most important in the tribe, and belongs to a wealthy family. There is another Utah for the village of Pittigul, but he is not the tribal priest, and is of small importance. The Katirs of the Bashgul Valley have as their Utah Kán Mára, of Bragamatal, who is far above everyone else of his tribe in wealth and importance. All the Utahs are greatly respected. In Presungul there is one to each village and some of the elders among them are considered very holy men indeed. They are all of them rich men. In the Bashgul Valley the priest takes two shares of every animal sacrificed, and has other perquisites as well. On the march and elsewhere he takes precedence of every one. Even before he is a Jast he is allowed the privilege of seating himself on a stool outside a dwelling, which no one else under the rank of Mír may do. Certain places are considered impure for him. He may not traverse certain paths which go near to the receptacles for the dead, nor may he visit the cemeteries. He may not go into the actual room where a death has occurred, until after an effigy has been erected

The High
Priest.

to the deceased. Slaves may cross his threshold, but must not approach the hearth. The high priest is present at all the principal religious ceremonies, and, whenever possible, officiates at the sacrifices at the different shrines.

The
Debilála.

The Debi'ála is also a man held in high respect, particularly amongst the Kám tribe. He recites the praises of the gods in whose honour a sacrifice is being made, and at the great religious dances in the spring has a special place assigned to him in the centre of the performers and by the side of the priest, where he sings and dances. He also is debarred from using certain pathways supposed to be impure. The Kám Debilála, Arakon, was in the habit of closing one ear with a finger while singing. As the sound of his voice was in that way intensified to his own hearing, he imagined that its volume was actually increased.

The
Pshur.

The Pshur is the individual who is supposed to be the subject of temporary inspiration. He has already been referred to more than once. At times he behaves with the utmost violence, but there seems to be no rule on this point. The Kám Pshur's antics were extraordinary. He was a very muscular man, furnished by nature with a magnificent voice. Occasionally he used to rush about and shout like a maniac. One of the Katir Pshurs, a Kti Káfir, was a wonderful athlete, and when "possessed" performed remarkable feats of activity and strength; but another Katir Pshur adopted other methods. He used to stare fixedly with his light blue eyes on some object invisible to all but himself, while his right arm and leg shook violently. The Presungul Pshurs were in the habit of falling on one knee and invoking the invisible object with a trembling tongue. On the whole, the Bashgul Pshurs are despised by their fellows. The latter believe they are sometimes really inspired, but that generally they are merely liars, as the Káfirs put it in their direct way of speaking. The Presungul Pshurs are held in much higher esteem by the tribe.

I think the majority of the Pshurs believe in themselves to a certain doubtful extent. I imagine the Kám Pshur knew himself to be an imposter, but believed in other Pshurs, and expected some day or other to be really inspired himself. One of these individuals was really a madman, while others had practised their vocation for so long a time that they were not quite sane. I gave the Kám Pshur some brandy on one occasion; he almost immediately saw a vetr (fairy). He became greatly agitated, turned very pale, and it was some time before the High Priest, by direct appeals to Inra, could restore his subordinate to peace and rationality. I once gave another Pshur some opium pills for a cough. The result of the opium on the man was that he was greatly possessed all day, jumped and shouted, and played all manner of antics. We were on the march at the time. The Pshur was known as a terrible homicide, and was certainly half a madman. All the Káfirs we met gave us a wide berth, looking at my companion with dislike and mistrust. The Kám Pshur was turned out of Kámdeh, and sent back to his own tribe, the Mádugál Káfirs, when two young Kám Káfirs were killed while on a raiding expedition. I suppose he had given a wrong prediction, or ought to have foretold this calamity, for all the village, and particularly the fathers of the slain, were extremely angry. I afterwards discovered that the Kám, having no inspired person in their own tribe, had imported their Pshur from Mádugál; otherwise I do not see how they could have got rid of him. The Bragamatál Pshur, while I was in Káfiristán, declared that Gísh demanded more sacrifices, and had given a general order to the Bashgul Káfirs "to attack." This resulted in a raid on the Amzhi Valley of the Wai people, and originated a bloody war, which, no doubt, still continues.

Temporary
priests.

Besides these regular functionaries of religion there are other individuals who temporarily act as priests. They are the Kaneash, who are on the point of completing the ceremonies for the rank of Jast. They are considered pure, and at some sacrifices at any rate perform the duties of the Utah or high priest.

Conversation
with the
gods.

Certain other individuals also have certain particular functions to perform. For instance, if it is desired to find out which particular god is desirous of being sacrificed to, a particular man is called upon to supply the desired information. Among the Kám this man was one of the Jast named Widing Chandlu. The following is a full account of the ceremony I witnessed on November 28, 1890.

There had been a great deal of bad weather, and a public-spirited individual announced his intention of sacrificing a goat in the hope of getting it improved. We all assembled in the living room of his house. The place was crowded, and among those present was Widing Chandlu. After some conversation he got up and fetched a bow from his own house. Arakon, the Debilála, strung the bow and then handed it back to Chandlu, who had in the interval bound his head round with a piece of white cloth. The proceedings were opened by the High Priest, who rose from his seat and

went to the door, where he stood facing us. Immediately to his right, close to the blazing fire, bowls of ghee, wine, and water, and a pile of juniper-cedar branches had been placed ready for use. Having washed his hands very carefully several times with water poured over them by an acolyte, Utah threw a few drops of water up at the smoke hole, sprinkling also the fire and the ground on each side of him as he repeated the word "such" three times. He next set fire to a small branch of cedar, extinguished it in the water vessel, and then sprinkled a few drops of water about with it. It was then immersed once more in the water, and the bowl in which it was, was placed at Widing Chandlu's right hand. Utah now took some more cedar, which he ignited and waved about while he repeated the word "such." He finished by making the peculiar sound "o-o-o-u-r-r," swinging both hands forward at the same time, at which signal all the congregation cried "i-i-i-yamach" with one voice. More cedar branches were then added to the fire, which crackled and blazed merrily, while Utah kept invoking the gods in words I could not understand, and Arakon, the Debilála, who was seated at my side, recited a sort of refrain, always coming in at the proper moment with the "i-i-i-yamach" chorussed by the people. These particular acts accomplished, Widing began his own special duty. From the water vessel on his right he sprinkled the bow three times, repeating each time the word "such." He then, doubling his left fist, enclosed it in his right palm, the bow-string resting below his crossed thumbs. With elbows on thighs, and wrists on knees, he attentively watched the bow, while with a rapid utterance he named the Káfir gods one after the other. Before very long the bow began to swing evenly backwards and forwards. The motion could only have been communicated to the bow by a slight backwards and forwards movement of the hands at the wrists. I closed one eye, and by the aid of a mark on an adjacent pillar distinctly saw the movement of the hands I have described, and I almost expected Widing Chandlu to look at me and close one eye also. He did nothing of the kind, but went on with his imposture in the most solemn way. The name on Widing Chandlu's lips at the moment the bow began to sway was held to be the name of the god who was attentive to the proceedings. Chandlu stopped the swaying of the bow by dancing it up and down by the string, while he made a sound with his lips as if he were talking to a canary. These proceedings he repeated several times until all the information desired had been communicated by the gods. It was to the following effect:—First, Moni was attentive, but on being asked if he would like a goat to be sacrificed in his name, made no response, so it was held that he had declined the honour. Then Satarám behaved in a precisely similar way. Finally, Paráde accepted the proffered goat, and after a lavish banquet we all left.

There are two wise women in the village of Purstám who can foretell the result of a raid. They stand opposite to one another, each balancing two arrows in the palms of their hands. They then approach one another and allow the free ends of the arrows to touch, whereupon in a supernatural way all the arrows shuffle together, and it is by noticing which arrow remains on top that they know whether the raiding party will be successful or the reverse. I was assured that if the omen was against the tribe messengers would be sent to bring the warriors back if they had already started, or to stop them if they had not already gone. Divination
by arrows.

As mentioned before, all important religious ceremonies are presided over by the High Priest who almost invariably officiates at the sacrifices at the different shrines in his village. Away from the headquarters of the tribe there is usually some individual specially appointed to do the work of the Utah, but no animal is ever killed for food in Káfiristán except in the orthodox manner. On such occasions anyone may perform the ceremony, although it is usual to invite the most important man present to do so. On the march, and on occasions when all the proper adjuncts of the ceremony cannot be obtained, the proceedings are shorn of much of their usual detail, but even then a certain ritual has to be gone through, and the animal to be killed, if it is a sheep or a goat, must shake itself to show it has been accepted by the god to whom it is being offered. To make it do so water is poured into its ear, and all down its spine by the priest or his substitute. It is not sufficient for the animal to merely shake its head to get the water out of its ears; it must shake the whole body as a wet dog shakes itself. When it does this a kissing sound is made by all present and the animal is forthwith slaughtered. Sometimes there is a considerable delay in this part of the ceremony, when the onlookers appear to be reasoning with the animal on its obstinacy, while the god is at the same time invoked to accept the offering. At all offerings at shrines juniper-cedar branches must be used. They may be supplemented by ordinary cedar, but the sacred juniper must be employed also. At Kámdesh it is somewhat difficult to obtain, and has to be brought from a considerable distance. It is stored up in houses Sacrifices.

for winter use with as much care as if it were necessary food. In the upper part of the Bashgul Valley, where it is plentiful, it is festooned on shrines and fastened round the brows of effigies, but this is rarely done in Kámdesh owing to the scarcity of the tree.

Goats are sacrificed in considerable numbers, 10 to 15 at a time, on particular occasions, as for instance when the Kaneash are giving their public banquets. At such times it does not seem necessary for the animals to shake themselves as a sign they have been accepted by the gods. They are sprinkled with water during the ceremony and are forthwith killed without any other observances; but single animals certainly, when away from the chief shrines, cannot lawfully be killed until they unmistakably shake themselves.

When a single animal is killed in a room, on a house-top, or when travelling, a full ritual is used if it is possible to do so. The priest always has a fragment of cotton cloth bound round his temples when out of his own house, and any one acting as his deputy for the time being also likes to bind his head in a similar way. Boots are removed and hands washed. The fire is kindled, and ghee, and cedar branches placed upon it. Water is sprinkled about on the shrine, the fire, the animal, and, in-doors, is thrown up at the smoke hole, while the word "such" is repeated. Ignited juniper-cedar branches are waved about to the same accompaniment, then ghee, flour, and bread, are placed on the fire. The god to be sacrificed to is then invoked, and if the Debilála is present his praises are recited. The animal after it has shaken itself as already described is seized by the feet and thrown over a stool, across a man's knee, or on to the ground. A dagger or knife is then thrust through the neck the point of the weapon being entered at the angle of the jaw on one side and brought out at the other, the knife is made to cut towards the spine, severing the arteries in that position and is then turned round and made to cut out through the gullet, windpipe, and skin. Some of the blood is caught in a long handled cup or in the palm of the half-closed hand and sprinkled on the fire while regular responses to the priest's invocation are made by the by-standers. The animal's head is then forcibly dislocated and separated from the body by a few touches of the knife. It is then placed at the edge of the fire for a few seconds, just long enough to singe the muzzle, and is then withdrawn. A few more recitations are made by the priest and responded to by the people and the ceremony is finished. The exact moment when the Pshur, if present, becomes temporarily inspired is uncertain, while the violence of his antics depends entirely on the man himself and on the way he is irritated or worked upon by the spirits.

Goats and kids are frequently sacrificed on the house-tops, but sheep are not considered worthy of this honour. In sacrificing a bull or a cow precisely the same formalities are gone through as have been described, except that the head is not cut off and put in the fire. The animal is killed by a stroke behind the horns with a small axe. Immediately after a sacrifice the animals are cut up. Any one can cut up a sheep or a goat, but cattle are skinned and divided by slaves. When many goats are sacrificed at one time the bystanders draw lots who shall skin each particular animal in the following way. Some one collects their walking clubs into a bundle and then rapidly draws out the sticks and throws one or two, as the case may be, on the carcase of each animal. Each man follows his stick and sets to work on the carcase on which it was thrown. This prevents all dispute about the distribution of the work to be done. Offerings made without the sacrifice of any animal are conducted in a precisely similar manner in all the other details.

The following is a description of the offering of 15 goats at Gísh's shrine at Kámdesh. The audience was small on this particular occasion, numbering about 30, who arranged themselves in an irregular semi-circle in front of the shrine with Utah in front and the Debilála and the Pshur immediately behind him. The congregation behaved like average religious audiences in England, that is to say, without any special enthusiasm but with a certain amount of formal decorum, while the younger people were not without a suspicion of light-heartedness. Fifteen handsome male goats were slowly driven up to the shrine by two little boys, who, considering that their part of the work was then over, ran away and shirked the religious function as boys will, all the world over. Utah cast a critical glance round to see that all preparations had been properly made. There was a small fire lit and covered with cedar branches which emitted a dense white smoke. A wooden vessel containing millet flour, a second containing ghee, a third filled with wine, and a fourth with water, were placed ready for use, while a prettily carved wooden utensil, shaped something like a teapot, and furnished

with a long dummy wooden spout, held the ghee which was to be thrown upon the shrine. From the other ghee vessel Utah took out several handfuls to put on the cedar branches and brighten the fire. He then in the manner of a man accustomed to perform an important part in public, washed his hands carefully with water poured over them by an attendant. This operation being completed he stood barefooted before the holy place. He first sprinkled the goat with a few drops of water, repeating the word "such" three times, and taking a small quantity of the contents of each vessel, threw it on the small closed door of the shrine, all the time repeating a certain invocation and at the proper times chorussing with the bystanders the phrase "i-i-i-yamach." The goats were then rapidly seized one by one by young men helping at the ceremony, thrown across a stool, and their throats cut. As the blood streamed forth it was caught in flat wooden basins, while another assistant secured a portion of it in a long-handled wooden cup, which he carried to Utah, who cast it upon the shrine, after throwing a small quantity in the fire. Each time he did this he swung both hands forward together and muttered "o-o-o-u-r-r," at which signal the audience repeated "i-i-i-yamach," as before. All the time Arakon, the Debilála, chanted a refrain with his hand placed in front of his left ear as though he were suffering from toothache, while his white consumptive face and cadenced voice gave suggestions of solemnity to the barbarous performance. When the blood ceased flowing into the wooden bowls, the goat's head was forcibly twisted round and detached from the spine by a few touches of the knife, and carefully carried to Utah, who placed it just inside the edge of the fire, and after it was slightly singed withdrew it to be set aside for food. While all this was going on, Sharu, the Pshur, who had been quietly looking on, suddenly hurled away the peaked cap (kullah) which he was wearing and bounded forward. He stretched his arms straight above his head, twirling his hands round and shouting furiously. He then dashed water on to the shrine as though in burlesque of Utah's proceedings. The latter spoke what sounded like soothing words to the inspired man, but which must actually have been an invocation to the god, for at certain periods the audience responded with "i-i-i-yamach." Sharu then bent down, and rapidly swung his clenched hands between his knees and over his head several times. This done he quietly resumed his cap, became quite sane again, and smiled blandly at me. The ceremony concluded with another short recital by Utah, with the customary response by the congregation, after which all touched the forehead just above the eyebrows with the tips of their fingers, making at the same time a kissing sound with their lips. This is the orthodox salutation of a Káfir to a shrine. The word "such," I imagine, means "be pure." Once I was fishing in the Bashgul river. The Káfirs shudder at the idea of eating fish, as an English lady would shrink from the idea of eating a rat, but from curiosity and also to guard me, a number of Kám men, headed by the priest, were seated on the rocks above watching the sport. When I hooked a fish and landed it the priest invariably cried out "such, such, such" in a jocular way. I think no Bashgul Káfir objects to burlesquing the sacrifice ritual. I have seen a boy play the part of the priest in a facetious way, and one of my own followers act the Pshur to the amusement of all spectators. Outside Káfristán the ceremony, if performed at all, is always more or less of a travesty, I think.

The details of the Presun sacrifices and offerings differ from those of the Siah-Posh tribes in certain respects. For instance, there are no responses from the bystanders, although the swaying forward of the hands, which in the Bashgul Valley is the signal for responses from the congregation, is never omitted by the priest. The Utah, alone or in conjunction with the Debilála, performs the entire ceremony. The "such" is replaced by the word "shoo," and in adding the cedar branches, bread, ghee, &c., to the fire, the Utah makes a soft, whining, half mewing noise, and any words he may utter are quite indistinguishable, to my ear, at any rate. The Presun Pshurs never seem to be violent. They fall on one knee by the fire when their turn comes, and go through their performance in an abstracted, half melancholy manner. I know nothing of the behaviour of the Wai people at sacrifices. When a goat has been slaughtered for them they like to dabble some of the blood on their foreheads.

Miracles are occasionally performed. Utah has sometimes told me of such things, but I have never seen any myself. The usual miracle related was of a man under supernatural protection standing for some minutes in the centre of a large fire without being in any way injured. Miracles.

Káfirs sometimes try to cheat a god. For instance, they will wait a few hours after finding out which deity must be sacrificed to for a change in the weather, in the hope that the sky may clear, and the wind stop without an offering being necessary. Once Cheating the gods.

a friend of mine, named Chára, whose little son was apparently dying from small-pox, after he had sacrificed a cow to Imra on the boy's behalf, discovered from the swinging bow that Bagisht wanted an offering of three fine goats. He thereupon bargained with the god that he should have the goats as soon as the boy got well, and not before. The boy recovered, and I hope Bagisht received the goats. I think he did, Chára being a very honest fellow for a Káfir.

Miscellaneous superstitions.

The Káfirs delight in stories of marvellous or supernatural things. Dán Malik, a fine old man, told me he had seen a Mahomedan doctor perform an operation with a knife on a man in the Kunar Valley, and draw out from the bottom of the incision a large centipede, which was the cause of the patient's illness. Dán Malik himself believed the truth of the story he related. My own stories of London, its great size, the number of people who lived there, the conveyance of water and gas through pipes, the use of coal as fuel, the measurement and carrying capacity of ocean steamships, and so on, were highly appreciated. The Káfirs used to cross-examine me a long time afterwards to find out if I stuck to the details of my wonderful stories. Probably they thought it required a great deal more credulity on their part to swallow my narratives than they exacted from me in trying to make me believe their fables. They believe in love philtres and love charms, and long to possess them. They tell of a wonderful grass which grows near the hamlet of Agarú, in the Níchingul, where, if you take a gun and fire at the grass (it is not stated what prompted the first discoverer to make such a curious experiment) the broken blades, before they can fall to the ground, are seized and carried off by pigeons, large flocks of which rise at the report of the gun, and fly away. Once a man managed to secure a blade of this grass and started for his home. More than ten score women, such was the potency of the strange herb, followed him with love-sick moans. As he neared his home his mother came forth and cried out, "O, my son, what is it you have about you which distracts me so much? Whatever it is, cast it away." With filial promptitude the man complied with his mother's request. The fragment of grass fell in the fork of a large tree which was at once split asunder. Much was related to me about certain magical pools of water. There were three in particular, one near the village of Pittigul, another in the Mumán country, the third on the road to Waigul. If anyone approach these pools too closely the water becomes visibly troubled, while if an arrow were dipped in urine and fired at its surface, a mighty torrent rushes forth inundating all the surrounding country. In former times this was frequently done, but has never been repeated of late years. My friends professed an anxiety to show me by practical demonstration that they spoke truthfully, but they never carried out their expressed wish to do so. At Pittigul they declared it could not be done, because if it were the furious water would sweep away all the houses and fields.

THE CALENDAR.

The Bashgul Káfir festivals.

The Káfir year, at least in the Bashgul valley, is divided into 360 days, and marked by special festivals. These festivals are 12 in number, and start with Giché, the first day of the new year. The following list gives all these particular days, and the dates on which they occurred in 1891. The festivals marked with a dagger (†) are those at which I was present with the Kám tribe:—

(1.)	†Giché	-	-	-	-	January 16th.
(2.)	Veron	-	-	-	-	February 3rd.
(3.)	†Taska and the throwing of the Shíl	-	-	-	-	February 18th.
(4.)	Marnma	-	-	-	-	March 8th.
(5.)	†Duban	-	-	-	-	March 19th.
(6.)	†Azhindra	-	-	-	-	April 4th.
(7.)	†Diran	-	-	-	-	May 9th.
(8.)	Gerdulow	-	-	-	-	June 5th.
(9.)	†Patilo	-	-	-	-	June 30th.
(10.)	†Dizanedu	-	-	-	-	July 9th.
(11.)	Munzilo	-	-	-	-	August 17th.
(12.)	†Nilu	-	-	-	-	September 17th.

After Nilu there is a long interval—120 days, it is said—until the next Giché or New Year's Day.

For the purposes of the Calendar only three seasons are enumerated, namely, The seasons. Wazdar (Summer), Sharwar (Autumn), and Zowar (Winter), each of which is computed at 120 days. There is a word in the Kám language, "Wazat," which means spring time, but it is not referred to in counting up the year.

The holidays of the other tribes in the Bashgul Valley are not coincident with those held at Kámdeh, although, as a rule, there was only a difference of a few days in point of time. I do not know why identical festivals were not held on the same date in all the villages. Presumably it had nothing to do with the influence of varying altitudes in the sowing and reaping of crops, nor to any desire on the part of the different tribes to show their complete independence of their neighbours in every particular, while it may have been the result of an amiable wish to receive or pay visits from or to distant villages on the recurrence of the annual festivals, which would be impossible if the feast days clashed. Various dates of festivals.

In addition to the holidays enumerated in the above list, there is a series of rest days or Sabbaths, which occur every Saturday during the time field work is in progress. These rest days are called Agars. In 1891 the first Agar was on April 3, the last on September 17. They usually began at Kámdeh on a Wednesday night, when a fire was lit at the dancing place in honour of Imra, and the people danced and sang to the music of drums and pipes. The duty of lighting the fire for the Agar devolves on the Uir Jast, and was never neglected, even when the village was in mourning for the death of a warrior, or was depressed by reason of epidemic sickness or similar calamities. I failed to discover anything concerning the origin of these Agars. Their observance may have become a national custom the origin of which has been lost. As the Kám people were averse from starting on a journey on the Agar days, and as all the women left their field work altogether on those occasions, it is possible that the Agar was originally considered an unlucky day. This, however, is mere conjecture; my imperfect knowledge of the Káfir tongue and the inefficiency of my interpreters may have combined to prevent my arriving at the truth, quite as much as the dislike of the people to being cross-examined and their impatience at being questioned on points they assumed that everybody understood or ought to understand. As far as the women were concerned it was only field work which was stopped, for I have constantly seen them carrying stones or earth for building operations and engaged in other coolie labour. The Agar.

In the upper part of the Bashgul Valley the Agar usually fell on a Saturday. Although, as I have mentioned, the Kámdeh Agar usually began on a Wednesday evening, this was by no means invariably the case, the alteration of the day being usually dependent, I was informed, on some festival falling on the usual Agar and so necessitating the change.

Káfir festivals frequently begin in the evening, and thus a so-called one-day festival often lasts for two nights and one day. I was never able to count up the Káfir calendar satisfactorily even with the help of the most intelligent of my Kámdeh friends, and I failed entirely to discover how the days were fitted in so as always to make the Giché, the new year, fall on the same date. The impression left on my mind was that the Káfirs did not trouble themselves about such niceties, yet when away from their villages the men with me always knew accurately the number of days intervening before the next festival. The following are the principal festivals:— Festivals beginning in the evening.

(1.) Giché, New Year's Day. The surrounding Mahomedans call this the Káfir Eed. Giché. In 1891, the Giché ceremonies were shorn of their customary splendour on account of the severity of the weather and the unusual snowfall. All men who had had sons born to them during the year took a goat each, and in the course of the day sacrificed it at the shrine of the goddess Dizane. In the evening and throughout the night there were feasting and rejoicings in most houses at Kámdeh. At the first glimpse of dawn on the morning of the 17th. in spite of a heavy snow storm, men and women issued from every house carrying torches of pine wood, and marched up the hill crying "such" "such," and deposited their brands in a heap in front of Dizane's shrine. The blaze was increased by ghee being thrown on the fire. The Debiláls chanted the praises of the goddess, the people joining in the refrain at regular intervals. They all returned to their homes. I saw very little of the ceremony, for on account of the heavy fall of snow no one came to show me the road. I awoke and hastened up the hill at the first cry of "such" "such" from shrill female throats, but being almost immediately caught in a snow drift I had to turn all my attention to getting out again. In the far distance the huge bonfire could be faintly seen through the falling snow. The sight was a pretty one even for me in my miserable plight, the

outline of the intermittent blaze being broken by the trees which it fitfully illuminated.

Veron.

(2.) Veron. This festival is of inferior importance, and such Káfirs as happened to be absent from their villages made no attempt to hurry back for it, as is their usual custom when a feast day approaches. On this day the thirteen Ur or Urir entertain the whole of the village, probably in consideration of the fines they have collected in virtue of their office.

Taska.

(3.) The Taska day is looked forward to with considerable interest by all Káfirs. In 1891 the festivities began in the evening, when a goat was sacrificed at almost every house in Kámdesh. A peculiar feature of this festival is that during its continuance little boys are not only permitted but are encouraged to use filthy abuse towards grown-up men. During the evening of the 18th the boys from the upper village collected near my house to shout out vile remarks concerning the men of the East village, whence the same kind of language was used in response. This continued all night, and I was awakened early on the morning of the 19th by the shouted obscenities of the boys, now reinforced by grown-up youths, who went round from house to house, bringing horrible accusations against the owners. This was supposed to be very amusing, especially when the chief of the head men was assailed. I was altogether exempted from these unpleasant attentions. During the day there were one or two dances in different places, but there had been recently so terrible a mortality amongst the young children from small-pox that the people were too depressed to indulge in the snow-ball fights which in happier years are carried out on this anniversary. On the 20th the Taska festivities wound up at the dancing house with a subdued revel called the Prachi Nát (Prachi dance), said to be indulged in by boys of the lower orders exclusively. My friends asked me not to go to that performance, and I complied with their request; but previous to this, in the afternoon, there was a great dance in the gromma, at which the Kaneash were present in their robes and all the Jast who participated in the revels were most gorgeously attired. All the functionaries of religion were also present. Gísh seemed to be the most honoured of the gods on this occasion. The proceedings began with dances in his honour, and ended up in a similar way after Dizane and Imra had also received three rounds each.

The throwing
ing of the
shil.

On February 21, 1891, the first day after Taska, the annual competition in throwing an iron ball called the shil took place according to custom. The occasion is always observed as a general holiday. The shil is about the size of a lawn tennis ball, and is faceted all over in an irregular manner. It is one of two precisely similar balls said to have been made by Imra when he created the world, and only one of which is used for the throwing competition, the other being buried under a stone in the middle of a spring of water near the top of the village hill. I was informed that in very ancient times the two shils were discovered rolling over and over in a running stream, and were then taken out and reverently preserved by certain Kám Káfirs, who appear to have known by direct inspiration what the iron balls were and what they were for. On the occasion of which I speak the shil was produced by the holder, Chandlu, the Debilála's brother. For a whole year it had reposed out of sight in a bed of wheat. When it was brought again into the light a goat was sacrificed, and the flesh partaken of by such of the Jast as chose to be present. The throwing took place at a position near the upper village, where a contiguous line of house-tops afforded a more or less level space, and in the presence of a large number of spectators. The weather was unpleasant, but I was informed that the competition would certainly be carried out, no matter how bad it might become. All the ambitious and stalwart youths of the tribe, and many visitors as well, took their stand one by one behind a particular mark, whence, starting at a furious pace, each hurled the iron ball as far as his strength permitted, all the spectators shouting out "onsht, onsht!" (up with it, up with it). This was intended to incite the competitors to the utmost effort, and certainly added to the general excitement. All were urged to join in the sport, myself among the rest, but I well knew that throwing such a weight would almost break my arm, so I prudently refrained. After several hours had passed, during which innumerable young men had thrown the shil as often as they liked, a young tribal hero made his appearance and threw a grand throw amid thunders of applause. One of the orators springing upon a fragment of rock spoke excitedly and fluently in praise of the thrower. The hero himself, a famous warrior, tried to look modest, but only succeeded in looking intensely gratified. Another young man subsequently made a still better cast and remained the victor, but he was not nearly so popular as his more distinguished adversary whose continuous attempts to make a still better throw were greeted with enthusiastic shouts of

"Shámish!" (Well done!) In the end both young men divided the honours, and feasted the whole village, although the actual victor of course retained possession of the shíl for the year. Like Edward Morton after the Wapinshaw, the winner had to entertain the vanquished. He had also to feed the whole of the village as well. A friend of mine named Aza Kán had on several occasions proved himself the best man in the tribe at throwing the shíl, but on this occasion he refused to compete. I asked him the reason of this. He replied he had already been the victor on five different occasions and did not care again to undergo the expense of feasting the village. I explained to some Káfirs that in my country the winner of an athletic competition such as this would probably receive a prize. They disapproved of such a custom, remarking that as Imra had made a particular man's arm strong, therefore that man should give a feast in honour of Imra. Concerning the possibility of an individual of some other tribe winning the competition they told me that in such a case the man would be allowed to give a feast, but he certainly would not be permitted to take the shíl away to his home. I was assured that if a very poor man won, he would have no difficulty in getting some one to supply him with the necessary food for the banquet, which he would pay back if ever he was rich enough to do so.

The shíl-throwing is an ancient custom, and is said to be observed by all the tribes of Káfristán. It appears to be in praise of Imra, and is called the Shílarigajar.

(4.) The Marnma festival took place at Kámdesh on March 8, while I was away in the Marnma. Kunar Valley. By all accounts the observance was both curious and interesting. On the evening of the 7th, the women cooked rice, bread, &c., and then, early in the morning, taking a small quantity of the prepared food with ghee and wine, placed the whole in front of the family effigies. The faces of the images were also smeared with ghee. After a short interval the food on the ground was destroyed and flooded away by a gush of water from a goatskin. The women next repaired to the pshar or Nirmali house where they feasted and amused themselves with loud laughter. They then started for their respective homes singing. The men and women chaffed and abused one another obscenely on the road, the former offering the latter neck ornaments or other small articles to be danced for. Later on near each house a small portion of prepared food was placed on the ground in the name of each relative that could be remembered, and was then in its turn swamped away by a gush of water. The food which remains over was then feasted on, and I was assured that joy and contentment reigned in every household, the atmosphere of which no doubt reeked with the appallingly vile remarks which appear to be the Káfir substitute for "chaff."

(5.) The Duban is the great festivity of the year. For it there is an elaborate ritual Duban. and a tedious ceremonial. In 1891 it lasted from March 19 till the 29th, both days inclusive. On the first day the Urir for the year and their chief or Jast were elected. The 20th was an off-day. On the 21st the regular dancing at the gromma began, with its concomitants, slow processions round and round inside the building, hymn chanting, and the strange antics of the buffoon priest, the man who is supposed to be temporarily inspired at all religious celebrations. The 23rd, the 24th, and the 28th were the chief days and of them the last-mentioned was the most important. Then the violence of the "low" priest was extraordinary and his physical endurance marvellous. On the 26th the regular dancing to Imra and the inferior deities was poorly attended, and on the 27th it ceased altogether. The 28th and 29th were devoted to feasting, dancing, and chanting, in honour of the illustrious dead.

(6.) The Azhindra fell on April 6th. There was no dancing. The event of the day Azhindra. was a procession down the Kámdesh hill to the shrines—represented by upright stones—of Bagisht and Duzhi, which are situated near the river bank and close to the village of Urmir. For this ceremony, the rule which prohibited any of the Kaneash from leaving the village until the Diran festival is relaxed. After a bull had been sacrificed to Bagisht and a large he-goat to Duzhi, the company engaged in a game of aluta or stone quoits, while the carcasses of the animals were being skinned and cut up into portions for each man to carry away with him. Several games were played simultaneously. For the chief of them Útah and the Debilála chose sides. All those too old or too inefficient to play themselves crowded round to watch and applaud the players, headed respectively by the High Priest and the Precentor. Then came the feasting on a horrible mess compounded of the liver and other inner parts of the sacrificed animals, cheese, cooked fat, and I know not what else. A second ceremony was then gone through before Bagisht's shrine in the way of a recitation by the Debilála, and responses from the congregation. After that the young men of the village drew up in line and raced through a terraced field of wheat to a stone about 120 yards off. This race was quite as much a part of the business of the day as any other of the

ceremonies. Finally, all started together to return to Kámdesh, singing. One man sang a line by himself, then everybody sang the next line, and so on.

Diran.

(7.) The Diran marks the date when the Kaneash are permitted to leave the village and go where they please. There is also a procession up the hill side to Imra's idol temple on the top of the Kámdesh spur. All proceed in regular order, headed by the High Priest, who at intervals sprinkles water with a sprig of juniper-cedar from a wooden bowl. Each time he does this he cries "such, such!" (be pure, be pure), while a singer, not the Debilála, sings a hymn of praise to Imra, all the congregation joining in a regular refrain. Drums and pipes also lend their aid. When Imra's shrine is reached, a cow is sacrificed with the proper formalities, and a large number of wicker baskets heaped up with flour were placed before the shrine, each having on top a bread cake shaped like a rosette. Following this the assembly moves a little to the north and a goat is sacrificed to Bagisht in Katirgul. There is no temple erected of any kind at the place, the theory being that the sacrifice is offered direct through the air to the distant shrine. While the carcasses are being cut up, the people are amused by an archery display by the best shots in the village. Sides are formed and a regular competition is gone through. The sacrifice on this occasion is presented by the Uir Jast.

Gerdulow.

(8.) Of the Gerdulow festival I know nothing except the name and the date. I was away from Kámdesh when it took place, and no trace of anything concerning it can be found in any of my various diaries. It is probably of secondary importance.

Patilo.

(9.) The Patilo was observed in 1891 by dancing. The proceedings began at night, and dancing was kept up with great spirit both at the upper and lower village dancing places. It was to the glory of Imra, and was accompanied by drums and singing. The spectacle was extremely picturesque, the dancing figures being only clearly seen as they emerged from the gloom into a limited space illumined by a large fire, whence they circled back again into darkness.

Dizanedu.

(10.) The Dizanedu occurred on July 9. For two days previously men and boys had been hurrying in from all sides bringing cheeses and ghee. Every pshal or dairy farm contributed. At two o'clock the male inhabitants of Kámdesh went to Dizane's shrine to sacrifice a couple of goats, and make offerings of portions of cheese and bread-cakes. Then the whole company returned to Gísh's temple. An immense pile of fine cheeses was heaped upon the wooden platform close by, and from each one a shallow circular fragment was cut out. These convex pieces were placed on the cedar branches with bread-cakes and ghee during a regular worship of Gísh. This ceremony over, the people collected into groups, scales were produced, and all the cheeses were cut into portions. Each share was weighed separately, the make-weight being neatly skewered on to the big pieces with little bits of stick. While this was being done the goats' flesh, divided into "messes," was being cooked in two large vessels, the green twigs used to bind together the different shares simmering away merrily with the meat. Women brought bread from the different houses, and ultimately stood in a row in the background while their male relations thoroughly enjoyed themselves. There was a regular religious ceremony performed by Utah, and just before this began, Sharu, the mad priest, at the invitation of the oldest of the Mirs replaced the shutter which closed the tiny door, or window, of Gísh's temple. This shutter had remained on the top of the shrine ever since Sharu had removed it early in the year.

There was dancing on the 11th, both at the upper and lower village dancing platforms, to a certain slow measure called the Prem dem nát, while on the 12th the whole of the village collected at the lower dancing place to view the performance called the Stritilli nát. This was one of the best sights I saw in Káfiristán. Being in the open air a very large number of spectators could assemble, and the terrible atmosphere of the gromma had not to be endured. The performers were arrayed in all their finery, and consisted entirely of the Jast supplemented by three woman dancers. On this occasion it is the custom for the upper and lower villages to entertain one another on alternate years. Great cheerfulness prevails and not a little horse-play is indulged in. On this occasion, as so frequently happens at Káfir gatherings, the proceedings which began in sport ended in what promised to be a determined fight between the east village and a mob who attacked it in sport. At one instant matters looked very serious indeed, but happily daggers had been discarded and only sticks and branches of trees were used as weapons. The women behaved with extraordinary courage, dashed among the fighters and dragged away husbands and brothers by main force and disarmed them. Those not engaged in the turmoil, together with many visitors from Lutdeh, at length succeeded in restoring order, though not

before many shrewd blows had been given and received. The affair was not without its humorous aspect also. An important man, such as the priest, or one of the most respected of the Jast, would rush among the combatants and harangue them. Finding his admonitions disregarded and himself hustled, he would seize a club and become as mad as the most furious in the throng. The women were very much in evidence all day. They appear to have the privilege of seizing men and ducking them in the streams on this anniversary. My Baltis had to run hard to escape being treated in this way. As I was tramping up the hill to my tent at the top a young woman and a little girl flung water over me, and many others seemed half inclined to follow the example, but the remainder in horrified accents protested so strongly against the proceedings that I was allowed to pass.

(11.) The Munzilo was held on August 17 in 1891. I was away from Kámdesh at the time. It seemed to me from descriptions at second hand that it was mainly occupied in the final ceremonies for the Kaneash, which are referred to in their proper place. It lasted several days and the deities chiefly honoured were Gísh and Dizane. Munzilo.

(12.) This festival began late on the evening of September 17. On the 18th little boys of from 6 to 12 were the only performers. They collected about four in the afternoon, and were slowly and carefully dressed up by amused relatives in whatever would answer the purpose of adornment. After the little fellows had finished dancing there was a worship of Imra, without the sacrifice of an animal, and in the evening a second fire was lit. On the 19th there was a men's dance with intervals for chants in honour of Gísh, Dizane, and other deities. A dance to the glory of Krumai closed the proceedings. In the morning everybody appeared to be listless, not to say bored with the whole proceedings, and sacrifices were offered to all the gods collectively. Nilu.

SECTION XIII.

MISCELLANEOUS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

While pregnant a woman still continues her daily avocations, although as her time approaches she is naturally exempt from the heaviest kind of labour. When her time has arrived she goes to a Nirmali house, where her child is born. She remains there 20 days if her baby is a girl, or 21 days if it is a boy. Then, after a ceremonial ablution, she goes home, when she is allowed a further rest of 12 days before she resumes her ordinary work. Childbirth.

The naming of children is peculiar. The instant an infant is born it is given to the mother to suckle, while an old woman runs rapidly over the names of the baby's ancestors or ancestresses, as the case may be, and stops the instant the infant begins to feed. The name on the reciter's lips when that event occurs becomes the name by which the child will thenceforth be known during its life. As a consequence of this custom it not unfrequently happens that several members of a family are compelled to bear the same name. In such cases the children are distinguished from one another in conversation by the prefix senior or junior, as the case may be. Naming of children.

Káfir men and women are known by their own particular name affixed to that of their father; thus, Chandlu Astán means, Astán the son of Chandlu. In the case of very popular names the grandfather's cognomen has frequently to be employed also to distinguish the various individuals; thus, Lutkám Chandlu Merik means, Merik the son of Chandlu, the grandson of Lutkám. Occasionally, though rarely, the mother's name is used along with the father's; so Bachik-Sumri Shaiok means Shaiok the child of Bachik and Sumri. There is no objection in Káfristán to a child's bearing the same name as its father; indeed, one constantly hears of Merik Merik, Gutkech Gutkech, and similar instances of father and son bearing identical names. Káfir names.

If a Káfir turns Musselman he of course assumes a Mahomedan name also; but his tribe always speak of him by his Káfir name only.

Many Káfirs are known by some adjective description of a physical peculiarity being prefixed to their true appellation. The commonest prefixes of this kind are red, stout or sturdy, lame, one-eyed, thin, and tall.

The following is a list of some of the more common names of Káfirs:—

MALES.	FEMALES.
(1.) Utahding.	(1.) Sumri.
(2.) Shit.	(2.) Azakanni.
(3.) Málkán.	(3.) Kazan.
(4.) Bachik.	(4.) Baza.
(5.) Málding.	(5.) Saggi.
(6.) Bilizhe.	(6.) Kazhirbri.
(7.) Sunra.	(7.) Gumli.
(8.) Palúk.	(8.) Kori.
(9.) Dimu.	(9.) Dimilli.
(10.) Mirján.	(10.) Ilkani.
(11.) Garak.	(11.) Wazbri.
(12.) Mori.	(12.) Mirza.
(13.) Karuk.	(13.) Mirkani.
(14.) Sámar.	(14.) Málkanni.
(15.) Azá.	(15.) Tromgatti.
(16.) Aror.	(16.) Bangu.
(17.) Kuli.	(17.) Arubri.
(18.) Widing.	(18.) Wázi.
(19.) Arakon.	(19.) Chabri.
(20.) Aramalliek.	(20.) Marangzi.
(21.) Katamir.	(21.) Muzik.
(22.) Tong.	(22.) Sunik.
(23.) Utamir.	(23.) Gumali.
(24.) Chára.	(24.) Areni.
(25.) Baril.	(25.) Aurulli.
(26.) Malik.	(26.) Boza.
(27.) Basti.	(27.) Konzo.
(28.) Chimiding.	(28.) Tramgudi.
(29.) Samata.	(29.) Bodza.
(30.) Barmuk.	(30.) Maláki.

Babies

Babies are often suckled until they are two or three years old or more. Women are hospitable to hungry infants other than their own. I have several times seen them quiet other people's children by suckling them. Babies, of course, accompany their mothers everywhere. The infant is carried inside the dress in front when the woman is going to or returning from the fields, for at these times her back is always occupied with the conical basket, or is bending under the weight of heavy loads. While the mother is actually tilling the land the baby is generally transferred to the back, its head appearing at the wedge-shaped opening in the dress. The child's face is often congested as if suffocation were imminent. It always looks wretchedly uncomfortable, but is happy enough. On the 32nd day after birth there is a head-shaving, but there is no special ceremony for the occasion nor any feasting. Some bystander simply wets the head all over with water and then shaves away all the hair, except from one patch in the centre of the crown $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch by 1, which is left untouched. The head-shaving is, I believe, an invariable custom both for boys and girls. When the children attain to three or four years of age they are often left at home in the charge of their father, or for some old gaffer or gammer to look after; but the little girls very soon begin to learn field work, following their mothers, with miniature conical baskets on their backs, and tiny knives thrust into their girdles behind. The little boys go about the village with toy-dancing axes, made of reeds, or pretend to play the aluts game. Wherever they wander they are certain of a kindly reception. They totter along the edges of the different house-roofs, which often constitute the only roadway, but hardly ever fall over. Accidents do happen occasionally. I have heard a little boy come down with a dull thud on the ground below, and have seen him lie as if dead at the foot of the wall. Horrified friends have carried him away, he has been a little sick or sleepy, but next day has been going about the same as usual. They never seem to get hurt.

Puberty.

Among Káfirs there is no particular ceremony for a girl on reaching the age of puberty. She goes to the woman's retreat for the allotted number of days, and afterwards wears a woman's cap. That is all, I believe, but for boys there are particular formalities which must be observed before they are permitted to wear the virile garment—loose trousers. The usual custom is for boys to be taken to Dizane's shrine

at the Giché festival arrayed in their emblems of manhood, a sacrifice is made and there is a feast, lavish or penurious, according to the wealth of the parents. I was told that the sons of poor people were often allowed to associate themselves with the ceremonies carried out by youths of richer families. I was also informed that the boys who take part in the Sanowkun of a Kaneash are exempted from further observances, but it is probable that even in such cases an offering is also made to Dizane at the proper time. I have seen boys under 12 smeared with blood at the Sanowkun, boys who certainly had not reached the age of puberty. Outside Káfiristán, on a visit to Chitrál, for instance, boys may wear trousers, but must not do so in their own country until the proper observances have been complied with.

Káfirs are very fond of adopting or being adopted as sons or as brothers. The former custom has already been referred to, and it has been explained that the latter is not unfrequently a form of blackmailing, or a dignified way of receiving payment for work done, the Káfir always expecting his "brother" to give him a valuable present in return for a safe conduct through a district infested by Káfir marauders, or for other service. It is also employed to symbolise a real and sincere friendship between two men, only one of whom is usually a Káfir. The ceremonies required are as follows:—

When a man adopts a son the first thing required is to sacrifice a goat and remove the kidneys, which are cooked and divided into fragments by a third person, who feeds the two, going through the ceremony, by giving each alternately a portion on the point of a knife, until the kidneys are consumed. Then the adoptor bares his breast and has one of his nipples smeared over with ghee, which the son sucks off heartily, and the ceremony is completed. Adoption.

For becoming brothers, the procedure is much the same as the foregoing, except for the final horror. The two men swearing friendship and brotherhood sit side by side, each with an arm over the other's shoulder. The goat is sacrificed, and the kidneys eaten in the way already described, while at certain intervals the two men look at one another, and go through the form of kissing. Sometimes a blue turban cloth is thrown over the shoulders of the pair, and at the conclusion of the ceremony one or the other utters a few devout words in praise of Imra. Originally, no doubt, these ceremonies had a more binding power than they have at the present day, when, as far as non-Káfirs are concerned, they are chiefly used as a means of getting money. Nevertheless, they are not without a certain value even now in the Bashgul valley. I adopted Shermalik as my son in the unpleasant way mentioned, and became brother to the High Priest, Torag Merik and to Karlah Jannah. On one occasion I declaimed against Torag Merik for his faithlessness to me, his ceremonial brother, and reduced him for a time to shamefacedness. The priest's children and children-in-law used to call me "totta" (father), by reason of the ceremony I had gone through with that individual. Shermalik always addressed me as "father."

GAMES.

Boys and girls do not play at the same games. The girls play at ball, at a kind of Children's Games. Children's Games. knucklebones in which, however, walnuts are used, and at swinging, while any boy amusing himself in any of these ways would be despised. From the age of five upwards little girls play untiringly with a bouncing ball made of wool. The object is to keep it bouncing regularly, while between each pat the player spins round once. The girls' game at knucklebones is played with an uncatable kind of walnut. Several of these fruits are spread out between the legs of a player. She tosses up one with her right hand catching it in her left, and while it is falling snatches up the others in a particular order and arrangement. Swinging is the most popular amusement of all for girls, who swing by the hour. They sing shrilly all the time without cessation. Young women often join in the sport, and on Agar days in May, dozens amuse themselves in this way. A tree or a steep slope is usually selected. A big girl seats herself on the swing rope. A crowd of girls then join hands and drag her up the slope as far as they can. When let go she swings far out, perhaps nearly to the top of a tree lower down the hill, and is much put to it to keep her dress decently arranged. All the time she sings with the other girls some snatch of song in alternate lines.

Boys play very rough games. A favourite pastime is for a boy to make a sudden dash at another boy looking in another direction, or while engaged in the same trick on a third, and throw him down. At the shíl competitions, between the intervals of the throwing, it was common to see half-a-dozen boys hurled to the ground at a time.

We were on housetops at the time, and at one place there was a sheer fall of 30 feet. Some of the players fell actually on the edge of this drop. None of the grown-up men and women took the slightest notice of the children. I asked a man if it never happened that a boy fell over and was killed. He replied that it did occur occasionally but not very frequently.

A game constantly played at the same time of the year is merely an imitation of the national dance. But this is an exception to all other children's sports, because girls and boys play at it together. A number of youngsters of both sexes march or trot round and round in a circle singing. At a distance they look as if they were all affected with a shockingly bad limp. They carry sticks over their shoulders, and although the singing is most discordant they keep capital time.

Boys play a game with walnuts in the following way. A circle a foot and a half in diameter is levelled on the hill side, the slope behind giving a vertical back wall to the circle of some three or four inches in height. In the middle of the circle there is a hole one and a half inches in diameter and three or four inches deep. The players standing down hill five feet or so take any number of walnuts up to a handful and try to throw them into the hole. Those which remain outside are then thrown at with another walnut. If the player hits one he continues his hand; if he misses his place is taken by another boy. This game is played with considerable skill, the real test of which is the throwing at the walnuts which remain outside the hole. The boy throwing invariably first wets the walnut he is about to cast with his tongue, then, taking steady aim, raises his hand well above his head and throws hard.

At Kámdesh the boys one day started playing another game on my housetop. It surprised me that no one was hurt. During the game three boys were sent flying off the roof. Fortunately the fall was not more than 12 or 14 feet, and was into heaps of snow many feet in depth. In the distance I saw the same game being pursued with vigour on the tops of houses two and three stories high, but perhaps for my benefit the young Káfirs outdid themselves in their rough-and-tumble amusement. They were soon more or less completely smeared with blood from cuts on shins, fingers, &c. The game was played as follows:—One side of four boys faced an equal number of adversaries whose object it was to defend a goal marked out by a circle a foot in diameter. Each boy seized a big toe with the hand of the opposite side and hopped about on the other foot which was kept in front. If he released the big toe and was thrown down he had to stand aside and become a spectator until the round was finished. He was permitted, however, on occasion to place the held foot on the ground and rapidly pass the fore foot over it to the rear, and might then do his best rushing about in crab-like fashion and fighting, but he must still never let go of the big toe for a single instant. The plan of operations was usually for the whole of the attacking side except one to hop forward and try fully to occupy their opponents or knock them over and put them out of play, and in this way allow their own "back" to get through. Sometimes the scrimmages were most exciting. The long scalp lock is justly considered the best of all possible grips. More than once the attacking back had got right through and nearly reached the goal, when one of the opposite side caught him by the hair swinging him clean off his feet, and in one instance off the roof as well. It was impossible not to admire the perfect temper and good nature of the boys. They dashed at one another like little furies with fierce and determined faces, in more than one instance streaming with blood, but the moment the round was over they were as happy and jolly together as possible. Their keen sense of justice was admirable to witness. In the whole course of the game there was not a single dispute. Several men looked on cheering the performers with laughter and applause, but they were never appealed to in a single instance to decide any point in the game.

A favourite amusement of the boys is shooting arrows. A dozen little Káfir boys found a dead crow near my house. This was a great find. They stuck it up, and at about 12 paces riddled it through and through with arrows. The worst shots were not more than a few inches out. It was a curious reflection for me that any one of these children in an ambush could send one of their iron-tipped arrows through a man's heart. I subsequently heard of an instance where a Káfir boy hardly more than 13 killed a Pathan in the way mentioned. The bows are weak to look at, but shoot very well. The usual game is for the boys to divide into two parties and shoot at marks, which consist of two pairs of sticks stuck into the ground 25 or 30 yards apart. At such ranges the shooting was sometimes wonderfully accurate.

The boys are very fond of rough-and-tumble fighting; one section of a valley against another. I have watched the boys at Kámdesh amusing themselves in this way at my next door neighbour's. They would tumble from the housetop into the room below.

then out of the verandah on to the raised platform, thence down the notched ladder and along the edge of a little cliff which bounded the level space on which my house was built. Once there that round of the game seemed finished, and there was nothing for it but to begin all over again. I saw one boy dragged a dozen yards simply by the hair of his head, while another urchin was pulling his legs in an opposite direction. He was only about nine or ten years old, but he never made a murmur. Why his hair did not come out was a wonder to me. Many a time the boys, tumbling down the ladder, had hair-breadth escapes from being killed or maimed for life. No one, except the followers I had brought from India, seemed to think that anything unusual was happening. One of my men rushed forward to interfere, and got laughed at by all the spectators. The boy is father to the man, and this Spartan form of enjoyment, the ferocious looks, the absence of anything like laughter, the savage cries, and fierce blows, must teach the Káfir youth to endure anything. The tortures which English boys occasionally inflict on one another are as nothing to the sights I witnessed. As soon as it was all over, victors and victims alike showed by their manner that nothing unusual had occurred.

It will be convenient here to describe also the amusements of the men. The shíl Men's games.
throwing has been already described at page 130.

↳ In the early spring, every day, and almost all day, archery is practised as a sport. Archery.
The men and lads divide into two parties, and shoot at marks placed on opposite slopes of a gully or some other convenient spot. They consist of a single stick about 2 feet high, and are usually about 80 yards apart. Almost everybody joins in the game. Those who are too old to play, and others who come late, are enthusiastic spectators, cheering every good shot. There is almost always some one among them accustomed to public speaking. Such a man, when some particular cleverness has been shown, will break out into laudations of the marksmen, particularly if the latter belongs to some well-known family, or is a famous warrior. Such a one will be greeted with a speech, running something like this:—"Oh, well done; well done you, thou son of rich parents," and so on. I noticed that being proclaimed the son of rich parents was always considered a high form of praise. The mark itself was very rarely hit, never more than two or three times in an afternoon, but comparatively very few shots were very wide of it. The two sides fired alternately, man by man. The moment a man had shot his arrow he scampered off to the mark, apparently quite heedless of those behind who were still shooting. There was often some very careful measuring required to determine which of two or three arrows sticking in the ground was actually nearest to the mark. No disputes ever arose. If there were differences of opinion some bystander was appealed to, and his decision was invariably accepted as final. An amusing point of the game was to see a man at the mark pointing to one of his own side about to shoot, the exact inch on the mark he was to strike, as though hitting the stick anywhere was not a piece of the greatest good luck. The method of counting the score was decidedly faulty, for an arrow which almost grazed the mark and went on for two or three yards might in the result be counted after others which plumped into the ground a yard from the base of the stick, and were consequently not nearly such good shots.

A moderately popular game played by men is to dig two holes a couple of inches in diameter and six yards apart on some housetops, and then roll walnuts from one hole Rolling walnuts.
to the other. The object is to get the walnut into the hole or as near to its edge as possible. The particular skill required is to judge the necessary strength and to allow for the irregularities of the housetop. Sides are formed, and great excitement is shown at a promising shot. The men on the same side as the roller judge whether to leave the nut alone or help it by brushing out of its way small obstacles, such as dust or bits of twig. They behave very much like curlers in Scotland on similar occasions.

Men also play a kind of "touch," only instead of the hand being used it is neces- "Touch."
sary to tread with the foot on a man's instep to make a capture. This leads to some modification of the English game. For instance, a man on a lower roof may be pushed back by the others and so kept in a position where he cannot possibly put his foot on any of theirs. He then has to dodge about for a chance of getting on a level with them.

A very good and extremely popular game is called aluts. Aluts.
It is exactly like quoits, flat stones being used instead of the quoit. Whenever a number of Káfirs are collected together on level ground and have nothing to do they almost invariably start this game. The marks are placed 25 to 50 yards apart. The details of play and the manner of counting exactly resemble those of the English game, except that in Káfiristán any number almost may play at a time, and there is no pedantic strictness about the exact spot where the flat stone must leave the player's hand. It is capital sport to watch,

all participating are so keenly interested, while many display remarkable skill in dropping their stones on to the mark, or in knocking aside those of their opponents. I myself could never cast the heavy flat stones so that they did not turn over in the air, and consequently could never take part in a game. At such games as this Káfirs are seen at their best. Everyone is excited but thoroughly good tempered. A really good shot is frequently applauded by friends, foes, and spectators equally. There is never any occasion for an umpire. The players are wonderfully fair and just. The most important men of the tribe often act as leaders of their sides in the aluts game.

Miscellaneous sports.

Young men occasionally amuse themselves with athletic exercises, stone throwing against each other, running, and jumping, and also display their activity in various other ways, such, for instance, as by holding a short stick tightly with both hands and yet jumping over it backwards and forwards. Occasionally they try simple acrobatic feats. I watched one of their friendly competitions at Purstám, when in my honour several Kám men actually competed with Rámgulis, their hereditary enemies. The most remarkable point about the display was the extraordinary equality of the competitors. In one event, three standing jumps, the winner cleared about 25 feet, but nearly all the rest were within a few inches of him. So also with several other of their contests. Like other young men, Káfirs are fond of skylarking, but their frolics are apt sometimes to end in fighting, but as in the villages they almost always put aside their daggers before they begin, peace is usually restored by the bystanders before much harm is done.

Stone-bow practice.

All young Káfirs both men and boys wander about their villages with the Eastern variety of the stone-bow, with which they shoot at small birds, bits of twig, or anything which they find suitable for a mark. The weapon is identical with the Indian "galail." They are fairly expert in its use, but not nearly so accurate as some Chitráli boys I have watched shooting apples off a tree.

Swimming.

Swimming is an amusement as well as a necessary part of a Káfir's education. On inflated goatskins a man will cross rapid streams, taking with him a goat or even a cow. A party on the march always has one of these goatskins as part of its equipment. When wanted for use it is inflated by means of a reed, while the swimmer's clothes are either put inside or carried on his head. I have witnessed exciting scenes where a man has been swimming a swift flowing river, and has had to make frantic exertions to prevent himself being carried down stream on to rocks. Káfirs seem insensible to the coldest water.

DANCING AND MUSIC.

Occasions of dancing.

Dancing enters greatly into the inner life of the Káfirs. It is a religious exercise, a spectacular performance, and an amusement, but it is possible that there is no such thing as purely secular dancing. In Eastern countries religion is so mixed up with the manners and customs of a people that it is often difficult and sometimes impossible to separate them. So with Káfir dancing. Children play at dancing; boys on the march will frequently stop for an instant or two, shuffe a few steps, stamp a little, and then go tramping on with an entire absence of anything like self-consciousness. I have watched a youth lying on a bank resting his load, while all the time his limbs were twitching to the rhyme of a song he was singing aloud or to himself. Yet in all these instances I imagine the performers are practising a religious exercise, even though they may be unaware of the fact themselves. Káfirs dance when they are happy, and when they are plunged in grief at the death of relatives. When anyone is sorely hurt from an accident, or when he is sick or dying from small-pox or some other disease, people congregate in his room to amuse him, I was told; but my own idea is that it is to help the individual's recovery; that it is a form of supplication to the gods. At funeral ceremonies people caper about while the tears may be streaming down their cheeks. The Káfir gods are propitiated by songs, dancing, and feasting, which includes sacrifices, and never in any other way.

In any description of Káfir dancing it is necessary to describe also the occasion which gives rise to the exercise. The chief of these are:—

- (1.) The dances of the Jast to the gods.
- (2.) The dances to the illustrious dead (ancestor and hero-worship).
- (3.) The homicide's thanksgiving dance to Gísh.
- (4.) The women's dance to the gods while the men are raiding.
- (5.) The dances on the death of a Káfir.
- (6.) The dances in celebration of the erection of effigies.

These religious exercises are performed inside the gromma, or outside in the open air, according to the season of the year. The gromma has already been described. It is a big square building with two rows of wooden pillars running down the middle. A large fire is lit on the hearth, and the musicians are stationed at the east of the building. Facing them on the opposite side of the fire is the priest gorgeously dressed, while on his right and left are the Pshur and the Debilála respectively. These form an inner circle which is surrounded by a single line of the Jast, all decked out in every scrap of finery they possess. The dancing begins with three rounds to Gísh, succeeded by a similar number to each of the other deities, and winding up with the dance to Krumai.

The dances
of the Jast
to the gods.

When all are ready and in their places the band strikes up. It consists usually of three tiny drums and two or three wretched-toned reed pipes. The drum-heads do not exceed four inches in diameter, and are contracted in the middle like hour-glasses. They are beaten by slaves, who strike the drum with a short piece of stick in the right hand, while the left is engaged in tightening the stretched hide surfaces by pulling on certain arrangement of leather thongs. The pipes are simple hollow reeds about a foot long furnished with two holes beside the end apertures. One of the ends is shaped as though to fit the mouth; but, curiously enough, it is the opposite end which the player puts to his lips. Only two, or at most three, different notes can be sounded by manipulating the two holes and the shaped extremity. The pipes are always played by amateurs. The music is most feeble and discordant. I could never distinguish between the different tunes played, if difference there was. The time is accurately kept by the drums. It was only by noting the difference in the drum taps that I could ever tell one dance from another.

Music.

The pipes do not play, and the audience indulge in preliminary catcalls for the Gísh rounds. Then the spectators become silent and the dancing begins. All the Jast stand looking inwards towards the fire, and at Kámdesh seem to take their time from the priest, who with the Pshur and the Debilála are inside the circle of the Jast. All the performers begin by twisting rapidly their shining dancing axes, which they hold vertically by the lower end. The Kám priest is a famous dancer. He begins by shuffling in such a rapid manner that he seems to vibrate from head to foot, as if he was standing on the floor of an engine going at full speed along the line. After a time he stops vibrating and stamps vigorously forward towards the fire, and then dances back to his former position, kicking his toes quietly at the fire as he retreats. The Jast begin when the priest begins. Their step is a jerky shuffle with a side movement of the toes of one foot to mark the third beat of the drum. Then when the priest, changing from the stationary to the progressive style, dashes towards the fire, they all turn to the right, lower their axes, and plunge onwards as though they were trying to smash their fantastic boots on the earthen floor. When the priest stops at the fire and begins to dance backwards they all turn inwards again and keep time with him by leisurely forward kicks until the moment comes for the energetic shuffling to recommence. Occasionally one of the Jast while stamping round will turn and go backwards a few steps, holding his axe horizontally above his head with both hands, and jerking it sideways in time to the drums. Another will jerk his disengaged hand sideways in front of his left shoulder, but this is the exception.

In the Imra, Dizane, and other dances the pipes wail tunelessly, and are weakly supplemented by hand clapping on the part of the dancers during the shuffling stage, but not by the audience. Krumai is the last of the deities honoured, but her dance does not necessarily complete the ceremonies. The Káfirs are so indefatigable that they sometimes go through the list of the chief deities over and over again. There is no standing in one place, nor any shuffling in the Krumai dance. At the first beat of the drums and squeak of the wind instruments all the dancers begin to trot round the building, some with swoops like old-fashioned waltzing, others going sideways, fast or slow, according to taste. On one occasion I noticed particularly one huge man. His idea of the thing was a high-actioned step which brought his knees alternately to the level of his waist. He did nothing else, but went round and round with an air of complete self-satisfaction on his face. At the same dance one or two of the other performers did equal honour to themselves and me by dancing in front of me with delighted grins on their faces. This was a compliment to a guest. I cried "shamish" (well done!) as politeness demanded, and away they went again. The Krumai dance is the only frivolous part of these performances. The men's faces are usually as stolid looking as their fathers' wooden effigies, except that the exercise is so severe that it makes even the hard-trained Káfirs sweat profusely. In fact, these dances are really solemn occasions. All those taking part do so by virtue of their rank as Jast. They know

that the eyes of the natives, envious or admiring, are upon them the whole time. They have the look of men conscious of the exalted position they occupy, and equally aware of the responsibilities it entails.

The Pshur. In strange contrast to the other dancers is the Pshur. At Kámadesh this man used to appear in his dirtiest dress if, indeed, he had more than one, and without dancing boots. He swung about at his pleasure, and looked as if, being overcome with wine, he had wandered into the sacred circle by accident. There was always a chance of his diversifying the proceedings by seeing a fairy and amusing us with his antics.

The Debilála. The Debilála, on the other hand, danced heavily but reverently, and after the Gísh rounds sang the praises of each god in succession.

Women dancers. Often several women are associated with the dance. Their place is outside the Jast, between the latter and the spectators, where they are sometimes greatly crushed. Their appearance is not pleasing. Their dirty faces, unkempt hair, and general slovenliness, are but slightly relieved by the fillets of the girls, the horned caps of the women, and the slight attempts at ornamentation of all. One woman perhaps binds a piece of bright coloured silk round the horns of her head-dress, others hang sashes from one shoulder of fragments of cloth, or old turbans covered in some instances with ears of wheat, which look quite pretty; but the dirty clothes, especially any underclothing showing beyond the edge of the upper dress, combined with the general sombre colouring of the women's clothing, make the female dancers very depressing objects. However, no one takes any notice of them, everybody's attention being reserved for the parti-coloured men. In the dance the women move in ungraceful jerks, each step being hardly 1 inch in length. They vary the monotony of this movement by turning slowly round and round heavily and awkwardly, the hands being carried breast high.

Outdoor dances. The outdoor dances of the Jast are much the same as those performed in the gromma, except that the priest does not play so prominent a part in them. He takes his place in a single ring with the others, and the movements are the same as those already described.

The dances to the illustrious dead. These annual observances are enacted with the usual feasting, but instead of taking place inside the gromma the dancing is performed on the roof, and the proceedings are shorn of much of their picturesqueness by the absence of all bright-coloured dresses, which it appears can only be worn in the service of the gods. The only decorated people at the Kámadesh ceremony on March 28, 1891, were a man named Samatu Malik, who composed the hymn, a Jast, named Mír Ján, who acted as his assistant, and the Ur Jast, who, in virtue of his office, wore a turban and a sash. No dancing boots were worn. When I reached Kámadesh gromma to see the show I found a troop of men stamping round the smoke-hole on the roof to the accompaniment of a large and a small drum. The two hymn composers chanted a sentence together, and all the throng sang a response in unison, and so on. At intervals there were scramblings for walnuts, much consumption of cheese and other viands, and wine, while several young women were incessantly employed in fetching snow for the spectators to eat. The proceedings were as follows:—

Samatu Malik in the centre of the crowd began to chant in praise of a mentioned name. It consisted of a string of five or six words. All the rest then sang an evidently well-known response. After three or four sentences had in this way been chanted and responded to, all began stamping in tune to the drum taps, bending over to watch their feet all the time. Then, after a moment or two, all with one accord, still chanting and chorussing, began to stamp, step, limp, or prance round and round, each according to his own taste. At intervals a dancer would turn round and proceed backwards, setting, as it were, to the man behind him, the two jerking their hands rhythmically, or a group of four or five would participate in a vigorous ground stamping. No women took part in the dancing.

The homi- cide's thanks-giving dance to Gísh. There is nothing distinctive about this dance. Each of the returned braves (at Kámadesh) decks himself out as well as he can, and, carrying a dancing axe, goes with the women of his family to the dancing place. Any clothes brought back after stripping the slain are thrown down in front of the rude altar there, and the men, heading the string of women, dance the prescribed number of rounds to Gísh. In the intervals the women shower wheat-grains over the heroes. The solemnity of all concerned—men, little girls, and women—is very great. Generally, after the wheat has been thrown and before the dancing is resumed, some old man eloquent shouts out the praises of the warriors and of their forebears in a tone which might often be mistaken for anger by the uninitiated.

I once arrived at Lutdeh (Bragamatál) while the tribesmen were absent on a raiding expedition. The following is an account of what I saw, copied from my diary:—

“The women according to custom have abandoned their field work, and are all congregated in the village. For the greater portion of each day and for the whole of each night they employ themselves solely in dancing and feasting. They have elected three Mírs, the chief of whom is Kán Jannah's wife. These three persons direct the revels, and contribute greatly towards the feasting. Kán Jannah's wife is carried from one place to another as a ‘flying angel’ on the shoulders of a stalwart young woman, each of the other Mírs holding one of her hands. Whenever these four with their escort attempt the bridge, each time I feel absolutely certain that an accident is inevitable. The little party staggers over the narrow shaking bridge, and then starts off at a run to the outspoken delight of the onlookers. Occasionally the women dance on some convenient housetop. In the afternoon they invariably feast and dance under the big mulberry tree in the east village, and use the east or west village dancing-place according to the position of the sun. During the night all congregate at the east village dancing place.

The women's dance to the gods while the men are raiding.

“Although they all seem abandoned to feasting and holiday-making, they are nevertheless engaged in strictly religious ceremonies. To watch them at night, when the majority are obviously thoroughly tired, leaves no doubt in the mind on this point. I have more than once secretly approached the dancing throng at midnight and in the early morning, and have observed by the fitful light of the wood fire how exhausted and earnest the women looked. One young woman shrugging her shoulders in time to the music had streams of perspiration rolling down her face, although she was all muscle apparently. The exertions these women undergo are astonishing to see. Many of the very old women have to give up from sheer exhaustion, but the middle-aged and the young work away singing and dancing hour after hour and night after night. I feel sure they undergo quite as much exertion as their male relations who are absent and fighting.

“The dancing measures are marked by a drum and by general chorussing, or, when the slave-boy drummer gets tired, by the cadences of the voices alone. Those in whose cause he labours, might at night be thought the creatures of a dream. Very old women and girls of 10 or 12, comely faces and hideous old crones—every description of form and figure is represented in the singing, shuffling crowd. The aged are very earnest and solemn; the young girls, on the other hand, are ready to seize every opportunity of making improper remarks to those of the male spectators of whom they do not stand in awe. Still the great majority of the dancers at all times attend strictly to the dancing. On my arrival at Lutdeh, on taking my seat on the dancing platform, a very large number of the women gave me the customary greeting of welcome as they passed me dancing, and afterwards took little or no notice of my presence, while none showed the slightest sign of shamefacedness. They evidently believed themselves to be engaged in an occupation which did them infinite credit in every way. I could read as much in their faces and in their gestures.

“All wore horned caps, except the little girls, and with the same exceptions nearly all wore gaiters and soft leather boots or dancing shoes. Every woman had on the national budzun, worn according to the amount of finery she had to display. For instance, one had donned a gaudy silk robe belonging to her husband. She wore it underneath the budzun, one side of which was slipped off the shoulder to show the splendour of the under-garment. Others not so well provided had to be content with showing their cotton shifts in a similar way, or with hanging a pretty scarf embroidered with cowrie shells from one shoulder. A large number carried dancing axes, and not a few had daggers. One old woman drew her dagger and flourished it clumsily before my eyes for some minutes. The other dancers seemed to admire her action, and passed behind her, leaving her to fascinate me. Every scrap of ornament a woman or her family could boast of was produced and worn. Certain brass axes with a little horse on their upper edge were delightful objects, and my praise of their beauty was highly appreciated. One carried by a pretty girl half married to Utabding of Kámdesh I admired very much. The girl was delighted, and sang more shrilly and shuffled more vigorously than ever, while a little girl, the daughter of Gazab Shah, shouted out excitedly that the axe belonged to her family, and was only lent to the other girl. There were about half-a-dozen women with the blinker ornaments.

“The dances were to Imra, Gísh, Dizane, and the other deities in turn. After each dance there was a short rest, after which the women collected again in the centre of the platform. Then one or two recited a well-known line with all the refinements of anthem-tortured words, to which the remainder sang a response; then all facing to

the right started off shuffling or lightly stamping in the various figures of the dance. That to Gísh was all shuffle, with a rapid twist of the toes outwards at each step to keep time with the drum."

Dancing
in private
houses.

Before I go on to explain the funeral dances and those performed at the erection of effigies, which may be conveniently described together under the title funeral ceremonies, the kind of dancing which takes place in private houses, for Jast ceremonies, or for sick people, for amusement, may be briefly noticed.

For the Jast ceremonies the ritual is much the same as that carried out at the gromma. The Kaneash who gives the entertainment dances between the hearth pillars with the Debilála and the Pshur, while the others dance round the room close to the line of spectators seated on benches or stools along the walls. After the fire has been taken away, some five or six men, visitors or villagers, are provided with dancing boots and turbans, pine-wood torches are lighted, and one or two women of the entertainer's family make their appearance, ornamented, to the best of their powers, with shell and other decorations, and usually wearing a cowrie-adorned belt, from which depend metal discs, trephine-shaped iron ornaments, hollow metal bells, which clang and clash with every movement of the dancer. Then the drums start the usual one, two, three, pause, one, two, three, pause, and the movements begin. The central three shuffle, stamp, and cross over; then back again to their original positions. The circle men outside the hearth push, stamp, and plunge round the room from right to left in the manner already described. The women dance very slowly, revolving in a jerky, clumsy manner, and moving in the opposite direction to the male dancers. When any of the latter move in a reverse way from their usual direction they continually overtake and pass the women. The exercise is of a severe kind, and even the leanest Káfir soon begins to shine with his exertion.

This is a type of all other dancing in houses, although details vary, and the dancers are not necessarily dressed up, as they must be on the more important occasions. The stamping is such a strain on the feet that boots are generally, though not invariably, worn. Often at private dancing parties the music is supplied by a kind of harp, the boat-like stand of which is held between the musician's knees, who helps the instrument with his voice. He is voluble in utterance, and has all manner of little affectations such as musicians seem to have all over the world.

There are many kinds of dancing to each of which particular names are given, but they depend more on the place where or the occasion when they are held than on any particular step or movement. All dances on the wooden platform are known as "Dam Nát," while those on the solid ground adjoining are called "Zhige Nát." All the Agar celebrations are of the former variety. On June 30, at Kámdesh, I went to see one of two dances going on at different places at the same time, called "Patlo Nát." It was late at night, and the scene was more than usually picturesque, because the only light came from blazing logs a short distance away. None of the dancers were ever in anything but a fitful light, while the great majority were in absolute gloom. To the accompaniment of drums, a refrain was sung and responded to by Samatu Malik, who was in the centre of a densely packed crowd of men who circled round him. One of the most effective movements was a kind of solemn prance, each man with his stick over his shoulder.

A dance called the "Presun dam Nát" is danced by hopping solemnly twice on one foot, while the knee of the other leg is kept at the height of the waist.

Wai dancing.

The only examples of the Wai people's dance I have seen was an imitation given me by a Kúm boy. He held a dagger at arm's length. He kept flourishing the point, which was held downwards, by a movement of the wrist alone, and hopped twice on each foot alternately, dancing round and round, occasionally backing for a few steps and then going forward again.

The Presun
style.

On one occasion three Presun men gave me a small entertainment to show their style of dancing. Of the three one acted as musician also. His instrument was merely a boat-shaped winnowing utensil, on the bottom of which he drummed. He sang all the time a chant in alternate lines with the two others. They appeared to use the same words over and over again. This, however, did not prevent the singer from becoming dramatic in his utterance, for after a time the man beating the wooden vessel appeared to get very much excited by the words he was uttering. After the singing had lasted several minutes the men began to sway their bodies in time to the music, and the swaying gradually merged into a more or less regular dance. The movements consisted of the jerk of one foot about nine inches forward, and a second jerk at the end of the step. At the next bar the other foot was brought up to the level of its fellow, and so on. As they warmed to their work they turned and twisted,

raised and waved their hands or clapped them in time to the music. To do all this and yet keep strictly to the limits of the step described is most laborious. Subsequently inside a house these men danced and sang for me again. One of their songs, which sounded like a perpetual repetition of six or eight words, was remarkable, because a second singer used to strike in about the middle of the tune and appeared to try and make his voice harmonise with the others. The bystanders helped the singers by beating time with their hands.

Káfirs are greatly addicted to music and singing, and have considerable aptitude for both arts. Besides the drums and pipes already alluded to, and the small harp briefly mentioned, they have a kind of large black guitar and little fiddles which can be played skilfully. The fiddles are of rough construction, but I have heard Samatu Malik play pretty airs upon them, one in particular, called Shah Katur's air, which Malik heard during a visit to Mastuj, was quaint and pleasing. Some of the men have agreeable voices, but the women's are always hopelessly discordant. The chanting of songs is very monotonous and wearying.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral ceremonies of the Káfirs are curious and fantastic. I have only witnessed those of the Kám tribe; but probably all the Siah-Posh have similar observances. Funeral ceremonies.

If a young child or an infant dies it is merely taken to the family receptacle at the cemetery and put in it. It is probable that no formalities of any kind are gone through for any individual under the age of puberty in girls, or unless the boys are entitled to wear cotton trousers. Young children.

On May 13, 1891, Dán Malik's little grand-daughter, aged about 10, lay dying. She was on a bed and only semi-conscious. The room was full of relations and friends. The men on one side of the room were busily occupied sewing clothes for the corpse. A crowd of women closely packed were at the foot and sides of the bed, and filled the air with lamentations. The atmosphere of the room was such that on entering it I broke out at once into a profuse perspiration. It was useless to beg that the poor child might be given a fair chance. The women trooped out in dozens into the verandah when asked to do so, but returned as soon as we left, and pressed round the bed as before.

The following day the girl died, and the body was carried to the cemetery. I watched the mournful procession from an adjacent housetop. First came several men carrying the corpse in a blanket, not shoulder high but at arm's length and close to the ground. Then followed male relations and friends looking very mournful. Lastly, the women followed singly or in pairs weeping aloud. I could not see how the corpse was dressed, for the blanket sagged down so much in the middle that only the waxen features, with the head covered with some white cloth, and the feet encased in red leather boots, were visible. It was impossible to intrude one's curiosity at such a moment, but I was told that the body was simply placed in a coffin box without any ceremony of any kind.

In December 1890, I watched the ceremonies observed on the death of the old wife of Torag Merik, the richest and one of the most important men of the Kám tribe. The dead woman had occupied the highest position among the women of the village. On a level space, formed by several contiguous housetops, nearly all the notables of Kámdesh assembled. In the centre of the concourse, on a bed supported at each corner by a slave, lay the body of the deceased, covered over with bright-coloured turbans. The head was adorned with a kind of crown of sprigs of juniper-cedar and monstrous imitations of feathers made by fastening bits of red cotton round sticks. The eye-brows, closed lids, and grey cheeks were exposed to view. The blinker silver ornaments were placed one on each side of the head, as with the body in a lying posture they could not be fixed as they would be worn during life. On the feet were dancing shoes fringed at the top with markhor hair. At the foot of the bed were a second pair of dancing boots of similar make. Festoons of wheat hanging from the bed proclaimed to all that the deceased during her life had given freely of her substance. Underneath the bed several women of the house were seated weeping and wailing, while many more surrounded the bier, circling slowly round it. One of the women, the deceased's daughter, stood on the left of the corpse, holding the bed-frame with both hands. She appeared to be the chief mourner. In the intervals of the music she addressed her dead mother in accents of shrill praise and lament, often without paying the slightest heed to the formal speeches presently to be referred to. None of the women were Torag Merik's wife.

their horned head-dresses or other ornaments. As the feeble pipes and drums marked the time the throng of women moved slowly round the bier sideways, from left to right, their hands uplifted to the level of their shoulders. With outspread fingers they incessantly turned the palm first towards themselves then towards the corpse, a gesture supposed to indicate "she has gone from us." Beyond the circle of women were a few men closely related to the dead woman. They also edged round sideways, and made a similar gesture to that of the women, except that the hands were twisted at the level of the brows, and the action was much more energetic. Outside these men a few couples danced round merrily in the usual stamping way. At the intervals of the music the bed was placed on the ground, and some one of the spectators, usually Samatu Malik, declaimed short staccato sentences praising the virtues of the deceased, her lavish feasts, and extolling her family and kindred.

Sunra and
Nílira.

On September 9 the heads of two young men Sunra and Nílira were brought into Kámdesh by some friendly Káfirs of another tribe. The two lads had been killed on a raiding expedition, and the heads had been severed from the bodies and brought in as an act of kindness to the parents. Merik and Dán, the fathers of the two young men, when they heard the sad news that their sons had been killed, threw themselves down from their housetops in utter abandonment to grief. The heads were met just outside the village by a multitude, composed almost entirely of women, weeping and lamenting with loud outcries. The heads of the youths were then escorted to their fathers' homes, when they were placed on beds. This happened in the morning.

In the afternoon about four o'clock the heads were taken in procession to the lower village dancing-platform, where a large crowd had collected. Each head was on a bed covered with bright-coloured cloth, such as turbans or pieces of silk, so arranged that the absence of the bodies could only be told by the ease with which the heads could be carried about. The Jast were seated all round on benches; the women sat on the ground. Female relatives of the deceased sat on the edges of the beds and kept bending forward, slowly shaking their heads from side to side, and apostrophizing the dead faces exposed to view. Each woman had a ragged garment over her ordinary dress, and allowed her hair to escape from its cotton cap and fall down her back. The men over their woollen robes wore each a goatskin as a mourning vestment.

The outcry of the women was very great, yet at a word of command it ceased almost entirely. Then lame Astán, an important Jast, stepped forward, buried his face in his sleeve, and appeared overpowered with grief. In a broken voice he proceeded to harangue the heads, extolling their bravery and the fame of their families. At intervals in his speech he cried out "Well done! well done!" After he had ended the beds were raised shoulder high, drums were beaten by four slaves, accompanied by a couple of reed pipes, and the throng of women circled round and round, stepping to the music, and twirling their hands shoulder high in the usual manner. Then Astán and two other elders came forward, and joined in the slow dance. It was a strange sight to see these three men dancing outside the circle of women, their tears flowing freely, their aspect that of extreme sorrow, while their movements were such as we associate with lightness of heart. They twirled their hands at the level of their brows, but were occasionally so overcome with emotion that one hand had to be raised to the face, and one only was left to twirl.

This dance over, the beds were again placed on the ground. The widows and near female relations, who had been standing round with their hands on the framework of the beds, or who had remained seated disconsolately on the ground, resumed their proper positions on the edge of the beds, and began to lament afresh. Their wailing is not a "boo-hoo-hoo," but is more like a regular chant, each line ending in "o-o-o-o, o, o, o," the voice gradually descending the scale and getting slower at each successive "o." Silence being again demanded, Samatu Malik advanced and addressed the heads until it seemed as if he would never stop. Meanwhile, wine and refreshments were being handed round to the whole company.

At length even the Kám chief orator had said all there was to say, and Nílira's head was carried away. After the lapse of a short interval Sunra's head was also carried off, the women accompanying them as far as the shenítán or cemetery, but most of the men and all the Jast took leave of the ghastly relics in a field, just short of the final resting place of the dead. The form of parting salutation was the motion of wafting a kiss, the head and lips only, not the hands, being used for the gesture. The next proceeding was to dress up two straw figures in the houses of the parents of Nílira and Sunra. These effigies were gorgeously attired, wore turbans, and were girdled with

belt and dagger. They received just as large a share of the women's attention as the heads had.

The same evening there was a great firing of guns from the Jinjám direction, which proved to be a funeral procession bringing the body of a famous warrior named Basti, who had died of fever at Bazgul, his own village, to the tribal headquarters, Kámdesh. Basti, it seems, had been a very "good" man, that is to say, a splendid fighter, and therefore his remains were brought to Kámdesh, where alone a hero's funeral could be properly conducted. The upper village at once began to fire off guns, and large numbers of people, Jast and simple, started off to meet the procession. Far ahead of the rest were a number of women, who declared their affliction by deafening cries. All those nearly related to the dead Basti were led by the hand by female friends. Then, in the midst of a large concourse of people, much firing of guns, and the wailing of women, Basti's body was carried on its stretcher to a house in the upper village, where some of his relatives dwelt. The head was crowned with a large turban, the face exposed, and the body covered with bright-coloured cloth. A bed having been substituted for the stretcher, the women took their places on it in the customary manner. After a time, when it was thought their grief had found sufficient expression, silence was enjoined, and Samatu Malik was invited to say a few appropriate words. He stepped to the foot of the bed and burst into tears. Then in broken accents he began his address to the dead man. Cheering up at the sound of his own high phrases, he praised the prowess of the dead Basti and the fame of his family until he was quite exhausted.

When he had ended it was quite dark, and most of the men, having finished their wine, walked sadly away. Late into the night somebody was still declaiming between the pauses of the lamentations of the women. The next morning Basti's corpse was carried to the upper dancing-platform. It was dressed in fine clothes with feathered sticks thrust into the folds of the turban. Out of each red leather boot also protruded one of these ornaments. A cowrie shell scarf was laid over the breast, and one or two men deposited their shields on the bed as they passed by. But Basti had lost all his goats and became very poor before he died, so that his bier was quite outdone in splendour by those holding the stuffed figures intended to represent Sunra and Nílira, which were also brought to the dancing-place at the same time. The three beds were raised shoulder high, and the music, dancing, and feasting were resumed. In fact, the greater part of the day was spent in listening to orations, in slow dancing, and in lamentations by the women. During the morning a group of women came bringing Nílira's young widow with her hair down her back, abandoned to grief. She went through the form of kissing all the figures.

In the afternoon three cows were killed in front of the three biers, and Nílira's straw figure and Basti's corpse were taken away to the coffins, but Sunra's straw figure was kept for another day's ceremony, for Sunra belonged to a great and wealthy family, and there was to be more feasting on his account. Many animals were slaughtered by Dán Malik, Sunra's grandfather, in order to keep up the position of the family. All night long the wailing over Sunra's grass representative continued, and early on the morning of September 9 an old woman was declaiming his genealogy with untiring persistence, while a crowd of women and many men seated on the benches listened to her words in rapt attention. When she was at fault for lack of matter, she repeated her last line over and over again until a fresh idea or a new way of expressing an old idea formed itself in her brain, but she seemed to have considerable power of ringing the changes on the names of all the boy's ancestors on both sides. Each fresh arrival, man or woman, went through the form of kissing the straw figure before selecting his or her seat. It seemed to be proper etiquette for the men to drop their walking clubs while performing this ceremony. When the time for refreshment came the men trooped off willingly enough, as did most of the women also, but a few of the latter, near relatives of the deceased Sunra, had to be greatly persuaded before they would consent to be supported away and leave the lay figure which did duty for their dead relation. A certain number always remained with the figure till the end of the day when it was carried off to the cemetery.

On September 10 it was the turn of Basti to have his grass figure taken to the dancing-house and for his relations to distribute wine and food, while the usual weeping, oratory, and dancing went on. But as he was a great warrior the ceremonies in his honour transcended those for the well-born but youthful Nílira and Sunra. As Basti's dummy was being carried to the dancing-place a regular fusillade of matchlocks was maintained. The young men had no such honours allowed them. Indeed, except when

the heads were first taken to their homes, I do not think a single gun was fired for them.

At the dancing-place, as soon as Basti's effigy arrived, the drums and pipers struck up a lively measure and the dancing began. The dressed-up figure on the bed with feathered sticks in turban and in boots, was raised by four men, not slaves, but people of importance. They danced the bed round and round, first to the right and then to the left, moving with a couple of springs in each foot which makes a very lively measure. At the same time they jerked the bed up and down so that if the dummy had not been well secured it would certainly have been thrown off. As it was, its position continually shifted, and it had to be replaced at each pause in the dance. After a time the exercise became less violent, the bearers being content to stand still, or merely jog the bier slightly in time to the drums and pipes. The other dancers were in three circles. The innermost was of women dancing and making the funeral gesture. The middle one was of men edging sideways and twirling their hands in front of their foreheads. The outermost comprised the bulk of the dancers, who moved briskly in pairs or singly. Several carried matchlocks, one carried a quiver of arrows, another a spear, and many had shields. All the Jast who took part in this circle dance went singly, as did the shield-bearers also. The latter seemed to have a particular step of their own. They kept waving their shields above them in a semi-circular sweep and turned half round as they did so. The remainder danced in pairs in the usual way.

Soon after mid-day the straw figure, which after 10 o'clock had been consigned to the care of toothless but marvellously fluent old crones, was carried away to the cemetery, under a great deal of gun firing. At the coffin place the straw figure was burnt, as Sunra's and Nílira's had already been burnt. The dead Basti's homicides were variously estimated, but all agreed that they were between 30 and 40 in number.

At the
shenitán.

When a body is placed in the coffin the clothes in which it is dressed are left with it. Thus the two heads and Basti's corpse would have all their silk vestments placed in the coffins with them. Should anyone steal this property it is generally believed that he would shortly afterwards sicken and die. When the straw figures are done with, and burnt in front of the coffins, their clothing is taken back again to the houses. Women are buried wearing their serpentine silver earrings and other ornaments. In answer to my questions, I was informed that slaves do undoubtedly steal these valuables occasionally, but do so knowing that if they are caught they will be exposed to the vengeance of the relatives of the despoiled dead. Several bodies are put in the same receptacle. It is only a very "big" man who is given a coffin all to himself. Besides clothes and ornaments, small wooden vessels containing bread broken up in ghee are placed in the boxes for the use of the dead. At the shenitán (cemetery) many of the coffins are decayed by age, and their contents are exposed to view. These consist of bones and the wooden vessels referred to. The boxes are never renewed, I think. All the pathology Káfirs know is derived from inspections of the coffin boxes. They knew all about "stone in the bladder," and explained to me that they had seen stones in the bodies of the dead at the shenitán. As a rule, no attempt is made to decorate the coffins, but there are exceptions to this rule, notably at a place close to Pursám, where there is a coffin under a shelving rock by the roadside. It is ornamented with a gaudy turban cloth depending from under the lid. It had on top the white stones Káfirs are so fond of placing in that position, probably for ornament, but possibly also to keep the wood from warping. There were two flags resting against the coffin, one white and the other red, fixed to the end of long poles. Also against the rock were placed three poles, the upper halves of which had been reduced to half the size of the lower halves.

The shenitáns, the cemeteries, are generally formed on a rocky spur close by the village. Sometimes they are on the flat just off the road. At Bragamatal the cemetery is immediately above the west part of the village, and so inconveniently near to the dwelling-houses that if the wind is in a particular direction the stench is appalling. At that particular place, also, some of the coffins have small wooden canopies built over them, a plan I have seen adopted in no other place. The choice of ground for a cemetery seems to be made on the idea that it must be quite near a village, and yet must not be on ground capable of being cultivated. I believe these places are considered impure, for neither the Kám priest nor the Debilála may even walk on the roads leading to them.

Mcarning.

When the death of anyone of importance occurs in a village it is often signified by the firing of a gun. On the death of a wife the husband, after feasting the village, goes into seclusion, and remains in his own house for some thirty days. This is also done by a wife for a dead husband. Friends go to visit the bereaved people, to cheer

them up and condole with them. I went to a house once where there was a woman whose husband had been recently killed. The place was darkened, and in addition to the usual mourning dress she had on her head a square of cotton cloth, and what looked like a small bag depending from it over her left ear. Mourning garments are worn for a long time, possibly until the effigy is erected. Among the Kám all relations wear them, but among the Katirs it seems sufficient for the eldest son, the head of the family, to wear them, even for the death of a father. After a death the room in which the person died is purified by pouring in water through the smoke-hole by means of a wooden trough of a particular description. It is then sufficiently purified for everyone except the religious functionaries, who will not enter the apartment until an effigy has been erected to the deceased.

One year after the death of a Káfir of adult age an effigy has to be erected to his memory. This is both a duty and a privilege, and consequently has to be paid for by feasting the community. The style of image to be erected depends entirely on the amount of food to be distributed. One day's feasting is sufficient for a flat common affair, but to have the effigy placed on a throne or astride a couple of horses a three days' banquet would certainly be required. The chief expense in food distribution is not at the time of a relation's decease, but a year later, when the effigies are erected. Women, as well as men, are glorified after death by pious relatives, and in this way may be placed on an equality with men by being given a throne to sit upon. I was repeatedly assured by Káfirs that women's images were never placed on horses, but I have myself seen an outrageous figure of a woman seated astride of a couple of horses. Some of the wooden images are of a very large size, indeed there are very many varieties, each distinguished by a particular name. They are either kept under open sheds or are exposed to the air. To describe these images minutely would take up too much time and space. They are all carved on conventional models, and are made solely with axes and with knives. The more ponderous kinds are roughly fashioned in the forest, and are then brought into the village to be finished. Some of the best images have a mannikin seated on the left arm holding a pipe, others have similar little images perched on the chair handle. Several of the large images have all manner of quaint designs and carvings over their bodies. Some even look as if the carving were intended to imitate the tattooing of a tight "dhotie," such as the Burmese are so fond of. The people have a good deal of superstition about these effigies. Bad weather, which occurred while a slave was carving some images for me to take to India, was ascribed to the fact that images were being taken from the country, and I was informed that similar natural phenomena marked the carrying away of an image to Peshawar by a man named Mian Gul. The images are often decorated with wisps of cloth bound round the head, and where the juniper-cedar is easily obtainable by sprigs of the tree fastened to the brows. The faces of the effigies are carved precisely like the idols, and similarly white round stones are used for the eyes, and vertical cuts for the mouth or rather the teeth. The effigies are provided with matchlocks or bows and arrows, axes, and daggers, carefully but grotesquely carved, and commonly have a cartwheel-shaped ornament in the middle of the back. The effigies of males are given turbans, while those of women have a peculiar head-dress, which is possibly a rough imitation of the horned cap. To get a proper idea of these images photographs or drawings must be studied. There are no effigies in Presungul, and I was told that they are unknown in the Wai country also. It is probable, therefore, that they are peculiar to the Siah-Posh tribes.

The ceremonies observed when they are ready to be erected must now be described. Dancing is a great feature of the observances. On November 20 at the Káindesh gromma, a great crowd had collected, the dancing-house roof, the steep hill-side, and every other point of vantage being occupied by spectators. When I arrived the performance was in full swing. In the centre of the dancing-place, close by the altar, was the effigy of a man. It was carried on the back of a slave, above whose head and shoulders it towered a couple of feet. The long straight legs were covered at the ends—there were no feet—by tufted dancing boots. A Badakhshi silk robe was thrown over the shoulders, and the head was bound round with a silk turban into which eight paint-brush-shaped contrivances of peacocks' feathers were thrust. The odd-shaped mouth, huge and solemn, the white stone eyes set close together, and the bobbing up and down of the big image as the slave bearing it shifted from one foot to the other in time to the music, and every now and then gave it a sudden bunch up, made a curious picture. The effigy bore a look of such massive grotesqueness that it ought to have been comic, but was not. It seemed a wonder that one man should be able to sustain so heavy a burden. He always looked tired, and

Dancing to
the effigies.

was frequently changed, but, nevertheless, the wood from which the image was cut must have been extremely light for one man to be able to uphold it. During the intervals of the dance the image was propped up against the altar, and left in charge of the women. Of these about two dozen, including little girls, the seniors wearing horned headdress circled slowly round the figure keeping time by a slow bending of the knees, and moving the feet only a few inches at a time. They incessantly moved one hand, palm upwards and breast high, slightly backwards and forwards, towards the bobbing effigy. This action of the hands is intended to symbolise the words, "As this dead person is, so also shall I become." All the women and little girls were shockingly dirty and unkempt, their garments being much torn. All the women wore the large serpentine earrings, and two or three had on silver blinkers also. Outside the women was a dense throng of men all dancing round from left to right. All the women of the inner circle were of the family of the deceased, while their male relations in the dancing crowd were distinguished from the others by the wearing of bright coloured clothes and all the bravery they possessed, and by each carrying a dancing axe. The music was supplied by three little drums and a couple of pipes. The "time" was such that a man could walk round and round by taking steps of not more than six inches in length at a somewhat slow pace. This gave great latitude to the dancer. He could march round in the manner described or take two skips on each foot alternately, prance, stamp, or rush forward, and still keep time with the music, everything depending on the pace he went. A favourite movement seemed to be to march round more or less steadily, merely raising the knees slightly, and then suddenly to rush violently at the orchestra with the head bent as in the attitude of butting. Nearly all the dancers were in pairs, with arms over one another's shoulders. Characteristically, if a man wanted to scratch his nose, he was just as likely to use his encircling arm as the free one without the slightest thought of the discomfort he was causing his partner by twisting the latter's face round. The splendidly dressed relatives danced singly, all the rest in pairs. Often in the mob, especially when near the musicians, the leading pairs would face round to those behind them, hammering their feet with great force on the ground, and bending over to watch the effect. Round and round they went, round and round, smiling, very happy, fully conscious of the excellence of their own performances, and never tiring. Aged men, with that touch of nature which makes us all akin, danced with an added grace from the consciousness that they were showing their juniors how the thing should be properly done. With wooden step they doubled up their knees, gyrated, performed the back step, side kick, all the figures of the highest style. These men never smiled, while they were frequently out of time. The axes were twirled by some, jerked with both hands by others, or were bobbed up and down on the shoulder. Every time the band stopped the head drummer always sounded a few last notes to show his finished touch, and his reluctance to stop. The intervals were filled up by extemporary addresses to the wooden image by an individual who was specially appointed for that duty. He extolled the liberality of the deceased, his bravery, and his good deeds, as well as the virtues of his ancestors. As the orators on these occasions are always members of the dead man's family, they always say all that is to be said on the subject, and never err on the side of false modesty. While the orator declaimed the dancers refreshed themselves with wine ladled from a tub with wooden cups. The same not particularly generous fluid was also circulated among the spectators constantly. Sometimes the musicians would stop altogether, and the dancing would recommence to the chanting of men's voices. The effect of their singing bore a strange resemblance to a Gregorian chant. The grey-beards and seniors, all importance, sat round the platform drinking wine and talking politics. Occasionally a notable would emerge from the dance, take off his finery, hang it over the rail, pay my sheepskin coat the tribute of a rub between the fingers, and then join in the general conversation.

Effigy of a
Waiguli
woman.

After a time I proposed to go home, but was requested to wait to see a woman's effigy which was being brought up to the dancing-place. The figure was very large, much larger than that of the man, and must have been very heavy. It required a crowd of people to carry it. The deceased was a Waiguli woman, married in Kāmdesh, and evidently belonged to a wealthy family, as there were to be two days' dancing and feasting in her honour. The massive effigy was brought into the dancing ring, preceded by two men waving flags, one white and the other red, each being about two feet square, and made of coarse cotton; the white flag had a small worked centre about the size of half-a-crown. As soon as the image was placed in a proper position the lame Astán limped forward and addressed the stolid wooden face. At the end of his speech he went through the form of kissing the effigy, an action which was im-

mediately imitated by everyone present. The dancing in honour of the man's effigy was then resumed.

At the next interval old Astán stood forth again and declaimed against three absent individuals who had stolen a cow belonging to one of Umra Khan's people. He wound up by saying that unless restitution was at once made the culprits would be sent to Umra Khan for him to settle matters with them. At that time the Kám were most anxious to keep on good terms with Umra Khan, and nobody seemed to think there was anything unusual in introducing the topic of the theft in the middle of the effigy ceremonies.

On the 21st the dancing and feasting for the Waigul women began. The only remarkable feature about the performance was that no one wore dancing dresses or dancing boots. The two flags were carried in the middle of the dancers and were waved energetically. They can only be carried in procession in this way when the effigy is of a certain value. I was told that the large price of three cows was paid to the slaves who carved the Waigul woman's image. At one period of the dance women brought forward an immense number of quarters of cheeses. Each fragment was impaled on the end of a stick. One of these sticks was given to every woman present, both dancers and spectators. The dancers carried their portions over the shoulder, and revolved as before. One of the women dancers kept twirling a white metal bowl above her head as she circled round the effigy. This was to signify that the dead woman's relations were giving three feasts in her name. It was a symbol of distinction and honour. The feasting was of a lavish description, and was remarkable for the fact that the women were fed first, the only instance of the kind I ever noticed in Káfristán. When the ceremonies were completed the images were taken away and placed in their appointed positions. Although these images are respected and even honoured, I do not think they are ever renewed or repaired when they once fall into decay.

Another form of memorial to the dead is a kind of menhir. It is about 3 feet high and often has a white stone placed on top of it; specimens are to be seen all over the country. There is but little ceremony in erecting them. A goat is sacrificed, some of the blood is thrown on to the stone, and that is all. Menhirs.

In the Dungul Valley in one of its more open spaces I noticed a detached fragment of rock half buried in the ground. About and around it stones have been carefully piled so as to form a narrow oblong structure with a flat top some $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground. It presented an appearance identical with the structures so constantly seen in Astor and Chitrál, except that instead of being built against a rock it was isolated and could be walked round on all sides. I asked my Káfir companion what it was intended for. To my surprise, they gave me the same answer I have always received to similar inquiries in Astor and Chitrál, that it was intended for coolies to rest their loads upon. But there are no coolies and no loads in Káfristán to justify the erection of resting places for burdens, and this particular structure was the only one of the kind I have noticed in the country. A doubtful structure.

A very common way of commemorating the dead is by the erection of small effigies on the end of poles, which are supported on a pedestal some 3 feet high and 2 feet square. The poles are also squared and bear on their front surface a number of horizontal notches which correspond with the number of homicides the man committed in his lifetime. I believe they are exclusively erected to the memory of warriors, and I cannot remember seeing them anywhere except in the lower part of the Bashgul Valley, in the Dungul Valley, and in the Kalash village of Utzun. Little effigies.

A very elaborate monument is a gateway, standing by itself in a more or less isolated position, that is to say, away from houses. It consists of two square masonry pillars between 5 and 6 feet high, connected together by a wooden door frame. The woodwork is embellished with carving. From each pillar springs a squared pole surmounted by a small effigy represented as seated in a chair or on a horse, and furnished with weapons carved in the ordinary way. The poles are notched horizontally for the reason already stated. Between the two effigies a figure of a mannikin is often placed on top of the doorway, playing some musical instrument to amuse the dead hero. Such monuments can only have been erected after the expenditure of much labour. They are very effective in appearance. Memorial gateways.

SPORT.

There is good sport to be obtained in Káfristán. The rivers teem with fish. Sport. Partridges, pheasants, and pigeons abound. There are also a few teal and other wild-fowl. The big game consists of bears, leopards, markhor, and wild sheep. There are, I believe, no ibex in the country, or at any rate in its eastern half.

Partridges. The partridge is the "chikor," the red-legged variety. They exist in such swarms that in some places the traveller puts up coveys every few yards. The birds were almost tame in the beginning of the winter, and several were shot from my cook-house in the middle of the village of Kámdesh. The Káfirs shoot them sitting, with their matchlocks. One of their methods of approaching them is to put on a long horned cap and then move slowly along in a stooping position. The birds are supposed to mistake the sportsman for some strange animal, their curiosity is aroused, and they permit him to get near enough to use his matchlock with effect. Another plan I saw adopted at Agatsi was for the shooter to carry in front of him an oblong cloth shield painted over with circles dotted in the middle. Behind this screen he warily stalks a covey. When well within range he fixes the screen on his head by means of a cord, and takes a steady pot shot at the birds. But powder and shot are so valuable that Káfirs comparatively rarely go partridge shooting.

Pheasants. The magnificent manál pheasants are stalked and shot sitting, or are hunted about in the snow by bands of yelling Káfirs, till the birds are exhausted, when they lie up in stone heaps, and are easily surrounded and captured alive.

Bears. Bears are shot with matchlocks or riddled with arrows.

Markhor. Markhor are hunted with dogs, and killed with bows and arrows or matchlocks. In the winter at the lower part of the Bashgul valley, markhor are to be found in very great numbers. From the top of a spur I have watched four sets of hunters with their dogs pursuing markhor simultaneously. They are hunted for food, and the slaughter is often prodigious. In the spring when the animals are on their way up the valley, large numbers are killed behind and above Kámdesh, but the supply seems endless. The largest horns I measured were 47 inches and heavy. In one place in the Katirgul there is a wall of stones and bushes, flanked at each end by square enclosures concealing deep pits. Markhor and wild sheep are driven by a crescent-shaped line of Káfirs across the river and against the wall. The animals dash away right and left into the enclosures, where they fall into the pits and are killed. Hunting markhor with trained dogs is very hard work. The dogs are fine big animals, of a breed for which the Káfirs are renowned. My experience of this form of sport made me ever afterwards confine myself to more legitimate and easier methods.

The dogs were slipped, and we followed as hard as we could over a mile or so of execrable ground, when we came up to the quarry on a difficult shelving rock guarded by three dogs barking furiously. One of them came towards us wagging his tail. The markhor at once dashed away, returning to the place whence we started. We followed, but the pace and the difficult climbing were too much for me. However, I saw one of my companions stealthily approach and shoot the animal at 20 yards. In precisely similar circumstances I have several times seen Káfirs miss at the same distance. I have also known them miss at greater ranges with my express rifle, declare they had killed the markhor in a position whence it could not be recovered, and a few days later relate to me fables about the body having afterwards fallen into the torrent, and having been swept away, from which I gathered that they possessed real sporting instincts, which only require development. Arrows are not much employed in markhor shooting, although they are said to be of great use in killing wounded animals.

DISEASES.

The commonest diseases.

The commonest diseases met with in Káfiristán are fevers, chest complaints, small-pox, and a peculiar ulcerative disease which is apparently not syphilitic. Influenza was epidemic in the winter of 1890-91. Sore eyes are most common, as well as the lid deformities which result from these affections. Rheumatic diseases afflict the aged. Goitre is very prevalent among women. There are also lepers and epileptics. Those complaints which require surgical operations for their cure are tumours, cataracts, and other eye-diseases, and stone in the bladder. Fractures of bones, dagger and other wounds are just as frequently seen as might be expected.

I performed several operations for cataract and other eye-diseases, for stone in the bladder, and for the removal of tumours. I most carefully selected the cases to be operated on, and always did my work in the presence of a large audience. At first the people were astounded at my cures, and used frequently to exclaim "This Frank is indeed a great man," but later on they were much less interested, and finally took everything as a matter of course. They almost resented Gokal Chand's skilful treatment of chronic eye-diseases, arguing that if a man's or woman's eye could be restored to sight by a simple-looking operation, that, therefore, old standing cases of diseased

eyelids ought to be equally quickly cured. They soon learned the value of quinine in periodic fevers, and of iodoform in ulcerative throat diseases. It is not necessary to write much about the complaints which Káfirs suffer from, for they are the same in Káfiristán as elsewhere. Exception must be made in cases of small-pox, ulcerative disease, and goitre.

The ravages of small-pox in Káfiristán are very great, while the mortality among children is extremely high. Large numbers of one-eyed people are met with, and many blind, who owe their misfortunes to small-pox; while one of the most pitiable sequels of that disease is the suppuration of joints. Káfirs are ignorant and careless about infection, and the clothes of a man who has died from small-pox are cleaned in a perfunctory manner, and worn by any other man who has had the disease. Isolation is never practised. Inoculation is the only preventive measure adopted, and although it undoubtedly helps to spread the disease, it is a most useful custom. I have arrived in a village where every single house had an inhabitant suffering from small-pox or undergoing inoculation. A man who understands the method, usually a Mahomedan, is induced to enter the country, and crowds of children are taken to him to be inoculated. Guns are not allowed to be fired in a village where small-pox is raging. In the sick room a big fire is lit, and in the evening friends and neighbours collect and dance in the hope of helping the invalid's recovery in that way. Goats and cows are sacrificed or promised to the gods with a similar object. The fearful atmosphere of the crowded sick room, with its fire, the loathsome effluvia of the sick person, combined with the cooking and feasting, may be imagined. I was never able to face it.

There is a particular form of ulcerative disease prevalent in the Bashgul valley, and in Chitrál also to a less extent. It appears to confine its ravages to the face, mouth, and throat. There is hardly a family which has not one or more of its members afflicted in this way. The cheeks are attacked and the lower eyelids and eyeball eaten into. The nasal bones are prone to become affected and disappear. Often a ghastly hole leads down to the place they occupied. The back of the throat is a common seat of the disease, and the extent to which the ulceration extends without causing death is wonderful. The voice often becomes a raucous whisper. The hard and soft palates are nearly always attacked, and tunnels are bored in all directions. The deformities and scars caused by this terrible complaint are as common as they are hideous. I concluded at first that it was due to syphilis, more especially as it yielded to anti-syphilitic remedies—iodide of potassium, mercury, and iodoform—but I subsequently discovered that primary syphilis is as unknown in Káfiristán as in Chitrál. I imagine this disease is a kind of "rodent ulcer." The hospital assistant at Chitrál informed me on my return from Káfiristán that the complaint is very common in Chitrál, and that he cured it with iodide of iron and cod-liver oil, and used iodoform as a local medicament.

Goitre is a common disease, but is almost exclusively confined to women. I saw only one man suffering from it, and his goitre was of trifling size. Women sometimes have very large goitres, but nothing like the immense tumours to be seen in Chitrál. Before I went to Káfiristán Chitrális declared to me that no Káfir suffered from goitre, because he drank wine, and it is really a fact that it is only those in the Bashgul valley who never drink wine, namely, the women, who are afflicted with goitre. I have thought over the etiology of this curious complaint, but that is the only fact I have noted about it. The Káfir women work in the fields, and the Mehtar's queens do not, but both get goitre. It is the freedom from this disease which the Káfir males enjoy which is so puzzling. They certainly drink a little poor wine, generally with water, but that presumably cannot afford them protection against goitre. They lead a free, open-air life, but so do the Chitrális, who yet have enlarged necks. Bashgul men and women live under the same conditions of life, drink from the same streams, and eat more or less the same kind of food. Why should one sex enjoy an immunity from a disease which is denied to the other, and which is denied to both sexes in the adjacent valley of Chitrál?

SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE OF KAFIRS.

Káfirs have little or no medical knowledge. What little they do know has been learned from their Musselman neighbours. Firing is their remedy for pains of every kind. Some men are scarred all over the body from the use of cautery irons. A headache, a pain in the abdomen, the agony of sciatica or of a wrenched or fractured limb, are all alike treated by firing. They have no knowledge of purgatives. All wounds

and sores are treated by being packed up tightly in dirty fragments of half-cured goat-skins. Fractures are bound up carefully with wooden splints, narrow and numerous, but at the slightest sign of pain these are taken off and the cautery iron is applied. I have spent a long time adjusting and "putting up" a fracture, only to find an hour or two later that my excellent bandages and splints have been taken off for a few hours to rest the patient. There is this to be said for the Káfir method, that it cannot possibly cause gangrene of the fractured limb, which I have often seen result from tight bandaging among other ignorant people. Truth compels me also to say that the terrible consequences I foretold to the Káfirs in the way of permanent deformities, if they persisted in disregarding my instructions, only occurred in one or two instances.

I never discovered among the Káfirs any custom of exorcising disease, although I have listened to many fables told me of the magic power and wonderful charms possessed by Mahomedan physicians.

Astronomy.

The Káfirs seem to have little knowledge of, and to take small interest in, the heavenly bodies. One of them, an intelligent man, once instructed me that there are seven heavens rivetted together by the North Star. He said there was another star which performed a similar function, and pointed vaguely to Cassiopœa, but was obviously uncertain in his mind where the second rivet was to be found. The Káfirs know the Pleiades, which they call Laruk, and Orion's belt, which they name Turk. The Great Bear they call the "Prusht" (bed), and say that the first star of the tail is the husband, the second the wife, and the third her lover.

SECTION XIV.

POLITICAL AND STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF KÁFIRISTÁN.

The political and strategic importance of a country like Káfiristán depend not only on its geographical position but also on its natural and physical characteristics, its resources, its political organisation, and upon the temper as well as upon the number of its inhabitants.

The geographical position of Káfiristán is greatly, if not completely, neutralised by its natural difficulties. They are of an extreme kind. Added to the comparative scantiness of its food supplies, which would be altogether insufficient for anything more than a very moderate addition to its present population, Káfiristán could be neither reinforced to any considerable extent nor for any length of time by an ally, nor could it long afford sustenance to an enemy numerous enough to conquer it.

It is very difficult to make any approximate guess of the total population of Káfiristán. I calculate that the Bashgul Valley, including its branches, numbers some 20,000 inhabitants, and that there are 5,000 Presuns. Comparing different accounts I imagine there are about 1,000 Kti Káfirs, 3,000 Kulams, 5,500 Waigulis, and that the Ramgul has a population a little short of that of the Bashgul Valley. The following is a rough estimate:—

Bashgul Valley	-	-	-	-	-	20,000
Presun	„	-	-	-	-	5,000
Kti	„	-	-	-	-	1,000
Kulam	„	-	-	-	-	3,000
Ramgul	„	-	-	-	-	18,000
Wai	„	-	-	-	-	5,500
						<hr/> 52,500 <hr/>

The number of the Ashkun Káfirs I have no means of estimating. The total population of Káfiristán is probably not over 60,000, excluding all Káfirs who have turned Mahomedan and live on the fringes of the country.

Káfiristán could now be subdued readily enough by its Mahomedan enemies, if the latter were all combined together for the purpose, and provided they acted intelligently. They are good mountaineers, fairly good fighters, are well armed as compared with the Káfirs, and are accustomed to live for several days on the food supply each man carries for himself.

His Highness the Amir of Afghanistan could probably conquer the whole country by himself if he attended carefully to his commissariat and took advantage of the inveterate intertribal strife which enfeebles Káfiristán and partially paralyses its power

both of offence and of defence. If he attacked it in detail, taking advantage of inter-tribal wars to open his campaign with Káfir allies, and then followed the usual ruthless methods of oriental warfare, he would probably be more quickly and entirely successful than if he started by proclaiming a religious war against all Káfirs; for in the latter case he would find great difficulty in maintaining himself in the country before he had completely smashed the Káfir power of guerilla fighting, by hunting down his light-footed opponents by the help of their co-religionists.

Civilised powers that war on more or less humane principles would experience greater difficulties, but if they knew the country, and could possibly feed their troops, they could of course always defeat the Káfirs. They might indeed meet with stiff opposition and might have to sacrifice men by steady advances on difficult positions, which could not be turned, for Káfirs when they once get accustomed to rifle fire ought to prove tenacious in holding such places. More than once after being shown places of enormous natural difficulty I have been asked exultingly of what use rifles would be against them. The first few volleys might scare Káfirs nearly out of their wits, but they would soon learn the futility of mere rifle fire in attacking a resolute enemy in complete cover and in a position which practically could not be turned. The Káfirs would naturally put their trust chiefly in guerilla tactics, in isolated attacks on sentries and on the lines of communication, and would probably content themselves with holding positions just long enough to ensure that the invader paid more or less dearly for them, rather than trust to their own poor weapons at close quarters with well-armed troops. The best methods of attacking Káfirs need not, however, be discussed in this place nor at the present time. They would necessarily be based on a particular knowledge of the country, and would have to be adapted to the peculiarities of each valley, to the season of the year, and to the amount of co-operation, if any, which might be obtained from Káfir allies; but most important of all, they would depend upon elaborate arrangements for food supply.

Whatever may be said for or against the policy of having buffer states and the more debatable policy of having buffer states against buffer states, it is to be hoped, on the ground of humanity generally, that we shall always have a buffer state against the Káfirs, for it is nearly certain if we ever become their actual neighbours, we shall have to subdue them. Thefts or attempts at stealing would certainly be followed by sentries shooting at delinquents. Anyone killed would have to be avenged by the Káfirs. War would follow sooner or later, and would almost certainly consist of raids directed against the head-quarters of a tribe, the burning of its chief village, and the submission of the tribe then or after successive expeditions, an inglorious but necessary way of keeping peace on the frontier.

Chitrális, for instance, would manage the Káfirs much better than we should. They are quite reckless of human life, but are not shocked at impudent thefts, nor so hot blooded about them. They would adopt other means of getting restitution. Káfirs, it must be admitted, are most unpleasant and irritating neighbours. We could influence them much better at a short distance by means of an experienced, tactful political officer, than by having a small detachment of troops too near their frontier. To strengthen and encourage Chitrál, without ever letting it slip from our grasp, seems to be our true policy in the Kunar Valley as well as in other directions.

As it is probable that with cautious management no Káfir desperado or thief will be given the opportunity of goading an Englishman, or British-Indian troops, into starting a blood feud, and as the Káfirs are, on the whole, well affected to Englishmen, and as it is certainly desirable under existing circumstances that we keep altogether out of the hornet's nest of the Kunar Valley, which is the only side by which we can approach Káfiristán, and as the impossibility of our reinforcing Káfiristán has already been remarked upon, the chief points which remain to be considered are: 1st, the practicability of Russia, in case of war, advancing through Káfiristán, and so into the Kunar Valley, either by the Bashgul Valley to Arundu, or through the Presun Valley, to Chigar Serai, and 2nd, the desirability or otherwise of arming the Káfirs and subsidising them in order to obstruct or prevent any such movement. Lastly, the value of Káfiristán as a recruiting place for the Indian army will be briefly considered.

It may be safely affirmed that under no conceivable circumstances could the whole of Káfiristán ever be induced to act together on one settled line of action. For instance, the Kám would not only rejoice in the humiliation of the Rámgulis, but would, if possible, lend active assistance in bringing it about. Even in the Bashgul Valley the Katirs, the Mádugúlis and the Kashtáns would view with complacency of heart the annihilation of the Kám fighting power; and *vice versá*.

There is not only a complete absence of all the elements of cohesion among the different tribes, but there are not many tribes which could be relied upon to act in one definite direction even among themselves. In 1891 the Wai were incessantly quarrelling. Some of their number had embraced Islám, and this change in religion had acted to some small extent in bringing about what may be called a legitimate reason for contention between them and their fellow tribesmen who adhered to the old faith. But amongst the latter also there was periodic strife, during which the weaker party had occasionally to seek safety in flight from their native country. The Wai were at the same time warring against the whole of the Presun tribe with the exception of the important village of Pushkigrom, with whose inhabitants, for some reason or other, they continued to maintain friendly relations. The Pushkigrom men looked on-quietly while their fellow tribesmen were being plundered and killed, and made no sign even when the sacred village, Kstigigrom, was sacked and burnt.

Again, the Katirs of the Bashgul valley without the least provocation suddenly raided the Amzhi Valley of Waigul, and many were killed and wounded on both sides, with the result that a bitter war was started between the Katirs and the Wai. Nevertheless, there are certain divisions of the Wai people with whom the Bashgul Katirs are not at war, in spite not only of what happened in 1891, but also in spite of the fact that the Rámgul Katirs were and had been at war with all the Wai people for a long period.

The Katirs of the Bashgul Valley in the same year were only at peace among themselves because one faction, headed by Kán Mára of Bragamatál, had become so strong on account of the help afforded it by the Mehter of Chitrál that its opponents had been compelled to submit or leave the valley altogether. The two chief leaders of the defeated faction were cousins of Kán Mára, and belonged to the same clan. These two men, Karlah Jannah and Gazab Shah were brothers, and they next turned against one another. Karlah Jannah who had retreated to Badáwan had his holding burnt by Gazab Shah, and being helpless against his brother, and with Kán Mára's influence steadily exercised against him was eventually compelled to leave the country altogether and join the Afghans in Badakhshán. He is credited, and truly credited with the hope of some day inducing the Afghans in the Bashgul Valley to avenge his wrongs. Gazab Shah remained behind in Bragamatál, but has never made friends with Kán Mára. He bides his time, and is always waiting for an opportunity to damage Kán Mára if ever he gets the chance.

Lockhart's Mission was introduced into the country by Kán Mára. Its march down the valley was successfully opposed by Kán Jannah, Mára's brother, acting in concert with Gazab Shah. Endless instances of Káfir inter-necine strife might be recorded, but the details are all of the same kind, as tedious as they are squalid. Sufficient however, has been said to demonstrate that Russia entering Káfiristán would find that the very fact of her being friendly with one tribe would probably in itself be sufficient to procure her the enmity of other tribes, while even with the one tribe she would have to combat the jealousy of clans, the jealousy of families, the jealousy of individuals. In short, Russia would have to cow the Káfirs. To enable her to do this she must not only have a good base for supplies in Badakhshán, but she would only have a few months in the year during which she could undertake offensive operations. From the information I received it seems that the Mandál and the Kamah Passes, the two I visited, and both of which are over 15,000 feet in altitude, are the easiest of the northern series, and it also appears that they command the two best roads through Káfiristán to the Kunar Valley. The Mandál is toilsome, impracticable for horses, and not fit for travellers much before June. The Bashgul Valley into which it leads is populous and easy as far as Purstám, below which it is of the most difficult description. The Kamah is no doubt easier, but at present is also impracticable for horses. It is open about the same time as the Mandál. It leads into the Presun Valley which is fertile, has populous villages, and is park-like in character as far down as the bend of the river caused by the Kti Valley barrier. From that point to Chigar Serai the road is said to be of great difficulty.

All the other passes to Kti, Kulam, and the Rámgul are said to be higher than the Kamah. The Kti is certainly open for a shorter period. Of the four roads open to the Russians and practically leading to the same place, the Kunar Valley and the roads to Dir and Swát, or straight down the river to Jelallabad, the Baroghil has the easiest pass, the Lutkbo is the best road, the Bashgul Valley is the worst, while the Presun Valley road has a high pass, followed by a delightful country, and ends in an unknown but presumably very difficult valley. The Káfir roads are the best supplied, and a small force might manage to subsist for a short time in the country.

But bearing in mind what has already been said of the difficulties of the country, the impossibility of getting supplies for any except a small force for a limited time, and when I write a small force I mean less than 500 men, and bearing in mind also the wild and shifty nature of the people, I think it may be fairly concluded that if, in war time, news were brought that the Russians were attempting the Bashgul Valley road, that the British frontier officers might hear it without anxiety, but if they heard that the Presun Valley was being traversed, then they might grow somewhat anxious, for that portion of the road already known to us presents very little difficulty, and everything depends on the nature of the valley which conducts the Péc'h River from the Presungul to Chigar Serai, and on the nature of the road from Badakhshán through Minján and up to the Kamah Pass.

If any demonstrations by light mountain troops were made from Badakhshán, and it is nearly certain that no sane Russian general will for many years to come attempt any other kind of hostile action over that part of the Hindu Kush, partly because of the enormous difficulties to be encountered, and partly because of the success which even the smallest demonstration would have in unsettling the minds of the frontier tribes and of the "trimmers" in India who probably comprise the great majority of the population, if I say, any such demonstration were ever made, it is nearly certain that the Lutkho Valley of Chitrál and the Presun Valley of Káfristán would be selected for the purpose. While the Amir of Kabul rules Badakhshán and we strongly influence Chitrál there need be no anxiety about these roads. Until the Russians are firmly established in Badakhshán, and while we dominate Chitrál, Káfristán has no strategic or political importance whatever, and ought not to be interfered with in any way except by judicious attempts of the Political Assistant in Chitrál to keep up friendly feelings for the English by kind words, by a sympathetic attitude, and by making little presents to the chief head men in return for information, and by always being hospitable to casual visitors.

The question of arming the Káfirs need only be raised to be at once dismissed as being both wrong and impolitic. Káfristán is in an almost chaotic condition at the present time. If the Káfirs had rifles and ammunition the internal state of the country would be worse than ever. Indeed, it can hardly be worse than it is now unless the Káfirs are able to obtain arms of precision. If they had them the weapons would be more frequently employed in inter-tribal wars and in brigandage than in maintaining the independence of a freedom-loving people. Unless accompanied by plenty of ammunition, rifles are useless to the Káfirs as they cannot themselves make cartridges nor even manufacture gunpowder. The greater portion of a gift of rifles might on this account be at once sold across the border for clothes and ornaments. The giving of rifles to the Káfirs might therefore not improbably result in the strengthening of their nearest and consequently most implacable enemies.

Subsidies would not do much harm, but they would do no good. Small presents of money, clothes, or ornaments should be given in return for work done or information afforded, and even for the "service" involved in staying in an English officer's camp for a day or two, provided the Káfirs have had to travel some distance to meet him; but paying subsidies merely to make friends is a hopeless mistake. It only whets the appetite of the recipients and sets them scheming and plotting to start disturbances, in the hope of thereby showing the value of their services, and justifying their requests or their demands for enhanced payments.

As a recruiting ground for the Indian army I believe Káfristán to be practically valueless. If you discipline a Káfir you spoil him. If young men were enlisted and thoroughly drilled they would lose their own special good qualities, and probably not be braver nor so efficient as our best Indian troops. I imagine they would be hopelessly dispirited. Their manly qualities, their virtues, are the result not only of heredity but of their customary mode of life. Change their manner of living, and their brave independence would be lost. In very small numbers, a mere sprinkling in a regiment, they would be faithful and easy to govern. In larger proportions they might be difficult to manage. Many would probably turn Musselman if only for the facilities it afforded for deserting from restraints which depressed and galled them. If they could be obtained as boys they would make excellent trustworthy soldiers, little if anything inferior to those of our best Indian regiments.

PART III.

SECTION I.

VILLAGES.

AGARU, a hamlet of eight or nine houses on the left bank of the Níchingul torrent, and also on the left bank of its own mountain stream. It is inhabited by members of the Utahdári clan of Kám Káfirs who have become Mahomedan.

AGATSI is a small settlement of Kám Káfirs of the Bilezhedári clan who have become Mahomedan. It is on the left bank of the Bashgul river, 300 or 400 ft. above the water level and not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Kámdesh as the crow flies. It consists of two towers connected together by walls in such a manner that one tower commands one long and one short side of an oblong figure. It comprises only one or two families.

APSAI is a fort village, two or three stories high, in the Katir division of the Bashgul Valley. It is on the left bank of the Bashgul river and contains about 200 households. There is a small suburb on the right bank reached by a good bridge. Just inside the river entrance there is an underground passage which opens a few yards further on to the river bank. At this exposed end of the passage there is a rough covered way of planks, enabling the villagers in war time to draw their water supply from the river. Apsai itself has never been taken although its suburb has been burnt three times by Chitrális.

ARUNDU, or ARNU, or ARNUI, is a large and important village in the Kunar Valley nearly opposite the point where the Bashgul falls into the Kunar river. It is on the left bank of the latter, and some few hundred yards distant from it, fertile fields intervening. A good rope bridge stretches across the river at Arundu. The village is on the right bank of the Arundu or Arnugul up which runs a road to Dir. It consists of 200 houses. There is no attempt at fortification, but Arundu might be called a semi-defensible place on account of its position. There is a great excess of arable land in proportion to the population, consequently grain is exceedingly plentiful.

AROMBROM is a hamlet up the Arundugul. It consists of a few houses inhabited by Mahomedans formerly Káfirs.

ASHRUTH is three miles by road up the Ashruthgul from Mirkani. It consists of 40 houses disposed in five regular rows one above the other, on a slope facing south. The right hand house of the top row is a Musjid. There is a fair amount of cultivation, and the inhabitants looked prosperous enough in spite of their mean clothing. Goat-skin coats are almost as common in Ashruth as in Káfristán. Past this village runs the trade road from Chitrál to Dir over the Lowari pass. It is very insecure for travellers owing to the number of Káfir prowlers, who use the valley as one of their favourite hunting grounds for robbery and murder. The late Mehter Amánul-Mulk of Chitrál was gradually making the Káfirs refrain from molesting people on this road.

ASPIR is the lower and smaller of the two villages in the Kti Valley.

BADAMUK is a large village on the right bank of the Bashgul river and in the Katir division of the valley. It is about three miles south of Bragamatál (Lutdeh). It is on the left bank of its own proper gul, up which there is a small village of Katir Káfirs. Badamuk consists of 120 houses, and is built in the oblong fort shape against a rocky slope, on a shoulder of which, high up, there is a tower. Below that, there are two or three other towers over four stories high. The houses are all two or three stories high, and so built as to form a continuous wall, 15 or 20 feet high, all round a central open space which contains the gromma and dancing platform. Badamuk has three entrances, all of which can be readily blocked up. One has a small door leading into a dark passage surrounded by gloomy apartments and opening into the village by a trap door.

BADÁWAN (AHMED DÍWANA) is a considerable tract of country, three miles or so in length, at the upper end of the Bashgul Valley. It has a tower each end and a defensible homestead in the middle, consisting of two towers and cattle enclosures. At its northern limit is a famous shrine of Imra.

BAGALGROM is a large village on the right bank of the Bashgul river and on the left bank of the Bagalgromgul. It is the headquarters of the Madugál or Mumán tribe of Káfirs. It comprises about 150 houses undefended except for two towers on the spurs

behind the village, and is built on level ground by the water's edge, with cultivated ground both to the north and to the south on both banks of the river.

BAILÁM is on the right bank of the Kunar river, about a mile below Palasgar. It contains about 80 houses, and is said to be peopled by Chitrális and Afghans. It is situated amidst fertile fields, and was formerly the limit of Chitrál authority in the Kunar Valley.

BAILÁM, UPPER; *see* NURDI.

BAJINDRA is a Katir village of 30 houses, on the left bank of the Bashgul river. It is some 2 miles south of Bragamatál and close to Badamuk on the opposite side of the river. Most of the houses are crowded together and perched on the flat upper surface of a large rocky fragment, to reach which a bridge stretching to it from the slope behind has to be crossed. The water supply can only be obtained at some little distance from the foot of the rock.

BAPROK is a Katir village of 40 houses situated up the gul of the same name, and on the road from the Bashgul to the Presungul by the Mami Pass.

BINÁRUM is a hamlet about the same level as, and one and a half miles distant from, Kámdeh. It consists of not more than a dozen houses, but bears signs of having been formerly of greater importance than it is at present. To reach Binarum from Kámdeh the torrent to the east which turns the water mills has to be crossed.

BIRKOT is one of the five Gabar villages of the Kunar Valley. It is on the right bank of the Kunar river and opposite, and 1,000 yards south of Arundu as the crow flies. The houses, about 20 in number, are closely fitted together in the form of a square, answering the purpose of a fortification. A ruined parapet, from 5 feet to 6 feet in height surmounts the roofs, and in one or two places, where the houses are absent, there is a dilapidated wall. The centre of the village is a filthy farmyard where extremely narrow lanes converge. At the south-west corner of the village is a tower 30 feet high. The roofs, where all the open air business of life is conducted, are usually reached over a breach in the parapet, but there is a doorway on the east or river side. Birkot stands in the midst of abundant cultivable land. There are a few fruit trees and a water-mill to the south.

BRAGAMATÁL (LUTDEH) is the chief village, and the headquarters of the Katirs of the Bashgul Valley, called sometimes the Kamtóz. It consists of two parts, the larger portion on the left bank and the smaller on the right, with a good bridge connecting them. The smaller or west village is built partly on a low rock close to the water's edge, and partly on the level ground to the south-west, where many houses and the dancing-place are situated. On the left bank the houses are arranged on a low hill in the form of half a regular hexagon open to the south. In the semi-enclosed space are the gromma, the dancing-place, and a few detached groups of houses. The total number of houses in the whole village is probably 700, a few more than Kámdeh, although the villagers believe they have fewer houses but more people than Kámdeh. On a hill to the west of the west portion of Bragamatál are the ruins of several walls marking the site of the old village, which seems to have been formerly, chiefly or altogether on the right bank, one portion above, the other in the present position of the west village. Bragamatál is visited by traders from Minján, Badakhshán, and Chitrál.

CHÁBU is a Katir village on the right bank of the Bashgul river, about a mile below Oulagul, and double that distance from Badamuk. It consists of 55 houses terraced on the slope with fields and pshals about its base. There is a good bridge over the Bashgul river at this point.

CHANDUK is a Sheikh village in the Kunar Valley, just beyond and on the opposite (right) bank to the Gabar village of Sou. It consists of 13 houses, one of which is detached and surrounded by a high wall looking like a fort or a Musjid, but declared to be merely a dwelling-house. The fields about the village are prosperous looking.

CHUGRIKOR; *see* VILIGUL.

DAMIR or DAMÍL is a village of 55 houses, situated up the gul of the same name, a mile or two from its mouth. The houses are arranged in three curving rows facing west with one or two big breaches in the rows filled up with kitchen refuse. As at Ashruth the roofs of a lower row form the level space in front of the houses above. Below the houses are terraced fields. The village is built on a rounded spur, which separates two streams which together form the Damir torrent. The language of Damir is the same as that spoken in Ashruth with dialectic differences, and differs entirely

from all the other languages spoken in the neighbourhood—the Chitrál, the Kalash, the Gabar, the various Káfir tongues, Pushtu, Persian, and so on. Damir is the village whence the Kám Káfirs draw their principal supply of iron.

DIOROM is a half-moon shaped walled village of 60 houses on the left bank of the Presungul river. The centre of its convexity is defended by a tower. The river, close at hand, runs in a shallow tranquil stream fordable everywhere; it is about 18 yards broad, and is spanned by a good bridge with concave parapets made out of a single large tree trunk. There is a tower on the left bank a short distance from the village wall. The village is built in the usual half subterranean Presun way, and has many pshals especially on the south face.

GABAR VILLAGES.—The Gabar villages are five in number, namely, Arundu, Birkot, Nári or Nursut, Sou, and Palasgar. They are inhabited by people said to have been anciently fire worshippers who were expelled from Persia, and after many wanderings at length found a home in the Kunar Valley. They speak a language different to that spoken by any of their neighbours. The dress of the men is indistinctive. The women dress in loose trousers and shirts to the knees, of a very dark blue, nearly black, which fall naturally into graceful folds. They are very fond of white metal or brass neck and wrist ornaments. They wear a close fitting blue cloth skull cap, from beneath which two long plaits hang down, one in front of each shoulder, while two or three similar plaits hang down behind. The *tout ensemble* is picturesque and pleasing. Of the different villages the Sou women are the best dressed. Some of the women have very dead-white complexions. Amongst the Gabars generally the most notable point is their strongly Semitic cast of countenance which is at times so exaggerated that certain of the people look like the Jews of burlesque or caricature. The Gabars are called Satrs, and the villages Satrgrom by the Káfirs, while the Chitrális classify them all as Nursutis. They are poor fighters, bullied by Afghans, Chitrális, and Káfirs indiscriminately. It is from the Gabars that the Kám Káfirs obtain most of the clothing, gunpowder, and other articles they import.

GOURDESH, called also ISTORGATS by the Chitrális, and ISHTRAT by the Káfirs, is situated at the lower part of the Gourdesh Valley, about three miles from the Bashgul river. Its inhabitants are of mixed descent, and do not belong to the Kám tribe. The village is built on the rocky knife-edge of a narrow spur which projects into the valley nearly at right angles with it, and forces the river to take a pear-shaped course round its base. Owing to the limited space available for building, there are not more than 25 houses, all of which are greatly overcrowded. On the south side of the spur is a precipice two or three hundred feet high; on the north side it is difficult of approach. The way to get to the village is along the neck of the spur which is narrow and well-defended. There are plenty of cultivated fields along the river bank.

JINJÁM is a Kám hamlet high up on the right bank of the torrent which flows down to the east of Kámdesh and turns the village flour mills. It consists of less than a dozen houses.

KÁMDESH is the chief village and the tribal headquarters of the Kám Káfirs. It is high up on a great spur which runs down in an undulating manner from the Arakon range, four miles to the south of the village, and which is bounded on one side by the Nichingul, and on the other by another huge spur, on which the hamlets of Binárum and Jinjám are built, and which is divided from the Kámdesh spur by the torrent which turns the village water mills. Kámdesh is from 6,000 to 7,000 ft. in altitude, that is from its lowest part to the houses at the top. With its fields it covers a large expanse of ground. It is divided into three main portions, the upper, the lower, and the east villages, of which the upper is probably as large as the other two parts put together. The whole village is on a slope, which is at places extremely steep, except a portion of the upper village which is built along a moderately level ridge. The only other really level spots are the contiguous house roofs. Kámdesh is about 2,000 ft. above the right bank of the Bashgul river, down to which there is a very steep road. It numbers about 600 living houses, which are quite sufficient for the inhabitants. There are no defences or fortifications of any kind, with the exception of a picturesque tower which stands close to the highest houses in the village.

KASHTÁN is a large village less than an hour's walk from Kámdesh, and a short distance up the Nichingul torrent on the right bank of which it is built high above the water. It is the headquarters of a small tribe of Káfirs from which the village takes its name. The Kashtán formerly held the village of Dungul in the valley of the same name, but were driven thence by Afghans. Kashtán village contains about 200 houses, and must be greatly overcrowded. It has a small suburb above and a short distance

from the main village, which is entirely undefended. The cultivable ground is sufficient for the people.

KSTIGIGROM is a Presun village, built on a slope on the high bank of the Presun river, and consists of about 90 houses. It is probably the most sacred place in the whole of Káfristán on account of its great Imra house, its mystic hole in the ground, its iron bar placed in its present position by Imra himself, and its sacred stones believed to have on them divine handwriting. It is undefended, and was a short time ago destroyed by Wai Káfirs and Afghans acting together. The inhabitants, like the feeble folk they are, seek refuge in troublous times in a large cave high up in the rocks.

LAMEROT or **LAMBARBAT** is a Sheikh village of the Kunar Valley entirely inhabited by "verted" Káfirs of the Kám tribe and their descendants. It is perched high up on the right bank of the Lambabatgul, and a few hundred yards from the left bank of the Kunar river. It numbers 30 houses built between boulders of rock in a most irregular fashion. The houses are all of one story only, but one or two of them have open rooms or verandahs attached.

LULÚK is one of the chief settlements in the Skorigul. It consists of a scattered hamlet of one-storied houses indifferently built. The woman's retreat is a frightful hovel, half subterranean and yet exposed to bad weather.

LUTDEH; see **BRAGAMATÁL**.

MACHIMMA is a Sheikh village in the Nárigul, one mile or so from its mouth. All the inhabitants were formerly of the Demidári clan of Kám Káfirs. It consists of nine houses and some sheds, enclosed by a square wall. It is built 200 ft. above the Nárigul main stream, on a long, low, narrow spur, which separates the main valley from the ravine leading to Arombrom in the Arundugul. Both above and below the village there is cultivation, but most of the fields are in the ravine leading to Arombrom.

MARWAR is a Mádugál hamlet of 8 or 10 houses high up on the right bank of the Bashgul river, several hundred feet above the water, and near the Katir hamlet of Sunru on the opposite bank.

MERGROM is a village on the left bank of the Bashgul river, and mainly built on the right bank of its own mountain stream. It has 30 houses, reached from the right bank of the Bashgul river by a peculiarly rickety bridge. Up the Mergul, there is a difficult mountain track to the Sáratgul. The inhabitants of Mergrom include a large number of chiles or outcasts, which makes it a kind of city of refuge for the Kám tribe.

MIRKANI is a hamlet of 10 or 12 houses with the requisite cultivable ground on the left bank of the Kunar river. It is built on both sides of the mouth of the Ashruthgul.

MUNGUL is a Nádugál village of 40 houses in the nullah of the same name, some distance from and out of sight of the right bank of the Bashgul river.

NÁRI or **NURSUT** is one of the five Gabar villages of the Kunar Valley. It is on the left bank of the Kunar river, and some 150 ft. above its level. There is an excellent rope bridge across the river exactly opposite the village. Nári contains about 100 houses, and is built on the pattern of Birkot, except that the lanes between the houses are somewhat broader. Rough bridges of boughs lead across them. The village parapet on the contiguous roofs is in some places 6 ft. high, but in 1891 had mostly fallen into decay. Certain portions of it have large loop-holes. Immediately to the north of the village is a square fort of the usual Chitráli type built by the late Mehter Amán-ul-Mulk in 1891. It subsequently fell into the hands of Umra Khan, of Jandole.

NURDI, also called **UPPER BAILÁM**, is a hamlet of six or seven houses only, on the right bank of the Kunar Valley, just below the Gabar village of Palasgar. It stands on the right bank of the Viligul or Chugrikor nullah, which separates it from the fields of Palasgar. It is about 1,000 yards up stream from the village of Bailám. Its inhabitants are Afghans and Sheikhs.

OULAGUL is built on the right bank of the torrent of the same name, and a short distance from the left bank of the Bashgul river. It consists of 50 houses piled up on the end of a rocky spur. There is a good plank bridge over the Oulagul torrent. Up the valley there is a mountain track leading over into the Pittigul Valley and to the Manjám Pass.

OZHAK is a Katir settlement in the Skorigul. In 1891 it was a hamlet of about a dozen houses, formed in the style of Lulúk, and similarly surrounded by cultivation.

PALASGAR is the lowest of the five Gábar villages. It stands high on the right bank of the Kunar river, about 250 feet above it, and a very short distance below the point where it is joined by the Dungul torrent. It contains about 20 houses, arranged in the form of a square, as at Birkot. In 1891 they were in a dilapidated condition.

PALUL is a village in the Minján Valley near, and to the west of, the hamlet of Peip, but on the opposite side of the river. It is built on a high mound of drift, and must be several hundred feet above the altitude of Peip. It possesses two towers and apparently many other lower buildings.

PAZHINGAR is a Sheikh hamlet of nine houses on the right bank of the Kunar river, from which it is some distance away, and stands near the mouth and near the right bank of the Kuntgul stream. A few hundred yards to the west are the ruins of houses. An old Káfir informed the writer that in his time the place was inhabited by Kám Káfirs, who were driven away by Musselmans who settled at Pazhingar in considerable numbers, but who were all eventually killed by the Kám. In 1891 the hamlet was inhabited by Sheikhs, i.e., by Káfirs become Mahomedan.

PEIP or **PÍP**, a hamlet in Minján, consists of two towers and several small circular enclosures, some of which are roofed in, while others remain open. All, with two exceptions, are used as cowsheds or store places, while the inhabitants live mostly in the towers. The other kind of dwelling-house comprises a small semi-circular ante-chamber which fits on to the main building as a watch glass fits on to a watch. The inner room is divided into two by a sunk path in the centre, above which the floor on either hand is raised a foot and a half, and is divided at intervals by incomplete partitions which give it the appearance of a stable. The sunk central path terminates in a big fire-place made of clay, of a horizontal cylindrical form with huge hobs on either side. The towers are low and two-storied, the upper apartments being reached by an outside ladder.

PITTIGUL is a Kám village, situated in the valley of the same name. It has 50 houses and much cultivation. It is placed on the left bank of the Pittigul river, half out of sight, up a slope. Its inhabitants comprise one or two families of Jazhis, who are supposed to be the remnant of a people who occupied the Kám country antecedent to the arrival of its present owners.

PRONTZGROM is a Presun village of 150 houses. It is built in a rudely defensive irregularly oblong form on the right bank of the river, and about 100 yards from its margin. In general construction it resembles Shtevgrom. The back wall of contiguous houses forms the main west wall of the village, while on the east the village wall is separated from the dwelling-houses by a sloping bank covered with long coarse grass. The interior is packed with houses, the greater part of which are underground. The lanes between the houses are exceedingly narrow.

PŠHUI or **PŠHOWAR** is a fort village in the Katir part of the Bashgul Valley. It has proved too small for its inhabitants, and in 1891 a three-sided enclosure of houses was being added to its east wall. It numbers 150 houses. In siege time it can draw its water supply from the left bank of the Bashgul river, on the brink of which it stands.

The opposite bank affords no cover for an enemy to approach the stream closely as is the case at Apsai. From Pshui there is a horse track, it is said, to Drusp in the Lutkho valley.

PTŠIGROM is the chief settlement in the Skorigul, and the furthestmost from the Bashgul Valley. In 1891 the village was being built on the usual oblong defensive form of a Katir village when on the plain. It is on the left bank of the Skorigul river, and probably contains 60 houses or more.

PURŠTÁM is one of the lowest Katir villages in the Bashgul valley. It comprises 40 houses, built on the east face of a steep rock, inaccessible on every side except straight up the face. Although at Purštám the river widens considerably, and throws out a supplementary stream, which curves round towards the lowest houses, which are built close to the water, it is yet overshadowed in the morning by the high cliff on the left bank of the river. Apart from the houses on the rock there is a group of four or five houses down stream, a couple of hundred yards or so. The Purštám bridge is just below. Near it is a large collection of "pshals" which may readily be mistaken for another village, especially as there are several small temples among them.

PUSHKIGROM is the most important village in the Presungul. It is situated on the right bank of the river, and some little distance from it, and nearly opposite a narrow valley leading to Bargul, the highest of the Wai villages. It is built on a slope, with two towers above, and one on the flank. These towers are connected by a wall of

stones completed in rocky places by stockades of no particular strength. There is plenty of water from above. The houses, some 250 in number, are more than usually difficult to count. They are built chiefly of wood in the shape of rounded poles, with little or no masonry between the timbers. In shape they resemble Bashgul houses, but are provided with the peculiar wide chimney structures characteristic of the Presungul. They are without verandahs. The "pshals" are clustered all round the base of the slope in the usual way.

SÁRAT is a Kám village of 40 houses, situated on the Sáratgul, whose torrent falls into the Bashgul river on its left bank just below Sárat bridge. Mountain paths lead from Sárat to the Pittigul, and into all the neighbouring guls.

SAREGUL is a hamlet near the mouth of a branch valley, whose stream falls into the Nári torrent, about three miles above Nári fort. It consists of a few houses inhabited by Gujars, and several "pshals."

SHARGUL is a Sheikh village of eight poor-looking houses, which, with cattle sheds, are enclosed by a square wall. It is only a few hundred yards from the left bank of the Kunar, but is invisible from the road. It stands on the left bank of the Shargul torrent. It is about half way between Nári and Sou.

SHIDGUL is a Kátir fort village, on the right bank of the Bashgul river, a short distance above Bragamatal. It has 140 houses.

SHEVGRUM is a small but densely populated Presun village, situated on the right bank of the Presun river, and on the left bank of the stream from the Kamah pass. It is built in the shape of an irregular square, more or less convex on the river side. From under the priest's house a tunnel, through which a man can crawl on all fours, leads to the water's edge, which is 100 to 150 yards distant. Most of the houses are extremely low; they are closely packed together, and have underground rooms. The top room is semi-subterranean, and there are two apartments underneath it, the one below the other. The village wall is built with great economy of wood, and has a coping of dried shrubs kept in position by large stones. It is strengthened by two small towers, while there is a third amidst the houses, which forms the citadel of the place. There is no parapet or banquette except where housetops or irregularities of the wall accidentally produce them. Many of the housetops are flush with the wall, which is nowhere more than 10 ft. high. All the houses increase in height from the wall to the centre of the village. Shtevgrom gives shelter to 115 families.

Sou is one of the five Gabar villages of the Kunar Valley. It comprises 60 houses built in the form of an irregular square 200 yards from the left bank of the Kunar river, and on the right bank of the Sougul stream which is fordable, with care, or may be crossed by a single plank bridge. Sou is in the middle of fertile fields. Behind it numerous goat sheds look from a distance like a defensive work.

SUSKU is a Mádugál village of 70 houses built high above the left bank of the Bashgul river, and a considerable distance from it. It is reached by a toilsome path. It cannot be seen from the road through the Bashgul Valley.

SATSUNGROM is a small Presun village built on a steep slope on the right bank of the river between Kstigigrom and Pushkigrom, about a mile from the former by road. It has 50 houses and is undefended. Just below it there is a good bridge provided with folding doors at the left bank end.

TULLU is an important village of Minján, the most southerly and the nearest to the Presun, the Kti, the Kulam, and the Rámgul districts.

URMIR is the Kám frontier village towards the Mádugál country. It is on the right bank of the Bashgul river, and on the left bank of the Níchingul stream at their point of junction. It numbers 20 houses, which are perched on a steep rock over which the road through the Bashgul Valley runs. The bridge over the Níchingul torrent is some 200 or 300 yards from the village.

UTZUN is a Kalash village belonging to Chitrál, but many of whose inhabitants have a strong infusion of Bashgul blood in their veins. The village is on the top of a steep conical rock 700 feet high, in the middle of fields which lie in an amphitheatre of hills. It is on the left bank of the Utzungul which branches into the Kunar Valley just below the village of Kala Naghar, from which it is distant about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It numbers 30 or 40 domiciles.

VILIGUL called CHUGRIKOR by the Chitrális is a village up a branch of the valley of the same name which joins the Kunar Valley between Palasgar and Nurdui. Its inhabitants are Wai people who have been compelled to turn Mahomedan.

SECTION II.

ROUTE No. I.

CHITRÁL to KÁMDESH via BOMBORET.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
(1) Aíún - - - -	10	—	} See Report of Lockhart's Mission.
(2) Bomboret - - -	8	18	
(3) Camp - - - - (Bomboret Valley)	9½	27½	
(4) Camp - - - - (Pittigul Valley)	8	35½	The road at starting runs over a steep stony slope, and continues its upward course at a severe gradient. It is extremely steep in places. Its general direction is south and west until the pass (the Parpit, 13,500 feet) is reached. An equally steep descent leads down into the Pittigul Valley, but the coolies' labour may be much lessened by sending the baggage by an alternative but longer path, which after running two or three miles to the west at a fairly easy gradient reaches the Pittigul Valley higher up. This march is impracticable for horses. I took a Yarkand pony over it, but it proved a cruel and useless experiment.
(5) Pittigul - - -	12½	48	After a quarter of a mile over open stony ground, the road runs along the hill side in a serpentine manner, winding between pine trees or shrubs. At 1½ miles it descends to left bank of river, and thence continues over water-worn stones, or between boulders. At 2 miles it crosses to right bank by stepping stones; 600 yards further on passes two poles over the stream, the substitute for a broken wooden bridge leading to Shategul, Torag Merik's goatherd's hut. Just beyond Shategul there is a valley running eastwards. At 3¼ miles the road passes the Wogul Valley on the other side of the stream (the left bank), and ½ a mile further, passes without crossing, a fair wooden bridge 18' x 3'; at 4¼ miles it crosses to the left bank by a wooden bridge 24' x 3'. Just beyond this point, and on the opposite side of the stream, that is to say, on the right bank, the Tranzhigul Valley runs westward; and ¾ mile further on the Loshalgul takes a similar direction; 300 yards below the Loshalgul there is a wooden bridge 20' x 3' not crossed by the road which continues along the left bank, and at 5½ miles passes the mouth of the Papomligul Valley, which runs up in an easterly direction. Half a mile further on the river is bridged by three

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
(6) Camp - - - (near Kamu).	11½	59½	<p>separate spans, the piers formed of tree trunks, and the whole structure perhaps 60 ft. in length. The road passes this bridge, still continuing down the left bank. At 6½ miles the Karatgul runs to the south-west, while at nine miles the road passes, without crossing, another wooden bridge, three-quarters of a mile beyond, where there is a small inconvenient camping ground, 200 yards or so above Pittigul village, 50 houses. The path is a jungle track bordering the stream of a greatly winding valley, which runs down between steep, and in some places almost vertical rocky slopes. The bordering slopes are covered with pines and occasional cedars (deodars), ilex, willows, and walnuts down to the water's edge. Boulders and huge tree trunks obstruct the water way. The road is in places most difficult, running along ledges of rock, and is widened here and there by narrow galleries, placed on timber supports of the roughest description. At other places it traverses smooth rock surfaces where there is little or no foothold, or winds through coarse grasses between boulders of rock. It never rises very high above the river level.</p> <p>From Pittigul the road winds amongst the fields of the village, and at three-quarters of a mile crosses to the right bank by a good wooden parapetless bridge, 57' x 5', although in the centre it is only 2½' wide. At 1 mile the cultivation ceases altogether. At 1½ miles it passes the Stigul Valley on the opposite side of the torrent, and immediately afterwards passes near the hamlet of Sazaillaigul which however is not seen. It then crosses three low puris, and reaches the hamlet of Babordesh, whose fields, fringed with fruit trees are about a quarter of a mile from end to end. The road skirts them, crossing a low puri, and passing under an irrigation watercourse. At 2½ miles it keeps crossing puris one after the other for a mile or so, and then crosses the torrent to the left bank at the hamlet of Dazhonzhal, with its fields and goat-pens. A quarter of a mile further on are two or three empty cattle sheds, and 200 yards beyond them the mouth of a valley running to the south-east. Just beyond this point, at four miles, there is a low but difficult rocky spur, and the road crosses two other similar spurs within the next quarter of a mile. A little more than 5½ miles it passes a valley on the opposite side of the river, running in a north-westerly direction, and immediately afterwards, passes, without crossing, a wooden bridge. Just past the bridge, a valley on the left winds away to the south-east. At 5¾ miles is a low but difficult puri. At 6¼ miles is a steep puri (250 feet high) which is immediately succeeded by another, but lower one. In the interval between these two puris, the road descends to the level of the river. A little more than 7½ miles the road is on the right bank once more, after crossing a well-built wooden bridge high above the river, but which, although 50' long, is not more than 2' broad in the middle. At 8 miles the Pittigul joins the Bashgul river. The road now runs up the left bank of the Bashgul river. At 8¾ miles it passes the mouth of the Sârat nullah, up which is the village of Sârat, 40 houses. The Sârat torrent is crossed by a two pole bridge. Here are a few poor looking fields. At 9 miles it traverses the good wooden Sârat bridge, 90' long, with a trough-like centre 2' broad, the parapet being under 1' high, and continues up the right bank of the Bashgul river. 300 yards further it surmounts the end of a low, rough, rocky spur and about half a mile beyond climbs another similar obstacle. At 10 miles it runs over an easy puri. A quarter of a mile further, but on the opposite side of the river, is the Gabar valley. At 11½ miles the camping ground near the memorial gateway at the mouth of the Kamu valley is reached.</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
(7) Kámdesh	6	65½	<p>The Pittigul portion of the journey is of the same description as march No. 3, but as soon as the Bashgul Valley is reached a great change in the vegetation is produced, owing to the complete absence of pines and cedars, and the abundance of evergreen oaks to be seen everywhere.</p> <p>The track throughout presents no real difficulties, except at certain puris, but it is nevertheless, toilsome and tiring.</p> <p>NOTE.—The Kamugul runs up in a southerly direction, and at 3 miles is south-easterly. Up it there is a road over the hills into the Birkot or Kumri gul, and so on to Birkot village. At a little over 2 miles it gives off a large branch, which runs a little west of south, up which a track crossing a pass descends into the Azharbai Valley.</p> <p>After crossing a stream the road climbs a low but difficult cliff, then descends to the river bank until, at 1½ miles, it crosses a difficult cliff opposite the village of Mer, 30 houses. It again runs along the river bed till at 3 miles it begins the ascent to Kámdesh. At 3½ miles it passes the Sheikh hamlet of Agatsi on the opposite (left) bank. The road now gradually leaves the river, and at 4½ miles, passes through the hamlet of Jinjám, thence it descends into a deep ravine whose stream turns the Kámdesh flour mills and then, after climbing the opposite bank, runs over a rounded spur and through fields to the village of Kámdesh, 6 miles.</p>

ROUTE NO. II.

KÁMDESH TO PEIP in the MINJÁN VALLEY.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
(1) Puratám	13½	13½	<p>From Kámdesh there is a long descent to the Nichingul stream, 1800 ft. below. The gradient is at first of an ordinary nature, but becomes severe as the torrent is approached, otherwise the road is easy.</p> <p>The Nichingul stream is crossed by a bridge, or if the bridge is broken by a substitute consisting of two poles. At 1½ miles the road climbs a short steep cliff on the top of which is the village of Urmir, 15 or 20 houses, beyond which the Kám territory does not extend. It then descends by a short difficult track on to the right bank of the Bashgul river. Just short of 3½ miles, after crossing a long shallow wading place, and climbing a low but extremely difficult puri, where coolies' loads must be taken off and dragged up with cords or hauled up carefully, the road runs over a good strong parapetless bridge high above the water and not more than 2 ft. wide in the middle, where its vibration is very great. For the next 650 yards it winds over fields and then passes without crossing another good bridge, which leads directly into the heart of Bagolgron village, 150 houses. The road soon afterwards becomes very difficult and rough, a mere track over or between boulders by the water edge, or up and down rocky surfaces. In the summer there are four wading places, one very bad indeed; the current is strong and the water reaches to the waist, while the foothold is precarious. The Mádugál village of Susku, 70 houses, which is high up on the hill on the right, is passed unseen at 5 miles.</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
			At 6½ miles the mouth of the Mungul valley on the opposite side of the river is passed. Up that valley is the Mádugál village of Mungul, 30 houses; 600 yards further the road crosses the fields of Punja, a hamlet inhabited by a "chile" (outcast). At 9 miles the Marwar hamlet is seen across the bridge, high up on the right bank. A few yards further it passes close by the river and under some dubious rock markings, believed by the Káfirs to be of sacred origin. A little more than 9½ miles the road passes the hamlet of Sunru, the Katir frontier, and passing the nullah of the same name, continues up the left bank. At 10½ miles the Baprokgul, on the opposite side of the river, is seen. Up this valley is the Katir village of Baprok, 40 houses, and a path to the Mami pass, which leads into Presungul. 500 yards further on the road traverses a small grassy patch which may be utilised as a camp. Up to this point the road is most arduous for coolies. The valley is very narrow and the river almost a cataract, especially near Sunru. It now becomes much easier, and at 12¾ miles passes the Chigalgul, up which are many water mills. At 13½ miles it crosses a good bridge, and the village of Purstám, 40 houses, on the right bank is reached, 13¾ miles.
(2) Bragamatál (Lutdeh).	8	22	Crossing the Purstám bridge to the left bank, the road runs over a high steep cliff which shadows Purstám in the morning. At a quarter of a mile it descends nearly to the level of the river, and winds over the fields which border the little torrent which rushes down the Babdagul. It then traverses a rough stony path and at 2 miles passes, without crossing, a good bridge leading to the village of Chábu, 55 houses, on the right bank. There appear to be two Chábuguls, one close to the village up stream, the other three-quarters of a mile below it. Still on the left bank, the road, pleasantly shaded by fruit trees, passes through or between cultivated fields till it reaches the village of Oulagul at 3 miles. Up the Oulagul there is a mountain track to Pittigul and the Manjám Pass. From Oulagul the road is very easy; the river broadens, and flows tranquilly round several small, stony islands. At 4½ miles it crosses a good bridge, defended by a small blockhouse on the left bank. The bridge, though strong, has a great deal of motion, and being narrow, and of course parapetless, is troublesome for coolies. At 4¾ miles it passes the village of Badamuk, 120 houses, and over cultivated fields; then it crosses the Badamukgul, up which there is a small village and an old river bed, and thence along the hill slope on the right bank. The river widens out still more, and is dotted with islets of willow jungle or stony waste. A thousand yards from Badamuk it passes the village of Bajindra, 30 houses, perched on a detached fragment of rock on the left bank and a gul of the same name; then continuing along the track up the right bank it crosses some cultivated fields to reach the western part of the Bragamatál village, 8 miles.
(3) Pshui	11	33	} See Report of Lockhart's Mission.
(4) Badáwan (Ahmed Diwána).	6½	39½	
(5) Ca... (ect.)	8	47½	
			The road crosses the river at Imra's shrine, and keeps to the left bank. It is easy and pleasant, the ascent being very gradual. At 5 miles it passes a lake through which the river flows silently. Two miles further on there is an expansion of water of considerable size where the river, bordered by a fringe of willow jungle insinuates itself among a number of tiny lakes. At 10,250 ft. wood ceases, and logs must be carried up to a "sangar" at 11,000 ft. where a small camp may be formed.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
(6) Peip (Minján Valley).	19½	67	<p>Date, 1.6.91. The road is very difficult owing to the snow. From the sangar camp it ran over trackless snow until at 7½ miles the summit of the Mandál Pass (15,300 ft.) was reached. The valley runs at first north and south and then turns to the left so that the pass itself looks east and west. At first the gradient is easy for 1,500 ft., it then becomes more severe, but is nowhere of extreme difficulty except for the last 400 ft., when the incline is that of a house roof. We started at 4 a.m., and the sun was shining strongly as we reached the knife-edge summit. The snow consequently gave way at every footstep letting one through to the hip. On the Minján side of the pass there is an extremely steep descent for 500 ft., and it continues fairly severe for three-quarters of a mile. It then becomes easier, being a succession of more or less level expanses with rather steep level descents intervening. Owing to the treacherous snow letting one through continually, the going at this time of year is very tedious, and caution must be observed, to prevent the feet getting hurt by the sharp rocky fragments concealed beneath the soft snow. When the snow ceases, at about 13,000 ft., the track is over boulders at the edge of the stream, which has to be frequently crossed and re-crossed. The valley is narrow and winding, and impracticable for horses. At 14½ miles it broadens out into a wide plain covered with willow and birch jungle, at 11,500 ft., where a camp may be formed. This plain is closed in except at the upper part where the narrow upper valley begins and at the lower end to the south where the numerous water channels are collected again into one stream and flow round the end of a rounded hill barrier which stretches across the plain. The road then runs above and on the left bank of the river, now become a torrent, and descends over boulders and rough ground to the stony fields surrounding the hamlet of Pip, or Peip, 19½ miles.</p> <p>(NOTE on Mandál Pass.—On the return journey we camped at 13,000 ft., and starting at 2 a.m. reached the top of the pass before 6 o'clock with ease except for an icy blast which chilled us to the bone in spite of all our exertions. On the Bashgul Valley side the snow extended a much greater distance than on the other side and its slippery surface betrayed us all more or less, a fall often being followed by a long slide, very bad for instruments. I was told that the 1st of June was a good date to cross because later the shingle slopes when uncovered by snow were very apt to slip and rattle down under the weight of a traveller. Minján traders heavily laden with hides and other merchandise, make light of the pass. Although it really is impracticable for horses, I know one man who took a horse over at the end of August).</p>

ROUTE III.

KÁMDESH TO UPPER BAILÁM.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description. &c.
	Inter- mediate.	Total.	
(1) Nisadgul - -	11½	11½	<p>This route is throughout along the right bank of the Bashgul river, as far as the Kunar Valley. The road as far as Sárat bridge, which is 8½ miles from Kámdesh, has already been described in Route 1.</p> <p>From Sárat bridge the road passes the juncture of the Bashgul and Pittigul rivers at 9½ miles, and continues along the river bank, alternately ascending and descending to rocky elevations, none of which are of any height. At 11 miles it crosses a bad low puri, which has once been carefully bridged along its vertical face, but several of the planks having slipped from their supporting stones have become loose, or have dropped out altogether, leaving the structure difficult and dangerous. At 11½ miles it crosses the Nisadgul, exactly opposite to which the winding rugged Bazgul Valley empties its waters into the Bashgul river. 200 yards further is a small camping place.</p>
(2) Birkot - -	9	20½	<p>At 1½ miles the road crosses the mouth of the Badigul, 200 yards beyond which there is, in the winter, a bridge made of wattles or hurdles, which leads on to the Gourdesh road. At 2½ miles there is a steep puri. Up to this point the road is of the usual character, and winds its generally rocky track round or over several low cliffs. In the winter, when the water is low, much climbing is avoided by travelling by the river's edge. After leaving the wattled bridge the road becomes more arduous, but still only of moderate difficulty for coolies. At 3 miles the road leaves the river to ascend two spurs, each 700 or 800 ft. high. At this position the Gourdesh torrent joins the Bashgul river on its left bank. At 3½ miles the road crosses the Charadgul torrent, which can be waded, crossed on stepping stones, or by a plank bridge, according to the season of the year, about a quarter of a mile above its juncture with the Bashgul river. The road next climbs an 800 ft. puri, and continues at that level above the river, which is 200 or 300 yards distant, for three-quarters of a mile. Then at 4½ miles it descends steeply, and at 5 miles is only 20 ft. above the river. At 5½ miles it passes the Pondinirgul, a ravine up which there is a track to the Bregudagul. Just short of 6 miles it crosses the mouth of the Bregudagul itself. The path, still rough and rocky, now leaves the river a little. At 7 miles the Bashgul falls into the Kunar river, and the road bends to the right and runs along the right bank of the Kunar. A short distance from its point of juncture with the Kunar, the Bashgul river has a good twig bridge thrown over it every winter by the Birkot villagers. At 8½ miles the road passes another good twig bridge leading to Arundu or Arnui, 200 houses, and immediately afterwards the Arundu or Arnugul, which empties itself into the left bank of the Kunar immediately below the village. At 9 miles the road passes the Birkotgul and traverses cultivated fields to reach the village of Birkot, 20 houses.</p> <p>(NOTE No. 1.—As it emerges from the Bashgul Valley the river finds itself running between rounded slopes which gradually rise into rocky peaks. In front of it on the left bank are the terraced fields belonging to Arnui or Arundu. The scenery changes at once. In place of the difficult rocky paths of the Káfir Valley with their stony waterworn slopes, there is a pleasant pathway and a wide valley bounded for the most part by low hills backed by others sterner and steeper, but still much softer in outline than those left behind in Káfiristán.)</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
Sou	12	32½	<p>The road, leaving the river, runs through the fields of Birkot, and then over an easy track. At 1 mile it crosses the mouth of the Kuntgul, and at 1½ miles passes the hamlet of Pazhingar, where, on the right hand and at a distance of a few hundred yards, are to be seen some ruined houses. It now begins to descend gently, and continues fit for horses of any description until it again verges on the river at 2½ miles, where it gets rough and rocky. At this place the river runs under boulder clay cliffs 200 ft. high, first on the left bank and then on the right. At 3½ miles there is another bad rocky bit, over which animals would have to be taken unladen and with the greatest care. Across the river the mouths of the Suntgul and the Bratzagul are passed, ¾ of a mile apart. Their upper ends communicate with each other. The road passes the Lanir-pshal-gul and the Patle-pshal-gul, a thousand yards apart, and at 6 miles crosses an excellent rope bridge, to reach the village of Nári, 100 houses, on the left bank.</p> <p>(NOTE.—From Arnui or Arundu to Nári by the left bank. After crossing the broad stream bed of the Arundu or Arnugul, the road winds pleasantly and easily in a serpentine manner until opposite the Kuntgul stream, where it is rough and difficult, requiring horsemen to dismount. Opposite Pazhingar it bifurcates into an upper path for horses, and a lower, scarcely indicated track, which is little more than a scramble over rocks and boulders by the water's edge. This continues for half a mile, where the river is believed by the Káfirs to be in the possession of Bagisht. Thence the road is quite easy, at first fringed with trees, and then running over cultivated land at Suntgul. Here there is a considerable quantity of land of good quality, now out of tillage on account of the sudden stoppage of the water supply. Passing these deserted fields, after traversing a couple of miles of easy stony slope, it reaches the new fort at Nári. Camels, donkeys, all kinds of animals, can be taken by this road.)</p> <p>(NOTE No. 2.—The Birkotgul has paths to the neighbouring valleys, and a particular one to the Charadgul and Kamu.)</p> <p>(NOTE No. 3.—The Kuntgul or Pazhingargul is a fine valley, from which pass more or less difficult mountain paths to the Kumrigul (or Birkotgul), the Azharbai Valley and the Dungul Valley, besides another which leads in the direction of the Chandukgul. It contains the remains of two Káfir villages and two "psbals" surrounded by cultivation. The Káfirs declare that the ruined villages were formerly occupied by Kám Káfirs, who spoke the Wai tongue, which probably means that both tribes occupied the valley.)</p> <p>The road leaving Nári crosses the Nárigul over a two pole bridge, or through the water, and continues down the left bank of the Kunar River. It first runs round a bold curve of the river and then crosses an easy fan to reach the bank again. Thence it winds easily and pleasantly. At 9 miles there are the remains of a good rope bridge, destroyed by Afghans. At 10½ miles the road crosses the Shargul torrent, on the left bank of which, out of sight, but only a few hundred yards distant, is the Sheikh village of Shargul, eight houses. At 12 miles, after passing through wheat fields, it reaches the prosperous Gabar village of Sou, 60 houses. Horsemen may ride from Nári to Sou without once dismounting.</p>
Opposite Upper Bailám	4½	37	<p>After crossing the Sougul by a single plank bridge (horses may wade through, with care) the road runs through cornfields terraced regularly down to the river. At a quarter of a mile it passes the Sheikh village of Chanduk (or Chimak), 15 houses, on the opposite or right</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
			<p>bank which is also on the right bank of the Chandugul stream, up which there are paths, one to the Kuntgul the other to the Dungul. The road then crosses a small torrent, and just short of 3 miles passes through the Kamsigul stream, and at 3½ miles arrives opposite the mouth of the Dungul, which leads straight up to Kámdesh over a pass and by a lateral valley and over a low pass to the Kamu Valley. The Dungul is called the Darai by the Chitrális. Immediately below its juncture with the Kunar are two bridges, one made of hurdles or wattles, the second being a single rope with a cradle running along it. Just short of 4 miles the road passes Palasgar, 20 houses, the last of the five Gabar villages, on the opposite (right) bank, and at 4½ miles arrives opposite Upper Bailám, called also Nurdí, a hamlet of six or eight houses inhabited by Afghans and Sheikhs, on the right bank of the Viligul stream which separates it from the fields of Palasgar. This stream, the Viligul, divides into two branches the main valley leading by a mountain track to the Dungul, the other called the Skiorgul, leading in a similar way to Waigul. The Viligul has a village called by the same name by Káfirs, but known as Chugrikor by the Chitrális, which is inhabited by Wai people who have been compelled to become Mahomedans. There are, it is said one or two little settlements of a similar kind in the Skiorgul also. 1,000 yards from Upper Bailám or Nurdí on the right bank of the Kunar, down stream, is the village of Bailám, 80 houses, inhabited partly by Afghans and partly by Chitrális. It is surrounded by fertile fields, and represents the old Chitráli frontier in the Kunar Valley. The Kunar River at this point changes its nature so greatly that at Upper Bailám it is crossed by a raft. The road from Sou, to opposite Upper Bailám along the left bank, with the exception of occasional rough patches, short and of no extreme difficulty, is easy and pleasant throughout. There are one or two places where horsemen should dismount, and laden animals must be led carefully, or should be loaded with a view to one or two narrow passages between rocks. Opposite Upper Bailám or Nurdí the road becomes rough and rocky, but is still practicable for horsemen.</p> <p>(NOTE No. 4.—The Nárigul (Nursutgul) has a road leading to Baroul past the walled Sheikh village of Machimma, nine houses, 1 mile, and the hamlet of Saregul, 3½ miles, from Nári. Just short of Machimma a torrent joins the right side of the Nárigul stream. Up this torrent is a mountain path to Arombrom in the Arnui or Arundugul.)</p>

ROUTE No. IV.

ARUNDU (ARNUI) TO MIRKANI.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
Camp	8½	8½	<p>The village of Arundu, 200 houses, is on the right bank of the Arundugul, and a few hundred yards from the left bank of the Kunar river. It is nearly due north of Birkot, on the opposite side of the river, from which it is distant about 1,000 yards as the crow flies. From Arundu the road up the left bank of the Kunar leaves the river for a short space, fields intervening, but</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
Mirkani	12½	21	<p>at half-a-mile closes on it again, and continues at a distance of 100 or 200 yards from it. On the right the hill slopes are from 100 to 400 yards away. Just short of a mile the mouth of the Bashgul Valley is passed. At 1½ miles the valley narrows greatly, and there is a steep rocky climb up a very rough path. At 2½ miles some narrow strips of field intervene between road and river, and at 4 miles the former crosses the Lamoret or Lambabatgul, on the right bank of which, some distance from the river, is the Sheikh village of Lambabat, 30 houses. The road then runs over slopes, steep between it and the river, 100 to 200 yards, but much less steep to the right. At 5½ miles it passes a footpath leading to Lambabat, and just before reaching the Aguligul (6½ miles) it borders some cultivated fields on the river slope. Leaving the last-named gul, it crosses a shingle slope, a short distance beyond which it once more becomes a very rough mountain path, from which there is a steep descent to the river. At 8½ miles there is an open grassy space, 100 ft. above the river, where a camp may be formed. Wood and water plentiful, but nothing else. The average elevation of the road above the river is between 100 and 200 ft.; it is practicable for ponies in spite of one or two awkward places.</p> <p>At half a-mile there is a very bad bit for horses. Baggage animals would have to be unladen. The path is built up in the admirable Chitráli fashion, along the face of a bluff. At 1½ miles the Lotrigorigul is traversed, beyond which the slopes on the right resume their ordinary rolling character, the descent to the river remaining very steep. At 3 miles the track is across the Chimwatgul at the level of the river, and at 4½ miles it crosses the Danar, Dami, or Damirgul, up which is the village of Damir, 55 houses. At 6 miles the road crosses the Kuligul, and a quarter of a mile further passes the Kataringul, where a famous fairy lives, on the opposite side of the river. The path up to this point is of an ordinary mountain kind, undulating and winding, and is practicable for horses. On the right bank the country seemed fairly easy the whole way. After leaving the Kuligul the road becomes steep, rough, and difficult, and continues so for a mile and a half. At 8½ miles the Gramgul is passed on the opposite side of the river, and a quarter of a mile further the Jintangul is crossed. At 12½ miles Mirkani, or Mirkandi, which is built on both sides of the Ashruthgul, is reached. The road throughout is 300 to 500 ft. above the tortuous river, except near Mirkandi, where it is at a lower level. It is just possible to ride mountain ponies over it, dismounting at one or two particularly bad places. It is built up along the faces of bluffs in several places. The Kástristán bank (the right) for the last 4 miles is mostly steep, bare, rocky hills. The river at certain places runs through narrow rock-bound gorges with great velocity, especially during the snow-melting season.</p> <p>(NOTE No. 1.—Up the Arnugul is a road to Dir. There is also a hamlet some distance up the gul, which is called Arombrom, from whence a difficult track leads up over hills to meet a similar path from a branch of the Nárigul.)</p> <p>(NOTE No. 2.—Up the Damir or Dami gul the valley bifurcates at the village 1½ to 2 miles from the Kunar Valley, up to which point horsemen may go the whole way without dismounting. The valley is narrow, winding, and rocky, and has a broad stony water channel for its torrent. Up the left branch is a difficult path, leading to the Ashruthgul, while a similar path leads up the right branch in the Arundu direction.)</p> <p>(NOTE No. 3.—Up the Ashruthgul is the village, 45 houses, about 3 miles from Mirkani. The valley is</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter- mediate.	Total.	
			somewhat narrow, but has a broad stony bed for its torrent. The track is rough and rocky—difficult in places for horsemen, who must occasionally dismount and lead over the worst places. There are very few large trees, and the rough slopes are covered with ever-green oaks. One or two well-kept graves are seen on the road where "martyrs" have been made by the Káfirs, and several other graves less well tended. Up the valley runs the main road to the Lowari Pass.)

ROUTE NO. V.

KÁMDESH TO KILA DROSH *viâ* GOURDESH AND UTZUN.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter- mediate.	Total.	
(1) Camp (near Bazgul Valley).	12½	12½	This route is along the right bank of the Bashgul river as far as Sárat bridge, and then along the left bank as far as the point of exit of the Pittigul river. Thence up the right bank of the Pittigul stream a few hundred yards to the bridge over it, then down the left bank, a similar distance, when the left bank of the Bashgul river is again reached. As far as the Pittigul river bridge, this route has been sufficiently described in Route No. 1. The Pittigul bridge is 10 miles from Kámdesh. Having crossed the Pittigul stream, the track down the left bank of the Bashgul river becomes rough and difficult, much worse than the path on the opposite bank. At 12½ miles the Bazgul torrent is reached, immediately opposite the Nisadgul, and a small camping place may be found. There is plenty of wood, and the water supply is from the river.
(2) Gourdesh (Istorgats or Ishtrat).	8	20	For 3 miles the road runs up and down over rocky eminences, none very high, but all difficult, and some of them extremely steep. It is really stiff climbing in places, like the last mile of march No. 1. Then a steep track ascends to the neck of a long spur which divides the Gourdesh stream from the Bashgul river. A long comparatively easy descent passes at 4½ miles some ruined houses, and reaches the torrent of the corkscrew Gourdesh valley at 6 miles. Thence follows a tedious up and down path, sometimes over bare spurs, at others, through pomegranate jungle. The torrent is crossed and re-crossed many times. At 8 miles, Gourdesh, 25 houses, is reached. 600 yards further up the valley is a good grassy camping ground, on the right bank of the torrent. (NOTE No. 1.—A march from Gourdesh to Kamu is exhausting for coolies. Its length depends greatly on the season of the year, because, when the rivers are full, many climbs have to be made, which, in the winter, can be avoided.)
Utzun	12½	32½	From the village of Gourdesh the road runs up the left bank of the torrent for a quarter of a mile, where it crosses to the right bank over a particularly dubious bridge (in 1891). 200 yards further is a convenient camping place. Thence the track runs over fields near the water's edge, and at a mile and a half passes a Sheikh hamlet of six houses, the chief man of which is Gul Mahomed Khan, a son of the Kám Káfir, Torag

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter- mediate.	Total.	
			<p>Merik. About three miles from Gourdesh, turning round, one looks straight up the Charadgul valley. At this point the Gourdesh valley divides into two, the one running to the Patkun pass, the other leading to Pittigul. The road to the Patkun is up a narrow valley thickly clothed with pine trees. At first the ascent is gradual, and with the exception of one or two rocky bits, the path is fairly easy. The stream has to be crossed and re-crossed two or three times. The road finally keeps to the right bank high above the water, and gets easier and steeper. The last few hundred feet are very steep. The top of the Patkun (8,400 feet) is probably 8 miles from the Gourdesh. Thence the road descends through a pine forest at a very severe gradient to a rough stony channel along which it continues till Utzun is neared, when it keeps to the slopes on the left bank of the stream. Opposite Utzun it crosses a torrent from the Pittigul direction, by means of a fair bridge, and reaches the foot of the isolated conical rock on which Utzun, 40 houses, is perched amidst cornfields and in an amphitheatre of hills. From the foot of the Patkun to Utzun is probably 4 miles, giving the whole length of the march from Gourdesh as 12½ miles. Plenty of room to camp.</p>
Kila Drosh - - -	12½	46	<p>From Utzun the road traverses fields, crosses a stream on stepping stones, and ascends a ridge (5,500 feet). A short distance to the right of the track Kila Drosh can be viewed. First over rolling ground and then onwards and round a bay in the hills, the road runs through Suwir and Jinjoret, passes Utsiak, and, crossing the bridge over the Chitral (Kunar) river, reaches Kila Drosh, 12½ miles.</p> <p>(NOTE No. 2.—When the streams are low ponies may be taken with care from Utzun down the Utzungul, which debouches into the Kunar Valley just below Kala Neghar. The distance from Utzun to Kala Neghar by this road is about 3½ miles.)</p> <p>(NOTE No. 3.—From Gourdesh, besides the routes mentioned, there are two others, one to Arundu and Birkot, the second to the village of Bazgul. That to Arundu follows the winding Gourdeshgul down to its juncture with the Bashgul river, and thence runs along the left bank of the latter river till it reaches the rope bridge which spans it a short distance from the Kunar. Crossing this bridge, it reaches the right bank of the Bashgul river, and so on to Arundu and Birkot as described in Route III. From Gourdesh to the twig bridge is about 6½ miles. It is toilsome, especially in the Gourdesh Valley, and tiring for coolies in hot weather. The track from Gourdesh to Bazgul is over two or three spurs, and then climbs up steadily to a position 600 feet or more above the little village of Bazgul, 25 houses, and about 4,000 feet higher than Gourdesh. The distance is probably between five and six miles.)</p>

ROUTE No. VI.

FROM KÂNDESH TO LOWER LIMIT OF THE PRESUNGUL.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter- mediate.	Total.	
Camp (C. Astán's "pschal.")	8	8	From Kândesh village the road ascends steeply to Imra's shrine, then descending along the Níchingul slope, passes Kashtán village, 200 houses, high up on the right bank of the Níchingul, at 3 miles. At 4½ miles it passes the "chile" (outcast) hamlet of Atraigi high up on the left bank. The path for the last two miles has been running through pine forests. It now begins to ascend, and becomes more difficult. At 6 miles, looking back, the outlines of the hill forming the Pittigul and Sârat and Merguls, and the Parpit and Bromni passes are to be seen. After crossing the river, which is here almost a cataract, the path emerges from the trees, and reaches Cbandlu Astau's "pschal" (8,800 feet) at 8 miles.
Camp (Foot of Kungani badah.)	12	20	From the "pschal" the road, after crossing a desperate bridge to the right bank, and passing through a grand rocky defile, passes at 5 miles the Atligul nullah, up which there is a fair road to the right to the Wai country. The path is easy though stony in places and is pleasantly give-and-take in character. A mile above Kashtán the Níchingul narrows greatly, but at 10½ miles it is 200 or 300 yards broad. 600 yards beyond the Atligul, on the opposite left bank, is the Mungilah gul, said to afford a road to the Muman country. The road is now up the left bank, and passes no guls of any importance up to the camp at the foot of the ascent to the pass. In the 12 miles march the ascent is only 3,000 feet. The hills are all bare save for grasses and shrubs; there is abundance of juniper cedar, but wood is scarce. At the end of September 1891, there were no inhabited "pschals" above the last camping place, whence the herds started the following day down the Níchingul. There is a good camping place at 12 miles, wood being obtained from a deserted "pschal," 11,600 feet.
Shtevgrom (Presungul)	14	34	At once on leaving camp the path begins to ascend and continues steeply to the Kungani Pass (14,600 feet). Apart from the severity of the gradient there is no difficulty, there being a regular track most of the way and no shingly patches. At half a mile the two Aramguls are passed, up both of which there is said to be roads which lead over passes to the top of a long winding valley which runs directly into Waigul. From the summit of the pass, 3 miles, the direction of Tullu, in Minján, was shown me by a pointed gun as 319°. On the Presun side the road from the Kungani to the Wezzul is called the Uzhamzhalgul. For the first 1,300 feet, the descent is very steep. Then it is much more gradual. At the point where the Uzhamzhalgul turns into the Wezzul, 9 miles, the road runs high up on the hill side several hundred feet above the Uzhamzhalgul torrent, and continues at the same elevation for a mile when it descends very steeply to cross the Morokgul torrent some distance above its junction with the Wez, now become the Presun River. Immediately opposite the Merokgul, a fine valley, the Shidgul, joins the Presun River on its right bank. The Shidgul is said to be a cul-de-sac. It runs north-west by west up to the main range of mountains which separate it from Minján. After crossing the moderate Merokgul torrent, the road descends through fields and by birch thickets to the left bank of the Presun River, where it crosses a bridge to reach a Presun "pschal" (9,300 feet), the highest inhabited part of the Presungul. Thence by a pleasant track over charming meadow land sacred to Imra, and by fields ripe with barley and wheat

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
Kstigigrom -	6½	40½	<p>(28th September 1891), at 12 miles a good bridge is passed without crossing, and at 14 miles the village of Shtevgrom, 110 families, is reached. A watercourse on each side of the broad fertile valley marks out a distinct line, above which there is nothing but a few juniper cedars, and all is bare and drab coloured, while below it the whole country is green and generous. Looking to the north from Shtevgrom the Wezgul is seen to curve round from a little east of north, where it probably draws some part of its headwaters from the valley leading to the pass by which the Skorigul is reached, and from that valley up which runs the road to the Mamibadah Pass over which is the Baprokgul. The Wez River is there reinforced by the torrents of two other large nullahs, also by the Uzhamzhalgul, the Merokgul, and the Shidgul, and flows past Shtevgrom where it receives the Kannahgul waters and becomes the Kamah or Presun or Péch River. Its largest volume of water seems to come from the Shidgul.</p> <p>From Shtevgrom the road is along the right bank between fields or over grass, and at 3 miles passes a gul which appears to run south-west by west, and bifurcates the branch to the left leading to the Kti country, and that to the right giving a path to Rámgul (it was said). A quarter of a mile further is the village of Prontzgorm, 160 houses, with a large collection of "pshals" outside, and to the west of the village. The road then crosses the river by an extremely good bridge, and at 5 miles reaches Diogrom, 55 houses, on the left bank. Diogrom has many "pshals" clustered to the south, and a good bridge defended by a kind of blockhouse on the left bank, leads over the river to the woman's retreat, which is close to the water's edge. All the way the country is very fertile and quite level. From Diogrom the road crosses the bridge and runs down the right bank. It is easy and short. There is one place which would be slightly difficult for horses, but is only noticeable because all the rest of the valley is so easy. Passing a nullah leading, it was said, to Ktigul, Kstigigrom, 85 houses, is reached at 6½ miles. Just short of Kstigigrom (or Imragrom) is Imra's bridge, which has built-up parapets, and is ornamented from bank to bank by rams heads carved in wood and placed at the end of poles, which pierce them.</p>
Bottom of Presun Valley -	7	47	<p>From Kstigigrom an easy path leads to Satsumgrom, 50 houses. It is not more than a ¼ mile from Kstigigrom, but is out of sight of the village, being hidden by a small spur. Just short of Satsumgrom is an excellent bridge over the river. It is provided with parapets and also with wooden folding doors at its left bank extremity. All along the river bank is a large number of "pshals." Opposite Satsumgrom is a nullah, the Nongetagul, which, it is said, gives a track to the Waigul and to the Nichingul; but with two passes intervening between it and the latter. Between these two passes probably is the valley running from near the Kungani Pass to the Wai country. From Satsumgrom the road crosses the bridge to the left bank, and at two miles crosses the Sumijgul, which leads to the Waigul, and at four miles, having re-crossed to the right bank, passes a nullah (the Bargul) due west, which is said to lead to the highest village in Waigul. Fine pine forests now make their appearance. At 4½ miles is Pushkigrom (Monigrom), 250 houses. Through a delightful country the road runs down the valley, on the right bank. At six miles, it crosses a bridged ravine. At seven miles the river turns nearly due south, and a range of mountains, apparently running north and south, blocks the bottom of the Presun valley. Just over this range is the village of Aspit, the lower of the two Kti villages. The Presun</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
			<p>river is said to pass the Tsaro village, receive the waters from the Amzhi valley, the Kti, the Wai at the village of Nizhai, and the Ashkun river, and fall into the Kunar river at Chigar Serai where it is known as the Péch.</p> <p>(NOTE.—From Shtevgrom there is a fair road much frequented by traders, over Kamah badah or pass, into a valley which, after passing a lake joins the Minján Valley nearly at right angles. The path is up the Shtevgul. It runs north-west by west for 5 miles, and then north-west by north for two more miles. On the 10th of October 1891 the last 2,000 ft. were covered with snow. The height of the pass is 15,500 ft. From the top nothing is to be seen except the beginning of a winding valley, but the general direction of Tullu, the nearest village in Minján, was indicated as nearly due north. Traders usually sleep high up the road, and cross the pass in the early morning. I camped at 10,700 ft., where there was a convenient resting place, and did not go further than the top of the pass.)</p>

ROUTE VII.

KÁMDESH TO PALASGAR in the KUNAR VALLEY.

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
Azharbai	9	—	<p>From Kámdesh the road first runs through fields, then zigzags through "deodar" forests, and afterwards, still ascending, runs over rolling ground to the pass on the Arakon range to the south, which can be seen from the upper village. The pass, 10,300 ft., is three miles from the highest point of Kámdesh, and from it the mouth of the Dungul valley, which has a direction of 161°, can be seen. Turning to the right, the road for nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ mile is along the face of a cliff, and then descends by extremely steep rough zigzags, 1,500 feet. It then continues down the winding, narrow, rocky Dungul valley, which is thickly covered with deodars and pines, and the slopes of which at two places were within a few yards of one another before the 5th mile was reached. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles a rocky ravine to the left was said to lead to Kamu. The road continues winding greatly. At 7 miles a rocky ravine runs to the left, and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile further the Karigul, a similar ravine, goes off to the right. At $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles a very deep ravine is given off to the left. At $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the valley makes a big bend to the west for 200 or 300 yards, where there are the ruins of a Káfir fort, called Azharbai, desolated fields, and the remains of effigies burnt by the Afghans in a raid. The valley is narrow, thickly wooded, with some magnificent pines, also evergreen oaks and horse-chestnuts. The track is rough and difficult in places, especially where it lies over smooth sloping rock, on which it is very hard to keep the footing in any ordinary boots or "chappis." Boulders and huge tree trunks are strewn about everywhere. At Azharbai, the valley divides into two, the Dungul branch running down to the Kunar to the south, and the Azharbai, a fine valley, which brings its torrents down from the east.</p>
Palasgar	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	<p>At 1 mile the road runs through an extraordinary defile, narrow, with precipitous cliffs nearly 1,000 ft. high bounding it. The river at the bottom is completely hidden by forest trees. To the west runs a gorge a</p>

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
			<p>few yards wide, from top to bottom of the mighty cliffs it pierces. I did not go further than the defile mentioned. The lower part in the Dungul is said to be easier than the upper part. It could not well be worse. The whole valley is extraordinarily strong, abounding in defensive positions and the dense forest which Káfirs love to war in.</p> <p>(NOTE.—The east branch runs up some distance, and from it a track turns to the left, and crossing a pass descends into one of the main divisions of the Káuu Valley. To the west of the Dungul Valley, a mountain ridge was shown me, beyond which the Waigul was declared to be. All about the Dungul and Azharbai Valleys is magnificent tree and mountain scenery on a big scale, with "psahls" hidden away in recesses of the forest clad hills.)</p>

ADDITIONAL ROUTES.

(a) FROM PITIGUL TO BRAGAMATÁL (LUTDEH OVER THE MANJÁM PASS).

(b) ALONG THE SKORIGUL (LULÚK).

Stage or Halting-place.	Distance in Miles.		Description, &c.
	Inter-mediate.	Total.	
—	—	—	<p>Of these two routes the records are lost, and what follows is from memory, aided by a waistcoat pocket diary, which gives the halting places only.</p> <p>(a.) From Pittigul the valley ascends, curving slightly to the north-west. My coolies were tired, and from Pittigul I made two short marches to the foot of the Manjám Pass, which was then $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles distant. The third day we crossed the pass (13,450 ft.), and camped half-way down the valley at a "psah" on a rather high plain. The fourth day we marched down the valley to the point where it falls in the Manangul torrent, crossed the latter to its right bank, and so on to Bragamatál. The total distance by road is probably not more than 24 miles, and is easy throughout.</p> <p>(b.) The Skorigul is about 17 miles by road, from its mouth a little less than halfway between Pshui and Budáwan (Abmed Dawána) to its upper end, where there are three branches; that to the south leads over a high pass into the Wezgul of Presungul, the other two to the west leading over passes to villages in Minján. All the nullahs running down to the left bank of the Skorigul river were said to have difficult roads up them, which crossed a range of mountains and descended into the Minján valley. The Skorigul is a fine valley, with much cultivation in the great bays formed by the hills. About 3 miles from its mouth is the hamlet of Lulúk; the hamlet of Ouzhak is 10 miles, and Ptsigrom village, which was being built in the ordinary square fort shape in August 1891, was about 15 miles. There were in addition tiny settlements and watch towers sprinkled all over the district. The road is up the left bank throughout, and is fit for horses. There is little or no cultivation along the right bank, and the hill-slopes in most places run steeply right down to the river. It has one or two hamlets perched on detached fragments of rock. The Skorigul acts as an overflow reservoir for the population of the Katir part of the Bashgul Valley, and has representatives from all the Katir villages. It is very prosperous looking.</p>

Name of Place.	Date.	Height.	Object observed.	Latitude.	Mean Latitude.
Bragamatal	26.5.91	7,050 A	Spica	35 39 40	" " "
	2.8.91		⊙	40 32	
	2.8.91		Polaris	40 17	
	3.8.91		"	39 36	
	22.8.91		⊙	40 51	
	23.8.91		⊙	41 23	
	24.8.91		⊙	40 48	
26.8.91		⊙	40 46	35 40 29	
Apsai	28.5.91	7,620 A	Spica	35 46 49	35 46 49
Pshui	29.5.91	8,240 A	"	35 51 38	35 51 38
Ahmed Diwana	30.5.91	8,530 A	"	35 54 23	35 54 18
	15.8.91		⊙	54 12	
Two or three miles S. of Mandál Pass.	31.5.91	11,490 A	Spica	35 59 25	35 59 25
Camp	1.6.91	11,540 A			
Minjan Valley Camp	1.6.91	11,540 A	Spica	36 3 25	36 3 25
Mandál Pass	1.6.91	15,300			
S. of Manjám Pass	23.7.91	10,320 A	Polaris	35 38 50	35 38 50
N. of Manjám Pass	29.7.91	12,960 A	"	35 39 48	35 39 48
Badáwan	15.8.91	8,820 A			
Ptsigrom	18.8.91	9,890 A	⊙	35 43 50	35 43 50
Chábu	31.8.91		⊙	35 36 0	35 35 46
	31.8.91		Altair	35 32	
Badamuk	2.9.91	6,140	⊙	35 38 27	35 38 27
Below Kungani Pass	27.9.91	13,360 A	⊙	35 27 8	35 27 8
Top of Kungani Pass	27.9.91	14,660 A			
Shtevgrom	28.9.91	8,920 A	⊙	35 27 36	35 27 18
	9.10.91		⊙	26 59	
Prontzgrom	29.9.91	8,530 A	⊙	35 26 26	35 25 23
	8.10.91		Altair	24 25	
Diogrom	30.9.91	8,480 A	⊙	35 23 45	35 23 45
Pushkigrom	3.10.91	8,130 A	Altair	35 20 15	35 20 0
	4.10.91		⊙	19 44	
Satsungrom	5.10.91	8,230 A	Altair	35 20 40	35 20 40

BP denotes heights determined by boiling point observations.
 A denotes heights determined by aneroid readings.

NOTE by Major Hon. M. G. TALBOT, Staff Capt., Intelligence Division, War Office, on the Map to accompany Mr. Robertson's Report on Káfiristán.

The area covered by Mr. Robertson's journeys is included in sheet 27 N.E., Trans-frontier series. For convenience' sake this sheet will be referred to always as the Indian map.

Mr. Robertson's mapping material consists of route traverses, astronomical observations for latitude and for time, and a number of boiling point and aneroid readings.

1. In making the route traverses Mr. Robertson used a prismatic compass to obtain his directions, and, as a rule, estimated his distances, as the nature of the country was eminently unfavourable for any other class of linear measurement.

A few bearings were taken from certain points to distant objects, but nothing in the shape of a compass triangulation was attempted, nor were any points off the routes fixed by cross bearings.

2. The astronomical observations were taken with a 6-in sextant and artificial horizon.

The results of the latitude observations are given in a table on pp. 177, 178.

The observations for time have in many cases been computed; but a comparison of the results obtained showed that the rate of Mr. Robertson's watch varied so much that no reliable longitudes could be deduced.

3. The heights have been computed on the basis of Bomboret taken from the Indian map at 6600.

As no daily readings of the barometer at any place of known height within a suitable distance could be obtained for comparison, the heights have been deduced in succession one from the other, and doubtless are not to be relied upon within 300 or 400 feet, though it is improbable that so large an error occurs anywhere between two adjacent elevations.

In constructing the map, the route from Chitrál to Dir *via* Mirkandi and the Lowarai Pass, and the positions of Asmár, Bomboret, and Ahmed Diwána have been taken from the Indian map. The detail between Ahmed Díwána and Bragamatál, with the exception of the Skorigul, has been taken from the same source and adjusted in the manner mentioned below.

All the trigonometrical points shown on the Indian map have, naturally, been left undisturbed, but considerable alterations have been introduced in the delineation of the hill ranges joining them.

The general course of the Alingar River has been taken from the Indian map, but the head waters have been cut off to suit Mr. Robertson's information.

The first new point fixed was Kámdesh. The material available consisted of the mean of nine observations for latitude, traverses from Bragamatál, Bomboret, and Mirkandi, bearings from Kámdesh to a high hill in the near neighbourhood, and to the Lowarai Pass.

Mr. Robertson has no doubt that the pass was rightly identified, but it is not easy to be sure of the point to which the other bearing was taken. It seems probable, however, that it was 14,110 of the Indian map, and on this assumption the intersection of the rays falls close to the observed latitude and gives a position for Kámdesh which accords as well as any other with the traverses.

This position then has been adopted, and the route to Pittigul has been plotted back from it, its length being reduced so as to bring Pittigul on to its observed latitude. The route from Pittigul to Bomboret has been fitted in between those points.

The Sháwal Pass has been placed approximately as it is in the Indian map.

The routes down the Bashgul River to its junction with the Chitrál River and down the Chitrál River from Mirkandi to Bailám have been fitted on to the observed latitudes and adjusted between Kámdesh and Mirkandi.

From Kámdesh westwards there is little to go on, except the route traverse and a few latitudes.

The first difficulty was to find a way through the hills on the Indian map, by which to bring the stream from the Kungani Pass.

Without doing much violence to the traverse, it was found possible to take it through the spot marked Gohl Pass on the Indian map. This spot was selected on the assumption that some surveyor may possibly have observed a depression in the line of hills at that point. Though this line seems to be the only one possible, it must be confessed that it leaves little room for the lower spurs of 14,110 and 14,190.

The rest of the route is taken from the traverse corrected by the latitudes, with the result that it coincides fairly well with the run of the main Kamah Valley as shown on the Indian map.

Mr. Robertson's information shows clearly that the Waigul Valley runs east of and approximately parallel to the Kamahgul.

The remarkable indentation in the main watershed of the Hindu Kush introduced by placing the head of the Minján Valley as far south as latitude $35^{\circ} 30''$ is based on information obtained from the Kafirs, and deserves to be thoroughly investigated whenever an opportunity occurs, though its existence seems to be hardly probable.

Mr. Robertson was informed that Tullu, the direction of which was shown to him, with its distance according to Kafir ideas, was the southernmost village of the Minján Valley, and that Peip was the northernmost, and he further received the impression that the drainage lines from these two places united and together flowed to the Oxus Valley.

This impression, however, seems to have been based chiefly on the Kafirs statement that in going from the Minján Valley to either Kulam or Ramgul it was necessary to cross a pass.

This evidence seems hardly conclusive, as it is quite conceivable that the drainage might flow south from Peip to Tallu and thence to the Alingar, and yet if there were no practicable path along the river bank, and it might be necessary for a traveller to leave the valley and cross a high spur in order to reach Kulam.

Between Kámdesh and Ahmed Diwána we find a considerable difference between the latitudes of the various places as determined by Mr. Robertson and as given on the Indian map, Mr. Robertson's values being in all cases the greater. This difference amounts to $2\frac{1}{2}'$ in the case of Bragamatál (Lutdeh), an unmistakable point. At Apsai it is still greater, viz., $3' 20''$, but here there seems more chance of a possible confusion of site. At Ahmed Diwána the difference is only $1' 18''$.

A comparison of Mr. Robertson's other observations rather favours the view that any local attraction that there is would not account for more than $30''$ in the latitudes; while this attraction, if to the north as seems probable, would have the effect of making the latitudes lower than the truth.

The mean of the eight latitude observations, too, must give a result within $30''$ of the truth, assuming there is no local attraction.

In these circumstances it seems hard to explain away the discrepancy between the two positions, and as there is no precise information in England as to how the topography of this portion of the Indian map has been obtained, a compromise has been made by taking Ahmed Diwána from the Indian map and Bragamatál from Mr. Robertson's observations. The intermediate detail has been taken from the Indian map and adjusted to these points.

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