

them to count for themselves exactly how many men I had. The Gurkhas then joined me, and we passed through the tower together ; but just at the entrance, which was lined with Kanjutis in a double row, a man rushed at my pony and seized the bridle. I thought for a moment there was treachery. The Gurkhas sprang forward, and in half a second there would have been a scrimmage, when the man let go, and laughed, and said he had only intended it as a joke.

We then all gathered together round a fire on the inside of this line of wall, and now fresh difficulties arose. The Kanjutis said that all the Kirghiz with me must go on to Hunza ; but this I could not agree to, as Turdi Kol had to return with the camels I had hired. So, being now on the right side of the position, with the Gurkhas round me, instead of the wrong side of the wall with the Kanjuti matchlocks pointed at us, I was able to take up a high tone, and tell these men that I did not intend to be dictated to what I was to do or what I was not to do. The Kirghiz were to go back, and they, the Kanjutis, would be held responsible if they were molested in any way.

Another difficulty was in regard to Turdi Kol, the Kirghiz chief, who was standing with us round the fire. The Kanjutis, not knowing who he was, said to me that their chief, Safder Ali, particularly wanted to get hold of Turdi Kol, as he had shot one of the Kanjutis in the raid of the previous year, and they asked me where he was. Turning to Turdi Kol, but addressing him by a hypothetical name, I said to him, "Sattiwal, do you know where Turdi Kol is?" Turdi Kol replied, "Yes ; he is behind with the camels." And we kept up this deceit the whole time, though a little Gurkha as nearly as possible spoilt everything through calling Turdi Kol by his right name, and then, discovering his mistake, correcting himself and going off into a loud laugh. Gurkhas are brave, cheery little men, but they have not the wits of a hog.

We stood together for a long time round the fire, a curious