

idea of greatness: to them that country is the greatest which conquers most; and he knew the history of how we had advanced up from Calcutta and gradually conquered the whole of India.

In regard to the people, I found them as gay and cheerful as could be, now that their harvest was in, and the question of the Mehtarship was apparently settled. At each village we arrived at, crowds would come out to meet the Mehtar, a band played in the cavalcade, and, if a halt was to be made, there would certainly be polo, firing at the popinjay, or dancing. The Chitralis love amusement. Gloominess is not their natural trait at all; and, when they can be seen free from restraint, there is something very attractive about them. All day, as we rode along on the march, they used to be chaffing and laughing, and they are then as wild and simple and careless as children. We were crossing a pass one day; it was over thirteen thousand feet high, and snow was falling heavily the whole way over; but when a man came up to say there were some ibex (wild goats) in a neighbouring valley, they all wanted to go off after the ibex, although doing so would have meant sleeping out on the pass without tents. Whenever news of any sport like this reaches them, they all shout with excitement, and become as keen about it as a boy. On this occasion the ibex disappeared before we got up to them, so we proceeded over the pass, and waited at the foot of it, on the opposite side, for the baggage to come up. The Mehtar had a couple of hundred men with him, but only he had a tent, and as there was no village, they had to sleep in the open. A huge fire was lighted, and we all sat round in a circle till the Mehtar's and my tent arrived, and, in spite of the snow and the cold, I never saw men more cheery. Then, as we marched on down the Turikho valley the next few days, at each village, as we approached, the heights were lined with matchlock-men firing a rude *feu de joie*, and all the principal men and the Mehtar and I would join in a wild game of polo, every one galloping