

a hamlet of eight houses, my day's march ended. Here I passed once more out of the Wakhi area into that of small Hunza settlements. The fact reminds me of the strange variety of tongues which at that time could be heard in my camp. Apart from Turki conversation with my personal servants, Persian served me as a convenient medium with my Wakhi guides and the more intelligent villagers. My coolies spoke partly Wakhi, partly Burisheski, while the Dard dialect of the Shinas was represented by "Raja" Ajab



KANJUTIS CARRYING MERCHANDISE.

Khan, a relative of the hill chiefs of Punyal, whose services as an orderly Captain Manners Smith had kindly secured for me, and by his retainer. In addition to these languages there was Hindustani talked between my Sub-Surveyor and Jasvant Singh, his Rajput cook. Had I brought the Kashmiri servant whom I had first engaged before Sadak Akhun joined me from Kashgar, I should have had an opportunity to keep up my Kashmiri also. Notwithstanding this diversity of tongues things arranged themselves easily, for everybody seemed to know something at least of another's language.