

like those of Darius on the Behistun rock. But, alas! what a Chitrali ruler of the eighteenth or nineteenth century had thought fit to engrave here was only a few rhetorical couplets in Persian, turned apparently after the model of Jehangir's famous line in the Great Moghul's palace at Dehli. Their presence had attracted still more modern scribblings, and, as a mark of the religious propensities of the honest Gurkhas usually forming the Chitral garrison, plentiful signs of Siva's trident. Hastily we rode back to Gairat; for the afternoon was advancing, crossed the wire suspension bridge between two almost vertical rock spurs, and then hurried on over the narrow zigzagging path towards Chitral.

Elsewhere it might be thought a test for one's nerves to trot along such a precipitous track with the river hundreds of feet below. But one soon learns to share the Chitralis' unbounded confidence in their ponies. Even my apprehension about the cameras gaily jolting along on the back of mounted Chitral Levies was allayed by the remembrance how one of them had tumbled down with his pony from the path on the opposite bank close to the inscribed rock without the camera sustaining any damage. The fall luckily had been only of five or six feet, though it made the Sowar insensible for a few minutes. On a large alluvial fan formed by the river draining the Bambureth and Kalashgum valleys we passed a series of pretty hamlets collectively known as Ayun (Fig. 11). Ensnconced in groves of walnut and Chinars each looked a rural picture; but there was time only for rapid glances at the lovely green swards stretching between hamlet and hamlet.

Pleasant, too, were the meetings with villagers in groups, lounging under the trees or returning from their fields. Their bearing seemed at all times polite and full of good-natured ease. Ten years of British control have sufficed to teach young and old a relatively smart imitation of the military salute. Well built and slim in gait, these Chitralis impressed me as the most taking representatives I had as yet met of the Dard race (Fig. 12). With their clear, sharp-cut features, fair complexion and hair, they reminded me of types common at the Italian foot of the Alps. Seeing how close the affinity in language and race is