

GROUP OF LESGIANS.

A TRIP THROUGH
THE EASTERN CAUCASUS,

WITH A CHAPTER ON
THE LANGUAGES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY THE
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WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

THE Eastern Caucasus is still a region so little known to English tourists that perhaps it is worth while to describe even a six weeks' tour. The notes made were slight. But the main chain of the Caucasus was twice crossed by passes little used, except by natives. The wall of Derbend and the highly interesting art village of Kubächi were more completely, though still insufficiently, explored than it has fallen to the lot of English travellers before me to accomplish.

As few, save the "personally conducted," can travel in a new country without wishing to know something of the language, especially in "the Mountain of Languages," I have added a chapter on the structure and affinities of the seven best known tongues of the Eastern Caucasus, and drawn deductions therefrom. Perhaps some one may be induced thereby to deal with the subject more thoroughly hereafter.

Here I ought to express my great obligation to his Excellency M. de Staal, for kindly giving me a letter to the Governor-General of the Caucasus, his Excellency Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff. Through his Excellency's courteous instrumentality I was furnished with a circular letter in Russian and Arabic to all in authority, wherever I wished

to go. The mere production of it acted like a charm, insuring me at every place the utmost hospitality. I have brought back nothing but pleasant recollections of the Russian *nachalniks*, native *naibs*, and *yüzbashis* with whom I came in contact, and only regret that I am never likely to have an opportunity of repaying their cordiality by hospitality in this country.

London, May 31, 1889.

A LIST OF THE FOREIGN WORDS OCCASIONALLY USED.

Beshmet, a close-fitting garment with an upright collar, fastened by hooks and eyes as far as the waist, and terminating in long skirts which reach to the knee or even to the ankles. It is of any colour, and is worn below the *cherkeska*.

Burka, an armless cape of shaggy black felt reaching to the knee or even lower, and secured round the neck by a couple of thongs or laces.

Chai, a river (Tatar).

Cherkeska, a collarless outer garment of stronger stuff than the *beshmet*, and reaching below it. It is cut open at the chest, and is fastened at the waist by three or four hooks and eyes. On each side of the breast is a diagonal row of small, deep pockets for holding cartridges. Now a days they are filled with wooden or metal cylinders ornamented with silver tops. This garment is of dark colour, very often black.

Dukhan, a wayside store and wine-shop. The word is of Arabic origin, but is used by the Georgians, Tatars, and Persians.

Khevi, a Georgian word for valley: from it is formed *Khevsur*, the name of a people in the upper Aragva valley.

Khi, water, river (Chechents).

Kinjäl, a dagger, more than two feet long, worn in front of the body.

Kurgan, a tumulus on the steppe (Russian).

Mta, a mountain (Georgian).

Nachalnik, the governor or head of a district or department (Russian).

Naib, a native officer or lieutenant in charge of several villages (Arabic).

Papak, a tall sheepskin hat, either black or white (Tatar).

Pir, a place of pilgrimage; generally the tomb of a saint (Tatar, Persian).

Pud, 40 lbs. (Russian).

Qeli, a gorge (Georgian).

Rouble: a paper rouble was worth just two shillings when I was in the Caucasus.

Shishlik, kabobs (Tatar).

Starshina, the head man of a village (Russian).

Telega, a small open waggon without springs (Russian).

Troika, a three-horse travelling carriage (Russian).

Verst, a distance of about five furlongs, and a trifle longer than a kilometre (Russian).

Vodka, a spirit distilled from grain or from potatoes (Russian).

Yüzباشi, the native head of a village, literally the head of a hundred (Tatar).

In transcribing foreign words—

ch = ch in church.

kh = German ch.

zh = j in the French word Jean.

j = j in John.

The vowels have their European value; the stress accent is marked by ' over a vowel.

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Tatar Mill—Armenian Church at Kish—The Lesgians and
their Linguistic Groups.

TIFLIS, *July* 1888.—Tiflis has been so often, so well, and so recently described, that for me to add my small quota of information would be most unnecessary. I reached it towards the end of June, with the intention of making a riding tour through the mountains, but with the vaguest notions of what to expect and which route to take. My first business was to purchase the sections of the five-verst map for the mountain country between the Georgian military road and the Caspian.¹ From it I traced out a line of march very much at hazard. So far as I could judge

¹ These, however, can be obtained beforehand through Stanford in Cockspur Street.

from the map, I selected the least beaten tracks, the by-ways of the Eastern Caucasus. It was an object, too, to pass through the country of the Avars and Chechents, for I had taken a cursory glance at the grammars of both their languages before leaving home.

With the aid of a little *commis voyageur* out of place, a native of Riga, who came from Moscow with me as interpreter in Russian, I bought the few articles necessary for the projected journey. They consisted of three Chechents saddles and saddle-bags, two Georgian costumes, a kettle, an iron tea-pot, two saucepans, a lantern, tea, sugar, and a few other small articles. I had besides two guns and a photographic apparatus brought from Moscow. The latter was bought at the instigation of the *commis voyageur*, who affirmed falsely he knew how to photograph. My private impression is that he took his first lesson in the shop where the camera was purchased. I certainly heard the man tell him, in answer to a question, how to distinguish between the sensitized and the reverse side of a glass plate. He made some ludicrous failures in the Crimea, and all the time he was with me in the Caucasus—it was not long, as I had to get rid of him—he never took a single photograph. The investment was a dead failure. On my return to Tiflis I found I could easily have engaged a competent photographer to come with me; but the information came too late.

He also engaged for me a Georgian, named David, who spoke Russian and gave out that he knew

Lesgian and Tatar, to act as interpreter in Daghestan ; and an Oset¹ of the name of Akim to look after the horses. He spoke Russian and Tatar well, and turned out an invaluable servant.

My original intention had been to ride from Tiflis to Nukha, and near there to cross the main chain. But I was dissuaded from this on two grounds. First, that it was wearisome, and not worth while riding more than two hundred versts across the level, and at this season extremely hot, plain of Georgia. Secondly, I was assured on the best authority that mountain horses are cheaper and more easily procured at Nukha. Accordingly arrangements were made to post as far as that town.

About 5 a.m. on July 2nd, two posting telegas, each drawn by three horses, drew up in front of the hotel. In less than half an hour the baggage was in, everything roped tight, and we were jolting at a rapid pace over the rough pavement in the direction of the bridge. The morning was bright and clear, offering a great contrast in this respect to the gray, turbid waters of the Kur or Mtkvari, as the Georgians term it. While passing over, the little *commis voyageur*, in the tone of a man who thinks he has done something very clever—his usual tone by the bye—informed me he had made David swear on the Bible to defend our lives at the risk of his own ; for he

¹ The word is often written with a double s. The Georgian form is Osi for a single person, and Oseti for the country they inhabit. The Russian words are Osetin and Osetia. In English one might quite well use Os. The people call themselves Ir.

fully believed he was undertaking a very dangerous enterprise in crossing the mountains into Daghestan. He was quite taken aback when I laughed at him for being such an ass, and never alluded to the subject again. If I had referred to the incident a few days later, he would have indignantly repudiated having ever thought of anything so stupid, and replied that I had totally misunderstood him. That was a way he had.

Our direction now lay towards the east, and soon we had Tiflis with its old rocky citadel and its crowded bazaars, peopled by strange-looking men, behind us. To me it used to be a standing riddle to try to make out what nationality each belonged to. There was little use asking the Armenian guide, for to him all Mussulmans were Tatars, though they might have been Lesgians, Avars, or any of the peoples of Daghestan. After jolting through the town it was a comfort at last to leave the paved streets and get upon the comparatively smooth road. Before us lay a huge uncultivated plain, covered with sun-scorched grass, and stretching far away to the east and south-east. Beyond the river to the right lay a line of grayish brown hills of uniform altitude, scored by a thousand ravines, each brought into prominence by a dark, sharply-defined shadow. The general aspect was that of barrenness and desolation. Now and then we met droves of cattle, and carts drawn by buffaloes, plodding slowly along, attended by very rough-looking men.

At Orkhevi we changed horses. The hills to the

south of the Kur were now pale and gray as we were gradually receding from the river. The next station, Vaziani, was reached at 8.30 a.m., where there was a fine view to the south. The extreme background was formed by a grand mountain chain, tipped with snow, succeeded by lower parallel ranges of pale delicate gray. A line of hills of a warm ruddy tint filled the nearer middle distance immediately on the other side of the Kur, while the foreground was enlivened with bright patches of cultivation and plots of golden maize ready for the sickle.

One of the many boasts of the little *commis voyageur* was, that when travelling he never went to sleep, he was always on the alert. On this occasion, however, the July sun was too much for him, for before we reached Vaziani he had already entered upon his first sleep. As a matter of fact he was generally the first to lie down, invariably the last to get up in the morning. Besides this, he used to sleep while the horses were resting, for he was easily knocked up and quite unfitted for rough travelling.

On leaving Vaziani the road immediately ascends, and at last we found ourselves on a plateau of black earth, partly under cultivation, with a fine range of hills in front. The bed of the Kur was now completely out of sight, as the river bends away so far to the south. A thick belt of poplars and fruit-trees lay athwart the road at some distance ahead. Enscenced in this verdure stood the German colonies of Marienthal and Freudenthal, on the banks of the Iora

river. Nothing could look more charming at a distance.

Though we drove rapidly through the settlements, it was easy to see they have lost something of their pristine cleanness and tidiness, and acquired a certain slovenliness of exterior. The population too is no longer homogeneous, for both Georgians and Tatars have begun to settle there, and in course of time the German element will disappear. Here the road takes a turn to the right, and with the Iora on our left we followed on to Sartachala, where we got a rough sort of breakfast. The next stage was over a hot, level, cultivated plain, traversed by the Iora, which we crossed by a bridge. The country is said to have been formerly covered with forest, and the driver pointed to a belt of trees in proof of his assertion. On the north side of the level ground many villages could be seen nestling among the lower slopes of the wooded hills which bounded the view in that direction.

About 2 p.m. we arrived at the post-house of Kakobeti, though the town of that name is at some distance off. It did not take long to change horses, and a short drive of thirteen and a half versts, partly over rolling ground, brought the party to Kachreti, the fifth station from Tiflis. The station-master said there was a short cut to avoid the steep ascent by zigzags up to the town and fortress of Signakh, and gave the necessary directions to the driver. Accordingly, after a drive up and down hill between fields of ripe corn, part of which was cut, we turned sharp to

the left and took a northerly direction. The scenery began to get more interesting and rugged. We crossed a ridge of hills; soon were following down a narrow valley with steep wooded sides, and passed flocks of sheep watched by savage dogs and wild-looking boys. At length a welcome sight burst upon us—the main chain of the Eastern Caucasus. There it stood like a snow-streaked, jagged wall of pale, almost diaphanous, violet gray hue, not much darker in tone than the pale blue sky above it. If at any period of the year it presents terrors to those seeking to cross it, now it seemed to have none. It looked more like a thin veil between Asia and Europe that could be lifted without an effort.

Following the valley we descended to Bakurchikh. Now we were in the centre of Kakheti, where the best wine in Georgia is made; a smiling, rich, and populous country, very different from the barren plain outside Tiflis. It reminded me of Tuscany. Here figs, pomegranates, mulberries, walnuts, and vines grow in rich profusion. Everywhere houses and villages are dotted over the landscape. Enormous earthenware pots, as much as a yoke of oxen can draw, were standing near the houses. They use them for keeping wine in. The Georgians are great wine-drinkers, and no doubt all travellers are told, as I was, the story of a man whose daily allowance was one vedro, or fifteen bottles. By taking the road we did we avoided the fortress of Signakh altogether. It lay on the hill to our right. On the left was a fine fertile, well-cultivated plain, that stretched as far as the foot of the main chain

of mountains to the north. Our course gradually turned southwards, and the drive up and down hill through this rich garden country, literally flowing with wine, to the next station was delightful. The station-house was an isolated building where two roads cross, and I understood the postmaster to say it was called Tsqali (on the map Tznuri).

He induced me to stop there for the night, though it was not very late, by saying the bridge over the Alazan was in a dangerous state, and could only be crossed by daylight; further, that it was impossible to sleep at the next station from the swarms of mosquitoes. He was a Georgian by birth; did all he could to make things pleasant, besides giving me a short lesson in Georgian pronunciation, as I had a Georgian vocabulary with me. He lamented his poverty and the smallness of his salary, but otherwise seemed pretty well contented with the world in general.

July 3rd.—Before sunrise we were already trotting briskly along across the dead level plain that extends as far as the outliers of the main chain of the Caucasus. What surprised me most was the absence of cold and mist in those early morning hours. I thought we should have been bathed in a sea of mist, as we certainly should have been in Italy. It was not till we had crossed the Alazan and got upon a long stretch of wet ground, covered with a dense growth of wood, that the cold began to make itself felt, and thin films of mist to hover over the surface of the soil. In about half an hour after leaving our

night quarters we reached the turbid waters of the Alazan, slowly rolling between soft, muddy banks, and halted at the bridge. It looked in very rickety condition, though not impassable. A knot of men, who were standing about, were anxious to unload the tarantasses and carry the baggage over piece-meal. This seemed unnecessary. Their services were declined, and we effected the perilous passage on foot without mishap.

Now we entered the sippy, wooded tract of country of which mention has been made, and in doing so encountered swarms of flies and mosquitoes. Every man we met carried a small branch in his hand to use as a fly-disperser. It was well we had passed the night where we did, and had not pushed on to the next post-station, where we now found ourselves for a few minutes. It takes its name from the Chiaur rivulet hard by. For the next ten versts or so the road lay through a level country covered with scrub, and at the Russian settlement of Mikhaelevo turns to the right and follows in a south-easterly direction to Nukha. We were now close up to the southern counter-forts of the main chain, but could only now and then get a glimpse of its snowy tops. We soon sighted the village of Lagodekhi. Its shady orchards and gardens give it a most blissful appearance. For anything suggestive of coolness and shadow on a broiling July day is as grateful to the mind as it is to the eye. Long rows of statuesque poplars emphasize its situation, and seemed to lend it a dignity it would not otherwise have possessed. On entering the village, with the exception of a few

Russian soldiers, for there are barracks in the place, we saw very few of the inhabitants. The posting-house is thirteen versts from the last station, and in a few minutes we were again on the move, for the change of horses was quickly accomplished.

The road on the whole was not bad, though now and then the nearly dry bed of a water-course, two or three hundred yards wide, had to be crossed. It was like driving over an avalanche of small boulders, but the horses never jibbed, and the tarantass seemed equally used to it. The jolting kept one awake, and gave the muscles a little needful exercise. The view to the left was restricted to the scrub-covered spurs of the main chain. But turning to the right the eyes could wander over a great stretch of flat and scarcely cultivated country. This was bounded in the distance by a mountain range of delicate blue, the outline of which was for a considerable distance so horizontal that, if suddenly seen between two bushy trees in the foreground, one might easily take it for a sea horizon. For several versts the road was lined on both sides by walnut-trees, and at the posting-station of Bielokani there was one of enormous size, affording ample shade for man and beast. I was told the meaning of the word Bielokani in Georgian is "skin of a bear cub," but I suspect this is an example of "folk-etymology." The village is mainly inhabited by Lesgians, the first I had seen knowing for certain they were such. Their type of face is distinctly different from that of the Georgians, being much rounder and paler. They wear on their heads tallish,

very bushy white sheep-skin hats (*papak*), while the Georgians either wear a black *papak* or a low cloth cap, not unlike the pork-pie hat of thirty years ago.

Soon after leaving the village we had to cross a boulder-covered water-course about four hundred yards in width, then another less extensive one half-way between Bielokani and the next post-house. The horses must have been sorry for themselves. They were probably better pleased with the last few miles of the road, which ran between luxuriant orchards, full of all sorts of fruit-trees, especially of mulberries and walnuts, completely shading the route. In front of many of the houses were piles of cocoons, for silkworms are much cultivated in this part of the country. We soon entered the town of Zakatali, a small commercial centre of some importance. It is dominated by a fortress, built upon a commanding height and garrisoned by Russian troops. It was far too hot to think of paying it a visit on foot, and I am not sure whether it is an old native citadel or was built by the Russians. The town is inhabited by a mixed population of Lesgians, Armenians, Georgians, and Tatars. I was told that about 20,000 *puds*—a *pud* is 40 lbs.—of walnuts were exported yearly to the great fair of Nizhni Novgorod, and about 12,000 *puds* of cocoons were collected in the neighbourhood and sent to Nukha, there to be spun into silk. A few years ago large quantities of cocoons and silkworm eggs used to be exported to Marseilles, but now the trade has entirely ceased. From the size of the place the post-station offered rather better accommodation

than usual at such places, so here we lunched and rested for a couple of hours.

The road was said to be much cut up by water-courses as far as Giullak, and the postmaster declared five horses must be attached to each tarantass. We started at a hand-gallop through the paved streets of Zakatali, and caused a momentary sensation to the listless townspeople. Near some of the water-courses, where water could be got for irrigation, were considerable fields of rice. In other respects the water-courses were less formidable difficulties than the postmaster had led me to expect. The route often lay between shady trees, and some of the Tatar villages were almost entirely hidden by foliage. The aspect of the hills that bounded the view to the south had changed considerably. They seemed to be covered with sand, and to be utterly barren. By this time we had left the districts inhabited by Georgians, and had entered one settled by Tatars, Lesgians, and Armenians. The Moslem faith, professed by the two former, became evident from the praying platforms we passed from time to time. These were either of stone, about two feet high, and built by the side of the road, or were composed of planks, supported by four props, either close to or actually standing in water. The vicinity of water is always desirable for the purpose of making the necessary ablutions. In some instances these plaforms were occupied by men engaged in repeating their evening prayers with the obligatory bows and prostrations.

It was nearly dark when we reached the small Lesgian village of Kakh, but there was light enough to see that the houses were well built, looked clean and comfortable, and had very high-pitched, tiled roofs. This architectural feature must have been borrowed from the Georgians, as in the proper home of the Lesgians beyond the mountains the roofs are always flat.

It was soon too dark to see the surrounding landscape. The only light was the stars, and the only object of distraction was the passage of an occasional mountain stream. At the next halting-place, Geinuk, the last before reaching Nukha, the little *commis voyageur* was considerably perturbed. He had been talking to the postmaster, and had heard of recent robberies on the road. One of the villages near which we must pass was inhabited by noted bad characters. It was absolutely necessary to load the guns and prepare for action. As I never believed much of what he told me, I demurred. "If we are attacked, I wash myself of all responsibility," he said, with the air of a man who has nobly acquitted himself of his responsibility. "All right," was the reply. The guns were left unloaded, and the ill-disposed persons remained tranquilly at home.

This last stage was over a horrible road. There seemed to be no end of water-courses, some full, others nearly dry, but all equally jolty. How the Tatar driver, a mere scrap of a boy, managed to keep his seat without falling was a marvel. At last, about 1 a.m., we drove into the very dimly-lit

town of Nukha. The posting-station at the far end of the town was full, the townspeople had gone to bed, and it was only after a long hunt that we found the house of the superintendent of police. He was entertaining a few friends at supper, but on presenting my letter he at once placed a room at my disposal, and introduced me to some of his guests. After a twenty-two hours' journey we were all glad to have some supper and then go to bed.

Nukha, *July* 4—7.—The town of Nukha has a mixed population of Tatars, Armenians, and Lesgians, the latter being more or less migratory. They find the heat of the lowlands so oppressive, that many are forced to retire into the mountains with the approach of the dog days. The town lies in a straggling way on both sides of a small valley that penetrates one of the last spurs of the great chain of the Caucasus, and is traversed by a mountain stream. The shops are not of a kind to attract a European purchaser, though they are not unpicturesque when looked at in the mass. I was not, however, prepared to find carriages—here called phaetons—plying for hire, just as at Tiflis. For there is no hotel of any kind, though there is limited accommodation at the post-station, and for natives there is the caravanserai, which provides stabling for horses and an unfurnished apartment for sleeping in.

On an eminence higher up the valley stands the citadel and the palace, formerly inhabited by the Persian governor of the province of Shaki. I visited the latter in company with M. Selefko, the head of

the post-office and telegraph departments. The doorway and all the internal decorations are in late modern Persian style, and did not offer any special feature of interest. Till recently the whole building was falling into disrepair, but within the last few years it has been restored by order of his Excellency Prince Dondukoff Korsakoff. In front of the palace there is a garden, from which a good view of the valley and the plain to the south is obtainable, but the town itself is concealed by a bend in the *terrain*. Here the band plays occasionally, and here the few Russian officials and officers of the garrison spend an occasional evening. Between the residence and the garden I was pointed out a fine, well-grown tree, on which criminals were formerly hung, so as to be executed under the very eyes of the Persian governor.

The number of homicides committed in Nukha and its vicinity every year is very considerable. Only a week before I arrived, M. Selefko and his family, while sitting on their balcony, suddenly saw a policeman assassinated by two Tatars. They both got away. The day of my arrival a woman was killed by her husband at a neighbouring village. He had stolen two cows, and his wife threatened to inform the authorities. They were also Tatars. As every man carries about a *kinjal*, or poniard, and a hasty temper, it is not surprising that many come to an untimely end in the course of the year.

Nukha is a town of some importance, and possesses various industries, such as silk-spinning, distillation

of spirits, and the making of ready-made clothes. In the villages situated on the plain quantities of silkworms are reared. The cocoons are bought up by agents who make a round of the villages for that purpose, and at Nukha they are spun into silk. Though I did not visit any of the factories, I was informed the machinery was all of the best kind, and came from France. The superior sort of spirits is distilled from grapes, the inferior quality from white mulberries. As there was a distillery of this latter sort within the precincts of the house where I lodged, at the invitation of its Armenian owner I paid it a visit. It was situated in the corner of a large white mulberry orchard. The fruit is gathered in this way. A large sheet is spread under each tree in succession, which is then well shaken by men who climb up it for that purpose. The ripe berries are poured into big baskets, and eventually into the distilling apparatus, the machinery of which came from England. The ripe berries are very sweet and not unpleasant to eat, but the distilled berry produces a spirit with a rather disagreeable flavour. However, it finds a good sale in the town, and is even sent as far as Moscow.

The day after our arrival our passports were inspected by the head of the police, and it was found that David's papers were informal. His pass was not up to date. David declared he was of noble family, and was exempt from the ordinary pass regulations. But all his protestations were overruled. He could not be allowed to go any further, but must

return to Tiflis. Up to the present David had been rather an encumbrance than otherwise. He was a good-natured, lazy, helpless sort of being, without any backbone, though his prognathous jaw seemed to give him an air of bull-dog resolution. His pretended knowledge of Tatar and Lesgian was so limited as to be well-nigh useless, and for the next four or five weeks we should be travelling in parts where Georgian is of no avail; so I felt no great regret at the thought of parting with him. But he took it very much to heart indeed, and moped and cried for the rest of the day. In the evening he went into the town and came back very late, after having drunk more than was good for him. Next morning he was still more depressed, and said there was nothing left for him but to hang himself. In the afternoon he took his departure, and I never heard of him again.

I applied to M. Selefko to find me a substitute, and he recommended a Tatar of the name of Abdul Mejid Kerim ogli, who spoke French and Russian. He was accustomed to travelling, having been as far as Merv and Bokhara, and turned out a first-rate interpreter, and a most reliable man in every way. Through his knowledge of Russian I was eventually able to rid myself of an incubus in the shape of the little *commis voyageur*, and then everything went smoothly. The incubus was complacency itself when speaking to a superior, but was very irascible with those he considered his inferiors. He was constantly squabbling with and abusing David for the few days he was with me, and greatly disliked Mejid, though afraid of

reviling him to his face. There could be no harmony where he formed one of the party, but I had to put up with him until I had tried Mejid.

When I went to see M. Selefko about an interpreter he unwittingly afforded an instance of how prepossessions and theories influence one's pronunciation of words, and give rise to folk-etymology. He said the village of Vartashin, about forty versts to the south-east of Nukha, was inhabited by a people called Yudin, who spoke a peculiar language; that they were Jews originally, and once a rich Jew spent a whole year in acquiring the language, to see what connection it had with Hebrew. It was also a remarkable fact that there were Tatar, Armenian, and Georgian Yudin. By turning to the last chapter the reader will see that the correct name of the people is Ud or Udi, not Yudin, and that their language has no connection whatever with Hebrew. I mentioned that Schiefner had written a grammar of the Ud language, and that I had a copy of it at home, but M. Selefko had never heard of it.

The main object in coming to Nukha had been to purchase horses suitable for a tour in the mountains. So the morning after our arrival David and Akim were despatched to visit the Lesgian quarter and see what they could find. For the next three days horses were either being brought to our quarters for me to look at, or I went to the caravanserai to see a treasure that Akim had heard about. For the most part they had good fore and hind quarters, but large heads and ewe necks. Eventually, after an immense deal of

talking and haggling, which, if it ended for one day, began again on the next, I found myself the possessor of four animals; all for the ridiculous sum of £24. The best of them was a good-looking, well-bred gray gelding, full of spirit, with only the defect of age. He carried me splendidly the whole tour without getting a sore back. The next was a small brown stallion, intended for the incubus. The other two horses were veritable Rozinantes to look at, but for all that were strong, sure-footed, and did very good work for some time, though at last I had to exchange them. The shoes were like Syrian and Moorish horse-shoes—a roundish plate of iron with a small hole in the middle, fixed to the hoof by four or five nails.

The incubus, who had an infallible dodge for everything, possessed the secret of taming horses. Though the little stallion was as tame as a lamb, he proceeded without my knowledge to apply his nostrum. The result was he got a severe kick on the shin, the nursing of which occupied his attention for several days.

One evening I gave a supper to a few of my new acquaintances. Among them was the Rev. Father Vitali Janashvilo, a Georgian priest, educated at Moscow, and the antiquarian of the place. He was a stout, jovial old man, always making jokes, at which he would laugh in a series of loud guffaws that was quite irresistible. During a more serious interval he gave me a short lesson in Georgian pronunciation, and told a legend to explain the origin of the word Nukha, though unfortunately I could not

understand enough to take it down. If I would only stay a few days longer he would show me, he said, everything of interest in the neighbourhood, all the old churches and chapels for twenty miles round. Next day he would take me to a very old Armenian church, and introduce me to an Armenian monk of one hundred and twenty years of age who lived near it.

Another guest was M. Rashderishin, a pleasant man of uncertain nationality, but married to a Tatar wife. Once he must have spoken English well, but now it was rather rusty. He had learnt it in the United States, having served in the war under Generals Hooper, Burnside, and McClellan. He had also taken part in the last war in the Caucasus, and knew a great deal about the country. His advice was to ride to Akhti in two days, instead of three, as I proposed doing. The path across the mountains was not dangerous, though there were very narrow places where only one rider could pass at a time. My intention had been to ride from Akhti to Kuba, leave the horses there for three days, and take the post to Derbend, which I thought could be seen in one day. Very fortunately I took his advice, did not go to Kuba, and postponed Derbend, making it a special headquarters on a later occasion. It was perfectly safe travelling in the mountains, he said, safer indeed than in the plain. As the Lesgians go up the mountains in summer, leaving the women and children in the villages, he recommended passing the night with shepherds in the mountains rather

than in the villages, where the fleas prevent sleep. I soon had occasion to act upon his advice.

Next day about one o'clock I started with M. Selefko and Father Vitali in a phaeton to drive to Kish, where the old Armenian chapel is situated. The first part of the road is through the luxuriant gardens and orchards that surround the town. That was very pleasant. But soon the road merged into the stony bed of a mountain stream. How the springs of the carriage survived I do not know. The Tatar driver seemed to think nothing of it, nor did Father Vitali, who joked and smoked unceasingly. To escape the rain, which was falling hard, we entered one of the Tatar stamping-mills built along the stream. Nothing could be more primitive. No iron was used in its construction. A wooden cylinder with pegs stuck into it like a barrel-organ was made to revolve by turning on a current of water. In front of it stood a row of holes, about a foot deep, made in the floor of the mill. Above them was a rude framework, to support and keep in their place a number of vertical stout pieces of timber, into each of which a wooden pin was inserted. These timbers were the pounders or stamps, and fitted loosely into the holes. When the cylinder was in motion the pegs hit below the pins, raising the stamps a foot or two, but letting them drop into the holes, where rice was put, as the revolution continued. The two men and a boy, all Tatars, were most polite and amiable-looking, and immediately set the mill in motion to let me see how it worked.

Leaving these good-natured people when the weather cleared, we continued our drive towards the head of the valley. The road soon left the water-course, and became tolerable enough. At last the church became visible on some rising ground to the right. The carriage could go no further, and the last quarter of a mile had to be walked. The padre tucked up his long outer garments under his arm—presenting thereby a very comical appearance—and gallantly led the way through fields of wet corn up a very clayey, slippery acclivity to the summit of the ridge. A short walk brought us panting to the strong wall which surrounds the precincts of the church as if it were a fortress. Under the ample portico a number of men, women, and children were collected. They belonged to two or three Armenian families, and were friends of both my companions.

It is customary both with the Georgians and Armenians to hold an occasional family gathering outside a country church, and there to spend the afternoon. The lower orders kill a sheep on these occasions, the better class bring cooked provisions.

The plan of the building is oblong, with a small semi-circular apse at one end, and at the other end a spacious portico, supported on two sides by a row of three wooden pillars. A cupola perhaps once rose above the altar, but it has now been replaced by a simpler pointed roof. The interior is lit by three very small windows, little more than slits; one in the apse, and one in each side of the wall that supports the pointed roof. Externally the windows are ornamented with a very

simple hood moulding, which, like the modest cornice along the top of the outside walls, is very much weather-worn and obliterated. In spite of this look of age, if I understood my informant right, the structure is only of the sixteenth century. Whatever ornamentation the church once possessed is now so injured either by weather or by coats of plaster that it is difficult to find a characteristic morsel anywhere. The inside seemed to offer nothing remarkable. As in other Armenian churches, there is no iconostasis, though pictures were attached to the walls. Outside the church were a number of tombstones. For the most part they were flat, unhewn, uninscribed slabs of slaty stone, lying lengthwise on the ground. None were set upright.

After visiting the church and seeing the traces of an older wall, which cuts across the churchyard, we were invited by the Armenians first to take a glass of tea, and subsequently to dine with them. Two long table-cloths were spread under the porch, and laid with plates and dishes of cold meat. Every one, save myself, sat cross-legged on cushions placed round the table-cloths; the men and boys round one, the women and girls round the other cloth. On my left I had the old monk of one hundred and twenty years who had come to see us. He was a comparatively hale-, looking old man, but too deaf to take any part in the conversation, though Father Vitali, who sat on his other side, and kept the party in fits of laughter with his loud sallies, occasionally roared a joke or an observation into his callous ear. He said he had lived for more than

ninety years at Kish, and that he was weary of life. The others said he slept away the greater part of the day, and life under such conditions must be wearisome indeed. After drinking the regulation toasts, and pledging the ladies in the wine of Kakheti, we took leave of our hosts, and descended the hill to where the phaeton was standing.

On returning home I soon remarked something wonderful had happened, for the incubus was visibly elated. When the evening meal was laid on the table the cause of his elation became evident. On the top of a *pillaf*, on a bed of rice dotted with raisins, lay a wild dove. He had shot it sitting on a tree during my absence. It is a fact, though incredible, that no less than three times in the course of the evening he called my attention to the circumstance he had shot that dove. This was small game indeed to what he pretended to have killed. According to his own account he had shot one man in Constantinople, two in Poland, a lion in Algeria, a tiger at Lenkoran, and bears without number in the Baltic provinces. Of course it was pure romance, though I fancy he had told the stories so often that he had got to believe them himself. On two later occasions I saw him take a flying shot at an eagle, and each time he missed. Still he comforted himself with the assertion he had hit one of them. He was ready to swear he saw an imaginary feather drop out of its tail, a feather which escaped the keener vision of Abdul Mejid.

Among other kind offices I received at the hands of M. Selerko, was finding an old Lesgian, named

Ma'amed, to guide the party over the mountains to Akhti. He was a tall, hooked-nosed, very thin old man, with a good expression and of reddish complexion, who had seen at least sixty summers. His native place was near Akhti, and he had crossed the Shin Pass many a time. He established himself on the balcony, where Akim and David also slept, and brought there his remarkably small kit. What astonished me most was his umbrella, to be used not against the rain but against the sun, for he looked far too weather-beaten to require any such protection. As he knew a little Russian I was able to get a small list of Lesgian words and phrases from him by reading short sentences from Reiff's Russian grammar for him to translate. But it was up-hill work. He spoke quick, sometimes gave me the phrase in Tatar instead of Lesgian, and did not always understand the words I used, or did not recognize my pronunciation of them. The numerous gutturals and aspirated letters were well-nigh impossible to catch, and I was tempted to give up the attempt to write them down in despair. I was struck, however, with his patience in repeating the same sentence over and over again till I could write it down; with his evident pleasure in seeing his words taken down in a book, and in hearing them read out to him for final correction. But in spite of all my efforts I never mastered the right pronunciation of all the gutturals. It must require a very long time before a foreign ear can take in and distinguish the numerous shades of sound that can be made to issue

from the back regions of the throat of a native of Daghestan.

In his younger days Ma'amed had seen service. He had fought on the Russian side against Shamil, and gave a very vivid account of the capture of Gunib, and of its enormous natural strength. All the Lesgians I happened to meet that had taken part in the war during Shamil's time had fought against him. So far as I could gather there were several reasons for this. He did not belong to one of the great princely families of Daghestan, but was simply a kind of priest or mulla, a man of no birth or territorial influence. He therefore endeavoured to make the war a religious one, though without success. He re-established an obsolescent and very strict code of laws, the penalties for infringing which were cruel and barbarous, such as amputation of the hand for theft and the like. All this seems to have been very repugnant to the feelings of the Lesgians. But his greatest and unpardonable fault was having no money. Without that it is impossible to expect the services of needy mountaineers, even in the Caucasus.

Before entering the country of the Lesgians it may interest the reader to say something about the word itself. The term Lesgian is applied by the Russians and by Europeans generally to all the inhabitants of Daghestan, the limits of which will be seen on the map. But it is not a native word apparently, nor one used by the natives, with the exception of the Kùrins, who people the valley of the Samur, when speaking of themselves. The

Georgians call them in the singular, Leki, a word also meaning "dregs, yeast," and derive them from an eponymous Lekos, son of Targamos, and one of the brothers of Kartlos, the mythical ancestor of the Georgians (Kartli). The Armenian historians speak of them as *Legi* (singular), and Moses of Khorene¹ in the fifth century mentions a certain Shergir, king of the *Legi*, who lived in the reign of Arsaces II. (between A.D. 364 and A.D. 394). It is possible they are the *Lēgoi* of Greek and Roman geographers, as they are coupled with the *Gēloi*, who are usually identified with the people of Ghilān at the south-west corner of the Caspian. The native word that comes nearest in sound to Leki is Lak, which the people of Kasikumük apply to themselves, though by their neighbours, the Aqusha, they are called *Vuligi*, plural *Vuluguni*, and by the Avars, *Tumau*. The form *Lezgi* is found in works, like the *Derbend Nāmeḥ*, of Tatar historians, the matter of which must have been taken from Persian or Arab sources, and perhaps this word with it. The people of Daghestan are broken up into many linguistic subdivisions, the exact number of which is not accurately determined. But the main groups may be taken as six in number. The *Kürin* to the south-east, with about a dozen subdivisions. The *Hürkan* or *Dargo* to the north-east, with about half a dozen subdivisions, including *Aqusha*. The *Kasikumük* or *Lak* group in the centre. The *Andi*, the *Avar*, and the *Dido* groups on the west, each of

¹ *Moses Choronenisis historie Armeniaca*, edid. Gul. et Geor. Whiston, p. 276. London, 1736.

which possesses several dialects. In the last chapter the structure of a typical specimen of four of these groups, Kürin, Hürkan, Kasikumük, and Avar, together with Ud, Chechents, and Tush, all three of which lie beyond the limits of Daghestan, is succinctly presented to the reader curious in these matters.

The natives of parts of Daghestan have been subjected to an infusion of foreign blood well within the historical period, a fact which has possibly had some influence on their language. In the *Derbend Nāmeḥ*,¹ p. 8, it is stated that in the time of Khosroes I. (A.D. 531—579) the town of Iḥran in Avaristān was inhabited by a people called Luqan, though in the writer's time known as *Taw-lezghi-si* (Lesgians of the mountains), who had been brought thither from Khurāsān. A vast multitude was also brought from Khāshan and Ghilān in the north of Persia, and settled in Tabaseran as far as the mountain of Qumuq. In the country of Qaitagh (Kaitakh) were established the people named Zerehgherān (makers of coats of mail, in Persian), now called Kubāchi. Mashkur and Miskinjeh in the province of Kuba, and Kureh, or the district of the Kürins, were also peopled by tribes brought from Persia. A couple of hundred years later, about the year A.D. 753 (*op. cit.* pp. 116—125), Yezid, son of Asad, was sent by the Khalif as governor of Derbend. He brought seven thousand families from Syria and Mūsūl, and placed them in various fortresses along the wall. Men from Hams

¹ *Derbend Nāmeḥ*, translated with notes by Mirza A. Kazem Beg. St. Petersburg, 1851.

(Emesa) were settled in Humeidi (Gemeidi), and others from Damascus in Dervāk. Both these places are situated along the line of wall, and were visited by me towards the end of the tour.

All the inhabitants of the Eastern Caucasus are brachycephalic, but as I took no measurements myself, I would refer the reader to *Der Kaukasus und seine Völker*, Leipsig, 1888, by R. von Erckert, who devoted much attention to the ethnology of the Caucasus, and took a great number of measurements. He was a general in the Russian service for a number of years, and held a post of importance in the Caucasus, which gave him many opportunities such as do not fall to the casual tourist.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NUKHA TO AKHTI.

Shin—Crossing the Main Chain—Bivouac at the Summit—The Dogs—A Caravanserai—Burj—Music—Khnoi—The Needless Alarm of the “Incubus”—Tunnel—Women’s Work—Akhti—Its Hot Springs—Transfer of Disease by Rags—Visit to the Russian Governor.

NUKHA, *July 8th.*—About 6.30 a.m. the expedition, headed by old Ma’amed, began to file out of the double gateway in front of our quarters. The baggage was so light that all could be packed into four pairs of saddle-bags, and carried by the four horses in addition to their riders. After traversing a couple of lanes we struck the road by which we had entered the town five nights before, and could now see what we had missed during the darkness. To the left lay a wide stretch of plain, partly under cultivation, and dotted with villages. On the right we had the more or less wooded outliers of the main chain, which I hoped to pass before night. It soon began to get very hot, and old Ma’amed hoisted his umbrella to shield his lean, rugged, patriarchal features from the too ardent rays of the sun. He was mounted on a rough mountain pony that knew how to amble steadily along at the rate of five miles an hour. He made a very good

guide, and conversed in Tatar fluently with Mejid and Akim. Tatar is very generally spoken by the natives all over Daghestan, except among the Avars, for in the Kürin country I do not remember seeing Mejid address a single man who could not reply in that language.

After riding along the post-road for about three hours we turned to the right and began approaching the valley of the Shin, a word meaning water in Lesgian. The river at various times has created a number of temporary channels, each marked by a wide stripe of loose round stones brought from the mountains. All this gives a scathed and devastated appearance to the landscape. But beyond this area of desolation we passed two or three small villages, comfortably buried in thick foliage, pictures to all appearance of Arcadian delight, though said nevertheless to be tenanted by a Tatar population of evil repute. We met, however, few men on the road, and were molested by no one.

Four hours' riding brought us to the small village of Shin. We were at once led to the house of the *yüzbashi*, or head of the village, and dismounted under a large tree in the centre of a court-yard in front of his establishment. In a moment carpets and cushions were brought out and spread upon the ground for us to repose upon; while Mejid without delay had a fire lit, made tea, and in a very short time served up a dish of fried eggs. The villagers showed little curiosity, and did not crowd round us or cause the least annoyance. They were all of a sturdy type,

with roundish, pale faces. The *yüzbashi* had a hooked nose, and possessed, I thought, a less typical Lesgian countenance than the others. One man in particular caught my eye on account of his powerful frame and great muscular development. As for the women, they stood or sat on the house-tops and gazed at us from afar.

The houses are of two stories, with a covered gallery or veranda, supported by wooden posts, to each story. These galleries are formed by prolonging the stone sides of the house a few feet beyond the line of the front of the house. The upper one is covered by a prolongation of the roof, the under one by boards. The domestic animals inhabit the lower story, the family live above them, and can only enter the dwelling part of the house by passing through the filth that accumulates below. Naturally the natives always take off their boots on arriving at the top story, and only enter a room in stockings, or with bare feet.

After a rest of two hours and a half, I took leave of the *yüzbashi*, and we were again in the saddle. The path lay along the right bank of the swollen Shin. Soon the valley became so narrow that the bed of the river completely filled it, and the narrow path, just wide enough for one horse, was hollowed out of the cliff. In half an hour even this ceased, and the horses had to find their way as best they could, sometimes along the extremely rough dry bed, sometimes breasting the dashing stream itself. It was hard work for them. Fortunately Akim espied

a track on the opposite side, for just at this time when he was most wanted Ma'amed was lagging far behind. He did not catch us up for some time.

For the next three hours we slowly toiled up a series of zigzags made in the steep flank of the valley. For a long time the track lay through thick woods of beech, maple, wild cherries, and many other kinds of hard wood. Though the view was restricted by the density of the foliage, it was pleasant to feel oneself in a great mountain forest, in the wilds of the Caucasus, away from human habitations, with just the possibility of an adventure before one. Once or twice only I got a peep of a great snow-topped mountain to the right front, for at other times it was shrouded in mist. Ma'amed called it, as it sounded to my ear, Göl Dagh, which I feel sure must be the Boul Dagh of the map, a mountain rising to the height of 12,173 feet. By degrees we had risen above the region of trees to steep slopes covered with grass, or showing a bare, friable soil of decomposed slaty rock, dotted with loose stones; the whole forming a somewhat monotonous, uninteresting foreground, fading into an atmosphere of mist.

It was now about five o'clock, we were a long way from the top of the pass, and it was quite evident the party could not pass the night at Burj. Close by was the first caravanserai, and not far from it Ma'amed knew of a place frequented by shepherds where there was good pasturage for the horses. This latter circumstance induced Akim to recommend my halting there for the night. The advice seemed good; so leaving

the path we rode to the left for a short distance, and soon learnt, from a savage attack made on us by half a dozen ferocious dogs, that we were at a shepherds' encampment. Three or four of these came rushing up armed with long sticks, and drove the dogs away, at the same time warning us to be careful of not going near them. The shepherds were fine, sturdy young fellows with good-natured faces, reddened by the sun and the weather. They belonged to the village of Shin, and gave us a hearty welcome. Their bivouac is called Nour, which I was informed meant a place where there is always water. It lies on the northern edge of a steep mountain ridge, about a thousand feet below the summit of the pass, which lay to the north-east. In its centre was the fireplace, composed of four or five loose stones, with a few hot embers still glowing. At a little distance lay a small pile of firewood, which must be a precious commodity, as there are no trees near for miles. Near the fireplace stood three or four wooden vessels for holding water, milk, cheese, &c., and a small tree stuck into the ground, from the branches of which a couple of sheepskins were suspended to dry. Tents they had none. The only protection against the cold the shepherds possess are their *burkas*, yet here they pass the summer months in the greatest contentment. For arms they had of course their *kinjals* and a couple of native flint guns, which might serve to frighten an enemy if the powder was dry enough to go off. More formidable-looking than the guns were the long, thick sticks they carried, which they know well how to use.

Two or three men from an adjoining bivouac had come to pay us a visit. When it was time to return they made a sudden bolt, and dashed off at full speed, swinging their staves behind them to keep off the dogs; for, curiously enough, the dogs of our bivouac attacked them as fiercely as they did us. As soon as they noticed the shepherds bolting they followed them with the greatest fury, animated apparently with the worst intentions, but were unable to do them any harm. When this interlude was over, the dogs of their own accord stationed themselves at intervals round the bivouac, and kept watch at a distance of about a hundred yards from the centre. They were great ugly shaggy brutes to look at, but made admirable sentries. Before nightfall the sheep and calves that had been grazing on the mountain were driven within the zone protected by the dogs, and then the work of the day was at an end.

On an occasion like this Mejid's good qualities became evident. Exactly two hours after our arrival we were sitting down eating mutton kabobs or *shishlik*, done to a turn. In that brief space of time he had unsaddled and hobbled his horse, bargained for a fat sheep for one rouble sixty kopeks, or about three shillings and twopence; had had it killed and flayed by one of the shepherds, had himself cut it up with the skill of a professional butcher, had strung the tenderest bits on wooden spits, grilled them over the fire, and served them up piping hot. The little *commis voyageur*, not to be out-done, proposed making a cucumber salad, as it was one of the many things

he could do to perfection. After an immense deal of fussing about, interspersed with self-laudatory remarks, he produced an acid compound which he was pleased to call a salad. A couple of mouthfuls were more than enough. He never tried salad-making again.

We must have been at an elevation of between 8000 and 9000 feet, and could not have been far from the mountain of Salavat, which rises to a height of 11,948 feet, but all around was a chilly sea of white mist. It was too cold to sleep much, as a *burka* is not long enough to cover one's feet, and mine at least were quite wet from fording the river so often.

July 9th.—The ground was covered with hoar-frost when we got up next morning at the early hour of 3.30 a.m. In addition to suffering from the cold, the incubus, as he afterwards confided to me, had been unable to sleep for fear of the shepherds. He had taken it into his unreasoning head that these friendly men were likely to make a night attack upon us. He did not know they are only too glad to offer hospitality, because they believe that doing so brings luck to their flocks. If we had been natives they would gladly have given us a sheep for nothing. Mejid with great alacrity blew up the fire, put a saucepan on it, and soon made some hot mutton broth, which helped to thaw us a little. Akim gave the horses a feed of barley, while old Ma'amed chatted with the shepherds. He said the Lesgian he spoke was quite intelligible to them. As the old man had no *burka*, he must have suffered a good deal from the

cold, but did not seem to mind it much. The mist was beginning to fade away, and looking east and west, high mountains, part of the main chain, some of them covered with snow, now became visible. For one brief moment they were tinged with the flush of dawn, and then relapsed into their normal frost-bound appearance. To the north the view was bounded by a rugged chain of mountains, with large patches of snow here and there, forming the watershed between the Akhti Chai and the Samur, which meet just below the town of Akhti. At our feet lay a steep precipice, the bottom of which was invisible.

Taking leave of the shepherds, we regained the path, and immediately began ascending a bare mountain side by steep zigzags. After a climb of about 1000 feet we reached the summit of the pass, which according to the map is 9283 feet above the sea level. The crest is extremely sharp, so that directly on arriving at the top one begins almost simultaneously to descend a little. On the highest part, just at the divide between Asia and Europe, are the ruins of a subterranean house with a very low doorway, which reminded me of a Pict's house, such as I have seen in Sutherlandshire, or of a so-called *fogow* (cave) I once visited in Cornwall. A little lower down we passed a long stone building, but so low and unobtrusive one might almost pass it unnoticed. It was the second caravanserai. Nearly opposite the subterranean house stands a large stone tomb of square form, surrounded by projecting sticks, hung with bits of rag. It marks the spot where forty

men lost their lives one winter. Only last winter ten men died up here from the cold, and every year some fall victims to their temerity in attempting to cross the pass in bad weather. It is with the hope of saving some lives that these caravanserais have been built. The men in charge only live there in winter, as in summer there is no snow and no danger.

On beginning to descend, a fine sugar-loaf peak, convex to the east and concave to the west, with a lower shoulder on each side, was constantly in front of us for a considerable time. When I asked the name, Ma'amed's answer to my ears sounded Mali Dagh, though it must be the Magi Dagh of the map. The descent was easy enough, and led down the treeless, grassy valley of the Caravanserai Chai to its junction with the Akhti Chai. Small patches of brownish snow lay concealed in a few sunless crannies, otherwise the pass was entirely free of it.

All the way between Shin and Nour we had not met a soul, between the latter and Burj I think only two men. But in the course of the summer I understood that a considerable number of persons make use of this road, and bring sheep and horses by it. Near the bottom of the descent comes the third caravan-serai, which seemed rather larger than the others. Externally it is a long, very low, flat-roofed structure of rough stone, with the tiniest of windows, mere slits to let in as little cold and snow as possible. Passing through the door, Mejid and I entered a passage with a room on each side, one used as a store-room, the

other as a sleeping-place. By this we passed on into a low, oblong, dark chamber, supported by a double row of wooden props. Recesses had been made in the side-walls to hold fodder, for here horses and sheep are stabled with their heads to the wall. Their owners content themselves with the not too broad space between the double row of quadrupeds. It was certainly not the sort of place one would choose as a sleeping-place in fine weather, though in a snow-storm one might hail it with delight.

A short ride brought us to the Akhti Chai valley, where the road turns in an easterly direction. At this point the newly-entered valley is narrow, and traversed by a small but rapid river of dark colour. Sooner than I expected we sighted the small hamlet of Burj, consisting of only seventy houses, of the same construction as those at Shin.

The *yüzباشي* was a friend of Mejid, so we dismounted at his house, and were very hospitably entertained with thin cakes of new bread, thick milk, and honey. The ingress to the upper story was of course through the cowhouse, and up a dark flight of rough steps. Once up there, everything was very clean. Mats and cushions were thrown on the floor, and we were invited to repose while bread was being baked and the samovar heated. A nice little boy of seven years old, the only son of the *yüzباشи*, was brought in by his father and induced to dance for our entertainment. It was certainly amusing to see him go through his figures and stretch out his arms with the air and solemnity of a full-grown man. Though our host

himself is a man of substance, he said the village was poor from having insufficient pasturage of its own, and being therefore obliged to pay an annual rent of two hundred roubles a year to another village for additional grazing ground.

We had slept so little during the night, we made up for it now, and it was 2 p.m. before we were under weigh again, after a rest of four hours. As I stayed indoors the whole time, I saw nothing of the village or of its inhabitants, who for their part took scarcely any notice of us. The name of the place implies that there is or was a castle or tower here, but if there is I did not notice it. I found on starting my horse was bleeding at the nose. The natives said it was a good sign, and a mark of a well-bred horse, for they all admired my gray gelding. I hoped to reach Akhti by night, a distance of about forty-four versts, but was unable to do so. Our route followed the course of the river, close to the water's edge. The valley is very narrow, bare and destitute of timber. The utter monotony of its steep schistose declivities, of gray and brownish hue, was only occasionally broken by the sight of a snowy peak to the right or to the left. Owing to the depth of the valley and its gorge-like character, the lateral view is extremely limited in extent. Yet the scenery is neither grand nor impressive, it rather oppresses one.

About two versts east of Burj a narrow track zigzags up the precipitous mountain side, and leads to Rutul in the Upper Samur valley. It is the shortest route to Gumúk, and is used by the Kubächi people when

returning home from Nukha after disposing of their wares. In places the decomposed slaty rock forms thick beds of bluish mud at the base of a slope. They are hard in appearance at the surface, but are quite soft below. Taken in by the firm look of one of these bits, I began riding over it, but before he had taken two steps my horse was up to the girths in sticky mud. Nothing would have induced Ma'amed's pony, who knew the look of these quagmires, to go near them; but my horse had been bred in the plain, and was not so learned.

While riding along the path, which on the whole was easy for the horses, we overtook two Lesgians on foot. Each carried a tambourine with figures painted on the parchment, not unlike those on Lapp and Samoyede magic drums, so far as I could see. Old Ma'amed, who was fond of singing snatches of Tatar songs in a voice pitched little short of a yell, after a little chaff and palaver, borrowed one of these instruments. Akim was also a devotee of music, as he understood it, and of Tatar ditties. After a preliminary strum on the tambourine, Ma'amed and Akim broke out into song with all the vigour of their combined lungs. The valley rang with their stentorian voices and the monotonous tum tum of the instrumental accompaniment. Mejid laughed much, and said they were singing a comic Tatar song. The two Lesgians were not less amused, and clapped their hands in approval. They were going to Khnoi to take part in a wedding festival, and seemed to be professional musicians.

Towards 5 p.m. we sighted a large, squarish mass of rock, standing in the middle of the valley, washed on the north by the Akhti Chai, and on the west by another rapid mountain stream. To the south of this natural acropolis lay a village, from the centre of which rose an imposing tower. It was the village of Khnoi, or Khin, and though it is but ten versts from Burj, I decided to stay there for the night, as the horses were too tired to reach Akhti in comfort. To reach it we had to ford both streams with some precautions, as one of them was very rapid, full of large round boulders, and considerably swollen. Fortunately it was effected without mishap. Then threading our way through the narrow lanes of the village, scarcely wide enough for a pack-horse, we pulled up at the house of the *yüzbashi*.

Though the inhabitants bear a bad name, I received every attention from this official, who from all accounts is a man of wealth. Cushions and carpets were immediately spread in the upper gallery, and I was invited to recline. From it I obtained a good view of the high square tower, crowned with a projecting cornice, carried by eight small arches on each face. It reminded me of an old Lombard campanile, but serves as the minaret to an adjacent mosque, from which the summons is cried to morning and evening prayer. It seems likely to fall some day, as already there is a great rent down one side. The village contains about 170 houses, and its inhabitants own some 60,000 sheep. But unfortunately there was no barley to be bought, in spite of this wealth, and

nothing but grass was obtainable for the horses. Each house has to take its turn to find a given quantity of forage when required to do so by the head of the village.

The outside of the houses here and nearly everywhere in Daghestan is darkened and defiled by being plastered over with dabs of cow-dung mixed with straw. They are left to dry and harden in the sun, and are then used for fuel wherever wood is scarce. This dirty work, like most other labour, is left to the women. Though there were always a few men standing about at the far end of the gallery, they scarcely took any notice of the *commis voyageur* and myself, and were only interested in Akim and Mejid, with whom they could converse in Tatar. Here I learnt there are two passes from Khnoi to Nukha, neither of which is marked on the five-verst map. The distance can be traversed in a single day.

Two rooms led from the gallery, one of which was assigned us to sleep in. It was whitewashed, had an open fireplace at one end, and beyond being provided with shelves and pegs was devoid of furniture; but mattresses and pillows were brought in to sleep upon, together with all the baggage.

July 10th.—Though up betimes, it was six o'clock before the party was in the saddle. Skirting the village we passed a cemetery immediately outside it, and soon arrived at a wooden bridge across the Akhti Chai. Here we were joined by about half a dozen Tatar travellers, armed with native muskets having

small, straight stocks tipped with ivory, and neatly ornamented flint locks. They came from the neighbourhood of Nukha by one of the paths across the mountain just mentioned, and had spent the night outside the town by the side of the river. They were well mounted, and were going in the same direction as ourselves, having been summoned to Akhti by the Russian *nachalnik*, or governor of the town. For some hours they were unwittingly a source of much perturbation of mind to the incubus. He noticed that by degrees they had managed to sandwich each of us between two of themselves. With his extreme facility for grasping a situation by the wrong end, he divined they meant mischief, and meditated an attack from the rear. Accordingly he loaded with ball. But hour followed hour, and the apprehended attack never came off. His fears had been in vain.

The valley gradually contracts into a deep, picturesque defile, completely filled by the stony bed of the muddy, roaring river, while the road is carried at a considerable elevation above it. As the schistose rock in this geological area is easily decomposed, long steep slopes composed of its broken fragments have occasionally to be traversed. The road, which is good on the whole, becomes quite the reverse when carried across a declivity of such detritus. There is no sure foothold for the horses, as the path gives way under their feet at every step. At first it is unpleasant, but one soon acquires unlimited confidence in the sure-footedness of the animal one is astride.

In very wet or in frosty weather I should imagine there must be considerable risk in crossing these abrupt, yielding slopes.

About an hour's ride brought us to a short tunnel, the first made in the Caucasus, and the work of the Frenchman that constructed the road. The road hereabouts was just wide enough for one horse, with a straight wall of rock on one side and a steep drop on the other. Though we met a good many people with horses and asses, it never was quite at a very narrow place. Ma'amed used to call out to them to dismount and hold their horses' heads, and in that way we were able to scrape past without accident. In another hour or so the bare mountain sides began to be clothed with sparse brushwood, just enough to enliven the landscape.

In Daghestan women have to do all the hard work, and I now saw an instance of it. Here was a man, three women, and an ox trudging slowly down the road in the direction of a field that had to be ploughed. The various parts of the plough were distributed among the women. The ox, perhaps in consideration of its future labours, carried nothing. The man, in consideration of what is due to the male sex in the Caucasus, was also unburdened. For a man with any feeling of self-respect must carry nothing but a weapon; so runs the unwritten law of immemorial custom. The dress of the women, with the exception of the head-dress, does not differ very much from that of the men. They wear trousers of parti-coloured stuff, sometimes loose, sometimes comparatively tight,

confined at the ankle. The outer garment is a sheepskin coat, reaching nearly to the knee, just like a man's.

As we approach Akhti the valley broadens out a little, while the sides become less elevated. On the left bank of the river, a couple of versts from the town, stands a red-roofed, white house, bright and attractive-looking, contrasting favourably with the adjoining native houses. It is the new bathing establishment, built for the accommodation of rheumatic and other patients, for many such come from long distances to take the hot sulphurous waters that issue from the ground in several places. Orchards, gardens, and fields of corn, surrounded by rows of trees, extend from the bridge leading to the bathing establishment as far as the town. Here the Tatars put spurs to their horses and galloped in as hard as they could. We followed more leisurely, as our horses had more to carry.

As Ma'amed did not know any one in the town who could take us in, we halted at the caravanserai, where at any rate the horses would be safe. It was a two-storied building, with a gallery along the front of the first floor out of which several rooms led. They seemed perfectly empty, but in reality swarmed with small insects, especially at night when the lights were extinguished. Adjoining the caravanserai is the bazaar; a poor sort of place, even less tempting than that at Nukha.

The town, which contains about one thousand houses and six thousand inhabitants, nearly all Les-

gians, has a decidedly Oriental appearance. The low flat-roofed houses are built of stone or of sun-dried bricks. Some have galleries looking on to the street, in others they open on to an internal court-yard or *patio*. Some show signs of decoration in the shape of Moorish-looking window-frames of carved wood, filled in with lattice-work of geometrical tracery. A stone with an Arabic inscription or with some design carved upon it, let into the wall on each side of the doorway, attracts the eye from time to time. But on the whole absence of external ornament is the rule, decoration the exception. There is an upper and a lower town, divided by the river, but united by two bridges. The former lies on the left bank, against a steep rock, the top of which is crowned by a large mosque and a tall tower, forming a conspicuous feature of the town when seen from a distance. The lower town, on the right bank, contains the residence of the Russian governor, the caravanserai, the bazaar, the public weighing place, the tea-house, a large mosque, besides all the decorated houses of which mention has been made.

The native name of Akhti is Akhtsáhar, and is said to be derived from the Arabic *ukht*, a sister. The story goes that the celebrated Arab conqueror, Abu Muselim, or Muslimch, who lived in the first half of the eighth century, gave it to his sister and his brother-in-law as a possession. Ever since his time the Kürins and the Kasikumüks have professed, with greater or less continuity, the Moslem faith. Through this many Arabic words, especially those

relating to law and religion, have become incorporated in the Lesgian vocabulary.

Arabic is still the written language for all the peoples of Daghestan. To the headquarters of each Russian district-governor, or *nachalnik*, there is always attached an Arabic chancery, where the internal administrative correspondence of the district is carried on. The external correspondence is of course in Russian.

Here, as at Nukha, few women are to be seen moving in the streets, and then for the most part veiled. The men are rather rough-looking, and of a more mixed type than at Shin. All, even the small boys, wear the characteristic shaggy white sheepskin *papak* well on the back of the head, which gives them a wildish, devil-may-care aspect. Their clothes are well-worn, for the people are poor, and of no special colour. The breast is often exposed, and as an outer garment they have a *beshmet* down to the knees, though the length varies. It is confined by a belt, which supports their inseparable companion the *kinjal*.

As recently as the last war between Russia and Turkey the inhabitants of Akhti rose against their masters and put the Russian governor to death. The insurrectionary movement was, however, soon quelled, and about a thousand Lesgians from different parts were deported to Siberia. There are no manufactories, and numbers of men have to go to seek work at Baku, Tiflis, and elsewhere at certain seasons of the year.

July 11th.—At an early hour, accompanied by Mejid and the *commis voyageur*, I started off in a *troika* to visit the bathing establishment and take a hot bath. The drive along the shady road was cool and pleasant. On passing the cemetery I noticed two or three tombs from which sticks projected, and to which rags were attached. Though I knew the reason why this was done, I wished to find out what explanation Mejid would give, and so put the question to him. He replied they were the tombs of men celebrated for their devoutness and goodness. It was believed to bring one good luck to tie a rag to a stick and attach it to the tomb. Sick people also left rags there, hoping by that means to transfer their sickness or disease to the tomb itself. Such a tomb is called by the Tatars a *pir*. I asked him if the sickness was thought to be transferred to the holy man buried beneath the tomb, but he said, “No, it remains attached to the tomb itself.” Passing on, we soon debouched from the orchards, crossed the bridge, and drove towards the bath-house. The general colour of the treeless northern flank of the valley was reddish, while on the opposite side it was blackish gray, as if the bed of the river had taken the line of a geological fault.

The bathing establishment is on one side of a large court-yard, surrounded with outhouses. Here we found it was necessary to have a certificate from the doctor to be allowed to use the baths. He happened to be at Kuba, nearly fifty miles to the east of Akhti, so it became necessary to fall back on the old native

bath. It lies about one hundred yards from the establishment, and is highly primitive in its arrangements. Entering by a lockless door that had to be closed by a large stone rolled against it, I found myself in an ante-chamber. It was only about nine feet long with an earthen floor and a stone bench on each side for leaving one's things on. After stripping and descending a couple of steps I penetrated into a darkish cave, roofed in, but provided with an open wooden ventilator at the top. Here I found two bath-shaped cavities excavated in the sides of the cave, into which water of two different degrees of warmth perpetually flowed. The hottest is said to have a temperature of 44° C., a heat it is impossible to bear if the body is totally immersed. Afterwards I was told there is a means of turning off the supply of hot water, which I ought to have used, and then waited till the bath was cool enough to enter. One of the men belonging to the establishment gave us several tumblers of hot tea made with this sulphurous water, but it gave no perceptible taste.

On the way back I inquired the name of a great snow-clad mountain towering up to the south. The driver said it was the Shalbuz Dagh, or Shawl-ice Mountain, and it was believed gold-mines were there, though he had never been to visit them. Next day another man told me it was supposed gold must be there because so much red rock is upon it; an amusing specimen of native reasoning, though not unnatural, as the Kürin word for gold, borrowed from the Tatar, also means red.

A little later on I went to pay my respects to the governor, Captain Kusaválnik. Unfortunately he only spoke Russian, so I had to make use of the *commis voyageur*. He is a weather-beaten old soldier, with an immense scar on the left cheek, possessing a quiet, kindly, unassuming manner. He quite unnecessarily apologized for not being able to put us all up, as he was a single man, and had not the necessary accommodation. His special object of care at Akhti is the bathing establishment, which belongs to him, and was built about seven years ago. Though he did not recollect the exact number of patients who came to use it, the total is considerable, and also on the increase. He wondered permission had been granted to an Englishman to visit the country, and evidently none has been to Akhti for a long time. The post only comes in once a week, *viâ* Khozri and Kuba, so he could not give me any news. But he readily promised to furnish me with a guide to Kurákh, and then I took my departure.

In the afternoon I strolled about the town with Mejid, visited the tower that overlooks it, and tried to get into the mosque, but found it closed. A little to the east of the town, close to the confluence of the Akhti Chai with the Samur, which is known to the Kúrins as the *Qulán wats*, or Middle river, stands a Russian fortress; but I did not pay it a visit. It is not under the jurisdiction of the governor, and has a commandant of its own.

CHAPTER III.

FROM AKHTI TO GUMÚK.

Rich Pasture—*Poudre de Musc*—Kurákh—Lunch with the *Naib*—Gelkhán—Doctoring the *Yüzbashi*—Obstacles in the Way of becoming a *Haji*—Rícha—More doctoring—Voluble Tatar Woman—Ejection of an Intruder—Chirákh—Hailstorm, and how to disperse it—Alakhwan Mountain—Poor Students—Cattle Plague—Rights of Pasturage—Kokma Chai Valley and Change of Scenery—Khosrek—The *Naib* of Kull—Further Change of Scenery—Gumúk—Its Natural Strength—Old Mosque and Illuminated Koran—The Children—Dinner at the Russian Governor's—Language Difficulty—Homicides—Supper at a Native House.

AKHTI, *July 12th.*—A little after six o'clock, after having had two of the horses re-shod, the party was again in the saddle, bound for Gumúk, a distance of three days' march. The guide, kindly furnished by the governor, was one of the native yeomanry cavalry, and armed with a long pistol and sabre of native manufacture. Crossing the bridge and passing through the upper town, we entered and ascended for a short distance the valley of the Samur, or *Qulán wats*. Then the road turned northwards in the direction of the double mountain ridge between the Samur and the Kurákh rivers. First of all it ran up a small lateral valley cut through a very dark, seemingly unstratified



A LESGIAN.

soil of disintegrated slaty rock by a steepish ascent. The sides of the valley were partly covered with grass, and partly with cultivated fields, but not a tree was visible, not even in the vicinity of the little hamlet of Gra. I was struck with the extreme steepness of the hill-sides under tillage, and by the slowness with which the process of ploughing takes place. It is difficult to realize the extraordinary patience required to follow from morning to night a yoke of oxen harnessed to a plough, moving at the rate of an aged snail. Looking back, the snowy peak of the Shalbuz Dagh could be seen towering up grandly to the south, and below the snow-line I espied the red rocks that cause the natives to believe gold must be there. Other snowy mountains, forming part of the main chain, cropped up at intervals to the right and left of it.

After a climb of about two hours the top of the first lateral ridge was reached. It is marked in the map as the Kenzikil, a prolongation of the Sarafui Yal. In front lay a receding series of hills of roundish outline, covered with the greenest grass, broken here and there by brown ravines, where the heavy rains had denuded and excavated the surface. Such a landscape could not be termed picturesque. But in compensation for this lack the air was singularly bright and clear, so much so that the voices of distant shepherds were distinctly audible. The chief attraction of the landscape in the eyes of the guide and of Akim was the profusion of rich grass. After descending for a quarter of an hour

the guide halted in a grassy hollow, where the horses could eat their fill of the long, sappy herbage.

After an hour's halt, during which Akim played a practical joke on the sleeping incubus, the party again resumed its march. Continuing to descend to the bottom of the slope, we crossed a small stream, and began mounting a parallel but lower ridge of the same character as the preceding one. In one place we encountered several groups of women and children scattered over the hill-side, gathering white and purple flowers. What they were I do not know. Mejid said they were dried, and eventually found their way to Marseilles, where they are made into *poudre de musc*, though I could not detect any musky smell about them. The trade in them must be considerable, as he assured me several hundred *puds* of 40 lbs. each were exported yearly from Nukha. The people we saw gathering them got six roubles a *pud* now, though two or three years ago they only earned a rouble and a half. Leaving the children, we pursued our way to the top of the ridge, descended a long, steep slope, crossed the Kurákh river exactly opposite the village of that name, and pulled up at the house of the *naib*, standing a short distance apart.

The guide handed him a letter from the governor of Akhti, and I was invited to ascend to the guest-chamber by an outer staircase. It contained a couple of tables and several chairs, and we were soon supplied with tea and cigarettes till lunch could be prepared. The horses were picketed in the yard in front of the house. The *naib*, Mahomed Beg, is

somewhat advanced in years, but active and intelligent-looking, with a slightly aquiline nose. He was dressed in a sort of dark blue uniform with epaulettes, and wore a military order on his breast, having taken part in the war against Shamil. His son stood at the end of the room, where the attendants were also standing, nearly the whole time of my visit. He did not even sit down to table with us like his cousin, who was a somewhat older man. In his time the Beg has travelled a good deal, having visited Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo, and Mecca. Had it not been for the difficulty caused by his family he would have continued his travels from Stambul westwards as far as France and England. The language spoken at Kurákh is, he said, somewhat different from that spoken at Akhti, but quite different from that of Chirákh or Gumúk. Both the former languages belong to the Kürin group, the third to the Dargo or Hürkan group, while the last is the headquarters of Kasikumük or Lak.

After a good lunch and a halt of more than three hours, I took leave of the hospitable Beg, and the party rode off. Preceded by one of his armed retainers as a guide, we skirted the village without entering it, and headed westwards up the valley. It was now 3 p.m. The road is broad and in good order, runs close along the river bank, and is nearly level as far as Gelkhán, where the Kürin language ceases to be spoken. The low hills on either side are of rounded outline, and worn by water into a series of parallel gullies. Their surface is well clothed with grass, but trees are con-

spicuous by their absence. Along the bottom of the valley there was a large quantity of splendid grass, which they told me was being reserved for winter use, and would be cut later on. In rather over an hour and a half we passed the picturesque-looking village of Ashar, which stands on an eminence overlooking the right bank of the river. Soon after this it began to rain a little. The sky became so black and threatening that we increased the pace, rode smartly along, and entered Gelkhán about six o'clock. Hardly had we entered the house of the *yüzباشي* when a thunderstorm broke and the rain fell in torrents. It was the second drenching we had escaped that day, for while resting at Kurákh it had rained hard, and I distinctly heard the rumbling noise of distant thunder.

The *yüzباشи*, a stout, barefooted man, with a beard dyed bright red, moved disconsolately about the house. I soon learnt the cause. He was suffering from fever and constipation, and wished to know if I could doctor him. Though entirely ignorant of the healing art, I thought two large colocynth pills would do him good now, and some quinine might be given in the morning. He swallowed the pills, and before going to bed I heard he felt greatly better. When a middle-aged Caucasian finds his hair beginning to turn gray, if he has any vanity still left he dyes it bright red with henna. The effect is rather startling.

My host's father, who lives in the same house when at home, happened to be away on a pil-

grimage to Mecca. He must have been lucky, for the authorities set their faces strongly against the would-be *haji*. The needful passport is often refused, and is never granted to a man under fifty years of age, or to one who is not tolerably well off. His baggage indeed must be rather considerable if what I heard is true: that a man starting on the *haj* takes with him sufficient bread for the whole journey there and back. The objections of the authorities are grounded on the belief that a *haji* on his return home is apt to become a focus of religious fanaticism, or of disaffection and irritation against the government. He is supposed to imbibe many exaggerated and false notions while abroad. He comes in contact with Mussulmans from all parts of the world, and learns more than is necessary concerning the diffusion of the Moslem faith.

The room we slept in, though very small and dark, was comfortable-looking. The walls were partly covered with some kind of silk stuff. There was an iron bedstead, a table, and other articles of furniture in it, besides being carpeted with native rugs. About 9 p.m. supper was served, consisting of very good mutton broth, mutton pillaf with prunes, sour thick-milk, and new bread. It was laid on the floor, or rather on the rug, and spoons were provided, but no knives, as every man carries his own on the reverse side of the sheath of his *kinjal*.

July 13th.—We were not allowed to start before the samovar had been heated and tea made ready. An attendant also brought in a kind of cake used by

the Lesgians when travelling. It is made of eggs, butter or lard, and, I think, a little meat; but the taste was not agreeable. The outside of the house was decorated with several Arabic inscriptions, carved on stones and let into the wall. They were probably verses from the Koran, or maxims to inculcate hospitality. Such inscribed stones are found all over Daghestan, but I did not notice any among the Tatars and Tāts (Persians) near Derbend, nor among the Chechents. After breakfast another big pill and five grains of quinine were administered to the *yüz-bashi*, and other pills to Mejid and Akim, who both hankered after the contents of my medicine-box.

About a quarter past six we were mounted and ready to start. Wishing the *yüzbashi* a speedy recovery, he kissed my hand, and we rode off in the direction of Chirákh, still accompanied by the guide of yesterday. Not long after the village of Kwardadi, or Kwardalu, was passed. It is perched a little above the road, and is conspicuous for its tower. In another hour we began crossing a by no means steep ridge, forming the water-shed between the Kurákh and Chirákh river systems. Though the road was smooth, level, and altogether admirable from a horse's point of view, the landscape was of the same uninteresting nature as yesterday from a tourist's point of view. Low, rounded, grass-covered hills on each side bounded the valley, and obstructed all further prospect laterally. It did not come up to one's preconceived notions of Caucasian scenery.

On reaching the summit of the ridge, however, the

spectacle improved for a brief moment. A lofty range of mountains, some of them tipped with snow, became visible on the left. Probably they form the water-shed between the Upper Samur and the Kurákh. The name given by the guide sounded like Kapús Dagħ, a name I cannot find on the map; but many villages and places have double names, which are not given on it, and this may be one of them. For instance, the Chirákh river also bears the name of Sithál wats, and the village of Chirákh is known to some as *Hughul*, though it is spelt *Hurgli* on the five-verst map. The descent down the reverse slope of the ridge was steep enough to make it desirable to dismount, to save the horses. A halt was made at the bottom to allow the laggards to come up, and a few minutes after 9 a.m. the party rode into the village of Rícha. It lies 6450 feet above the sea level, on the brink of the steep bank of a tributary of the Chirákh river, not far from their junction. On all sides it is surrounded by green hills. The inhabitants speak an Agul dialect, a subdivision of the Kúrin group of languages.

The *yüzbashi* happened to be out at the moment of our arrival, but one of his nephews received us, and showed the way into a small but clean room leading off the roof of another building. The white-washed interior of the room was ornamented with a woodcut of the holy city of Mecca, nailed to the wall. It betrayed the handiwork of an Arab artist, both by its absence of perspective, and by labels in Arabic over the different buildings, to designate their names.

In a niche in the wall lay a Koran, a book I frequently found in other houses. Rugs and cushions were speedily laid on the floor as an invitation to make oneself at home. Very soon a stout little Tatar woman with a moon face and prominent cheek-bones made her appearance, and began talking Russian with great volubility. She was the wife of an absent nephew of the *yüzbashi*, and being from the neighbourhood of Astrakhan, had learnt to speak Russian. She had heard from the guide of my having doctored the *yüzbashi* at Gelkhán, and now she came to ask for medicine for a man in the village, suffering from fever and aggravated constipation. I gave her several five-grain quinine pills, and the incubus mixed up some oil and vinegar in a bottle, which he declared was an infallible cure for the other ailment. I hope it proved more efficient than his other infallible nostrums.

For lunch they set before us a large metal tray covered with small dishes of sour curdled milk and honey, together with flat cakes of brownish bread. The little Tatar woman, who was very loquacious, squatted down beside us, and kept up a lively conversation in Tatar with Mejid and Akim. She made no pretence of veiling her good-natured though far from lovely face.

As there was no cut grass in the village, the horses had been sent up the mountain opposite the house, in charge of a couple of boys. There happened to be a green barley-field up there, and in course of time my gray horse found it out. This was noticed by the

owner of the field, who came up to me under the veranda with a big stick in his hand, and began speaking in a loud voice. Of course I could not understand what he wanted. The others, who were standing by, thought he was threatening to strike me, though I did not observe any action of the kind. In a moment the guide gave him a blow in the face, and one or two sharp cuts with his whip, while the indignant *yüzbashi* by a series of violent pushes forcibly ejected him from the precincts of the house. When I got to understand the matter from Mejid, as some damage had been done to the field, I gave the man a rouble or two, which they assured me would amply cover all the harm that the horse had caused.

About 1.30 we were again on the move, accompanied by the *yüzbashi* himself. He had girded himself with a long sabre; into his silver ornamented belt he had stuck a long-barrelled, silver-mounted pistol of native manufacture, and in addition carried a revolver in a case. He was therefore prepared for any emergency, and was besides mounted on an active little mountain horse. I thought we might get as far as Khosrek by night, but this eventually proved to be quite out of the question. The road continued good, and at first led through a succession of corn-fields belonging to the village, but otherwise the scenery was uninteresting. About half an hour from Richa we passed what looked like another small village, but it proved to be only an agglomeration of sheep-cotes for sheltering the flocks during the rigour of winter. The road then crosses a low ridge and

leads into the Chirákh valley, the waters of which drain into an affluent of the Samur, and so into the Caspian Sea.

It was about 3 p.m. when we halted a little beyond the village of Chirákh, while the *yüzbashi* and Akim rode into it to see the head man and procure another guide, as the *yüzbashi* of Rícha did not want to go any further. The spot where we halted was covered with thorny bushes and very little grass. The sky was very black and threatening, and everything portended an approaching storm. In less than half an hour it began to rain, so remounting we galloped back at full speed, crossed the river, and dashed up the steep narrow street leading to the *yüzbashi's* house. Hardly had we got ourselves and the horses under cover when a violent hailstorm broke over the village, covering the flat roofs with lumps of ice. As soon as the hail began to fall a fusillade of gun and pistol shots might be heard in the village, as if it had been suddenly attacked; for in Daghestan, as in many other places, it is customary to fire shots during a hailstorm to drive it away. On this occasion the hail-god must have been much alarmed, for soon after the echoes of the fusillade had died away, the hail ceased as suddenly as it began.

The guest-chamber was entered from the street, and was on a level with it. It could hardly be called a room, as a room is generally supposed to have four closed sides, and this had only three. With the exception of a low balustrade it was open to the west, and commanded a fine view of the mountains and a

portion of the village. The only furniture except some chairs was a huge military chest, left behind when the last detachment of Russian soldiers abandoned the fort, situated just outside the village. This open gallery, or whatever it ought to be termed, led into a smaller room, where we afterwards supped and slept. Its walls were partly tapestried with coarse silk of divers colours; a European bedstead filled one corner; a table or two stood against the wall, while the shelves round the walls were covered with bedding and miscellaneous articles, some of them of Russian make. Altogether it looked snug and comfortable.

In the adjoining three-sided ante-room it was rather the reverse. The air was cold and disagreeable, for in addition to the hailstorm, which chilled the atmosphere, we were at an altitude of 7430 feet. Still the prospect from this gallery was attractive. The eye rested on the Alakhwan or Alakhun mountain, which rises to a height of 12,635 feet. Its summit presents a long ridge of rock, rising at the highest part into a blunt point, covered with large patches of snow. Far away to the south the snowy top of Shalbusz Dagħ showed its familiar head, though its red rocks with their fabulous gold-mines were hidden by an intervening range of hills. The people round me said it was only an hour's climb to the summit of Alakhwan, but an hour is a very elastic division of time in the Caucasus, as I afterwards found out. I fancy it would take nearer three than one.

My host was a middle-aged man, with a quiet,

pleasant expression, which was shared too by his sons and nephews that clustered round us. My Winchester gun was a source of great interest, as a magazine fire-arm was a novelty, and arms of all kinds are still the pride and delight of the mountaineers. On making inquiries about the language, I was told it was spoken in the district of Kaltakh, or Kaitakh, at Kubächi, Agosha (Aqusha), and Surakhe. It belongs in fact to the north-eastern group of the Eastern Caucasus, and Chirákh marks its extreme limit in a south-westerly direction.

The village, composed of about one hundred and seventy houses, occupies a central position. There is a direct road to Rutul, and thence to Burj and Nukha; another to Kubächi and Derbend; a third to Akhti and the Samur valley; and a fourth to Gumúk and the Avar country. Consequently a good many travellers are seen in the village in the course of the year, and its inhabitants hear a good deal of what is going on.

Chirákh possesses a mullah who enjoys a certain reputation as a teacher. In course of the afternoon a young man presented me with a letter couched in Arabic. Mejid said it was a petition from six young men of different villages, who were studying Arabic and the Koran under this mullah. They were very poor, and were in the habit of begging alms from travellers who put up in the village. I promised to give the *yüzbashi* a rouble apiece for them before starting next morning, and with that the youth made an obeisance and took his departure.

Mejid and my host had been mutually examining the texture of the cloth of which their respective *cherkeskas*, or outer coats, were made. It was very evident the black homespun of the latter was vastly superior to the common brown stuff of the former. So my host volunteered to show us where and how it was manufactured. A scramble up some steep steps brought us to an upper chamber or gallery, entirely open to the front. It was small, and nearly filled by a large hand-loom of primitive aspect; but as the women that weave with it were away, we did not see how it was worked. The result, however, is a very strong, closely-woven material, so tightly wrought as to be capable of holding water without its percolating through—so at least they assured us. Mejid was anxious to buy some, but could not arrive at satisfactory terms. On descending into the street I observed a couple of Arabic inscriptions embedded in the wall; they were explained to me as being mottoes to inculcate the necessity and advantages of exercising hospitality to strangers.

It was rather tedious having to wait till supper was served. The cold too began to make itself felt, till, by a happy thought, four splendid sheepskin coats with sleeves about a yard and a half long were brought for us to put on. They are made for winter use indoors or under partial cover like the corridor or gallery of the guest-chamber. Even in the silk-lined inner room they were welcome on this occasion. Supper was served on a table with chairs round it in European fashion. Both

wine and *vodka* were set out, and my host hastened to proffer a preliminary glass of the latter, as is customary in Russia. Mejid alone refused, for no amount of cold ever induced him to break the law of the prophet in this respect, though in the matter of prayers, ablutions, and shaving the head he was certainly remiss. In the course of conversation the *yüzbashi* mentioned the cattle were suffering very severely from some kind of disease, the exact nature of which I did not gather, for the village had lost about 6000 head. Considering the way they are housed it is not surprising. The wonder is how any can survive if a murrain once breaks out. After supper mattresses and coverlets were brought in, and we all went to bed.

July 14th.—It was 6.30 before the party could start, as the hospitable *yüzbashi* would not hear of our departure till we had eaten hot mutton pies and drunk several glasses of tea. The hot mutton pies were excellent, though it was impossible to do them justice at six o'clock in the morning. Still it would have annoyed both him and his wife to have left them untouched. He insisted too on accompanying us as far as Khosrek, a distance of four hours' journey, and armed himself with a long sword and an ancestral pistol of great size and value. The stock and barrel were heavily chased with silver, and the flint-lock inlaid with gold in an arabesque pattern. He told me the pasturage on the mountains was the common property of the village, but the cultivated land which we passed belonged to private individuals. The

shepherds at Nour said the villagers of Shin, though they had a common right of pasture on the mountains, had to pay into the common funds of the village a sum proportionate to the number of sheep each possessed. This arrangement is perfectly just, and is probably the custom throughout Daghestan. Out of the common fund the government taxes are paid, as some imposts at any rate are laid, not on the individual, but on the village.

The road to Gumúk is in wonderfully good order for such a mountainous and sparsely-peopled region, and is fit for carts. At first it is level, and then rises to a sort of plateau, bordered on each side by a ridge of low grassy hills. Large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and horses were grazing on the rich pasture, attended by herdsmen with large, easily-roused dogs. Some of their bivouacs were provided with a sort of shelter tent, open at the sides, but enough to give some protection against a drenching rain or hailstorm like that of yesterday. Our guide pointed out a road to the right that leads to Kubächi, where most of the *kinjals*, pistols, and guns of Daghestan are manufactured, and which is described at length in another chapter.

In about two hours the road began to rise again and to cross a water-shed into the valley of the Kokma Chai, a tributary of the Gumukskoe Koisu. Here I occasionally caught sight of a snowy chain of mountains to the west, a welcome break to the monotony of the otherwise circumscribed and grassy landscape. It was about ten o'clock when we began to descend

into the new valley, and at the same time to enter upon scenery of a rather different character. The Kokma Chai valley is far wider and more broken than anything I had seen yet. The middle distance was dotted with several large villages, among them Khosrek and Kull, the latter of which was our immediate destination. The view to the right was bounded by a straight ridge of hills with steep sides and almost devoid of vegetation. In half an hour we reached Khosrek, which lies 6857 feet above the sea, and at once rode to the *yüzباشи's*, where the *naib* of Kull happened to be visiting. This made it unnecessary to proceed further, and I was invited to dismount.

I was shown into a small, carpeted room, hung round with sabres and flint guns, and furnished with three or four chairs of Russian make. Shortly afterwards the *naib* entered with his secretary and the *yüzباشи*, and was a little surprised that I could not speak to him in Russian. He was a red-faced man, past the middle age, and suffering from weak eyes which obliged him to wear blue spectacles. On the breast of his blue coat hung a cross, received for service against the insurgent Andi, whom he looked upon as a branch of the Avars. He had also fought against the Turkomans, but had not been so far as Merv. He said he was an Avar: when Shamil had burnt his native village, his father and family had taken refuge at Gumúk, and had eventually settled there for good. The village of Kull lies on a small tributary of the Kokma Chai, and linguistically belongs

to the Kasikumúk, or Lak group. I was surprised to find he knew nothing of the Dido, and scarcely recognized the name: he thought they lived somewhere in Kakheti. One of the passes from Georgia to Botlikh and the Avar country certainly traverses their country, which may have led him into error as to their exact position. But he knew the Chechents country begins near Veden, one of the places on my future line of march.

In course of time lunch was brought in upon a huge brass tray, and laid upon the carpet. It consisted of trout—the first I had seen in the Caucasus—boiled mutton, cheese of the country, hard-boiled eggs, and hot bread, with abundance of Kakhetan wine and *vodka*. There were no forks, of course, but that was a small matter. The thorny side of the entertainment was certainly having to sit cross-legged. After a few minutes it became painful.

Just before leaving, a youth, studying to become a mullah, thrust a written petition into my hands. It was of a similar nature to the one I received yesterday, and a rouble contented him. After saying good-bye to the friendly *yüzباشi* of Chirákh, and to the *naib* of Kull, the party remounted and rode off, preceded by a new guide armed in the usual way, who was to take us to Gumúk. The distance is only about three hours and a half, though we took much longer.

In about half an hour we skirted the village of Kull, a place with about three hundred houses, and

the ruins of a dismantled fortress. The bed of the Kokma Chai soon became picturesque, the river having cut its way some twenty feet perpendicularly into the rock that lay in its course. Owing to a deflection in the line of hills, the valley opened out more and more to the right. The view embraced a wide range of highly broken country, cut up by mountain torrents and irregular ridges. The hills to the right and left were comparatively bare of herbage, and covered with large white boulders, like flocks of sheep. After riding about an hour we passed near two villages, while several hamlets were visible in the distance. The day was intensely hot, and the horses were fagged, so on reaching a grassy nook I called a halt, and let the animals graze for more than an hour.

After this the road began to rise, sometimes gradually, sometimes steeply, till we found ourselves on a rocky plateau just outside the village of Zhar or Shar, distinguished by two small ponds. Here the scenery completely changed. In the foreground lay the flat, rocky surface of the plateau; in the middle distance, on the far side of a deep gorge cut by the Koisu river, rose the minarets of Gumúk, the town itself running up the flank of a steep ridge, crowned by a citadel; right and left of it numerous small villages dotted the landscape, while the whole was backed by two or three irregular ranges of bluish mountains, those on the extreme left being capped with snow. It was a decided relief to be able to gaze so far, and at last to see a panorama of distant mountains. We followed along the plateau for some

distance till opposite the village of Shokurá or Shaukul, which lies on the far side of the Gumukskoe Koisu. It is situated on the brink of a precipice, for here the river has cut itself a deep bed with nearly perpendicular sides to a depth of three or four hundred feet below the surface of the plateau. By means of very sharp zigzags we descended this abrupt acclivity on foot, crossed the river by a bridge, and slowly clambered up the opposite face of the cliff. The road through the village was very bad, and gave the horses hard work. It resembled a dislocated staircase of large, round stones. But after a slight descent we got upon a good level road, and trotted smartly the last two miles into Gumúk, reaching it about 6.30 p.m.

It took some time before quarters could be found. The guide and Mejid rode into the town to look for them, while the rest of us waited outside, and Akim tried to bargain for cut grass. Finally Mejid came across a young Tatar, an acquaintance of his at Nukha, who carried on the business of watchmaker in the town. He at once found us a couple of small though well-furnished rooms in the house of a friend.

July 15th.—Early in the morning I went out with Mejid to find a barber, and first called at the Tatar watchmaker's to make inquiries. His stock in trade was remarkably small, and scarcely filled the window and the table at which he worked. He very civilly went to look for the barber himself, and after a time returned to say he was engaged, but would come as soon as possible. In about half an hour a fine, tall,

well-dressed man, provided with a razor and strop, walked in and began operations. Being shaved in Daghestan is not a luxurious process. Cold water with a minimum of soap is used, and it seems to be a point of honour to rasp down to the very roots of the hair. Sometimes the barber uses a knife instead of a razor, sets one down on a low stool, three or four inches from the ground, places himself *vis-à-vis* on a similar stool, and in that position begins to operate. Fortunately it is not necessary to be shaved every day in the Caucasus.

From the map I had gathered there was a post-station at Gunib, which I hoped to reach next day, and now I was glad to find my surmise was correct. There then I should have an opportunity of getting rid of the incubus. From Gunib he could post to Vladikavkas, and thence take the railway to Moscow. So immediately on my return to the house I gave him warning. He was much annoyed at the idea of being sent away as utterly useless, of being treated as a "returned empty," but was also much delighted at the prospect of so speedy a cessation of the fatigue incident to a tour on horseback. For the next two days he became much more endurable. He was pleased at the prospect of leaving us.

The town of Gumúk is strongly situated, partly at the base, partly on the steep side of a double-peaked, rocky ridge, running nearly north and south. On the top of each peak there is a small fort. The one to the south is beyond the limits of the town, and at a distance looks like one of the circular duns, with

two or three concentric ramparts and ditches, so common in Great Britain and Ireland. I did not visit it, as it was too hot to walk so far. About two hundred yards to the east of the town runs the Gumukskoe Koisu, the precipitous banks of which, being three or four hundred feet deep, form a natural ditch of great strength. On the reverse side of the ridge to the west there is another rapid and parallel stream, falling into the Koisu about two miles lower down. Still in spite of its natural strength, though otherwise it is an open, unwallied town, Gumúk was twice captured by Shamil, and in earlier times was taken by the Arabs and Mongols. To the south of the town there is a good large pond, where the boys amuse themselves in summer with swimming. On the open space between it and the river a weekly market is held every Thursday. It is attended by about three thousand people from the neighbouring villages, of which there are many scattered about. There are hardly any shops in the town, and nothing in the shape of a bazaar, as at Akhti. In fact Gumúk hardly deserves the name of town, but for the fact that it is the headquarters of a Russian *nachalnik*, and of his administrative district. The native name of it is Lak and Gumúk, while the name Kasi Kumúk or Gazi Qumuk was given by Arab conquerors in the eighth century to its inhabitants in consequence of the zeal with which they accepted the Moslem faith, and to distinguish them from other Lesgians who remained unbelievers. Between the eighth century and the last decade of

the fourteenth it must have become partly Christian, as it is one of the places mentioned where churches were destroyed by Tamerlane, or Timurleng (lame Timur), the great Mongol conqueror and zealous propagator of the tenets of Islam.

At the summit of the ridge, adjoining the ruined citadel, I was shown a very old mosque. It is a small, insignificant, oblong stone building without the least architectural embellishment, either externally or internally. Its chief interest lies in its being the repository of an old manuscript Koran. It was nearly dark when I entered, and the interior was dimly lighted by a lamp of coarse earthenware, fed by sheep's fat in default of oil. By its feeble glimmer I could see the interior was divided longitudinally by a low balustrade running east and west, to separate, I imagine, the men from the women. There was the usual niche in the centre of the south wall, and in the south-east corner of the building stood a desk on which the Koran lay. The guardian brought the volume and laid it on the balustrade for me to inspect; then held up the lamp to allow of a better view of its contents. It is splendidly written on large sheets of fine white parchment, about twenty-seven by twenty-four inches, as near as I could guess. The head-lines are in letters between two and three inches long, the remainder of the text in smaller but beautifully formed characters, each carefully pointed. Some of the letters and margins are slightly illuminated with thick gold leaf, and in places this has been picked off, to the great detriment of the book.

From a colophon at the end it appears to have been written six hundred and two years ago in Arabia, at a place called Suvi (?). So at least Mejid gave me to understand, for to me it was a sealed book. Though the volume is prized, it is not well cared for. Some folios are much torn, soiled, and rubbed; others have lost their gold, and the book was handled by the attendant in a truly ruthless manner. Opposite the entrance in the north-west corner stood the tomb of a local saint, where women bring sick children to have their ailments removed. From the citadel immediately above this old mosque there is a splendid view of the neighbourhood, including the snowy mountain of Akulú or Echi to the south. It is the eastern extremity of a snowy range, rising in the Diulti Dagh to a height of 12,435 feet.

With regard to the inhabitants, I could not see anything very special that characterized them in dress and appearance from other Lesgians. But I observed that in spite of very dirty faces the children were rosy-cheeked, whereas the pallor of their faces had attracted my attention in other places. Here, as elsewhere in Daghestan, the children's hair is generally dyed bright red with henna. Of the women I can say almost nothing, as so few are to be met in the streets. They are then more or less veiled by a piece of cloth worn over the head, the loose front ends of which are thrown across the lower part of the face when they see a stranger approaching. The men wear the white sheep-skin *papak* common to other

Lesgians, and apparently the same garments. They do not possess by any means a uniform type of face, or anything approaching to it. A prognathous jaw is rare, I think, but a retreating chin is common enough. The head is always shaved, and the younger men often shave the whiskers and beard, leaving only a moustache. The forehead is often low and receding.

About ten o'clock I went to pay a visit to the *nachalnik*, Captain Orloff, accompanied by the *com-mis voyageur* as interpreter. I found him a strongly-built, deep-voiced, heavily-bearded man with a kind and sympathetic manner. After reading my letter of introduction he promised to furnish a guide to Gunib, which was all I asked for. He had been about three years at his present post, and with the exception of his family there are only two or three other Russian officials to associate with, which of course makes the place rather dull. One of the difficulties he has to contend with is the embarrassment caused by a multiplicity of languages. Sometimes he has to give judgment on a case the evidence of which has had to pass through two or three interpreters before being translated into Russian, the only language he speaks himself. It is not surprising that what finally reaches his ears varies considerably from the words and intentions of the plaintiff. For instance, there is a village called Atsi, where he said the inhabitants spoke a language not understood by their neighbours. Hence it might easily happen the complaint of a man from that village must be trans-

lated first into Avar, then into Lak or into Tatar, and finally into Arabic and Russian. For here, as elsewhere in Daghestan, Arabic is the official language where natives are concerned, and judicial decrees are recorded in it. Daghestan, he said, is perfectly safe for travellers, though this is not the case in some adjacent provinces, like Kuba to the south-east, the Chechents country to the north-west, and the plains to the north in the neighbourhood of Temir Khan Shura. The forests round Kuba are infested by robbers, many of them escaped exiles from Siberia. For the last three years there have only been five or six murders in the Gumúk district, the result of private quarrels or of blood feuds. If a man commits a homicide, as distinguished from a murder, he is judged by native law. The punishment is banishment for from two to ten years to a distant village, from which he cannot return till he has paid 250 roubles blood-money to the relatives of the murdered man. But in the case of premeditated murder, or of one not justified by native law and usage, the culprit is tried by Russian law and deported to Siberia. Captain Orloff, who is interested in education, established a school last winter for teaching Russian and Arabic. It occupies half of the building he lives in himself. He was much pleased that the government inspector, who visited it recently, was thoroughly satisfied with the progress made by the native pupils.

Soon after returning to my lodgings a messenger arrived to invite the incubus and myself to dine with

Captain Orloff at two o'clock, an invitation I gladly accepted. When the hour arrived we returned to the official residence, and were then introduced to Mme. Orloff and three healthy-looking, sunburnt children. About six weeks later I met the eldest boy on the steamer between Petrofsk and Astrakhan, on his way to school at Sarátoff on the Volga. To travel the full distance must have taken him a week.

Nothing it seems can be bought at the weekly market without ordering it a week before, and no arms are manufactured in the town, though they can be ordered from Kubächi. On the other hand, I learnt from Mejid that arms are made to some extent at Gumúk, and later on at Tioneti I met a *kinjal* maker, a native of this place. The country is over-populated, for the soil is too poor to produce sufficient for the wants of its inhabitants. Out of a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, no less than twenty-five thousand men have to leave home annually for several months in search of work. They go not only into Georgia, but travel as far as Merv in one direction, and Moscow and St. Petersburg in another. The struggle for existence is therefore severe even in this part of the empire. Yet a tourist would hardly imagine the Caucasus was over-populated; there seem to be such large tracts of country without an inhabitant, and the villages are nowhere remarkable for their size. Still I have no doubt that now-a-days the population is increasing at a greater rate than the land can support, as it is no longer decimated by war and intestine struggles.

Late in the afternoon I went with Mejid and the incubus to the house of Bugdan Haji Butaioff and his brother Ma'amed. The former is chancellor of the Arabic department of the Russian Chancery, the latter the tall, well-dressed man who had rasped me unmercifully in the early morning with a blunt razor. They jointly occupy a large house in the centre of the town. The walls of one of the rooms were hung with a collection of arms, guns, pistols, sabres, and *kinjals* of native manufacture, inlaid with gold, silver, and ivory. Some were from Kubächi, others were Turkish. Though they made a good show at a distance, I was disappointed on handling them. The workmanship looked rather poor and modern, wanting in originality, finish, and variety. The prices asked were excessive, though no doubt Mejid could have beaten them down if I had been bent on purchasing. But the trouble of carrying them would have been considerable, and I thought I could buy just as good in Tiflis at the end of the tour.

After several glasses of tea we all sallied forth to visit the citadel and the mosque, already described. Mejid found another Tatar friend from Nukha, who kept a small shop and seemed pretty well to do. By the time we returned it was nearly dark, and the two brothers brought us back by a most break-neck route, down the narrowest, most intricate, and roughest lanes it is possible to imagine, and under long, low, dark passages, till finally we emerged at their door again. At half-past nine supper was brought in, consisting of mutton, fowls, and cheese pancakes, a local dish

which I never found elsewhere. Later on one of the brothers, preceded by a domestic with a huge but very necessary lantern, kindly escorted us home, and after heartily thanking him for his hospitality and kindness, I was not sorry to turn in for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM GUMÚK TO BOTLIKH.

A Boy Guide—The Keuchar Valley—The First Sight of Gunib—Khotóch and its Inhabitants—Pleasant Landscape—The Last Wishes of the “Incubus”—The Governor of Gunib—A Natural Fortress—Collection of Antiquities—The Kara Dagħ Defile—The Four Koisu Rivers—A Toilsome Ascent—Khunsák—Captain Ivánoff’s Hospitality—Habits and Customs of the Avars—Specimens of Native Art—Horse-flies—Kharakí—Its Hospitable *Naib*—Native Customs—Game Birds—Escape of a Prisoner—A Pleasant View—Intense Heat—Boys Bathing—Botlikh—Native Quarters.

GUMÚK, *July 16th.*—There was some delay in starting as the guide did not appear, and Mejid had to be sent in search of him. Eventually a small boy armed with a long pistol rode up, and though he could speak neither Tatar nor Russian, we instinctively understood that he was our destined guide. He only knew Avar and Lak, and all attempts at making him comprehend anything that could not be conveyed by signs was hopeless. Our path lay across the ridge on which the town is situated. The road was by no means bad, and meandered up one narrow, grassy valley after another for about an hour, as far

as the village of Varái. Then it bent round and up a great mountain shoulder, and led into the deep, steep-sided valley of the Keuchar river, which falls into the Kara Koisu a little above Gunib.

The incubus had taken it into his head the boy did not know the way, and was taking us astray; but as that individual's ideas and inferences were always based on insufficient evidence, and were always wrong, I paid no attention to his fears.

The right flank of the valley rises to an elevation of about 7000 feet, but the road does not go nearly so high, though for many miles it takes a line several hundred feet above the bed of the river. On the opposite side of the valley the horizon is bounded by a line of very steep green mountains, alternating with large spaces of bare precipitous cliff. Villages were generally in view. They are always built on a site more or less inaccessible on one side, generally at the brink of a precipice. Opposite the village of Kamukhál, we passed two caves on our right, a short distance above the road. The scenery in the earlier part of the day had been somewhat obscured by mist, which shrouded the higher hill-tops. The sky was dark and threatened rain, but very little fell, and before long the day became bright and cheerful. About an hour later, when nearly opposite the village of Gansútl, a name which sounded to me like Gonsór, Gonsót, we found a couple of men and a boy reposing on the grass near two asses, laden with apricots. For a few copeks Mejid and Akim bought enough for everybody, and also some barley bread, as we had

not brought any with us. Here we stopped for a couple of hours, as there was grass for the horses, and breakfasted off bread and apricots.

The number of donkeys we passed in the course of the day was very considerable, sometimes as many as twenty were browsing together on the grassy slopes above the road. Whenever one jackass lifted up his voice and brayed, all the other asses followed suite at irregular intervals. This was naturally a great source of pleasure to the incubus, and tickled his fancy immensely.

Soon after passing through the considerable village of Chokh we sighted Gunib. In Avar the word means “(the village) on the haystack,” for it is in the locative case, with an additional suffix that refers to a neuter word like village understood. Seen from the south it forms the east end of an extremely abrupt mountain ridge, jutting out at right angles to the course of the deep and rapid Kara Koisu, which washes the eastern side of the mountain. The front or south side presents, towards the summit, two or three well-marked ranges of terraces of sloping ground, ending in successive precipices of perpendicular rock, at the foot of which is a very steep talus, reaching to the rocky side of the river bed. A zigzag road, constructed by the Russians, leads to the top of the various terraces, on which whitewashed buildings with red tile roofs stand out very distinctly in contrast with clumps of poplar and bright green fruit-trees. All these artificial features brighten up and give colour to what would otherwise be a bare, unattractive, and desolate mass

of gray rock, apart of course from the halo with which recent history has invested it.

By about 2 p.m. we had gradually descended to the level of the Kara Koisu, and found ourselves at the casemated bridge, guarded by a Russian sentry, which gives access to the fortress of Gunib. I was in some perplexity from want of information, for none could be obtained from the guide. The horses were tired, and if possible I wished to avoid taking them up the toilsome ascent into the fortress. From what Mejid had been able to gather from some men who spoke a little Tatar, I was led to believe the village of Gunib lay at the foot of the hill. As a matter of fact it is deserted, and situated in the heart of the mountain, several miles from the fortress, which must be passed to reach it. Accordingly we crossed the bridge without challenge, turned sharp to the right, and followed the boy guide for fully half an hour.

The path at first was very narrow and rough, but soon led between fields of maize and orchards planted with apricot and pear trees, till at last we reached a cluster of houses at the northern base of the mountain. We thought we were in the village of Gunib. There was some difficulty in finding the head man of the village, as the one man in it who spoke Tatar had to be sent for, and no one knew Russian.

As soon as this indispensable person made his appearance all difficulty vanished, and we were at once led to the right house. Five or six external steps brought one into the cow-house and the lower sheep-pens. Passing through this, another flight of stairs

conducted us to the kitchen and the upper sheep-pens, while a door from the kitchen led to a covered terrace, used as a sleeping place, and beyond that again was a small bed-chamber. A garden lay immediately below the terrace, and a vine or two had clambered up the wall and twined its tendrils round the props supporting the roof of the terrace.

The head of the village, a decrepit but kindly old man, made me welcome to take possession of the terrace and the small chamber beyond. As there were bedsteads, benches, chairs, cushions, and carpets distributed over its surface, the old man and the villagers, that had followed him, all sat down near us and indulged in a good stare. To our astonishment we now learnt that the name of the place was Khotóch, not Gunib. I was struck with the good-natured look of the people, with their readiness to do any small service that suggested itself, and with their general inoffensiveness. They were all Avars. Here, as at Gumúk, I could not remark anything peculiar in the physiognomy of the men to distinguish them from other Lesgians. There seemed to be about the same proportion of blonde-bearded, light-eyed men as at Akhti, Kurákh, Gelkhán, and Chirákh. They all shave their heads, all wear similar white or black sheepskin *papaks*, and much the same cut of clothes. Here among the company there were aquiline and straight noses. Their skin does not bronze much by exposure, while some skins freckle in large spots.

The view from the terrace, though not extensive,

was pleasant to behold. On the right was the northern face of Gunib, with its steep, stony slope terminating against the sky-line in a natural wall of rock, suggestive of impregnability. About two miles to the front rose a grim and rugged mountain, forming the eastern flank of the Kara Koisu valley, suggestive of sterility. In striking contrast to this, the low ground as far as the left bank of the river, including the immediate foreground, was a mass of verdure, of fruit-trees, corn-fields, and vineyards. It was dotted too with small stone houses, on the flat roofs of which were spread square yards of golden apricots drying in the sun. So abundant is the fruit that sixty pounds can be bought for a paper rouble, or about two shillings, thus costing about a farthing and a half a pound. This sounds cheap, but the article is very indifferent. It was otherwise with a pet sheep, quaintly adorned with mauve spots, which I bought from the *yüzbashî* for two roubles. It proved the best and tenderest mutton we ate during the whole tour, for as a rule it was tough in the extreme.

It was the last night of the incubus, for on the morrow he was to take his departure. He was extremely pressing that I should intrust him with my camera and anything I found inconvenient to carry, as he could take them without trouble to Tifis and deposit them at the hotel. He said he must go to Tifis, as he had left some things at his lodgings there, and expected besides a remittance from home. Naturally I declined to fall in with the suggestion. A month later, just before quitting Tifis for the

second time, I inquired at his lodgings when he had arrived and how long he had stayed. To my surprise, for I knew he had left his European clothes at Tiflis, I learnt he had never been there at all ; so from Vladikavkas he must have gone straight to Moscow. He also promised Akim, who was concerned about his wife at Tiflis, that he would communicate with her and telegraph to him how she was. But this only added one to a countless list of unfulfilled promises.

July 17th.—In the morning I hired three ponies for the day to take the party to the top of the mountain, leaving Akim to look after the horses and the baggage. A short distance outside the village a series of rude arches in a dry, rubble wall formed a picturesque framework for a row of slabs bearing Arabic inscriptions. Each was a commemorative tablet to the dead, for it is not uncommon in Daghestan to line the approach to a village with memorials to the departed, a custom which can be traced far back in history. In the Caucasus, however, it is probably no older than the eighth century, when the Moslem religion was partially introduced.

Passing round the east end of the mountain to its front face, we ascended the zigzags, noticed a thin cascade of ferruginous water plashing over the natural wall of the lower terrace, and after many turns entered the outer wall of the fortress by a gateway without challenge from the Russian sentry. Continuing to ascend we reached the parade ground, surrounded by trees and buildings, including the posting-station. A Greek priest pointed out the governor's house, a large

white building, pleasantly surrounded by trees and shrubs, on a commanding situation above the parade ground.

Just an hour after leaving Khotóch we dismounted and asked to see the governor. Colonel Chiláeff, who was drinking his morning glass of tea, read my letter of introduction, and seemed horrified at the notion of my having passed the night in such a hole as Khotóch. He immediately sent a man to bring up my horses and baggage. He also promised to give the incubus a *podorózhnaya*, or permit to use the post between Gunib and Tiflis, *viâ* Vladikavkas. Later on I was introduced to his wife and sister-in-law.

About midday I started on horseback with Mejid and one of the Colonel's Avar Cossacks, armed in the usual way, to visit the village of Gunib and get a better idea of the geography of the locality. Gunib is an isolated mountain in the shape of an axe-head, with the small end to the east, and the broad end, containing a huge natural basin watered by a stream, directed towards the west. There is abundance of pasture on both sides the brook, and a large wood stretches along the southern edge. The extreme length of the upper surface of the mountain is about five miles, and the extreme width about half that distance. A high natural scarp of rock walls in its entire periphery, and so renders it almost impregnable by direct assault. The ample supplies of forage for cattle, and the abundance of wood and water within, make it equally difficult to reduce a garrison by the slow process of starvation.

Leaving the governor's house, we began to ascend by more zigzags, crossed a ravine by a covered bridge guarded by a sentry, and arrived at the outer wall of the fortress, where there was a gate and a small guard of Russian soldiers. A corporal opened it and let us through. We now found ourselves in a shallow grassy basin, through which a mountain stream makes its way. After riding for some distance we sighted the village of Gunib, near the source of the burn. But before reaching it the guide turned aside into a wood upon the left, to show the stone where Shamil surrendered to General Baratinski. The place was taken by accident or by stratagem rather than by force of arms. A single Avar managed to escalate the natural scarp of rock by night, and to let down a rope by which his companions managed to scramble up. An assault was then made, and Shamil, who had only five hundred followers, was obliged to surrender.

On returning to the Colonel's house I saw the incubus for the last time. He wanted a small loan that would be punctually repaid at Tiflis, but as I had given him ample money for his journey home, I refused his request. Shortly afterwards he took his departure in a *telega* and two horses, though he had made me pay him for three horses. However, I was only too glad to be well rid of bad rubbish, and he was welcome to the saving so far as I was concerned.

Colonel Chiláeff is a collector of antiquities, which are displayed with great effect in the drawing-room and the dining-room. The objects are chiefly of

bronze, or of green glazed earthenware. The most valuable are four large bronze chaldrons or vases of globular shape, with figures in relief of men on horseback, wearing pointed hats and carrying banners in their hands. There is a very similar one in the new Historical Museum at Moscow, which I can describe more accurately. It is of bronze, of globular shape, stands about three feet high, and came from Tiflis. Round the middle runs a cable-pattern belt, from which four lions' heads and part of the fore-quarters project at equal distances. Rings are suspended from the lions' mouths, and were evidently used for transporting the vase. The upper portion of it is divided into five fields, each containing a man on horseback, moving to the right, holding a furled banner in the right hand, and with a bow and quiver against the right thigh. Each horseman wears a dress, striped below the waist, and striped trousers, long pointed boots, and a pointed Phrygian cap with the end hanging down behind. The hair seems to be tied in a pigtail, which sticks out behind like a horn. The beard is pointed, and curls up towards the front. The horse's tail is knotted in the middle, and the saddle-cloth is marked with stripes like those on the man's dress. This vase was a gift to the museum from Prince Trubetski, but the label gives no information as to its age or where it originally came from.

The Colonel's collection contains altogether forty objects in bronze or copper, consisting of ewers, jugs, caraffes, cruets, tankards, mugs, and other receptacles for holding fluids, of very strange shape, and quite

unfamiliar to me. One of them, however, bears a Russian inscription in old Slavonic characters to the effect that "Kurgan is a good man." I believe that was the name, for I omitted to write it down at the time. There are also sixteen large, round, green, glazed earthenware dishes or chargers, about two feet in diameter, and provided with deep rims. They are ornamented in relief with flowers and figures, such as hippogriffs and other monsters. One dish is octagonal, of yellow colour, and smaller than the others. None of them have any marks at the back. I do not remember ever having seen pottery exactly like these dishes even in the museum at Moscow, but at the time it struck me they might be old Persian.

All the objects forming the collection are stated to have been found in the numerous *kurgans* or tumuli on the great plain north of the Terek. They have been brought from time to time by itinerant native dealers, as the Colonel is known to be a collector. But unfortunately there is no record of the exact place where any particular object has been found. Colonel Chiláeff is anxious to sell his whole collection for the sum of twenty thousand roubles.

July 18th.—It was 7.30 before we could make a start. Though one would have been enough, I was provided with two Avar Cossacks, one of them the same man that accompanied me the day before. My object was to reach Khunsák, the capital of the Avar country. Our route again lay through the little hamlet of Khotóch, and then turned to the right. Here the guides pointed out, high up to the left front,

the entrance of a tunnel, which penetrates the scarpèd rock, and leads to the village of Gunib. It was made by the Russians after the capture of the place. The ground we were now upon was much broken, and for more than an hour we crossed one rugged ravine after another, till we came to what had all the external semblance of a village, where the people of Khotóch keep their sheep in winter. After this all trees ceased, and the scenery became wild and lonely. We met but few men on the path, and if they chanced to be seated the Cossacks, quite unnecessarily, made them rise.

In about two hours' time from Gunib we crossed a ridge and began descending a long, stony ravine, constantly having to cross its stream, or else following down the bed itself. The ravine kept continually narrowing, till at length we were face to face with an enormous mass of bare, perpendicular rock. Through it the stream has cut itself a meandering passage, only a few feet wide. This is the celebrated Kara Dagh, or Black Mountain defile, which Colonel Chiláeff told me cannot be passed when the stream is in flood. The Avar Cossacks, however, maintained the contrary, and I am inclined to agree with them, though I did not see it in that state. Against the face of the perpendicular rock there is a sort of ladder on the left-hand side, leading to a hole high up. It looks impossible for any human being to have climbed up to it. But an Avar once did so to get the wild honey he had noticed dripping from the cavity, and left the ladder as a memento of his daring. Mejid said the

man was mad, but whether he meant the word in a figurative or literal sense I am uncertain.

On entering the cleft no light shows at the far end, but a narrow streak of sky can be seen overhead, except where a huge mass of rock has fallen in and formed a roof. The walls of the chasm are smoothed and hollowed out by the action of water, and rise perpendicularly to a great height. This narrow passage through the heart of the rock is about five hundred yards long, but the whole defile takes about twenty-five minutes to traverse. It is a remarkable natural feature, and one of the most interesting and romantic in this part of Daghestan.

Issuing from the jaws of this fissure in the mountain, we soon struck the military road between Gunib and Khunsák, which takes a very circuitous route between these two places, followed it for a short distance, and then turned off to the left up a recess or cove in the hills. On the left there was a high natural wall of rock, which threw a pleasant shade upon the long grass below it. To the right lay the fort of Kara Dagh, occupied by a small Russian post, and at the end of the recess was stretched a line of white tents, where the garrison camps out in summer. It was intensely hot, and time to rest the horses; so we halted for lunch in the shadow of the rock, and let the horses loose to graze. An Avar soon came up and objected to the horses being allowed to feed there. A long and loud wrangle ensued between the man and the two Cossacks, who treated his remonstrances with disdain. Mejid assured me the man

had really no right to make any objection, as the grass did not belong to him, otherwise I should have paid him for it.

After a rest of more than two hours, during which time the shadow had almost disappeared and left us roasting in the sun, the horses were resaddled, and our party rode slowly away. Skirting the fort, we wheeled to the right, and soon reached the olive-coloured, rapid current of the Avarskoe Koisu. There are four Koisu rivers—the Gumukskoe, the Kara or Black K., the Avarskoe, and the Andiskoe Koisu—three of which are named from the districts through which they flow. Before falling into the Caspian north of Petrofsk, they unite under the name of the Sulak, a Tatar word meaning abounding in water. The word Koi-su is Tatar, and has been explained in two ways. Some suppose it means the sheep-water, others the Look out! or Take care! water. In the Tatar spoken by Mejid *koi* is an imperative, and has only the latter meanings. I heard him use the word more than once when calling out to a man. On asking one of the guides the name of this muddy river, he said it was the Kara Koisu, and in Avar was called the Che'er 'ör, or Black river; but he had made a mistake, and was thinking of the one that flows past Gunib.

Our route now lay up the right bank of the river, as it rushed noisily through a rocky valley, where grass grows scantily and the scenery is nothing very remarkable. But in about an hour's time we sighted, at the mouth of a narrow gorge, the village of Kholotl,

or Golotl, embedded in a mass of poplars and fruit-trees. At right angles to the valley several ranges of bluish mountains with sharply-accentuated outline presented themselves in the distance, the whole forming a varied and interesting panorama.

In another twenty minutes the river was crossed by a bridge exactly opposite Kholotl, where some women on a roof-top handed down water for the thirsty Cossacks to drink. After following up stream for a little the path diverged to the right, and the unfortunate horses had to begin mounting the steep side of a rough mountain ridge 3000 feet high. An hour and a half was consumed on this toilsome ascent, but at last the summit was reached, and wheeling gradually round to the left we descended a little into the upland valley, or rather corrie, which debouches at Kholotl. Not long after Khunsák hove in sight at the head of the corrie, but nearly on the same level as the summit of the ridge the horses had so painfully ascended. It is situated on a plateau 5544 feet above the level of the sea. The house of the governor where we halted about seven o'clock is at some little distance from the town and from the fortress.

Though the governor himself was absent, I was most hospitably received and entertained by his deputy, Captain Ivánoff. His quarters were very comfortably furnished, and hung with Turkoman carpets from Merv. My host was a stout, jolly-looking man, and in the intervals of tea and cigarettes, gave me some information about the habits and customs of the Avars. What he told me of

course only refers to the present time, and by no means represents their primitive usages. The introduction of Islamism must have modified them considerably. Out of three words for the notion of family, race, two are borrowed; one from Arabic, the other from Tatar. They have, however, native words for cousinship up to the fourth degree, the fourth meaning "ashes division." The term does not sound very complimentary, but I have no further information on the subject.

There are no family names among the Avars. Every boy and girl of course receives a name, and when the father dies, though not before, his name is added to theirs. A man named Ma'amed, having a father called Ali, would only be called Ma'amed son of Ali on his father's death. In the case of a girl, the word daughter is substituted for son. Children are never called after their mother; this, I suppose, follows from the fact of there being no family names, though I am not at all convinced the Avars have no tribal or clan names. Every girl in course of time gets married. Though marriage by capture is still occasionally practised, that does not dispense with the bridegroom paying the *kalim*, or price of the bride, to her parents, otherwise a blood feud would ensue. The price, however, is sometimes extremely small, as low indeed as two roubles eighty kopeks, or about 5s. 10d. This is a good deal less than the price of an ass, which costs at least fifteen roubles. One of the Avar Cossacks from Gunib told me he had given twenty roubles for his wife, but then she

brought him two gardens; for a woman is capable of inheriting both land and money. When a man dies, his daughters get a share of his property, though not nearly so much as the sons. Divorces are very easy to obtain, and are very common, but there seems to be no fixed rule about the guardianship and bringing up of the children. Apparently it depends upon arrangement and circumstances, but my informant was not clear upon the point. With regard to degrees of consanguinity, an Avar is permitted to marry his first cousin or two sisters. Homicides are of rather frequent occurrence, but strangers are never attacked and killed without provocation, such as meddling with women that do not belong to them. The weapon used is always the *kinjal*, and a man must cut or slash with it; to thrust with the point is deemed cowardly. When a man kills another he has to take refuge for eight years or so in a remote part of the country. During the whole time of his banishment he must be on his guard against retaliation at the hand of some relation of the murdered man, for blood feuds are as long lived as in Corsica or Sardinia. Besides this he must pay a tax of thirty roubles blood-money. But this, if I remember right, is paid to the government, and is apart from the compensation due to the relatives of the deceased.

The government does not enforce general military service yet, but only requires a certain proportion of men to serve at home in the local yeomanry, though this restriction is removed in time of war. Every

man finds his own horse and equipment, and serves for fifteen days in the month, for which he receives ten roubles. This native yeomanry forms an admirable body of light horse, though not unnaturally they are addicted to plunder. In the last Russo-Turkish war it served both in Bulgaria and at the taking of Kars with success and distinction.

After a good supper, washed down with excellent Kakheti wine, for my host is a connoisseur in culinary matters, he showed me some of his curiosities. The most interesting were small bronze figures of men and animals, early specimens of Caucasian art, dug up in the Dido country, probably in old places of interment. There were also three or four specimens of the green-glazed earthenware chargers, such as Colonel Chiláeff possesses, but I could not learn anything more definite than that they were found in *kurgans*. As a memento and an example of modern Avar art, he gave me a crutch walking-stick made in the town. A very summary resemblance to the shape of a bird forms the handle, but the eyes, wings, and feathers are cleverly shown by circles and lines of inlaid zinc thread. For a foot below the handle the stick is artistically decorated with an incised diaper pattern, filled in with zinc thread, like the work of Southern India. A cigarette-case, a card-case, and other objects, all adorned in a similar fashion, were lying upon the table.

July 19th.—From not having gone to bed till the small hours of the morning, it was 8.30 a.m. before I could take leave of my kind host. It was unfortunate

his house was so far from the town as I had to go away without entering it, though I fancy it does not offer anything very remarkable. The horse-flies were very annoying, and nearly drove my thin-skinned horse distracted, besides covering his coat with streaks of blood; but it was the first time they had troubled us.

Leaving the fortress on our right we pursued our way along the plateau, and then along a very shallow valley, bounded on the right by a range of low barren hills of an uninteresting character. There was no breeze and the heat was very oppressive. In about an hour and three-quarters' time the road turned sharp to the right and descended to the bottom of a valley; then gradually ascended till it ran for several hundred feet above the river-bed along its right flank. The stream below had a westerly course, and is a tributary of the Andiskoe Koisu. Here the character of the rocks changes and becomes very white, stained in places with yellowish red.

About eleven o'clock we passed the village of Tsalkatá upon the right, and sighted the village of Kharakí, away to the left front at the bottom of the valley, charmingly embowered among poplars and orchards. In front, on the far side of the Andiskoe Koisu, the horizon was bounded by a transverse chain of pale, whitish mountains, evidently of the same geological formation as those around us. They looked very imposing, and seemed likely to offer a formidable barrier to our passage into the Chechents country.

By this time the horses were very exhausted.

Owing to some neglect or carelessness, I now learnt they had been given nothing to eat before starting, and had had very little when they came in over night. Mejid's horse, too, was very lame and knocked up with the fifty-two verst march of yesterday over bad ground under a broiling sun. It could just hobble along and constantly stumbled. Accordingly I determined to stop at Kharakí for four-and-twenty hours at least, instead of pushing on to Botlikh, as was my intention at starting. The descent to the village was very steep, and had to be made by a series of zigzags down the grassy mountain slope. We passed several women carrying great loads of fire-wood down-hill, while others were slowly toiling up the ascent on a similar errand.

At midday we entered Kharakí, and pulled up outside the house of the *naib*, Abd el Mejid. It was of small dimensions, consisting of a one-story white-washed building with two short wings at right angles, and a veranda. Below were the stables, and a small court-yard from which access to the veranda was gained by outside steps. I received a hearty welcome from the *naib*, a tall, young, but very stout man with a blonde beard and light eyes, who showed me into a large and comfortable room, furnished in European fashion. Two open windows looked out on an orchard thickly planted with apricot trees, which threw a grateful shadow against the outside wall. On the inside wall hung a photograph of his father in the uniform of a Russian officer, taken when he filled the post of *nachalnik* or governor at

Khunsák, where the family of the *naib* still resides. The *nachalnik* of a district (*okruk*) is almost always a Russian, generally with the rank of colonel, who receives a salary of from 3000 to 3200 roubles (£300 to £320) a year. A *naib* is a native officer, who has served generally speaking in the Russian army, and is placed in charge of a sub-district containing from ten to twenty villages. His allowance is 600 roubles, or £60 a year. The *yüzbashi*, literally the head of a hundred, is a Tatar word applied to the head of the village, and answers to the *starshiná* of a Russian village. What salary he gets from the government I did not ascertain.

Like all Avars, the *naib* is very fond of horses, and possessed a treasure—a gift of the governor of Daghestan at Shurá, who owns a famous breed. It was a very thoroughbred-looking, small-headed, four-year-old stallion, with a coat that glistened in the sun as if oiled. According to Mejid it is customary to give horses fat to make their coats shine.

The *naib*, who had received his military education at St. Petersburg, was quite of opinion that the lot of an Avar woman is a very hard one. On her falls the duty of carrying home heavy loads of wood and hay, sometimes from great distances, while the men do nothing. A woman can carry as much as three *puds*, or 120 lbs. Girls are set to work even before marriage, as it is a good recommendation to be strong and known as a good worker. A girl can be bought for as little as two roubles forty kopeks, but not by a stranger. When she marries she takes her

husband's name, though Captain Ivánoff had told me she retained her own. The statements can be reconciled by supposing she retains her original name, and tacks on "the wife of so-and-so," otherwise the *nai*b must be looked on as the better authority. He does not anticipate any great change will take place in the status of women. National and traditional usage is so firmly rooted among his countrymen, that any deviation from it, especially in this respect, is almost an impossibility.

In the village of Kharakí there are very few crimes of violence, for only one murder has been committed in the last eighteen months. Like all other informants, my host regarded Daghestan as perfectly safe for a traveller, though he could not say the same of the Chechents country and the neighbourhood of Grozni. There robberies and murders are of frequent occurrence. With regard to the people of Andi and Dido, he considered them Lesgians, not Avars, though generally they are classed as a sub-group of the latter people. As he was speaking in Tatar with Mejid, he spoke of the Chechents as Michikhich, the name by which they are known among the Tatars. From it is said to have been obtained the word Mizdsheg, a term used by Klaproth and others for the Chechents. The Avar designations for this people are Chachan and Burtíchi. I was anxious to hear something about them, as we were soon to enter their country, but the *nai*b could tell me nothing of note. His geographical notions of the position of England, when we touched upon the subject, were amusingly incomplete. He

was not sure if it was not joined on to Germany, or if it did not touch France. He had never heard that it was an island. Scotland was a blank to him. He knew more about hawks, as the sport of hawking is still carried on by the Avars, though less frequently than formerly. Two kinds of falcons are employed: the larger species for hunting hares, and the smaller for taking pheasants and partridges.

Hitherto I have made no mention either of the birds or flowers of the Caucasus, but unfortunately I know as little of ornithology or botany as the *naib* does of England. I saw a good many birds of one species in the plains of Georgia and about Derbend, with a very bright, parrot-like plumage, but have not the remotest idea what they were; while in the mountains, perhaps from the absence of trees and shrubs, I noticed nothing but eagles, of which there are plenty. Whenever I inquired, however, about game-birds, I used to be told of pheasants, black pheasants and partridges that were to be found up the mountains, though not down in the valleys. I only once flushed a covey of the latter, and never saw a bigger animal than a hare, though I heard of bears and black panthers being met with in out-of-the-way places. At the time of year I visited Daghestan flowers were not very abundant, and formed no striking feature in the landscape, as they do in Sicily or Syria, where fields and meadow-land are a blaze of colour in the early spring. Of the flowers I happened to notice many were white, and belonged to the great class of umbelliferæ.

Hearing from my host of a village about five hours distant where artistic pipe-heads, cigarette-holders, &c. were manufactured, I asked him to send a man to fetch some for me to look at. He at once despatched a retainer, though it was rather late in the afternoon. Next day he returned, but empty handed, as nothing was kept ready-made.

July 20th.—On emerging from my bed-room at an early hour I found the *naib* under the veranda chatting with his retainers. During the night a prisoner had escaped from the prison-house, a small building in full view of the veranda. Though tied with ropes he had managed to release himself, and then to escape by climbing through the window. Two other prisoners who had been in the same cell declared they were fast asleep all the time and never heard anything. The *naib* was quite unconcerned about the matter, and said he should soon be able to lay hands upon the culprit. The man was a noted thief, and on this occasion had stolen a cow. A message had been sent to the head man of his village to arrest him as soon as he showed himself there. In the course of the forenoon the *naib* was occupied in transacting business, hearing complaints and signing papers. As the conversation was carried on in Avar, Mejid could not tell me anything about the nature of the complaints, or how they were dealt with. But I feel sure that in his judicial capacity my good-humoured host would always temper judgment with mercy, and could show himself neither stern nor vindictive. There was

always a latent smile on his face, which on small provocation expanded into a good laugh. By some sympathetic process this laugh transmitted itself to the thin, haggard face of the secretary, and then to the gaunt features of the retainers and other persons present, till universal hilarity prevailed. That seemed to settle the business. The secretary would retire into his room for a moment, and return with a tin box and a bit of paper, on which something was written in Arabic. The *naiib* then read the paper over to see if it was correct, and affixed the official stamp, which was produced from the tin box and delivered to him by the lantern-jawed secretary. The document was then handed to the person concerned, and his case was disposed of.

Breakfast was served at midday, and at 1.30 I took leave of my hospitable, cheery entertainer, and the party rode off, preceded by the armed guide that accompanied us yesterday. Our path led down the valley in which Kharakí is situated for a distance of several versts, then turned to the left, and descended a long, very stony, abrupt spur to the point where the valleys of Kharakí and the Andiskoe Koisu unite their waters. Here we were joined by an armed and mounted messenger, bound for Botlikh like ourselves. Here too we made a short halt just outside the village of Tlokh, for the heat was intolerable, and a small rivulet issuing from a mountain spring, near which some large trees threw a grateful shadow, was irresistible. The houses of the village were almost entirely hidden in groves of apricot, apple, and walnut

trees. Akim and the stranger plucked leaves of walnut to shield their eyes and faces from the sun. On other occasions I had remarked how amazingly anxious the hardy mountaineers seemed to be to save their complexions from exposure to the sun, either by tying a handkerchief round their faces, or by sticking large leaves under the brim of their *papaks*.

Continuing our march we crossed the Koisu by a bridge, and turning to the left began following up its narrow valley along the left bank. The river is swift, noisy, and muddy, but none of these characteristics deterred a swarm of boys from bathing and swimming in it. Higher up some men were bathing. The skins of the boys were much darker than those of the men, one or two of the former being quite nut-brown, while the men's were as pale as an Englishman's. The faces of several men I had lately met had a tendency to burn rather red under the sun, and many had blonde beards. Akim, who is an Oset, had also tanned rather red, while Mejid had become nut-brown without a trace of red. On both sides of the river stretched a narrow strip of irrigated land planted with maize, vines, willows, and fruit-trees. The vines cultivated here and near Gunib are not used for making wine; the grapes are either eaten fresh or dried into raisins.

About an hour after leaving Tlokh I halted the party again in a grassy place under the shade of some large trees, until the sun should get a little lower. Akim, who seldom lost an opportunity of showing off his horsemanship, and narrating his exploits before Kars,

gave an exhibition for the benefit of the guide and the armed stranger. He galloped his wearied, saddlegalled Rozinante several times backwards and forwards upon the grass, reining it up short at each turn, stimulating its movements with a war-cry and the loud cracks of his Cossack whip. With an eye to the welfare of the horses, I always objected to these exhibitions, but Mejid said he was trying to get one of these men to exchange horses. On this occasion he was unsuccessful.

It was now 5 p.m., and the sun had sunk below the top of the high cliffs on the right-hand side of the road, and cast a cooling shadow across it. The stratification of the rocks on both sides the river was nearly vertical, which gave a new and peculiar feature to the landscape. By degrees the fringe of trees by the water's edge ceased, and the river became more gurgulous than ever as it rushed and hurtled past the boulders that impeded its course. The road was level and good, and every one in good spirits, especially Akim. He was gradually approaching his own country, which according to his account was an earthly paradise, where every one was so hospitable that a stranger never need put his hand in his pocket; where the best horses of the Caucasus were to be seen; where the women were kinder and more attractive than elsewhere.

After a bit we passed the hamlet of Erta Kolo, or Urta Kulu, lying on an eminence to the right, and about an hour later came upon a large tract of cultivated and garden land, well wooded with fruit-trees,

appertaining to the village of Munukh or Mupi. It lies on a small tributary of the Koisu, about a quarter of a mile to the right of the road, and has a decidedly attractive appearance at that distance.

Here we had to take leave of the babbling, muddy Koisu, which makes a bend to the south-west, while our path trended due west. Before us lay a very ugly hilly tract of brownish colour, forming a ridge of considerable altitude. In an hour's time we had attained the summit by a series of easy zigzags and steeper short cuts. It was getting dusk when we began descending the reverse slope into a new valley, and some trees, denoting the close proximity of Botlikh, were only dimly visible. Mejid sent our guide on ahead to find quarters, while we pursued our way at a more leisurely pace.

At a short distance from the outskirts of the town we entered a ravine, crossed a stream, and then pulled up at a new house at the entrance to Botlikh, where the guide had secured a room for us. It was now 8 p.m., and quite dark but for the full moon. When the horses were safely lodged in the stables below the dwelling apartments, Akim and the guide were immediately despatched into the town for forage, while Mejid and I entered the house. The wood-work was quite new, and therefore not likely to harbour many obnoxious insects; and there was no carpeting of mats in the room, which was also prognostic of undisturbed sleep. A wooden bed, however, in one corner looked suspicious, and so did the piles of rugs, cushions, and bedding on the double tier of shelves

round two sides of the apartment. The roof was supported by a central post, with pegs round it for hanging up sundry articles. Altogether the lodging was as good as one ought to expect, perhaps better. The adjoining room, which also led from the veranda, was occupied by the owner of the establishment, with his wife and two small children.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BOTLIKH TO VOZDVIZHENSКОЕ.

A Procession of "Rain-makers"—Hospitality of Count Pallar—The Prison—Native Customs—Trepanning—Fine Scenery—Caught in the Mist—Andi—Losing our Way—Bivouac—The Picturesque Khulkhulau Valley—A Story of Robbery—Khorochoi and its Inhabitants—The First Chechents—Wooded Landscape—Veden—Road Patrol—Ersenoi Posting-house—Precautions against Crime—Shali—Dancing—A Handsome Woman—Fording the Argun—Vozdvizhenskoe—Horrible Quarters—Small-Pox—Akim's Adventures.

"If Paradise and Hell were mine,
To thee would I give Paradise,
And Hell alone would I retain.
I'm not the Emperor of Rüm,
This world belongeth not to me,
Not mine are Paradise and Hell;
What can I give to lead thee home?"

Avar Love Song.

BOTLIKH, *July 21st.*—Between eight and nine in the morning the sound of a chorus of voices, singing a sort of wail or dirge, could be heard in the direction of the town. Shortly afterwards a procession of women made their appearance, with one of their number in the centre of the line entirely hidden by branches and green leaves. All were chanting a wild but plaintive prayer, in which the refrain, "God is

great, and Mahomed is His prophet," constantly recurred. But from time to time a haggard old woman, who seemed to be their leader, broke into a solo, followed by a chorus in which all took part. They halted for a minute opposite our quarters to collect money, and then pursued their way by the same route we had followed the night before. For some time I could hear the words "Allah il Allah" rending the air, but growing fainter and fainter, till the clamour of their voices entirely died away. It was a curious spectacle, but Mejid explained the reason of it. No rain had fallen for about two months, and these old women had been going the round of the town praying to Allah to send the much-needed showers, and also making a collection of money. Afterwards they would go to some secluded place and bathe in a stream, though he did not know with what ceremonial. With the money collected they would buy a sheep, kill it, and hold a feast. The ceremony is then complete, and they have only to await an answer to their prayers. On this occasion they did not have to wait long, for during the night and all next day the rain fell in torrents. It would be very interesting to have full details of the rites and ceremonies used by the women on these occasions, and to learn exactly the prayers and chants they recite. But unfortunately the information could only be extracted from the natives by one who spoke their language. What is learnt through an interpreter is liable to much error. The circumstance of dressing up a woman or a girl in leaves and green herbage

when "making rain" is well known to folk-lorists, and the custom is practised by the Servians, Albanians, and others. But with them the girl is first stripped naked before being enveloped in green. It may be so among the Avars; I did not ascertain the point, though I am inclined to doubt it.

About ten o'clock I walked with Mejid to the fortress at the other end of the town to call upon the Russian governor. The guide did not know his name, and I only ascertained it on my return to Tiflis. The portion of the town we passed through presented nothing of interest. There is no permanent bazaar where anything can be bought, for a weekly market, held on Sundays, suffices for the needs of the small population. The fortress stands on the highest point of ground, and is surrounded by a wall. Blocks of stone buildings on the right and left form the barracks of the Russian garrison; in the centre stands the church and the hospital; beyond it come the governor's house, the chancery, the prison, and other small houses.

I was very kindly received by the governor, Count Pallar, as soon as he had read my letter, but he could not understand how I could possibly have passed the night in a native house. He immediately sent for my things, and gave me quarters in his own house, but Mejid and Akim remained where they were to look after the horses and baggage. The official residence is a one-storied house, but provided with large airy rooms and best of all with a very spacious veranda, reached from the outside by a flight of broad steps

Vines and creepers clambered up the trellis-work, while oleanders in large pots lined the steps like red-turbaned sentries. Immediately in front stood a small house with iron grated windows, before which a Russian sentry paced. It was the prison. About fifteen faces might be seen from time to time peering through the bars, for so many unfortunate Avars were waiting to be sent to Siberia. I was informed they are quite resigned to their fate, and made no attempt to escape, though unfettered and unbound in any way. On Sundays they are allowed to receive visits from their friends, mostly women, who bring them food and clean clothes. But these are not allowed to approach too close to the windows. Whatever bundles they bring must be given to the sentry, who then opens them to ascertain if they contain nothing contraband, such as knives or files, and himself hands them to the prisoners.

The Count had only been about six months at Botlikh, and his wife and family were still at Temir Khan Shura, his last place of residence. However, he was able to tell me something about the Avars, a people in whom he takes a great interest.

They are perhaps the bravest of all the Caucasian peoples, and are the most devoted to the Russian cause. When the Chechents rose against their rulers during the late war between Turkey and Russia, the Avars stood steady in their allegiance to a man. Even those that formerly had sided with Shamil are now among the most devoted adherents of Russia, and one or two such were pointed out to me. The

one idea of an Avar, the day-dream of his life, is to display his courage. As the Russian service is now the sole opening by which he can realize his longings in this respect, it is not astonishing that so many are willing to take service in the local yeomanry. For this reason marriage by capture is still in force as a first step in the proceeding, for the bride-price has eventually to be paid to avoid a blood feud.

A man is despised who runs too much after petticoats, and the vilest crimes that disgrace humanity are quite unheard of. A father has complete control over his son, so much so that by native custom he is entitled to take his life. I did not unfortunately inquire whether this paternal exercise of authority is absolute and unconditional, or whether it is not limited to punishment for certain acts, which the son must first commit, and which are defined by custom. The number of murders committed in course of the year in the Botlikh district is comparatively small. The tranquillity of the natives here must therefore be far superior to that at Temir Khan Shura, where as many as four hundred murders or homicides are perpetrated annually.

The art of trepanning seems to be of indigenous origin, and to have been always practised. The operation is performed with an ordinary knife, but as it sometimes ends fatally, the permission of the authorities must first be obtained. It is used as a remedy for pains in the head, and if the natives were strictly interrogated on the subject, they would

probably allow that the object was to form an egress by which the evil Being within the head—the cause of the pain—might escape.

In the afternoon my host took me for a ride to the neighbouring village of Miartsa. Soon after starting we passed a band of men, who, like the women I had heard and seen in the forenoon, had been making a procession and repeating prayers to Allah to bring about a speedy rainfall. The gardens and orchards on both sides the path looked most luxuriant, and some of the plots of maize were fenced off from each other by hedges of vine. Everywhere too there was abundance of water for purposes of irrigation. But amid all this beauty and profusion of vegetation lurks a very malignant fever, which some years ago decimated the Russian troops quartered in the vicinity. Botlikh itself, though it lies at a very considerable elevation, is reckoned a very feverish place, and I was assured it was impossible to stay there many days at certain seasons of the year without getting a touch of it.

July 22nd.—During the night there was a great storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The processionists must have been delighted at the success of their prayers, though perhaps the deluge of rain, which continued nearly all day, was rather more than they bargained for, as it quite put a stop to the Sunday market. While the Count went to transact business in the chancery, I was left to read the newspapers and whatever books I cared to look at. One that he recommended was a book by

General von Erckert,¹ quite recently published, containing a mass of information on the ethnology of the Caucasus. I had not time to read much, but quite enough to make me regret not having heard of it before leaving Tiflis, as I should have shaped my tour rather otherwise. It gave me a totally different idea from what I had previously imagined of the extent of the wall of Derbend, and of the interesting sculptures to be found at Kubächi, and induced me to make a supplementary tour. To any one interested in the Caucasus, apart from its glaciers, its birds, and its plants, I can strongly recommend the book.

July 23rd.—At mid-day I said good-bye to my hospitable entertainer, and was shown the two armed guides, belonging to the native yeomanry, who were to escort the party as far as Khorochói, the first village in the Chechents country. My host, like several others, had impressed upon me the risk there was in travelling through that territory; I had even been advised to avoid it as much as possible by returning to Tiflis through Vladikavkas and the Pass of Dariel, rather than by the road up the Argun river, according to my programme. There are two routes to Khorochói, though I only knew at this time of the one which passes by the Ezen Yam, one of the few lakes in the highlands of the Caucasus, and which I was anxious to see. The Count had recommended me to pass the night at the house of a Russian engineer who lives near it, and I quite understood

¹ *Der Kaukasus und seine Völker*, von R. von Erckert. Leipzig, 1888.

he had given directions to the two guides to take the party there. The sequel proved either that I was mistaken in my supposition, or that they had misunderstood their instructions.

Accompanied by Mejid, who had brought up my horse to the fortress, I first rode to my old quarters to pick up Akim and the baggage. I found lunch had been prepared for us, and there was plenty of time to eat it, as the guides were not quite ready. By one o'clock everything was packed, and in a downpour of rain we rode out of Botlikh, bound as I thought for Khói. It was the first and last time we had to start in the rain, for I was much favoured by the weather during my whole tour. Soon we began to ascend a steep mountain range, running east and west, covered with grass and large masses of stone and rock. After a time the rain ceased, and things looked brighter. Looking back from time to time, I had on the right a fine panorama of the mountain basin in which Botlikh lies, and an equally good one to the left of the Andiskoe Koisu valley, and the zigzag path by which we had ascended just three evenings before. The moisture in the air and the clouds in the sky produced a marvellous change in the landscape. The mountains, which had looked so brown, so monotonous and uninteresting under a bright cloudless sky, were now marked with deep purple-gray streaks and well-defined patches, together with a general depth of tone which made them appear infinitely grander, larger, and more solid than before. After an hour and a half's stiff climb, for the ground

was slippery in places, stony in others, and steep everywhere, we arrived at the top of a plateau. Here we halted for a few minutes to breathe the horses beside a party of three women, a man, and some donkeys. They seemed to know our guides, and entered into an animated conversation. Before reaching this point we had been riding through mist, but here it was so thick it was only possible to see a few yards ahead, and the faint track on the grass was scarcely perceptible.

Slowly forging ahead, we very soon had to dismount and lead the horses down a very slippery and steep path, only to make another equally disagreeable ascent, which led past the village of Chankho, considerably to the east of the route leading to Khói. By this time I felt sure we were not on the road I had intended and expected to take, for the map showed it was a road, not a mountain path. Another descent became necessary, till at last we entered a wild, rocky valley traversed by the Godor river. For many miles we followed up its left bank by a path very rough for horses, and carried at a great height above the bed of the stream. Mist hung about in all directions and rendered any distant view impossible. Occasionally the track was interrupted where an avalanche of stones had fallen from the cliffs towering above it, and flooded it with large angular fragments, which cut the horses' legs and impeded our progress considerably. On the opposite side we could see, first the village of Ziliu or Zillo, then of Ashali, growing as it were out of the barren

rock, and unenlivened by a single tree. The road had gradually been approaching the river-bed, and about 5.30 p.m. we crossed it opposite the considerable village of Andi, which gives its name to a district and to a linguistic sub-group.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have halted here, but now it was out of the question, as the only chance of reaching the lake before night was by pressing on. The only permanent impression I carried away was an unpleasant one. The street, or rather narrow lane, along which we had to ride was more than ankle-deep in liquid filth and manure, through which the inhabitants had to plunge on foot. Those of the villagers we encountered took scarcely any notice of us, and we passed along too quickly for me to take notes of them. Turning to the right after leaving the village, we ascended the steep, left flank of the valley. Somewhat short of the top a halt was made at a grassy spot to let the horses rest after the pull up-hill, and to take a mouthful ourselves.

Now I learnt for the first time that the guides had received no specific instructions to take us by Lake Ezen, and accordingly were conducting the party to Khorochoi by a short cut. The news was annoying, but there was no help for it. However, there was a glimmer of hope the lake might be reached by night-fall, as the map showed a track from Andi in that direction. It is true the guides did not know it, but a man on horseback, who had come up to have a chat, offered to show the way to the Russian engineer's house, a distance of a mile from the lake. It would

only take an hour to ride there, and he only demanded one rouble for his services. I did not believe so much ground could be covered in so short a time; nevertheless, we all started together, and were heading in a direction the compass showed to be right. But the man almost at once became mistrustful, and wanted to be paid in advance. Not caring to have my promise doubted, as the direction seemed to be correct, I let him ride away and leave us without apprehensions. Though the mist was so thick one could not see many yards ahead, yet the path was well defined by deep ruts over a sippy bit of moor. After following the track for about half an hour or more we heard a shepherd's voice in the distance.

"Hoi Andisúl!" cried one of our escort several times before receiving a reply. When it arrived it was only to say we were on the wrong path, on one that led to the forest. The proper road lay somewhere to the left. One guide now rode to the right in the direction of the voice to glean further information, the other to the left to reconnoitre in that quarter. In about twenty minutes the latter returned without having discovered anything. It was now 7.30 p.m., and darkness had supervened in addition to the mist. As there was plenty of rich grass all round, and a little stream of water close by, I decided on stopping there and bivouacking for the night. It would only have tired the horses and ourselves to have plunged further into the unknown. This quite met the views of Mejid and Akim. In a few minutes the horses were unsaddled, hobbled, and let loose.

The saddles and baggage were piled up together, and the *burkas* and my cork mattress stretched on the dripping grass. We had nothing with us to eat, but one of the escort took the kettle and some tea in hopes of getting it made at the shepherds' fire, about half a mile away. After a long absence he returned unsuccessful, though with the assurance we should have some next morning, as he had brought wood with him. About 9.30 each man curled himself up in a *burka* and tried to go to sleep, with more or less success. I managed to get a comfortable snooze for two hours, and then woke from cold, as my feet were so wet.

July 24th.—About 1.30 a.m. it began to drizzle, and in another half-hour we were all on our legs, as there was no use lying down in the rain. By this time the guides, who had been stirring shortly after midnight and chopping up the wood, had lit a fire, which enabled us to have some lukewarm tea before starting. At 3.45 a.m. we were all in the saddle, retracing our steps of yesterday under the uninspiring influence of mizzling rain, and an atmosphere surcharged with dismal mist. Once I heard a forlorn lark; otherwise not a sound was audible save the knocking of hoofs against a stone, or the slish slosh of the same through a pool of liquid mire. Akim's uproarious Tatar ditties no longer rent the air for the solace and amusement of those that understood them.

In course of time we reached the spot where we had originally diverged from the path to Khorochof, and then headed in that direction, for here the guides

knew their way. The road was in a very heavy, slippery condition, but after more than an hour's ride up and down hill we descended to the head of the Khulkhulau valley, which leads down to Khorochóí. It was too early and too misty to see distinctly, but we were certainly in a fine, wild, mountain glen, well wooded and with a full complement of picturesque nooks, detached rocks, and tangles of fallen trees. At one place the high, steep cliffs on either side approached so as to form a narrow gorge with long cave-like excavations hard by the roadside. Here many must have passed the night, or sought refuge from a passing storm, for the marks of old fires were very apparent.

We were now either in or very close to the Chechents country. Though it is reckoned rather unsafe, I never anticipated being attacked, and Mejid and Akim were equally confident. Still we did hear of acts of violence now and then. For instance, about five miles from our present destination we met a man on horseback, who entered into conversation. He narrated that some three weeks ago a man of Khorochóí, who lets out horses, had had two of his horses hired by a certain stranger, and was himself engaged to accompany them. Their route lay through the thick woods, which are very abundant in this part of the country. After a long ride the stranger, on pretext of resting the horses, proposed making a halt. The man of Khorochóí acceded. They had hardly dismounted when three armed men made their appearance, and forced the too confiding man of Khorochóí

to lay down his arms. Having done this they proceeded to relieve him of all the money he possessed, a sum amounting to over 600 roubles. The three men were in league with the stranger, and two of the culprits were ultimately apprehended. The remainder were still at large.

With this cheerful story ringing in our ears we sighted Khorochói, and soon dismounted in the front yard of the *yüz bashi*'s house, situated a short distance below the village. The architecture of this Chechents dwelling differed somewhat from that of the Kürins and the Avars. It was not built over the stable and cow-house, but directly upon the ground, and the veranda was less a constructional part of the house. The chimney-pots too were very singular, having the shape of enormous dice-boxes. The men standing about were tall and fine-looking, some with slightly aquiline, others with straight noses. A few were characterized by blonde hair and light eyes, and nearly all were barefooted. The smartest-looking were dressed in white *beshmets* and black *cherkeskas* of very good cloth. My first impression of the people was that they are a finer-looking race than the Avars and other Lesgians, and were certainly better dressed. The very few women moving about were conspicuous from their red dresses, but they did not come near enough to allow of my observing them to advantage.

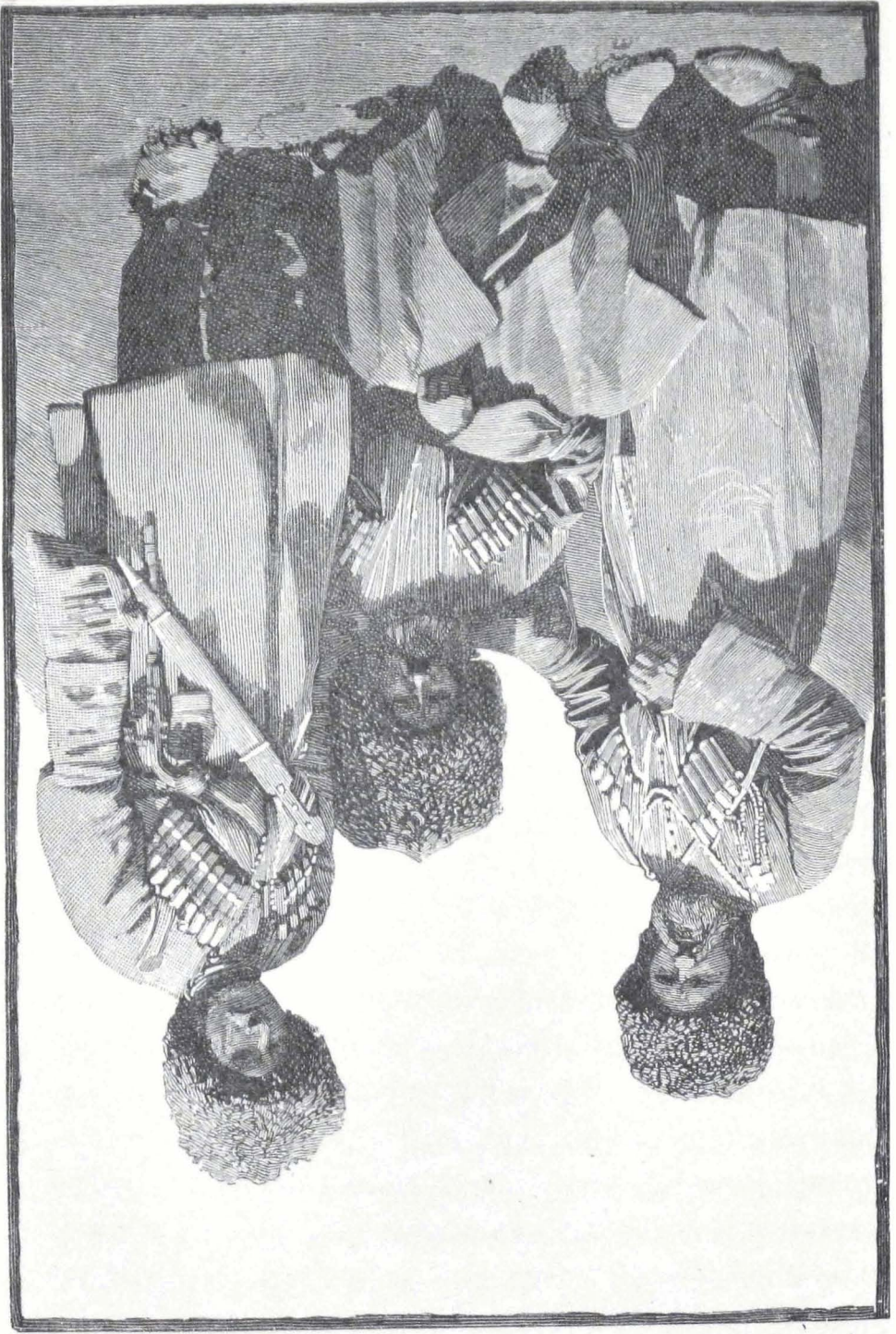
General von Erekert, in his work on the Caucasus and its people, relates that the Chechents believe they are descended from the Kalmuks. This would make them Mongols. But both their physical appearance

and their language are diametrically opposed to any supposition of the kind, and the tradition must rest upon error. Another branch or tribe of the Chechents, however, claims Turpal as its first ancestor, though nothing further is known of him. The Chechents where I now was call themselves Nakhchuō, plural Nakhchuoi or Nakhchii, a derivative of *nākh*, "people."

Conversation was almost impossible, as none of my party knew Chechents, and on the other hand neither my host nor his friends could speak a word of Avar. Only one or two had a very inadequate command of Russian and Tatar. This latter language, which had been so useful up to the present, was destined for the rest of the tour to be of no avail as a medium of communication. If a Chechents knows any other language in addition to his own it is probably Russian.

As we had gone supperless to bed, and had had nothing more substantial than cigarettes for breakfast, we were not sorry to see some hard-boiled eggs, cheese of the country, and hot maize bread brought in, and deposited on the table by the side of a steaming samovar. During the time we stayed at the house we were very closely scrutinized by many pairs of eyes. But here, as in Daghestan, I noticed the natives, young and old, do not like being looked at straight in the face. They always avert their glance, as if they were afraid of the evil eye, or thought it unpolite to stare into another person's face. Whenever I looked up from the map and our eyes met, theirs were instantly turned aside. The horses had a less satisfac-

GROUP OF CHECHENTS.



tory breakfast than their riders. No barley, only maize, could be bought, and that was too hard for my horse's teeth, though I told Akim to pound some up.

At 11 a.m. we all mounted and started off towards Vedén, where a Russian *nachalnik* has his head-quarters. Our route followed the downward course of the Khul-khulau, which had been augmented at Khorochói by a small river bearing the same name. At this point the altitude above the sea is 3326 feet. Though the first portion of the road was muddy and sticky from the recent heavy rain, it soon passed into a firm smooth *chaussée*, being in fact one of the military roads that traverse the Chechents country. The valley is picturesque and well wooded, getting more and more so as it approaches the plain. Everywhere the vegetation was more luxuriant and the wild flowers were in greater profusion than in Daghestan, where absence of trees is the prevailing feature. Though the hills bounding the valley were rounded and of no great altitude, they were clothed with timber, and affected one very differently from the grassy bluffs of Central Daghestan. Before reaching the fort of Vedén the valley widens out on the left into a semi-circular level plain, dotted when we crossed it with cattle, horses, and buffaloes grazing on the rich pasture; but the fort itself is constructed where the valley again contracts.

By this time the sky had clouded over, and before we could get under shelter the rain had begun to fall. Leaving Akim and one of the guides to look after the baggage-horse outside, Mejid and I with the other

guide rode into the fort in a perfect torrent of rain, and dismounted outside the prison, which adjoins the chancery of the *nachalnik*. As it was only mid-day, all I wanted from him was a guide to Ersenói or to Shali, at one of which places I proposed staying for the night. It turned out he was at Shurá, but his deputy was in the court-house attending to business. After a little parleying I gave my letter of introduction to one of the native *aides de camp* to take to the deputy. In a few minutes I was admitted into a room thronged with natives, standing in front of a raised daïs, where the deputy was sitting at the head of a table. Round this six or seven native officials, assessors of the *nachalnik*, were seated. The deputy received me very courteously, read my letter, asked what I wanted, and at once gave orders my wishes should be attended to. As he was evidently engaged in business, I thanked him and immediately retired with Mejid, who had acted as interpreter, the deputy only speaking Russian.

We were now taken in charge by the sergeant of the road-police station, just outside the fort. Thither he conducted us in a most friendly manner, and asked us to sit down in his small room till all formalities were completed. A letter had to be written enjoining all in authority in the Vedén district to afford me the necessary protection, for here the two guides from Botlikh, who served also as escort, had to return home. All through the Chechents country there is a station of road-police at intervals of from six to ten miles for the purpose of patrolling it. The police is

furnished by the native yeomanry of the district, who take their turn of duty of six days in each month.

The sergeant or native officer who had taken me under his wing was greatly impressed with the wealth and the navy of England. Not that he had any personal knowledge on the subject, but he had heard much about it from his father at Constantinople. In other respects his ideas about England were as foggy as its reputed climate. He pressed me much to stay at Vedén for the night, urging the state of the weather, and placing his house at my disposal. But it was too early to stop, and the rain had ceased, so I had to decline his hospitality with thanks.

By one o'clock the letter was written and delivered to me, so taking leave of the native officer, we mounted and rode off. One of the road-police, armed with a sabre, a pistol, and a native gun, accompanied us to the next station. The broad level road was in capital order, and the scenery had the same sylvan character as higher up the valley. For the first time in the Caucasus I saw a rainbow, which Mejid knew as "Peighamber's girdle," or the girdle of the Prophet. The Tush, who are closely connected in language with the Chechents, call it "the girdle of the sky"; the latter people "the bow of the sky." About half-way to Ersenói we had to cross the Alistanzhi river, remarkable for the pellucidity of its water. Every other stream I had as yet seen was turbid and discoloured, in spite of long absence of rain. We passed more than one convoy of waggons drawn by bullocks and laden with sacks of flour. The drivers were

Russians, easily distinguished by their large blonde beards and European dress. Some little distance before reaching Ersenói the lateral slopes of the valley insensibly fade away into the great plain to the north of the Caucasus.

When we pulled up at five o'clock at the posting-station of Ersenói, I had the satisfaction of knowing I had crossed the great mountain range from south to north, and was immediately to turn southwards and recross it by a little-known pass a few miles east of the ancient and well-known Pass of Dariel. Up to the present I had not been able to learn anything definite about this route, and according to the map there was a break in it, no path being marked between two villages which seemed to be on the track. However, the tour had been so prosperous and easy up to this point that I did not anticipate any serious difficulty in the future.

Within a few yards of the posting-house was the police-station, and on the opposite side of the road stood a dismantled block-house. Fields of maize and tracts of ploughed land gave an air of comfort and tranquillity to the environs, but there was no village in sight. Beyond them a line of distant blue hills bounded the horizon to the north at the extremity of the plain.

The master of the posting-station was a Tatar who had found his way from Persia. In a few minutes he and Mejid had shaken hands and were fast friends. At one of the road-police stations, where we had just changed our escort, none of the Chechents would

believe Mejid's assertion that he was a Tatar. They would have it he was a Persian, and that Akim and myself were Georgians; the reason being that Mejid did not shave his head, and wore a dress of different cut from the Tatars they were accustomed to see.

The post-master told us the post-road was unsafe, and that recently more stringent measures had been taken by the authorities to render it secure. A couple of road-police are posted along it at intervals of two versts, and at night their number is doubled. To lessen danger still further, persons using it are not allowed to carry a *kinjal* unless on a regular journey. If a murder or a robbery is committed and the guilty person or persons cannot be discovered, the district in which it happened is fined five hundred roubles for the first-mentioned crime, and double the value of what was stolen for the other offence. If the criminal is known but cannot be apprehended, his relatives are arrested and punished instead. The native yeomanry, who act as road-police, receive ten roubles a month, and serve for two days out of every ten, finding their own horses, sabres, and guns.

Adjoining the house there was a little garden, in which stood a trellis-work arbour, where we found it pleasant to sit, smoke, and drink tea after the heat and fatigues of the day. Here too we were free from the annoyance of the flies that swarmed in the house, and made it extremely disagreeable. The only other discomfort, especially to Mejid, was the presence of a ferocious dog, which prevented one circulating freely about the premises. He had once been severely

bitten, and ever since had cherished a holy horror of all dogs. Now he always kept one hand upon the hilt of his *kinjal*, ready to draw it if there were the least signs on the part of the brute of a desire to come to close quarters.

July 25th.—We did not get away till 7.30 a.m., as the horses had not eaten very well during the night, and had to be sent into a field to graze for an hour or so. Shortly before that hour the yeoman who was to escort us to Shali rode into the yard. He was a tall, slender, smart-looking young fellow, with a pleasant face and an aquiline nose. His dress consisted of a spotted *beshmet*, with a black *cherkeska* over it, loose white breeches, and long black gaiters reaching to above the knee. At his waist hung a *kinjal* and a long native sabre; a pistol was stuck into his belt, and across his shoulders a light, native flint gun in a black felt cover was suspended. The morning was bright; a few clouds spotted the sky and relieved the intensity of the blue; all which, taken with a light breeze, seemed to augur a pleasant day's ride to Vozdvizhenskoe. Our track lay in a westerly direction, across a dead level country; first through great fields of maize, growing to a height of fully ten feet, then across a wide expanse of dried-up grass, dotted with elms, patches of scrub, and brushwood. To the right and left lay low ranges of blue hills, the latter being the extreme outliers of the main range of the Caucasus.

In an hour's time we were at the outskirts of the large village of Shali. Its houses, instead of being

jammed as close together as the cells of a beehive, and piled up one above the other against a sharp slope, like an ordinary Lesgian village, lay on the level, surrounded by gardens and orchards, and were for the most part isolated. Here our guide proposed we should halt and have breakfast at his house, for he was a native of the place. Accordingly we turned down a lane to the right, passed through a gate and across a small orchard of plum-trees, and pulled up in the small court-yard in front of his dwelling. His wife and one or two other women rushed out to hold the horses' heads while we dismounted, and then tied them up in the shade, for the sun was very powerful. The house was a longish whitewashed building of one story, with a small room at right angles, forming a wing, and possessed the usual veranda. Various outhouses lay to one side, for the horses and cattle are not housed immediately below their masters in this part of the country.

The small room above mentioned was the guest-chamber, and thither we were ushered in by our host. Its walls were whitewashed and looked very clean. On one side there was a wooden divan, covered with carpets of native manufacture; on the opposite wall was a shelf for holding jugs, cups, glasses, &c. His wife without delay brought in rugs and cushions, and spread them on the floor for us to rest ourselves upon. She was a tall, nice-looking woman, dressed in white, and wearing pointed shoes turned up at the toe. Our host now said it was the custom of the country

for guests to divest themselves of their *kinjals*, *cherkeskas*, and boots, in order to feel quite comfortable and at home. Of course we at once complied with his request, but he would not sit down himself, as I asked him to do. That, he said, would be an infringement of the law which requires a host to keep standing in presence of his guests. Meanwhile tea was being prepared outside in a large iron kettle, as there was no samovar, and till this was made a large dish of unripe plums was proffered for our refectation. Finally the tea was brought in, followed after an interval by a large omelette and hot maize-bread; the bread was good, the former had unfortunately been made with rancid butter. The best part of the entertainment was its sequel.

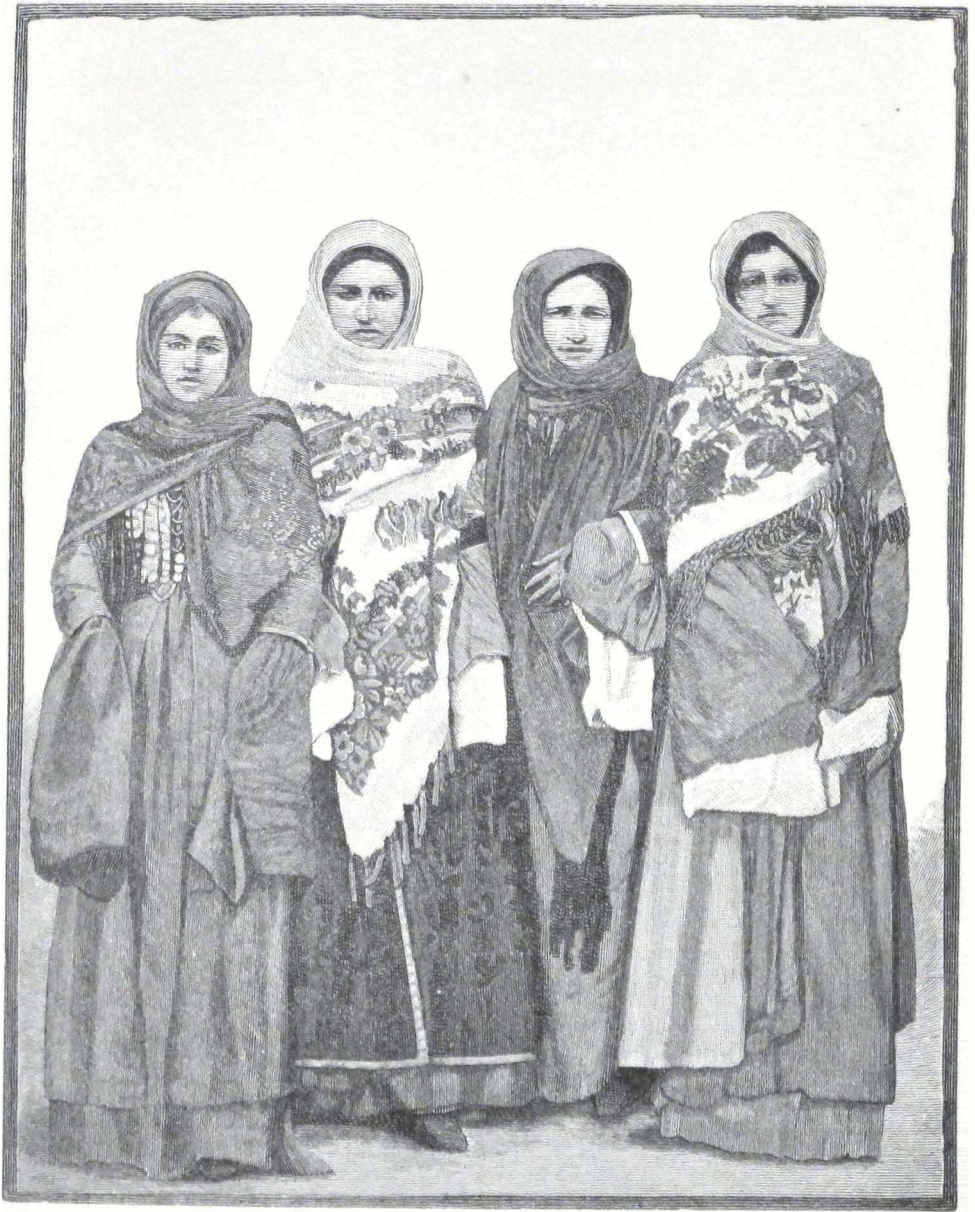
The conversation had turned upon dancing, and our host offered to give an exhibition of his powers. He left the room for a few minutes to make preparations, and returned with a sort of lute, and a neighbour carrying an accordion. She was a tall, very handsome woman, with regular features, dressed in white, but with a pale yellow, richly-embroidered scarf dexterously and effectively thrown over her head and shoulders. She was the sole musician, for the lute never came into play. Two or three more women and as many men followed into the guest-chamber, which was now crammed, and left but little space for dancing. This did not daunt our host, though it made him extremely hot. Divested of his *cherkeska*, he began by a walk round, accompanied by various kicks, capers, and sudden jumps in quick time. At one time both

arms were extended as if to make an embrace, at another the right arm was bent double at the level of the shoulder, while the left one was extended straight out. Generally speaking, except while making these extensions, the head was bent forward and the whole body stooped. As he proceeded and warmed to his work, the kicks, jumps, and stamps became more violent, and were performed in accelerated time, till at length he became so hot he was obliged to desist. The approbation of the company was shown by loud and continuous clapping of hands, though this also served to beat time. When he had cooled down a little he began a different dance in company with the fair musician, who played the accordion simultaneously. The movements were slow and measured. The figure consisted in circling round one behind the other, the man after the woman. From time to time the former stretched out his arms as before, and made pantomimic gestures expressive of love. His partner held the accordion high, nearly on a level with her head, and played it with much skill. Her steps were very short, and her movements extremely graceful. With wonderful ease and suppleness she seemed to sail along rather than to dance, and looked the personification of grace. But she kept her eyes down the whole time, and never moved a muscle of her face. When this was over a small boy was called upon to perform. He was a little shy at first, but soon began to caper and jump about. His steps were different from our host's, but he held his head down even more persistently, and looked at

his feet the whole time. Yet his movements were always quick, light, and graceful. Altogether it was a very interesting spectacle, though it has been very inadequately described.

It was now eleven o'clock, and time to be off; but as our host volunteered to escort us as far as Vozdvizhenskoe, it was not necessary to take leave of him at present and thank him for his hospitable entertainment. Of course I gave a present to the fair musician, and when we shook hands in the open air, just before riding off, I could see to greater advantage the splendour of her dark, laughing eyes, and appreciate the bewitchment of her smile.

Our further route lay over a country similar to what we had crossed in the earlier part of the day, and was somewhat monotonous and dusty. In about an hour we traversed the scattered, wide-streeted village of New Atagi without my noticing anything particular, save a mosque or two—the first I had seen among the Chechents, who are Mussulmans like their neighbours the Avars. But here we were detained for a time by the wide and rapid Argun river, which required care to cross, especially now that it was flooded. The Tatar posting-station master had led me to believe there was a bridge here, but he was mistaken, as there is none for several miles up stream. He was also under the impression that from Ersenói to Tiflis was only three days' ride, which was a still greater error. Our guide rode forward to make inquiries as to the best place to ford the river, which was about fifty yards wide, though with exposed



CHECHENTS WOMEN.

shoals in places where it was possible to rest for a minute or two. Lots of boys were bathing and playing about the bank naked. They clustered round our horses, and seemed anxious to give us information, but could not make themselves understood.

Our guide soon returned ; we followed him up the stream for a little, and then were joined by a man who took us to the exact point of passage. The stream was decidedly rapid, but, fortunately, not very deep, and the horses seemed used to the work. Of themselves they turned their heads down stream, and sidled slowly across the first reach to the first bit of dry shoal, then similarly across the two following reaches, till they found themselves on the opposite bank. Though in the course of the tour my horse had forded a great number of streams, some as strong if not more so than the Argun, none were wide, and I never had seen him instinctively turn his head down stream before. We then pursued our way through the village of Old Atagi, and over a parched grassy plain, backed towards the horizon by blue, wooded hills.

An hour's ride brought us to the town and fortress of Vozdvizhenskoe, on the left bank of the Argun river. It is purely a Russian settlement, and is laid out like a Russian village in wide streets at right angles to each other, and generally lined with trees on each side. The fortress lies on the east side, nearest to the river. Further west, in the centre of the settlement, in the midst of a large open space, stands the Russian church ; a very plain building

surmounted by a gilt Latin cross, and partly hidden by the trees planted round it. The southern face of this open central space is lined by shops, where all sorts of things can be bought. Near the entrance from the north, by which we arrived, is the market-place and the public weighing scales. But in spite of the apparent size of the place, and the number of the houses, the population seemed either very scanty or very stay-at-home. Our guide did not know any one in the town, so we had to find lodgings as best we could.

After two or three vain attempts we were taken in—in two senses of the word—by a Russian widow. She was at first a little doubtful and apprehensive, especially of Akim, who did the speaking, taking him for a Cossack. The favourable features of the place in Akim's eyes were, first the large court-yard with high walls and barred gate, where the horses would be perfectly safe at night, and then the fact of the woman being a Russian; for he was of a garrulous nature, and loved talking and joking, an idiosyncrasy he had had to keep in abeyance to a great extent since we entered the land of the Chechents. The house was a wooden, one-storied building of the Russian type, but the dirt and smell of the room I was shown into were disgusting, though the widow was induced to wash it out, and open all the windows. Yet it showed signs of better days. There was a tattered but once comfortable sofa along one side; a broken but elaborately-carved arm-chair, and various more or less dilapidated pieces of

furniture stood in other parts of the room. But one invariable piece of furniture in a Russian house was absent, namely, a sacred picture in the corner opposite the door. Very likely the family were members of one of the numerous sectarian bodies that have been banished to the Caucasus.

Later on I heard something of the widow's history, which was a sad one. Her husband had been well off, and the proprietor of two machines for crushing corn—one of them was standing in the yard, quite out of working order—by which he made a good deal of money. About two years ago he started on horseback to make a short journey on some matter of business, but never returned. Four days later his body was found dead with a shot through the neck. It was supposed he had dismounted either to rest himself or to let his horse feed, and while lying asleep had been shot dead by some unknown person, for the assassin was never discovered. But three facts all tended to show the murder was the work of a revengeful fellow-countryman, not of a Chechents. First the shape of the ball found in his neck; secondly, that he had not been robbed; and lastly, that he had been left unburied. If the crime had been committed by a native he would have been both plundered and interred. Unfortunately the widow's troubles were not over. All her children—two girls of about six and eight years old, and a baby in arms—were a mass of small-pox. It was a sad and dreadful sight to see these wretched girls, with long, matted, unkempt hair, dressed only in a cotton shift,

their thin, bare legs and feet a perfect mass of pustules, painfully trying to hobble across the yard, and moaning with pain, for even the soles of their feet were covered with the eruption. At other times the two lay groaning and huddled up together on the doorstep, their heads covered with a faded bit of cloth to keep off the swarms of flies while trying to sleep away some of their misery. The infant in arms was in the same dreadful state, but both its mother and a neighbour-woman fondled it and dandled it about as if it were the prettiest baby in the world. She seemed to treat the malady as a matter of destiny, and had recourse neither to medicine nor to a doctor.

In the afternoon I went with Mejid to call on the mayor to ask for a guide to take me to Shatói next day. I found him in his garden surrounded by a bevy of daughters. He had the appearance of being a civilian, and apologized for having no spare room to offer me, which I could easily believe, as the house looked small, and the daughters were many. But he was very civil, and kindly promised to send me a man early next morning.

In the evening Akim related some of his experiences in the Kars campaign when serving with the embodied Osetin yeomanry cavalry. They were told at great length in Russian, but I only got a very short abridgment of them from Medjid.

When the war broke out, and a regiment of native Oset yeomanry cavalry was embodied for active service, he was obliged to provide himself with a

horse and the necessary arms and accoutrements. He happened to possess or to get possession of a horse worth two hundred roubles, and therefore of considerable value, as plenty suitable for the purpose might be bought for a quarter of this sum. He was proud of owning such an animal, and marched with his regiment to Kars. There he fell ill, and had to go to hospital. While thus parted from his horse, which happened to be much coveted by one of the officers, it was sold by auction and bought by the officer in question for only fifty roubles. He was greatly enraged at this injustice, made many complaints to various officials, and even wrote to Tiflis about it, though for a long time without any result. At last, by dint of repeated applications, another horse was given him. When able to return to duty later on, he was sent on detached duty by himself, and took the opportunity of selling the horse for thirty-five roubles, though reporting to the authorities that it had gone sick and eventually had died. For this he claimed and was awarded compensation, and soon afterwards bought a horse worth one hundred roubles for just half its value. It belonged to an officer, but being wild and unmanageable, he was glad to sell it for fifty roubles.

On one occasion when his troop was drawn up in line, soon after being embodied, to have the arms and accoutrements inspected by the captain, the gun of one of the men was found to be dirty. The captain lost his temper, stormed at the youth, struck him in the face, and ended by knocking him down and

kicking him till he became insensible. This is more than an Oset can stand. The youth determined to take the captain's life. Accordingly, when the first convenient opportunity presented itself, he took a shot at his commander. But the gun, the cause of all the mischief, missed fire. Again he fired. This time the gun went off, but the bullet failed to hit the mark. The captain became aware, however, that he had been fired at; he wheeled round and demanded who had shot at him. The Oset, in no way taken aback, cried out he was the man, and had done it for having been grossly mishandled. The captain, instead of having him arrested, acknowledged that he had done wrong, told the man to think no more about it, and, embracing him, declared he would be a father to him for ever afterwards.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM VOZDVIZHENSКОЕ TO BISO.

Impenetrable Thickets—Fine Scenery—Travellers by the Way—Shatói—Horses Straying—Getting Information—Within an Ace of a Fatal Accident—Osetin Traditions—Exchanging a Horse—Romantic Scenery—Towers—Lunch at Denkale—Itumkale—Maize Dumplings—Physicking the Natives—Bachík—Dancing—The *Starshíní* of Kii—Shavings in lieu of Cigarette Papers—Another Exchange of Horses—The Despotie Uncle—Grand Scenery—Difficult Descent—Tierét—Towers—Picturesque Landscape—Jári—Snowy Peaks—Shatíl—The Khevsurs—Primitive Chapel—Kastán—Church—Embroidered Raiment—The Summit of the Main Chain—Magnificent View of Snowy Peaks—Biso and its Inhabitants.

VOZDVIZHENSКОЕ, *July 26th.*—I had intended getting away as early as possible, for our quarters were anything but pleasant, and the swarms of flies were intolerable. But Akim had bought so much grass and barley for the horses, they had not nearly eaten it, and he was loth to abandon it, so I consented to wait till mid-day. There was nothing to be done but stroll round the town with Mejid, and buy provisions for the mid-day meal. The streets seemed almost deserted. Walking round to the west side of the town we saw two round towers, formerly used to defend that quarter, but now serving apparently as

magazines. Round on the south side we came across rows of tumble-down blocks of wooden buildings, occupied by the troops at a time when there was a large camp here. In the course of our perambulation Mejid bought a pair of fowls from a hideous old hag without a nose. Though he only gave twenty kopeks for them, or about $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, the widow told him he had been imposed upon, that fifteen kopeks was their full value. I think it was, for they were only skin and bone when they appeared on the table. But the melons he bought were very good, and marvellously cheap; only a fraction over a penny apiece.

About two o'clock I was glad to turn my back on Vozdvizhenskoe, preceded by an old yeomanry man, armed in the usual way, wearing a bronze cross on his breast for service in the field. He had fought against the Turks at Kars, and could speak a little Russian. Our direction lay southwards, following for the present the left bank of the Argun river. On a parched grassy plain, immediately outside the town, lay an encampment of Russian dragoons; the horses being housed in temporary stables lightly constructed of brushwood. Soon the path led through very thick scrub, and the hills in front, through which the river threads its way, were very densely wooded with small trees. From this superabundance of timber, encompassing the road for miles, the route is considered dangerous, and attempts have been made to cut down the trees, so as to leave a clear strip of about one hundred yards wide on both sides. But the growth again is so rapid that at present the path forces its

way in many places through a thicket impenetrable except for men on foot.

The first road-police station is about five miles from the town, and half-way we observed a detached patrol of two men, watching under shelter of a booth. At the station we had to change the escort, and so dismounted for a few minutes. It is situated on rising ground nearly opposite the Argunskoe bridge, a wooden construction in excellent condition. More nearly commanding the bridge stands an old ruined fort, about which we could get no information from the new escort, a young man who could only speak Chechents. But the masonry seemed to me to be the work of native hands, the stones being laid herring-bone fashion, a manner employed in Georgia and elsewhere in the Eastern Caucasus. After crossing the bridge we took a short cut through a dense wood, composed of alders, elms, &c., and sometimes over soft swampy bits. A very disagreeable smell of stagnant mud seemed to proceed from the rapid but turbid torrent to our right, for as the road ascended from the vicinity of the river the smell decreased and finally disappeared. By degrees the valley narrows considerably, and the Argun hurries along through a regular defile with perpendicular cliffs on both sides, forming a grand and imposing picture, a splendid combination of rock, wood, and water in their sterner and wilder aspects.

In a grassy recess about five miles from the bridge lies the next station of Zonák, where we again

dismounted and changed our escort. A number of horses were grazing in the meadow, and as soon as the head man understood what was wanted, he had them driven towards an enclosure, and in the briefest space of time one of them was caught by a lasso attached to the end of a long rod. In a few minutes it was saddled, bridled, and mounted by a Chechents yeoman on duty. He slung a gun across his shoulder, and we all rode off. The last stage was more hilly than the preceding ones, and the road is carried at a great height above the river. On both sides high steep rocks towered above it, but wherever it was possible for a tree to take root it did so. Elder-trees grew in great profusion in the softer places, while the wild vine embraced with its tendrils all sorts and conditions of shrubs in the most indiscriminate and bare-faced manner. Where the ground was moist large juicy dock-leaves were certain to be found, and where it was drier blue flowers of succory were sure to catch the eye. Though the road was good the passengers along it were few. Once we were passed by a Russian engineer travelling in a *troika*, just at the moment when he had a *vodka* bottle to his lips. At another time we encountered an unhappy-looking, blind old *hadji* in a bullock-cart, driven by a boy.

About a mile and a half from Shatói the valley widens out into a grass-covered plain, owing to a lateral valley joining it to the right. Here are the rifle-ranges of the garrison, and here we passed several lines of tents, and saw numbers of Russian soldiers amusing themselves with games. A *fête* was evidently

impending, as the tents were decorated with green bushes, and flag-poles had been erected in appropriate places. Akim made inquiries about the matter from a soldier, and learnt that the preparations were being made for the emperor's *fête* day. On the opposite side of the river, where the ground is steep and densely wooded, stands a tall square tower of four or five stories high, but broken at the top.

Shatói is a fortified Russian village, nearly square in plan, surrounded by a loopholed wall. Outside its western face a small native settlement, where all the shops are to be found, has gradually accumulated. We now rode through the northern gateway, past the empty and deserted guard-room, towards the church, which occupies a central position. Here we turned to the right, and then rode through the western gate into the native quarter to look for accommodation. In a brief space of time a very respectable-looking Chechents, who spoke Russian fluently, came forward and offered to let a couple of rooms in his house. As they were clean and commodiously furnished I at once closed with him. The baggage was taken off and stowed away inside. All this had been sufficient to create a small crowd, so I had hardly sat down when the Russian mayor of the place entered, and asked for my passport and authority to travel. I showed him the circular letter, which had such an effect, he said it was needless to produce the passport, and with several bows he took his departure. It was the first time I had been asked to show my passport since leaving Nukha.

In rear of the house there was a large court-yard, but no place where the horses could be stabled, so they had to be sent to graze in the meadows some distance outside the town under charge of a man. About nine o'clock in the evening Akim found two of the horses had found their way back of their own accord. This was singular, as they could not have been more than an hour in the court-yard, though they certainly had had a feed of barley before going to the pasturage. He took them back to where they had strayed from, but the watcher declined to take charge of my gray horse on account of his inveterate propensity to ramble, so Akim had to bring him back to the house. The proprietor of the house explained his good knowledge of Russian by telling us he had been educated at Grosni, where he also sends his two sons. Both of them were nice boys, and very willing to make themselves useful by going messages and making purchases of provisions for Mejid to exercise his culinary talents upon. The proprietor himself had a very kindly, amiable expression of face, and was both intelligent and well informed on many subjects. At one time he had held the honourable post of deputy *nachalnik*, but now confined himself to the humble business of keeping a draper's shop. He was certainly an admirable specimen of a Caucasian who had undergone a course of European education without detriment to his native good qualities. He did not even ape the externals of Russification by assuming the European dress. He still wore the national *beshmet* and *papak*, though the fact of his

being a Mussulman may have influenced him in this respect.

The whole of the next day was spent at Shatói; for it was necessary to give the horses a good rest before entering the mountainous region of the main range. I wished also to collect as much information as possible about the route, for I was thoroughly in the dark about it. A stock of necessaries like tea, sugar, and tobacco had also to be laid in, as I was sure nothing of the sort was to be bought for love or money between Shatói and Tioncti; but on sallying forth with Mejid we found the bazaar closed on account of the *fête*. I noticed a good deal of blonde hair among the men standing about, and a couple of children with red hair, which Mejid agreed with me in believing to be natural, and not the result of art. Here, as had been the case ever since coming among the Chechents, we created more sensation and were more stared at and observed than in Daghestan. Here again Mejid was never taken either for a Tatar or a Mussulman, but for a Georgian, owing to his dress, though his face was tanned by this time far browner than any of the latter race.

As it began to rain we did not go very far, and on returning to the house, found a man who had been several times to Tiflis by the route I proposed to take. However, it was very difficult to extract anything definite from him. I found it impossible to learn the names of the villages through which the road lay, though he knew Jári was one. But in a general way I ascertained that the road was very mountainous,

stony, and bad; that the Tush, through whose territory it was necessary to pass, were ignorant, barbarous, and independent, paying scant attention either to the orders of the local authorities or the injunctions of the law. Another man added that ice would have to be crossed, when it would be necessary to lay down *burkas* for the horses to step upon. This I did not for a moment believe could represent the state of the route in the month of July, and the master of the house hastened to contradict the statement. He had seen four Georgians only three days ago who had crossed the mountains from Tiflis with a consignment of cheese, and had met with neither ice nor snow. The natives, he added, used the pass to drive over flocks of sheep and herds of horses from this side of the mountains to the other, from which I concluded there would be no difficulty for my party to cross the mountains as well.

In the afternoon I went with Mejid to call upon the mayor, a short, rather stout, middle-aged Russian, the picture of good-nature. There would be no difficulty, he said, about providing an escort-guide to Evdokímofskoe, a Russian fortress about fifteen miles higher up the Argun river. He described with enthusiasm the excellence of the road, which would show me what Russian engineers are capable of accomplishing. Even some Americans, who had once traversed it, had expressed to him their astonishment at the engineering skill it displayed. The next visit was to the deputy *nachalnik*, a middle-aged officer, rather sterner at first sight than the mayor, but

extremely civil as soon as he had read the circular letter. He summoned his native secretary, and directed him to write there and then an Arabic letter to exhibit to the *starshínás* or head men of villages between Shatói and Tioneti, which would enable me to get guides as well as lodging for man and beast. After thanking him for his courtesy I retired with Mejid, who had had to interpret, as neither of these officers spoke French or German.

On coming home we heard from Akim a fatal accident had nearly taken place. While his attention was engaged in cleaning one of the guns, the eldest son of our landlord began handling my Winchester gun, which Mejid had incautiously left in the corner of the room without extracting the cartridges. To Akim's horror, and to the astonishment of the boy, the gun went off, though very fortunately without further damage than making a round hole in the ceiling. The report was heard outside, and a policeman looked in to see what was the matter. A little girl promptly replied the shot had been fired in another direction, pointing over the court-yard. The man was satisfied, and went away without further inquiry.

In the evening Akim gave me a short but interesting account of the traditions of the Osets. The old people say that before the Russians came into the country, it was occupied by three nations, the Osets, the Greeks, and the Nogai. When the Russians made their appearance the Greeks escaped, and took refuge in Turkey. Formerly, when a man died a

figure of himself mounted on a horse was made, either of iron or stone, and placed in the grave beside the body. Sometimes his horse was buried with him. In the case of a woman the image of a cow was placed in her grave. The creation of the world took place at a place called Gori, and there the Osets first appeared upon the earth. Many wonderful stories are related of events that have happened there.

On making inquiries from our landlord about the tall tower north of the town, he said there was no history attached to it. It was simply called *ghála*, the Chechents word for a tower, but it was there prior to the occupation by the Russians, and was supposed to have been built by the Greeks, who formerly occupied the country. The word *ghála*, in most of the Lesgian groups *khaltí*, is a loan word from the Arabic. He was sure that in former times men were taller than now, because during the time he was deputy *nachalnik* the bones of a man were dug up, the shin-bone of which was as long as up to his waist. By Greeks of course it is only possible to understand those of the Byzantine Empire, who had very close relations with Georgia for many centuries. What Akim knew about the burial customs of the Osets is perhaps no more than a natural deduction made on seeing the objects brought to light by opening a *kurgan* or tumulus. I was struck with the archaic shape of the small milk-jars, resembling as they did a type often found in prehistoric tombs. Otherwise such utensils and furniture as plates, samovar, chairs, and sofa were of Russian pattern and manufacture.

The Chechents hereabouts are very poor. This is owing to the fact that the corn and maize they cultivate is sufficient only for six months, obliging them to purchase bread stuffs for the remaining months of the year. Nevertheless they seemed better off than the Avars and Lesgians.

July 28th.—Owing to several delays we were not able to leave Shatói till past nine. My horse had strayed again, and was only caught after a long chase. Then all the horses had to get a feed of barley, while at the last moment it was found that one must be shod. All this time negotiations had been going on between Akim and the armed guide, who was to escort us towards Evdokímofskoe, respecting an exchange of horses. The small brown stallion that carried most of the baggage had a dreadful raw back in more than one place, and did not look fit to cross the mountains. For several days Akim had been doing his best to exchange it, and now a good chance presented itself. By dint of his loquacity he ultimately induced the guide to exchange his large white horse, without a sore upon it, for the small brown one, covered with wounds, for a consideration of two roubles ready money (4s.). The guide's brother was very angry with him, and thought he had made a very bad bargain. So did I, but as he did it freely and with his eyes open, the transaction was perfectly fair and above-board. The horse was good enough when I bought him, but had been overworked, and only required rest. A sore back is thought nothing of in

the Caucasus. The animal is turned loose for a few days, and the raw soon heals.

The next delay was caused by Akim and the guide having to go to the mayor to get a written document to the effect that the latter had sold me a horse, warranted not to have been stolen. Later on I had to give him a written document to acknowledge I had sold him a horse, a paper which he could show in proof that he had not stolen the animal. Finally I got away with Mejid and the guide, leaving Akim, who was often behind-hand at starting, to follow.

We now rode down the slope of the rising ground on which the town lies, crossed a stream, and pursued our way through a level, bushy tract for some distance as far as a bridge. For a moment I had a glimpse through the mist of a fine snowy peak, lying right ahead towards the south. The guide knew it as Bash Lām, and said it meant a mountain (*lām*) where there was always snow. This name is not on the map, but it is probably an alias of the Kharkha Lām, or Donos Mta as the Georgians term it, a mountain that rises to a height of 13,736 feet, and forms part of the main range of the Caucasus. The bridge was undergoing repairs, and the Russian workmen were very angry at my riding over it before the work was completed, having evidently stopped some natives with horses from doing so.

We were now on the left bank of the Argun, and followed up the wooded, picturesque glen through which it runs. At the hamlet of Nikhelói we stopped

for a short time at the house of the *starshiná*, a kindly, good-natured-looking old man, who hid the white hairs of his beard by staining them red with henna. He undertook to escort us to the next village, as the man from Shatói had now to return, regretting, I fear, the bargain he had too hastily concluded. I gave him the document he wanted written in English, as he said that would suffice, and he ruefully departed. The *starshiná* offered hospitality, which I declined, as we had come but a short way and had started late. The road we now followed was skilfully engineered. In places it cuts into nearly perpendicular stratified rocks that dip to the west, and the engineer has therefore carried the road along the left bank of the glen. Had he done otherwise, there would have been a constant percolation of water from the upper strata across the road. The scenery is certainly picturesque and romantic. The bed of the river runs at such a depth and so immediately below the path, that it is often invisible, and its presence is only indicated by the roar of its waters. The steep banks are everywhere lined with thick bushes, which, when overgrown with wild vines, form a wonderful entanglement.

A few miles beyond Nikhelói we passed the ruined fort of Bashin Kale, and a little further several square towers, not always isolated, but built up against the face of a cliff.

About half-past twelve we approached the village of Tinna Ush Kala (Denkale on the map), and crossed the river to a large isolated building standing on a high knoll. It was the house of the

starshiná, who happened to be away, though that did not prevent our halting there for lunch. The building was as usual of one story and whitewashed, with a veranda before it. The court-yard was walled round to protect the outhouses. Windows in this part of the country have often a semi-circular head, rudely cut out of a single slab, and one such was here in a ruined enclosure built of rough masonry. The two boys of the absent *starshiná* did the honours for their father, took charge of the horses, brought stools and a low table from the house, and placed them under the veranda. Cheese and maize-bread were laid on the table, and we sat down to lunch.

After an hour's halt we shook hands with the boys, and departed with our red-bearded guide and escort in the direction of Itumkale. The scenery now became much tamer. The glen had lost its wild character as the banks became lower, and opened out considerably. Though the stream often ran in rapids from the rockiness of its bed, the foam, instead of being white, was as muddy-coloured as the river. An hour's ride brought us abreast the Russian fortress of Evdokímofskoe, which lies to the right of the road, but here we wheeled to the left and entered the very poor-looking native village of Itumkale.

The house of the *starshiná*, where we pulled up, was the most primitive habitation I had hitherto entered. A flight of steps led to a veranda or gallery, supported by two tumble-down square pillars of masonry. Two very low doors led from the veranda into the house; the nearest one was ajar, and I could see a

woman at work weaving inside. The further door led first into a small dark kitchen, and then into a larger square room, lit by a single small window, not much above the level of the floor. There was an open fire-place with a fire burning on the side facing the window, and on the same side a wooden couch or bed. The occupants consisted of several men and two women, while a couple of children were sleeping on the bed. The women were engaged in making dumplings of maize-meal, which they afterwards boiled in a large iron kettle. When I entered the children were removed, and rugs and a pillow were spread on the bed for me to rest upon. At the same time a cow-skin with the hair on was brought in, at the desire of the old red-bearded *starshiná* of Nikhelói, and extended upon the floor. Another man carried a basin and a metal ewer to the old man, who had seated himself cross-legged on the floor. He then proceeded to wash his face, hands, ears, mouth, head, and feet, and having performed the necessary ablutions, rose up and took up a position on the cow-skin. There he repeated a prayer in Arabic, standing; then knelt and prostrated himself, touching the ground twice with his forehead, all the time repeating a prayer, sometimes out loud, sometimes to himself. The prostrations were repeated several times, and when he had completed his orisons the skin was removed. After an interval a large metal tray, laden with morsels of mutton, with quantities of maize dumplings and pieces of cheese, was placed on the floor, and we were all invited to partake. The

dumplings were really only small handfuls of boiled maize dough squeezed in one hand, leaving the marks of the fingers. After the meal a man brought round the metal basin, the ewer, and a towel, to enable us to wash our hands, having had to use our fingers in the absence of forks. My two guns, especially the Winchester, were examined with interest and astonishment, for though they knew the mechanism of the Berdan breech-loader used in the Russian service, they had never seen or heard of a magazine gun.

The master of the house and *starshiná* of the village, who was absent on our arrival, now made his appearance. He was a tall, smartly-dressed, fine-looking man, different from what I should have expected from the general appearance of the village folk. He brought with him the *starshiná* of Bachík, the village where I proposed passing the night, who was also a well-built, vigorous-looking man of about thirty. Before leaving I was asked for medicine, and distributed some to four different persons. I did not in each case understand the exact nature of the malady, nor even see the patients, though after all that would have been of little avail from my utter ignorance of the medical art. I could only hope for the best.

It was past 5.30 p.m. before we got away. For some reason or other Akim was much out of temper with Mejid, and seemed to be using bad language, but the latter took it very unconcernedly. Our route lay up the Argun, which flows here through a narrow, not

much wooded valley. Several square towers, one of them in ruins, were passed on the right, which were used as recently as in Shamil's time. Our new guide showed his good-nature by taking a small boy up behind him on his horse's croup, and bringing him to a village not far from Bachík.

About seven o'clock we came to a narrow, shaky plank bridge without a parapet, which we all dismounted to cross. Shortly afterwards we ascended the rising ground on which the village is situated, and dismounted at the house of the *starshiná*. It was of one story and had no veranda, even the best room was only about twelve feet square. It contained a bed; the shelves all round were piled with rugs and cushions, and hanging to the wall were a sabre, a pistol, and *kinjals*, besides numerous pots and pans.

Having arrived rather late, we did not get supper till 11 p.m., as a kid had to be killed and roasted, and maize dumplings prepared. To pass the time a small boy was brought in to dance to the accompaniment of a *pandur*, or three-stringed lute. He danced barefooted, and with his head and arms both held down, but at the same time with vigour and agility. A young man followed him, and danced in the same way as has already been described in the last chapter. Both performances were received with much applause by the spectators.

July 29th.—Next morning we did not get away till nearly 8.30, as the hospitable *starshiná* insisted on our taking a hot meal of mutton and maize dumplings before starting. The villagers showed the same

curiosity as last night, and hung round us like bees. But there was nothing impertinent or offensive in it, complete strangers like us being the rarest possible visitors to Bachík, and therefore a natural object of attention.

I had quite expected that by night we should reach Jári, the last Chechents village to the south, even though there was no track shown on the five-verst map between it and Baskhói, a village due west of Bachík and upon the same river. But after following up the Chanti Argun valley for about three-quarters of an hour, the *starshiná*, who was acting as guide and escort, turned sharp to the right up a very thickly-wooded glen, where we had continually to stoop to avoid the branches. He said this path was better than the other up the valley to the west, though from the way he spoke I thought he meant safer. He seemed anxious about us, and even to apprehend some danger, for he drew his long flint pistol and fired it to see if the powder in the pan was dry. He said he was taking us to Kae, a place I could not find on the map, but which turned out to be the same as Kii, far to the north-west of where we were, and a day's ride to the north of Jári. I could not help thinking he was either playing us a trick or was very apprehensive of an attack. But I believe now this detour was necessary, as they assured us at Jári there was no path for horses between it and Baskhói. Anyhow the ride up that wooded glen was decidedly wild and picturesque, and of itself worthy of a visit.

After leaving on our right the village of Tongukhoi,

an hour's ride from Bachík, we had to mount a steep ascent, and at 10 a.m. were standing at the top. Looking back to the south, I saw the snowy peak of Kildikaroi, a local name not found on the map, though it must be one of the peaks of the Bel Kachu mountains, which rises to a height of 14,027 feet in the above direction. In a quarter of an hour we had descended to Boul, and stopped for a moment at the *starshiná's* house to see if he was at home, though without dismounting. Our Bachík friend was a good deal annoyed at finding he was away, as it obliged him to escort us still further.

Hitherto our course had been north, now we had to face west and cross a steep ridge between the stream we had followed and another parallel to it. The climb was very severe, and led through part of the hamlet of Boul, and past a great square tower attached to a group of houses. The slope before us was covered with grass, and near the village lay a few cultivated fields; but though we halted in one place to let the horses graze, they would not for some reason or other touch the grass. Such a thing had never occurred before. We had therefore to move on, and it took two long hours to reach the top of the water-shed, which we did to the great relief of the horses. An isolated tower stands to the right near the summit, but now seems abandoned. An equally steep descent led into a grassy valley, at the bottom of which lies the hamlet of Uzhnikhoi (Genukhoi on the map), protected by several square towers. In making this descent our guide pointed to some prints of horses' hoofs on the

track, and said, "Cossacks." I afterwards learnt at Kii that a couple had passed the day before, forming the escort of a Russian engineer. Native horses if shod at all have a different-shaped shoe from a Russian one. Here we changed direction to the right, but soon swung round to the left, following the bed of a river. At first the path was good and level, but by degrees rose higher and higher, till after a very arduous climb we reached the top of another water-shed, here marked by a post. We dismounted for a few minutes to rest the horses, and met a man on horseback whom the *starshiná* seemed to know. At any rate he commended us to his charge, said good-bye, and rode home after I had rewarded him for his trouble.

The new guide led the way down a very steep but grassy descent into a valley, at the bottom of which stands the hamlet of Burti. Here we turned south, and followed for a considerable distance the rocky bed of a small stream as it sped through a rough tract of country. At the point where it falls into a larger river our path turned to the right, and followed up the left bank of the latter. On our left flank, on the right side of the river, there was now a great mountain side, thickly covered with small trees and brushwood, without a sign of human habitation. But about 3.30 we passed two houses built alongside two square towers, with a top window on each face. In front of each sill there is a projecting piece of masonry with a slit underneath, through which missiles or hot water could be thrown down upon assailants at the

foot of the tower. All the towers hereabouts have this feature in common, though I have not mentioned it before. The name of the place sounded like 'Ask-hoi, and seems to answer to Goishi or Hoishi on the map. In half an hour we observed a complex of buildings, enclosed by a wall, at some distance to the right, which proved to be the house of the *starshiná* of Kie, or Kii, and there we halted for the night. It seems to be the Mashtoroi of the map.

The dwelling-house was of the usual type, consisting of a longish, one-storied whitewashed building, facing the south, protected by a veranda, and lying at the back of a very spacious court-yard surrounded by a high wall. At the back were the outhouses and another dwelling-house occupied by a brother and his family, but all equally surrounded by a strong wall. Inside the small room placed at my disposal there were two couches of carved wood, and the lower part of the walls was tapestried with carpets, while a store of cushions and mattresses were piled on the shelves lining the back wall. In less than an hour we were served with tea and small chocolate-coloured cakes of maize-meal and butter, with a peculiar though not disagreeable taste. The *starshiná* was a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed man of imposing presence, but as he knew very little Russian, conversation was difficult. Akim, who was in high spirits at the thoughts of soon being again in Tiflis, spied a youth with a *pandor*, and tried to get up a dance. One of the men and a woman went through a few steps, but there was not much enthusiasm, and the dancing soon dropped.

But the youth continued to play on his three-stringed lute, and produced a music which I thought quite pleasant to listen to. Akim then tried to exchange his *burka* with another man for five roubles. This was the cause of much joking and amusement for a long time, but led to no result. The *starshiná* said his prayers at 7.30 at the foot of the couch where I was reposing, without being the least disconcerted by my presence, and again before turning in for the night. Supper was not served till 11.15 p.m., but before that time a young nephew of our host, who had been educated at Grosni, and spoke Russian fluently, made his appearance, and acted as a fuller medium of communication. Here I found that smokers used thin shavings in default of paper for making cigarettes. But both here and in Daghestan the number of non-smokers was very large, sometimes even a preponderating quantity. It arises, I fancy, more from poverty and the difficulty of getting tobacco in out-of-the-way places than from any other motive.

July 30th.—Though we were all up betimes, it was ten o'clock before I managed to get away. The horses of the *starshiná* were far away in a remote corner of the mountain, and had not been sent for over-night, as they ought to have been. Although the delay became tiresome at last, it did not cause me much concern, as Jári was now said to be only four hours distant. It was only with much difficulty that the precise number of hours' march was obtained, as the mountaineers take small heed of time, and have no means of measuring such small intervals. The

statement, as it turned out, was merely a guess, and should have been multiplied by two. Then the *starshiná* all of a sudden declared himself rather unwell, but agreed to send his brother with us instead, a tall, thin-faced, hooked-nosed man, with a slightly prognathous jaw. I should have taken him for a Georgian. At the last moment, when the horses were being packed and preparations made for a start, the nephew of the *starshiná* expressed a great desire to go with me to Tiflis. He would not have been of any special use, as he only knew Russian, and had no acquaintance with the road, but I thought it would gratify him to see the small world of Tiflis and any wonders it may contain. I asked him how much he wanted for his supposed services, but, after the manner of the country, he left it to my generosity. So it was agreed he should accompany us. Previous to this he confided to me he was going to be married soon, and asked for powder, as firing guns is quite as indispensable an accompaniment of a well-regulated wedding as bridesmaids are with us. I gave him all I had to spare, besides a saucepan, a coffee machine, and a few articles that were not worth taking over the mountains to Tiflis.

At last we were all in the saddle; I said farewell to my host, never expecting to see him again, and the party rode off, accompanied by his brother, his nephew, and another man. In descending past some corn-fields near the house, the nephew said he had seen a bear there the previous night, and had fired a shot at it with a pistol, but without effect. I won-

dered if it was true. In less than a quarter of an hour we halted at the house of the man who had started with us, as he was anxious to exchange a horse with Mejid's for the small additional sum of three roubles, or 6s. The new horse looked a strong, sound, useful animal, and was said to have cost sixty roubles. Mejid's, which had only cost forty roubles at Nukha, was now in a miserable condition. It had an immense sore on its back, a large swelling on the right fore fetlock, and a tumour of considerable dimensions on the nose. But in spite of this undesirable exterior the man seemed to think, or Akim perhaps had persuaded him to believe, that the horse was a treasure, and as soon as I gave him a three-rouble note the exchange was effected, to the immense delight of Mejid.

All this took up a good deal of time, and before the bargain was concluded the *starshiná* made his appearance, and seemed angry about something. He had learnt for the first time that his nephew was going to Tiflis, and appeared to believe that I was decoying him away. However, I had it explained to him this was quite a mistake, and I was perfectly indifferent whether he came with me or not. This satisfied him upon one point, but at the same time he peremptorily forbade his nephew going so far away from home as Tiflis. It was against all law and usage, he said, for a young man to go off in that way without leave, and he was too young to be allowed to find his way home alone. Much against the grain the nephew had to submit to his uncle's despotic ruling, and with

a rueful countenance he said good-bye and rode home, while we continued our course up the Kii river.

It was now eleven o'clock, and half an hour's ride along a good, fairly level path brought us alongside the village of Kie, or Kii. Without halting we still followed up the river for a bit, and then turned to the left, up an extremely steep grassy slope, leading to a narrow ridge between two deep grassy ravines, at right angles to the Kii river. Following the ridge we flushed some partridges, and traversed a clump of dwarf birch, so thick as nearly to sweep us off the saddle. Here I noticed for the first time some dwarf rhododendrons growing among the tufts of thick grass. The scenery immediately round us was of a large, massive character. Enormous rounded grassy slopes, unbroken by rocks or crags of any kind, though cut up by deep grassy gullies, descended for two or three thousand feet to the bed of the river behind us. As we ascended and could see over the northern flank of the Kii valley, a wild, desolate panorama of mountain ridges, or rather a jumble of high mountains in receding perspective, caught the eye. It was a magnificent sight, and might have reanimated the horses could they only have appreciated it, but they thought more of the fine luxuriant grass, which they soon had an opportunity of enjoying; for in course of time we reached the crest of the range forming the southern flank of the Kii valley, and immediately began descending to the head waters of the Basti khi, a tributary of the Chanti Argun. It was now one

o'clock, and here by the side of a purling brook we halted to bait the horses, and eat a frugal lunch of maize-bread and cheese which our guide had fortunately brought.

The engrossing topic of the hour was not what there was to eat, but whether the party had a sufficient stock of tobacco to last till it reached Tioneti. On leaving Shatói I had not reckoned on the loss of a day between there and Jári, and estimated the distance to Tioneti at three days' journey. The daily consumption of tobacco was very large, as all of us were great smokers, and the sore backs of the horses were doctored with it. The countenances of Mejid and Akim fell when I suggested we might have to fall back on the inner bark of the willow, or on pinches of caravan tea. The general opinion seemed to be not to shorten one's allowance, but to smoke away and trust to Providence. With this determination we remounted, and immediately began a very sharp pull up the side of a ravine, where patches of snow were still lying, till at length we attained the crest of the mountain ridge forming the left flank of the Chanti Argun valley. Thin films of mist were drifting about the summit, but not enough to impede the view of a maze-like complex of mountain ranges, forming a wilderness of mountain tops, apparently without beginning and without end. The climb had taken an hour, and now we turned to the right and followed for some distance a comparatively level path along the reverse slope of the ridge. Below us to the left lay a flat expanse of rich grass, where a flock

of goats was feeding in charge of a shepherd, and thither we in time descended.

Here we halted for a short interval beside a group of seven or eight men and a couple of boys, who were resting their horses and donkeys. They seemed to know our guide, and were very friendly in appearance, but as they only spoke Chechents, neither Mejid nor Akim could enter into conversation with them. Again in the saddle, we had to descend a very long, extremely steep descent to the bottom of the valley. The baggage horse, which went loose and never followed very well, gave a good deal of trouble by continually leaving the track, and at last had to be tied to the tail of the guide's horse. We had to walk on foot most of the way, and it was so slippery in places, where the path crossed large tracts covered with comminuted micaceous schist of a very greasy nature, that I could scarcely keep my footing, and had to use a stick as a support. I had often noticed a spike in the heels of the boots worn by the natives. When descending slopes like this, or steep grassy declivities, it must come in very useful. It was a matter of congratulation when we at 5 p.m. reached the village of Tierét or Teréti, remarkable for its blackness, and for a strong, massive, square tower.

Our guide had no wish to go as far as Jári, and was extremely anxious to deposit me at Mashie, where the *starshiná* of Jári lived. But it is situated about three miles up the river from Teréti, whereas our destination lay at least two hours of rough hilly

travelling exactly in the opposite direction. As the men we had left at the top of the descent had told him the *starshiná* was away on a journey, it was perfectly useless to go to his house, so I insisted on his taking me to Jári. It was necessary now to ford the torrent, which, though very swift, is not deep, and then follow down its right bank for three or four miles. In doing so we passed as many isolated towers, at the base of each of which a house was built. All these were on the left bank, and built on places very difficult of access. The river runs through a narrow valley, flanked on each side by mountains certainly two or three thousand feet high. Looking up to the left, it seemed impossible to dream of taking a horse up or down such a perpendicular-looking mountain ridge, but we had just descended it and, turning here to the right, were about to ascend just such another.

Though the climb was very arduous for the horses, the country was amazingly picturesque. Sometimes the path lay through a dense patch of bushes and underwood, at other times it threaded irregular clumps of birch and oak; or it would zigzag up a grassy shoulder, and then plunge into a bare gully, only to emerge into more thickets of tangled copse. But it was constantly rising and gradually working round to the right, till we found ourselves again in the Upper Chanti Argun valley, though at a great height above its bed, and at a point where the river flows due south.

Just when we were beginning to get impatient, for it was 7 p.m., two small groups of houses suddenly

came into view, which the guide said were the long-wished-for village of Jári. The first house where we stopped at and demanded hospitality belonged to an aged scribe, who came out on the veranda with his writing materials in his hands, but with many determined shakes of his head he declined to take us in. Our guide had several times told us the Jári people were very bad in every respect, and not to be trusted; now he averred the scribe in particular was a bad man, and we accordingly rode on a little further to the other cluster of houses. At one of these we were allowed to dismount, and had no reason to regret it. Nor did we find the men of Jári in the least degree disagreeable, but rather accommodating than otherwise, especially when they found that everything asked for was promptly paid for.

The house seemed to be occupied by four or five men, three or four children, and at least three women. It faced south, was possessed of a veranda and a walled court-yard, besides the additional advantage of commanding a fine view of snow-capped mountains. The most remarkable of these has a dome-shaped head, known at Jári as Kharishkí, which, from its position, S. 30 E., I take to be the same as the Gebulos of the map, with an elevation of 14,781 feet. Its mass does not form part of the great water-shed between Europe and Asia, but is a northern outlier of it. From the west flank issue the head waters of the Argun, while the sources of the Andi Koisu are to be found on its eastern flank.

Having established ourselves in the house, and

discovered that the landlord spoke a little Russian, the wants of the horses had to be attended to. For the small sum of fifteen kopeks, or a trifle over two-pence, enough hay was bought for the four horses. Barley there was none, and the oats offered as a substitute were so full of gravel that Akim refused to take them. Then Mejid bargained for a fine black sheep, and got it for a rouble and a half (3s.), with the proviso that I was not to have the skin. But most wonderful of all was the arrangement he made with our landlord (by name Tatar) to conduct us to Tioneti, two very arduous days' journey, for six roubles. He had been several times to Tiflis, *viâ* Tioneti, so it was a relief to find a man so capable of conducting the party across the mountains, by a route concerning which I had hitherto been unable to get any very definite information. He affirmed that the road was not bad, and this turned out to be perfectly correct.

Last summer forty Russian dragoons or Cossacks—I could not ascertain precisely which—were sent across the mountains from Tiflis by this route. I had heard in another quarter they experienced considerable difficulties, but then the gradients are much more severe coming up from the south than descending from the north. It is possible, too, they had rainy weather to contend with; in which case ascending slopes such as we descended yesterday before reaching Teréti would be difficult in the extreme.

The room assigned us, with the exception of a dirty mattress, was devoid of furniture; but Akim's eyes

at once fell upon a *pandur*, or three-stringed lute, and also upon a *chuandurki*, a sort of three-stringed banjo played with a bow, and it was not long before he began trying to use them. Any musical instrument had a curious fascination for him; not that he could play himself, but, when unable to get any one to play for him, he liked to strum upon it like a child. This and making tea helped to pass the time till ten o'clock, when part of the black sheep, together with hot maize-bread, was served for supper, and followed by milk bouillon, brought in in wooden bowls. For safety's sake the horses were taken into the yard for the night, and then we all lay down to sleep.

July 31st.—Next morning we did not get away till 9.15, as Tatar's horse had not arrived, for he had none of his own, and had to hire one for three roubles. Accordingly he would only be able to keep three roubles for himself, to recoup himself for the four days' loss of work involved by taking us to Tioneti. It took a good deal of persuasion to get him to come with us at all, as it was the hay season, or something of the sort. He declared he had a great deal to do at home. The sum seemed so small I did not stick to the terms of the bargain when we ultimately parted.

When once on our way the path followed up the left bank of the Argun at a considerable altitude, sometimes passing through patches of stunted birch and oak. The opposite bank was extremely steep and rocky, and nothing could be seen beyond it. But we were gradually descending, till at eleven o'clock we

crossed the river at a confluence, near some buildings, called Anatori on the map, which I at first took for the village of Shatíl, but which Tatar said were used as a cemetery. Half an hour's ride, however, along the right bank of the stream brought us opposite the village of Shatíl, 4677 feet above the sea, and inhabited by a different race from the Chechents. Tatar called them Tush, but strictly speaking they were Khevsurs, an offshoot of the Georgians. Some of the Tush are, linguistically at least, Chechents, but the word seems often applied to the Georgian-speaking highlanders; for I never could get Mejid, who said he had often seen them at Nukha, to allow they were anything but Georgians. The Chechents-speaking Tush call themselves Batsav, and live south-east of the Khevsurs.

The appearance of Shatíl is that of a fortress of black lava, built upon a commanding eminence. Not that it is either a fortress or constructed of black lava, but the houses are so densely packed together, are piled up so high, and provided with such very small windows placed very high up, that those forming the periphery of the village have all the appearance of a continuous wall with irregular towers. The blackness of the stone arises perhaps from age and damp, or from some fungous growth.

Immediately opposite there is a singular-looking, highly primitive chapel, or oratory, roughly built of stone against the side of a rock. It seemed to have only one small, closed chamber, but in front there was an open porch with benches round three sides, and on

the roof lay a heap of wild goats' horns ; left there perhaps as offerings for success out hunting. But unfortunately I learned nothing further about it, owing to a language difficulty. Tatar knew only a little Russian, Akim and Mejid a good deal less of Georgian, so that information on a great number of interesting points was out of the question. Having stopped for a moment to glance at the chapel, we crossed the stream and rode up the acclivity on which the village stands. Our object was to try and get Mejid's horse shod, as it had no shoes at all.

We dismounted for a few minutes at a sort of workshop just outside the main body of the village, where some men were sitting. Their physiognomy struck me as Georgian. Their faces were narrower, I thought, than the average Lesgian face ; some had aquiline, others straight noses ; the majority had blonde hair and blue or gray eyes. All had their beards shorn, and only wore a moustache. All, too, wore very much embroidered shirts and coats, very different from the dress of the Chechents, Avars, and Lesgians.

We had, however, to continue our way up the narrow valley without having found shoes for the horse. It led over a stony path, constantly crossing the stream, for a couple of hours. Then we came to a halt on a fine grassy patch, where the horses could feed comfortably. The sun had been very hot up till now, and all but Tatar were inclined to sleep. As a rule a Caucasian takes things easily, and is never in

a hurry, but Tatar was an exception. He was always urging us on to ride faster, and a halt affected his temper for the worse.

While resting, a harmless-looking old man on a horse rode slowly past, who was pointed out by Tatar as a bad character. We had seen several men since leaving Shatil, chiefly engaged in cutting wood, or carrying it home on their backs. In Daghestan the work would certainly have been done by women, as there it is derogatory for a man to carry anything less dignified than a gun.

Tatar was delighted to find himself again in the saddle, and led us through a rocky, picturesque, fir-clad glen, along the roaring waters of the Upper Argun. The sun, which had been so hot and oppressive, was now hidden by black, threatening clouds, and a little rain began to fall, while the grumbling of distant thunder re-echoed through the mountains. But though it was drizzly for the rest of the day, and peals of thunder could be heard for a long time, the storm fortunately never broke over our heads, and the rain was insufficient to materially damage the path. At four o'clock we passed on the right two distant castles, which Tatar called Kastán, or Kistán, and a little further on a village bearing the same name. Here too there was a primitive chapel, or oratory, with stags' horns lying on the roof. Not far from it stood a stone church, with a semi-circular apse containing a single window. It had probably three porches, though only two were visible from the path; the main one had three openings, the other



GROUP OF TUSH MEN.

only one. But rain was falling, and we had really no time to stop to make a closer examination.

No great distance beyond, Tatar pointed to a very grimy and miserable-looking house, and said the *starshiná* lived there, at which we all felt glad there was no necessity to ask for the shelter of his roof. Close by, on the other side of the river, where it is joined by a tributary, we came upon an assemblage of wretched-looking, flat-roofed houses. On one roof there was a large group of wildish-looking men, evidently with nothing to do. Tatar made inquiries about horse-shoes, but received a negative reply. Some of them soon clustered round us. Their general aspect was certainly wild, but not by any means ferocious. Like the men of Shatíl they shave their beards, and some seemed to have the whole head shorn. Their shirts were much embroidered about the neck and breast. On the latter a triangle or a cross was worked in coloured thread. The edges of their trousers and *beshmets* and the backs of their sheep-skin coats were decorated with mother-of-pearl buttons and stitched patterns. On their heads some wore a sort of pork-pie hat of rough brown cloth. The make of hat is merely a shallow bag with about six inches of the brim turned back. Some of them wore on the thumb a thick brass ring, covered with jagged knobs. Mejid said they were used for fighting, but they may perhaps be the rings that used to be worn on the left thumb to protect it when discharging an arrow from a bow. It is not so very long ago since bows were used in the Caucasus, and

several times I found Chechents and Lesgian boys using toy bows and arrows. Every one, in spite of his very picturesque, artistically ornamented garments, far exceeding anything of the sort I had yet seen, was extremely dirty. The man who spoke most, and seemed to be a leader, was a remarkably fine, athletic person. With his shaven head, lean face, aquiline nose, and sparkling eyes, he reminded me of a stalwart Albanian. On the whole the men struck me as shorter and more thickset than the Chechents.

Shortly after leaving these interesting-looking people the track began to ascend, as we were near the head of the valley. Quite at the end of it a dark-peaked mountain, marked with three or four irregular-shaped streaks of snow, had long been visible. Its altitude was by no means imposing, and yet according to the map, when once crossed, we should find ourselves on the south side of the main range of the Caucasus, and have crossed it almost imperceptibly. But instead of heading for the peak, Tatar took a path leading to the right, and after a not very steep climb over a grassy, treeless, uneven *terrain*, we reached in drizzling rain the water-shed between Europe and Asia.

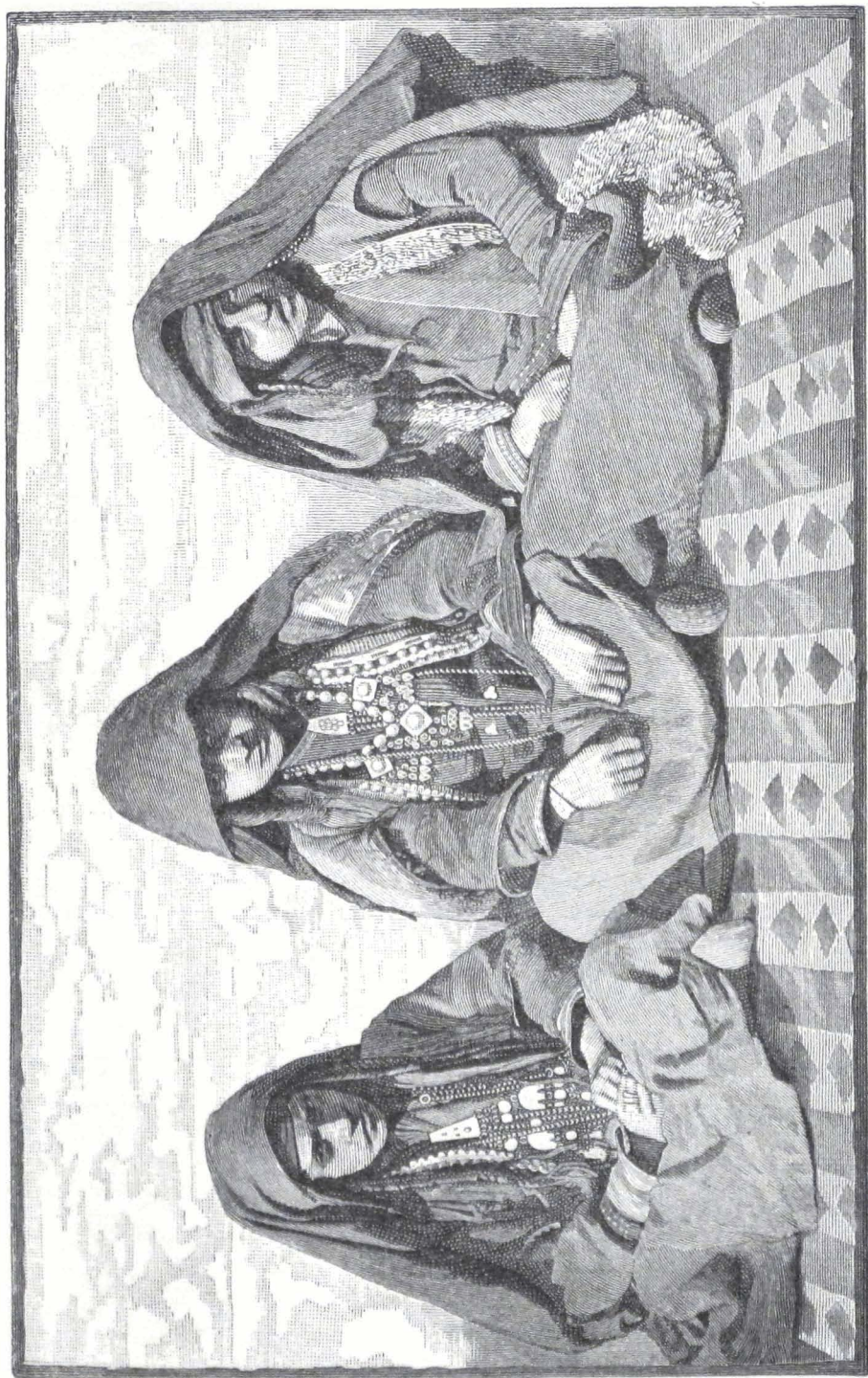
The crest is only a few feet wide. I did not realize at the moment where we were, as I had not noticed the point of the compass towards which I was looking. A scene had suddenly burst upon Akim, Mejid, and myself that took our breath away. Right in front of us lay a gigantic chain of peaked, jagged mountains, covered with snow, and we all thought they must be

crossed before reaching Tiflis. We were aghast at the prospect. How could the leg-weary horses pass a chain like that? I looked at my pocket compass and saw that these terrific mountains lay due west, while Tioneti and Tiflis were due south. They were only partly reassured by my explanation, and it was some time before they could convince themselves of the truth of my assertion. Immediately before us lay a great deep valley with high grassy walls, at the foot of which are the springs of one of the upper branches of the Khevsurskaya Aragma river. The slope was steep enough to oblige us to dismount, and the descent took fully an hour to effect; but I could not take my eyes away from the magnificent, dark gray peaks of the distant mountain chain, and the sharply contrasting fields of eternal snow. It was a grand spectacle, and we had seen nothing like it before. Now that I knew we had not to pass over it, it looked sublime; before that it had looked simply terrific and horrible. Having reached the tiny brook at the bottom of the valley, where a thick mass of blackened snow lay in one corner, we followed down it by a fairly level though stony track to the small village of Khakhmati, or Ükül, where we were to pass the night. But here Tatar proposed going a little further. After having passed a small wayside church, we crossed the river, rode up a steep bit of hill on the right bank, and at 7 p.m. pulled up in the tiny hamlet of Biso.

Biso was the poorest place we had been at, and did not seem to possess even a *starshinú*. We were

invited to take temporary possession of a flat roof, at the far end of which was an open shed, where a rather handsome but impassive woman was intently occupied in weaving. Our baggage was piled upon the roof, and nothing in the way of rugs, carpets, and cushions were offered, as had invariably been the case hitherto. It was evident we were in a different country, among people of different customs and ideas. I am not sure if we were still among the Khevsurs, or whether we had entered by this time the territory of the Pshavs, another kindred people of Georgian race. At any rate I could not observe any difference between the men of Biso and those of Kistán and Shatíl. Our roof was soon covered with a crowd of men and boys, who watched our actions narrowly, but withal were perfectly civil and unobtrusive. Over their embroidered shirts they wore a dark red *besmet*, reaching to the knee, embroidered with needle-work, and further adorned with beads and mother-of-pearl buttons, sewn on in patterns. Their beards and heads were shaved. Most of the men and boys had blonde hair and light-coloured eyes, though one or two had black hair and dark eyes; but none of the women came close enough for me to observe.

Meanwhile the horses were sent out to pasture for the night in charge of a couple of men. It was only by dint of much asking that wood was brought to enable Mejid to light a fire, and boil water for making tea. Our kettle had sprung a leak, and a large copper pitcher had to be borrowed to boil the water in. Two boys were also got to hold the stick by which the



TUSH WOMEN.

pitcher was suspended over the fire by means of its handle. We had brought maize bread with us from Jári, and all we could get from the village to supplement it was butter, as eggs were not to be had. However, there was nothing to grumble at, as the tobacco had not run short. The natives too seemed to smoke a great deal; their pipes have decorated stems, and small metal bowls, attached to the stems by several long brass chains. The people are evidently artistic and lovers of adornment, but their perceptions regarding cleanliness are entirely rudimentary.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM BISO TO TIFLIS.

Varied Foliage—Shoeing the Horses—Tiresome Ascent—An Ominous Encounter—Tioneti—Its Hotel—Old Fortress—Rainy Day—Religions and Customs of the Pshavs and Khevsurs—A Meandering Route—Scanty Grass—A Filthy Resting-place—Akim's Stories—His Illness—Re-enter Tiflis.

BISO, *August 1st.*—We passed a capital night on the roof under the starry canopy of the sky; far more so than if we tried to sleep under an artistically embroidered coverlet, tenanted as it would have been by countless swarms of creepy insects. The sun had scarcely risen and begun to redden the snow-fields and peaks of Kmōsti, for so the people here seem to call the mountain range that had so powerfully affected our nerves yesterday afternoon, before Mejid set to work to light a fire and prepare the matutinal tea. Though he abjured spirits he craved for tea, and would drink tumbler after tumbler at any hour of the day or night. Though all the natives of Daghestan are Mussulmans, I never saw coffee once used, even in towns like Nukha and Derbend. According to the map, Kmōsti is a small village on the right bank of the Khevsurskaya Aragva, in the prolongation westwards of the valley we were in. But

whatever the native name of this mountain may be, I feel sure it is the Kasbek, as its bearing from Biso corresponds exactly. Shortly after sunrise I could watch the cows being driven in long files up the opposite bank to their pasture ground in the mountain. Wearily they made their ascent, and slow was their progress, as if they had not enjoyed a good night's sleep.

It was 7 a.m. before we managed to turn our backs on Biso. One cause of delay was the slowness with which the horses munched their oats; and this was not astonishing, as these seemed to be half gravel. At last we found ourselves descending to the river, and following its course in a westerly direction over a very stony path. Eventually the track turned off to the left, and began to ascend through thick, scrubby bushes with a sprinkling of scraggy, white-barked poplars; gradually rising, it wheeled still more to the left, till we got into the main valley of the Khevsurskaya Aragva, which here has a southerly trend. About 8.15 we passed below the village of Ghulú (Buli on the map), and descended to a bridge. This happened to be impassable for horses from utter disrepair, and some delay was caused by having to make a detour to find a fordable place. The valley here is very narrow with steep but wooded mountainous banks, a character which it maintains for a great distance. The foliage is very varied; for poplars, alders, birch, oak, *lignum vitæ*, nut-trees, crab-apples, wild cherries, rowans, elder-trees, and lower down walnuts, beech, and many other sorts of trees and shrubs, the

names of which I do not know, perpetually meet the eye; singly, in clumps, or in promiscuous confusion. The road is much frequented, and we constantly met files of men and women, accompanied by horses, mules, or asses, travelling slowly along. They nearly all saluted us with *dila mshvidobisa*, "morning of peace," *i. e.* "good morning," in Georgian, at the same time taking off their hats. Salutations in Daghestan, on the contrary, were very rare, but perhaps they reserve their greeting of *aleikum* for those whom they believe to be Mussulmans like themselves.

At a little distance short of the village of Barisakho we halted to let the horses feed at a place where the grass was rather longer than usual, for its growth is poor and scanty in the Aragva valley and as far south as Tiflis. On this occasion Tatar had no objection to our stopping, indeed rather encouraged it. But then he had business to transact at a neighbouring village. At 11.30 we crossed an eastern affluent, the Akutos Khevi, at its confluence with the Aragva, and at the same time encountered a couple of women and a man, the former riding astraddle after the custom of the country. To Tatar's undisguised annoyance we halted for an hour at midday to let the horses browse and rest, for they were showing unmistakable signs of fatigue. Knowing as he did what a long march we yet had before us to reach Tioneti by nightfall, it was not surprising. About half an hour after starting again we crossed one of the heads of the Aragva, which has a very considerable volume, and at 2.15 again had to stop at a wayside *dukhan*, where wine,

spirits, and various articles, such as stockings, caps, and horse-shoes, are sold.

At Bisó the village only possessed one spare horse-shoe, which Mejid had bought, and in the presence of an admiring crowd had dexterously hammered on the right forefoot of the newly-acquired horse. But it was not a good fit, so now had to come off, and a complete set of second-hand shoes had to be attached to the reluctant animal's four hoofs. It had probably never been shod before, and certainly resented the operation. The new white horse, obtained by exchange at Shatói, was also entirely destitute of shoes, and required a complete set. All this consumed a good hour; but I tried to quiet Tatar's impatience by giving him a glass or two of arak.

At 4.30 we encountered a large, straggling party of men and women coming on horse and mule-back from a solitary little church, round which more people were collected. It lies a little off the path, and bears the name of Mageró. The people had evidently been holding a feast there; perhaps, as Mejid suggested, had been sacrificing a sheep or two. There were musicians among them, and Akim would feign have stopped again and made them play to him, but this I would not hear of, as it was getting late.

At six o'clock, just opposite the village and *dukhan* of Tuole, or Tbol, we left the Aragva valley and, turning to the left, began to ascend a very steep mountain-side, densely covered with forest. The horses were nearly dead beat, and I thought we should never get to the top. But our troubles were only

beginning. In half an hour we passed a little village, the name of which sounded like Chistaule (Tvalivi on the map), where the ground was more level, and a little cultivation was visible. I could only notice, as it lay off the road, that house architecture had changed its character; the dwellings having ridge-roofs, covered with red tiles. For two long, weary hours the road was continually making fresh ascents through dense forest. The gloom of the woods was increased by the falling shades of night, and the passage of the road rendered more toilsome by a heavy fall of rain, which made the soft, loamy soil as slippery as possible. The horses could only crawl. If one had been superstitious, two evil omens, that almost simultaneously occurred, would not have been comforting. A hare crossed the path, and then a white horse, carrying what seemed to be a large bundle, followed by four men on foot, came slowly towards us. What seemed to be a bundle was the dead body of a man of Jári, Tatar's own village. He learnt from the men that the deceased had been a prisoner at Tioneti, who in a quarrel with another man had been struck on the side of the head with a stone and killed. They were now taking his body to his native village for interment.

At last the road began to descend by a gentle slope into an open valley, where several villages could be dimly discerned to the right. Towards them we directed our course, and about 8.30 struck the *chaussée* that connects Tioneti with the Georgian military route from Vladikavkas to Tiflis. The last hour seemed to

be multiplied by three, and it seemed as though we should never reach our destination. On our right was a long line of lights, which we thought must be the town. They only marked the line of a Russian encampment, and on getting abreast of the camp we turned to the left and plunged again into darkness. At last two or three lights were seen twinkling in the distance, and in course of time we actually found ourselves in the outskirts of Tioneti. The place is small; and soon afterwards we stopped in front of a new and European-looking hotel, the first I had seen since leaving Tiflis. It was now about 9.15; we had been fully fourteen hours on the journey, more than eleven and a half in the saddle, and the horses were nearly dead beat. I ordered supper on the balcony, and meanwhile Akim went out in the dark to buy fodder for the wretched animals. When he returned, an hour later, he was very angry at having been jeered at by some men of whom he had made inquiries. The supper provided was good enough, but the wine had the abominable taste of the skin so prized by the Georgian connoisseur.

August 2nd.—We all slept till late, as it was to be a day of rest for man and beast. The hotel where we were, though small and fitted up with regard to Russian rather than to European requirements, was new and clean. It possessed a billiard-room with a table all the way from Paris, but the players were chiefly the domestics of the house. The lessee was a Georgian, who had to pay the moderate rent of 150 roubles a year to the Georgian priest, who built the

hotel as a speculation. I had hoped to find at Tioneti at least a Russian newspaper, from which I could always manage to extract some information, but they had only a Georgian gazette. The Russian officers who came in for meals were very few, and I fear the speculation will prove a bad one.

While I was in the agonies of being rasped by a Tioneti barber with a blunt razor and a heavy hand, Tatar came in to say good-morning, accompanied by his brother. The latter was a fine, tall, full-bearded man, far better looking than Tatar himself, and more like a Chechents. He was serving here in the native yeomanry cavalry. The day was cold, gray, and drizzly, with occasional downpours of rain. It was just as well we had not to travel. But unfortunately there were no stables, so the horses had to be picketed in the court-yard, and soon trampled the hay and oats before them into the sodden, muddy soil on which they stood. They looked utterly miserable. I ought to have called on the *nachalnik*, and had intended doing so, but the unpaved roads of the town were so deep with mud it would have been impossible to present myself in a decent state. However, when it cleared a little, Mejid and I sallied forth to take stock of the town, or rather village, for it hardly deserves the name of town. It was a disappointment. The name Tioneti is printed on the map in capital letters, with an assemblage of black spots to mark buildings, so I had pictured to myself something like a miniature Tiflis.

As a matter of fact Tioneti consists of rows of low,

straggling, tiled cottages, built where four roads meet, on the banks of the Iora river. The inhabitants are mostly Georgians and Pshavs, though of course among the shopkeepers there are many Armenians. The shops are of a very third-rate kind, and only contain articles of absolute necessity. There is nothing to induce a stranger to enter any of them. However, we did stop before the door of a worker in metal, who was sitting cross-legged under the veranda, to inquire if he had anything in the shape of arms worth buying, as he was occupied in repairing a *kinjal*. He turned out to be from Gumúk, and spoke Tatar, but had nothing whatever to show. Here, as elsewhere, nothing of value is to be got except by ordering it in advance. In a yard standing with some cows I saw a red stag, about the size of a fallow deer, with small branching horns covered with velvet. I was told they are numerous in the forests that surround the town, especially to the north.

Protected on one side by the Iora stands an old Georgian fortress, consisting of a quadrangular wall with semi-circular towers at the angles. Within it are several buildings, including the chancery of the *nachalnik*, where letters are received, as there is no post-office. On some rising ground to the south-west, between the village and the camp, we could see three new buildings, recently erected for the reception of the emperor, who was expected in September. On returning to the hotel I was regarded with some suspicion when I innocently asked how many troops

there were in the camp. One man said three divisions, while another broke in to explain that a division meant something different from its ordinary signification, and the end of it was that I was completely left in the dark; though after all it was not a subject that interested me in the least.

During the early part of the night a good deal more rain fell, which augured ill for the state of the roads on the morrow. Though the horses were completely done up, Mejid and Akim both thought I ought to press on and reach Tiflis next day. But I determined to break the journey about half way, as the distance is between seventy and eighty versts.

Before leaving the country of the Pshavs, the reader would probably be glad to learn something positive about them and their neighbours the Khevsurs. Having no interpreter, I could learn nothing in person; but at Tiflis I found a book in a shop, *Zapiski kavkazkavo otdiela imp. russ. geog. obshchestva*, Book III., Tiflis, 1855, from which I have extracted the following information.

Both Khevsurs and Pshavs consider themselves Christians, and would be offended if called otherwise. But it is hard to say what tenets they actually profess. They reverence the cross of God, the apostles Peter and Paul, St. Michael the archangel, and St. George, but also worship some kind of gods, *Anatori*, *Nakharela*, *Pirkuti*, *Kopala*,¹ *Iakhsari*, and many

¹ Kopala is said to have been a Greek monk, selected by Tamara to preach Christianity to the Pshavs.—*Archæol. Rev.*, July 1888.

others. They neither eat the flesh of pig nor of hare. They shave the head, and practise polygamy, like the Mussulmans they hate and despise. They keep Saturday like the Jews, and the Khevsurs in addition keep Friday, Sunday, and Monday.

The Khevsurs believe in several gods—the god of the east, the god of the west, the god of souls, the Christ god, the little god, and the great god. They also reverence *Adgilis deda*, “the mother of the earth or locality”; *Mukhis angelozi*, “the angel of the oak”; *Goris angelozi*, “the angel of the mountain”; *Jimaghis Jvari*, *Unjis angelozi*, “the angel of property”; *Did Gori*, “the great mountain”; *Tetri Georgi*, “White George”; *Karis mezobeli*, “the neighbour of the door,” &c.

The Pshavs pay little respect to these divinities, as they have others of their own—*Lasharis Jvari*, *Tamar mepe*, “Queen Tamar,” *Kopale*, and others.

Though orthodox churches are found in various parts of their country, the natives scarcely ever enter them, and neglect confession and the Holy Communion. But they dare not neglect the festivals held in their own oratories by their own priests, who are called *khevisberi*, “valley - monk,” and *dekanosi*. These oratories or temples, built of flag-stones without mortar, consist of a single chamber without a window, and are called *krivivi* or *khati*¹ (image), though containing no image. Only the *dekanosi* are allowed to enter them. There are also other buildings attached to the oratory. The first, which can also only be

¹ *Khati* is a loan word from Arabic.

entered by a priest, is used as a store-room for beer and *vodka*; in the second these beverages are manufactured; the third is occupied by the priest during these festivals; the fourth is called *sajare* (for the troops, for the people) or *sastumro* (guest-room). These buildings are decorated outside with the horns of wild animals, and are surrounded by a stone enclosure into which no woman is allowed to enter. Besides these, a wooden store-house, *begheli*, is built near the oratory, to store the wheat and barley supplied by the inhabitants for brewing beer for the festivals. The four chief oratories or temples in the Khevsur country are *Gudanis jvari*, *Khakhmatis jvari*, *Sanebis jvari*, and *Karatis jvari*. The word *jvari* means a cross. In the Pshav country the principal temples are *Lasharis jvari* and *Tamar mepe*.

Among the Khevsurs betrothal takes place when they are mere children, though they are not married till they have reached the age of twenty. In token of it the bridegroom presents the parents of the bride with an *abaz*, an old silver coin worth twenty kopeks. When the girl is of age, the bridegroom sends her three or four sheep by the hand of a woman and two arbitrators. These come secretly, and suddenly burst into the house. The parents of course have guessed the reason of their arrival, and refuse the offers of the arbitrators, saying they are not good enough. The latter in turn praise the merits of the bridegroom, and after a short exhortation begin killing the sheep they have brought. The parents, overcome by this, summon their relatives, and after a short carouse the

bride, followed by her fellow-villagers, is sent to the bridegroom's house. Meanwhile they bring in the bridegroom, who on the occasion should be hiding with a neighbour. The pair are placed near the fire, in the centre of the room, where the smoke will blow into their faces. The *dekanos* now approaches, places eatables and beer before them, and gives each a wax candle to hold. After this they rise, and the *dekanos* pricks through the ends of their garments with a needle. Then the groomsmen hand the *dekanos* a bowl, containing beer or *vodka*. On taking this he utters a prayer to invoke the blessing of God on the newly-married couple. After this he congratulates them on their marriage, and drinks to their health. The groomsmen follow his example, and then all the guests present. This is succeeded by a general drinking bout, singing, and dancing. The newly-married couple avoid each other for a fortnight, and are ashamed to speak to each other before strangers. At the expiration of this time the bride goes for a fortnight to her parents, and on her return to her husband their married life flows on in the usual way.

The marriage ceremonies differ with some of the Khevsurs. When the friends of the bride have arrived at the house of the bridegroom, they feast only one evening, and are allowed to return home next day. The bride, who is still unmarried, accompanied by the fellow-villagers of the bridegroom, returns in a week's time to her parents, where a feast takes place in anticipation of the wedding. After

this the bride, who has been living with her parents for two or three months, is conducted by her relations to the bridegroom's, where the *dekanos* concludes the marriage ceremony by a simple blessing.

It is considered shameful if the young wife becomes pregnant during the first three years of her married life. Every Khevsur on his marriage immediately shares his property with his father or his brothers, and then his independent life begins.

With the Pshavs too a husband and wife, except on the first three days after the wedding, never sleep together, and make their nocturnal meetings secretly. Though all the Pshavs once followed, and some still follow this custom, the greater part are now married and christened according to the rites of the orthodox Church. Some of their marriage customs are not without interest. A Pshav, wishing to marry a girl, sends to her home a respectable person on whom her parents can rely. He gives them a *pishani*, or token of betrothal, of the value of one rouble twenty kopeks, after which they cannot marry their daughter to another man without having to pay the first a fine for the dishonour, *saupatio*, amounting to sixteen cows. If after all they return the bride to him, only half the fine is paid. The stealer of another man's bride also pays sixteen cows to the injured bridegroom, but the girl's parents are not liable in this case.

At the end of a certain time after the betrothal, the bridegroom sends the bride five *chapi* of wine (one hundred bottles), and a sheep for the inspection of the house. *sakhlis sanakhavat*. In a week's time he sends

by one of his relations a pack-load of wine and two sheep. This visit is termed *mosakithki*, "to make inquiries," or *rigtsesi*, "legal form." The person sent remains there one night and next day proceeds with the bride, accompanied by her relatives, to the church where the bridegroom is waiting for them. After the marriage ceremony the bridegroom and his friends mount on horseback, while the bride follows on foot knitting stockings, and enveloped in a *chadra*, or coverlet. On arriving at the house of the newly-married couple, the *mepe* and *dedopali*, or king and queen, for so they are called, must walk three times round the *sakideli*, the iron chain or pot-hook hanging over the fire in the centre of the room. The grooms-men follow them, and strike the pot-hook with their *kinjals*. After this the couple sit down, the bride being still enveloped in a *charda*, while the *dekanos* and the guests drink their healths and congratulate them on their marriage.

Generally speaking the marriages of the Pshavs and Khevsurs are of an unstable nature. A husband can send his wife away even a week after the wedding. It is sufficient for him to say he does not like her, she does not please him, or she is a bad housekeeper. A wife thus expelled returns to her parents without any feeling of distress, and marries another man. The husband in his turn, having selected another bride, is married by the *dekanos* with the same ceremonies as on the first occasion, even if it were for the tenth time. But a Pshav is bound to pay the wife he has expelled a fine of five cows for condemning her, *samtsunebro*.

The parents of a Khevsur woman who has run away from her husband are bound to pay the latter a sum of eighty silver roubles, otherwise she cannot marry again. Sometimes a man has two wives at one time, but never more. In general they regard their wives as slaves, and behave towards them without tenderness or affection. This is reserved for their children, especially for the boys. It should be noted, however, that marriages are mostly made for love, though sometimes from interested motives on the part of the parents. They disdain strangers, and are particular about the social status of the families of the bride and bridegroom.

Wife-stealing is common, and a man is not considered brave without his stealing the girl he loves, and one too of good family. These thefts, however, lead to terrible disputes and murders, terminating in a blood feud. With the Khevsurs the notion of a dowry does not exist; on the contrary, the bridegroom has to pay the bride's parents a certain number of cows. Among the Pshavs the dowry consists of a bridal dress, a *palas* or carpet, and thirty sheep; these form the *satavno*, or capital of the wife. If a Pshav marries a widow, he presents her parents with three cows. Among the Khevsurs it is considered shameful for a widow who has a son to re-marry.

Among the Khevsurs and Pshavs, when a woman is in the family-way, she conceals her condition as long as possible. When the time for her confinement approaches, she is driven from the house to a hut,

called *sachekhi*, specially built for her by women at the distance of a verst from the village. Here she is left to be confined without any help in terrible suffering. If the throes of labour are very severe and her cries are heard, the villagers creep up stealthily to the hut and fire a volley in order to frighten her, and thereby mitigate her pains. The day after the birth of the child they bring her bread, but place it at some distance from the hut. The mother must remain there for a month; among the Pshavs, for forty days. Afterwards she returns to the village with her child, but for a further purification of themselves, they must live together in a specially erected shanty, termed *samrevlo*. This is the place to which other women retire for their periodical purification. When the mother and child eventually return home, the *sachekhi* is burnt, so that the evil spirit may not settle there. This, however, is not done by the Pshavs. The husband of a woman in the family-way is prohibited from appearing at festivals, as both he and his wife are considered defiled and unclean.

The following are some of the names given to male children among the Khevsurs and Pshavs:—*Mgela*, wolf; *Vepkhvia*, panther; *Khinchla*, *Datvia*, bear; *Tsotskora*, *Vazhika*, *Apareka*, *Lega*, *Betsenturi*, *Georgi*, *Ivane*, *Gerena*, *Chua*, *Loma*, *Bakhala*, &c. Girls' names are—*Mzia*, little sun; *Tetrua*, fair-complexioned; *Gulla mze*, sun of the heart; *Mze vinari?* who is the sun? *Vardua*, rose; *Mariam*, *Tamara*, *Kaltata*, *Buba*, *Deduna*, little mother; *Margalita*, pearl; *Mzekali*,

girl of the sun; *Gandza*, treasure; *Minani*, glass; *Natela*, bright; *Elena*, &c.

When a sick man is at the point of death, he is immediately carried out into the yard so as not to defile the house. As soon as he has expired, he is washed, dressed in his best clothes, and his arms are put on him. There he must lie for four days, during which time the *khutses* reads prayers over him aloud. Meanwhile the villagers come to the head of the family to perform the ceremony of *chiris tsqena*, "sorrow for loss," and of *mitireba*, "weeping, sobbing, wailing," as an expression of sympathy. The chief relative of the deceased remains at home, unshaven, with his cap pulled over his eyes, with his shirt open, and his chest bare. The first visitor kneels before him, and both begin to weep, and to enumerate the merits of the dead in a dialogue.

The visitor then rises, and is replaced by another sympathizer. The noise in the yard is enough to split one's ears. Women sit round the corpse with a professional mourner at their head, who with tears, sobs, and shrieks recapitulates the merits of the deceased in hyperbolic terms. She leans on the sword of the dead man, or if bewailing a woman, she holds in her hand a stick to which a piece of red cloth is attached, and begins in a prolonged tone of voice: "Arise, hero, the troops are waiting for thee! . . . how can they advance without a commander?"

The other women now hit themselves on the knee, and begin howling out in chorus, *vai, vai, vai*. The men who are standing by cover their faces with their

caps and join in the general outcry. The professional mourner breaks in with—"Why, O hero, dost thou not answer? . . . surely thou wilt give some commands? . . . Thy horse neighs, not feeling the presence of his rider. . . . Arise, arise, O hero! . . ." (The chorus howls and the weeping continues.) "Is it possible thy *klirimi* (?) should become silent, to the delight of thine enemies? . . . Arise, O hero of heroes, else thy shield will rust, thy sword become dull, to the delight of the enemy. . . . Let us hear thy voice, which shakes the mountains and strikes the Kisti (the Chechents) with terror. . . . Arise, and scatter their houses in ashes. . . . Alas! he hears us not, he gives us no reply. . . ."

On the fourth day the *kinjal* and other arms are removed from the deceased, and the body is transported to the family cemetery. No coffin is used, but the grave is lined with boards or flag-stones. On the day of the funeral the relations get up horse-races, at which prizes of cows, sheep, and goats are given to the most daring riders down a fearfully steep slope. Instead of horse-races, the poorer people get up a shooting match, *khabakhi*, the prizes at which consist of several pairs of socks. The horse of the deceased is presented to his most intimate friend.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies the guests must smoke a pipe of coarse, native tobacco to soothe the soul of the departed. They are then entertained with boiled mutton, cakes, beer, and *vodka*. Prayers for the dead take place in the third and fourth week after the funeral, though without any special ceremony.

At the annual commemoration of the dead, however, the wailing is renewed, and races take place. The riders at a quick trot must visit all the villages where any relations of the deceased live. On their return, when at a distance of seven versts from their own village, they put their horses to a gallop, and the first man in receives a cow, the second three sheep, the third two sheep, and the remainder nothing. Among the Pshavs funerals are now conducted by the orthodox clergy, though the custom of weeping, racing, and shooting at a mark is still maintained.

In the event of drought the people in the neighbourhood of Tioneti have a custom called "ploughing up rain." Several pairs of girls harness themselves to a plough and drag it several times backwards and forwards through the river Iora, all the time up to the waists in water.

The Pshavs believe that cuckoos fly away in winter, turn themselves into diminutive human beings, and live somewhere in India.

August 3rd.—It was still raining when we got up, though by seven o'clock, when we left the hotel, the rain had well-nigh ceased. Our direction lay due south, and led through a part of the town—if a place can be so termed where there is no post-office—I had not traversed the day before. For the next two or three miles we rode across a dead level plain, bounded in front by a low range of wooded hills. At the base of these runs a tiny stream called the Kuspo, and between them lay a long row of tents forming part of the Russian camp. It would be difficult to choose

a better or more commodious position for a summer encampment. In front of it there was a splendid open grassy space for drilling upon, and in rear abundance of wood and water for necessary purposes, while it is situated at an elevation of 3600 feet above the sea level. On our left we had the Iora river, and beyond it more wooded hills. Between them and the river the artillery, occupying the right of the camp, had parked their guns and set up their tents.

For the first time since leaving Nukha we were journeying without a guide, for as the road to Tiflis is used for carriage traffic, it seemed quite unnecessary to have one. Yet we missed our way several times. The engineer who built the road was probably paid by the mile, and so contrived it should zigzag and meander about with a minimum of incline. This had led to endless short cuts, which often take one through thick woods, and which are frequently intersected by paths made by wood-cutters and charcoal-burners. To steer one's way accurately under such conditions becomes a complicated problem. Even close to the camp we went wrong, for there two roads of equal breadth diverged, one leading up-hill and one along the river. Through my error we took the latter, and soon repented of it, but a man showed us a path by which we regained the right road without much loss of time. But even this was in a very bad state, and every moment I expected my horse to fall, as he stumbled perpetually. Before we had been out two hours, Akim's horse had fallen twice and cut itself badly

on the shoulder, though without injuring its knees. Under ordinary circumstances a ride through these great woods of beech and nut trees would have been pleasant in the extreme, but on a leg-weary horse it was quite the reverse. To make matters worse, there was an utter absence of pasture. There was a semblance of grass everywhere, though so scant and short that nothing but a starved goat could feed upon it. So we had to plod slowly and wearily along through the sticky mud.

About eleven o'clock we stopped at some corn-fields heavily damaged by the rain, near which there was a little thin grass. As there were lots of nut-trees about we had a light repast of nuts, the enjoyment of which was disturbed by my finding that Mejid, who had been leading, had led us astray. We were resting on the brow of a hill commanding a view of the country in front, which was open and flat, dotted with villages. The road we had followed would take to one of these, while the *chaussée* could be discerned far away in the low ground. It was annoying, for we had to lead our horses on foot across some heavy ploughed land, then down into a deep ravine, up again, and across more ploughed fields, before we reached the right road. It was no use vowing not to take any more short cuts, as the vow was no sooner made than broken, when travelling such a road as that. After a further ride of an hour and a half, over a flat and well-cultivated plain, with many signs of life upon it, we pulled up about 1.30 at the very filthy and evil-smelling *dukhan* of Sabaduris qeli.

The house seemed to be built upon a midden; yet it was necessary to stop to let the horses have a feed of barley, and to get something for ourselves, as we had brought nothing with us. The *dukhan* was a one-roomed building with a counter at one side, behind which a filthy-fingered and inquisitive boy dispensed the very limited stores of the shop, such as *vodka*, wine, bread, and hard eggs. It was impossible to eat anything the repulsively dirty boy had touched, except the hard eggs and the inside of a piece of bread, and then only with frequent puffs at a cigarette, to drown for a moment the abominable odour of the establishment, quite as bad outside the door as within. We found now we had only travelled twenty versts in five and a half hours, not including halts; at the rate therefore of little more than two miles an hour, a good deal less than half our normal rate of progress.

As soon as the horses had finished eating we left this detestable hole, and again began ascending a thickly-wooded range of hills, of no great altitude, known as Satebis Mta. Here and on various parts of the road we met parties of labourers engaged in repairing the culverts and filling up the deeper ruts, probably in anticipation of the emperor's visit. But the work seemed to be done in a very slovenly, perfunctory fashion, and sadly to need supervision. At times too we passed long trains of bullock-waggons and carts drawn by buffaloes or oxen laden with stores for the camp. It was a consolation to see a mode of locomotion even slower than our own.

After taking one or two wrong short cuts we hit

upon the right one, which led rapidly by a sharp descent into a narrow defile, in which lies the very tiny hamlet of Tskhvaris Chamia. Here I had at one time thought of stopping for the night, as it was about half-way. But as the place consisted of only about six cottages and a *dukhan*, where neither hay, corn, or even pasturage was to be found, I was very unwillingly compelled to move on. A man said there was another *dukhan* only three versts distant, where forage could be bought. The actual distance by road turned out to be eleven versts, though by using short cuts and walking a good deal on foot, we did it in an hour. Akim beguiled the time, as was his wont, by telling stories, but which were never fully enough translated for me to take down, even if I had had time to stop for the purpose. The most interesting fact connected with these folk-stories was his thorough belief in every incident, however miraculous. For instance, he has not the slightest doubt, though he has never seen it himself, that some trees bleed when they are cut. On this occasion he amused Mejid, who was a thorough disbeliever in the supernatural, and curiously ignorant of popular superstitious beliefs, by telling him a story containing a very common incident. A hunter went out hunting, and for three days saw no game; but on the fourth he saw a stag, at which he fired, but only succeeded in wounding. He followed it up and killed it, when it transformed into a beautiful girl, whom he ultimately married. Every word of this Akim believed to be a positive, incontrovertible matter of fact, and was quite put out

by Mejid's incredulous laughs. Akim also knew how to read the future in the shoulder-blade of a sheep; for on one occasion he read in one some misfortune that was to happen to us, but which luckily never took place. Curiously enough, though this superstition is well known to the Tatars in general, Mejid professed never to have heard of it.

At last, about 5.30 p.m., our journey for the day came to an end, for we had reached the *dukhan*, the name of which I entirely forgot to ask, making sure it was Gldani. In front of it there was a little arbour of trellis-work, containing a table and two benches. This we took possession of, being cleaner and more airy than the wayside wine-shop. A Russian and his wife were sitting outside the latter drinking tea, while their two very miserable-looking horses were pecking away at a little hay beside a heavy-looking cart. They asked if they could reach Tioneti next day. Akim replied with a very decided no. For not only was their cart heavy, but they would have to follow all the sinuosities of the road, and be drawn by a very feeble pair of animals.

At a short distance from the *dukhan* lay a small Georgian village, and thither Mejid and I bent our steps to buy something for supper. Some of the houses were flat-roofed, as at Biso and Shatíl, others were subterraneous, with a portal formed of round, solid posts. The men and children had for the most part blonde hair and light eyes. They wore pork-pie hats on their heads, sandals on their feet, and no embroidery on their clothes. The women wore the

ordinary dress of the Russian peasant class, and were in no wise remarkable. All we could get were eggs and bread, for which at first they declined payment, but ultimately were prevailed upon to accept the market price. As none of them spoke much Russian, and Mejid's Georgian was soon exhausted, for his vocabulary did not contain the word for an egg (*kvertskhi*), our conversation did not amount to much. It was curious to note in Mejid his inability to pronounce *p* in foreign words, though he could do so very well in his own language in words like *pir*, *Peighambar*. For instance, now, he asked for *huri* instead of *puri*, bread, and in French he always said *barent*, *buis*, *brochain* for *parent*, *puis*, *prochain*.

The *dukhan*-keeper was a Georgian, willing to impart a little information from which to form an idea respecting the value of his business. In winter there was very little traffic on the road, and very little business to be done. In summer he took from twenty-five kopeks to two and a half roubles, or say from sixpence to five shillings a day; so *dukhan*-keeping cannot be a very lucrative speculation.

By the time we had returned from the village the Russian and his wife had already spread a mattress on the ground alongside the cart, and rolled themselves up for the night, as they intended to be off by day-break next morning. When our bed-time arrived Mejid spread his *burka* near two of the horses tethered on one side of the *dukhan*; Akim lay on the other side of it, under the veranda near the other two, while I took up a more advanced position close

to the harbour. It would have been difficult for any thieves to have approached without disturbing one of us, and it was necessary to take some precautions, as so many charcoal-burners, muleteers, and other suspicious persons travelled by night.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning—now the 4th August—Mejid came and told me Akim was very ill, and wanted something to relieve an intense pain in the heart. I could not exactly understand the symptoms, but gathered that when in the Russian service he was once employed in bringing some horses away from Kars. The one he was riding reared and fell backwards upon him, from which he received such internal injuries that he had been laid up for two years, and unfitted for hard work ever since. Every now and then he was subject to fearful internal pains in the region of the heart and chest. The only medicine I had that I thought might relieve the pain was chlorodyne, so I mixed a strong dose of it with spirit of camphor and a little water, and gave it him to drink. Almost immediately afterwards his groans ceased, and he fell into a profound sleep. At one time I quite thought I must have killed him by mistake, until I reassured myself by feeling his pulse and listening to his breathing, which was almost inaudible. But he awoke in an hour's time, and after the lapse of another hour was so much better that he could drink some hot tea, and make preparations for a start.

At 6.30 we were all in the saddle, and following down the valley in a south-westerly direction. In

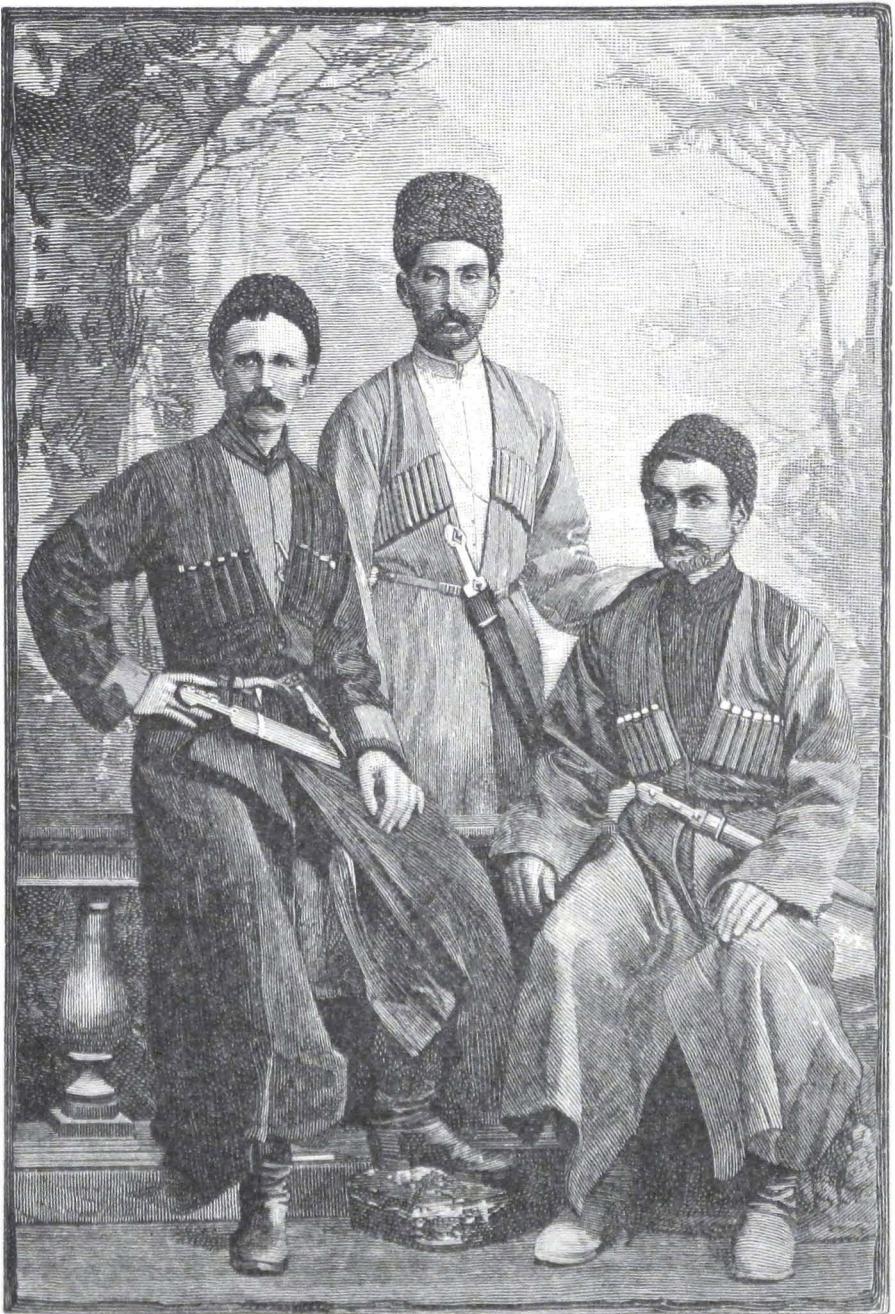
places the path was uncommonly stony, leading along the bed of a water-course, till after passing a couple of villages we debouched on the arid, uncultivated plain that bounds Tiflis to the north. It was thoroughly uninteresting, and only enlivened by an occasional file of mules, followed by picturesque charcoal-burners, returning with empty loads from that town.

Soon after reaching the plain, and fully a couple of hours before sighting our destination, we became aware of its vicinity by a continuous booming of big guns, and by the sight of gunpowder smoke slowly wafting up the valley of the Kur. It must have been a salute for an imperial birthday, or something of the sort. The sun was beating down with intense force when we reached the outskirts of the town. Undisguised was the delight of Akim and Mejid again to enter the streets of Tiflis. Though mine was less pronounced, I felt anxious about the former, and was certainly not sorry to re-enter for a time a haven of rest and civilization.

Shortly before 10 a.m. I dismounted at the Hôtel du Caucase, and thus ended an interesting tour of thirty-four days. Here I may not inappropriately end the narration of it with one of the stock-endings, of a deprecatory nature, used by professional Mingrelian story-tellers.¹

“ Conclusion of the tale, the tale,
Maize-bread with ashes hast thou ate,
Hast drunk poor wine of evil taste,
Hast likewise eaten rotten nuts.”

¹ From *Tsagareli's Mingrelskie etudi*, p. 8.



THE AUTHOR, MEJID, AND AKIM.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM BAKU TO DERBEND.

First View of Derbend—Its Declining Prosperity—A Tatar Beg—The Town Walls and Gates—Preméshki Kala—Prince Makaioff and his Collection—Mirza 'Ali Beg—The Friday Mosque described—The Cemeteries—The Age of the Wall of Derbend—Metági—Kemákh—Bilgádi—How Pir Gänjä received its Name—Geméidi and its Cemetery—Babanu Kala—Skulls used as Talismans against the Evil Eye—Zil—Tatil—Legend about the Castle of the Seven Brothers—The Western End of the Wall—Difficulty of taking Bearings—Traditional Knowledge about the Wall—The Length of the Wall—Best Way of visiting it—Ämjähli Pir and its Pleasant Position.

ABOUT 8 a.m. on the morning of August 11, the snowy cap of Shah Dagħ could be seen looming indistinctly above the haze that lay heavily upon the low coastline on the port side of the *Turkmen*, though also upon the whole surface of the Caspian Sea. Two hours later we anchored in the roadstead of Derbend. The town looks well when seen for the first time in coming from the south. About a mile from the shore, on a mountain slope, the crest of which rises to a height of over two thousand feet, stands the ancient citadel. Its walls and towers of warm, russet yellow contrast with the fresh green of trees, and both bring into strong relief the whitewashed gateway and other

buildings that stand up out of the foliage. From the east and west ends of the citadel a double line of wall, not quite parallel, with towers at intervals, descends rather steeply to the shore, while the town is grouped in irregular masses between and beyond the walls. Most conspicuous are the bright green towers and cupolas of the Russian and Armenian churches, which proudly rise above and dominate the low mosques and flat-roofed houses of the native inhabitants. The crest of the mountain is broken in outline, covered at the top and in great patches along its slopes with short, dark-green brushwood, while the other portions of its surface are parcelled out in plots of yellow and dun-coloured grass, scorched by the unusual heat of the summer of 1888. But along the flat and low coast-line, both to the north and south of the town, lies a broad belt of garden land planted with innumerable fruit-trees and poplars. Here vines and apricots grow in abundance, and here the inhabitants pass much of their time in summer. The grapes were already ripe, but unfortunately many of the vines were suffering from disease.

Steamers have to anchor about five hundred yards from the shore, which passengers must reach by one of the large sailing-boats that come alongside. Mejid and I tumbled into one of them, and soon found ourselves first on the rickety landing-stage, and then on the hot, yielding sand of the beach. Several one and two-horse carriages were drawn up, some of the drivers of which had *kinjals* round their waists, as here they do not dress like *ishvoshchiks* in other

Russian towns. Before leaving Derbend I remarked one or two with a pistol in his belt, though not on this occasion. As there is no hotel, we had to drive about to look for quarters. The houses in the lower part of the town are of European aspect, are built of soft limestone, which is easily cut into mouldings, so that they are externally not unlike what one sees in Malta, the south of Italy, and Sebastopol. The streets too are wide, and at right angles, with an alley of trees to afford shade.

At last the driver took us to a house belonging to a Russian widow, where I engaged two large, clean rooms for the modest sum of one rouble a day. There I made my headquarters for a fortnight, and had nothing to regret by doing so. I saw little of the widow, but a good deal of her old mother, who did the housework and cooking. As she had been brought up at Derbend she could speak Tatar fluently with Mejid. Her pride was the circumstance that her three daughters had all married Russian officers. The house had been built by the widow's husband for 12,000 roubles; now she would be glad to sell it for 9000, and had refused 8000; for times were very bad, and the value of house property had greatly diminished.

Derbend is one of those places that has seen its best days. Its glory is in the past; its fortunes are now in as shattered a condition as its walls. The population is a mixed one of Russians, Tatars, Armenians, and Jews, though the former are nearly limited to the garrison. I was told that only a few

years ago considerable fortunes were made, especially by the Tatars, in *márena* (madder), from which a red dye is extracted. But year by year the price has kept falling from fifty roubles a *puđ* to one rouble twenty kopeks, so that now it scarcely repays cultivation. Accordingly the Tatars are very much down in their luck, and the most flourishing section of the community is said to be the Jews, though some of the Armenians have large shops and manage to make money. The current language is Tatar, though the mass of the so-called Tatar population is very different-looking from ordinary Tatars, and is really Tāt or Persian. They shave their heads all but a patch about the size of one's hand above each ear, which has a remarkable effect when a man removes his *papak*, or sheepskin cap. Mejid declared they were all Sunnites, though I thought they must be Shiites, and he maintained the same of the Tatar population of Nukha; though there they keep the feast of Hosein, the son of 'Ali, and celebrate his murder by cutting themselves with swords. In some of the villages to the west of Derbend I found Tāts who still speak a Persian dialect, though all can talk in Tatar, and are in process of becoming wholly Tatarized. Tāt and Tajik are terms applied by Tatars to persons coming from Persia, or who are of Persian origin.

In the afternoon, when it became cool enough to walk about, for the heat was intense, I went out with Mejid to have a look at the upper town. He too wanted to find a Tatar Beg, whose acquaintance he

had made at Khiva during the previous year. Leaving the wide-strected European quarter, we first passed through the squalid quarter where the Jews live. They dress much like the natives, but wear no *kinjal*, and some have a twisted lock of hair on each side of the face like the Polish Jews. Then passing the large Russian church in the centre of the town, we ascended some steps, when we had on our left the Armenian quarter. Beyond it, in the direction of the citadel, and also to the right, lies the Tatar quarter. Here the streets are rough, narrow, and irregular. Close to the Armenian church Mejid found the house of his friend. He must have come down in the world. Beg is translated by *kniaz* or prince in Russian, and Mejid's princely friend now keeps a very scantily furnished draper's shop. But he told me the title of Beg, like that of Prince or Baron in Germany, descends to all the sons of a Beg. As the law of primogeniture does not hold among Mussulmans, it follows that many Beks are found in the lower strata of society.

The present representative of the order was a venerable and kindly-looking old man, who immediately showed us up-stairs into his private apartments and ordered in tea. The room was small, but comfortably furnished with divans, mats, and cushions. Several books upon the shelves indicated that the Beg had literary tastes, and I asked him what he knew of the history of Derbend. He said he had read that the walls of the town were three thousand years old, and had been built to keep out the Khazars, who lived to the north, and used to make forays into

Persian territory. The north wall was said to have been constructed by Nushiravan (Anūshirvān, A.D. 531—579), the south wall by Alexander of Macedon. But many thought, and he amongst them, that it was built by Zul Garnéin (Dhul Qarnein, the lord or master of two horns), who is often called Iskander, but who lived 1953 years before Alexander of Macedon, was a cotemporary of Abraham, and likewise the builder of Mecca. Here he produced a printed copy of the Koran with marginal annotations, and in a very short time pointed to a page in corroboration of his assertion. I had to take it for granted, though I have since learnt there is a reference to Dhul Qarnein in the Koran. He knew, of course, the Arabic name of Derbend, *Bab il abwāb*, “the gate of gates,” and knew the former was Persian, translating it by “the place closed by a gate,” which is accurate enough.

Though the Beg is reduced to keeping a draper's shop, I was glad to hear he is not without land. The townspeople own about 1200 *desiatins*, or 3432 acres of garden and orchard land, and some of these acres belong to him. He is the owner of vineyards, though this year they have been a failure to some extent. After drinking several cups of tea and smoking *chibūks* we departed home, and found the widow's mother had cooked a very fair supper. The bread here is very close and heavy, reminding me in quality and taste of the roll-shaped bread of Sicily and Andalusia. I did not meet with it elsewhere in the Caucasus.

August 12th.—In the course of the day I inspected the walls of the town, and rode up to the top of the mountain, on the lower slope of which the town is built. The highest point is called Jalgan, from a village of the same name, and rises to a height of 2357 feet. At their lower end the interval between the walls is about four hundred yards, but as I have said before, they are not parallel, the line of the north wall below the citadel forming an obtuse salient angle. A good deal of the lower portion of the south wall has been demolished to allow of the extension of the town, and the short bit of the eastern wall has also been removed. The walls are built of yellow calcareous stone, and their masonry is peculiar. The front and rear faces consist of a casing of thick, oblong, rectangular slabs, about $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ feet square, set alternately lengthways and end on, with an internal stuffing of rubble, the whole firmly cemented with excellent lime. The thickness of the walls is about thirteen feet, and it is evident the slabs set end on must give unusual strength to the casing, as their long faces are firmly embedded in the rubble. They act something like the tenons in a mortise. A battlement with step-shaped finials of Persian type once crowned the walls and gateways, but only a very small portion of it now remain.

The masonry of these walls corresponds in every particular with that of the two score and upwards of rectangular forts along the wall of Derbend, on the west side of the mountain, and shows they belong to one epoch. Three or four gates on each of the long

faces still exist, but the *Orta Kapi* or centre gate on the south face is the only one with any architectural pretensions. Seen from the outside, a nearly square tower with a picturesque battlemented crest projects by several feet from the general line of the wall, and forms the body of the gate. In its centre, though slightly set back, a large, pointed, stilted arch, with a much smaller one on each side, gives access to the interior of the town. The arches are carried by pillars, surmounted with honey-comb capitals of Persian or Saracenic type, and have bold but simple mouldings carried round their heads. Stone benches are placed under the gateway at right angles to the line of entrance, and these are sure to be occupied by the townsmen at all hours of the day. The rear wall has only one arch with a pointed head, but from the spring of the arch a row of stones is built horizontally across it. The centre one has indented edges on both sides, fitting into dents on the interior edge of the stone on each side of it, and so acts as a kind of keystone. Above this interior archway the mutilated figure of an animal carved in stone, which I took to be a lion, projects from the surface of the wall. On the stones of the inner wall above the benches various deeply-incised marks have been made, such as the so-called *svastika*, lozenges and circles with a dot in the middle, or with lines radiating from them, and various other marks. Between this and the next gate, *Narin Kala Kapi*, or gate of the citadel, there are several inscribed stones, as the wall has been repaired at various times with some of the innumerable tomb-

stones which form dense clusters a short distance from the walls on the north and south sides of the town, and give an exceptional appearance to its environs. We followed up the south wall to the citadel, but were not allowed to enter it. Its form is irregular, and like the town walls it is further defended by angular towers. The widow at our lodgings told us it contained a cave, but I could not learn any further particulars, as our guide from whom I had hired the horses had never seen it.

A steep and deep ravine on the west and north sides of the citadel greatly augments its strength, and in ancient times this part of the fortifications must have been well-nigh impregnable. I was unable myself to see any trace of a wall from any corner of the citadel up the face of the mountain, and the guide knew of none. However, it must exist, as General von Erckert saw it, and has marked it on his plan. The ground is rough and much broken, besides being covered in many places with thick bushes, so that traces of the foundations might easily escape the notice of any one who did not know exactly where to look.

Leaving the citadel we turned our horses' heads south-westwards, and for about three versts followed a track up the face of the mountain, sometimes through patches of bright yellow grass, scorched by the sun, and sometimes through dense underwood of dark, evergreen shrubs. Near the top they are so compact as to be absolutely impenetrable, except along the narrow tracks cut through them. The

Jalgan mountain has, roughly speaking, the form of a wedge lying on the ground, with a deeply indented outline where the short, perpendicular face meets the long, sloping, upper surface. In a cup-shaped depression in the outline of the crest of the mountain, nearly south-west of Derbend, lies a ruined fort, known to our guide as Burj, or the tower, but which I afterwards ascertained bears the name of Preméshki Kala.¹ It is rather difficult to take stock of, owing to the density of the surrounding scrub. In plan it is oblong, about thirty-eight paces by thirty paces, with a door to the east and circular towers at the angles. The upper part of the structure is in ruins. The ground in front of it, that is towards the west, falls very abruptly, and from the top of the ruined walls, which rise for some feet above the all-enveloping bushes, a good view of the country can be obtained. To the west I could see several villages, such as Metági and Kemákh, on or near the line of wall, which follows the crest of an undulating line of hills, of considerably less altitude than the spot where we now stood. Our guide knew nothing about the wall, and as it is not laid down on the five-verst map, though a tower here and there is marked, I could not follow its direction as I should like to have done.

In returning to the town the guide said there was a holy place called Ämjákhli Pir, about five versts from Derbend, where there was a rock shaped like a

¹ Preméshki is perhaps a corruption of Pir Dimishk or Dimishek, the Saint of Damascus. The Sultan Pir Ali of Damascus is mentioned in the *Derbend Nāmeḥ*, p. 152, as one of the fifty martyrs.

sheep, or a rock formed from a petrified sheep—I could not exactly make out which he meant—and that water perpetually dripped from its teats (*ämjükh*). Sick people went there to drink the water on account of the healing virtue it possesses. He had never been there himself, so could not now take us to see it, but on a later occasion I paid it a visit. The widow's mother at our lodgings knew all about the place, and was able to testify, from personal experience, to the beneficial action of the water.

On returning to the western end of the citadel, we continued our ride round it to the north side by descending into the ravine, and following the path along the bottom, as there is no passage immediately below the walls. After issuing from the ravine, we headed towards the north to visit what looked like an old fort, called *Kiáfer Kala*. It lies on rising ground above the post road from Derbend to Petrofsk, but on nearer approach I saw it was comparatively modern, and found it occupied by a post of Avar yeomanry. It could have formed no part of the ancient defences of the town. We re-entered the town by the *Jarchi Kapi*, or "Gate of public proclamations," on the north side, opposite the *Baiyát Kapi* on the southern wall. Lower down, opposite the *Yenghi Kapi*, or "New Gate," comes the *Kirklär Kapi*, which leads to the great cemetery of *Kirklär*.

About eleven o'clock I went with *Mejid* to pay my respects to *Prince Makáioff*, the governor of the district of Derbend, though not of the town. He is a Georgian by birth, and received me very kindly.

After telling him I wanted to follow the entire length of the historic wall of Derbend, he said he had just seen a Tartar Beg, whose father lived at Geméidi, and whither he was now about to proceed. The Beg had been born there, actually on the line of wall, and knew all about it. I eventually found his knowledge was confined to a very small section of it.

The prince has a small collection of arms and curiosities, which take up a good deal of space, but, so far as I could judge, contained nothing of great value. I remarked, however, two green basins like those I had seen at Gunib, but could learn no particulars about their origin, further than that they had been found in a *kurgyan*. There was a metal dish, or plate, of Dutch manufacture, with two human figures and accompanying ornaments embossed upon it, which had been brought from Kubächi. I saw also a head of a man, of late Greek or Roman work, which had been found in the neighbourhood. The collection was swelled by a number of modern-looking Persian jugs and vases, cups and bowls of metal, and pottery, distributed about the room. One of the trophies displayed was a banner taken from Shamil. I think there were also some portions of coats of mail, such as were worn by the natives down to the last century. I do not, however, remember seeing any old brass-work inlaid with silver in the Sarcenic style of the thirteenth century, though I afterwards heard at Kubächi he had purchased some specimens of it.

On leaving the prince I went on with Mejid to pay a visit to the Tatar Beg. He was temporarily

staying in a friend's house in the Tatar quarter. The entrance lay through a stable and cow-house, and was anything but clean. We found the Beg in a small room, surrounded by several men, some of whom were friends, others retainers. He was a very tall, stout, black-bearded man, in the prime of life, and extremely courteous in his demeanour. His dress and appointments were all of the best and handsomest. Mirza 'Ali Beg, for such was his name, was sent at the age of twenty-one to St. Petersburg to learn Russian, and to see life in the Imperial Guard. On his return to his native land he was appointed *naiib* in the district of Kaitakh, a post he still held. But next day he was going to Geméidi to see his father, and be present at the family gathering which is usual at the festival of sacrifices, *kurban bairam*, and which would be celebrated in a few days.

In walking through the Tatar quarter we saw several persons with falcons on their fists, engaged in feeding them. They were small, and are used for taking quails. Mejid told me hawking was still practised at Nukha and Zakatáli, and that at the latter place they are caught in considerable numbers to be trained and sold. The tea-shops were not inviting, but it was so hot we had to sit outside one and order glasses. When they were laid before us, the surface of the tea was immediately covered with particles of chaff. At this time of year the streets are filled with it; the whole atmosphere is pervaded with its irritating fragments. The reason is not far to seek. Immediately outside the walls of the town

there is a continual threshing and sifting of corn going on. The threshing is performed by driving horses or oxen round and round upon the threshing-floor. The sifting is managed by men and women tossing up the grain into the air with large wooden shovels, till the wind blows away all the chaff and broken straw adhering to it.

The principal mosque in the town is known as the Jum'a Mejid (Masjid), or Friday mosque. It stands on the south side of a fine large enclosure or court, which is entered from the east. Parallel to the mosque, and as old perhaps, runs a row of magnificent Oriental plane-trees, the finest and most enormous I ever remember to have seen. Close by the centre of the line stands a fountain, to allow of the necessary ablutions being made before prayer. Externally the mosque, though large, is far from imposing, and is almost devoid of architectural ornament. The walls look as if they would collapse some day, and have had to be buttressed up to prevent their falling outwards. The attendant, standing at the porch where one takes one's boots off, informed me the mosque is about 1300 years old, and was built by Abu Muslim. This, however, is an Oriental exaggeration. In the *Derbend Nāmeḥ*,¹ pp. 89, 90, it is related that in the year of the Prophet 115 (A.D. 733), Muslimch, or Abu Muslim in another text, son of Abd ul Melik, marched to Derbend with 20,000 men; re-fortified the citadel, and built a mosque in each of the seven

¹ Translated and annotated by Mirza A. Kazem Beg, St. Petersburg, 1851.

divisions of the town. Besides these he built a *jami*, or cathedral, larger than the others, wherein to perform the prayers of *jum'a* (Friday). Accordingly the building can only claim an age of 1155 years, but it was certainly erected by direction of Muslimeh, or Abu Muslim. The porch stands in the centre of the north wall, exactly opposite the *mihrab*, or sacred niche, in the south wall. In plan the building has the form of an elongated parallelogram. It is divided laterally into three long aisles, running east and west, with nine openings on each side of the central one. Of these aisles the inner one is the most lofty, but the centre one is the widest, with a waggon-roof vaulting, while the north and south aisles have simple barrel roofs. All the vaulting is of brickwork, and carried by large square pillars of stone. Above the large space in front of the *mihrab* rises a cupola, with four small apertures for the admission of light. Its inside surface is decorated with a diagonal pattern in red and black bricks, and below it, where the cupola begins to curve, runs a honey-comb cornice. Lower down there are two tiers of whitewashed recesses in the side walls, for what purpose I could not make out. In the right-hand corner there is a *piv*, or place of pilgrimage, consisting of a holy well, the waters of which are supposed to have a healing effect, and are consequently resorted to by many sick persons of both sexes. A little gaudy colouring has been introduced into the decoration of the sacred niche, and Oriental carpets are spread before it; otherwise the mosque is singularly wanting in colour, and seemed

to me wholly devoid of beauty. In one corner there was a sort of wooden pulpit, which Mejid told me was used twenty days after the Kurban Bairam festival, when commemorating the assassination of Hosein, son of 'Ali, by Yezid.

The cemeteries outside the town are curious, and well worth a visit. At a little distance one sees a perfect forest of tall, slender, upright stones in irregular clusters, each marking the spot where some man or woman has found a last resting-place. On a nearer approach one observes that a good deal of pains has been expended in decorating these tall slabs, as though the departed were still dear to the living. Near the head of these elongated tombstones there is nearly always a deeply-cut inscription consisting of a verse from the Koran, followed by the name of the deceased, and the date of his or her death. Below this, though sometimes on the back of the stone, a number of objects are carved. The central one is generally the representation of a horse, with the long boots of its late master between the fore and hind legs. Over this is carved a gun, a sabre, a *kinjal*, a cartouche-box, a flint and steel, slippers, and sometimes an object that neither Mejid nor I could make out. For a woman of course the articles are different. They consist of ornaments for the head and neck, an ewer and basin, flowers, a pair of slippers, &c. Sometimes a falcon, a partridge, a peacock, or a vase of flowers is carved on the back of the stone in addition to the above.

The ornamentation does not end there. An

arabesque border of incised work often surrounds the inscription, or divides the stone into compartments; and the angles of the stone are sometimes chamfered off, and a line of leaf ornament is carried along the new surface. Even this is not always considered enough, for the inscriptions and figured objects are frequently brought out by the use of vermilion, green, and blue paint. The introduction of a gun shows that none of these stones can be very old, and the dates in fact were all modern, some quite recent. If I remember right, Mejid told me the tombstones at Nukha were not incised with anything beyond a simple inscription, and I never saw anything else anywhere, save in this corner of Daghestan. It may be due to Persian influence; or the practice might have arisen spontaneously out of the ancient custom of burying the horse and arms of a dead man with him. For when this ceased to be done it might be thought sufficient to carve representations of them on the gravestone as a valid substitute.

In the centre of one of these cemeteries there is an octagonal building with four long and four short sides, surmounted by a cupola, and known as Kirklär, or the Forty. It is entered by two doors. Inside there are four tombstones of a more elaborate character than those outside. The inscriptions were beyond Mejid's powers to decipher, though he read the date A.H. 1029 upon one of them. The building seemed to me to be comparatively modern and uninteresting, though there is a tradition attached to the locality, and to the name it bears. In the *Derbend*

Nāmeḥ, pp. 39—42, it is related that in A.H. 41 the Khalif sent an army of 4000 warriors to Derbend to retake it from the Khazars. On their approach the latter retired till reinforced by 100,000 men under the Khakan of China. After several days' fighting and skirmishing, an Arab chief with forty reckless warriors headed a final attack. They fought so furiously that 20,000 of the enemy were slaughtered, and they themselves became martyrs. The relics of these forty are now at Derbend, and are known by the name of Kirklār, or the Forty.

Mention has already been made of the current native belief that the wall of Derbend is 3000 years old. This, however, is an immense exaggeration, and is more than double its true age. According to the *Derbend Nāmeḥ* and various mediæval Arab authors, the wall was built by Anūshirvān, better known as Khosroes I., who reigned between A.D. 531 and 579, but executed the work by order of his father Kobād, who flourished A.D. 491 to 531. Its construction must accordingly be placed in the early part of the sixth century. The wall is related to have extended for a distance of seven *farsakhs* or *parasangs* to a steep, inaccessible mountain, where it terminated. This distance is nearly twenty-five miles, which is just about the distance from the citadel of Derbend to the Chukhná Kala on the extreme left, beyond which the natives affirm the wall is not continued. There were seven passages or exits through it, at each of which a town was built and garrisoned by Persian troops. The wall was so wide that twenty riders could ride

on it without inconvenience, and quadrangular hewn stones were used in its construction, which fifty men could scarcely lift. Khosroes brought up a great multitude from Kāshan and Ghilān, in the north of Persia, and established them above Derbend in Tabaserān, or, as another version has it, the kings of Persia appointed people to guard Derbend, and called them Teberseran (axe-heads). Again, later, in 753 Yezid the son of Asad was sent by the Khalif as governor of Derbend. He rebuilt Suwār, Mutai (Metāgi), Kemakhi, Simnan, now Chirki, Dervāk, Yersi (Ersi), and Humaidi (Geméidi). Most of these are on the line-wall. He brought families from Syria and Mūsūl and placed them in those fortresses; he ordered that the frontiers, especially Suwār, should be defended by a guard of one thousand men; he built the fortresses of Yezidiyeh and Sermakiyeh, and peopled them with his own tribe; he repaired Megater (Mugatir) and Ma'raqa. Further, he placed men of Hams (Ēmesa) in Humaidi (Geméidi), and men of Damascus in Dervāk, which was a large and important village.

August 13th.—Owing to some mistake, Mejid had omitted to order horses over-night for our excursion to the wall in company with Mirza 'Ali Beg. It was therefore 8 a.m. before we rode up to the Beg's lodging, fully expecting he would have been ready long ago. This was not the case; but in about a quarter of an hour the Beg, magnificently attired, resplendent with silver arms, and even gloved, mounted his horse and we all rode off, followed by his three armed retainers. The Beg's horse

was a small gray, and he certainly looked gigantic upon it.

Instead of turning south-west and heading towards Jalgan, as I expected, so as to follow the wall the whole way, we left the town by one of the northern gates, and for several miles followed the post road to Petrovsk. The Beg said it was a much better road and not so hilly. So it was; but I missed a good bit of the wall, which I had to take on the way back. On our right we had the Caspian; on the left a low line of barren hills; in front a flat and dusty plain; overhead a fierce sun.

In an hour's time we turned to the left, and followed a narrow track round the northern base of the Jalgan mountain, till we came in sight of the square towers of Kejeli Kala and Kemákh, lying on a lowish ridge trending towards the west.

After a while we wheeled again to the left, and headed for Metági. The ground was undulating, and covered with low bushes and scrubby plants. At length I sighted a tower of the wall a good way to our left, nearly hidden by dense brushwood. The Beg, who was very good-natured, and I think scarcely took in my desire to see every inch of the wall, immediately turned his horse's head in that direction, when he understood that I should like to see it as closely as possible. The men with us called it Bari Meshasi, or "wall of the forest." It was difficult of access owing to the density of the shrubs, and was also much ruined, but it seemed almost exactly similar to the *burj* of Preméshki, which lay N. 20 E.,

as near as I could tell by a very small pocket-compass.¹ Metági lay S. 45 W. After this we again left the wall, and pursued our way down-hill through the close-set underwood into the open ground.

After another ascent we found ourselves in Metági, two hours and a quarter after leaving Derbend. We stopped for a couple of hours at the house of another Beg, a friend of Mirza 'Ali, to have breakfast, as it was nearly midday. As he happened to be away, the honours of the house were done by his wife. The natives of the village are all Tâts, but as our passage through the place was rapid, I scarcely saw them at all.

At 1.20 we rode off, and followed along the crest of the hill in a north-westerly direction to Kemákh, which was reached at 2.10 p.m. The track follows near the wall, traces of which could be seen occasionally in the brushwood. I was disappointed at not having been able to see more of it, but to do so it would be necessary to go on foot, and under the present circumstances that was not possible. At Kemákh there is a ruined oblong tower or fort with square towers at the angles, though they only project about two feet. I saw some marks cut on one of the stones, a semicircle with two radiating strokes and two hook-shaped incisions. The tower occupies a very commanding situation, and is a prominent land-

¹ When I have been able to compare my rough bearings with the true ones on the five-verst map, I have always found a considerable error, more perhaps than can be accounted for by the variation of the compass; so none of them can be taken as quite accurate.

mark far and wide. The people of the village said there was no tower between Metági and Kemákh; that the wall was almost destroyed between those points, and could be traced in the bushes to Zadián. It does not, however, take a straight line to the last-mentioned village, but seemed to keep along the crest of the hill and then sweep round in a south-westerly direction to Zavar Kala—perhaps the Suwār mentioned above—a very short distance to the north-east of the village. We did not, unfortunately, follow its course, but kept the path to Zadián, where Mirza 'Ali had a friend, and where we stopped for the night at three o'clock in the afternoon. I was much disappointed with the day's work, and felt the presence of the good-natured, happy-go-lucky Beg had been anything but an advantage hitherto; had proved, in fact, an impediment.

Kala Duzlan formerly lay on the other side of Zadián, but is now reduced to a level with the ground. It seemed to have been inside the wall, or at any rate to have projected but a few feet beyond the line of it. Zavar Kala bears N. 40 E., and Kemákh S. 70 E., as near as I could tell. A gate is said to have formerly stood here, and the Beg spoke of a Vidi Kala, now quite destroyed, as having stood somewhere near the village. The foundations of the wall can be traced from the west side of Kala Duzlan in a direction N. 35 W., but after about one hundred yards it turns sharp to the left, nearly at right angles. It then swings round to the left, apparently along the right side of a narrow and rocky ravine to Bilgádi,

for we did not follow it exactly, and traces of its foundations are only to be seen here and there. At Bilgádi there was within memory of the older inhabitants an iron door across the track on the left side of the ravine. Mirza 'Ali told me Bilgádi was a corruption of Bab il Hadid, or "the Iron Gate," and that formerly there was a town there. On the right front of the doorway stands an isolated rock, on which buildings formerly stood. It is known as Sar Kala, or "head castle," and Kemákh lies S. 72 E.

We then rode on over a rough, wooded bit of country to another fort, bearing the name of Tel Hammadan, from which the walls of Shalkene Kala could be seen in a direction S. 12 W. The surrounding wood made it impossible to get a good view in any direction, but a short ride brought us to Mehmet Kárim Kala, but also known as Shalkene Kala. It is in fairly good preservation, has an interior length of thirty-two paces, and a breadth of twenty-two paces, with semi-circular towers at the angles. The ground in front falls very abruptly, and also rises behind it, as the fort is not situated exactly on the crest of the hill. I could not see any trace of a wall either on the right or left flank, and if it existed, the masonry could not have been bonded with the walls of the fort without leaving a trace. A little further on there is another Shalkene Kala, with round towers engaged in the four corners, having a length of thirty-five paces, and a breadth of forty-one paces. In the direction of its length it runs due north and south. The Beg told me that some silver objects had

been found there not very long ago, and a leather shoe, half an ell long.

In descending the steep slope of the thickly-wooded hill-side we passed a cemetery called Pir Gänjä, about which there is a legend. Once upon a time two wise and holy men came there from Gänjä, the Tatar name for Elizabetpol in the plain of Georgia. The inhabitants of the place to which they came were a wicked people, who wished to do harm to the two holy men by making them drink wine. They stoutly refused to disobey the injunction of the Prophet in this respect, and were accordingly put to death. But in consequence of this evil act, misfortune fell upon the country, and the village disappeared completely. Nothing is now left but the cemetery. The people of the neighbourhood regard the tomb of the two murdered men as a holy place, and make pilgrimages to it.

We reached Geméidi, where Mirza 'Ali's father lived, at midday on August 14th, having ridden from Zadián and visited the forts just mentioned in a couple of hours. So in two days I had only come about a dozen miles, and had seen the wall in a most unsatisfactory fashion. I determined next day to manage by hook or by crook to dispense with the attendance of Mirza 'Ali, and to follow the remaining portion of the wall with Mejid and a guide. On the return journey I hoped to follow the wall at any rate from Metági eastwards along the crest of the hills to Derbend.

The family house of the Beg was an unpretentious

building, standing apart from the village on the crest of a ridge covered with low but very thick brushwood. Two forts formerly stood to the east of the house, one on each side of a gap in the ridge, up which the path from Zadián ascends. But they are now razed to the ground, and the stones have been used for building purposes. In front, looking north, lay the undulating plain of Tabasaran, called in older writings Teberseran, Tabaristan, and Taparseran. The fort of Sháلكene bears N. 20 E., and that of Kemákh N. 60 E. Two other forts can be seen to the west, the one on a hill bearing N. 70 W. These I did not visit till next day. On the far side of the gap there was a cemetery, some of the tombstones in which were covered with carved objects resembling those at Kirklár and the neighbourhood of Derbend, though not identical. At the top of the stone there was often a rosette, lower down on each side of the stone came a lily in a pot, then a *kinjal* and a horse; below them a gun, boots, and sabre; lower down a water-jug and a round basin; lower down again something like a metal dish or a sack, and a pair of slippers with very high heels. On another there were two hands, a basin, boots, slippers, ornaments, and a long-stalked flower. Instead of hands there were sometimes two foot-prints, a water-jug, and a circular basin. The ornamentation of some of the stones was quite artistic, consisting of three threefold circles crossed and interlacing with a pair of triple semicircles. Sometimes the threefold circles interlaced on two vertical rods. The general effect was not unlike

some of the early Irish interlacing ornament. One common symbol neither Mejid nor I could understand, and no one we asked could give any explanation. It was a long, vertical parallelogram with two short, narrow parallel lines springing from the centre of the upper short side and terminating in circle or knob. Some of the graves were marked by short wooden posts; over a man they were circular at the top, over a woman they were cut level, though a small flat-headed projection was left in the middle.

The villagers at Geméidi, like those at Zadián, are Tāts, who are also found for a few miles to the west, but at Tatil the Lesgians are encountered. By the Tatars these are called *ozdan khalkh*, or “free people,” because they are not under *begs*, but nominate or elect their own chief, who is called a *kadi*. The man selected for this dignity is invested with authority by causing him to sit on an elevated stone, and then placing a *papak* or sheepskin cap upon his head. So at least Mirza 'Ali assured me, but I was unable to learn more about the ceremony. He further mentioned that the Tāts in Tabasaran are called *Raiyat khalkh*, or “unfree people,” because they are under the authority of hereditary *begs* or princes. The district of Káitakh is inhabited by *ozdan khalkh* and *Thüräkämä*, the latter of whom speak Tatar, and live in the plain. I have not met with the word *Thüräkämä*¹ elsewhere, and may have taken it down erroneously. The *Dargho dili*, or language of Dargho, is spoken at Kosha and in the Dargini district. The people

¹ Perhaps he meant Turkomans.

there are regarded as Lesgians by the Tatars, and the language is spoken by the Kubächi people as well as their own.

In the course of the evening I had not much difficulty on impressing upon Mirza 'Ali the extreme annoyance it would give me if he put himself out in the least on my account by personally conducting me to the end of the wall; one of his retainers would amply suffice. So it was agreed that next morning I was to start with two of his men who knew all the forts between Geméidi and Yedi Gardash,¹ or "the seven brothers," which he said was the last of all. From the Beg's father, who, though an old man, had never been further from home than Derbend in one direction and Kuba in another, I learnt that a few travellers occasionally visit the place. General Komaroff has been several times along the wall, and has made a careful plan of it. He also remembered the visit of General von Erckert, and two Russian engineers came as lately as last year. But on account of the extreme heat the latter had only visited a very few of the forts. He did not remember ever having seen an Englishman before, so I hoped I was the first to visit and explore the historic wall.

August 15th.—When I started with Mejid and two guides it was raining hard, which was certainly an inconvenience in some respects. We got thoroughly drenched in plunging through the dripping bushes and the wet grass, and my note-book got soaked; yet the rain cooled the air and made it possible to walk

¹ Properly, *Karndash*.

about with much greater pleasure as soon as it ceased to fall. About a couple of versts to the west of Geméidi is the Pataiyúng Kala, with semi-circular towers at the angles, but more projecting at some corners than at others. This fort, like all the others, is more or less ruined, and is surrounded by trees and thick bushes. From the north side of it there is a trace of a wall running east and west. A little further on comes Noruz 'Ali Kala, near the bottom of a ravine. The ground falls away very steeply to the front, and the direction of the front face lies N. 75 W. The eastern wall is entirely demolished.

Not far off in another ravine lies Hassan Bey Kala. About one hundred yards off on the other side of the ravine stands Babanu Kala. It is entered by a doorway between two projecting buttresses of masonry on the south-west or rear face of the fort. On some of the stones near the ground there is a good deal of writing in the Kufic character. The inscriptions are much weathered and defaced, and seem to have been cut before the stones were used for building. High up on the north wall in the left-hand corner there is a deeply-cut representation of a wild goat, or some such

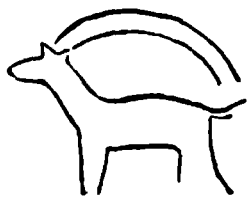


Fig. 1.

animal (Fig. 1). On the outside wall of the rear face there is a line of inscription in a character I could not recognize, but with some resemblance to Uighur, though written horizontally and not vertically.

The next fort lies in a thick wood, impenetrable on horseback, on the top of a hill about two hundred

and fifty yards to the west. It bears the name of Palangi Kala (Leopard castle), or Sezhür Kala. There was no perceptible ingress to the interior save through the broken-down north-east angle of the building.

The guides said the next place to visit was Derwag, or Darvag, and accordingly we were taken along a winding path through a broken, woody tract of country, where I felt quite at sea as regards the lie of the wall, and lost my bearings altogether; for I had been quite unable to estimate how far we had gone, or to take the relative bearings of the various forts, owing to the density of the trees. The distance we now rode was considerable. At last we emerged from the woods and found ourselves on the top of a ridge overlooking the plain of Tabasaran. At a short distance to the right stood the much-ruined fort of Mughara Kala. It is about half a verst from Darvag, which bears N. 40 E., and lies at a considerably lower elevation on the slope of the ridge. In the centre of the village stands another fort, known as Beglar Kala, or the castle of the princes; but it has suffered much from the inconsiderate hands of the villagers. A tall, round, brick tower is a conspicuous object. It must have been the minaret of a mosque, and presented nothing striking from an architectural point of view.

Here we engaged a man to show us three forts which lie between Darvag and Zil. The *yüzباشی* of the village apparently knew of no more, though I afterwards found there were at least five others. In exploring the wall it is necessary to take a fresh man at each village, for no one knows anything beyond

the limits of his village district, or if he does it must be a point of native etiquette to feign ignorance to tourists and foreigners.

The first fort we came to was Dervish Kala, about a couple of versts from the village in a general south-westerly direction. About half-way we passed a well, issuing from under a large beech, to which were attached a quantity of rags. It is a *pir* or holy well. There was a good deal of cultivated land, and many gardens planted with fruit-trees in the flat valley through which the Darvag river takes its course. In the fences and hung up in the fruit-trees there were cows' and horses' skulls. Mejid said it was done to bring good luck, and to avert the evil eye. I had seen this done by the Tatars in the Crimea, and in many places in Daghestan. The practice has the sanction of several thousand years, for skulls of animals are depicted as attached to date-trees in old Babylonian and Ninevite carvings, evidently for the same purpose as now-a-days. The skull of an animal was thought to be a potent talisman to rebut the influence of evil spirits.

The front face of Dervish Kala has a direction N. 60 E. It is enveloped by brushwood and trees, is fairly well preserved, and has the usual round towers at the angles. About a quarter of a mile to the north-west is Kōbi Kala, so entirely surrounded by large trees that nothing could be seen in any direction. The doorway is on the south wall; two loopholes are in the east wall, and two or more in the other faces of the fort. They were the first I had observed.

Riding on through a thick wood we very soon reached Ishekhli su Kala, though I saw no clear water near it, from which it might have taken its name, for so its meaning was explained to me. The front face bears N. 30 W. The walls are loopholed, and on the ground outside lay a battlement that had once crowned the summit of the walls. It was a single slab, with three steps cut into it on each side, and a horse-shoe terminal at the top, on the outside face of which a rosette ornament was introduced within a horse-shoe frame. From the south-west corner a small bit of the line of wall can be seen, having a direction S. 40 W. Its masonry is not bonded into that of the fort, and it looks like a later addition.

The man we had brought from Darvag could show us nothing more, so we rode straight to the village of Zil. It stands at the top of a low ridge, backed by trees and brushwood at the head of the open valley of the Darvag river, which in earlier days was the scene of desperate and bloody encounters between the Arabs and the Khazars. Here we halted for a couple of hours at the house of the *yüzباشи*, to rest the horses and have some lunch.

Our further route lay westwards along the crest of the ridge, which is tolerably high and steep, and everywhere covered with timber and close underwood. The site chosen for the wall was therefore a strong one by nature, and the thick scrub of itself would seriously interfere with the movements of even irregular hordes of horsemen like the Khazars. The first fort we reached lies about a verst to the west of Zil, and

bears the name of Ürnürgh or Ornurg Kala. It is much damaged, and presents no special feature. A short distance from it, on more elevated ground, stands the ruins of Abdullah Beg Kala. It is very nearly destroyed, and takes its name from a celebrated local brigand who once inhabited it, and stood a siege there: hence its dilapidated condition. The front face lies S. 30 E. Riding on for a short distance we arrived at Ramazán Kala, which they told me was taken from a man's name, and not from the month Ramazán, as one might have expected. There is only one wall left standing. Kemákh lies N. 70 E.

The men with us knew of no more forts in this direction, and accordingly led the way to Tatil, a village in the direction of Yedi Gardash, which I had been given to understand was the last fort at the west end of the wall. The path led through a thickly-wooded tract for a couple of miles or so, and then descended into the valley of the Rubas river. On the northern slope lies the Lesgian village of Tatil, where we halted for some time outside the house of the *yüzباشи*. The wooden door of his house was artistically carved with a pattern of concentric circles interlacing with diagonal lines in relief. The effect was excellent. In the lower panels various objects, such as boots, a basin, a water-jug, &c., were introduced. Nearly all the houses in the village were decorated with Arabic inscriptions, the letters of which were rendered more pronounced by retracing them with red and blue paint. The *yüzباشи* said the Lesgians here had no special name other than people of Tabrasán (Tabasarán),

and that their language is different from the Kürin spoken at Kuba, a town which he had visited himself. He mentioned also the important fact that there was a fort further to the west than Yedi Gardash, pointing to Chukhná Kala in a direction S. 72 W.

The view to the south was rather fine. Immediately in front the Rubas Chai makes its way in a northerly direction through a rocky gorge traversing the steep, wooded range of mountains, called the Kara Sirt, or "Black peak." It then enters a wider valley, and when about a mile from Tatil bends round to the south-east, and finds its way into the Caspian about ten miles south of Derbend. The mountain range evidently derives its name from the high peak on the east side of the gorge, which looks almost black from being clothed with forest up to the very top. This eastern part of the range, according to my informants, alone bears the name of Kara Sirt, though in the five-verst map the name is written over the western portion. According to the same map the line of hills on which Zil and Tatil are situated are on the same level with and run into the western prolongation of the Kara Sirt. But this is not the case, as the latter rises fully one thousand feet above the former, and there is a depression between them. At the top of the eastern, or strictly speaking the south-eastern extremity of the prolonged range is situated the Chukhná Kala. I could not ascertain the meaning of the name further than that it was called after the mountain on which it lies. General von

Erckert calls the fort Chukhun Kaleh, and the mountain Chukhun Dagh, which he explains by "Jews' mountain."¹

After getting a man from the village, who rode barebacked, to show us the way, we descended for about a mile to the bank of the river. Here the scenery was wild and picturesque, for we were about to enter the gorge. After riding for about a couple of miles we reached the base of the isolated conical hill on which lies the Yedi Gardash Kala, or the castle of the Seven Brothers. The hill is situated in the angle formed by a small river called Fundukhlukh, or the "nutty," and the Rubas Chai. Its form and its masonry are quite different from that of the forts on the line of the wall of Derbend. Internally the north and south faces are about thirty yards long, the west face measures fifteen yards, and the east face, overlooking the river, only seven yards. In the centre of the eastern face a solid buttress of rectangular outline projects by several feet, and to the south of it is the doorway leading into the interior of the castle. There is a square tower at the west end of the north and of the south face, and two external buttresses, five or six feet apart, are placed a few feet from the west end of the northern wall. The long faces are loopholed at irregular intervals and levels. The masonry is composed of small round stones, and is therefore very different from that of the other forts. I was afterwards told by a Turkish Beg at Metági that this castle was built by Muslimeh, the builder of the great mosque

¹ I rather doubt this explanation of the word.

at Derbend. If this is true it is of Arab, not Persian construction. There is a legend attached to it, which our Lesgian guide related to us.

Once upon a time there were seven brothers and one sister, who all lived together in the castle. The brothers were great robbers, and plundered right and left, to the great dread of their neighbours. At last it reached such a point that some of the persons who had suffered from their violence made overtures to their sister. By means of presents and promises of a husband they urged her to betray her brothers. She succumbed to the temptation, and gave information which enabled the injured persons to surprise the brothers at an unexpected moment. Revenge was taken, and they were speedily put to death. When the time came to fulfil their promises to the faithless sister, they reflected that a woman who could thus betray her own brothers would be a very undesirable wife for any of them to take in marriage. They accordingly stoned her to death, and her tomb, consisting of a heap of loose stones, was shown us about a mile from the ruined castle of the Seven Brothers.

Our next point was to ascend the mountain to Chukhná Kala. We retraced our steps for some distance, and then turning to the left began to climb the abrupt hill-side to the village of Yakhdikh. Here our saddleless guide found it necessary to engage a reluctant bare-footed Lesgian boy to show the way to the top of the mountain. It is not very easy to sit a bare-backed horse going up a very steep ascent, and our guide on these occasions used to dismount. When

we left the village it was already getting dark, the sky was overcast, and while painfully crossing some ploughed fields the rain began to fall in torrents.

The castle at the top is a good deal ruined and surrounded with brushwood. Owing to the darkness and the sheets of falling rain I could make but an unsatisfactory survey of the whole. The direction of the front face is S. 40 E. and N. 40 W. The fort is entered by a horse-shoe archway facing N. 60 E., which gives a line on Kemákh. The walls have flanking towers, and are also loopholed. The ground seemed to fall away steeply to the south-west. In full daylight there must be an extensive view to the north; one embracing the whole line of the wall from the Jalgan mountain on the right to an equal distance to the left. So far as I could see, there is no special reason why the wall should suddenly terminate at this point. But owing to the heavy rain and the late hour, I made no examination of the ground to the west and south of the fort, so that I cannot speak with certainty.

Before we reached Tatil it was quite dark, and too late to return to Geméidi, for the guide said there were six or seven forts between Tatil and Zil which we had not seen, and which it was necessary to visit. The *yüzباشي* made Mejid and myself welcome to stay the night at his house, while our two men from Geméidi found quarters for themselves elsewhere.

August 16th.—Accompanied by our guide of yesterday, who during the night must have borrowed a saddle, we made an early start to see the ruined forts

he had promised to show us. We first ascended for some little distance the hill-side on which the village is built, and then turned to the left till we reached Zeidakh Tular Kala. It lies at the end of a high projecting point of ground covered with trees, where the ground falls away in three directions. The walls are much damaged. Chukhná Kala bears S. 53 W., and is separated by a wide open depression, which flattens out to the right and falls away very abruptly to the left, where it forms the west flank of a portion of the Rubas Chai valley. The village of Dübek bears N. 14 W. Three or four hundred yards lower down the hill lies Himlarik Kala, surrounded by trees and brushwood. It is so very much ruined that little indeed is left standing. Zeidar Tular bears N. 60 E.

Our guide had never heard of any wall connecting the forts, and I could see no trace of any. In the direction of Chukhná Kala he said there were no more forts. I found it impossible, owing to the unevenness of the ground, and the frequent changes of direction it caused in our course, coupled with the density of the woods and thickets, through which we could scarcely penetrate, to take any bearings from fort to fort, or to estimate even approximately the distance between them. I sometimes had to ask the guide the direction of the last fort, and take a bearing in the line of his extended arm.

Kharar'il Kala, or Kharar 'Il Kala. Hardly anything remains, and as it is entirely surrounded by large trees, the view is obstructed in every direction,

but the ground falls away very steeply to the north-east, and Zeidar Tular lies somewhere about S. 60 W.

Between this and the next fort there is a deserted cemetery in the woods, called Emizgiá Pir. A natural phosphorescent light burns here at night, which gives it a remarkable sanctity in the eyes of the natives.

A short ride brought us to Emizgiá Kala. Little is left of the walls, and like the last it is so buried in foliage that no bearings can be taken, but it lies somewhere to the north-east of the last fort. A few yards to the south I could see a portion of the Rubas Chai, and the position is evidently on a narrow ridge.

Nevrüz Kala is also quite a ruin, and wholly environed by woods, shutting out the view in every direction. The guide pointed to the south when I asked where Tatil lay, and to the west when I inquired about the position of the last fort. Perhaps the name is Nevrüz K., the fort of the new day or of the vernal equinox, in which case it is a Persian name.

Akhmé Kala lies about three furlongs north-east of Nevrüz Kala, and is very much destroyed. No bearings were possible.

Mirza Kala lies about two furlongs north-east of the last fort, and is likewise in a very ruined condition. The ground falls away steeply to the north-east, to the north, and to the north-west, and seems to be at a salient angle in the ridge on which Zil is situated.

Mothí Kala is about three furlongs further along the crest of the ridge in a direction north-east by east. It is very much ruined, and hardly anything remains.

Kadách Kala lies on very elevated ground in a commanding position, nearly due east of Mothí Kala. Chukhná Kala bears S. 55 W. Kemákh bears N. 70 E.

A ride of half an hour by a devious route through a rough woody bit of country brought us again alongside Ürnürg Kala. About ten minutes later we entered for a second time the village of Zil.

Chipsokhôn Kala lies about half a mile to the south-east of Zil, at a considerable distance below the crest of the ridge. It is in a very ruined state. About a hundred yards to the east lies a well-preserved fort, bearing the singular name of Bashim Dishim Kala, or "my head and my tooth castle." How it obtained such an appellation I could not learn, but there must be some story to account for it. The four walls are still standing, with the usual semi-circular towers at the corners, and a few loopholes at irregular intervals. The north and south walls are longer than the other two. From the density of the surrounding trees and shrubs no bearings were possible.

Oghri Kala, "Thief Castle," lies higher up, but not far off, in a dense wood, and is in tolerably good preservation. Zil bears N. 70 W., Dervag N. 40 E. Bashim Dishim Kala lies in the direction of Zil, and Chukhná Kala lies S. 76 W.

In proceeding through the woods to the next fort we crossed a narrow bit of wall, trending S. 60 W., N. 60 E. The guide said it formerly connected Akhaí Kala with Bashim Dishim Kala, and could be traced as far as Ürnürg.

Akhaí Kala is much destroyed, and lies in such thick cover that no bearings could be taken, but Zil was indicated by the guide's forefinger as lying south-west. According to him a wall ran from the end of the face fronting Zil to connect it with the forts we had just seen.

Makhragakh Kala lies about two hundred and fifty yards N. 60 E. of Akhaí Kala, and is much ruined. A ravine runs between them in a line trending north-east and south-west.

As the next fort is Ishekhli su Kala, which I had already visited, we rode straight to Darvag, and then on without stopping to Geméidi, though by a different route from that of the day before. We now left the ruined fort of Mughara on our right, and swinging round to the right rode through the woods in a north-easterly direction till we reached Geméidi about 1 p.m.

We dismounted at the house of Mirza 'Ali's old father, but found his son had suddenly departed. News had arrived over night from Derbend that a murder had been committed in the district in Kaitakh, where he is *naib*. This had compelled him to saddle forthwith, and return to his official residence in order to take steps to bring the murderer to justice. I could not learn more about the matter, as it did not create much interest, than that one Jew had murdered another Jew for some unexplained reason.

After lunch I started again with Mejid to ride to Metági, where I meant to pass the night at the house of the Beg where we had lunched two days

before. I had made the acquaintance of his son, who was staying at Geméidi for the benefit of his health, as he was suffering from consumption. He had been educated at some Russian school, and was very well informed upon a number of subjects, besides taking an intelligent interest in others about which he only knew a little. His manner was mild and subdued, corresponding with his evident weakness and his attenuated frame. I felt very sorry for him, as the benefit he has derived from education seemed likely soon to lie dormant in the grave.

On this occasion we were only provided with a running guide, who led us to Metági by a different road from that by which we had arrived. On leaving Geméidi we headed eastwards, and traversed a picturesque tract of wooded country for some miles. Then we descended into an open, cultivated valley quite destitute of timber, almost to the village of Mugatir, which we skirted without entering. The path soon began to rise first gradually, then more steeply, till finally we arrived at the village of Metági on the top of the ridge. It was about sunset when we pulled up outside the humble dwelling of the Beg.

He was a tall, gaunt, gray-haired man, who had served many years in the Russian army, where he had acquired a fondness for strong drink. Not that he took more than he could carry, so far as I know, but enough to make the end of his nose contrast strongly in colour with the rest of his face. He gave us a hearty welcome, and invited us to sit down on cushions, spread in the tiny room which he occupies

himself, within easy reach of cigarettes, an ash-tray, and a black bottle. In talking about the wall and the various forts we had seen, he said Yedi Gardash had been constructed by Abu Muslim, who had also built the Jama'a Mosque at Derbend, and had the great merit of converting the Tatars and Lesgians to the Moslem religion. He lived in the time of the Khalifs of Bagdad. The wall of Derbend could not be less than three thousand years old, and was built to keep the Khazars from making incursions into the southern provinces. He also knew the story of the forty Arabs who were killed and buried at the Kirklär cemetery, though it varied in some particulars from the account given in the *Derbend Nāmeḥ* already quoted. Before going to bed he promised to give me a guide who knew all the forts between Metági and Derbend.

August 17th.—Quarter of an hour's ride brought us to Kejeli Kala, nearly due east of Metági. Traces of the wall are visible between the two places. The fort itself is a good deal damaged, though part of the four walls are standing. The two long faces run N. 30 W. and S. 30 E. Metági bears N. 78 W., and Preméshki N. 50 E. We then descended a little, and soon were following in rear of a portion of the wall about twenty feet high, running nearly north and south for some three hundred yards, when it turned at right angles to the east. The centre of this long piece of wall was flanked by a small round tower with a chamber below it. At the end of the short piece there is the front portion of a fort, which the guide only knew as the *burj*, or castle. The wall

is continued in a more north-easterly direction for about one hundred and fifty yards, where there is a round tower. A few hundred yards further on, where the wall had been running a little south of east, and then turns north-east, there is a well-preserved oblong, though apparently nameless, fort, with semi-circular towers at the angles, and with a buttress projecting from the rear face. The line of wall starts from the centre of the two short faces, so that half the fort lies outside and half inside the line of defence. Kejeli lies S. 45 W., and Preméshki N. 50 E. About three hundred yards further on in the same direction are the front wall and towers of a fort. The line-wall starts from the inner shoulders of the semi-circular towers, and not from the centre of the short sides, but its masonry is not bonded into that of the fort, which must therefore have been constructed independently.

The place about here is called Shur Su (brackish water), but the guide was not sure if the same name was applied to the fort. Further on there is a similar fort, while the place round it bears the name of Isti Sular. About one hundred and fifty yards beyond is the fort I visited the first day with Mirza 'Ali Beg. It bears the double name of Isti Sular and Bari Meshasi. Here the line-wall is connected with the rear face of the flanking keep. About one hundred and fifty yards beyond there is another ruined fort, which the guide also called Sular, from the district in which it lies. Without a plan on a large scale, which I had no means or time for making, it is

impossible to give a correct notion of the line of the wall, which follows the contours of the ridge along which it runs. It never runs straight for any great length, but is constantly changing its direction at a greater or lesser angle. The wall itself and the square towers are difficult of access on account of the extreme density of the bushes. The path we followed was sometimes along the front, sometimes along the rear. It is preferable of course to take the latter, though I do not know if this is always practicable. The track one follows is very narrow, is used chiefly by the charcoal-burners, and therefore does not follow the ins and outs of the wall as closely as desirable.

Soon after leaving the last fort we emerged from the scrub, and found ourselves on the narrow neck of ground which unites the steep and much higher western face of the Jalgan mountain with the ridge on which the line of forts and the connecting wall forming the wall of Derbend are situated. Here the wall is very much broken, but it can be traced to the foot of the precipitous face of the mountain, immediately above which Choróghli Kala is built. We had to make a considerable detour to the right, and to ascend a very sharp slope before reaching the village of Jalgan on the eastern flank of the mountain. The day was intensely hot; there was not a cloud in the sky, and the poor horses must have wished there was no such thing as a wall of Derbend for idle tourists to visit, least of all in the middle of August. At the village we had to take a youth to

show the way to Choróghli Kala (the castle of the blind man's son), at the very top of the mountain, but hidden from view by thick, nearly impenetrable shrubs. The fort has suffered much, and is in a very dilapidated condition in spite of its rather inaccessible position, but there is enough to show that it does not differ in plan from Preméshki Kala and the others that have been mentioned. Kejeli lies S. 64 W., Metági S. 76 W., Kemákh N. 80 W.

In a disjointed sort of way I had now seen the famous wall of Derbend, and traced it at intervals from the Caspian to the Chukhná Kala, a distance of about twenty-five miles, though Von Erckert estimates its length at sixty or seventy kilometres. If I had to advise a tourist desirous of exploring the wall, I should recommend him to proceed *viá* Jalgan and Metági ; to take a fresh man from village to village ; to follow in rear of the wall when possible ; to return exactly by the same route. I should recommend him to follow the wall between Kemákh, Zadian, and Bilgádi more closely than I did, and to inquire about a portion of the wall at Darvag which runs double for a certain distance according to General von Erckert, but which I did not happen to see or hear about ; to traverse the distance between Himlarik and Chukhná Kala to make sure that no forts exist between them, and to make a fuller exploration of the latter fort and the *terrain* in its vicinity.

As Ämjákhli Pir lies between the village of Jalgan and Derbend, I took the opportunity of paying it a visit. It is a very small stalactitic cave in the form

of an oven, the opening of which is four or five feet from the ground. The roof is studded with mammilar projections, which give rise to the name, caused by the drip of calcareous water percolating from above. The mouth of the cave is roughly semi-circular with a diameter of perhaps two feet. Though the water is said to be always cold, it did feel remarkably frigid on this occasion. The charm of the place lies rather in its situation and surroundings. This tiny cave is situated in a deep gully in the flank of a rather bare and stony mountain-side, through which a small stream murmurs with as loud a voice as its small volume is capable of giving utterance to. Large and small trees fill the dell, and throw a delightful shade upon the herbage below them. Here and there through the foliage one gets a peep at the poplars that line the shore at the foot of the mountain, and of the still, pale turquoise blue sea beyond. The trodden grass, the traces of old fires, and other marks of man's presence, show that it is a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Derbend. One might easily believe that in the good old days when the Khalif of Bagdad, Harun al Rashid, lived at Bab el Abwab, he too used to frequent so delightful a spot, and listen to story-tellers and lute-players, or it may have been to the *bulbul*, under the shade of the ancestors of these very trees.

Half an hour's ride brought us back to Derbend after a very interesting excursion of four days. The rest of the day was spent in reposing, and making preparations for a visit to Kubächi.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM DERBEND TO KUBÄCHI AND BACK.

Native Traditions about Kubächi—Majalis and its People—A Jew's Horses—Urkurak—Sighting Kubächi—Amusements on a Holiday—The Language of the Inhabitants—Their own Name for themselves—The Tombstones—Sculptured Stones described—Old Brass-work described—A Brass Stand identical with one in the South Kensington Museum—Brass Chargers of German Manufacture—The Modern Art of Kubächi described—Reasons of its Decline—A Gnostic Ring—Collections of Pottery—A Mediæval Arab Author on the People of Kubächi—Their Mode of Sepulture—Bad Harvest—Return to Derbend—Hints for Tourists.

August 18th.—Before leaving England I had never heard of Kubächi in Daghestan, and possibly most of my readers are in the same state of ignorance. But no one can travel in the Eastern Caucasus without hearing the name constantly. A tourist asks where such and such a silver-mounted *kinjal* or short-stocked native gun, with a gold-chased lock, was made. The answer is almost always "at Kubächi." This had frequently happened to me during my tour, and at Derbend, which is only one long day's ride from the place, I heard much more to excite my curiosity. Mirza 'Ali Beg told me the people were descended from Franks, and originally came from the

town of Robbia (?) in France; that they spoke a language differing from their neighbours or any one else in Daghestan; that up to a comparatively recent period they had been Christians. Another old Tatar Beg held the skill of the smiths of Kubächi in such esteem, and was so impressed by the beauty of their workmanship, that in the simplicity of his heart he said to me, "If people like them lived in England they would all be millionnaires!"

All this made me anxious to endeavour to clear up some of the mystery which seemed to overshadow the inhabitants, especially as regards their language, as well as to become better acquainted with their art, for what I had seen of it appeared more Oriental than European in character.

For the first time during the tour I was to make part of the journey quite luxuriously in a comfortable phaeton, provided with a hood to shelter one from the sun, and drawn by three horses. Starting about half-past six in the morning with Mejid, I reached Majalis at one o'clock. The road was not very interesting for the first half of the journey as far as Khan Mamed Kala, at least not on a very sultry August day, when the landscape was dimmed by clouds of dust, raised by the horses as they scuffled along the powdery highway. It runs along the perfectly level plain which borders the Caspian to the north of Derbend, while the hills to the west are of no great altitude. Not a tree was to be seen in the vicinity of the road, so that in default of a more natural perch, numbers of small but bright-plumaged

birds were sitting in rows along the telegraph wire enjoying themselves in the sun. They took no notice of an eagle soaring above their heads, though probably the sight of a hawk would have sent them fluttering away with beating hearts. They must have inwardly classed a phaeton and three horses scudding along the road with the inoffensive eagle, for our passage caused them no alarm. They may have blinked a little more with one eye, but they never left their perch. When near Khan Mamed Kala the driver turned to the left along a rough and narrow path, which often tried the springs severely. About ten o'clock we halted under some trees, where there was a stream of water, to rest the horses. Close by stood a rough shelter consisting of four posts which supported a straw roof. Two men and a savage dog were sitting under it watching a large field of ripe and ripening melons. Mejid, who always hankered after juicy melons, soon made a bargain, and carried off six or seven large ones to refresh us by the way. The scenery improved as we neared Majalis, which is situated at the mouth of a valley, where a river issues from the mountains.

The village of Majalis is of some size, and is built on sloping ground on the left bank of a river, which we crossed by a bridge. The lower part is inhabited by about a hundred families of Jews, who also possess a synagogue, a plain and unimposing structure. On higher ground at the east end of the village stand the ruins of a castle, of comparatively modern appearance, though the foundations may be much older.

To the west of this is a large mosque, a cemetery, and the house of the *yüzbashi*, to whom I had a letter from Prince Makaíoff.

His dwelling was of the ordinary Lesgian type, with a broad veranda in front, and with the stables and cow-houses below, though owing to the slope on which it was built it was possible to enter the veranda without passing through the lower regions. A wooden couch covered with rugs and cushions stood under the veranda, and also some large red earthenware jars of almost classical outline, which are manufactured in a village not far from Kubächi. The extreme end was occupied by a large wooden chest, covered with carved ornament of Oriental design and without figures.

The *yüzbashi* himself was invisible. He had been celebrating the preliminaries to the approaching *bairam* festival with too copious draughts from a black bottle, and was sleeping off the effects. But his brother, Haji Mohamed, carried out the instructions of the letter, and sent out for two saddle-horses and a mounted guide to conduct us to Urkurak, where we were to pass the night. It took two hours to effect this object, but the wife of the *yüzbashi*, a tall, handsome Tatar woman, unveiled but of solemn mien, would not allow us to depart without offering some refreshment in the shape of maize-bread and clotted cream.

The horses and saddles were supplied by a hook-nosed, black-haired Jew, with a love-lock on each side of his face. The animals were wretched brutes, and

could only be made to move by dint of much flogging. The stirrup-leathers were so short that my knees came above the pommel, and they could not be lengthened. The Jew must have been constrained by an uncontrollable impulse to deliver something short in measure, and had relieved his feelings by furnishing me with the shortest possible stirrup-leathers.

At three o'clock we mounted the jades and rode off. During our halt at Majalis thunder was growling in the hills around it, and rain began to fall, which certainly helped to lay the dust and cool the oppressive sultriness of the air. But it had the disadvantage of producing a great deal of mist, which hung about the tops of the mountains, and lay in long streamers against the flanks of the valleys. For the first two hours we were continually ascending, but after that the path, which was by no means bad, was carried along a tolerably level crest, so that we could push along at a better pace. On all sides there were mountains and steep slopes, partly wooded, partly under grass, with large patches of cultivation in the vicinity of the villages. One flat-topped mountain bears a Lesgian name, which the guide interpreted to mean, "The mountain that protects or shelters cattle." For now we were again in a Lesgian country, and Urkurak, which we were fast approaching, is inhabited solely by Lesgians. Majalis, with the exception of its Jewish element, is inhabited by Tatars, and the boundary between them and the Lesgians lies between that village and our present destination.

There are two villages of Urkurak, one perched on

the top of a commanding hill, the other on low ground and at some distance off. No doubt the upper village is the older of the two, and was built when it was only safe to live on a height. The house where we found the *yüzباشи* was just on the outskirts of the lower village. We entered it by a short staircase from the street, and found ourselves under a veranda, where a couple of wooden couches stood. A door led into an inner room, which was placed at my disposal. A few feet below the level of the veranda came the flat roof of another house, from which portentous screams could occasionally be heard. It was the home of a mad woman.

The *yüzباشи*, an old, white-bearded man with an aquiline nose and a good-natured expression, knew Mirza 'Ali Beg, as he had formerly been *naiб* in this district, and confirmed his statement that the Kubächi people speak a language apart and are descended from Franks, though he did not know from what town and country in Europe their ancestors had come. On the top of a mountain ridge, due south of where we were sitting, he pointed out a black speck on the sky-line, and said it was the top of a tower at Kubächi, though the village itself, which lies on the reverse slope, was invisible.

Our supper was a light one of maize-bread and clotted cream, so we were not long over it. Before lying down I gave orders we were to start at day-break without the unnecessary delay caused by heating a samovar and making tea, as Mejid always insisted on doing. For the *yüzباشи* had promised

that two fresh horses and a mounted guide should be ready by that time.

August 19th.—The *yüzباشи* was true to his promise, and for once in his life Mejid had to go without his matutinal quantum of three cups of hot, highly-sweetened tea. Our baggage was so small that by 4.30 a.m. we were already in the saddle, bound for Kubächi. Skirting the village we headed southwards, and after a time began to descend the side of a deep valley, traversed by the Hulla Herki river. Mejid had just been descanting with mild rapture on the delights that accompany the proper celebration of the *kurban bairam* festival; on its being a season when all the scattered members of a family do their utmost to assemble together; on the feeling of rejoicing that was occasioned thereby; on the peace and charity that ought to prevail, and how above all things one ought to refrain from taking life unnecessarily. He had hardly finished his idyllic allocution when his quick eye caught sight of a speckled partridge sitting near some low bushes on the rocks. This was a temptation that no Tatar with a gun in his hand could resist, even though he belonged to one of the mystical sects of the Shiites. He suddenly forgot all about the sin of taking life unnecessarily, quietly but hastily dismounted, and then stalked up in the direction of the unobservant bird. When near enough he fired a deliberate shot. His hand must have shaken under the influence of an involuntary prick of conscience, for the partridge immediately whirred away unhurt, and was seen no more.

The river towards which we were now descending by a winding, stony path runs through a narrow, picturesque valley, and is crossed by a bridge with a pointed arch. But I was thinking so much about Kubächi and its supposed Frankish inhabitants that I paid little heed to the scenery. It seemed as if we should never reach it. Before starting its highest tower could be seen peering above a not very remote mountain ridge, and though we rode straight for it, up hill and down dale, and were continually getting a fresh sight of it, it never appeared to get any nearer. The intervening space seemed capable of indefinite expansion.

At last about seven o'clock we reached the top of the final ridge at a point to the east of the village, and turning to the right the full extent of Kubächi lay stretched out before our eyes. It is a long, narrow, extremely compact agglomeration of houses, built on the southern face of a very steep slope with a shallow ravine on both sides. At the top stands the high round tower which had so long fixed our gaze, and from which a wide view of the country to the north could readily be obtained. The profile of the village, seen against the sky, is not unlike a gigantic staircase, as all the roofs are flat, and the houses are so constructed that it is impossible to tell where one begins and another leaves off. Strictly speaking there are no streets, but merely casual passages under or along the walls of the houses, more in the nature of burrows or runs than of anything else. As they also act as sewers it is by no means a

pleasant operation to pass through them in the month of August.

The house of the *yüzباشи*, where we dismounted, is almost the highest in the village, and lies just under the tower that had tantalized our eyes all morning. The entrance to the house was certainly not inviting, and reeked of the manure so plentifully distributed over the rough paving of huge stones. But before diving into the inner recesses of the house my eye caught a large sculptured stone, built into the wall facing the entrance to the court-yard, which will be mentioned at length in another part of the chapter. After mounting a flight of stairs we found ourselves on a terrace or roof-top, at the back of which stood the house of the *yüzباشи*, shaded by a veranda, and above it, though standing further back, was the house of a neighbour, which was reached by a ladder. The terrace of the house where we now were was the roof-top of the house below us, and so it goes on from the top of the village to the bottom. A good-sized room with two bedsteads in it, and furnished more or less in European style, was assigned me during my three days' stay in the village.

The *yüzباشи* himself was on a tour through the country for the purpose of disposing of the wares manufactured at Kubächi, but he was expected home in the course of the day. Meanwhile his brother, a rather infirm man, but of jocose temperament, did the honours of the house.

As it was the *kurban bairam* festival the tops of the houses were crowded all day long with brightly-

dressed women and children, and with more soberly clad men, sitting cross-legged, smoking and talking. They were taking their pleasure calmly and sedately, as befitted the tremendous heat of the day. But groups of girls were playing at what seemed to be a game of marbles, while the rising male generation amused itself by pelting the occupants of lower house-tops with bits of the round, flat dabs of cowdung, mixed with straw, which are dried in the sun and used on other occasions for fuel. The assailed returned the attack with spirit, which led to much laughter and some shrieks from the women, who occasionally disappeared from the scene, lest their fine clothes should be damaged. But good-humour everywhere prevailed. The women envelope their heads with handkerchiefs, but do not hide their faces. On their fingers they wear rings, with immense globular bezels the size of a walnut, in which a stone is set. The ear-rings are of gold, of large size, with pendants attached. The bracelets either of silver or gold are likewise very massive, and set with large stones.

I did not observe anything specially European-looking in the type of face either of the men or women at Kubächi. They appeared to me quite like other Lesgians, though milder in their manners, and less wild-looking. Mejid, who had certainly sharp eyes, and was accustomed to see Lesgians at Nukha, was of the same opinion. With regard to their language, I convinced myself on the spot that it is in no way related to the Indo-European languages, but in vocabulary and structure is closely allied to Hürkän

and Küren. I took down a considerable number of words and phrases, and since my return to England have found an additional store in B. Dorn's¹ *Mélanges Asiatiques*. The above learned German has no doubt the language belongs to the Lesgian family, but whether nearer related to Hürkän or Tabasaran he leaves undecided. Here, as elsewhere, I could not master the pronunciation of all the gutturals and aspirates, for of course only a long familiarity with the language could enable a stranger to do so, and to recognize their various shades of force without mistake. Though the sound of a soft *th* is not found in any of the languages treated of in Chapter X., I heard it at Kubächi, or something like it. The difference seemed to be that the tongue is placed in position to pronounce *d*, but the resulting sound ends with soft *th*.

I was informed that at the neighbouring villages of Ishtí and Shirí a language is spoken intelligible to the men of Kubächi, so that by their own showing their peculiar language is not confined to one village. The *yüzباشи*, whose name is Omár atá abd ul Ghafár ogli, told me Kubächi was not a native word, but he believed it to be the Tatar² translation of *Zerákerán*, or *Zirchgherán*, the Persian for "makers of coats of mail." The native word for an inhabitant of Kubächi, for which my informant could give no meaning, is

¹ Dorn, *Mélanges Asiatiques tirés du Bull. de l'Acad. Imp. des Sciences de St. Petersburg*, tome vii. pp. 79—91 (1872).

² The Tatar word for chain-armour is *kübä*; in the *Codex Cumanicus*, p. 118, it is written *chuba*.

Ughbugán, plural *Ughbúgh*, though B. Dorn gives the plural as *Ogbuhan*, or *Augwagan*, and *Ogbuh* as the name of the village. The Hürkans use the word *'warvukhan*, plural *'warvukh*, and call the village *'warvukhila shi*. For weapons made at Kubächi the Avars have the word *wrghábek*.

My host assured me there were no written records of the place, and that there is no mention of the village in any Arabic book that he had read, though he had several in his possession. He believed its inhabitants originally came from Europe, and in proof of his assertion stated that when a man of a neighbouring village became angry with a Kubächi man, and wished to revile him, he called him a Feringi, or Frank. The proof is not a very cogent one by itself, and cannot go further back than the introduction of the word Feringi, as a name for Europeans, into Asia. It comes from the Norse *væringi*, a confederate, and found its way to Constantinople, where the Warangians formed the body-guard of the later emperors. The name could therefore scarcely have spread so far as the Eastern Caucasus before the eighth or ninth century, and long before then mention is made under the name of *zirehgherān*, the plural of *zirehgher*, "a maker of coats of mail," of the people of Kubächi, who are said to have been settled near Derbend in the sixth century by Anushirwan; their original home being Khorassan, in the north of Persia.¹

On making inquiries as to their recent profession

¹ *Derbend Nāmeh*, pp. 8, 35.

of Christianity, my host believed the villagers had been Mussulmans for six hundred years, but before that they were Christians, and the Khunalá Meshid, or Mosque of the Women, was believed to have been once a church. I must say I could see no traces of anything of the sort in the structure of the building, nor did I anywhere observe any carving or tombstone pointing to a Christian origin. The native words for God, church, Christian, cross are all borrowed from Arabic, Persian, or Tatar. The oldest tombstones stand on an open space to the west of the village at the top of the hill. The inscriptions are in Kufic characters, by the Tatars called *Chufa*, which the *yüzباشи* was unable to read. He thought that they had not been used for five hundred years, but this is quite a mistake, as they were employed sporadically down to the fifteenth century, according to Frähn, who is a competent authority. The ornamentation of these stones is very simple, and very different from those that I took to be of a later period, and from the modern style. What struck me most about the oldest stones was their wonderful preservation, and the sharpness of their outlines. In the opinion of the *yüzباشи* they could not be later than the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The ornamentation on the stones of what I considered to be the middle period was a simple but striking geometrical pattern in relief of a St. Andrew's cross applied upon a Greek cross, and circumscribed by a circle. Arabic letters were inserted between the arms of the crosses. On one of the stones my host read for me, *ya Soltan, ya*

Rahman, ya 'Ufran, ya Rakhim. Unfortunately there were no dates on any of these monuments, but perhaps the fifteenth century would not be far from the mark.

The ornament on modern tombstones is more elaborate in design, and consists of arabesque tracery, having points in common with that applied to *kinjals*, and with what I noticed in the cemeteries at Majalis and Derbend; though some of the details found at the latter places are altogether absent at Kubächi. The modern stones are often painted in bright colours to enhance the value of the carving, and bring out the inscription. It was part of my host's occupation to write the Arabic inscription required for a grave-stone, and afterwards to paint it, though the actual carving was performed by another man. It must require a great deal of practice to read these sepulchral inscriptions, as the letters are arranged, not in their proper order, but in that which commends itself to the artistic feeling of the scribe. I noticed this often when the *yüzباشи* and the men with us, all of whom could read Arabic, puzzled out a modern inscription for me. The recent tombstones are distinguished in one way from the older ones by being all dated.

The houses and mosques of Kubächi are studded with carved stones built into their walls; from a single stone no larger than a brick, but charged with a rosette enclosed in a cuspidate, foliated moulding, to one of considerable dimensions, on which various figures of men and animals are represented. A description leaves at the best an unsatisfactory

impression on the mind, and unfortunately I can only offer in addition some woodcuts, made from rubbings on thin native paper, of such small designs as could be copied by this process, and a couple of imperfect sketches of my own.

Immediately outside the house where I was staying there are two fairly well preserved bas-reliefs on slabs of dark stone built into the wall. The left-hand one (Fig. 2) represents a fox or a jackal follow-

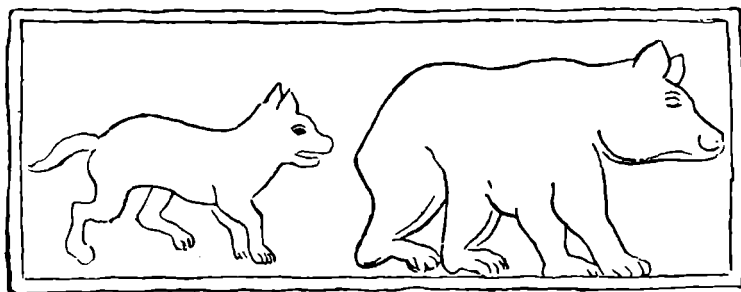


Fig. 2.

ing a bear, which is moving to the right. They are rendered with considerable spirit and truth in details, and are probably the work of a native artist. The slab to the right presents a more complicated picture, and is somewhat injured. In the centre a five-headed, two-legged, and two-winged dragon, with a long, twisted tail terminating in a barbed point, appears in mid-air. A man on the right, armed with a sabre, has hacked off one of the dragon's heads, and is in the attitude of striking another blow. Opposite him, on the other side of the monster, stands a woman, whom he is evidently saving from a cruel fate. Behind each of them stands a gigantic eagle with open beak, poised upon one leg, while the other is raised and ready to strike. In the upper corners there are two

rosettes. The attitudes both of the man and woman are stiff and wooden, and both wear a dress which might be taken for European. The details of the woman's dress are hard to make out, but she wears a long gown, and the man appears to have trunk hose on, though he may be wearing the long boots and loose trousers which I believe were worn in Persia a century or two ago. The slab gives in fact a rude but graphic illustration of the wide-spread story, with variants as numerous as the heads of the hydra, of a king's daughter rescued from a sea-monster by a hero. The Perseus and Andromeda myth may be taken as a type. The presence of the eagles I do not understand, but perhaps they occur in some Oriental version of the tale with which I am unacquainted. At any rate their introduction seems to point to an Oriental rather than to a European source of inspiration for the artist, who has been fired to embody the legend in stone.

Near the bottom of the village, at the east side of it, there is a large two-storied house facing the north, in the walls of which a number of bas-reliefs and sculptured window-heads are embedded. Some are too high to distinguish properly, and nearly all are more or less damaged. Among the subjects

represented are:—

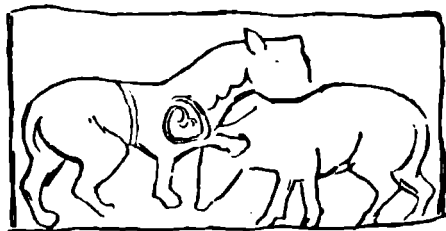


Fig. 3.

A lion seizing a boar (Fig. 3). What seems to be a belt round the body of the former is only a portion of its tail. It is

a rude specimen of art and much destroyed.

Two lions seated back to back, with their tails entwined, but with their heads turned round facing each other.

Two men wrestling. A rude performance and also injured.

On the upper portion of a circular window-head is portrayed in relief a dragon, or sea-monster with a long twisted tail, about to seize an animal, of which the hind-legs alone are now left.

An archer with a drawn bow in his hand preceded by a dog, which in turn is following a man whose action seems to indicate the act of throwing something in the direction of four wild animals—boars or bears—arranged in pairs one above the other. Both the men wear an outer garment reaching to the knee, and bound at the waist by a belt.

Two men on horseback armed with spears in the act of charging at each other.

An archer on horseback looking backwards.

A man with arms akimbo squatting down, or perhaps in a dancing attitude. On each side of him is another man, either advancing towards him, or turned towards him in a rather violent dancing attitude. Each of these three figures is enclosed in a moulded cruciform frame composed of four semi-circles, arranged so that their diameters would form a square.

Over one of the small double windows of the house are two decorated, semi-circular archivolts, the tympanums of which contain lions and griffins.

Five men, placed three below and two above, are

standing before a tripod or table with a semi-circular object upon it. One of these lower figures appears to be holding a cup, while one of the upper ones has both arms extended upwards. The slab is much injured and has been once whitewashed, which makes it very difficult to read its meaning with certainty.

Among the more fragmentary portions of sculpture are—stags looking back and galloping away.

Two or three hinds or stags, one over the other, also in movement, but very much destroyed.

Two birds pecking at something. They are placed on the moulding of an arch, but the tympanum is so weathered and destroyed that the subject represented is quite undecipherable.

Another house has a semi-circular, arched doorway, the tympanum of which contains a lion attacking a boar, and round the head runs a Kufic inscription. I afterwards saw a plaster-cast of it in the new Historical Museum at Moscow. One of the attendants told me it came from the Caucasus, but he did not know from what part, as there was no label attached to it.

On an adjoining house there is a stone on which is represented a horse enclosed in an elaborate frame, and in an archway leading to a mosque a well-preserved bas-relief of a Bactrian camel.

At the Mosque of Women, or *Khunalá Meshid*, also known as the *Kilisa*, or church, there is a window ornamented outside with a Kufic inscription above the archivolt, and a representation in the tympanum of two men wrestling. In the interior there are similar window-tops, built into the wall, with Kufic inscrip-

FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



tions round the heads of the arches. One represents a stag enclosed in a richly-moulded border; the other a man on a horse with a knotted tail, moving to the right, and riding with a very short seat, like that of a modern native of the Eastern Caucasus. His right hand rests on the croup of the horse, and he is holding something in the left hand; his head, which is much damaged, is bent forward; a quiver hangs at his side. On the outside wall there is an incised stone, of which I took a rubbing (Fig. 4). It is unfortunately much damaged, but a large bird of prey holding a smaller bird in its talons can be distinguished on the left, and on the right a human figure holding something in his right hand, while in the right centre a long-tailed animal seems to be about to devour a prostrate man. The other rubbings (Figs. 5 and 6) I obtained from stones not far off, and these will help the reader to form an idea of Kubächian art in the Middle Ages. The artists had certainly no skill in delineating the human figure, indeed as Mussulmans they were prohibited from rendering it at all, so that the result is a rudely blocked out, inelegant outline, which served as a symbol rather than an actual representation of a human being. They were more at home when portraying animals, and most of all when designing ornament. Here their fancy found expression in saracenic and floral designs, which offer both variety of treatment and some delicacy of handling.

Though I have not described quite all the bas-reliefs I saw, I believe there may be many more that

I did not see at all. Dorn mentions seventeen mosques and eleven schools, all or most of which contain sculptures and inscriptions, while I was only shown three mosques and none of the schools. A future tourist ought to go there provided with a photographic camera, and proper paper for making squeezes and taking rubbings.

Very different in point of art is the old brass-work, such as ewers, pots, and portions of candelabra. These are covered with well-executed, incised figures of men and animals, besides other ornament; are inlaid with silver, and sometimes with gold as well. They are quite in the Mesopotamian style of the thirteenth century, and if they are really from the hand of a Kubächian artist, as I was assured they were, they have been very closely imitated from that type. They are quite unlike anything made now-a-days in the village, and there is no one now in Kubächi even capable of reproducing them. But an Arab writer of the middle of the twelfth century, Abu Hamid el Andalusy,¹ states that when Muslimeh, son of Abd ul Melik, left Derbend—he had arrived there about the year A.D. 733—he settled 24,000 Arab families from Mosul, Damascus, Edessa, Tadmor, Aleppo, and other parts of Syria and Mesopotamia in Tabarselan (Tabasaran). Some of these must surely have been artificers in metal, and may easily have gravitated to Kubächi.

It is perhaps possible that such Syrian workmen might form a close guild in the village, and resist

¹ Dorn, *Mélanges Asiatiques tirés du Bull. de l'Ac. Imp. des Sciences de St. Petersburg*, tome vi. p. 699 (1871).

complete absorption into the bulk of its population, so that even five hundred years later they should be sufficiently *en rapport* with contemporary Mesopotamian art to adopt its methods and its forms with complete facility, when specimens of it were brought to their notice. Even if they were entirely absorbed, they may have inherited and preserved natural aptitudes wanting in the true native population. Another Arab mediæval author, Masudy, relates that Kubächi was inhabited by Mussulmans, Christians, and Jews. As these probably did not intermarry, it would be easier for Syrian Mussulmans to maintain themselves apart.

The most archaic-looking specimen of art that came under my notice was on a small round copper box, two and a half inches in diameter, and as many in height, divided vertically into two halves. It is surmounted by a comparatively modern brass top, covered with a wholly different style of ornament from the body of the box. Round the sides of the box is the representation in low relief of a wild boar pursued by three lions. For reasons of space perhaps the centre one is smaller than the others, and is shown in a rampant attitude looking back at the last lion (Fig. 7). Above and below there are two bands of ornament, composed of a waved central line, with leafy embellishments growing out of it at intervals, to fill the vacant spaces. The work has not been quite finished, and lacks the use of a graving tool. The interval between the boar's hind-legs, for instance, has not been removed; nor is the tail of the

central lion and the head of the third one properly defined.

A nine-sided brass stand, five inches high, with a diameter at the base of nearly nine inches, but only six and a quarter inches at the top, is identical in every respect, save that it is much worn, with one in the South Kensington Museum from the St. Maurice collection, where it is labelled Saracenic (Mesopotamian) of the thirteenth century (?). They must

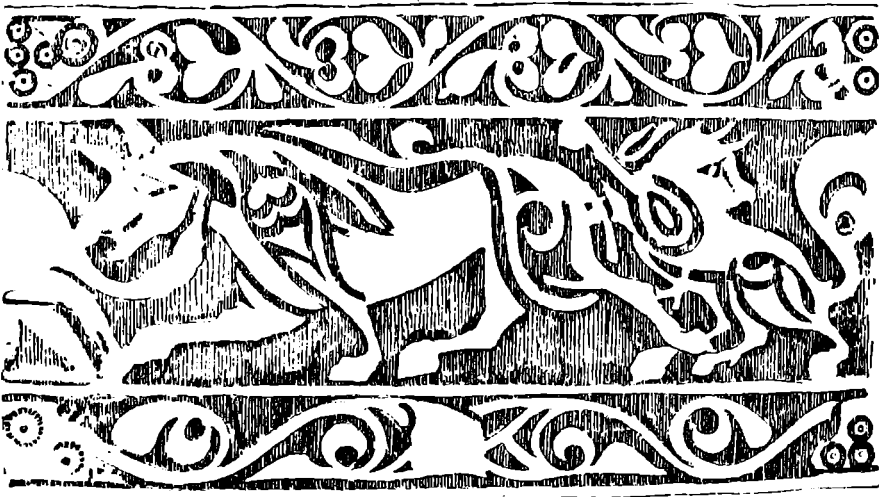


Fig. 7.

have been pairs, I think, or at any rate produced in the same workshop; and it is curious that after a separation of perhaps four or five hundred years they should be again within a mile of each other. The base is about an inch high and vertical; the upper rim is canted round so that its salient angles are nearly in a vertical line with the centre of the faces of the base. Altogether eighteen flattened pentagonal fields, the nine lower areas being larger than the upper ones, are obtained for decorative

purposes, and each contains a figure. The lower fields are each charged with an aureolated horseman riding to the left, against a background of foliated, convoluted lines. Each is in a different attitude: one has a hawk on his hand, another carries a sword at the port, another draws a bow (Fig. 8) while looking back; the croup of one horse supports the



Fig. 8.

fore-legs of a hare, towards which the horseman is turning his eyes. The nine smaller fields each contain an aureolated figure, seated cross-legged, against a background of graceful, leafy convolutions, similar to that below them. One man holds out a wine-cup with his right hand and touches his breast with the left, another plays a lute, another a cymbal, others are in various attitudes. A belt of key-pattern ornament runs round at the horses' feet, and above the aureolated heads of the men seated cross-legged.

Above this upper belt and below the lower one there is a further band of convoluted lines, ranged on each side of a medallion, charged with a Y pattern, and set in the centre of each of the nine upper and lower sides. The vertical base bears an imitation inscription, the letters of which are intersected by volutes with leafy terminals. None of the men or horses have eyes or noses, the shape of the heads being merely blocked out. The whole stand has once been beautifully inlaid with silver, and the ground filled in with black, bituminous varnish, but now much of the silver has disappeared; it has been tinkered with an iron bottom, and turned into a mere pot. I rescued it, however, from further ill-usage, and brought it to London.

A circular pot about seven inches high, with a diameter of eight and a half inches at the top and five inches at the bottom, apparently once formed the top of a large lamp-stand. It is surrounded by several bands of ornament of the same general character as the last-mentioned. But the main ornament consists of an upper and lower belt of figures; the upper ones being nearly two inches high, arranged in pairs and generally facing each other. One holds a wine-cup and a large flask, which a friend seems eager to take with outstretched arms (Fig. 9). All are aureolated, and most hold maces in their hands in different positions. The background is much the same as on the preceding brass, but a circular medallion, charged with interlacing lines, is introduced between each figure. The lower figures are

eight in number, are only about one inch high, and are all seated cross-legged within a circular frame; all face to the left, with their hands raised in various attitudes. Most of the silver and bituminous varnish has now disappeared, and this piece of brass-work is a mere ghost of its former self, but the jagged incisions for holding the silver show where the metal was formerly applied.

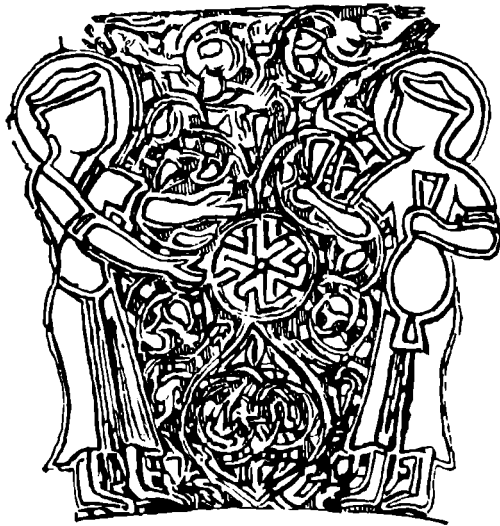


Fig. 9.

The fourth specimen once formed the base of a large candelabrum, with a diameter of twelve and a half inches, but has been turned into a pot nearly eight inches high. It is divided by eight belts of ornament, and the action of the figures is vastly more vigorous and life-like than in those already mentioned, besides being on a larger scale. The principal belt is nearly three inches high. Four short Arabic inscriptions, enclosed in a frame about one inch long and three-quarters of an inch high, divide the area into four compartments. In one a

crowned and aureolated rider on a prancing horse is cutting with a sabre at a bear that has sprung upon the hind-quarters of his charger (Fig. 10). In



Fig. 10.

front a leopard has sprung upon the back of a wild ox. In rear there is a stag with large horns in a contorted attitude. The succeeding division represents an aureolated horseman in the act of spearing a cheetah, or leopard; the horse has its head thrown violently back, and is evidently in great terror. In front two leopards are fighting savagely, and in rear two bears are similarly engaged. In the next a crowned horseman, riding to the left, is spearing a small animal, with a lance held in the left hand. In front a man kneeling on one knee is stabbing at a bear, which has reared up on its hind-legs and is

biting at him. In rear a leopard has sprung on a camel's back, and is tearing at its hind-quarters. The last compartment contains an aureolated and crowned horseman making a slash with his sword at a leopard ; the horse has its head turned violently to one side as if in fear of the animal. In front is a leopard tearing down a wild ox, which is trying to gallop away ; in rear is a wild horse in a violent and foreshortened position. Each of the horsemen is enclosed in a cusped, circular frame. The background of the figures is composed of various kinds of foliage, some of the leaves being large and roundish, others long and lanceolate, like those of reeds and cane. The large-leaved plants have a flower or fruit, shown by a small circle with five smaller ones round it, each filled in with silver. Birds are also introduced, some flying, some perched on branches.

The whole forms a highly animated and exhilarating series of hunting scenes in days gone by, and shows that the artist could hardly have spent all his time in his atelier, but must have followed the chase with ardour himself. A lower band of ornament, about one inch high, portrays foxes and cheetahs pursuing hares and other animals through a maze of flowers and foliage, interspersed with rosettes filled with saracenic tracery. An upper belt, also about an inch deep, shows a flight of wild geese, winging their way in various attitudes through a ground-work filled with foliage, curved stalks and flowers, as on the lower band. In addition to silver the figures have been inlaid with gold, though now hardly any of either

metal remains. But when the candelabrum was new it must have been a really beautiful object of art, and much prized by the owner. I can hardly believe it to be the work of a Kubächian artist.

A fifth specimen, now a pot, once formed the base of a candelabrum with a diameter of nine and a half inches. The lower border and the general character of the ground-work is much the same as on the second specimen, though a raised circular rim, an inch above the bottom, is exactly the same as on the fourth. The six principal figures are contained in circular frames, nearly three inches in diameter, formed of two concentric lines about an eighth of an inch wide. They are placed nearly an inch apart, but are united by two narrow parallel bands, enclosing a space nearly an inch deep. Each of the six compartments thus formed contains a word in Arabic, the letters of which are interlaced with leaves and curved lines. Above and below each of these is a four-cusped, cruciform medallion, charged with a key-pattern. Three of the figures are on horseback, three are seated cross-legged;



Fig. 11.

one horseman has a hawk on his left arm, a bow at the left side, and a quiver at the right; another holds a bow in his hand, which he has just discharged and is looking back to see the result. The seated figures are all three looking through a large hoop,

which passes round at the back of their heads, and which they are holding up with both hands (Fig. 11).

The small, inner circle which surrounds them is united with the outer circular frame by six intersecting semicircles. The spaces thus obtained are filled partly with a key-pattern, partly with foliage. Most of the silver has been rubbed off, but the strong black varnish still remains.

The sixth specimen is a twelve-sided brass vase, eight and a quarter inches high, with a diameter of six inches. There are six bands of ornament, but the lower ones are much defaced by rough usage. Above and below the principal band, which is two and a half inches deep, runs a one-inch belt of inscription with spiral lines and some foliage between the letters. The figures are each contained in a circular medallion upon a ground of the same spiral lines with foliated terminals as that between the letters. The figures consist of human-headed, winged lions, with a head-ornament resembling that upon a sphinx alternating with winged griffins. In both cases the wings rise perpendicularly, and are set on behind the shoulder. Above the upper band of inscription there is a deepish furrow, and the twelve upper faces of the vase, instead of being flat, are slightly concave with their salient angles bossed out, so as to project beyond the outline of the body of the vase. The figures upon it are only half an inch high, consisting of a string of long-backed animals running to the left, though of what species I am unable to determine; but in one of these compartments two small birds are introduced instead. The design and execution is decidedly

inferior to that on the other specimens, and is perhaps of Kubächian workmanship. No silver seems to have been used, and the drawing was brought out by the use of black varnish.

The seventh example is a brass ewer, about eleven inches high, provided with a handle and a spout. There are two rows of figures round the body of the ewer, and another round the top of the neck. The lower and best-preserved figures consist of twelve aureolated persons in a seated or crouching position, with very attenuated bodies and limbs; all face the left, and hold their arms out in a similar position, as if about to catch something, or as if beating time with



Fig. 12.

their hands (Fig. 12). Each figure is surrounded by a narrow circular band, and the intervals between them are filled with spiral lines and conventional ornament. The patterns drawn upon the ewer have formerly been inlaid with silver, as the indented lines show, but now

the metal has entirely vanished, and only the bituminous varnish survives.

These seven works of art are all Oriental, and may or may not have been made in Kubächi on foreign models; but I also saw two large brass chargers of undoubtedly German manufacture belonging, I should imagine, to the sixteenth century. One of these has an inscription stamped on the flat rim or

raised border which surrounds it. This I read DER ANFRID SIGHWART, though I am not sure about



Fig. 13.

the first word, as R is a linked letter, and the next two letters are much rubbed. The words are repeated four times, but the two ends of the circle do not quite fit, so that the S of one SIGHWART is lower than the following I. On the other charger there is also an inscription in Gothic letters, several of which are linked; though repeated four times it is so much defaced I could make nothing of it.

One of these dishes—my notes are unfortunately so mixed I am not sure which—is stamped on the rim with the letters H. S. in ordinary English or Italian capital letters. It is also ornamented in *repoussé* work with a double circle of figures round the raised rim and round the bottom of the charger, consisting of a stag running to the left, and followed by a dog which has seized it behind the shoulder. These are repeated eleven times on the rim, and seven times on the bottom, each set being separated from the next by an oak-tree and a quatrefoil leaf.

The central figure of one of these dishes has been effaced, and a tasteless, incised design substituted. As I was told a similar brass charger, on which was a figure my informant believed to be a portrait of

our Lord, had been sold for one hundred and sixty roubles at some time previously, no doubt the pious Mussulman owner of the dish I saw had obliterated the figure in the belief that it portrayed a subject too Christian for him to endure. Round the rim of one of these deep brass chargers ran a bold series of large quatrefoils, united by a spiral stalk, and nearly an inch and a half in diameter.

The modern art of Kubächi is chiefly displayed on sword-hilts and scabbards, on the sheaths of *kinjals*, on gun-locks and pistol-butts, on silver pipe-bowls and ivory cigarette-holders. What I saw of it did not strike me as very interesting. It is confined to the decoration of small surfaces by chased saracenic designs, which display on the whole a great uniformity of character and poverty of design. A silver-mounted scabbard, for instance, is divided into two or more fields, surrounded by a plain border. The decorated areas are filled in with convoluted lines, from which spring heavy enlargements of various forms, at more or less regular intervals, in two degrees of relief. The higher surfaces have a different pattern, though of similar character, traced upon them in black, by means of oxidizing the silver with sulphur, in imitation of *niello*. These black designs catch the eye, are easily produced, and undoubtedly have a good effect when not too narrowly examined. The tendency of this facile ornamentation, however, is not a happy one, and leads to negligence in other parts of the work. The feeling for correct curves and for the right spring of one line out of another is often lost in the lower

relief; poor and even uncouth forms will be found on following the dominant lines closely, faults which the artist tries to slur over by the use of black arabesques showing against white silver. As the ground and the lower relief are often gilt, the decorated scabbard presents the contrasts of pale yellow gold, silvery white, and black, but the general effect seemed to me by no means pleasant to the eye.

A much richer and really satisfactory result is produced by damascening gold on oxidized steel. I only saw one *kinjal* sheath decorated in this way (Fig. 14), and it was certainly far superior to the ordinary run of Kubächian art. But even here faulty flattened curves will be encountered, and dissimilarity where similarity is expected; for the two sides of the design on each side of the centre do not strictly correspond in every particular.

The poorest examples of art were on ivory scabbards and handles of *kinjals* and on cigarette-holders. The designs were utterly unmeaning, composed of incised

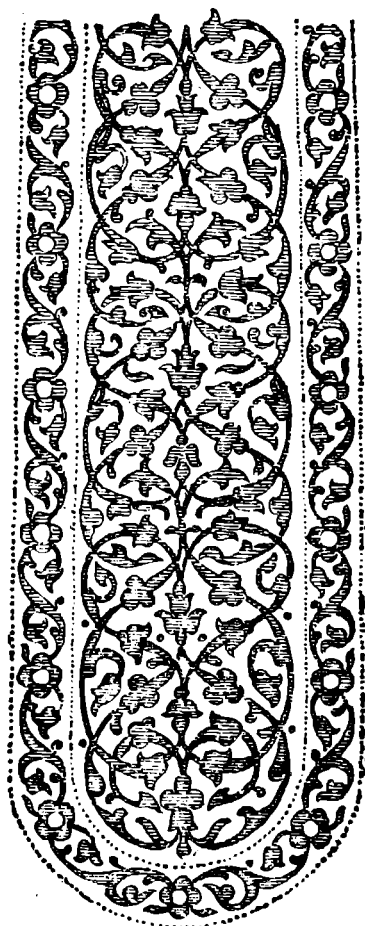


Fig. 14.

curves and hooks connected by straight lines, and with gold let into the incisions. Nothing could be

more poverty-stricken in point of invention, or more wanting in character; the gold only emphasized the meagreness of the *motif*; it would be impossible for art to sink much lower. If any specimens of the beautiful arabesque work on ivory, such as was once produced in Mesopotamia, and notably in Cairo, ever found their way to Kubächi and were used as models, all vestige of so benign an influence has disappeared, or the wretched modern artists would not be able to scratch the irrelevant strokes they consider ornamental, and sell their handiwork as something valuable.

The real decline in Kubächian art must be attributed to the falling off of the old demand for costly weapons. Now that the country is in the hands of Russia the native chiefs are reduced in number, in wealth, and often receive a Russian military education. Peace reigns in the land. There is no need now for damascened steel helmets, for coats of mail, for elaborately-worked swords, guns, and silver pistols; there is no occasion to buy beautiful brass candle-stands chased with silver and gold, or brass ewers covered with figures and inlays of the precious metals. Changed methods of warfare, Russian regulations, and the introduction of cheap European manufactures stand in the way. The only demand left is for *kinjals*, which can be bought for as little as three roubles, though the higher-priced ones run up to seventy and eighty roubles; for silver belts, chased and partly gilt, much prized by the natives, but extremely commonplace as works of art; for silver-mounted sabres and pistols, chased and partly gilt, for which there is a small

demand, as every *yüzباشي* is bound to possess them. I saw none that I coveted.

I was told that some persons of influence at St. Petersburg are trying to stimulate the growth of art by giving orders for jewellery and sending models for imitation. I only saw one specimen, a reproduction of a European model of the commonest, least tasteful style of jewellery. If provided with really good forms to copy, I believe a great deal might be expected from the goldsmiths of Kubächi. Some of the native bracelets have a great deal of good work upon them, though it lacks the finish and thoroughness we expect in Europe. Stones are very largely employed both in bracelets and rings, but I only saw one that was engraved (Fig. 15). It looks like a gnostic gem, and must have come from Syria or Persia. It might be as old as the third or fourth century, and yet I bought it from a woman who still wore it on festive occasions; for in such strange ways the present is sometimes linked with the past.



SECTION
Fig. 15.

The *yüzباشи* and at least three other men have collections of pottery, plates, dishes, &c., of which they think a great deal, and are desirous of selling at corresponding prices. Though I know nothing about pottery, and may have been deceived, I fancy the specimens of lustre-ware and most of the other plates, bowls, and dishes were Persian, though the natives maintained otherwise. A small minority were cheap modern Russian or German plates, and worth nothing. None of the lustre-ware or anything that I took for

Persian—for it certainly reminded me very much of what I have casually looked at in the South Kensington Museum in the Persian Department—had any marks at the back. One dish had a row of lions in profile, with their heads in high relief, placed in pairs back to back; higher up there was a row of birds in equally high relief, but the dish was much damaged. I was shown one type of plate, of which I have not taken any note as I did not think anything of it, which seems to have attracted the attention of some Russian collectors. They told me of a prince who had carried off to St. Petersburg something like four hundred of these plates on his first visit, and about one hundred and fifty on his second visit.

The *yüzباشi* told me an extraordinary yarn about the origin of these plates. The prince had told him he was interested in that particular kind of pottery, and bought it up because it came from a country now submerged by the sea, but which his ancestors had formerly inhabited. I naturally thought of Holland, and suggested that country, but my host went on to say that though he did not know the name of the land, it was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Caspian.

I omitted to see the jewellers, the goldsmiths, and the artificers in iron at work, which was certainly a mistake. The diligence of the people must be extreme, for after the *kurban bairam* festival, when the place seemed swarming with human beings, the village looked quite deserted, every one being at home busy at work.

Another staple product of Kubächi is cloth of very strong texture, manufactured of course by the women. Felt-making is another of the arts left to the hands of the fair sex. I could see them in the distance outside the village, near water, sprinkling the wool and stamping it till it acquired the right thickness and solidity. But the manufacture of felt is not confined to one village, it is made everywhere in Daghestan.

There is very little cultivated land belonging to the village, which lies about five thousand feet above the Caspian. Only two individuals own cultivated fields, all the other corn-fields belong to the mosques, so the villagers have to work hard to gain a subsistence. There is also the common complaint of insufficient pasturage for the horses, cows, and sheep. Still in spite of this poverty a chicken will sometimes find a bit of silver lying about without an owner, and swallow it. Inside the last chicken I ate at Kubächi, a fragment of silver was discovered, and appropriated by the *yüzbashî's* wife. My host accounted for the number of old things, some of them of considerable value, still to be obtained, by saying the village folk had always been very peaceful, and had never rebelled against any of the conquerors of Daghestan. The village had therefore never been plundered, and many old articles had accumulated and been preserved till recently. But it is fast losing its treasures, which are being bought up by Russian collectors and casual tourists.

Before saying good-bye to Kubächi it may interest the reader to learn what mediæval Arab authors have

said of its people. Abu Hamid el Andalusy, who has been cited above, makes the following curious statement:—"In the vicinity of Derbend there is a great mountain, at the foot of which two villages are situated. Here dwell a people called Siraih Karan (makers of armour). All articles of war, coats of mail, armour, helmets, swords, lances, bows, knives, daggers, and different sorts of copper utensils are manufactured there. Their women, sons, daughters, servant-men and women, all practise these trades. They have no cultivated fields or gardens; but they are a people that enjoy prosperity, and have abundance of property, for people come to them from all parts with all sorts of acceptable things. They have no religion, and pay no taxes. If a man dies they hand him over to men in houses under the earth, who cut up the members of the deceased, remove the flesh entirely from the bones, collect it together on one side, and give it to ravens to devour; they stand near with bows to keep off other birds from eating any of the flesh. If a woman dies they hand her over to other men [var. women] under the earth, who remove her bones, and give her flesh to vultures, while they stand by with knives to hinder other birds from approaching the flesh."

The writer then goes on to say that he complained to the governor of Derbend about these people not being Mussulmans, and not paying taxes, and induced him to send an expeditionary force against the two villages. He accompanied it himself, and gives his experiences as follows:—

“ We had an army like the sea for multitude, and marched against both villages. They have no fortress and no castle. They closed their doors. Then a number of men without weapons came out from under the earth. They stood still and pointed with their hands towards the mountain, speaking in a language I could not understand. Then they disappeared under the earth. Now a cold wind and a great fall of snow supervened, so that I saw nothing ; it was as though heaven would overwhelm us with snow and cold. Then I withdrew, without knowing in what direction I was going, neither myself nor any one else. One killed another, for a strong horse knocked up against a weak one, so that both it and its rider fell ; the army passed over him, and both he and his horse lost their lives. An unknown person stabbed me through the left shoulder with a knife, which came out at the arm-pit. I was on the point of perishing. I held on till we were at a distance of a few *parasangs*, and the snow and cold had subsided. We missed many people of the army. I drew the knife from my shoulder, but remained ill for four months. We could not get a bit of bread from them and attack [var. kill] a single one of them. It is in fact simple magic on the part of the men, who withdraw the bones of the dead, and lay them up in the houses. These they also lay in the sacks of the rich and of lords. Their sacks are of gold-embroidered or Greek silk-stuff ; those of servant-men and women of unbleached cloth. They hang them up in their houses, and write on each sack the name of the person

to whom the bones belonged. That is indeed very extraordinary." ¹

In the *Derbend Nāmeḥ*, p. 94, it says that in the time of Abu Muslimeh the inhabitants of Kubāchi were subjected to a considerable personal tax, which had to be rendered annually to the governor of Derbend. Again, at p. 106, speaking of the year A.D. 738, the yearly tribute is stated to have been fifty female slaves. At p. 205 an extract is given from an Arab author (no date), from which we learn that the inhabitants of Avar, Sahl (the plain), and Zirehgherani (Kubāchi) were infidels, wicked, idolaters, and worse than dogs, and (p. 217) that the latter had to pay a tribute of thirty measures of gunpowder and fifty rams.

What amount of credit is to be attached to the alleged custom of the men of Kubāchi with regard to their preserving the bones of their deceased relations in properly labelled sacks, after allowing the flesh to be eaten by birds, I cannot say. Arab writers are not very reliable authorities on the habits, customs, and beliefs of nationalities outside their own, especially if non-Mussulman. They were facile of belief, were quite uncritical, and allowed themselves to be imposed upon. On the other hand, the custom may really be founded on fact, and can be accounted for. It undoubtedly savours of the doctrine of the Avesta, and points to a belief in the earth being too holy to be desecrated by the reception of a dead body. It may therefore be an importation from Persia. I have

¹ Dorn, *op. cit.*, pp. 700—703.

already mentioned that at the beginning of the sixth century families were removed from Khorassan and settled in Kaitakh and Kubächi. This colony might well have brought some of the practices inculcated by Zarathushtra to their new home, where they became incorporated in time with local usages, and eventually received a different colouring from those of their promulgator. For the incident of preserving the bones at home in sacks was never a practice, I believe, of the adherents of Zoroaster, either in Persia or in India.

August 22nd. — Over-night Mejid had carefully packed up in refuse wool the seven brass objects of undoubtedly Oriental handiwork which have been described, so that we were able to make a fairly early start. We left the interesting village of Kubächi in a dense mist. At Urkurak the air was charged less with vapour than with particles of chaff. There was a strong wind blowing, and the villagers were utilizing it to remove the loose broken straw of their newly-threshed corn by throwing the grain up in the air with large wooden shovels. Both men and women were engaged in this unpleasant work. We stopped for a couple of hours at the same house as before to get a fresh guide and a change of horses. The villagers were in some despair and anxiety about the shortness of the crops and the paucity of the yield of grain this year. A cart-load of cut grain, which ought to yield six or seven measures of threshed barley or wheat, was only giving three measures—a very serious diminution, foreboding short commons all through the

winter and a lack of seed-corn in spring. The mad woman was again to be heard yelling and screaming, and to be seen throwing dust in the air and otherwise behaving in an excited, insane manner.

On reaching Majalis about 5 p.m. we found the phaeton, which had been ordered to return in three days, had not arrived. When it did so it was too late to start, as the horses required a good rest, so we stayed the night at the *yüzباشi's*. The old man himself was able to receive us in person on this occasion, made himself as pleasant as possible, and was most hospitable.

The tombstones in the cemetery at the back of the house are of the same kind as those at Derbend, and are covered with similar incised devices of horses, arms, birds, flowers, &c. The carving was better than at Kubächi, and they told me the artists came from Derbend.

August 23rd.—We left Majalis at 6.30 a.m., and at 11.30 a.m. found ourselves again in Derbend, after a very pleasant excursion of six days and a half. At Majalis they said it was quite possible to get to Kubächi from Derbend in one day without passing through Urkurak, so that a day and a half might be spared.

As I parted with Mejid next day and sailed in the morning for Astrakhan, the account of my tour in the Eastern Caucasus must be brought to a close. Before doing so I ought perhaps to sum up in a few words the result of my experience for the benefit of those that come after me. Travelling as one necessarily

does under Russian protection, and being further supposed to be well armed, one need be under no apprehensions as to one's personal safety. There is a little more risk in the Chechents country than in Daghestan, but I do not think a tourist need mind that.

For any one bent on making a riding tour of a month or more, it is certainly better to buy horses and saddles, exchange the former when they get sore backs, and sell them at Tiflis. I only gave £24 for four horses, and sold them for £13, after using them for a good month. Saddles cost twenty roubles, or £2, for the better ones, and eight or ten roubles for the commoner sort. They can also be re-sold for half-price. Mejid's wages were three roubles a day; to Akim I gave fifty roubles a month, if I remember right, for I did not make a memo. of it.

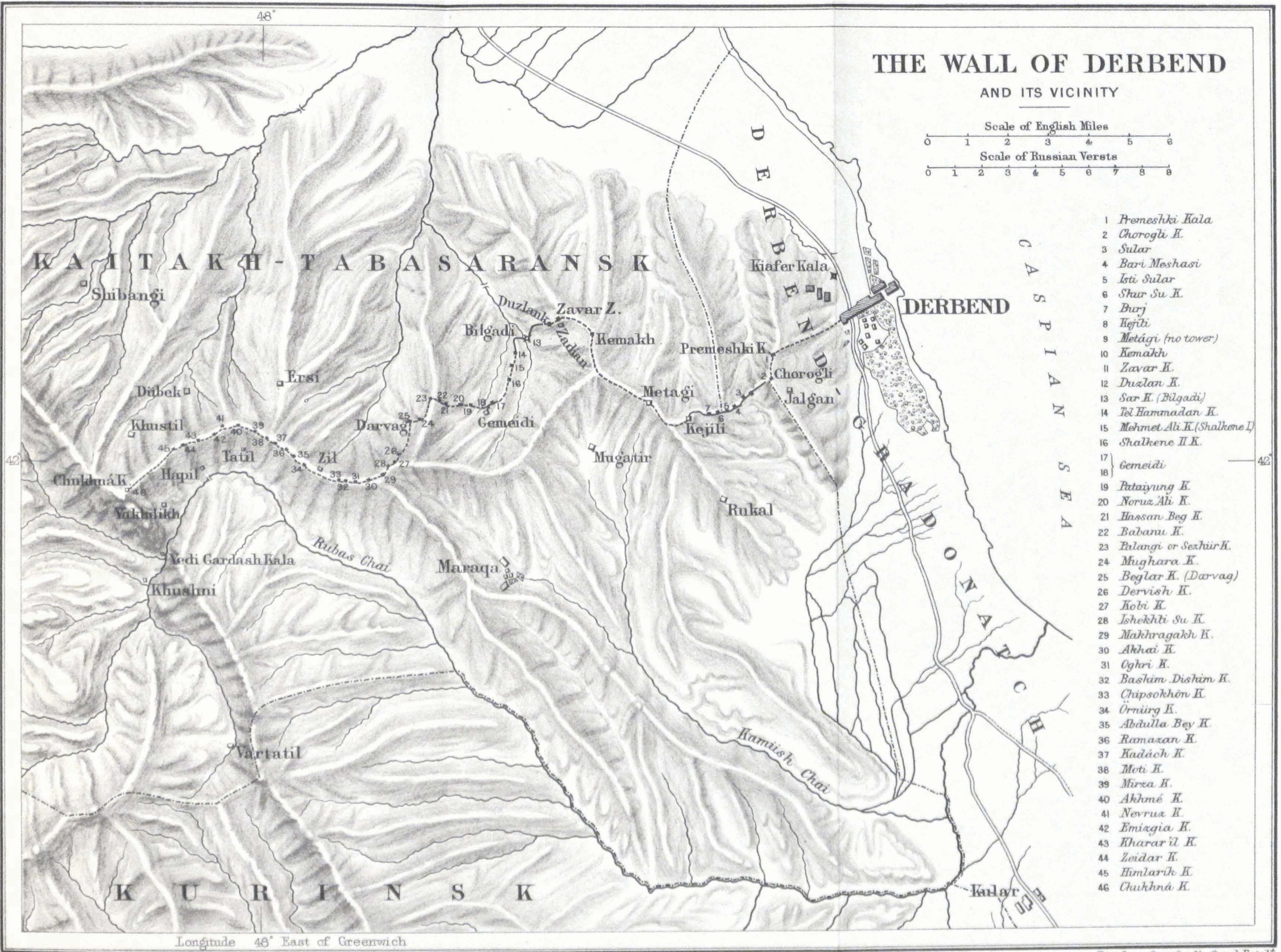
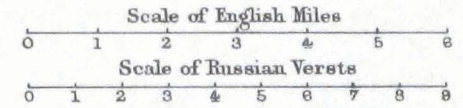
My expenses during the nine weeks I was in the Caucasus were at the rate of £2 a day. Paper-money is everywhere taken in the mountains, so it is not necessary to carry much small silver. A quantity of one and three-rouble notes is the most convenient form of money, though for buying curiosities it is necessary to take a supply of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred rouble notes. It is hardly necessary to take much in the shape of kitchen utensils, as camping out is a rare event. I carried no provisions of any kind except tea and sugar, and a Dutch cannon-ball cheese which lasted for a whole month. A cork mattress is useful, as one may have to sleep on the grass, or the roof of a house; but of course the less *impedimenta* the better.

I concluded the narration of the first portion of my tour with one of the quaint stock endings of a Mingrelian professional story-teller, so I shall terminate the second part with another, taken from the same source :

“ Yonder I was on yesternight,
Though here I am to-day at eve.
Three apples, three pomegranates ripe,
A blessing too, as ye depart,
May God bestow on you.”

THE WALL OF DERBEND

AND ITS VICINITY



- 1 Premeshki Kala
- 2 Chorogli K.
- 3 Sular
- 4 Bari Meshasi
- 5 Isti Sular
- 6 Star Su K.
- 7 Burj
- 8 Kejiti
- 9 Metagi (no tower)
- 10 Kemakh
- 11 Zavar K.
- 12 Duzlan K.
- 13 Sar K. (Bilgadi)
- 14 Tel Hammadan K.
- 15 Mehmet Ali K. (Shalkene I.)
- 16 Shalkene II K.
- 17 } Gemeidi
- 18 }
- 19 Patayung K.
- 20 Noruz Ali K.
- 21 Hassan Beg K.
- 22 Babanu K.
- 23 Palangi or Sezhur K.
- 24 Mughara K.
- 25 Beglar K. (Darvag)
- 26 Dervish K.
- 27 Kobi K.
- 28 Ishekhti Su K.
- 29 Makhragakh K.
- 30 Akhai K.
- 31 Oghri K.
- 32 Bashim Dishim K.
- 33 Chipsokhon K.
- 34 Ornurg K.
- 35 Abdulla Bey K.
- 36 Ramaxar K.
- 37 Kadach K.
- 38 Moti K.
- 39 Mirza K.
- 40 Akhme K.
- 41 Nevruz K.
- 42 Emisgia K.
- 43 Kharar il K.
- 44 Zeidar K.
- 45 Himlarik K.
- 46 Chukhná K.

Longitude 48° East of Greenwich

CHAPTER X.

GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE AND AFFINITIES.

The Ud, Kürin, Hürkan, Kasikumük, Avar, Chechents, and Tush languages—Sources of Information—Their Geographical Position—The Categorical Letters—Examples—The Plural—Cases Suffixes—Adjectives—Comparison—Numerals—Personal Pronouns—Demonstrative Pronouns—The Verb—Moods and Tenses—Participles and Gerunds—Syntax—Colloquial Expressions—Vocabulary—Recapitulation—Deductions.

THOUGH little is known of the languages of the Eastern Caucasus in this country, a good deal of excellent work has been bestowed upon them, more too than I have been able to utilize. The material which I have used is to be found in the *Mémoires de l'Académie Imperiale des Sciences de St. Pétersburg*, VI^e and VII^e Série—

Tome IX., *Versuch über die Thusch-sprache von A. Schiefner*. 1856.

Tome VI., No. 8, *Versuch über die Sprache der Uden von A. Schiefner*. 1863.

Tome VII., No. 5, *Tschetschenzische Studien von A. Schiefner*. 1864.

Tome X., No. 12, *Ausführlicher Bericht über Baron P. v. Uslar's Kasikumükische Studien von A. Schiefner*. 1866.

Tome XVII., No. 8, *Ausführlicher Bericht über Baron P. v. Uslar's Hürkanische Studien von A. Schiefner.* 1871.

Tome XVIII., No. 6, *Ausführlicher Bericht über Baron P. v. Uslar's Awarische Studien von A. Schiefner.* 1872.

Tome XX., No. 2, *Ausführlicher Bericht über Baron P. v. Uslar's Kürinische Studien von A. Schiefner.* 1873.

The amount of letter-press covers 1101 quarto sides, of which 593 are devoted to grammar and examples in prose or verse, while the remainder comprehends the vocabulary.

By turning to the map the reader will see the relative geographical position of the peoples that speak these various languages, and it is important that this should be kept distinctly in the mind, as the grouping of the languages in the tables that follow is not always in the same order.

The most southern group is the Ud,¹ now only spoken in two small villages on the south side of the great chain of the Caucasus: at Vartashin (the rose village), about thirty-five versts south-east of Nukha; and at Nidzh, forty versts east of the former. The Udes have a tradition, though whether genuine or derived from Armenian sources is uncertain, that formerly they constituted an independent kingdom with Berdaa as its capital. This must refer to the province of Uti in Arran, where Berdaa was situated,

¹ Its position lies beyond the limits of the map.

and which is described by Moses of Khorene. The language is nearly extinct, as the people are now almost entirely Tatarized or Georgianized.

North of the Ud comes the *Kürin* group, spoken in the Samur valley, and forming the south-east group of languages under consideration.

Further north comes the *Hürkan*, or Dargo group, divided into several dialects, as Aqusha, Kaitakh, and Vurqun.

North-west of the Kürin, and bounded on the east by Hürkan, is the Lak, or *Kasikumük* group.

Further north is the country of the *Avars*, and still further to the north and north-west come the *Chechents*.

The *Tush*¹ form a southern outlyer of the latter on the south side of the main chain among the Georgians, whose language has greatly influenced theirs, especially in its vocabulary.

From the extreme south-east to extreme north-western extremity of the geographical area covered by these seven groups is about 260 miles.

For the sake of brevity I shall use the letters A. Ch. H. K. Q. T. U. to represent the Avar, Chechents, Hürkan, Kürin, Kasikumük, Tush, and Ud languages.

THE VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

Though in the aggregate there are nine vowels and

¹ There is a slight aspiration after the T, and the word is sometimes written Thush.

fifty-nine consonants, no one group possesses so varied a range of sounds. The vowels are—

a, ä, e, i, o, ö, u, ü, y = the thick Russian *i*.

The primitive vowels seem to have been *a, i, u*, as in H., *o* is comparatively modern, and *e* can generally be traced to *ia* or *ai*, while its dotted vowels are only found besides in K. and U., where they are possibly due to a strong Tatar influence. In Ch. and T. *e* can often be shown to result from the retrogressive influence of *i* upon a previous *a*, and in Q. there can hardly be a doubt that, of its five vowels, *a, i, u* are alone original.

There are twenty-four consonants common to all the groups—

d, g, ġ, h, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, s, ś, t, ć, ċ, ts, tš, v, x, ȳ, y, z, ź.

ġ is the sound often written *gh*.

h is a hoarse, rough breathing.

ć, ś stand for the English sounds *ch, sh*.

ċ, tš are emphasized sounds of *ć, ts*.

x is the German *ch*.

ȳ is stronger than *x*.

y is the sound heard in 'young.'

z is the *z* in 'zeal'; *ź* the *j* in the French word 'jour.'

The various groups in the left-hand column possess the subjoined additional sounds. Each ought to be shown by a single character; but for want of proper type, I have had to give their equivalents as nearly as practicable by double and triple groups of letters.

K. H. Q. A. Ch. T. ' the Arabic 'ain.

U. K. Q. A. Ch. T. *b*.

U. K. *f*.

K. H. Q. A. Ch. *h*.

K. Q. A. *ḥ*, stronger than *h*, and ejected by
a movement of the throat.

Q. *ḥ*, the difference between this and
the above is not described.

U. K. H. Ch. T. *kh*, a *k* sound followed by a slight
breathing.

Q. *kh*, a *k* sound followed by a strong
breathing.

Q. A. *ḵ*, an emphasized *k*.

H. *ḵ* lies between *k* and *ḵ*.

K. *ḵx*.

A. *ḵh*.

Q. *x*, an emphatic *x*.

A. *x*, a sound heard in snoring.

K. *xḡ*.

K. H. *gh*, a *g* sound followed by a
breathing.

K. Q. A. *tċ*.

A. *ċċ*.

Q. A. *tš*.

K. A. *tş*.

U. K. H. Ch. T. *j*, the English sound of *j* in
'jaw.'

U. K. H. Ch. T. *dz*, heard in 'adze.'

U. Q. *ḡ*, an emphasized *ḡ*.

U. *ḡ*, „ „ *ḡ*.

K. Q. A. *t*, „ „ *t*.

U. K. H. Q. Ch. T. *th*, a *t* sound followed by a slight breathing.

U. K. H. Ch. T. *ph*, a *p* sound followed by a slight breathing.

Q. *p*, an emphasized *p*.

A. *xl*.

A. *tl*.

A. *tł*.

A. *tql*.

T. *hl*.

K. H. *w*.

K. Ch. *ñ*, the sound of *ng* in 'sing.'

The laws that regulate the interchange of sounds between these seven groups have not yet been formulated. The material for doing so is indeed quite insufficient, and there is no ancient literature to fall back upon in which modern forms could be traced back to earlier ones. In some respects T. offers older forms than the other groups. For instance, a final *-thx* becomes in Ch. *-lx*; in the other groups *-rħ* or *-rġ*, or simply *-q*, *ġ*.

An *r* is not used initially in U. Ch. T. save in loan words, and in Q. H. is scarcely found in that position except under similar circumstances. In Q. *r*, *l* before *n* assimilate with it, but *r* after *n*, *r*, *l* becomes *d*. In Q. A. K. *r* cannot follow, but must precede, a labial; in Q. A. this rule likewise extends to *l*. In T., if *r* is in the root and also in the suffix, the latter is replaced by *l*. In Q. A. a final *m* becomes *n*, as it also does before *d*, *t*. In both Q. and A. *b* between two vowels is often dropped; in Q. Ch. it

becomes *u* at the end of a word. In A. there no *th*, *ṭh*, *kh*, or *ḳh*, and the sounds inadequately transliterated by *xl*, *tl*, *tḷ*, *tql*, seem to be substitutes in some instances, in others to have developed out of a strong breathing.

A. *xlab* (three) = T. *xo fxa*, Ch. *xuoa*, U. *xib*, H. *ḥiv*.

A. *xli-ze* (to become), cf. K. Q. *ḥu-n*, T. *xhil-ar*.

A. *xlou* (he that is above), cf. Q. *khā*, H. *hi-kh*.

A. *xlor* (birch tree), cf. Q. *ḳhalaḥe*.

A. *tlik* (good), cf. T. *dakhi*, Ch. *dikhin*.

A. *tḷar* (horn), cf. K. *ḳxarc*, Q. *quru*, gen. *qartaral*.

A. *tqlab-ize* (to strike), cf. U. *thap-sun*, H. *qāph-dākis*.

A. *tqliz-ize* (to sleep), cf. K. *ḳxus-un*, T. *thoḥ-ar*.

A. *tqlin* (winter), cf. Q. *khint*.

A. *tqlili* (saddle), cf. Q. *khili*.

A. *matqlo* (dream), cf. Q. *makh*.

In one or two instances *tḷ*, *xl* corresponds with *l* in the other groups.

A. *tḷux* (low), cf. T. *laxu*, Ch. *loxuñ*, Q. *lah-ṣa*, K. *alcax*.

A. *xlexl* (flax), cf. K. *ḳxus*, or T. *sel*, a loan word from the Georgian *seli*.

In T. *hl* is only found in the middle or at the end of a word. In the corresponding words in Ch. either the *h* remains or the *l*, or both are dropped.

The languages under consideration are partly inflectional, partly agglutinative, and the verbs allow prefixes. There is no article; there are no diminutives or augmentatives; the relative pronoun is

unknown save in T., where the notion has been borrowed from the Georgian, and is replaced by participles. Though grammatical gender is likewise wanting, a curious and interesting substitute is found in T. Ch. Q. H. A., a trace of which can also be detected in K. U. These five groups divide their nouns into three or more categories or classes. The first consists of male rational beings, the second of female rational beings, the others include irrational animals and objects. The adjective, the verb, the possessive pronoun, sometimes the adverb and the locative case of a noun, is made to tally with the category of the noun it qualifies, or of which it predicates something by prefixing, infixing, or suffixing the proper categorical letter. From a folk-lore point of view this phenomenon is interesting. It shows a strong distinction had been drawn between man and animals at an early period, perhaps before the mountains of the Caucasus had been entered. The ancestors of its present inhabitants could not have been mere savages then, for most, perhaps all, savages draw no hard-and-fast line between man and the brute creation. That these peoples had reached a certain stage of civilization before entering the mountains is also made probable by the fact, that no remains prior to the Iron Age have as yet been discovered in the Caucasus.

The following table shows the characteristic letter of the categories in which all nouns are arranged :

	1 st	2 nd	3 rd	4 th	5 th	6 th	7 th
T. sg.	<i>v</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>b</i>
pl.	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>y</i>
Ch. sg.	<i>v</i>	<i>y</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>y</i>	
1 pl.	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>y</i>	
3 pl.	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>y</i>	
Q. sg.	<i>u, v</i>	<i>d (r)</i>		<i>b</i>	<i>d (r)</i>		
pl.	<i>b</i>	<i>b</i>		<i>b</i>	<i>d (r)</i>		
H. sg.	<i>w</i>	<i>d (r)</i>	<i>v</i>				
1, 2 pl.	<i>d (r)</i>	<i>d (r)</i>					
3 pl.	<i>v</i>	<i>v</i>	<i>d (r)</i>				
A. sg.	<i>v, u</i>	<i>y, i</i>	<i>b</i>				
pl.	<i>r, b</i>	<i>r, b</i>	<i>r, b</i>				

Premising that H. has no *b* and replaces it by *v*; that its *w = v* in the other groups; that *r* replaces *d* in the middle or at the end of a word, the singular and plural of the first category, neglecting the distinction between the first and second persons plural, is identical in all the groups. In the second category, which refers to women, T. Ch. A. have *y* in the singular, where Q. H. employ *d*. Perhaps the former letter is the older, and the latter has been introduced either from the first person plural of the same class, or from the fifth category. In T. most animals belong to class 3, but four of them, bear, wolf, horse, mare, belong in Ch. to class 6. Donkey, hare, foal, pig, cock, hen are assigned in Ch. to class 6, but in T. to class 5. In T. persons thought of without regard to sex, as servant, child, angel,

twins, &c., and in Ch. all verbal nouns and most collectives, belong to class 5. In T. the words for the various parts of the body, designations of time, and many abstract nouns, belong to category 7.

Some illustrations of the use of the categorical letters will now follow. They seem to be the relics of obsolete determinative pronouns, and I have accordingly often translated them by 'he, she, it,' though only as a not wholly appropriate makeshift. The figure in brackets after a noun denotes the class to which it belongs.

T. *vaṣol*, *yaṣol*, *baṣol*, 'the weight' (of a man, a woman, an animal).

Ch. *vēxiñ*, *yēxiñ*, *bēxiñ*, *dēxiñ*, 'rich' (man, woman, animal, thing).

A. *vats*, 'brother,' *yats*, 'sister,' *bats*, 'brother or sister of an animal.' *vaqi*, *yaqi*, *baqi*, 'hunger' (of a man, a woman, an animal).

H. *wāḥ*, *dāḥ*, *vāḥ*, 'face' (of a man, a woman, an animal). *waṣil*, *daṣil*, *vaṣil*, plural *datṣti*, *vaṣṣti*, 'empty.'

T. *vašo* (1) *va* 'brother he-is,' plural *važar ba* 'brothers they-are.' *bstuino* (2) *ya* 'woman she-is,' plural *bstei da*. *bstu* (3) *ba* 'ox it-is,' plural *bstarē da*. *qa* (4) *ba* 'sin it-is,' pl. *qis ba*. *bader* (5) *da* 'child it is,' pl. *badri da*. *nav* (6) *ya* 'ship it-is,' pl. *navi ya*. *bḥark* (7) *ba* 'eye it-is,' pl. *bḥarki ya*. *oḡus xet-y-or kharsni* (6) 'by-him burst-them-made cords, i.e. he burst the cords.' *bader* (5) *d-aḡ-d-ali* 'child it-great-it-became, i.e. the child grew.' *oḡus d-av-d-ie d-ani bstei* 'by-him them-

die-them-made them-all women,' 'he killed all the women.'

H. *hitti* (1, 2) *v-ïhuti sa-v-i* 'they they-cold they-are,' 'they (persons) are cold.' *hitti d-ähuti sa-r-i* 'they (objects) are cold.' *galga* (3) *aḫ-v-iis v-aḫ-v-ihili sa-v-i* 'tree great-it-to-become it-in-beginning-it it-is,' 'the tree begins to grow high.'

In the three following examples the construction of the sentence is passive, the subject being in the instrumental and the object in the nominative, but the verbs have the 1 sg. and 3 pl. suffixes.

nuni 'wari (3) *ḥa-v-ušira tupangli* 'by-me hare it-killed-I with-gun,' 'I shot the hare with a gun.' *nuni v-itsira dila urci* 'by-me it-sold-I my horse,' 'I sold my horse.' *hittili d-itsiv čula urci* 'by-them them-sold-they their horses.'

Q. *na ṭul-b-a ču* (4) *b-aḫau* 'I my-it-self horse it-sold-I, i.e. I myself sold a horse.' In Q. the infix of the reflective pronoun refers to the object, not to the subject: *na na-r-a lašau šurmuḥu* (2), 'I my-herself bought-I female-slave,' 'I myself bought a female slave.' *na ṭun-b-a ḫata* (4) *b-au*, 'I for-my-it-self house it-made-I,' 'I built for myself a house.' A man would say *ṭul-v-a na-v-a aṭāra*, 'by-myself myself strike-I,' 'I strike myself,' but a woman *ṭul-d-a na-r-a d-aṭāra*, and a girl *ṭul-b-a na-b-a b-aṭāra*.

Q. *ḥu-v-ai, ḥu-r-ai, ḥu-b-ai*, 'by night,' according as it refers to a man, a woman, or a thing.

A. *roqo-v-e, roqo-y-e, roqo-b-e* (he, she, it), 'at home'; plural, *roqo-r* (they) 'at home.'

H. *xuli-w*, *xuli-r*, *xuli-v* (he, she, it), 'at home'; pl. *xuli-r* (we, you), *xuli-v* '(they) at home.'

The traces of this system in K. are decidedly slight, but by comparing K. *rus* (a daughter) with Q. *duš*, H. *rursi*, A. *yaş*, and these again with Q. *ars*, H. *ursi*, A. *vaş* (a son), it is evident that once the only difference between the words for son and daughter lay in the difference between the first and second categorical letter. Unless therefore K. *rus* is a loan word, *d*, *r* were once used in K. to denote the woman class, as in Q. and H.

In U. I have found a dozen words beginning with *b*, which seem to correspond in the other groups with words in which the initial letter changes with the category, but would be *b* if referring to an object of the third or fourth class.

U. *boxo* (great), cf. T. [*b*]oxo (great).

U. *bötsü* (thick, fat), cf. A. [*b*]itsat, H. [*v*]utsil, T. Ch. [*b*]arste.

U. *bok-sun* (to burn), cf. T. [*b*]ak-ar, Ch. [*b*]ag-ar, H. [*v*]igwi-s.

U. *baş-kesun* (to steal), cf. Q. [*b*]ats-in.

U. *bej-sun* (to see), cf. T. [*b*]ag-ar.

U. *bu* (is), cf. Ch. [*b*]u, T. [*b*]a, Q. [*b*]u-ri.

U. *bakh-sun* (to be), cf. A. [*b*]uk-ine, H. [*v*]ikha-n.

Lastly, it should be mentioned that words beginning in Q. with *a*, *i*, *u*, and in H. with *i*, *u*, do not prefix the sign of the first category. The movable letters that change with the class of noun to which they relate are shown by square brackets.

DECLENSION OF NOUNS.

With the exception of those derived from verbal stems, the majority of nouns is now monosyllabic. The suffixes which form the cases are sometimes attached directly to the stem, sometimes to an intermediate vowel or to a syllable. The vowel in the nominative is often different from the radical vowel in the oblique case, and occasionally the vowel of a suffix assimilates to itself, by a retrogressive influence, the vowel of the root.

The plural suffix is attached to the singular stem, and the suffixes of the oblique cases follow it, but the forms of these are not always, especially in A., the same as those of the singular. Elision of vowels, when a word becomes unduly long, is of frequent occurrence, and modification of the root vowel is so common that it is hardly possible to give a proper notion of the variety of inflection, either in the same or in different groups, within a small compass. But the correspondences in the nominative plural are remarkable.

PLURAL SUFFIXES.

K.	<i>-yar, -ar, -er</i>						
U.	<i>-ur, -r</i>	<i>-mux</i>					<i>-urux</i>
Q.	<i>-ru, -ri</i>		<i>-bal</i>	<i>-ti, -tu</i>	<i>-u, -i</i>		<i>-du, -rdu, -diu, xbu</i>
H.		<i>-ri</i>	<i>-mi</i>	<i>-ni, -vi</i>	<i>-ti</i>	<i>-i</i>	
A.	<i>-al, -ul</i>			<i>-bi</i>			<i>-abi, -zabi, -dul, -zul</i>
Ch.	<i>-ar, -er</i>	<i>-mus</i>			<i>-s</i>	<i>-i</i>	
T.	<i>-ar,</i>	<i>-mi</i>	<i>-ni, -bi</i>	<i>-si</i>		<i>-i</i>	<i>-arci</i>

Perhaps the T. forms *-ni*, *-bi* are borrowed from the corresponding ones in Georgian, though they are found in a group so far removed from the latter, as H. and also partly in A., while, as we have seen, *b* is used as a plural categorical letter in the five groups that use this distinction. The commonest plural in T. Ch. is *-i*; in A. *-al*.

CASE SUFFIXES.

The number of relations, especially those relating to place, either stationary or with movement to or from, from above to below, from front to rear, and *vice versâ*, is numerous, amounting in U. to 11, in Ch. T. K. to 17, in H. to 25, in A. to 27, in Q. to 47. The great majority of them, however, is indicated by a compound, formed by tacking two or more case suffixes together. The general method is to start from the instrumental, dative, or allative case, add a suffix to denote rest, in, at, above, below, behind or in front of a place, as a first stage, and if necessary to continue the process to express the notions of movement from above to below, from below to above, from near here to this or that direction, forwards or backwards, or movement along a certain direction or round a place. From these suffixes being tacked on to case endings like the instrumental, dative, &c., we may infer they were once postpositions.

H. *waṭṣa* 'a forest,' instr. *waṭṣa-li*, *waṭṣa-li-zi*[*w*], 'in a f.' *waṭṣa-li-zi*[*w*]-*had*, 'from a forest down hither.'

A. *yats* 'a sister,' instr. *yats-atl*, *yats-al-da*, 'on a s.' *yats-al-da-sa*, 'from on a s.' *yats-al-da-sa-xun*, 'along from on a sister.'

K. *wax* 'a sister,' instr. *wax-a*, *wax-a-x*, 'behind a s.' *wax-a-x-ä*, 'from behind a sister hither.'

Q. *ḡata* 'a house,' gen. *ḡat-lul*, *ḡat-lu-x*, 'behind a h.' *ḡat-lu-x-a*, 'from behind a house hither.'

Ch. *dā* 'a father,' allat. *dē-ge*, 'to a f.,' abl. *dē-ge-ri*, 'from a f.'

T. *dad* 'a father,' allat. *dade-go*, abl. *dade-go-ri*, 'from a father.'

U. *us* 'an ox,' dat. *us-na*, abl. *us-na-xon*, 'from an ox.'

H. *-sad*, A. *-sa*, both meaning 'from,' A. *roqo-sa*, 'from a house,' H. *waṭṣa-li-zi[w]-sad*, 'from in a forest,' and the postessives of K. *-x*, and Q. *-x*, of which examples have been given, may plausibly be compared. Further, the locative *ta*, *da*, (on) in A., is probably of the same origin as the postposition A. *ṭad*, Ch. *te* 'on, upon.' But taken as a whole, with the exception of the genitive, dative, and instrumental or instructive, the oblique cases of the seven groups of languages cannot be profitably compared. Each has taken a more or less independent line of its own, as a natural consequence of long isolation.

The figures in brackets give the category to which the preceding form refers. It will be noticed that though the extreme groups, geographically considered, unite in forming the genitive by *-n*, while the central ones employ *-l*, yet two of the latter, H. A., interlace with two of the former, Ch. T., by forming

an instructive and instrumental (they are almost identical) with *-s*.

Genitive.	Dative.	Instructive and Instrumental.	Base (occasional).
H. <i>-la</i>	<i>-lis</i>	<i>-li -liin, -liini</i> pl. <i>-as, -ēs</i>	
A. <i>-il, -al, -ol, -ul, -dal, -dul</i>	<i>-ye, -se (1), -tle (2, 3)</i>	<i>-s (1), -tl (2, 3)</i> pl. <i>-tsa (1, 2)</i>	<i>-ya</i>
Q. <i>-l, -ul, -il, -al</i>	<i>-n</i>	wanting	<i>-na, -ni, -nu</i> <i>-li, -lu</i> <i>-da, -di, -du</i> <i>-ta, -ti, -tu,</i> <i>-ra</i>
K. instrum. + <i>-n</i>	instrum. + <i>-z</i>	<i>-a, -e, -i, -u, -ii, pl. -ru, -ri</i>	<i>-di, -ni, -ra, -re</i>
U. <i>-i, -in, -un, -n, pl. -goi</i>	<i>-a, pl. -go</i>	<i>-en, -n, pl. -gol</i>	<i>-na, (-la -ta, -da, -ra), -ne</i>
Ch. <i>-ñ, -añ, -iñ, -eñ, -uon, -un</i>	<i>-na</i>	<i>-uō, -as (1, 2), -a (1, 2), -e, -iē</i>	<i>-na, -ni, -nu</i>
T. <i>-i, -e, pl. a</i>	<i>-na, -n</i>	<i>-s, pl. -v = Ch. -uō</i>	

K. always, A. very often forms the genitive and dative from the instrumental. K. *gil* 'a hand,' instr. *gili*, gen. *gilin*, dat. *giliz*. A. *nart* 'a hero,' *yats* 'a sister,' instr. *nartas*, *yats-atl*, gen. *nartas-ul*, *yats-atl-ul*, dat. *nartas-e*, *yatsatl-e*.

The fourth column shows the base or the syllable that sometimes intervenes between the stem and the case suffix.

Q. *bazar* 'a market,' gen. *bazar-da-nu-l*; *ka* 'a hand,' gen. *ka-ni-l*; *ars* 'a son,' gen. *ars-na-l*; *tur* 'a sword,' gen. *tur-li-l*.

U. *gom* 'colour,' gen. *gom-na-i*; *xod* 'a tree,' gen

xod-da-i = *xod-nai*; *cur* 'a cow,' gen. *cur-ra-i* = *cur-nai*; *phi* 'blood,' gen. *phi-ne-i*.

Ch. *qaru* 'hail,' gen. *qaru-nin*; *āsa* 'a thong,' gen. *āsa-nin*.

Though I mentioned that with three exceptions it was not worth while comparing the case suffixes, this does not apply to Ch. T., which are closely related, and to which I have added U.

	Ch.	T.	U.
Allative	-ge	-go	-ċ
Ablative	-ri	-re	
Illative	-x	-x (affective)	-x (affective)
Elativē	-xin	-xi	-xo, -xon (ablative)
Motive	-a	-a (dative)	-a (dative)
Inessive	-ah	-h	-ih (locative)
Terminative	-ts	-mtsi	
Caritive	-zin	-tsi	
Comparative	-l	-lo (illative)	

Examples of some of these cases will be found in the syntax.

ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives are for the most part of two syllables, ending in a vowel or consonant. In A. H. K. those derived from substantives are identical with the genitive of the latter. Used as an attribute before a noun, an adjective is never declined, but it takes a categorical letter if possible, even twice in some instances. The usual endings, some of them evidently of later origin, are as follows—

K. a vowel or consonant.

U. -a, -i; -u, -e (seldomer); -la, -lu; -ba, -bu.

H. *-a, -il, -al, -ul*; *-ar, -ir, -ur* (seldom); *-an, -in, -un* (seldomer). Pl. *-ti, -vi*.

A. adj. stem + *a[u]*; *-se[u]* (from adverbs); *-ala[u]* (special).

Q. *-şa*, added to adjectives, nouns, pronouns, numerals, adverbs, &c.

Ch. *-a, -i, -e, -u + ñ*; *-cü*.

T. *-e, -i, -o*; *-ço*; *-re, -ru, ur, ri*; *-ğe*; *-ne*.

U. *iq-ba* 'ashy,' *isu-bu* 'manly'; *xazal-la* 'leafy,' *ağla-lu* 'rainy.'

In H. adjectives have often a double form: *urqa, urqil* 'old,' *zuma, zumal* 'thick,' *päqir, päqiril* 'poor,' *azgin, azginil* 'lazy,' *vah, vahil* 'mad,' *vahla, vahlal* 'quiet.' The forms *-il, -al, -ul* remind one of the genitive in A. Q. The plural suffixes *-ti, -vi* are not obligatory, and are doubtless comparatively modern.

In A. the termination *-a[u]* is identical in form with the demonstrative *a[u]* 'this,' though I fancy it is only a coincidence. From *qoarid* 'narrow,' *hişin* 'red,' &c., are formed *qoarida[u], hişina[u]*, &c., the forms employed to qualify a noun. The categorical letters are repeated in some words as *tse[v]ese[u]* 'anterior,' which is formed from the postposition *tse[v]e* 'before, in front of.'

In Q. *-şa* is added to adjectives: *atil* 'wet,' *şin* 'good,' *şun* 'great,' &c., which then become *atilşa, şinşa, şunşa*, the forms they assume as attributes of a substantive. This suffix is identical with A. *-se[u]* in *haşenu-şa*, A. *zaqa-se[u]* 'to-day's.' The second categorical sign is repeated if the vowel of the first

syllable be long: *ūṭsuṣa*, *d-u-r-ṭsuṣa*, *b-ūtsuṣa* 'he, she, it (is) full.'

In Ch. *-cü*, in T. *-čo* is added to the stem of the adjective for all the oblique cases: *dikhin vaša* 'a good brother,' gen. *dikhi-cü vesin*, T. *dakhi vašo*, gen. *dakhi-čo vašai* 'of a good brother.'

To lessen the notion conveyed by an adjective, A. Q. use a similar and somewhat primitive method. The former employs *maḥ-au*, from *maḥ* 'a smell': *tsoyau-maḥau ci* 'a rather cowardly man,' literally, 'a coward-smelling man,' *tsi-maḥau ci* 'a bear smelling man,' one that has something of a bear's character.

Q. uses *qānq* 'a smell': *qadār-qānq-ša* 'rather cowardly,' 'cowardly-smelling,' from *qadār - ša* 'cowardly,' *xandilqānqša* 'womanish,' from *xandil-ša* 'womanly.'

COMPARISON.

There are no grades of comparison except in T. The comparative is expressed by leaving the adjective unchanged, and tacking on to the noun with which a comparison is made the clative or comparative suffix.

K. *sitxa xisen ya wax-alü* (relative), 'brother good is from-sister,' the brother is better than the sister.

A. *vats-asdasa* (relative) *yats tliya-i y-igo*, 'from-brother sister good-she she-is,' the sister is better than the brother.

H. 'wari-išiv (compar.) *gurda xärxil v-ivar*, 'than-hare fox quick it-will-habitually-be,' a fox is quicker than a hare.

Q. *ušu šu-iyar* (compar.) *xinša uri*, 'brother than-sister good he-is,' the brother is better than the sister.

Ch. *vaša yiš-il* (compar.) *dikhiñ v-u*, 'brother than-sister good he-is.'

T. *gaze*, *gazeux* = *gaze-xu*, *gaze-ç*, 'good, better, best'; *doxo*, *doxoux* = *doxo-xu*, *doxo-ç*, 'great, greater, greatest.'

U. does not form any comparative at all.

The superlative is usually rendered by 'very.' H. *ṭsaqli*, Q. *ṭsaqnu*, T. *niṭşqlis*, K. *gizaf*, A. 'emer, U. *şel*, or by Ch. *duxa*, U. *gölö* 'much,' Ch. *ūr* 'most of all,' *teḥ* 'over.'

NUMERALS.

Two systems of notation are employed in the seven groups. K. U. Ch. T. and A. (after 30) use the vigesimal, or that of counting by scores, H. Q. the decimal system.

Though it is impossible to reduce all the numerals in the following table to a single set of forms, they seem to have had a common original. A lengthy discussion would be out of place, and only lead to dubious results, so I shall only call attention to a few points. It will be noticed, that in almost every instance K. has lost the first letter or the first syllable. Though Q. *şam*, 3, reminds one of the Georgian *sami*, and there is the same initial *xl* in A. *xlab*, 3, *xlexl* 'flax' as in Georgian *sami*, 3, *şeli* 'flax,' the other numbers do not warrant the conclusion that there is any special connection between Georgian and the groups under consideration. The letter-combination *phx* or *ph* followed by

a consonant is only found in T. Ch., and even in the latter it is generally dropped: T. *p̄sel*, Ch. *s̄il̄in*, K. *serin* 'cold,' A. *ṭser* 'ice.' In the A. words for 6, 7, 10 the *n* is probably a later insertion, as in *ṣan̄c̄* 'a cross,' from the Pers. *xaç*.

The A. forms *ant̄l̄*, *ant̄ql̄*, *mit̄ql̄*, 6, 7, 8, only account for part of the corresponding T. Ch. words; they omit the *th* and *r(l)*. Compare T. *mathx* 'the sun,' with Ch. *malx*, A. *baq*, Q. *barğ*, H. *var̄hi*, K. *rağ* *ṣrağğ*, U. *beğ*, and T. *b̄hor̄c̄* 'a wolf,' Ch. *buorz*, Q. *bar̄c̄* with A. *baṭṣ*, where the *th* (*l*, *r*) and *r* have been dropped in both instances.

In Q. *m'ai*, 8, an *r* has been lost, cf. T. *marhlo* 'a nose,' Ch. *mar̄a*, A. *me'er*, K. *ner*, Q. *mai*, gen. *mair-al*: A. *ṭsar* 'a name,' K. *thar*, but Q. *ṭṣa*. In H. *gaḥ*, 8, *g* might stand for a labial as in H. *guṣil* 'hungry,' K. *geṣin*, Q. *kaṣil*, but T. *matsi*, Ch. *metsin*, U. *busa*. It has lost an *r* as in *viç* 'a wolf,' Q. *barç*.

In Q. *ur̄ç*, 9, the *ç* probably stands for *kḥ*, as it does in *uṣan* *ṣukḥ* 'to come,' A. [*w*] *aççine*, and in *iuṣan* *ṣiukḥ* 'to die,' K. *qin*, H. *ivkhis*. Compare also Q. *kḥaṣa* 'naked' with A. *hiçç-go*, H. *harg-il*. T. *s* is the equivalent perhaps of Q. *ç* in T. [*y*] *ase* 'empty,' Q. *aṣa*, H. *waç-il*, K. *içi*. Hence *irkḥ*, *wrkḥ* might have been the original forms for 9 in A. Q. H. K., and even in T. Ch., especially if T. *iss* stands for *irs*. Ch. *th* = A. *ṭs* in Ch. *buth* 'the moon,' A. *moṭs*; Ch. *muoth* 'the tongue,' A. *maṭs*. So that Ch. *ith*, 10, may probably be assigned the same origin as the corresponding words in other groups.

Tush	Chechents	Avar
1 <i>tsha</i> <i>ʃtshan</i>	<i>tʃaʹ</i> <i>ʃtʃeni</i>	<i>tso</i>
2 <i>si</i> <i>ʃsin</i>	<i>ʃiʹ</i> <i>ʃsini</i>	<i>ki-go</i> ⁴
3 <i>xo</i> <i>ʃxaa</i>	<i>xuoa</i>	<i>xlab-go</i>
4 [<i>d</i>] <i>hev</i> ¹	[<i>d</i>] <i>iʹ</i>	<i>unq-o</i>
5 <i>phxi</i>	<i>phxi</i>	<i>ʃu-go</i>
6 <i>yethx</i>	<i>yalx</i>	<i>antl-go</i>
7 <i>vorhl</i>	<i>vuorh</i>	<i>antql-go</i>
8 <i>barhl</i>	<i>barh</i>	<i>mitql-go</i>
9 <i>iss</i>	<i>is</i>	<i>icc-go</i>
10 <i>itt</i>	<i>ith</i>	<i>antʃ-go</i>
11 <i>tʃaitt</i>	<i>tʃaiththe</i>	<i>antʃilla</i> ⁵ <i>tʃo</i>
12 <i>ʃiitt</i>	<i>ʃiththe</i>	<i>antʃilla ki-go</i>
20 <i>tqa</i>	<i>tqa</i>	<i>qo-go</i>
21	<i>tqē tʃaʹ</i>	<i>qolo</i> ⁵ <i>tʃo</i>
30 <i>tqaitt</i>	<i>tqē ith</i>	<i>xleber-go</i>
40 <i>ʃauztq</i>	<i>ʃauztqa</i>	<i>kiqo-go</i>
50 <i>ʃauztqaitt</i>	<i>ʃauztqē ith</i>	<i>kiqoyalda</i> ⁵ <i>antʃ-go</i>
100 <i>phauztq (bah)</i> ³	<i>bʹē</i> ³	<i>nus-go</i>
1000 <i>ʃatʃ tqauztqa</i> <i>iʃsatq</i>	<i>ezir</i> ²	<i>azar-go</i> ²

¹ The bracketed letter varies with the category of the noun it refers to.

² A loan word from the Persian *hazār*.

³ A loan word from the Arabic *miāh*.

⁴ *-go* is attached to pronouns, as *dun* 'I,' *dungo* 'I myself,' also to verbs.

⁵ A locative form, meaning 'upon.'

Kasikumük	Hürkan	Kürin	Ud
1 <i>tʃa</i> [v]a ¹	<i>tʃa</i>	<i>sa-d</i>	<i>sa</i>
2 <i>khi</i> [v]a	<i>khwel =</i> <i>kwi-al</i> ⁷	<i>qwe-d</i>	<i>phä</i>
3 <i>ʃan</i> [v]a <i>ʃsam</i>	<i>häv-al</i>	<i>pu-d</i>	<i>xib</i>
4 <i>muq</i> [v]a	<i>aw-al</i>	<i>qu-d</i>	<i>bip</i>
5 <i>x'o</i> [v]a	<i>ʃwal =</i> <i>ʃu-al</i>	<i>wa-d</i>	<i>xo</i>
6 <i>rax'</i> [v]a	<i>wriḡh-al</i>	<i>ruḡhu-d</i>	<i>ux</i>
7 <i>aruḡ</i> [v]a	<i>werḡh-al</i>	<i>eri-d</i>	<i>vuḡ</i>
8 <i>m'ai</i> [v]a	<i>gaḡh-al</i>	<i>müzü-d</i>	<i>muḡ</i>
9 <i>urç</i> [v]a	<i>wriçim-al</i>	<i>khü-d</i>	<i>vui</i>
10 <i>aṭʃ</i> [v]a	<i>wiṭʃ-al</i>	<i>ṭʃu-d</i>	<i>viṭʃ</i>
11 <i>aṭʃniya</i> ⁶ <i>tʃa</i> [v]a	<i>wiṭʃ-nu</i> ⁸ <i>tʃa-ra</i>	<i>ṭʃusa-d</i>	<i>saṭʃṭʃe</i>
12 <i>aṭʃniya</i> <i>khi</i> [v]a	<i>wiṭʃnu</i> <i>khwira</i>	<i>ṭʃiqwe-d</i>	<i>phätʃṭʃe</i>
20 <i>qu</i> [v]a	<i>ḡa-l</i>	<i>xḡa-d</i>	<i>qa</i>
21 <i>quniya</i> ⁶ <i>tʃa</i> [v]a	<i>ḡa-nu</i> <i>tʃa-ra</i>	¹⁰ <i>xḡanni sad</i>	<i>saqosa</i>
30 <i>zubi</i> [v]a	<i>hürtʃali</i> ⁹	<i>xḡanni ṭʃud</i>	<i>saqoviṭʃ</i>
40 <i>muq-</i> <i>ṭʃal</i> [v]a	<i>awṭʃali</i>	<i>yaḡ ṭʃur,</i> <i>yäxkhür</i>	<i>phäqö</i>
50 <i>x'oṭʃal</i> [v]a	<i>saṭʃali</i>	<i>yaṭʃurniṭʃud</i>	<i>phäqöviṭʃ</i>
100 <i>ṭurs</i> [v]a	<i>dars-al</i>	<i>wiṣ</i>	<i>bäts, sabäts</i>
1000 <i>āzar</i> [v]a ²	<i>azir</i> ²	<i>aḡzur</i> ²	<i>hazar</i> ²

⁶ An elative suffix.

⁷ *-al* is attached to personal pronouns, as *nu* 'I,' *wal = nu-al* 'I alone.'

⁸ *nu, ra* are enclitic conjunctions.

⁹ *-li* is an instrumental suffix.

¹⁰ Stands for *xḡal ni*, 'ten and.'

Some of the higher T. numerals are complicated, so that 500 is expressed by '20 times 20, 5 times 20,' and 1000 by 'twice 20 times 20, 10 times 20.'

The formation of ordinal numbers was a later and independent development, yet the Daghestan groups with the outsider U. all employ the present or past participle of the word 'to say' to express the notion. For instance, 'the second man' is 'two said (saying) man.'

'2nd.' K. *qwed luhudaidi*, past participle of *luhun* 'to say.'

'2nd.' H. *khwi ivil*, past participle of *is* 'to say.'

'2nd.' A. *ḡi abile[u]*, present participle of *abize* 'to say.'

'2nd.' Q. *khī-cinmā* for *khī ucīnmā*, present participle of *ucīn suk* 'to say.'

'2nd.' U. *phä ukal*, present participle of *phe-sun* 'to say.'

'2nd.' U. *phä-un* (genitive).

'2nd.' Ch. *šo-llujuñ*.

'2nd.' T. *ši-lje* for *ši-loje*.

This last suffix is also used in T. to form temporal adverbs: *tshatš* 'once,' *tshatšloje* 'for the first time.'

There is no common form for iteratives like 'once, twice,' &c. U. *-khärän* is a loan word from Arabic, K. *-ara*, *-bara*, H. *-na*, Q. *-ilba*, A. *-tsol*, Ch. *-ozzu*, T. *-ts*. The Ch. form is found in T. numerals, as T. *ša-uz-tq* '40,' literally 'twice twenty.'

PRONOUNS.

The most striking peculiarity in the pronoun is the inclusive and exclusive plural of the first person in A. Ch. T. The latter means 'us as opposed to the persons addressed,' the former includes 'us all,' without restriction. This phenomenon is found in the Dravidian and Polynesian languages, but not, I believe, in any others in the Caucasus.

	I	Thou	We		You
			Inclus.	Exclus.	
T.	<i>so</i>	<i>ho</i>	<i>vai</i>	<i>thxo</i>	<i>šu</i>
	Gen. <i>sa-i</i>	<i>ha-i</i>	<i>vai</i>	<i>thxa-i</i>	<i>šu-i</i>
Ch.	<i>suo</i>	<i>huo</i>	<i>vai</i>	<i>thxuo</i>	<i>šu</i>
	Gen. <i>se-ñ</i>	<i>he-ñ</i>	<i>vai-ñ</i>	<i>thxe-ñ</i>	<i>šu-ñ</i>
A.	<i>dun</i>	<i>mun</i>	<i>nitl</i>	<i>niz</i>	<i>niz</i>
	Gen. <i>di-r</i>	<i>du-r</i>	<i>netle-r</i>	<i>neze-r</i>	<i>nozo-r</i>
Q.	<i>na</i>	<i>ina</i>	<i>zu</i>		<i>zu</i>
	Gen. <i>tu-l</i>	<i>v-il</i>	<i>zu-l</i>		<i>zu-l</i>
H.	<i>nu</i>	<i>hu</i>	<i>nusa</i>		<i>husa</i>
	Gen. <i>di-la</i>	<i>hu-la</i>	<i>nusi-la</i>		<i>husi-la</i>
K.	<i>zun</i>	<i>wun</i>	<i>çun</i>		<i>ķxün</i>
	Gen. <i>zi-n</i>	<i>wi-n</i>	<i>çi-n</i>		<i>ķxün</i>
U.	<i>zu</i>	<i>hun, un</i>	<i>yan</i>		<i>van (nan)</i>
	Gen. <i>bez-i</i>	<i>v-i</i>	<i>bes-i</i>		<i>ef-i</i>

The pronouns are difficult to bring into line. In H. all the cases of *nu* 'I,' save the genitive, are formed from *nu*, and in some of its sub-groups the nominative is *du*. In U. all the cases of *zu* 'I,' *yan* 'we,' *van* 'you,' except the genitive, are formed from *za*, *ya*, *va*.

I think none of the final *-n*'s in the nominative belong in any of the groups to the root. In the first column all the forms can be referred to *sa*, *da*, *du*, or to a word beginning with a dental of some sort, though I cannot produce an example in which T. Ch. *s* = *d*, *t*. in A. Q. In the second column all the forms, save those of A., come from *ħa*, *ħu*. By assuming an initial aspirated labial we can include A., though that might exclude T. Ch. Though A. has none such now it possessed them once, cf. T. *bħark*, Ch. *b'erig*, A. *ber*, U. *phul*, H. *ħuli*, K. *wil*, Q. *ya* 'an eye.' In A. *b* becomes *m* when followed by *n*, as in *munah* 'sin,' from the Pers. *bunah*. Q. *i-na* is for *ħi-na*, as in Q. *ilħa*, but H. *ħilħa* 'thin.' Its genitive *v-il* is for *u-il*, *ħu-il*; similarly K. *wi-n*, U. *v-i* are for *uin*, *ui*, *ħuin*, *hui*, cf. K. *wil* for *wil*, *uli* 'an eye' = H. *ħuli* for *bħulik*, *bħurik*.

The pronouns of the third person will first be given separately, and then in a table in which all the demonstrative elements of the seven groups are brought together. The figures in brackets show the category to which the form applies.

Q. <i>tā</i> gen. <i>ta-nal</i> (1) <i>ta-nil</i> (2, 4, 5)	Pl. <i>ta-i</i> <i>taindal</i> (1)
A. <i>dou</i> (1), <i>doi</i> (2), <i>dob</i> (3) gen. <i>dosul</i> (1), <i>dotlul</i> (2, 3)	Pl. <i>do-l</i> <i>do-z-ul</i>
H. <i>hi-t</i> gen. <i>hī-t-ila</i>	Pl. <i>hit-ti</i> <i>hit-tē-la</i>
K. <i>a-ma</i> , <i>a-m</i> gen. <i>a-dan</i>	Pl. <i>a-bur</i> <i>a-bur-un</i>

T. *o*
gen. *o-xu-in*

Ch. *iz*
gen. *tsu-inin*

U. *šo-no*
gen. *še-tu-i*

Pl. *o-bi*
o-x-ri

Pl. *izu-s*
tsē-r-in

Pl. *šo-no-r*
še-tu-goi

In A. especially there is a great wealth of demonstrative pronouns. From five primitive forms fifteen others are derived, which emphasize the original meaning. The other groups are less plentifully provided. The roman figures in brackets refer to the following seven relations of position the pronouns denote.

I. A person or thing already mentioned.

II. This person or thing before one's eyes or nearer the speaker than the person addressed.

III. That person or thing, absent or far away, or nearer the person addressed.

IV. A person or object equally removed from both the speaker and the person addressed.

V. A person or object above the speaker.

VI. A person or object below the speaker.

VII. A person or object on the same level as the speaker.

In the subjoined table the same form is sometimes repeated twice, when it seems to be a compound, and a few adverbs of place are inserted.

T. o (III) gen. o-xu-in	i (II) i-x-in					
Ch. ha-ra (II) gen. ho-xu-in	i, i-z (III) o-tsu-inin	d'ā there d'ā-rinig (III)				
A. a[u], ha[u] (II) ha-n'[u] here	e[u], he[u] (III) ha-n'[u] (II)	do[u], hada[u] (II, VII)	xlo[u], hacla[u] (V)	go[u] (VI) haga[u] (VI)		
Q. vā (II)		tā (IV) ti-bu here	khā (V) khi-bu	ga (VI) gi-bu	ši-bu (II) here	
H.	hi-l (III)	hi-t (IV)	hi-kh (V)	hi-x (VI)	hi-s (II)	
K. a, a-ma (III) a-na there.	i, i-mi (II) i-na here (I)	athá (IV)	aga (V)	wani (VI)		
U.		te (III) tia there	mo-no (II) me (II) G. me-ta-i			šo-no (II, III)

From the above it will be seen, that in most of the groups *a*, *i* are used as demonstrative roots, to which *h* can be prefixed without changing the meaning. Though in Ch. A. *a*, *ha* implies proximity, and *i*, *e* comparative remoteness, in T. K. these meanings are reversed.

In T. Ch. the *xu* found in the oblique cases is analogous to the *co*, *cu* used with adjectives, and forms no part of the root. All the pronouns of H. are double, if not triple compounds. In K. *a-ma* the suffix is only used in the nominative.

The adverbs of Q., all of which have the locative suffix *-bu*, require a word of explanation: *sibu* means 'here' with reference to the speaker, *mibu* with reference to the person addressed, *tibu* refers to an object neutral in respect to both of them, *khibu* means 'here above the speaker,' *gibu* 'here below the speaker.'

THE REFLECTIVE PRONOUN.

The reflective pronominal forms seem to point to a partly common original. In Ch., however, the idea is rendered by doubling the personal pronoun and putting the last form in the instructive: *suosuō* 'I-by-me,' 'I myself.' In T. *sair-va*, the instructive of a root *sar*, is used for the singular, and *su-iš*, the instructive of *su*, for the plural, though *khorth*, 'a head,' like the Georgian *thavi*, 'a head,' is also employed to express the notion of 'self.' In Q. the categorical letter of the reflective pronoun refers,

with transitive verbs, not to the subject, but to the object. Examples of this have already been given.

	1 sg.	2 sg.	3 sg.
K.	<i>žuw</i>	<i>žuw</i>	<i>wuč</i>
U.			<i>ič</i> for all persons and numbers
H.	wanting		<i>sai, sa-r-i, sa-v-i</i>
A.	Personal pronouns + <i>go</i>		<i>ži-u, ži-i, ži-b</i>
Q.	„	„	+ [<i>v</i>]a <i>tsu-v-a, tsu-rd-a, tsu-bba</i>
Ch.	<i>suosuō</i>	<i>huohuō</i>	<i>izšā</i>
T.	<i>šair-va</i>	<i>šairva</i>	<i>šairva</i>
	1 pl.	2 pl.	3 pl.
K.	<i>žuw</i>	<i>žuw</i>	<i>čeb</i>
H.	wanting		<i>sa-r-i, sa-v-i</i>
A.	Personal pronouns + <i>go</i>		<i>ža-l</i>
Q.	„	„	+ [<i>v</i>]a <i>tsi-b-a, tsi-rd-a</i>
Ch.	<i>thxuothes</i>	<i>šusesš</i>	<i>šusesš</i>
	<i>vaivesš</i>		
T.	<i>šu-iš</i>	<i>šuiš</i>	<i>šuiš</i>
		<i>išuiš</i>	

INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS.

The oblique cases of the interrogative pronoun are sometimes formed from a different root from the nominative. In K. the instrumental of *wuč* 'who?' is *ni*, which is also the interrogative particle: *am gürcëg ya-ni*, 'she beautiful is?' 'is she beautiful?'

	Who?	What?	Which?
H.	<i>tsa</i>	<i>si</i>	<i>kudil</i>
Gen.	<i>si-la</i>	<i>sē</i>	<i>kudi-la</i>
A.	<i>si-u, si-i</i>	<i>si-b</i>	<i>kina[u]</i>
Gen.	<i>tli-l (1), su- ndal (2)</i>	<i>su-ndal (3)</i>	<i>kina-s-ul (1), kina-tl-ul (2, 3)</i>
Q.	<i>tsu</i>	<i>tsi</i>	<i>tsa</i>
Gen.	<i>si-l</i>	<i>ša-l</i>	<i>ši-l</i>
K.	<i>wuž</i>	<i>wuč</i>	<i>hi, hi-mi</i>
Gen.	<i>ni-n</i>	<i>kü-n</i>	<i>hi-da-n</i>
Ch.	<i>mi-la</i>	<i>huñ</i>	
Gen.	<i>hen-i</i>	<i>stın-i</i>	
T.	<i>han</i>	<i>vune, une</i>	<i>me</i>
Gen.	<i>han-i</i>	<i>sten-i</i>	
U.	<i>su</i>	<i>hi-ke, e-ka</i>	<i>ma-no</i>
Gen.	<i>si</i>	<i>e-ta-i</i>	<i>ma-ta-i</i>

As there is no relative pronoun, save in T., its function is replaced by participles and gerunds, as in the Tatar languages.

THE VERB.

The number of simple verbs is comparatively small. In U. only about twenty have been recorded, in K. about a hundred, though it must be borne in mind that the vocabularies collected are very incomplete. For the most part a simple verb is agglutinated to another verb, or to a noun, adjective, adverb, or particle in the nature of a preposition, in order to get a new meaning, or to form a new verb.

In K. the infinitive is also a verbal noun, and

ends in *-n*. Verbs are formed by means of *ya* 'is,' *da* 'unexpectedly is,' *awá* 'continually is,' *hun*, *ze-* 'to become,' *awún* 'to make': *xisen-z awá* 'good-in-being (he) is,' 'he is well'; *tha-da* '(he) is unexpectedly ill'; *xisen-hun* 'to become good'; *zaz gesin-zer-awá* 'to-me hungry-becoming-is,' 'I am getting hungry.' As all verbs in K. that contain the notion of action are of a passive nature, they are made active by agglutinating *awun* (*eyi-*) 'to be made, to make,' to the 2 sg. of the imperative: *kxilig* 'look!' *kxilig-un* = *kxilig-awun* 'to be made look! to see'; *aluq* 'fall!' *azuq* 'be seated!' *aluq-un* 'to drop,' *azuq-un* 'to seat oneself.' By it verbs are also formed from adjectives and nouns: *yekhe-wun* 'great-to-be-made,' 'to increase'; *ükhü-wun* 'salt-to-be-made,' 'to salt'; *yaru-wun* 'to redden.'

In H. the infinitive ending is *-s*, *-is*. Verbs are formed by *is* (*iris*) 'to become,' *izis* (*ilzis*) 'to appear,' [*w*]*ais* (*iis*) 'to reach,' [*w*]*äqis* (*iqis*) 'to make,' *is* (*ikhwis*) 'to say.' The forms in brackets are continuatives, of which more is said further on. All these verbs prefix *d*, *v*, when connected with nouns of the 2nd and 3rd categories. *hinthin-is* 'to become red,' *äh-is* 'to become good,' *ax-is* 'to become high, to raise oneself'; *wai-zis* 'to appear bad'; *ax-wais* 'to reach high, to become tall'; *qäph-vägis* 'to make *qäph*,' 'to close,' *gits-väqis* 'to shear.' Though *gits* has now no meaning in H., it may be compared with A. *gets* 'pincers,' Q. *qats* 'the mouth,' and it is possible that shearing originally meant plucking rather than clipping, as was the case up to the last

century in Shetland, where wool was plucked, not shorn, from the backs of the sheep. *tu-wäqis* 'to make a *tu*,' 'to spew'; *tu-is* 'to say a *tu*,' 'to spew,' *ṣah-is* 'to say (give) a cough (*ṣah*),' *ḡai-is* 'to say a word,' *waq-is* 'to say (give) a knock (*waq*),' *hih-is* 'to say (take) a breath (*hih*),' *dala-is* 'to say a song, to sing,' *ḥar-is* 'to say look!' 'to see,' *uqän-is* 'to say go!' 'to send away,' *wakhi-is* 'to say come!' 'to summon,' *me' is* 'to say *me*,' 'to bleat.'

Certain particles, such as *a* 'up,' *ḥa* 'down,' *u* 'under,' *ṣi* 'upon,' &c., are prefixed to verbs: *elzis* = *a* + *ilzis* 'to stand up,' *ḥawṣis* = *ḥa* + *uṣis* 'to descend.'

In Q. the infinitive termination is *-an*, *-in*, *-un*. Verbal roots are monosyllabic, and usually end in a consonant. Most verbs are formed with *uṣin* (*thun*) 'to say,' *ḥun*, *ṣa-* 'to become,' [] *ān* 'to make,' *han* 'to go'; *pū-ṣin* 'to say *pū*,' 'to spew,' *ṣah-uṣin* 'to say a cough (*ṣah*),' *qatṣ-uṣin*, *qatṣ-thun* 'to say mouth,' 'to bite,' *quth-uṣin* 'to say (give) a knock (*quth*),' 'to cry out,' *aa-ṣin* 'to say a laugh (*aa*)'; 'ant-*ḥun* 'strong to become,' 'to be closed,' 'ant-*bān* 'strong to make,' 'to close, make fast,' *qath-ḥun* 'outside-the-house-to-become,' 'to be thrown out,' *qath-bān* 'outside-the-house-to-make,' 'to throw out,' *kurth-ḥun* 'to become deep,' *ṣal-ḥun* 'to become visible,' *ṣal-ān* 'to make visible,' 'to look for,' *ya-ḥun* 'eye-to-become,' 'to exist.' The meaning of the first member of the compound is sometimes lost: 'eqe-*han* 'to go 'eqe,' 'to discharge,' *yalu-han* 'to see,' *vai-han* 'to go astray.'

In A. the infinitive ends in *-ne*, *-ze*. Verbs are formed from adjectives and nouns by *xli-ze* to become: *xlik-xlize* 'to become good,' *ba'ar-xlize* 'to become red,' *hoi-xlize* 'to become a dog, a good-for-nothing.'

In Ch. T. the infinitive ending in *-a*, but as Schiefner has preferred to quote the verbal noun in *-ar* in place of it, I have followed his example. In Ch. a number of verbs are used to form fresh verbs from adjectives and nouns, though [*d*]ar, to make, is the commonest: *ieḥ-xietar* 'shame-to-appear,' 'to be ashamed,' *kha-ḥaxar* '(with) hand to stroke,' *mars-ḥaxar* '(with) sickle to stroke,' 'to reap,' *yaxk-ḥaxar* '(with) comb to stroke,' 'to comb,' *jan-gar* 'a dream to see,' 'to dream,' *duog-dāxar* '(with) heart to live,' 'to hope,' *desi-dillar* 'gold to lay,' 'to gild,' *xācam-bar* 'enough to make,' 'to suffice,' *guō-bar* 'circle to make,' 'to surround,' *nab-yar* 'sleep to make, to sleep,' *gaije-yar* 'grief to make, to be sad,' *zien-dar* 'harm to make,' *qōlu-dar* 'theft to make, to thief,' *nekhi-dar* 'swimming to make, to swim,' *gath-dar* 'narrow to make, to narrow,' *mats-valar* 'hungry to become.'

Verbs are also suffixed to postpositions like *te* on, *cu* in, *kel*, *kelḥa* under: *te-xaar* 'to sit on,' *cu-xaar* 'to sit in something,' *kelḥa-dillar* 'to lay something underneath.'

In Th. most verbs, if they are not neuter, must be compounded with [*d*]ar 'to make,' in order to become active, [*d*]alar 'to become,' to acquire the meaning of a passive or middle verb: *laek-dar* 'to hide,'

lačk-dalar 'to hide oneself,' 'to be hidden.' Several verbs are used to form fresh ones from nouns and adjectives. The first to be mentioned, formed with *xethar* 'to find' = Ch. *xiēthar* 'to appear,' is curious, and displays a state of moral advancement one would hardly have expected: *qa-xethar* 'sin-to-find,' = 'to have compassion,' '*eph-xethar* 'shame-to-find, to be ashamed'; *en-dar* 'shadow to make, to shade,' *ir-dar* 'sharp to make, to sharpen'; *dak-levar* 'heart to speak, to think.' The Ch. word for 'to think' is *muoththar* 'tongue to make,' from which one may be sure that the Chechents would side with Prof. Max Müller in the controversy that has recently taken place as to the identity of thought and language. *dak-xelar* 'heart to drive,' 'to remember,' *dok-ixar* 'heart to come,' 'to get angry'; *ku-[d]ar* 'white to make,' *den-dar* 'whole to make,' 'to heal,' *[v]atš-[v]ar* 'heavy to make.'

Verbs can also be attached to postpositions and adverbs such as *ču* 'in,' *makh* 'on,' *aħo, aħ* 'down,' *ħalo, ħal* 'up,' &c. *ču-xaar* 'to sit down in,' *makh-xethar* 'to fall on,' *aħ-vosar* 'to step down,' *ħal-etsar* 'to take up.'

In U. the infinitive termination is *-sun*. Most active verbs are formed by means of *besun* 'to make,' *phesun* 'to make,' 'to say,' or with *desun, tesun, kesun, xesun*, which latter are not found as independent verbs; passive, and some neuter verbs are compounded with *esun* 'to come'; other neuters with *bakhsun* 'to be, to become, to be able': *aš-besun* 'thing to make, to work,' *uk-besun* 'heart

to make, to encourage,' *qy-besun* 'fear to make, to frighten,' *ini-besun* 'new to make, to renew,' *aju-besun* 'bitter to make, to embitter': the noun can be in the instructive, *otsi-nen-besun* 'with-dirt-to-make, to dirty,' *quful-en-besun* 'with lock to make, to lock up.' If two verbs are compounded the first is in the infinitive; *apes-besun* 'to-ripe-to-make,' 'to roast,' *atses-besun* 'to be lost to make,' 'to destroy.'

ait-phesun 'word to say,' 'to speak,' *axsum-phesun* 'to say a laugh,' *aci-phesun* 'game to make,' 'to play.'

gam-desun 'to warm' (*gam*), *saq-tesun* 'to maim,' *ots-kesun* 'to wash,' from *otsesun* 'to wash oneself,' *but-kesun* 'to cover,' *butesun* 'to be covered.'

xe-bsun 'water-to-make,' 'to melt' (transitive), *xe-bakhsun* 'to melt' (intrans.), *amud-bakhsun* 'hope-to-become,' 'to hope,' *qari-bakhsun* 'dry to become.'

Many nouns are compounded with *aqsun* 'to take,' *dujsun* 'to strike,' *tastun* = *tade-sun* 'to give,' *sakhsun* 'to throw,' *bigsun* 'to throw,' forming such new verbs as, 'to take a wife,' *i. e.* to marry, 'to strike (tell) a lie,' 'to strike a bell,' *i. e.* to sound forth, 'to throw (give out) a smell,' 'to catch cold,' &c.

Factives are formed by attaching the verb 'to make' or 'to let' to the primary verb.

In K. the verb *tun* 'to let,' is suffixed to the gerund; *eyiz-tun* 'to let be made,' *nez-tun* 'to let eat.' Or *-arun* is suffixed to the infinitive, *zurzun-arun* 'to cause to shudder.' If, however, the stem of the primary verb ends in *g*, *kh*, *kx*, *g*, *ǰ*, a *w* is

inserted, *azūq-warun* 'to cause to be seated,' 'to set': if the stem ends in *h*, this falls, and *-darun* is postfixed, *azah-un* 'to climb,' *aza-darun* 'to cause to climb.' Lastly, if it ends in *ç*, *t*, these sounds are replaced by *d*, *awuç-un* 'to descend,' *awud-un* 'to let down,' *açgat-un* 'to go out,' *açgad-un* 'to lead out.'

In U. *-tesun*, *-desun* is postfixed: *ot-besun* 'to be ashamed,' *otbes-tesun* 'to put to shame,' *akhsun* 'to see,' *akhes-tesun* 'to show.'

In H. the suffix *-ixis* is employed: *izis* 'to appear,' *iz-ixis* 'to cause to appear,' *ha[w]xis* 'to descend,' *ha[w]x-ixis* 'to make descend.'

In A. *ha[v]-ize* 'to make,' is used for the purpose, though it loses its *h*; *tqleze* 'to give,' *tqlez-a[v]ize* 'to cause to give.'

In Q. *ān*, *dān*, *bān* 'to make,' answers the purpose: *çicîn ān* 'to cause to write.'

In Ch. [*d*]aitar 'to let,' [*d*]ar 'to make,' are postfixed: *dažar* 'to pasture' (intrans.) *daža-dar* 'to pasture' (trans.), 'āmar 'to learn,' 'āma-dar 'to teach,' alar 'to speak,' al-aitar 'to let speak.'

In T. *-itar* is suffixed to the stem of the primary verb: *ahlar* 'to speak,' *ahl-itar* 'to make speak,' *tasar* 'to fell,' *tas-itar* 'to cause to fell.'

There are no continuatives, frequentatives, or iteratives to express continuous, repeated, or intermittent action in K. U., but the other groups have various modes of giving expression to one or other of these notions.

In H. continuatives are formed in two ways: (1) the root vowel *a*, *ä* is exchanged for *i*, *u*, and *u* is

replaced by *i*; *avkis* 'to open,' *ivkis*; *arsis* 'to fly,' *ursis*; *ilhwis* 'to kill,' *ulhis*: (2) by inserting *r*, *l* in the root; *is* 'to become,' *iris*; *ihis* 'to tie,' *ilhis*. But if the root contains an *r* or *l*, this is omitted in the continuative; *irvis* 'to sew,' *ivis*; *irtsis* 'to wash,' *itsis*.

In Q. they are formed by suffixing *l* to the root; *ikhan* 'to be, to remain,' *ikhlan*; *aṭṣān* 'to stand,' *aṭṣlān* 'to keep standing.' Iteratives, to express 'now and then,' are made by postfixing *-bā*; *ikha-bān* 'to be sometimes.'

In A. continued or repeated action is shown in two ways: (1) by changing the *i* of the stem into *e*; *tqlabi-ze* 'to strike,' *tqlabe-ze*; *ḥāpi-ze* 'to bark,' *ḥape-ze*: (2) by suffixing *-te*, *-de*, *-di* to the root; *ḥapize ḥap-teze*, *aḥi-ze* 'to cry out,' *aḥ-teze*. Repeated action is also denoted by reduplication; *aḥaḥize* 'to cry out often,' *qaqaze* 'to press,' *xlaxlaze* 'to water.'

In Ch. the root vowel is changed; *qauvkar* 'to thunder,' *qieqar*; *laçqar* 'to hide,' *lieçqar*.

A similar vowel change is found in T., though it does not seem to be quite certain if the modified form is a continuative; *haçqar* 'to press,' *heçqar*; *taqar* 'to ask for,' *teqar*; *hoçar* 'to show,' *heçar*.

To indicate the somewhat analogous idea of plurality, of an act performed by several subjects, T. weakens the root vowel and inserts *b*; *lallar* 'one person to drive away,' *leblar* 'several to drive away,' *dožar* 'one to fall,' *debžar* 'many to fall,' or it changes the end of the root into *xk*; *lallar* 'one to drive away,' *laxkar* 'several to do so,' *dollar* 'one to lay,' *doçkar* 'several to do so.' In Ch. the procedure is almost

identical, though the singular verb is sometimes lost. An infixed *u*, or *î*, represents T. *b*; *ḥausar* = T. *ḥabsar* 'several persons to see,' *xausar* = T. *xabzar* 'several to sit,' *ḥisar* = T. *ḥebsar* 'several to see,' *daxkar* = T. *doaxkar* 'several to lay.' Verbs that do not make this change have no form for the plural. With regard to its origin, it is not unlikely that it is closely related to *-bi*, a sign of the plural in T. H. A. with some classes of nouns, and to categorical letter *b* as a mark of the plural in T. Ch. Q. H. A.

MOODS AND TENSES.

All the groups possess an Indicative, Conditional, and Imperative Mood. A Consecutive, used in the second clause after a Conditional, is found in K. H. Q. A., and a Conjunctive, having points in common with the above, in Ch. T. U. An Optative is found in Q. A. Ch.; a Potential, and Intentional, to express purpose, in Q. alone.

The Conditional in H. is threefold, to express (1) an actual, (2) a possible, (3) a supposed condition.

The most complicated system of tenses is found in A., where there is not only a definite and indefinite present, past, and future, as there also is in Q. Ch., but a special form to show whether the speaker was a witness of what he relates, or only heard of it from others. Further, by means of suffixes and the auxiliary verb 'to be,' it expresses the notions of (1) beginning to act, (2) repetition of the act, (3) continuance of the act, (4) intention, (5) obligation, (6) permission to act. Consequently A. has no less

than thirty-six forms in the Indicative, twenty-six forms in the Conditional, one in the Consecutive, two in the Optative, twenty-five Participles, and twenty-seven Gerundives, making a total of one hundred and seventeen verbal forms, many of them of formidable length.

In K. there are two presents in the verbs 'to be,' the only ones that possess that tense, and two perfects in many verbs—one to express the expected, as taking or having taken place; the other the unexpected. The aorist can be used to denote what will happen, what habitually happens, and what is happening now. In those verbs that have no present it replaces that tense.

The verb seems to have become a time-word before the Daghestan and Chechents people entered the Caucasus mountains. Some of the oldest tense signs were apparently vowels, though they were not the only ones. As a mark of the present, *u* is found in H. A. Ch. T., in the last two without further addition, and *i* occurs in H. Q. T. As a sign of the past *r* is found in K. H. Q. A. Ch. T., *-na*, *-nu*, *-no* in K. Q. A. Ch., and *i* in U. K. H. Ch. T. In U. this *i* is so loose that it can be detached from the verb and used as an enclitic with the pronoun, which is then suffixed to the noun, instead of to the verb; *bullei* (= *bul-ne-i* 'head it was') *qatsexa* 'pain-saying' (*pres. indic.*), for *bul qats-ne-er-a-i* 'head pain-it-saying-was,' 'his head was paining him.'

In monosyllabic verbs in A. the vowel gradations are for the indef. present *-u*, perf. *-a*, defin. future *-i*;

ine 'to go,' pres. *una*, perf. *ana*, fut. *ina*. In verbs of two syllables we have for the present *-o*, *-u*, perf. *-a*, *-o*, fut. *-e*, *-i*; *koçe-ne* 'to forget,' pres. *koçona*, perf. *koçana*, fut. *koçena*; *hari-ze* 'to request,' pres. *harula*, perf. *harana*, fut. *harila*.

H. Q. are the only two groups that partially distinguish the persons, and that generally by changing the final vowel of the tense suffix.

U. stands rather apart from all the groups, especially in possessing no gerunds and no *-r* as a sign of the past. Whether this arises from loss, or represents an older stage of undevelopment, is hard to say. If the Udes, as I rather suspect, have never been in the Caucasus mountains at all, the latter supposition is the more probable. In U. the personal pronoun is postfixed, infix, or placed in the middle of a compound verb; *besa-zu* 'I make,' *besa-zu-i* 'I was making,' *tsam-zu-phi* 'I wrote' (aor.), *kalphes-zu-sta* 'I let read,' = *kalphes-zu-tesa*, from *kal-phes-tesun* 'to let read,' which is a triple compound.

THE PRESENT.

To save space, and from its minor importance, I have omitted the plural.

	H.	Q.	A.
Sing. 1	gerund + <i>ra</i>	<i>-ra</i> , <i>-āra</i>	<i>-una</i> , <i>-ona</i> , <i>-ula</i>
„ 2	„ + <i>ri</i>	<i>-ra</i> , <i>-āra</i>	For all persons
„ 3	„ <i>sai</i>	<i>-ri</i> , <i>-ai</i>	
	Ch.	T.	U.
Sing.	„ <i>-u</i> , <i>-uo</i>	<i>-u</i> , <i>-o</i>	<i>-sa</i> , <i>-xa</i>
„	„ <i>-e</i> , <i>-i</i> rare	<i>-e</i> , <i>-i</i> seldom	For all persons
„	„ For all persons	For all persons	
	sons		sons

In H. the present is formed from the gerund of the present in *-uli* by dropping *i* and suffixing *-ra, ri*, which assimilate into *-ulla, ulli* for the 1st and 2nd persons, while the third is the gerund itself, followed by the auxiliary *sai* 'is.' As the gerundial ending is *-li*, the *u* must be a mark of the present as in A. Ch. T. The auxiliary *sar* 'to be' is derived from the reflective pronoun of the 3rd person, *sai, sa-r-i, sa-v-i*, he, she, itself.¹ It is thus declined for the three categories—

Pres. sing.	1	<i>sai-ra</i>	<i>sa-r-ra</i>	<i>sa-v-ra</i>	Gerund	<i>sai-li</i>
,,	,,	2	<i>sai-ri</i>	<i>sa-r-ri</i>	<i>sa-v-ri</i>	
,,	,,	3	<i>sai</i>	<i>sa-r-i</i>	<i>sa-v-i</i>	

From *iqis* 'to keep making,' gerund of the present *iquli*—

Pres. sing.	1	<i>nu iqul-la,</i>	<i>diqul-la,</i>	<i>viqul-la</i>	
,,	,,	2	<i>ḥu iqul-li,</i>	<i>diqul-li,</i>	<i>viqul-li</i>
,,	,,	3	<i>hit iquli sai,</i>	<i>diquli sari,</i>	<i>viquli savi</i>

In Q. the present stem is *-ai*, which remains unchanged in the 3rd pers. sing. From the verbal noun *u-sibu* 'existence,' from the infinitives *ikh-an* 'to be, to remain,' *ān* 'to make,' and the root *ša* 'to become,' we get for the three categories—

Pres. sing.	1	<i>na u-ra,</i>	<i>du-ra,</i>	<i>bu-ra</i>	<i>ikh-āra,</i>	<i>dikh-āra,</i>	<i>bikh-āra</i>	
,,	,,	2	<i>ina u-ra,</i>	<i>du-ra,</i>	<i>bu-ra</i>	<i>ikh-āra,</i>	<i>dikh-āra,</i>	<i>bikh-āra</i>

¹ In Coptic the verb 'to be' is expressed by demonstrative pronominal forms.

Pres. sing. 3 *tā u-ri, du-ri, bu-ri ikh-ai, dikh-ai, bikh-ai*

„ „ 1, 2 *śa-ra ā-ra, dā-ra, bā-ra*

„ „ 3 *śai ai, dai, bai*

In A. from the infinitives [*v*]uḱi-ne ‘to be,’ ḡami-ze ‘to chase,’ reḱi-ne ‘to mount on horseback.’

Pres. sing. *vuk-una, yik-una, buk-una, pl. ruḱ-una*

„ „ and pl. *ḡam-ula, reḱ-una.*

In Ch. -*u* is the commonest present stem, -*e* is rare, and -*i* still more so. This -*u* influences a previous *a*, changing it into -*o*, -*e*; *ār-ar* ‘to thresh,’ pres. *ōru*, *bāx-ar* ‘to say,’ pres. *bōxu*, *lath-ar* ‘to fasten,’ *lethe*, ‘*am-ar* ‘to learn,’ ‘*eme*.

In T. -*u*, -*o* is usually tacked on to the root; *vats-ar* ‘to follow,’ pres. *vaits-u*, *xat-ar* ‘to ask,’ pres. *xet-o*, *it-ar* ‘to run,’ pres. *it-i*. The personal designations are either shown, as in Ch. K. A., by the pronoun placed before the verb, or by suffixing it, in which case it loses its final vowel; *va-s* for *va-so* ‘I am,’ *va-ḥ* for *va-ḥo* ‘thou art.’

In U. the suffix of the present is -*sa*, which may be compared, perhaps, with -*ṣa* in Q., used to form the emphatic tenses and also participles. In Q. the emphatic presents of *u-ri, du-ri* ‘he, she is,’ *ai, dai* ‘he, she makes,’ &c., are [*d*]u-ṣa-ri, [*d*]ai-ṣa-ri, and their present participles [*d*]u-ṣa, [*d*]ai-ṣa. From U. *gurde-sun* ‘to destroy,’ *kal-phe-sun* ‘to read,’ *e-sun* ‘to come, to become,’ we find: *gur-zu-de-sa* ‘I destroy,’ *gur-qun-de-sa* ‘they destroy,’ *kal-zu-e-xa* ‘I write,’ *kal-le-xa* for *kal-ne-e-xa* ‘he writes,’ *e-z-sa* ‘I come,’ *e-nan-sa* ‘you come.’

THE PAST TENSES.

K.	H.	Q.	A.	Ch.	T.	U.
Imperf. sg. 1	ger. + -ra			-i <i>i</i>	pres. + -r	pres. + -i
" 2	" -ri			"	"	"
" 3	" sai			"	"	"
Pret. sg. 1	pres. + -ri	-yau, -au	pres. + an	-ra		
" 2	" "	-yan, -au	" "	"		
" 3	" "	-ya, -a	" "	"		
I. Perf. sg. 1			ana, -una			
" 2			" "			
" 3			" "	-i <i>r</i>	-i, -e	-e
II. Perf. sg. 1	-ira, -ra	-ra, -u		"	"	"
" 2	-adi, -iri	-ra, -ura		"	"	"
" 3	-iv	-ri, -uri		"	"	"
Pluperf. sg. 1	ger. + -ri		perf. ger. + perf. of 'to be'		p. part. + -r	perf. + -i
" 2	" "				"	"
" 3	" "				"	"
Iterat. Pret. -dai						
Aorist sg. 1		ger. + -ra		-ina =	perf. + -r	-i = p. part.
" 2		" -ra		perf.	"	"
" 3		" -ri		part.	"	"

In K. from *ya* 'is,' *da* 'unexpectedly is,' *awa* 'continually is,' are formed the preterites *ṭir*, *dai*, *awai*. From *awun* 'to make,' *ḥun* 'to become,' *ḡun* 'to bring,' *akun* 'to see,' *ešin* 'to knead,' *qin* 'to die,' *rägün* 'to grind,' are formed the perfects I. *awuna*, II. *awura*, I. *hana*, II. *haya*, I. *jana*, *akuna*, *ešina*, *qena*, *rägwena*; the pluperfects *ḥanai*, *awunai*, &c. From *ze*, *eyi*, the compliments of *ḥun* 'to become,' and *awun* 'to make,' come the aorists *zeda*, *eyida*, from *xgacün* 'to take,' *xgacuda*.

In H. the imperfect and pluperfect are formed from the gerund of the preterite by adding *-ra*, *-ri*, which assimilate with the *l* of the gerund, after dropping the intervening vowel. The preterite gerund of *is*, *dis*, *vis* 'to become,' is *ili*, *dili*, *vili*.

Imperf. sg. 1	<i>nu il-la, dil-la, vil-la</i>	Pluperf. <i>il-li, dil-li, vil-li</i>
„ „ 2	<i>hu il-li, dil-li, vil-li</i>	Pluperf. <i>il-li, dil-li, vil-li</i>
„ „ 3	<i>hit ili sai, dili sai, vili sai</i>	Pluperf. <i>il-li, dil-li, vil-li</i>

The preterite adds *-ri* to the present stem—

Pret. sg. 1	<i>sai-ri, sa-r-ri, sa-v-ri</i>	I was
„ „ 2	„ „ „	
„ „ 3	„ „ „	

The perfects of [*d*]*is* 'to become,' [*d*]*itahis* 'to become,' [*w*]*ais* 'to reach,' *iqis* 'to keep making,' are—

Perf. sg.	1	<i>nu ĩra, dĭra, vĭra</i>		$[d]$ <i>itahur-ra</i>
„ „	2	<i>ħu ēdi, dēdi, vēdi</i>		$[d]$ <i>itah-adi</i>
„ „	3	<i>ħit iv, div, viv</i>		$[d]$ <i>itahur</i>

Perf. sg.	1	$[w]$ <i>a-ira</i>		$[d]$ <i>iq-ira</i>
„ „	2	$[w]$ <i>a-adi</i>		$[d]$ <i>iq-iri</i>
„ „	3	$[w]$ <i>a-iv</i>		$[d]$ <i>iq-iv</i>

In Q. the preterite is formed by adding *-yau*, *-au* to the root; the emphatic preterite by adding *-yau* to the present participle.

From *u-sĭbu* 'being,' *sai-ša* 'becoming,' *ai-ša* 'making'—

Pret. sg.	1	<i>u-yau, du-yau, bu-yau</i>
„ „	2	„ „ „
„ „	3	<i>u-ya, du-ya, bu-ya</i>

Emph. pret.	<i>saiša-yau</i>		<i>aiša-yau, daiša-yau, baiša-yau</i>
„ „	<i>saiša-ya</i>		<i>aiša-ya, daiša-ya, baiša-ya</i>

The perfect is strengthened in some verbs by *u* inserted in the root. It serves as the representative letter of the first category, and is replaced by *r* for the second, though it remains unchanged for the neuter class. From $[d]$ *ikh-an* 'to be, to remain,' $[d]$ *ā-n* 'to make,' come—

Perf. sg.	1	<i>i-u-kħ-ra, di-r-kħ-ra, bi-u-kħ-ra</i>
„ „	2	„ „ „
„ „	3	<i>i-u-kħ-ri, di-r-kħ-ri, bi-u-kħ-ri</i>

Perf. sg.	1	<i>au, dau, bau</i>
„ „	2	<i>ū-ra (ūrda), dūra (dūrda), būra (būrda)</i>
„ „	3	<i>ū-ri (ūrdi), dū-ri (dūrdi), bū-ri (būrdi)</i>

Perhaps these two forms were originally the same; *iukhra* standing for *ikh-ura*, and *ūra* for *a-ura*, the vowel being retracted in the first example. The forms in brackets show a reduplication of the tense sign *-ra*, *-ri*; *ūrda* = *ūra-ra*, *ūr-ra*, for by a euphonic law of Q., already mentioned, *r* after *n*, *r*, *l* becomes *d*.

The base of the aorist is the gerund of the perfect in *-un*, to which *-ra*, *-ri* are attached, and accordingly become *-da*, *-di*. From *i-u-khun*, *di-r-khun*, *bi-u-khun*, the perfect gerund of [*d*]*ikhān* 'to be, to remain,' and *ūnu*, *du-r-nu* (*dūnu*), *būnu*, that of [*d*]*ān* 'to make,' are formed—

Aorist sg. 1 *i-u-khun-da*, *di-r-khun-da*, *bi-u-khun-da*
 " " 2 " " "
 " " 3 *i-u-khun-di*, *di-r-khun-di*, *bi-u-khun-di*

Aorist sg. 1 *ūn-da*, *dūn-da*, *būn-da*
 " " 2 " " "
 " " 3 *ūn-di*, *dūn-di*, *būn-di*

In A. the simple preterite is formed by suffixing *-an* to the simple present; [*v*]*uḱine* 'to be,' simple present, *vugo*, *yigo*, *bugo*, s. pret. *vugoan*, *yigoan*, *bugoan*. The perfect adds *-ana*, *-una* to the root. From [*v*]*uḱine* 'to be,' *ine* 'to go,' *ḱamize* 'to chase,' Perf. *vuḱ-ana*, *yiḱ-ana*, *buḱ-ana*, *ana*, *ḱam-una*.

The pluperfect is formed from the gerund of the perfect, followed by the perfect of the verb 'to be'; *un* [*v*]*uḱ-ana* 'had gone,' *ḱamun* [*v*]*uḱana* 'had chased.'

In Ch. just as the *-u* of the present stem modifies the vowel of the root, so the *-i* of the imperfect and preterite reacts upon it, changing *a, o*, into *e, u* into *ui*; *bāx-ar* 'to say,' impf. *bēx-iñ*, perf. *bēx-ir* *buz-ar* 'to fill,' imperf. *buiz-iñ*, perf. *buiz-ir*. From *var, yar, dar, bar*, 'to be made, to make,' comes the imperf. *as diñ* 'by-me it-was-made, I made,' or *suo dies vara* 'I it-in-making was (masc.),' perf. *as dir* 'by-me it-was-made, I have made.' The preterite of [*v*]ar 'to be' is *va-ra, ya-ra, ba-ra, da-ra*, according to the category, and seems to be the only verb in which the tense is found.

The aorist is found in three forms. (1) If the final consonant of the root is *t, d, l*, it is doubled and followed by *-e*; (2) *-ina* is suffixed to the root, and it is then identical with the perfect participle; (3) *-iëra* may be further suffixed to one of the above forms to convey the notion of repeated action. (1) *dal-ar* 'to give,' aor. *del-le*; *tied-ar* 'to cut,' *tied-de*; (2) *huothth-ar* 'to remain standing,' *hethth-ina*; *bāx-ar* 'to say,' *bēx-na*; *dell-ar* 'to open,' *dell-ina*; 3) *xil-ar* 'to become,' *xill-iëra, bāx-ar, bexn-iëra*.

In T. the imperfect is formed from the present by tacking on *-r*; present, *vaitsu* 'follow,' *disu* 'lie,' *teqe* 'pray,' *iti* 'run,' imperf. *vaitsur, disur, teqer, itir*. The usual sign of the perfect is *-i*, rarely *-e*; *deq-ar* 'to divide,' *deq-i, teq-ar* 'to pray,' *teq-i, dutş-ar* 'to fall,' *dutş-i, xa-ar* 'to know,' *xa-i; xa-ar* 'to place oneself,' *xa-e, xa-ar* 'to reach,' *xa-e*. The pluperfect adds *-r* to the past participle. From *ahl-ar* 'to say,' *dag-ar* 'to see,' past part. *ahl-ino,*

dag-ino daig-no, pluperf. *aihlno-r*, *daigno-r*. The aorist adds *-r* to the perfect; *ahli* 'said,' *xethi* 'found,' *late* 'helped,' aorists, *ahli-r*, *xethi-r*, *late-r*.

In U. the imperfect and pluperfect are formed from the present and perfect by suffixing *-i*, which, as we have seen above, is but loosely attached to the verb. The sign of the perfect is *-e*, that of the aorist *-i*, a tense that only differs from the past participle in having the personal pronouns infixes or suffixed. From *be-sun* 'to make,' *e-sun* 'to come,' *tai-sun* 'to be brought, to go,' *uj-sun* 'to drink,' *bistun* for *bi-te-sun* 'to lie down,' are formed for the 1st pers. singular—

Pres. sg. 1	<i>besa-zu</i>	<i>e-z-sa</i>	<i>ta-z-sa</i>	<i>u-z-gesa</i>	<i>bi-z-tesa</i>
Impf. „	<i>besa-zu-i</i>	<i>e-z-sa-i</i>	<i>ta-z-sai</i>	<i>u-z-gesa-i</i>	<i>bi-z-tesa-i</i>
Perft. „	<i>be-zu</i>	<i>are-zu</i>	<i>ta-z-tse</i>	<i>u-z-ge</i>	<i>bi-z-te</i>
Plupf. „	<i>be-zu-i</i>	<i>are-zu-i</i>	<i>ta-z-tse-i</i>	<i>u-z-ge-i</i>	<i>bi-z-te-i</i>
Aorist „	<i>bi-zu</i>	<i>ari-zu</i>	<i>ta-z-tsi</i>	<i>u-z-gi</i>	<i>bi-z-ti</i>
Past part.	<i>bi</i>	<i>ari</i>	<i>tatsi</i>	<i>uji</i>	<i>biti</i>

THE FUTURE.

A future tense was evidently not developed in the earlier stages of the seven groups, as the following table will show—

K.		H.				Q.
		1	2	3	4	
Future sg. 1	<i>-di</i>	<i>-as</i>	<i>-us</i>	<i>-as</i>	<i>-ra</i>	<i>-anda</i>
„ „ 2	<i>-di</i>	<i>-avi</i>	<i>-ud</i>	<i>-ad</i>	<i>-ri</i>	„
„ „ 3	<i>-di</i>	<i>-av</i>	<i>-ar</i>	<i>-an</i>	<i>-u, -ur</i>	„
A.		Ch.		T.	U.	
Future sg. 1	<i>-ina, -ila</i>	present + <i>r</i>		<i>-o</i>	<i>-o</i>	
„ „ 2	„ „	„	„	„	or pres. part.	
„ „ 3	„ „	„	„	„		

In K. the suffix *-di* also serves to form participles, as will be seen below, and makes adjectives into substantives, *xisen* 'good,' *xisen-di* 'the good one.' From *ḵxiligun* 'to see,' *xgacun* 'to take,' *ze-* 'to become,' *eyi-* 'to be made, to make,' come the futures *ḵxilig-di*, *xgacu-di*, *ze-di*, *eyi-di*.

In H. the first column presents the form of the hypothetical future, the three others give the aoristic or actual future, the fourth being the passive form. From $[d]iris$ the continuative of *is*, *dis*, *vis*, $[d]italhis$ the continuative of $[d]itahis$ 'to become,' and *iqis* 'to keep on being made,' are formed :

Fut. sg.	1	$[d]ir-as$	2	$[d]ir-us$	3	$[d]italh-as$	4	<i>iqu-ra</i>
„ „	2	$[d]ir-avi$	3	$[d]ir-ud$	4	$[d]italh-ad$	5	<i>iqu-ri</i>
„ „	3	$[d]ir-av$	4	$[d]ir-ar$	5	$[d]italh-an$	6	<i>iqu</i>

In Q. the stem of the future is *-an*, to which *-ra* is suffixed ; *-an* is also the infinitive termination, and in A. *-an* is suffixed to the future to form the consecutive. From $[d]ikḵan$ 'to be,' *ḵun* 'to become,' $[d]ān$ 'to make,' come—

Fut. $[d]ikḵ-anda$, *ḵunda*, emphat. fut. *ḵun-ṣa-ra*, $[d]ānda$, emph. form $[d]ān-ṣa-ra$.

In A. the characteristic vowel of the future is usually *-i*, but sometimes the forms of the present and future coincide.

Infinitive $[v]uḵine$ 'to be,' *ine* 'to go,' *ḵamize* 'to chase,' *teze* 'to pour,' *teze* 'to let.'

Future $[v]uḵina$, *ina*, *ḵamila*, *ṭela*, *tele*.

Infinitive *xlaze* 'to know,' *ćcoaze* 'to strike down.

Pres. and future *tlala*, *ćcoala*.

In Ch. the future is formed by adding *-r* to the present, by which it becomes identical with the imperfect in T.

Infinitive *xil-ar* 'to be,' *bāxar* 'to relate,' *vāgar* 'to come,' *xaar* 'to know,' *laar* 'to wish.'

Present *xilu*, *bōxu*, *vōgu*, *xaa*, *lee*.

Future *xilur*, *xir*, *bōxur*, *vōgur*, *xuur*, *luur*.

In T. the future is either the same as the present, or is formed by suffixing *-o* to the root, which is itself a form of the present in some verbs.

Infinitive *xatsar* 'to let loose,' *xasar* 'to fall,' *mahlar* 'to drink.'

Future *xatso*, *xaso*, *mahlo*.

But many verbs can only form a future with the auxiliary *lathar* 'to stand'; *vai lath theqa*, 'we stand to pray,' 'we shall pray.'

In U. the characteristic of the definite future is *-o*. From *be-sun* 'to make,' *aq-sun* 'to take,' *thastun* for *thade-sun* 'to give,' *qai-de-sun* 'to give back,' are formed—

Fut. sg. 1	<i>bo-zu</i>	<i>a-z-qo</i>	<i>tha-z-do</i>	<i>qai-zu-do</i>
„ „ 2	<i>bo-nu</i>	<i>a-n-qo</i>	<i>tha-n-do</i>	<i>qai-nu-do</i>
„ „ 3	<i>bo-ne</i>	<i>a-ne-qo</i>	<i>tha-ne-do</i>	<i>qai-ne-do</i>

The indefinite future consists of the present participle in *-al*, to which the personal pronouns are suffixed; *besun* 'to make,' pres. part. *bal*, fut. sg. 1. *bal-zu*, 2. *bal-lu* for *bal-nu*, 3. *bal-le* for *bal-ne*.

For the sake of brevity I omit the negative verb, the moods other than the indicative, and pass on to

such participles and gerunds as indicate present, past, and future time alone.

PARTICIPLES AND GERUNDS.

PARTICIPLE	K.	H.	Q
Present	- <i>daidi</i> , - <i>di</i>	- <i>il</i> , - <i>ani</i>	pres. + - <i>şa</i> root + - <i>u</i>
Preterite	- <i>rđi</i> , - <i>yidi</i> = perf. + - <i>di</i>	- <i>ivil</i> , - <i>uril</i> , - <i>unil</i> = 3 sg. perf. + - <i>il</i>	perf. + <i>şa</i>
Future		- <i>sil</i>	fut. + - <i>şa</i>
GERUND.			
Present	- <i>z</i>	pres. + - <i>li</i> , - <i>uli</i>	pres. + - <i>nu</i>
Preterite	- <i>na</i> = I. perf.	- <i>i</i> , - <i>ili</i>	perf. + - <i>nu</i> , - <i>un</i>
Future			- <i>annu</i> = fut. + - <i>nu</i>

PARTICIPLE	A.	Ch.	T.	U.
Present	- <i>une</i> [<i>u</i>], - <i>ule</i> [<i>u</i>]	- <i>n̄</i> , - <i>un̄</i> , - <i>rig</i>	pres. + - <i>n̄</i>	- <i>al</i>
Preterite	- <i>ara</i> [<i>u</i>], - <i>ura</i> [<i>u</i>]	- <i>ina</i> , - <i>inarig</i> = perf. + - <i>na</i>	perf. + - <i>no</i>	- <i>i</i>
Future	- <i>ine</i> [<i>u</i>], - <i>ile</i> [<i>u</i>]			
GERUND.				
Present	pres. or fut. + - <i>go</i>	pres. + - <i>š</i>	pres. + - <i>š</i>	
Preterite	- <i>un</i>	- <i>caḥ</i> or root + - <i>ci</i>	perf. + <i>ceḥ</i>	

In K. the participial suffix is -*di*. In the verbs *ya* 'is,' *da* 'unexpectedly is,' the pres. part. *ṭirdi*,

daidi, are formed from the preterites *tir*, *dai*. The form of the gerund of the preterite is identical with that of the unexpected perfect.

II. Preterite	<i>tir</i>	<i>dai</i>	<i>ḵxilig-ra</i>	<i>xḡaċu-ra</i>
Part. pres.	<i>tir-di</i>	<i>dai-di</i>	<i>ḵxilig-daidi</i>	<i>xḡaċu-daidi</i>
„ past				<i>xḡaċu-rdi</i>
Gerund pres.	<i>ya-z</i>		<i>ḵxiligi-z</i>	<i>xḡaċu-z</i>
„ past	<i>tī-z</i>		<i>ḵxiligi-na</i>	<i>xḡaċu-na</i>

In H. the future participle seems to be formed from the 3 sg. of the consecutive in *-is* by suffixing *-il*. In compound verbs the categorical letters are introduced between the members of the compound. From *ḥa[w]xis* ‘to descend,’ *ḥalxis* ‘to keep descending,’ *[d]is* ‘to become,’ *[d]iris* ‘to keep becoming,’ and *[d]itahis* ‘to become,’ ‘to turn into,’ are formed—

PARTICIPLE.

Present	<i>ḥalx-ani</i> ,	<i>ḥa-d-ulx-ani</i> ,	<i>ḥa-v-ulx-ani</i>
Preterite	<i>ḥa-w-xun-il</i> ,	<i>ḥa-d-uxun-il</i> ,	<i>ḥa-v-uxun-il</i>
Future	<i>ḥa-w-xi-sil</i> ,	<i>ḥa-d-uxi-sil</i> ,	<i>ḥa-v-uxi-sil</i>

GERUND.

Present	<i>ḥalx-uli</i> ,	<i>ḥa-d-ulx-uli</i> ,	<i>ḥa-v-ulx-uli</i>
Preterite	<i>ḥa-w-xu-i</i> ,	<i>ḥa-d-uxu-i</i>	<i>ḥa-v-uxu-i</i>

PARTICIPLE.

Present	<i>[d]ir-ani</i>
Preterite	<i>[d]ivil = i + ivil</i> , <i>[d]itahur-il</i>
Future	<i>[d]i-sil</i> <i>[d]itahi-sil</i>

GERUND.

Present	<i>[d]ir-uli</i>
Preterite	<i>[d]i-li = i + ili</i> , <i>[d]itahul-li</i>

In addition to these gerunds there are others to express the notions 'until,' 'so that,' 'although,' 'when,' 'after that,' 'scarcely.' The gerundial suffix *-li* also forms adverbs, as *-z* does in K.

In Q. the participial suffix is *-şa*, that of the gerund *-nu*, which latter also forms adverbs. From *u-sibu* 'existence,' *ikh-ābu* 'remainder,' *ān* 'to make,' are formed

PARTICIPLE.

Present	[<i>d</i>]u-şa	[<i>d</i>]ikhāi-şa iukh-şa, di-r-kh-şa, biukh-şa
Preterite		
Future		

GERUND.

Present	[<i>d</i>]u-nu	iukh-un, di-r-kh-un, biukh-un [<i>d</i>]ikhān-nu
Preterite		
Future		

PARTICIPLE.

Present	[<i>d</i>]ai-şa	
Preterite	ū-şa,	du-r-şa, bū-şa
Future		[<i>d</i>]ān-şa

GERUND.

Present		
Preterite	ū-nu,	du-r-nu, bū-nu
Future		[<i>d</i>]ān-nu

In all, Q. possesses about a dozen participles and fifteen gerunds, used where we should employ a relative sentence and modifying adverbs.

In A. the present and future participles are based on the corresponding tenses of the indicative, but the preterite introduces *-ra*, which connects it with the *r-* preterites found in K. H. Q. Ch. T. From [*v*]ukh-ine 'to be,' *ine* 'to go,' *xami-ze* 'to chase,' are obtained—

Part.	Pres.	[v]uk-une[u]	une[u]	ɣam-ule[u]
„	Pret.	[v]uk-ara[u]	ara[u]	ɣam-ura[u]
„	Future	[v]uk-ine[u]	ine[u]	ɣam-ile[u]
Gerund.	Pres.	[v]uk-una-go	ina-go	ɣamura-go
„	Pret.	[v]uk-un	un	ɣam-un

In Ch. the participles are formed, though with some irregularities, from the present and perfect tenses of the indicative, by means of *-ñ*, *-rig*, *-na*, *-narig*; the forms in *-rig* being used when the participle is employed substantively. The past participle is identical in form with one of the forms of the aorist. The gerundial suffix *-s* reminds one of the adverbial suffix *-si*, while that of the preterite in *-caḥ* is an inessive form. From *xil-ar* ‘to be,’ [v]ar ‘to be,’ [v]ar ‘to make, to be made,’ are formed—

PARTICIPLE.

Pres.	<i>xilu-ñ</i> (<i>xi-ñ</i>) <i>xi-rig</i>	[v]olu-ñ,	<i>dien-</i> , <i>dī-rig</i>
		[v]e-rig	
Pret.	<i>xil-le</i> , <i>xille-rig</i>		<i>di-na</i> , <i>dina-rig</i>
GERUND.			
Pres.	<i>xilu-s</i>	[v]olu-s	<i>die-s</i>
Pret.	<i>xil-caḥ</i> (<i>xil-çi</i>)		<i>dicaḥ</i> (<i>di-çi</i>)

In the third example the categorical letter is an immovable *d*, as it refers to the object being made.

In T. the forms closely correspond with those of Ch. The suffix *-s* also forms adverbs. From *ahl-ar* ‘to say,’ *xihl-ar* ‘to be, to become,’ *dar* ‘to be made,’ [v]ar ‘to be’—

Participle.	Pres.	<i>ahlu-in</i>	<i>do-in</i>	[v]a-in
„	Pret.	<i>ahli-no</i>		
Gerund.	Pres.	<i>ahlu-s</i>		[v]a-s
„	Pret.	<i>xihl-çeh</i>	<i>di-çeh</i>	

In U. there are no gerunds, though there are two supines in *-san* and *-ma*. The participles add *-al*, *-i* to the root. From *be-sun* 'to make,' *thai-sun* 'to go,' *uğ-sun* 'to drink,' *bistun* = *bite-sun* 'to lie down,' *kal-phes-te-sun* 'to let read,' are formed—

PARTICIPLE.

Present	<i>b-al</i>	<i>thağ-al</i>	<i>uğ-al</i>	<i>bit-al</i>	<i>kalphest-al</i>
Preter.	<i>b-i</i>	<i>thaç-i</i>	<i>uğ-i</i>	<i>bit-i</i>	<i>kalphest-i</i>

SYNTAX.

In K. the subject is put in the dative with some verbs, and the object in the nominative, for there is no accusative; *kxits-iz cül-da çiglith akuna* 'to dog on plain partridge was visible,' 'the dog sighted a partridge on the plain.'

The instrumental expresses the agent by whom an action is performed; *gif-re tsal ügwenz-awa* 'by a mouse a wall is being dug.'

The dative or allative, showing the direction of an action towards an object, is used with verbs of giving, going towards, seeing, hearing, willing, wishing, and finding.

The elative indicates movement from within outwards; *wä wuč harai axğatnai* 'from-out-of-thee why a scream went forth,' 'why hast thou screamed?' It also expresses the cause; *zi balkhan-di-w-ü yaxunwil-ü xğaxğwez zez awaç* 'my from-at-the-horse (instr. locat. elat.) from-thinness (elat.) in-moving (gerund) in-becoming is-not,' 'my horse cannot walk from thinness.' When the subject is coupled with the idea of being able to do some-

thing, the locative-relative case is used in a way that is difficult to render exactly in English: *balkhan-di-w-ä tuxuz zedai qwan par ezig* 'from-at-the-horse in-carrying (gerund) kept-becoming so-much load lay (2 sg. imper.),' 'lay such a load on the horse as he can carry,' *ada-w-ä za-w-di gweriz hané* 'from-at-him along-near-me (locat. prosecutive) in-running became-not (unexpected perfect),' 'he could not compete with me in running.'

In H. collective nouns in the singular have their attribute and predicate in the plural; *vidzi-ti sin* 'sweet (pl.) water,' *sin lir* 'water is (pl.).'

The instrumental indicates the agent or instrument, and even the object, besides defining time; *hänki-li iq-uli sai hit* 'by-work making is he,' 'he is working,' *rursi arhä-i lus-uli sa-r-i*, or *rursi-li arhäla lus-uli sa-r-i* 'a girl with-silk keeps-spinning she-is,' or 'by a girl silk keeps-spinning she-is,' 'the girl is spinning silk.' As there is no accusative in any of the seven groups, the object is generally in the nominative, and the verb can be translated either as an active or a passive. The categorical letter of the verb points to the object; *nu-ni 'wari ha-v-usi-ra tupang-li* 'me-by hare it-killed-I gun-with,' 'I have shot a hare with a gun.'

In Q. the genitive expresses the possessive relation, defines time, and points out the agent, if in the third person, or instrument, as there is no instrumental case; *çaxücü-nal tşuşa çat-ri d-açlai d-u-ri* 'by-neighbour (gen.) new houses them-sells-he them-is-he,' or 'they-being-sold they-are,' 'the

neighbour is selling the new houses'—*ḡata*, a house, belongs to the 5th category (*d*). *ta-nal ars-nal tsal-b-a nits b-iukh-undi* 'by his son (gen.) it-his-own ox it-killed-he, or it-was-killed (aorist),' 'his son killed his ox'—*nits*, an ox, belongs to the 4th category (*b*).

There is a causative in *-inu*, to give the reason why something happens; *tsal-b-a maz-ra-inu ius-undi* 'it-his tongue-on-account-of was-wounded-he (aorist),' 'he was wounded on account of his tongue.'

A curious construction is sometimes found with the adessive in *-ḡ*, meaning near, at, by the side of; *adamina-ḡ b-uṣa-ri çu b-ūhu-nu* 'beside-a-man it-is (emphat. pres.) a horse in-its-being-held (gerund of perf.),' 'a man is holding a horse.'

In A. the genitive, as in all the other groups, is placed before the noun it qualifies. It indicates possession; *hau çi-yas-ul b-ugo tsaga-b çu* 'of this man it-is it-splendid horse,' 'this man has a splendid horse.' The genitive of a participle denotes cause; *çiyar roṣo-tḡ v-uḡe-tlul ççal'un b-ugo di-da* 'at a strange village (locat.) being (genit. 1st cat.) tiresome it-was (indirect perf.) on-me (locat.),' 'it is tiresome to me because I am in a strange village.'

The instrumental points out the agent and defines time; *vats-as b-oṣ-ila çu* 'by-brother it-will-be-bought a horse,' '(my) brother is buying a horse,' *insu-tsa tqlab-una zi-ndir-go vaṣ-as-da* 'by-father has struck his-own son-on (instrum. locat.),' 'the father has struck his son,' *di-tsa do-s-da tqlab-una ṡil* 'by-me on-him has struck a stick,' 'I struck him with a stick,'

Burtiya-tsa 'emer tsoh ha-b-ula 'by the Chechents much robbery it-is-made,' 'the Chechents commit much robbery,' *di-tsa razi ha-y-ula ebel* 'by-me contented she-is-made mother,' 'I content my mother,' *e-s koir-b-aqi ha-b-ile-b neže-ye* 'by him hand-hunger (*i. e.* help) it-making-it (pres. part.) to us,' 'he will help us.'

The numerous compound locatives have a wide application: *du-r yats y-igo di-r vats-as-ut!* 'my sister she-is thy brother-at,' 'my sister is married to your brother,' *a-s har-ana di-da-sa* 'by him has begged (has been begged) me-on-from,' 'he has begged me.'

As in all other groups, except T., the relative pronoun is replaced by a participle; *dun v-iḥ-ula xoa-le-u ċi-yas-da* 'I am visible who-is-writing man-by-on (instrum. locat.),' 'I am visible to the man who is writing,' *dun aḥ-ule-u ċi-yas xoa-la b-ugo* 'I who-is-calling man-by writing it-is,' 'the man who calls me is writing,' *di-x ċu b-uge-u vats-as xoala b-ugo* 'with-me horse it-being-he(his) brother-by being-written it-is,' 'the brother, whose horse is with me, is writing.' In the participle *bugeu*, *b* refers to the horse and *u* to the brother.

In Ch. the instructive has the same use as in the other groups; *as yaz-d-uo jaina* 'by me it-is-written a letter,' 'I write a letter,' *as saiṅ dē-na diṅ luo* 'by me my father-to a horse is-given,' 'I give my father a horse,' *lām-an-uō diṅ b-arsta-b-uo* 'by mountain horse it-fat-it-is-made,' 'the mountain fattens the horse.'

The comitative generally means 'along with,' but it also denotes instrumentality; *as d-uo khuig-itsin* 'by me it-is-made with hand,' 'I make by hand.'

A couple of examples will illustrate some of the uses of the gerund: *as i stag iris d-olu-s̄ v-uo* 'by me this man luck by-becoming-it he-is-made,' 'I make this man lucky,' *suo t̄sa-h̄ xil-c̄ah̄ v-ōgur̄ hūo* 'I in-house in-being wilt-come (masc.) thou,' 'if I am at home, thou wilt come.'

In T. a peculiarity noted by Bopp in Georgian appears to have been borrowed by the former from the latter. If a noun governs a genitive or ablative which follows it, these take the suffix of the noun in addition; *bakhe-v th̄xe dad Davith-e-v* 'by the mouth our father David-of-by,' 'by the mouth of our father David,' *t̄shana-v b̄he-stak-re-č̄o-v* 'by-one war-man-from-by,' 'by one of the soldiers.'

The genitive is used with verbs of motion in answer to the question, whither? *v-oitu as its aha-i* 'goes (masc.) by-me now of-field,' 'I am going now to the field,' *v-axe oxar-tsi saqdr-i* 'he-went with-them into-the-temple (genit.).' This use is also found sometimes in Georgian, as in *mival mamisa* (gen.) 'I go to my father.' The dative, however, is also used in this sense; *o v-ee Yesu-in* 'he he-came to Jesus,' *Dal-e angloz d-ee Ioseb-en* 'God's angel it-came to Joseph.'

Verbs that predicate the notions of observing, finding, wishing, needing, being able and loving, require the subject to be in the dative; *thxo-n xeti Messia* 'to us (we) have-found the Messiah,' *Yudi-n*

tso v-etş o 'to Jews not was-loved he,' 'the Jews hated him.'

The instructive, as in the other groups, indicates the subject of a transitive verb; *ţşain-čo yaĥo-v v-aĥo Yeso Khrisť saqdri-go* 'holy virgin-by he-was-brought Jesus Christ temple-into,' 'the holy virgin brought Jesus Christ into the temple.' The instructive is even used with intransitive verbs, for the first and second person, if they contain the least notion of personal action; as, *aĥ lei* 'by me, by thee is-spoken,' but *o lei* 'he speaks,' *as v-oze* 'I fell'—not without some action on my part, *so v-oze* 'I fell'—unawares.

The affective is used to denote the object of such verbs as, to be angry at, to laugh at, to be ashamed, afraid of, to think of, to believe in, hope for, ask for, scold, swear at, lament for, &c.; *b-ani nax b-aţşur oxu-x* 'they-all the people they-followed him (affect.),' *Raxil thaxu sair badra-x* 'Rachel lamented for her children. It is used in making comparisons; *o gem tharhle b-a saqdre-x* 'this ship like it-is to-a-church,' *v-aĥo so-x makesxu* 'he-comes than-I a mightier,' 'a mightier than I cometh.' It has also a causative meaning; *thebslar cu xat d-aţşi xihlre-x* '(he) fell down cross it-heavy from-being,' 'he fell down owing to the weight of the cross.'

In U. the subject is put in the genitive to express possession; *Borov-un bip äyel-le bui* 'of Borov five child-it was,' 'Borov had five children,' *se-tu-ġoi sa phis ĥü-go-bu* 'theirs one bad dog-to-them-is,' 'they have a bad dog.' The genitive also defines time, and with concrete nouns is used instead of an adjective,

as *güzül-ün es-ur* 'of gold apples,' 'golden apples.' From this use is derived the notion of forming the ordinal number from the genitive of the cardinal.

The subject is put in the dative with verbs that denote seeing, hearing, coming, willing, obliging, loving, fearing, shaming; *a-va-kho* (not *a-nu-kho*) 'thou wilt see,' from *akh-sun* 'to see,' *bu-za-qlsa* (not *bu-zu-qlsa*) 'I will,' *bu-va-qlsa* 'thou wilt,' *ma qa-va-qqybi* 'fear not.'

The affective generally takes the place of an accusative; *še-t-in kua-x tosam-ne-xai* 'by-her house (affect.) she-swept,' 'she swept the house,' *upha za-x* 'tell me.'

The subject must often be expressed by the instructive; *beg-en xas-ne-stai* 'by sun it-shone,' 'the sun shone,' *muš-en-al tsö-el-le dujsa* 'wind-by-and face-against-it strikes,' 'and a wind is striking against the face.'

EXPRESSIONS.

In the vocabularies there are a good many phrases, expressions, and single words which hint at old customs and beliefs, or use an animal as a basis of comparison, or point to a historical fact in the past, which are worth bringing together. Pits were formerly used as prisons, and H. still has the phrase 'he sits in a pit,' meaning he is in prison. In Q. they say, 'he knows as many languages as a snake,' from the belief that a snake knows all languages. 'To show him the finger' in Q. is 'to refuse his request.' 'He has made her trousers,' conveys the

happy intelligence that he is 'engaged,' for the first gift made to a bride by the bridegroom is a pair of trousers!

In Q. Saturday is the 'road day,' as it is considered a lucky day for travelling. 'He has eaten up enough,' means he is already an old man, for the verb 'to eat' and 'to live' is one and the same.

In U. a shooting star is called 'deadman's star,' probably because it is thought to portend death, and redness in the sky is termed 'deadman's sun,' no doubt from connecting it with the blood of a murdered sun-man. In T. when they say 'the cloud suffers,' they mean 'it thunders.' 'A lightning axe' in A. is a 'flash of lightning.'

'May thy clothes be sent to the wash!' is a curse in K., and means 'may you die!' Another imprecation runs, 'May an owl sit on thy house!' One of the Turkish words for owl is *bai-kuş*, the witchcraft bird. An Avar says, 'may thy breast grow cold!' *i. e.* 'may you die!' 'may rust eat away thy weapons!' or 'may thy father's house burn!'

In H. 'the harvest has become like a wolf,' is the same as saying it is 'ripe,' from the proverbial grayness of that animal. 'He has shown me a wolf's face,' means in K. that 'he has frightened me.' 'He screams like a crow,' he talks nonsense. The multiplicity of languages in the Caucasus—the mountain of languages, as the Arab authors sometimes term it—is shown by the expression 'each of thy words issues from a different valley,' implying 'you speak incoherently.' The Avars say 'the frog is

reviling,' from a belief that the frog, whose throat is continually moving, is cursing mankind. They term the Don Cossacks 'cranes,' the lion 'the tress of hair wolf,' and the scorpion 'nine mouths.'

In Q. 'a hare's assembly' is one that arrives at no result. 'The seven goats' are 'the Great Bear'; 'rag-of-an-old-sheepskin-coat sparrow' is the contemptuous name for a bat. 'Milk language' is the 'mother tongue.' A 'milk-like night' is used for a night when the moon shines brightly. 'A sun's feather' is a 'sunbeam.' 'Ass's milk' is the name given to 'Euphorbia,' the 'ass's bee' is the 'bumble-bee,' and 'ass's cheese' is the word for 'mushroom,' which in Ch. is 'the dog's bride,' and in Q. A. is 'thief's hat.'

In T. the thumb is the 'mother finger'; the ring finger is the 'nameless finger,' but in Q. the 'Sultan's finger,' and in K. the 'Jew's finger.' The forefinger is in Q. the 'visible finger' or the 'well finger,' in K. the 'inner finger,' in H. the 'crooked finger.' In T. the little finger is the 'road finger.'

That the Chechents were formerly Christians is shown by their word for Friday, *pēriskin*, T. *parask*, which is borrowed from the Georg. *paraskeri*, a loan word from the Greek. Their word for Hell is also Georgian. An interesting mythological survival is found in A. *azdāho*, 'a huge mythical serpent,' which I imagine to be the old Persian *āzi dahāka*, later *Zohak*, but given in the fourteenth century *Codex Cumanicus*, p. 128, in the form *aysdahan* 'dragon.'

VOCABULARY.

The names for metals are deserving of attention, though their origin is beset with many difficulties and uncertainties.

Gold. H. *murhi*, A. *meşéd*, Q. *musî*, Ch. *desî*. The first three words are, I think, related, for *r* often falls before a spirant or a guttural, especially in A. and in H., *rh* = *rs* in *varhi* 'felt,' Q. *varsi*. The Dido word for silver, *mitsxir*, is evidently borrowed from the Georgian *vertsxli*, *vetsxli* 'silver,' and might once have been *mertsxili*, from which the H. A. Q. forms seem to come, though the final *d* (*t*, *te* in other sub-groups) is less easy to explain. But the strongest proof that these words once meant silver and not gold is the fact that in Q. quicksilver means 'fluid gold,' in H. 'water gold,' though in T. and Georgian it translates 'silver water.' Both U. K. have borrowed the word for gold from the Tatar, while T. has taken it from the Georgian. The Ch. *desî* resembles the Cherkes *diz*, *dis* 'gold,' and according to R. von Erckert one group of Chechents use *datû* for both silver and gold. The Cherkes have borrowed their words for iron and steel from the Tatar, and perhaps their word for gold is the East Turk. *tuć*, Kazan Tatar *tuć*, *tus* 'brass,' which is the same as the Koibal Tatar *tyis*, *tyes* 'copper.' The Chechents may have borrowed in turn from the Cherkes.

Silver. H. *arts*, A. 'arats, Q. *artsu*, T. *tatheb*, Ch. *dethî*. The first three words are no doubt from the

Armenian *artsath*. T. *tatheb*, Ch. *dethî* also mean 'money,' and the final *b* has a collective signification. In form they approach the Cherkes *tîşîn* 'silver,' and recall the Georg. *thethri*, Svanet *tetvne* 'white,' 'silver money.' The K. U. words for this metal are borrowed from the Tatar.

Copper. H. *duvsi*, Q. *dūşi*, dialect *dursi*, K. *tsur*, T. *ţasto*, Ch. *ţasta*. In T. Ch. the *t* after an *s* is not always organic. A sub-group of K. has the form *korbit*, which answers to north A. *karbit* 'brass,' and is found again in Dido *hirots* 'copper.' The A. word *paḥ* must have been taken from the Tatar *pakir*, *bakir* 'copper.' The U. words are *mis* and *pilinj*, the first of which is Persian, the second Armenian.

Iron. H. *mirh*, Q. *max*, A. *maḥ*, K. *rag*, T. *aiḥk* = *aḥik*, Ch. *ēcikh*, *ēciġ*, U. *zido*.

H. *mirh* may be to K. *rag* as H. *varḥi* 'sun' to K. *ragh*, A. *baq*, but Q. *barġ*; though *rag* has a certain resemblance to Georg. *rkina* 'iron,' which again has a likeness to various East Finnish words for 'copper,' Cheremis *vörgēnye*, Votyak, *irgon*, Vogul *ürġin*, and to the Oset loan-word *arxiy*, *arxoy*. From T. *aiḥk* is formed *aiḥkob* 'elasticity.' The genit. of *ēcikh* is *eşġ-iñ*, of *zido*, *zido-nu-n*.

Brass. Q. *dukni* has a resemblance to Tat. *dökme* 'cast metal,' though it may be a native word. However, H. *yaz*, A. *yez*, *rez*, K. *ḵxispir* are all borrowed from Tatar or Persian.

Steel. K. *hildán*, A. *čarán*, T. *pholad*. Aqusha *saldan*, Q. *čandan*. The instrum. of *čarán* is

çarmi-tsa, for *çamri-*, *çamdi-*, and tallies exactly with Q. *çandan* for *çamdan*. The K. A. Q. and Aqusha forms must, like the Oset *andan*, be borrowed from Votyak *andan*, Zyr. *yendon*, *yemdon*. T. *pholad* is from the Georgian, but a similar word is found in Arabic, Armenian, new Persian, Mongol, and some of the Tatar dialects.

Lead. H. *gurgasin*, K. *qurqusum*, A. *tohi*, Q. *çuthi*, Ch. *daş*, T. *tqviv*. The first two words are from the Tatar: T. *tqviv* is from the Georgian; Ch. *daş* might be for *raş*, as *r* cannot stand at the beginning of a word, and be taken from the Arabic *rasās* 'lead'; but in Andi there is a form *tusi*, so perhaps A. Q. Ch. had once a common original in the Arabic *tutya* 'zinc,' a word which has penetrated into Turkish and Georgian.

Tin. The words for this metal are some form of *kalai*, *qalai*, a word which has a very wide range, not only through the Caucasus, but in Arabia, Syria, Persia, the frontiers of India, and wherever Turkish and Romaic are spoken in Asia Minor.

From all this it may be inferred that the primitive inhabitants of the Eastern Caucasus had no common name for any of the metals, though some of the groups exhibit what are perhaps native names for copper and iron.

The following lists of nouns, adjectives, and verbs will give an idea of some of the words for common things and notions that run through all or several of the groups, and tend to prove their common origin. Sometimes two or more sets of forms are included

under one meaning in English, to show the closer relationship between two particular groups compared with the others. It is quite possible that some of the words that are found in all the groups are, notwithstanding, of Aryan, Semetic, Tatar, or Georgian origin, but borrowed several hundred years ago.

Mother. T. *nan*, Ch. *nāna*, Q. *ninu*, U. *nana*, A. *ebel*, H. *ava*, K. *dede*.

Brother. T. *vašo*, Ch. *vaš*, Q. *usu*, U. *vici*, A. *vats*, H. *udzi*.

Sister. T. *yašo*, Ch. *yaš*, Q. *šu*, A. *yats*, H. *rudzi*.

God. T. *dal*, Ch. *dēle*, *tšu*, *yierda*, Q. *zal*, A. *bečed*, *bisi*, H. *xwalaŋcav*, U. *buxačüç*, K. *ğutsar*.

The K. word is a plural form like the modern Pers. *istan* 'God,' and seems to be of Aryan origin, cf. Oset *xutsau*, Pers. *ğoda*, and the Georg. loan word *ğuthi* 'God.' The U. and H. forms appear to be compounds: in the latter, *xwala* means 'great.' From A. *bečed* is formed *bečeda*[*u*] 'rich,' and from Q. *zal* comes *zaldu*, a 'householder.'

Sky. T. *lamu*, Ch. *stigil*, *tšu*, Q. *şau*, pl. *şauru*, A. *zob*, H. *juvri* (pl.), K. *tsaw*, pl. *tsawar*, U. *gög*.

The U. word is borrowed from the Tatar. T. *lamu* also means 'mountain' in Ch. *lām*. H. is a plural in point of form.

Sun. T. *mathx*, Ch. *malx*, Q. *barğ*, H. *varği*, A. *baq*, U. *bağ*, K. *rağ*.

Moon. T. *buth* *ğbath*, Ch. *buth*, A. *moğs*, gen. *moğsrol*, Q. *barz*, K. *wardz*, H. *vadz*. The *r* in Q. K. is perhaps retracted from a formative *-ra* in a second syllable.

Water. T. *xi*, Ch. *xi*, A. *tlin*, gen. *tladal*, H. *šin*, Q. *šin*, K. *yad*, instr. *tsi*, U. *xe*, gen. *xenei*.

Wind. T. *mox*, Ch. *muox*, U. *muš*, Q. *marc*.

Fire. T. *tše ſtsar*, Ch. *tše*, gen. *tšer-in*, Q. *tšu*, gen. *tšar-al*, A. *tša*, H. *tša*, K. *tšai*, U. *arux*.

Heart. T. *dok*, *ſdak*, Ch. *duok*, Q. *dakh*, A. *raḡ*, K. *rikh*, H. *urkhi*, U. *uk*.

Eye. T. *bḡark*, Ch. *b'erig*, A. *ber*, U. *phul*, H. *ḡuli*, K. *wil = ul*, *uli*, Q. *ya*.

Tongue, language. T. *muott*, Ch. *muoth*, A. *maṣ*, Q. *maz*, H. *midz*, K. *medz*, U. *muz*.

Nose. T. *marhlo*, Ch. *mara*, A. *me'er*, Q. *mai*, gen. *mair-al*, K. *ner*.

Milk. T. *šur*, Ch. *šura*, Q. *nakh*, A. *raḡ*, H. *nekh*, K. *ni*, U. *naq* 'curds.'

Cheese. T. *načx*, Ch. *nexci*, A. *nisu*, Q. *nis*, H. *nusia*, K. *nasu*.

Barley. Ch. *muḡ*, A. *muh* 'corn,' H. *muḡi*, K. *mox*, U. *mu*, Q. *xa*, T. *bsa*.

Apple. T. *xor*, Ch. *až*, A. 'eč, Q. 'ints, H. 'ints, K. *ič*, U. *eš*. T. *xor = Q. x'ort* 'a pear.' The other forms might be compared with Arm. *dants* 'a pear.' Ch. *ž = T. č*, which would bring the form nearer to that of A. K.

Honey. T. *moṣ*, Ch. *muoz*, A. *niṣ*, U. *üṣ*, K. *wirt*, H. *wara*.

Bee. T. *nex*, Ch. *niḡ*, gen. *naḡar-in*, H. *mirḡi*, Q. *nai*, gen. *nair-al*, A. *na*.

Ox. T. *bstu ſbstar*, Ch. *stu ſstari*, A. *oṣ*, Q. *nits*, H. *unts*, K. *yatṣ*, U. *us*.

Cow. *yeth fath*, Ch. *yath*, pl. *hēlii*, Q. 'ol, H. *qwül*, K. *kal*.

Wolf. T. *bhortş*, Ch. *buorz*, Q. *bartş*, A. *batş*, H. *viş*.

Bear. T. *ca*, Ch. *ca*, Q. *tsusa*, A. *tşi*, H. *sinka*, K. *sew*, U. *sue*.

ADJECTIVES.

Blind. T. *bhartşe*, Ch. *bērziñ*, A. *beşsa[u]*, Q. *murçi*, K. *bürgü*.

The T. form probably stands for *bhark* 'eye' + the caritive suffix *tşe*.

Dry. T. [*d*]*aqi*, Ch. [*d*]*eqiñ*, A. [*d*]*aqoa*.

Empty. T. [*d*]*ase*, Q. [*d*]*aç*[*d*]*ā*, H. [*d*]*atş*, K. *içi*, *piçi*, U. *amtşi*.

Far. Q. *arx*, A. *riḫhad*, *riccad*, K. *yarġa*.

Good. T. *dakhi*, Ch. *dikhiñ*, A. *tliḫ*, H. *āhna*, *dikhi-l* 'heavy,' K. *xisen*, Q. *xin-şa*.

Great. U. *khala*, H. *xwala*, K. *zalan* 'heavy,' T. *xala* 'heavy,' Ch. *xalan* 'heavy.'

High. T. *laxe*, Ch. *lexiñ*, Q. *lax-şa*, A. *laxi-sa* 'long.'

Old. T. [*b*]*oxo*, Ch. [*b*]*oxun*, A. *ux-sa*, Q. *āhi-l*, H. *ux-na*, *axi-l* 'high,' U. *āhil*.

Low. T. *laxu*, Ch. *loxun*, Q. *lah-şa*, A. *tlux*.

Narrow. T. *kothi*, Ch. *goththiñ*, K. *gwethi*, H. *qaqa-l*, A. *qoq* 'short,' U. *qaç*.

New. T. *tşini*, A. *tşiya[u]*, Q. *tşu*, K. *tşeyi*.

Sour. T. *çarko*, Q. *qurçi*, A. *tsek*, H. *tşikhi-l*.

Sweet. T. *maşri*, Ch. *merziñ*, Q. *naşu*, H. *vidzi*, K. *wertşi*, U. *mütşä*.

These forms are derived in most cases from the corresponding word for 'honey,' and show that the U. *uṭṣ* has lost its initial in this as in many other words.

Thick, fat. T. [b]arste, Ch. [b]arsta, [b]uqin, A. [b]itsat, goanz, Q. ganz-şa, H. [v]utsi-l, [v]ursu-l, K. yaṭṣu, iqi, U. bötsü.

VERBS.

To be. T. *xihl-ar*, [v]a-r, Ch. *xil-ar*, [v]a-r, Q. *u-sibu*, *ikh-an*, A. [v]uḳi-ne, H. *sai* 'he is,' *liw* 'he is continually,' *u-is* 'to live, to remain,' K. *ya* 'is,' *ṭi-r* 'was' cf. H. *ti[w]-ri* 'he was (on the same level),' *da* 'he unexpectedly is,' U. *bu* 'is,' *bakh-sun*.

To become. Q. *hun*, K. *hun*, *ze-n*, H. *i-s* (*iri-s*), cf. A. *i-ne* 'to go,' U. *e-sun* 'to come, to become,' perf. *are*.

To come. Ch. [v]ag-ar, A. [v]accı-ne, Q. [u]ç-an *ṣukh*, H. [w]akh-is.

To go. T. [b]ax-ar, Ch. [b]ax-ar, Q. [b]uq-an, A. [b]itql-ine, H. [v]uq-äs, K. *äxg-ün*.

To burn. T. [b]ak-ar, Ch. [b]āg-ar, A. [b]uḣ-ize, H. [v]igw-is, U. *bok-sun*.

To eat. T. [w]aq-ar, Ch. [w]a-ar, Q. *ukān*, *irkwis* (*ukis*), U. *ukh-sun*.

To take. T. [b]ax-ar, Ch. [b]axx-ar, A. [b]ax-ize, Q. [b]ux-in, U. *aq-sun*.

To make. T. [b]ā-r, Ch. [b]ā-r, Q. [b]ā-n, *uvān*, H. [w]äq-is, K. *awu-n*. A. *ha[b]-ize*, U. *be-sun*, *phe-sun*, present *ex-*, pres. part. *uk-al*, 2 sg. imperat.

upha = A. *abe* 'say!' U. *phe-sun* means both 'to say' and 'to make.'

To say. T. *ahl-ar*, Ch. *āl-ar*, A. *ab-ize*, U. *phe-sun*, Q. *uc-in suk*, H. *uh-is, i-s*.

To let. T. [*d*]ith-ar, Ch. [*d*]ith-ar, A. *te-ze*, Q. [*d*]it-an, K. *tu-n*.

To knead. A. [*b*]utš-ize, H. [*w*]aš-is, K. *eš-in*.

To smear. T. *hax-ar*, Ch. *hax-ar*, A. [*b*]ax-ine, H. [*v*]ak-is.

To weave. A. *bes-ize, res-ize*, H. [*v*]irš-is, [*v*]uš-is, K. *ruš-un*.

RECAPITULATION.

In the following table the dashes in the left-hand column imply that the groups so marked are referred to in the line of text to the right.

SIMILARITY OF SYSTEM.

U.	K.	H.	Q.	A.	Ch.	T.	
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1. Absence of the relative pronoun.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2. " of augmentatives and diminutives and accusative case.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3. Vigesimal system of notation.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4. Decimal " " "
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5. Ordinals formed from the participle of 'to say.'
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6. Classification of nouns into three or more categories.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7. Differentiation between the 1st and 2nd pers. pl. when applying the categ. letters.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8. Initial <i>i, u</i> do not prefix the 1st categorical letter.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9. Inclusive and exclusive plural for the 1st pers. of the personal pronoun.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10. The genitive and dative formed from the instrumental case.

SIMILARITY OF STRUCTURE.

U.	K.	H.	Q.	A.	Ch.	T.	
							11. <i>r</i> a characteristic of the plural.
							12. <i>m</i> " " " "
							13. <i>i</i> " " " "
							14. <i>l</i> " " of the genitive.
							15. <i>n</i> " " " "
							16. <i>n</i> " " of a base or stem between the root and suffix.
							17. <i>s</i> characteristic of the instructive or instrumental.
							18. <i>r</i> characteristic of the past.
							19. <i>n</i> " " " "
							20. <i>i</i> " " " "
							21. <i>u</i> " " of the present.
							22. <i>i</i> " " " "
							23. Distinction of persons in the conjuga- tion.
							24. Similar present tense.
							25. " " "
							26. <i>l</i> a characteristic of continuatives.
							27. K. preterite = Ch. perfect.
							28. K. I perfect = A. perfect.
							29. H. imperfect = Q. aorist.
							30. Ch. future = T. imperfect.
							In particular H. Q. agree in 4, 8, 23, 24, 26, 29. H. Q. A. in 14. K. A. in 10, 28. U. K. Ch. in 15, 16.

DEDUCTIONS.

For many centuries—it can hardly be less than between two or three thousand years—the people that speak these seven typical languages have been quite unintelligible to each other outside their own peculiar group, or even one section of it. This would not prevent a good deal of borrowing as regards vocabulary. But it would enormously hinder borrowing an idea, such as the one that underlies the classification of nouns into categories, and necessitates a constant reference to the fact in every verb or adjective beginning with a vowel. It is hard to

believe that a system, almost identical in every respect, found in groups so different as Ch. T. on the one hand, and H. Q. A. on the other, could have been imported from one into another group. Yet, as it is unnecessary and rather complicated, it is easy to see how two groups much exposed to foreign influence like U. K. might lose it, as English and Persian have lost the unnecessary distinction of grammatical gender. It seems impossible, therefore, to disconnect T. Ch. from H. Q. A., or to deny their descent from a common stock. Certainly K. cannot be separated from the other Lesgian groups, though doubts may be entertained regarding U. Still I believe even U. cannot be ejected from the Eastern Caucasian family, and will give an illustration that is difficult to get over. In U. *phe-sun* 'to say, to make' is formed from two roots, an irregularity which can be explained by comparing it with A. *ab-ize* 'to say,' Q. *ucin* 'to say,' H. [*v*] *äqis* (*iqis*) 'to make.'

	U.	A.	Q.	H.	
Pres. part.	<i>uk-al</i> ,	<i>abile</i> [<i>u</i>],	<i>üku-şa</i> ,	<i>iqul</i>	
Imperat. 2 sg.	<i>upha</i> ,	<i>abe</i> ,	<i>uça</i> ,	<i>uku</i> ,	[<i>w</i>] <i>aqa</i>

The absence of augmentatives and diminutives, which play such a rôle in many languages, is an interesting fact. It seems to be the result of a hard, matter-of-fact, self-restrained nature, that refused to indulge in any superfluous ebullition of feeling—such a disposition as we may, in fact, fairly attribute to the early inhabitants of the Eastern

Caucasus, and which has not been much impaired by lapse of time.

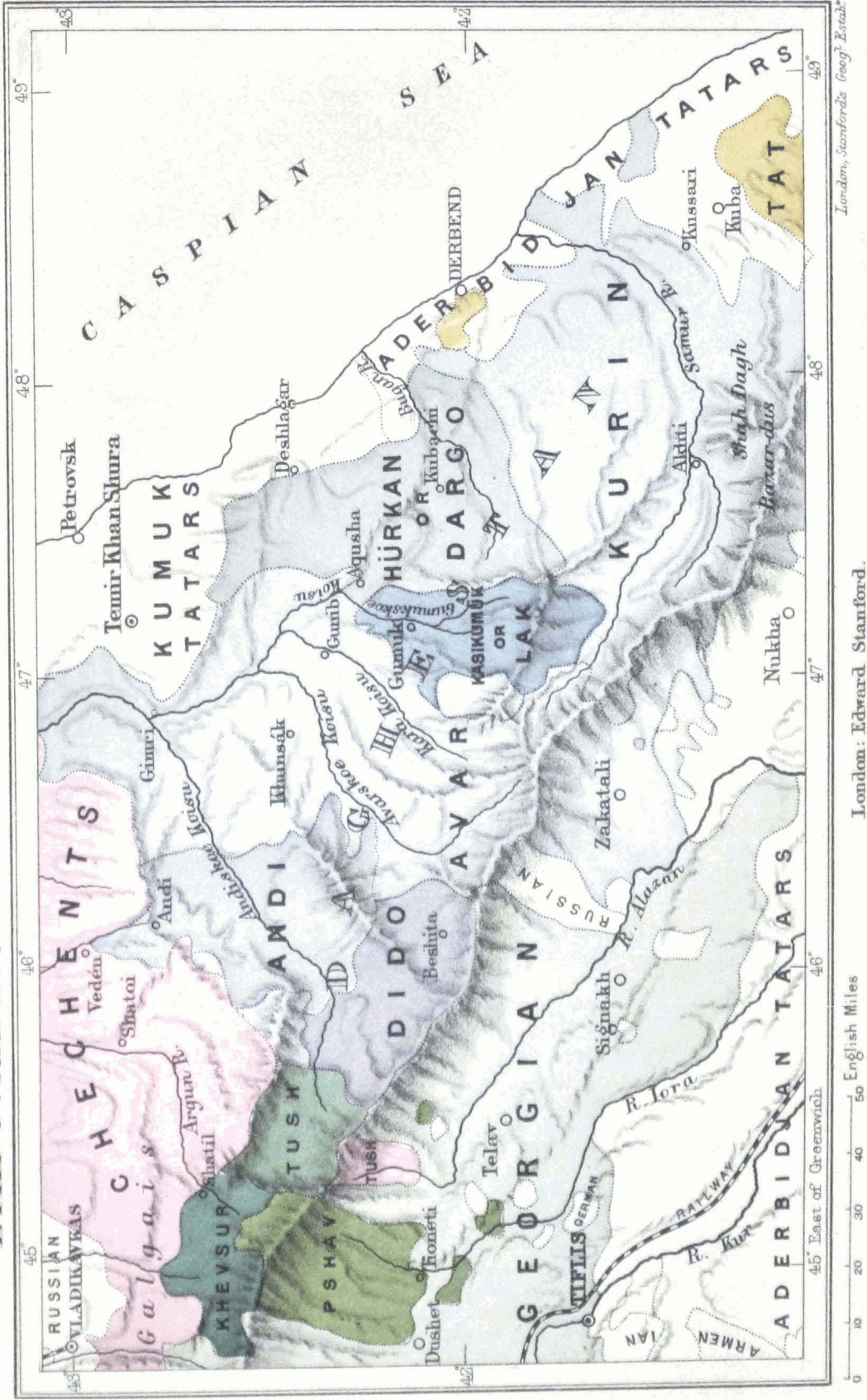
A question of great interest is to determine whether these peoples entered the mountains from the north or from the south. If the tradition of the Udes be founded on fact, that they originally came from the old Armenian province of Uti, a strip of country parallel to and bounded on the north by the Kur, on the east by the Araxes, on the south by the province of Artsakh, they must be descendants of the ancient Albanians. For in his geography Moses of Khorene states, that in his time—the fifth century—both these provinces were inhabited by Albanians (*Agovank*).¹ Again, if Ud belongs to the Lesgian and Tush family, it follows that the primitive Lesgians and Tush were also Albanians, and were probably pushed into the mountains by pressure from the south and from the east. The latter may be presumed to have arisen from Aryans descending southwards from the region of the Oxus and spreading westwards: the former might result from the expeditions and forays made by the Assyrians into Armenia. Nor would the Albanians have been absolutely isolated as regards speech had they lived further to the south and east. The ancient Medes seem to have spoken a language having structural analogies with their own.² It was (1) agglutinating, formed by tacking on one or more suffixes to the

¹ In Armenian *ġ* represents an original *l*, as in *medaj* 'metal,' *meġr* 'honey,' while the final *k* is the sign of the plural.

² Jules Oppert, *Le peuple et la langue des Mèdes*. Paris, 1879.

root ; (2) a word could not begin with more than one consonant ; (3) there was no grammatical gender ; (4) it possessed a relative pronoun, and (5) the option of placing the adjective after its noun ; (6) it distinguished in form between active and neuter verbs ; (7) apparently it had the power of using prefixes with verbs ; (8) it had an imperfect in *-ra* ; (9) the personal signs in the verbs do not seem to be connected with the personal pronouns. The first three distinctions, though none of the others, are shared by the Tatar groups, and there is nothing, I think, to prevent the assumption of the same characteristics for early Lesgian or Albanian. The Lesgian and Tush groups have the characteristics 7, 8, 9 in common with Medic. So that without affirming that the language of the Medes is any way directly represented by any of the groups of the Eastern Caucasus, it has characteristics in common which might have arisen from having been spoken within a common geographical area, where men were at the same level of civilization, where their modes of life were similar, and their thoughts moved in similar grooves. There is, therefore, great probability for assuming that the primitive inhabitants of the eastern half of the Caucasus mountains came from the south-east, spread over the great plain watered by the lower Kur and Araxes, and ultimately penetrated into the mountains, where they are most easy of access, at the south-eastern extremity of the range.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE EASTERN CAUCASUS.



London, Stanfords Geog. Estab.

London: Edward Stanford.

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