

he was the most capable man I have met upon the frontier, and one for whom I entertained a considerable respect on account of his manly qualities; and it is to be regretted that ignorance led him into committing his master to a course of policy which ended in the overthrow of both. Wazir Dadu eventually died in imprisonment in Chinese Turkestan.

Now, however, on his visit to me, he appeared in gorgeous robes, which had been presented to Ghazan Khan, the chief of Hunza, at the time of Colonel Lockhart's visit, in 1886. He brought very friendly messages from Safder Ali, and said he had been sent to accompany my party down to Gulmit, where the chief was at present residing. This place I reached two days later. We passed a few small, dirty villages on the way, and the valley opened out only very slightly, stupendous mountains rising as before on either hand.

Hearing that Safder Ali wished to receive me in state on my arrival at Gulmit, I put on my full-dress dragoon uniform, and the Gurkha escort also wore their full dress. We had to cross a nasty glacier at Pasu, and I did not find spurs and gold-laced overalls very appropriate costume for that kind of work. Then, as we neared Gulmit, a deputation was sent by the chief to say that I must not be frightened when I heard guns being fired, as they were intended for a salute, and not offensively.

Amid the booming of these guns I rode up through the village lands towards a large tent, in which the chief was to receive me. Thirteen guns were fired as a salute, and when they ceased a deafening tomtoming was set up. Hundreds of people were collected on the hillside, and in front of the tent were ranged two long rows of these wild-looking Kanjutis, armed with matchlocks and swords. There was no fierce look about these men, but they had a hardy appearance which was very striking. At the end of this double row of men I dismounted from my pony, and advanced between the lines