

and waving cornfields, now galloping along the level cultivated land, now descending to the rocky bed of a glacier torrent, then on to more village lands again, till the valley widens out and the towers of the chief's palace at Baltit are seen in the distance.

Here, a few miles from his capital, I was met by Mohammed Nazim and all his principal men, dressed up in the gorgeous Indian robes presented to them on various former occasions by British officers. We both dismounted and came forward on foot to greet each other, and I was able to recall to the chief how he had accompanied me through Hunza to Gilgit in 1889, and how we had met in Sarikol in the following year. Then we all mounted again and rode into Baltit, the capital of Hunza, a hundred or so of these rough picturesque fellows riding and running along by our side, and a band marching in front. It was a bright clear day of early autumn. Behind Baltit was a row of rocky peaks like the spires of a cathedral, and immediately overhanging the fort-palace was a rugged mass of mountain rising in a succession of precipices fifteen thousand feet above it.

My tent was pitched in an orchard of apricot trees, on a cool grassy plot, by the encampment of the detachment of a hundred Kashmir troops under Captain Bradshaw, who now preserved order in Hunza. This little camp was situated at the end of a spur facing down the valley, and from it we looked out over orchards and terraced fields to the great Rakapushi Peak filling up the end of the valley with a wall of snow. Away to the right was the fort-palace perched on an outstanding rock, and above it the peak, twenty-three thousand feet in height, whose summit seemed almost to overhang the fort. Then to the left was the Nagar valley, with snowy peaks, twenty-three and twenty-four thousand feet high, guarding it on all sides. No more romantic spot than this could be imagined.