

My stay at Duyan was prolonged in the pleasantest manner. Early on the morning of June 9 Captain J. Manners Smith, *MC.*, *C.I.E.*, the Political Agent of Gilgit and the adjacent hill tracts, on his return from a shooting excursion, came to see me and kindly invited me to spend the day in his camp. I was most glad to accept the hospitality of the distinguished officer, then acting as "Warden of the Marches" for the mountain region I was about to traverse; and after despatching my party ahead, soon found myself riding on one of his hill ponies up to the mountain-side occupied by his tents. It was a charming spot on a little shoulder of the fir-covered slope, some 1,500 feet above the road, where the ground was carpeted with wild violets, forget-me-nots, and other mountain flowers, and where a bright little stream added to the attractions of the scene. Picturesque, indeed, it was with the well-fitted hill tents of the Political Agent and the motley crowd of his followers hailing from all parts of Gilgit, Chilas, and Hunza.

In the amiable society of my host and Mrs. Manners Smith I passed a day which I shall long remember for its varied enjoyments. Anglo-Indian ladies know how to carry true refinement into camp life even at the most distant points of the Empire, and here Nature had surrounded the tasteful comforts of a well-arranged camp with special glamour. The hours I spent at this delightful spot fled only too fast. Captain Manners Smith, who has been connected with the political administration of this region for the last twelve years, and whose Victoria Cross was earned at one of the most striking incidents of its modern history, the storming of the Hunza fastness beyond Nilth, knows these mountains and their races better probably than any European.

What added to the interest of his varied communications about the old customs and traditions of the people was the illustration which his remarks received from the hillmen attending his camp. The petty headmen from the valleys towards