

conquest. No wonder that people to whom their own mountains offer so scanty room and sustenance proved troublesome neighbours. Slave raiding into the lower valleys had for a long time been a regular source of revenue for the chiefs or Mirs of Hunza. The plundering expeditions of the sturdy Kanjutis were feared by caravans far away on the Pamirs and on the trade routes towards the Karakorum. Across the great glaciers which stretch along the flanks of the Muztagh range parties of Kanjuti freebooters used to break into the valleys of Baltistan. I well remember the rude towers near the mouth of the great Biafo glacier which I saw on my visit to the Braldo Valley eleven years before. They plainly showed that even in that forbidding region raids from Hunza had to be guarded against.

All this has changed with the brilliant little campaign which began and ended at Nilth. The graphic account of Mr. Knight, who accompanied the small force from Gilgit as correspondent of the *Times*, has made all the incidents well known. From the shady little Bagh in front of Nilth where I halted for breakfast, I could conveniently survey the fortified village which Colonel Durand's force stormed, and the precipitous gorge behind, which stopped his further progress for nearly three weeks. The sangars which had crowned the cliffs on the opposite side and from which the men of Nagir had offered so stout a resistance, were already in ruins. But of their defenders, several joined me in a friendly chat, and pointed out all the important positions.

Nothing speaks more for the policy and tact of the victors than the good feeling with which the people of the valley remember the contest. The men of the local "Levies" who showed me the precipitous cliffs of conglomerate over 1,000 feet high, seen on the left of the accompanying photograph, which Captain (then Lieutenant) Manners Smith scaled with his handful of Dogras and Gurkhas, seemed almost as proud of the daring exploit that had won that