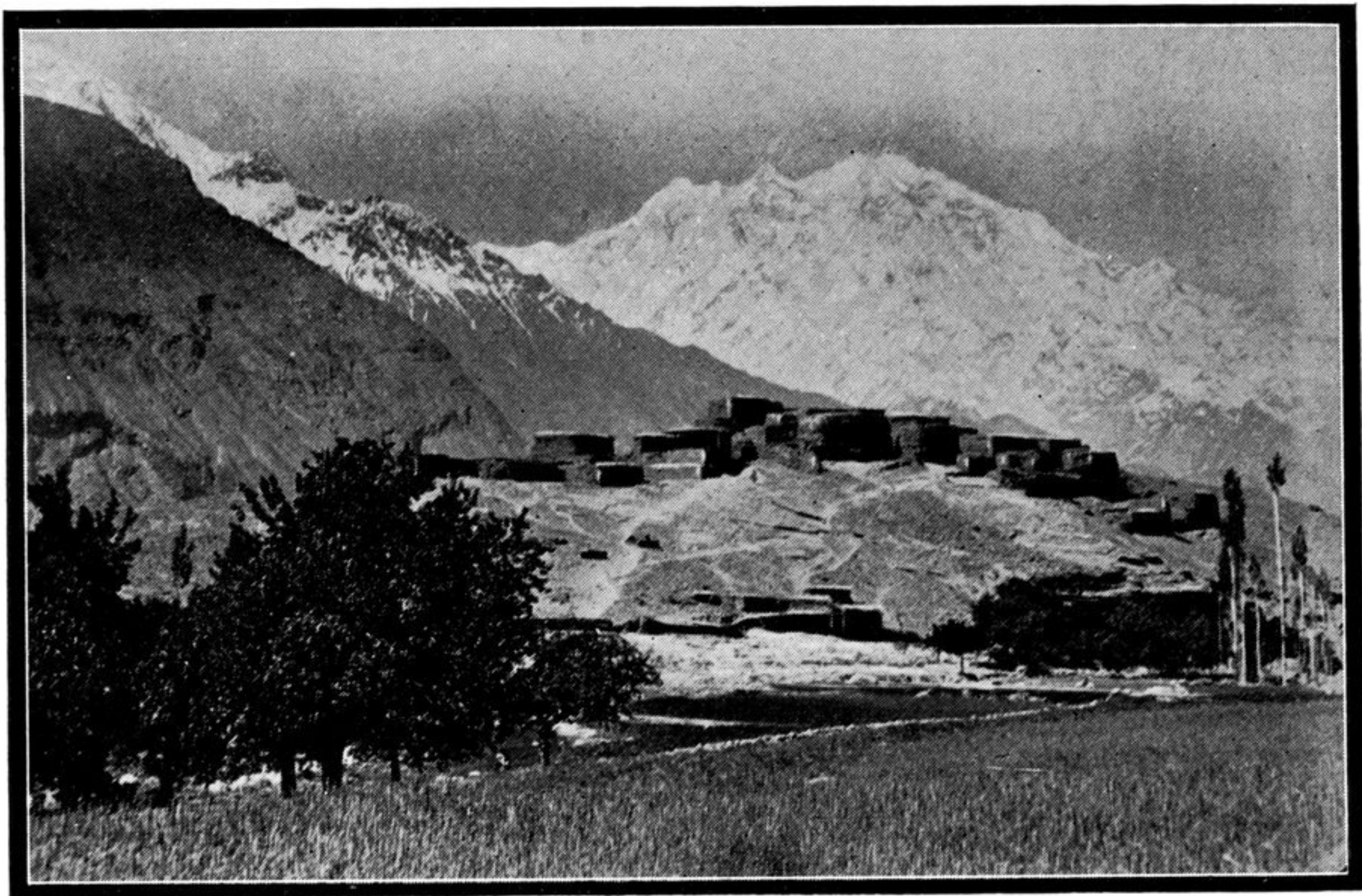


débris of an enormous old landslip to be traversed before I could descend again to the riverside and reach the camping-ground of Ataabad. The hamlet which gives this name was scarcely to be seen from below, and shut in by an amphitheatre of absolutely bare rocky heights, our halting-place looked a dismal spot. About half a century ago the Ghammesar landslip, already referred to, is said to have blocked the whole valley, when from Ataabad upwards an



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enormous lake was formed. The black glacier-ground sand, which the Hunza River brings down and deposits in large quantities, rose in thick dust with the wind which blew down the valley in the evening. Drink and food tasted equally gritty; it seemed a foretaste of the Khotan desert. In so desolate a neighbourhood I felt doubly grateful for the Dak-runner who at nightfall brought a long-expected home mail.

The march of the next day proved a trying experience. A