

Kashgar, via Gilgit, India.

December 1922.

Dear Mr. Dickinson,

I send you a copy of the Diary of my journey from Srinagar to this place. It is bound in a stuff of which clothes are made in Central Asia and it is the first book, if I may be forgiven for calling it a book, to be published in this part of the world in any European language. So perhaps you will be kind enough to give it a place upon your shelves.

Yrs sincerely
H. G. Anderson

For private circulation only.

No. 2

D I A R Y

OF A JOURNEY FROM SRINAGAR
TO KASHGAR

via G I L G I T .

BY

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Kashgar

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P r e l u d e .

After nearly twenty years service in China of which the last five years had been in the Chinese Secretariat of the British Legation at Peking a third period of home leave became due to me. I had intended to spend it traveling in Central Asia but obtained, instead, the consent of His Majesty's Minister and of the Foreign Office to my functioning for one year as Vice Consul at Kashgar on the condition that I renounced all claim for leave on this occasion.

Leaving Peking about the middle of April with a Chinese friend of long standing who was desirous of accompanying me we traveled via Hongkong, Singapore and Rangoon to Calcutta. After spending a few days there we visited, during the "hot weather", Benares, Agra, Fatehpur Sikri and Simla; then traveled by automobile from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar, where for ten days we lived on a houseboat, making preparations for the journey and "getting fit" during the five days' start which it was deemed advisable to give Mr C. P. Skrine, I. C. S. The latter, who had been appointed by the Indian Government to act as Consul General at Kashgar during the absence on leave of Lt. Col. Etherton, left Srinagar on the 3rd June accompanied by his wife and a friend. Owing to the presence of a lady in the party and to the fact that they were accompanied by a considerable amount

of luggage their progress was slow, and my party, leaving five days after and arriving at Kashgar a few hours before them, had the advantage of spending a good many days at various places en route in order to avoid overtaking them. Had we followed them at too close an interval we would have found it difficult, if not impossible, on certain portions of the route to obtain even the small amount of transport which we required. It should be explained that owing to deficiency of transport and supplies in the region traversed within British territory the authorities are extremely reluctant to permit persons other than Government servants to travel to the Chinese frontier by the Gilgit-Hunza route.

It may be of interest to add that we took no provisions with us but lived throughout the journey on food locally obtained and cooked in native style. Grain, tea and ghee were issued to us through the courtesy of the Supply and Transport Department from their depots established at various places on the road between Bandipor and Gilgit; from that place on we purchased them, together with an occasional sheep or chicken, from the inhabitants. From Srinagar to Gilgit our sole servant was a Kanjuti named Abdullah, native of Baltit, but having an acquaintance with all the six or seven languages spoken in the region traversed together with one or two others. He was invaluable. Able to cook in native style, to shoe a horse, to coax a timid child or knock down an armed man—he was just a little too ready to appeal to force—I feel deeply indebted to Col. Etherton for selecting for me such a guide, philosopher and friend. As the latter said of Abdullah when

handing him over to me: If Muztagh Ata is in the way, Muztagh Ata has got to get out; and so I found it. From Gilgit on we had another man, a Ladakhi, whose one duty it was to look after two horses belonging to Col. Etherton of which I took charge at Mr Skrine's request. He was a man of abnormal dullness, in spite of his having traveled the world from China proper to Paris and from Lhasa to Bombay. But one Abdullah in the party was sufficient; every thing could be left to him with a confidence which always proved justified. I have never done a journey with so little anxiety or trouble.

DIARY.

June 8-9. We left Srinagar by boat at noon on the 8th June. Afternoon and evening we drifted slowly down the winding river and reached Bandipor early next morning after crossing by daylight the marshy end of the Wular Lake. From the landing place we saw our road leading gently up towards snowcapped summits, of which a constant succession were daily in view for the rest of the journey. Again at noon, having secured three riding ponies and three ponies for baggage we started on our journey across the mountains. Three miles from the lake shore we rested for an hour at the house of the Supply and Transport Officer and there with his charming wife and friend drank a farewell ginger beer to civilization.

For a mile beyond the road lay through fields in which Kashmiri lads were planting rice and singing a harmonious plaintive air as they worked. Then it began the climb to

Tragbal, sweeping in great zigzags, which became gradually shorter as we ascended, backwards and forwards across the face of the mountain. The Tragbal Dak Bungalow, at which we stopped for the night, looks out over a grassy patch between tall fir trees. At first the clearing is level, then slopes more and more rapidly until it plunges into the abyss; a ravine three thousand feet deep with evergreen forests clothing the mountains on this side and on that, and a torrent roaring below. Near by are other clearings covered with sweet short grass on which cattle pasture. I stroll across them, climb a tiny knoll and sit down while the sun sets. His searchlight beams strike out from behind mountain peaks; showing up in black relief, like tall men, the firs growing upon the skyline. Cattle herds make fires at the forest edge. A lad of twenty, clad in grey homespun, sits on a hillside away below me for half an hour, and does nothing. A last ray of sunlight makes pink the snow on a distant peak. The air is empty of sound.

Returning, I sleep on the verandah of the bungalow. In the clear moonlight I can see the fringe of trees on the opposite summit, a mile away through the air but miles away by road. Two lights are burning there among the trees at the same level as our bungalow.

June 10. Starting at 7.30 we were able to reach the top of the Tragbal pass without dismounting. The road then remained at much the same level for a mile or more, for a considerable portion of which it was still covered with deep snow. This was thawing rapidly and close to its edge large patches of ground were yellow with a small Alpine flower. At this part of the road we overtook many people from the Astor-Gilgit

famine region, carrying grain to their homes. Differing in physique, language and clothing from the people of Kashmir, they were all clad in grey woolen homespun and wore round caps of the same material which could be turned down over the ears in cold weather or wind. Not far from the road we passed a dead pony surrounded by some thirty vultures, great, slow-moving, evil-looking creatures; crows hovered near and picked up what the vultures dropped. The summit of the pass was not far above the tree line; in fact, there were dwarf firs growing almost at the height of the highest point.

From the pass the road descended rapidly to the ravine of a snow-fed tributary of the Krishenganga. The slopes were gay with Alpine flowers, which were being eagerly eaten by flocks of sheep and goats. We soon again entered a forest of great trees, through which here and there avalanches had torn down the slope and buried themselves in the ravine even far down the valley. One of these had recently destroyed a Dak Bungalow at Gurai, thirteen miles from our starting point, and this necessitated our doing two stages in one day. A snow fed stream roared down through every cleft in the valley wall. Our road might almost be said to be illuminated by the huge snow mountains facing us from the north.

About 1. 30 we reached the tiny village of Kanzelghat on the Krishenganga, a large stream carrying many big pieces of timber through its gorges to join the Jhelum at Domel. After an hour's rest we crossed the stream just above the village and followed upwards its left bank for the rest of the way to Gurais. Generally the valley was a wooded gorge; as we neared Gurais it opened out, leaving a wide area for

cultivation on the opposite bank of the stream to the road. Some miles before reaching that place there was a sudden bend in the valley between mighty cliffs. With my suggestions that this place might be named the Gate of Hell and that a great mountain of rock on our left looked as if it were the Great Wall of Heaven Abdullah professed to be heartily pleased. We spent the night at the Dak Bungalow; a little house close to the Krishenganga and surrounded by the greenest of green meadows.

June 11. We started at eight o'clock and followed the valley of the Krishenganga for the whole day. Not far above Gurais the road appeared to be blocked by an enormous rock pyramid, but on reaching it we found that the valley here made a rightangled turn to the north. After an hour's rest at Peshwari Chowki we continued to Burzhil Dak Bungalow. It would have been possible to ride the whole distance but the little ponies of the country, while marvelous for the manner in which they cross streams of rushing water or snow cut into hummocks by thaw and then frozen again, and carry a heavy weight up and down the steepest of slopes, are wearisome in the extreme to ride in anything like level country; so I did a good part of the day's march on foot. Some miles below Burzhil the valley opens out, leaving a wide rolling meadow between the hills and the stream; here, at Mia Marg, the Krishenganga is formed by two streams. one glacier-fed, the other fed by melting snow. We followed the valley of the latter. As we ascended flowers became more and more numerous; sometimes whole hillsides were overgrown with a tall plant bearing many yellow flowers upon a single stalk.

The Burzhil Dak Bungalow is situated at what at this

time of year is the limit of vegetation. Long before reaching it we crossed patches of snow lying among meadows colored white and pink and blue with wild flowers; the pink flowers in particular, a kind of primula, grew so close together that at a short distance the ground often appeared to be covered with pink grass. A short distance above the Bungalow the mountains were under deep snow, from which rose groves of birch as yet showing no sign of life.

June 12. We started at 3. 20 in the morning in order to cross the pass before the sun had begun to melt the snow. As we left the moon, just past the full, showed up the distant snow mountains, the forest trees and the many torrents with a charm which no human agency could describe. Our little caravan was now swollen to eight owing to the presence of a Gilgiti student and his servant; the student was spending twenty four out of his forty two days summer leave in traveling to his home and back. We soon reached the snow line and from that point on we had snow under foot for some ten miles. The ponies, clever though they were in keeping their footing on the uneven snow, now frozen hard as ice, began to stumble so badly that it became necessary to dismount and climb for perhaps a thousand feet on foot and this at the worst portion of the ascent. The principal incident of this part of the journey was the disappearance of one of the baggage ponies which slipped down hill, burden and all, for about a quarter of a mile. He was not seriously hurt but the shock incapacitated him from doing further work that day, so one of the riding ponies was detailed to go back and carry his load. While we were waiting for this pony day broke and shortly afterwards the rising sun did

his tricks with snow and rock and near and distant peak. The performance was one of strange beauty; such have often been described and I do not purpose to coin any new adjectives for the purpose of doing so again.

After completing the most difficult part of the ascent we were able to mount our ponies anew. The road rose not too steeply through a vast snow basin, every now and then crossing by a snow bridge the stream which drained it. In the midst of this white waste we came to what Abdullah called a bungalow. It might be compared to a railway signal box mounted on two stories of trestle work, save, of course, that it had only the smallest of glass windows. It has been built as a refuge for postal messengers who cross the pass during the winter and for telegraph parties sent up to repair the line; these men are sometimes compelled, I was told, to remain there for six or seven days owing to the terrible snow storms which occur from time to time. Abdullah, who to my regret lacks the sense of accuracy, told me that when crossing the pass with Col. Etherton a fortnight before the trestle work had been buried by snow, and that when we crossed there were still some 20 or 30 feet of snow covering another two stories of trestle work; that in winter the snow lies some 60 feet deep here. At the top of the pass, which we reached at 7 am, we found another refuge bungalow; from the fact that there was drift snow some six feet deep blown in through the half open door one can guess something of the terror of the blizzards to which this mountain is liable. The view from the summit was, in a sense, disappointing; we looked for miles over rolling snow fields, interspersed with a few bare rocks, but had no vision of mighty

Himalayan peaks, such as might have been hoped for from the height.

It was with a sense of relief that we felt ourselves past the most difficult portion of the journey to Kashgar. We were short of a riding pony,—that was all that we had suffered. Many unpleasant things might have happened, although at this time of year and starting as early as we had done, and with a bright moon, it was not likely that they would. After a short rest on the top of the pass we commenced the descent, reaching Saldar Koti, the first Dak Bungalow on the other side, less than two hours afterwards. After an hour's rest we continued to Chillim Chowki, some six miles further down, which we reached at noon. The sun was now beating in full strength on the snow fields; it was wet work crossing the remains of the spring avalanches which often lay across our road, and it was just as wet, or more so, if one tried to avoid the snow and wade through the sodden meadows.

There were only two buildings at Chillim, the Dak Bungalow and the Post Office, and the only person from the outside world was the postmaster. A native of Kashmir, he had been stationed at this lonely spot for eighteen months. He complained bitterly of the complete lack of society; during the whole period of his residence here he had never been more than four miles away from his office. He laid stress on the terrible responsibility of a man in his position; the toil of the unfortunate runners who have to carry the mails over the pass amid the storms of winter and the avalanches of spring counted to him for nothing in comparison with his own unfortunate existence. He told us that

months passed without a letter being posted or received at his office. Nevertheless on the door stood notices regarding the transmission of money orders to Aden and mails to the Seychelles.

June 13. Starting at 5.30 we marched the whole day down the valley of the Kalepane and, for the last six miles above Astor, of the Astor River, a glacier-fed stream into which the former pours its torrent of clear snow-water. The going was good but I found it so wearisome riding the little hill ponies that I did thirty out of the thirty three miles on foot. The hillsides were bare compared with those on the other side of Burzhil but were still dotted here and there with junipers. Before reaching Gudai Dak Bungalow, where we rested for an hour and a half, we caught a glimpse of one of the buttresses of mighty Nanga Parbat; its snow seemed, if possible, whiter than that of lower mountains, save where streaked with blue-green ice-color. From its flanks mists rose as the sun's heat warmed the snow. For many miles the snow-fed torrent, here and there overflowing the road, was the attractive feature of the scenery; great waves of green ice-cold water dashed into and over the boulders. Then the valley bent westwards and descended to a point from which there seemed no exit; on reaching it we found that the river here plunged into a gorge down which it fought and wound its way for a mile or so, swinging from side to side between great cliffs of earth or gravel which looked as if they might at any moment slide down and fill the valley. Beyond the gorge our stream joined the Astor River, racing down from Kamri and its glaciers to the west. The

mountains here opened out and cultivated plateaux green with barley appeared, the river roaring its way between huge earthen cliffs. The road, then crossing the river by a suspension bridge, climbed to a height of perhaps a thousand feet above it, then descended, then climbed again to the green plateau dotted with walnut trees and poplars on which Astor stands. On this part of the road we saw a considerable number of white bark pines, similar to those in North China, some 3,000 miles distant. It was half past six before we reached the Dak Bungalow, to find that no news of my arrival had been received by the Naib Tassildar or sub-district magistrate, an official among whose duties is that of finding transport for government servants and obtaining for them such supplies as the country affords. A native of Jammu, a Brahman with a good knowledge of English, he came up to call on me before dusk and apologized for the inconvenience to which I had been put through having to wait so long for my eggs and milk in this famine stricken district!

For Astor and, to a greater or less extent, all the country between Gurais and the Chinese frontier is suffering from famine for the third year in succession. Year by year heavy rain has fallen for days on end at harvest time or frost has descended before the grain was ripe; and there has been nothing to harvest. Those of the population whose strength is sufficient are now toiling the weary road from Bandipur to Astor with grain sufficient to keep them and their families alive; those too weak, and women and children without male relatives, remain here and grow weaker from day to day. Few of these stalwart hillmen stoop to beg; some do, and

this shows the terrible straits to which they are reduced. It is heartbreaking to hear two men talking together or a man talking to one's servant about some ordinary subject—not about the famine—in a voice which totters like that of a sick man at death's door. And then the children. A little girl of six, clad in the filthiest of woolen garments, stands outside the mosquito door of the Dak Bunglow holding a tin can. She does not say a word, but with dull eyes looks steadily, unblinkingly, at me for minutes on end. I cannot speak to her; even if I knew her language I could not find voice to be so. Nor can I help her; money is useless for there is nothing to buy with it and my own supplies of rice and flour are obtained from the Government Supply Depot, from which I am pledged to take nothing more than is essential for my party of three. As a mountaineer with husky, famine-broken voice told my servant, "the barley will be ripe in a month, but unless help comes before then we shall die". I shall never forget his voice nor the face of the child at my door.

June 14. We spent the day at Astor; writing letters and diary, repacking baggage and, in the afternoon, going down to the village and visiting the Naib Tessildar, the Bazaar consisting of some six or eight miserable cloth shops with no business and the School. The schoolmaster was a Kanjuti, a connection of Abdullah, who seemed to be related to every native of Hunza whom we met upon the road; this man spoke quite good English which, however, one was glad to find was not being taught to the school children. I have never been anywhere where so large a proportion of the inhabitants were so beautiful. Nine out of ten lads of eighteen would have

passed for handsome anywhere. Among the children who came with us into the school were some of the most European-looking whom we had yet seen; some had fair hair, white skins and blue, green or grey-brown eyes. While we were at the school the deposed Rajah of Yasin came over to see us with his children from the adjoining "fort"; an ancient looking compound of which the castellated walls were built of mud brick and occasional wooden timbers. The Rajah asked me to represent to the authorities at Gilgit the pitiable condition in which he found himself owing to the famine. The Rs.200 a month given to him by Government did not, he said, suffice at the present time to feed his numerous family. He was the only fat man whom we saw between Bandipor and Hunza. The Rajah's little girl, a child of five or six, looked just like a picture—somewhat soiled, it is true—of a Baron's daughter in the Middle Ages; skin as white as that of any European, very fair hair, dark eyes and delicate features, wearing large ear-rings and a blue flowered dress, she clung to her father in the same shy way as children do all over the world.

June 15. We started at 6.30. The road descended to Astor village, then followed the mountain side with little ascent or descent for some miles; the river here appeared to be some 500-700 feet below us. During the following descent through thick woods to the river edge by a wonderful series of zigzags we passed some two companies of the Kashmir Mounted Battery, in process of transfer from their winter quarters at Bunji to summer camp in the high pasturages of Kamri. They and their mules were in excellent condition, to judge by the way they marched up the steep hill slopes at

some three or three and a half miles an hour. From that point on the road sometimes ran immediately beside the river, sometimes zigzagged up a shoulder or clung to the steep mountain side or "cutth". For the first ten miles or so the scenery might be described as grand, from that point on it became terrible, awe-inspiring. Mile after mile the road climbed the valley side until it reached a height of two or three thousand feet above the bottom. From the road we looked down an unbroken shingle slope, far too steep for any man to descend, to the river raging furiously, a mere thread of water of the same yellow-grey color as the mountains. On the opposite side of the valley to us these mountains rose to the same height as our road and then continued to rise another six or seven thousand feet; bare, evil looking rocks, cliffs of gold or silver color, huge boulders, dreadful shingle slopes plunging from high shoulders into the abyss and fragile cliffs of earth or gravel. At Dashkin, a village surrounded by an area of cultivation and possessing a fly-smitten Dak Bungalow, we stopped for lunch and waited altogether three hours in the hope that the rest of our baggage would arrive. It failed to do so, so we left Abdullah to bring it on when it came up, and continued the march. For a mile or so the road rose, then remained at much the same level for some five miles or more while passing through a forest of great trees; the ground, covered with huge boulders, was lush with water from frequent snow streams. After some miles more of ascent and descent a drop of 700 feet brought us to the Doi-an Dak Bungalow. The missing baggage did not arrive until midnight, at which hour Abdullah was only restrained by somnolent grunts of inattention from giving at full length

the story of his adventures. Such of our baggage as had been carried by ponies arrived at much the same time as we did. The third pony load had been divided between four men and it was this baggage which was missing. It appeared that after we left Dashkin Abdullah waited some time in the hope that the missing porters would arrive. They did not, so he walked back to meet them and found them at 5.30 pm, resting beside their burdens, having by that time only accomplished some seven out of the 24 miles from Astor to Doian. I am sorry to say that Abdullah fell upon them with oaths and stick, regardless of the fact that their slow progress was the result of their famished condition. There is this much to be said for him; the previous night I had had to turn away nine porters and to insist on having at least two baggage ponies, whereupon the four men engaged to replace the remaining pony had protested that they could carry the stuff forty miles, let alone twenty four. This contretemps was caused by a misunderstanding which resulted in no one save the authorities at Bandipur having received any information of my coming; no preparations were therefore made until I arrived and it was then too late to get all the ponies required, as the country had been scoured in view of the movements of the mounted battery above referred to.

June 16. The journey this day was marked by a further contretemps. The Naib Tassildar had promised to send a messenger to Doian to facilitate our obtaining supplies and to engage porters to carry our baggage the whole way to Bunji. No messenger appears to have left Astor; the order was doubtless given but disregarded by a scoundrel of a chuprassi. As a

consequence, although I was able myself to find transport to Ramghat, on reaching that place at noon I had to ride on to Bunji and ask the police authority there to send sufficient men to Ramghat to carry the baggage.

Between Doian and Ramghat the road descends some 4,000 feet. The scenery on this section requires description with the aid of terms not usually used in such a connection; demonic, satanic, hell with even its flames dead. It is arid, nothing grows save here and there a clump of blue-green desert grass or weed. It is precipitous, whether the precipice be of rock, shingle or boulders embedded in earth. Frequently clouds of what looks like smoke rise from the hidden river; it is in fact the dust which flies upward when stones or great rocks fall down the cliff. For a mile or more the road has been cut or blasted along the face of the cliff; a rock rolled over the road side continues rolling and taking great leaps until it falls into the river a thousand feet below.

During the final drop to Ramghat the road near the junction of the Astor with the Indus winds across the shingle covered mountain face in ever narrowing zigzags. At Ramghat the suspension bridge over the Astor River had been broken; owing to the stupidity, I was told, of a workman engaged in repairing the bridge who, with several others, was precipitated into the boiling torrent. Our party and baggage were swung across in a wicker cradle hanging from a wire rope; animals were quite unable to cross and had we had any ponies other than those locally hired they would have had to make a wide detour involving two days' extra traveling and two crossings of the Indus. It was pleasant on crossing the Astor to find that, in spite of my having expressed the determination to

walk to Bunji, a pony had been sent to meet me through the kindness of Major Lorimer, Political Agent at Gilgit. On reaching Bunji I arranged with the local police havildar for the necessary porters to be sent to Ramghat and then spent the afternoon in complete idleness, ate an immense quantity of fruit, enjoyed several meals and turned over pages of books belonging to Captain Deane, the absent Inspector of the Mounted Battery passed near Astor, whose bungalow was kindly placed at my disposal. It was late at night before Abdullah and the baggage arrived.

June 17. We rested until 4 pm. Having sent our baggage on ahead by porters we started at that hour for Pari Bungalow, which we reached at 9 o'clock, having floundered about for some distance among irrigated fields. For some six or seven miles our path lay across the mile wide desert which, both above and below Bunji, separates the Indus from the hills on its left bank. Crossing the river by a fine suspension bridge, made like all others on the Gilgit road of rope consisting of telegraph wire woven together, we turned up the valley of the Gilgit River, narrower but as bare of vegetation as that of the Indus. We traveled fast as long as daylight lasted but in the absence of a moon had to ride for the last half hour or so at a snail's pace. The baggage turned up late at night.

June 18. Leaving at daybreak we marched twelve miles through desert country, then after a stop for breakfast at Minor, reached Gilgit, seven miles beyond, about 10 am. Major Lorimer had kindly sent a couple of mounted men to meet me, and the last two or three miles to the Dak Bungalow by a road shaded by willows and bordered

by wheat fields ready for the sickle, with the noise of gently running water in one's ears, were such a contrast to the desert mountains and valleys through which we had been passing that they seemed hardly real.

First Intermezzo.

Each night since leaving Bandipor we had listened to the sound of rushing water; each torrent sang to us a different song. At Astor there were two rivers of which the music blended now in harmony, now in harmonious discord with one another. There was the distant roar of the Astor River far below us, monotonous in tone but sometimes loud, sometimes soft, according to the air currents; at times it sounded like dance music, played by a band in which European and oriental instruments mingled. There was also the thunder of the near by torrent rushing down from the Rama glacier, constantly varying in tone and depth. The voice of the Indus was different to that of any of the minor streams. It was portentous, aware of its might but weary of its loneliness; melancholy through association with the dreadful barrenness of its wild valley and consciousness of the country of wild tribes and fierce desert through which it still had to pass. In a class apart from all these was the rippling of the many irrigation streams of Gilgit and Chalt; their voice had a sweet religious tone suggestive of duty done because it is good to do it. They had a Sunday voice.

Between Bandipor and Gilgit our road had passed through the most varied climates and mountain scenery of unimaginably great contrast. From rice fields we had passed to steep mountain sides grown with ancient trees, on the

heights green pasturages gay with Alpine flowers; then forest-clad gorges interspersed with great cliffs; then green meadows of Gurais, Alpine pasturages and flowers again near Burzhil. We had crossed ten miles of snow, with the thermometer showing perhaps 15 degrees of frost, into mountain valleys ever growing more arid. Green wheat fields in the irrigated land at Astor, the wicked mountains between that place and Ramghat; Mountains of Sin, I think they should be named. From that place on the thermometer was by day in the nineties. The valley of the Indus and the Gilgit valley did not appear to me evil like the lower Astor valley; they excited pity rather than repulsion,—the country seemed as if it had been undergoing thousands of years of punishment for the sins of its youth. Where there is soil left and water to irrigate it, as at Bunji and Gilgit, the country is beautiful with fruit trees and willows and wheat fields. Elsewhere the mountain sides and sloping approaches are devoid of soil; covered with sand and boulders among which grow scanty tufts of sage-green wild plants and an occasional stunted bush. The mountains are scored with channels of snow water, their flanks marked with strata of silver and golden rocks, now serpentine, now crossing one another at all angles; and on their summits snow. After passing through such country Gilgit would be as heaven itself, were it not for one thing. Flies. Flies by the million. The air of our Dak Bungalow was thick with them. Whether they are always so bad I cannot say, but at the moment of our stay there our next-door neighbour was Captain Stimud Shah, nephew of the Aga Khan, who has been traveling in Turkestan and the Pamirs in the interest of the

powerful Mussulman sect of which his uncle is the head. Captain Shah is a charming man with entirely European manners,— it was a strange sight to see him wearing a soft hat set rakishly on the side of his head, smoking a Dunhill pipe and blessing at the same time the adherents of his uncle by touching them on the head. With him were his following of fifteen or twenty persons who occupied all the remaining quarters of the Dak Bungalow and it may well be to them and to the scores of none too cleanly faithful constantly waiting to be blessed that we owed many of the flies.

On leaving Gilgit we commenced the second section of the journey, entering on the second day the little state of Nagir only to cross two days later the frontier of its brother and rival Hunza. It is only thirty years since these states, worsted in a little "war", acknowledged the suzerainty of the Emperor of India, suzerain of Kashmir against whose chequered claim to their allegiance they had at that time rebelled. Tiny states with an even tinier population, perhaps 10,000 each, they speak a language, Burushasky, which so far as present knowledge goes has no affinity with any other language. Differing in faith—the natives of Hunza follow the Aga Khan—they had constantly throughout the centuries engaged in mutual warfare, uniting only to repel an alien invader. Hunza which borders on Afghanistan and what is now Chinese territory had the advantage as compared with Nagir, in that it was able yearly to raid the Pamir plateau and attack the caravans of merchants on the road from Yarkand to Ladakh. Neither China nor any other Central Asian power had been able to subdue the

little state; China's interest in Hunza appears to have been limited to the annual receipt of a payment of gold dust, in return for which presents of considerably greater value were yearly made. Since Hunza's acknowledgment of allegiance to the King-Emperor no single raid into Chinese territory has taken place and her relations with British authority, represented by the Political Agent at Gilgit have been cordial in the extreme.

At Gilgit I took over from Mr Skrine two horses belonging to Col. Etherton. Both stallions, it was necessary to keep them apart from one another both when traveling and at night. To look after them, and ride the more obstreperous of the two, we added to our party a Ladkhi Mussulman who had lived for twenty years at Kashgar, incidentally traveling as far as Sian Fu on the east and Paris on the west in the company of one or other European explorer; from Paris he had returned home by Suez and Bombay. On another occasion he had accompanied the missionary-explorer Reinhardt, whom he left some three days before he was murdered in order to go to Lhasa. Among the many languages which he had picked up in the course of his wanderings was a smattering of Chinese, useful in that it enabled my Chinese friend to talk to him without using me as an interpreter. Apart from his linguistic abilities, extensive if not profound, he was a remarkably dull fellow, for which, however, he tried to atone by wearing a peaked Turki cap such as a follower of Genghiz Khan might have worn, and a broad belt of yellow flowered cotton of Central Asian manufacture. Abdullah remained the mainstay of the party. Always ready to do anything, always willing

to admit a mistake but always ready to repeat it, instant in obedience and silent as the grave when told to hold his tongue, woefully ignorant of the fact that an hour has sixty minutes and a day twenty four hours, ready at any time unless refrained to enforce a command or a request, made in my interest, by a blow with a flat hand which had much the same effect on the victim as a kick from a horse, he was the mainstay of the party. I do not know what we should have done without him.

(Diary, continued)

June 21. After three days of busy idleness at Gilgit waiting for Mr Skrine and his party, who left on the 19th, to get ahead of us, we sent our baggage ahead and left during the early afternoon for Nomal. Crossing the suspension bridge over the Gilgit river we turned down stream along its left bank for some three miles before entering the valley of the Hunza river. After some miles of the usual desert country it was pleasant to enter the wooded wheatfields of Nomal, a wide extending jewel of green and gold set in steel. The Dak Bungalow adjoined the old fort, scene of battle and siege some thirty years ago.

June 22. The next march brought us to Chalt, where two valleys joined ours and afford the opportunity of irrigating a considerable area of fertile land. At Chalt, which is within the domains of the Mir of Nagir, the wheat was still quite green and just before reaching it we had to dismount and lead our ponies across the remains of an avalanche adjoining the bank of the river; thus showing that we had

risen considerably since leaving Gilgit. During the march to Chalt the scenery was of surpassing grandeur. Often the road hung on to the sides of cliffs, which here and there rose precipitously for a couple of thousand feet. At one place a stream of water gushed out from a mud cliff, half a thousand feet from the valley floor. Sometimes our road lay among the boulders of the river edge, then zigzagged for hundreds of feet up the mountain side, only again to descend.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that during this period of twenty four hours I ate some hundred and thirty apricots, in addition to many dishes of mulberries, without ill effect.

The night of our arrival at Chalt it rained for some hours, and more than once I heard the sound of rocks rolling down the shingle slopes of the mountain opposite and rebounding against the boulders near the river bank. We remained two nights at Chalt in order that Mr Skrine's party might have left Hunza by the time we arrived here.

June 25. At Chalt the general direction of the valley changes from south-north to east-west. The march to Minapin (and thence to Aliabad on the following day) involved the most startling contrasts in scenery and road. After starting pleasantly through the green uplands of Chalt we descended to the river and crossed it by one of the usual suspension bridges; the scenery here and on later occasions when the road clung to the eyebrows of a mud cliff, suspended hundreds of feet above the torrent by frail-looking bridges and struts projecting from the cliffside, was Arabian in its

simplicity. But for the greater part of the day's march the road wandered through green wheat fields and yellowing barley; the land dotted with apricot, walnut and mulberry trees and the road often lined with tall straight poplars such as are common in France and northern Italy. One of the most memorable moments of the day occurred some three miles after we had left Chalt. Turning a corner in the valley, the mountain walls of which did not at the highest rise more than 8-9,000 feet above the valley floor, we suddenly saw in his majesty Rakapushi, whose summit was 10,000 feet higher, gleaming with white snow or shimmering with a suggestion of ice color; hardly a rock appearing save where His highest point was bare of snow. Is this because of some material accident, say that the summit is too steep for snow? or is it because even He, King of the Mountains of the North, must bare His head to the King of Kings in penalty for the sin of pride? For I have seen no mountain so proud, so unapproachable; His great snow precipices—one to be seen from Aliabad must have been two thousand feet in height—seem to say: Touch me not! Defile me not! For Rakapushi, even though he may pay the penalty, would rather die and rot away into sand and shingle and boulders and dust like the little mountains clustering round His foot than give up his sin. Vivat Rakapushi!

On reaching the Minapin Dak Bungalow I walked over to the village and saw the terrible gulf which, with its glacier torrent, separates Nagir from Hunza. The grey earth cliffs looked as fragile as if, struck by a thrown stone, they would crumble away; the gulf yawned so vast that it might, one would think, swallow up all the wide

cultivated lands of Minapin and the abyss would still remain.

July 25. At daylight I climbed for some 1,500 feet or more up the mountain due south of Minapin in order to see the glacier nearest to that place. I climbed on to the moraine and looked down on the glacier; a milelong tongue of ice hidden by stones and dirt and bordered by double and even treble moraines, it may have been interesting to the student of physical geography but made no appeal to the seeker after loveliness.

Some four miles beyond Minapin we again crossed the river, thus entering the state of Hunza. This frontier, like that of so many other war-torn lands, appeared to an outsider to mark a distinction without a difference. While to a Hunza-lander the native of Nagir may appear an irreligious person of low morals, inferior physique, filthy personal habits,—one whose yea is not yea nor his nay nay—my friend and I were at a loss to distinguish the one from the other.

Beyond the bridge the road zigzagged to a great height above the river and for some miles traversed the face of an all-but-perpendicular mud cliff. My pony had had too much grain the night before and every now and then would break into a trot or even, if he could, a canter. It occurred to me that if he stumbled and fell the side on which I came off would make all the difference; in the one case I would be crushed between him and the rock, in the other rolled down to the river. At this portion of the road a man handed me a letter from Mr Skrine who told me that he was leaving Baltit the same morning. He said that in the opinion of the Mir Khan the most agreeable place at which

to spend a few days was the Dak Bungalow at Aliabad, four miles before reaching Baltit. So here, in the midst of a charming country with running water between each field and mulberry trees laden with ripe fruit, we settled down for four days in the hope that the Consul General's party would get sufficiently far ahead of ours not to be caught up again.

We afterwards found that the reason for the Mir's suggestion that we stay at Aliabad was the absence of a Dak Bungalow at his capital. The only place to stay in at that place is a tent in the Mir's orchard.

June 26. About midday I rode with Abdullah through four miles of charming country to Baltit, capital of Hunza. The road lay amid fruit trees and poplars, fields of wheat, barley and blue-flowered flax and irrigation channels filled with running glacier water, in which silvery mud formed kaleidoscopic patterns. Abdullah was everywhere greeted with affectionate ceremony by relatives, who appeared to comprise a large proportion of the population.

The castle of the Mir crowns a rock upon which the town clusters; for many hundred years, I was told, it has been the seat of government of this little country. The Mir was not in residence, so we went straight to his "Summer Palace", crowing a little peninsular hill not far away; water conveyed to it by a wooden aqueduct flowed in rills through the orchards and flooded the sloping meadows of lucern which formed the western side of the hill,—the eastern side dropped precipitously to another world of fields and vines and trees half a thousand feet below. The Mir, a somewhat portly, bearded man of fifty, received me in friendly fashion in the shade of his fruit

trees and we talked for an hour, over tea and cakes, on political conditions in China, the value of the Chinese army, the Duke of Connaught, the size and population of Canada, the Mir's visits to Turkestan and India and the objects of my journey to Kashgar. I gave him more than once the opportunity of hinting that my visit had lasted long enough, but he pressed me to stay and continue the conversation. At first we used Abdullah as interpreter, then as the Mir's somewhat rusty knowledge of Turki revived we conversed directly with only the occasional use of Abdullah's services. Finally Abdullah was given leave to go and see his children and relatives whom he had not yet seen; this being granted on the condition that the Mir would leave me to sit and enjoy the beauty of his orchard pending Abdullah's return. The Mir then left me, to say his prayers, he said,—a practice all but entirely neglected by his subjects. After an interval of half an hour he returned and not long afterwards I left for Aliabad, leaving Abdullah to follow when able to tear himself away from his children; two little "Sheitan", he said they were.

It may be of interest to note that the tea and cakes served at the Mir's table might well have appeared on a lady's afternoon tea table. The teapot was of English silver, obtained in India, the sugar basin of Kashmiri work. There was excellent cream in an English China jug, the cakes were good, and on Russian china plates were pink-iced biscuits made by Huntley & Palmer. My impression of the Mir was that, ruler of a tiny state though he may be, he was every inch a ruler. Similarly when on the following day the Vazier came to call on me at the Dak Bungalow I found a distinct resemblance between his bearing and that which one imagines to be the bearing of a vazier of a more extensive oriental state,

though in his case, unlike that of the Mir, there was a certain self-consciousness which somewhat detracted from the favorable impression otherwise created. Both he and his brothers, like others of the "upper ten" of Hunza, wore a natural air of aristocracy.

Abdullah overtook me on the way back to Aliabad. The conversation turning to the subject of women he told me that the women of Turkestan were of amazing beauty and cleanliness and very "free"; their husbands not at all strict with them. He had a wide acquaintance with the households of Kashgar and Tashqorghan, none at all with those of his own land. Here, he said, if a woman had anything to do with any man other than her own husband she and the man were both killed the moment it became known; so total abstinence was, to his evident regret, the only wise course to be pursued in this region. Abdullah's information was borne out by a conversation which I had a couple of days later with the Hindu in charge of the Aliabad dispensary. He informed me without hesitation that venereal disease was unknown in Hunza. Later I was told that a native of Galmit who was found, on his return from abroad, to have contracted venereal disease, was not permitted to enter the village. The villagers built him a hut on the outskirts and supplied him with food in return for his agreeing thus to segregate himself.

The dispenser, locally known as "Doctor Sahib", took me to his dispensary, where I saw him attending to out-patients. A native of Jammu and a Hindu, he has completely gained the hearts of these mountaineers, who have nothing but good to say of his skill and his readiness to help. The British Doctor from Gilgit only visits Baltit once every six

months, and in the meantime all cases from sore eyes to the kick of a horse in the abdomen are treated by the dispenser. One case I saw was that of a child who had been bitten in the face by a horse three or four days before; the dispenser had had to sew up the open wound which extended from the right cheek to the neighbourhood of the left eye, passing between the nose and mouth, as well as to remove bits of broken bone from the nose. His uncle told me that the child had begun to whimper, whereupon he (the uncle) had said to him: If you cry I shall beat you. Thereafter not a sound escaped him. He was six years old. Another case was that of a child with a hole in the side of his head the size of a hen's egg; he had been struck by a stone rolling down the mountain side. The dispenser told me that the injury was not dangerous, the pressure on the brain being only slight. I asked him where, if this was the case, the child kept his brain, but his knowledge of English was insufficient for him to understand.

June 28. A gentle rain fell during the night and continued at intervals all day; low clouds lying above the valley and hiding all snow and ice. Little puffs of mist drifted in and out of the ravines; lads closely wrapped in graceful homespun cloaks continued to herd their sheep, and countrymen went about their labours as if there were no rain.

My Chinese friend and I walked with Abdullah through Gumarchan and Heidarabad to a house belonging to the Vizier and were there, a little more than half way to Baltit, entertained with tea, milk, chupatties and excellent butter. It was pleasant to walk through country where everyone greeted one with smiling salutations, and I am inclined to

believe that, when the Vizier's brother said they were so much indebted to the government of His Majesty that they felt it an honor to entertain anyone in his service, they were speaking the truth or something very near it. Whatever may be thought or said about our rule in India there can be no question but that the Pax Britannica, together with the road, the telegraph and telephone for which we are responsible, are thoroughly appreciated here.

June 29. I was awakened by the throbbing of drums which seemed to be accompanied by rather than to accompany some plaintive wind instrument. Hastily rising and dressing I crossed the fields in the direction of the music and soon found an orchard in which one man was blowing a sort of flageolet and two men and a boy were beating or tapping or stroking drums of different shapes and sizes; all were squatting on the ground. As one man the band jumped to their feet on my entering and were urgently motioned to seat themselves again, lest the music should suffer; promptly, as one man, the band sat down again and the music suffered not, neither in their rising nor in their setting. Shortly afterwards three little children, wearing round woolen caps and white linen frocks underneath their Hunza homespun gowns of undyed wool were led on to the scene from an adjoining house. Their clean frocks suggested royal blood, so I rose and welcomed them. They all fearlessly gave me one or other hand and sat solemnly down beside me on a carpet spread beneath an apricot tree; the youngest, a child of four with the curliest of curly fair hair and little colored tabs of wadded cotton, square, triangular and round, sewn on to his cap, held my hand, cuddled up to me and smiled in the most

intimate way. Then two lads of 12 and 15 began to dance a graceful step, hands moving and bare feet tapping the ground in somewhat the fashion seen in certain Russian folk dances. The elder of the two approached the ideal of perfect beauty; dark hair in a fringe overhanging his forehead from beneath a grey round cap; melting blue eyes; face oval with the first down of manhood on the upper lip; figure strong and bursting with vitality. These lads were followed by many other boys and men, all of whom showed an instinctive appreciation of the poetry of motion; one of them was a bearded man of nearly fifty. By smiles and signs I asked the two lads who had danced first to dance again; they did so and were soon joined by two others of about the same age. One of these showed signs of inspiration, tossing his head and posturing as if eager to be set loose; a handsome old man with grey beard took off his belt, ran forward and tied it round this lad's gown, the other three smilingly dropped out and we were treated to a wonderful fiery whirl of inspired dancing. The three clean little children looked on solemnly, the rest of the onlookers with smiles of appreciation, the drummers drummed more furiously, one of them especially shouting and performing facial contortions as if he at any rate, were doing almost more than man could do to make the dance a success; the flageolet player pointed his instrument towards the mountain tops and stretched his neck and blew like one possessed. Then it came to an end; the lad who had been dancing sank to the ground and the little curly headed child pressed my hand, looked up to me and smiled.

The three children were grandsons of the Mir; their

father being a son of the Mir by a subordinate wife. Both he and his elder brother, the "Major Sahib" as he is styled, speak a certain amount of English. The elder brother, heir to the throne of Hunza, is an extraordinarily European looking man with yellow moustache, fair hair and ruddy complexion. When he came to call on me at Aliabad, dressed in Jodhpor breeches, khaki coat and a sun hat, my friend was amazed to hear that he was anything else but a traveling Englishman. His English was not extensive but he spoke it with an excellent accent and many colloquialisms, doubtless picked up from British officers at Gilgit.

Second Intermezzo.

Rakapushi.

I sit on the verandah; around me green fields and fruit trees and many rills of glacier water irrigating them. Beyond the fields rise mountains; first huge shingle slopes and then bare rock to the summit a mile above me. At the lower end of the valley is Rakapushi, King of the Northern Mountains, His crown standing bare above two vertical miles of dazzling snow and ice, so high that there, surely, the wind of the revolving earth must ever blow; long misty clouds stand from His shoulders, like the mane of a galloping horse tossed out by the wind.

A tiny fair haired boy, barefooted, wearing only a grey-brown woolen cloak and cap, comes toward me, walking the path by the irrigation stream; he carries a paddle with which he has been clearing the glacier mud from the

channel. I beckon to him; he comes and, smiling with ruddy lips, offers me the paddle. I tell him that I want him and not his paddle, so he puts it on the ground, sits beside me and gives me his hand. Then we converse in sign language. I tell him that he is a dear little fellow; he puts his head on his shoulder with childish art and tells me his mother says the same. I tell him that he has been eating onions; with roguish smile he admits it and says they are very good, with which I express agreement. So we sit awhile; sometimes just holding hands while I write, sometimes exchanging the friendliest of smiles. Then I suggest that he should be getting on with his work, as I with mine; he agrees, takes up his paddle, smiles as I thank him for his company and silently walks away.

Soon after a sheep walks round the corner of the verandah and looks at me questioningly; then another and another and a lamb. Behind comes a lad, dressed as the other child was. His features are as those of one beloved of a Greek goddess; soft black hair hangs in irregular lengths over his forehead; black eyelashes overhang, with graceful upward curve, his soft dark eyes; his face is oval, of pale olive with a touch of red. He shily salutes me, then after a moment's pause passes on and lies down under the single poplar tree which rises in the middle of the pasture land adjoining my verandah. There by the hour he remains, with nothing to do but watch his three sheep and the lamb; sometimes he hums to himself, sometimes he calls to another child watching another three sheep and a lamb in a distant field, sometimes just lies awake and dreams. The water rills sing to him and the King of the Mountains looks down silently

(Diary, continued).

June 30. The Mir had invited us to spend our last day with him. We started about 11 am and went to the entertainment which was being given at Aliabad village to celebrate the first day of barley harvest. The music and dancing were as on the morning of the preceding day, but the setting was a different and more fascinating one. Under and on willow trees by a pond and clustered round the balustrades of one of the village mosques were a hundred of the gayest, prettiest, most charming of boys, little and big. Among them were seated their seniors; village elders, too, even the learned moulve with his solemn beard,— the only man in the village learned enough or sophisticated enough to require glasses. A little distance away sat the women and children, gay with caps, plain and embroidered, of yellow or blue or red or green. The lad who had won my heart the day before again danced charmingly, while many a grown man of heavy frame and great leather-soled feet danced with the grace of a ten year old danseuse, leaping like a gazelle as if his body were devoid of weight. After watching the entertainment for an hour we rode on to Baltit. As we reached the Mir's summer residence, known as Kamiabad, we heard the sound of music behind us and turning saw the Mir himself returning from the town; preceded by three armed guards in single file (it is the only possible way to walk in Hunza), mounted on a gaily caparisoned Badakhshan pony and wearing a turban of blue, white and gold and a silken robe of old gold worked over in black from some Central Asian loom. He dismounted and after a few formal remarks invited us to go to the tents which he had set up in the garden for us.

After a wearisome wait of nearly two hours, during which the Mir was doubtless enjoying his siesta, he sent word asking us to go in and have tea with him. He was seated in the same upper garden in which I had seen him some days before and tea was served in the same fashion. He had doffed his robes of state and was clad in the ordinary grey woolen cap of the country, a frock coat of brown silk, riding breeches and boots, a very pink shirt with turn-down collar and a European fancy waistcoat of slatey-blue color. During tea the eldest son "Major Sahib" arrived, wearing the cap of a British staff officer crumpled up on the side of his head in a manner suggestive of 3 a. m. on armistice night, a frock coat of black silk, a soft collar that had once been white, and no tie.

After tea we started for the polo-ground at Altit, one and a half miles away. Preceded by the musicians and the guard of honor, three in number, we descended a break-neck slope on foot, then mounted our ponies and rode to Altit. On reaching the polo ground the Mir was given a rousing cheer of welcome by some hundred of his subjects, who advanced in a broad line to meet his party and then opened a passage for us to reach a raised stone platform at the end of the ground, covered with Kirghiz felts and provided with chairs brought for the occasion. The populace formed a circle some 30 feet from this dais and in the space so formed dancing took place similar to that already seen at Aliabad; the band on this occasion consisting of four wind instruments and four drums of different kinds. The elite of Hunza society was present; all the Mir's family, the vizier and most of his brothers as well as all those officers of Hunza scouts whom I had already

met. At 5 pm the Mir took off his coat and belted most of his pink shirt inside his breeches. Polo then started and continued without intermission or change of ponies for an hour. The game was fast and furious, the players frequently charging up to the stone walls which bounded each side of the narrow ground and stopping their ponies in their own length. Nobody was hurt and only one rider unhorsed. All were masters of horsemanship,—on one occasion I saw a man riding his pony at full gallop while standing erect with his left foot in the stirrup and the right leg waving about over the pony's back. When anyone took a goal the game was started again by his racing down a great part of the length of the ground with stick and ball in his right hand, then throwing the ball in front of him and trying to hit it; if he succeeded it might, or might not, straightway take a goal at the other end. Apparently there is no "offside" in polo as played in Hunza, as I gathered from the way in which the Mir often hung round the goal and waited for the ball to come near him. There were seven players on each side. When the Mir or his eldest son had taken a goal the crowd raised a shout of loyalty as he raced down the ground and the band played an air which was presumably the Hunza version of "See the Conquering Hero comes". We returned to the Mir's summer residence as we had come, save that we rode the whole way; the ponies all doing gymnastic feats of balancing on slopes of shingle or rock and, at the top, climbing a series of stone steps each over a foot in height.

In the evening we were invited to dine with the Mir. Dinner was served in European style in the same garden as tea. We all changed for the meal, my own "dress clothes"

consisting of sunproof coat, khaki flannel shirt, blue tie, dyed khaki uniform breeches and Kashmir sambur skin shoes.

July 1. Rising early I walked over to Baltit, there fortunately met a brother of the Vizier who speaks Turki and in his company visited the town and castle. The situation of these is romantic in the extreme. On one side of the castle rock is a precipice descending hundreds of feet to a glacier torrent, the water of which gives life to the whole of the Hunza side of the valley. On the other stretch for miles fields of green wheat and barley ripe for the sickle, terraced for a thousand feet but stopping on the lip of the fierce earth-cliffed gorge in which the river runs. On the terrace of the castle is the throne on which the Mir sits in state; a couch of wood, made and carved locally.

Returning to breakfast I said good-bye to the Mir, thanking him heartily for his kindness and telling him how I had fallen in love with the country, its scenery and its people. We then left for Ataabad. This place was only nine miles distant but the going was frequently very bad; at some places the path, only three feet wide or less, hung on to crumbling precipices or crossed by frail railless bridges from one ledge to the next; at other points it dropped by terrible descents where a false step meant death, then struggled by zigzag paths up a shingly mountain side on which a two foot step made only six inches progress. We reached Ataabad early and camped in the open. From Aliabad on there were no more Dak Bungalows; only little cave-like huts of stone or rubble into which nothing but bad weather could drive one to spend the night.

Byond Ataabad the valley track, fording and refording

the river, was now impassable owing to the volume of water. It therefore became necessary to send our animals by a dangerous read over the mountains, involving a climb of some 1500 feet or more. About 6 pm. they left for the village of Ātaabad, some hundreds of feet above our camp, there to spend the night. An hour later word was brought to me that one of Colonel Etherton's stallions had slipped at a bad place in the road and fallen to his death. The saddle and bridle, badly damaged and broken, were brought to me in proof, but in order to satisfy myself definitely I climbed up to the scene of the accident on the following morning and saw the dead animal. As Abdullah said, perhaps more reverently, there was no use blaming anyone but God. He had fallen a hundred feet.

July 2. For the last few miles before we reached Ataabad and from that place to Galmit the scenery was of the most savage description. A couple of miles beyond Ataabad the "road" took to the cliffs; a mere goat-track, sometimes mounting the cliff in zigzags so short and steep as to suggest a spiral staircase when viewed from above, elsewhere consisting of stones laid cross ways on sticks stuck into the cliff or stretching from ledge to ledge, so narrow that if one put one's two feet end to end across it the toe of one boot would overhang the abyss. Some two or three miles from Galmit the river was spanned by a bridge of four slender wires, two being used as hand-rails and two to support, at intervals of two or three feet, fragile looking little planks of all shapes and sizes, of which some were missing. The hand-rails on each side were connected here and there with the lower wires by wire supports. Stepping from plank to plank and holding

on with each hand to the side ropes one crossed the bridge in order to reach a patch of newly opened land settled by men from Baltit; we watched two of these men crossing the bridge, one of whom became giddy and had to sit or lie on the planks until he recovered. The river here marked a linguistic boundary, the inhabitants of Galmit on the same side of the river as the road speaking Wakhi, a language akin, so I was told, to Tajik and Persian.

As we entered Galmit I was welcomed by another son of the Mir, a lad of sixteen with a yellow moustache and features which, while markedly distinct from those general in this country, bore a strong resemblance to those of his brother by the same mother, the Mir's eldest son. Accompanying us on Abdullah's pony to an orchard we settled down about 1 pm, the baggage arriving shortly afterwards. I should add that our ponies overtook us near the wire bridge above mentioned; it was with intense relief that we saw them all turn up safe and sound, as we had a feeling that the accident to Col. Etherton's horse the night before might well befall one of the remaining animals.

Galmit, and our orchard in particular, was a charming oasis in a desert of wild mountains of many-colored rocks. A mountain rising straight ahead of us with grey flanks and many snow sprinkled pinnacles which appeared impossible of ascent was typical of the contry; all of it rotten, this mountain mass seemed to have rotted away till only its bones were left.

July 3. Leaving our orchard an hour after the baggage

we soon had to leave the winter road, which follows the river bed, and strike high and inland. After passing the village of Ghulkin, nestling among green fields which occupied what appears to have once been a lake between the inner and outer moraines of a glacier, we had to cross the latter at a height of perhaps a thousand feet above the river; the crossing not difficult although the ponies slid about a good deal among the rocks and sand and mud which hid the ice. Some miles beyond we sent the ponies by a round about route while Abdullah and I and my Chinese friend, who preferred not to follow our advice and go with the ponies, crossed the moraines and the tip of the tongue of another small glacier. From moraine to moraine would have taken Abdullah and me twenty minutes, but as we had time and again to wait for my friend it actually took us nearly an hour, so when we reached the oasis of Passu we found the ponies already awaiting us. Although my friend is, for an educated Chinese, a stout walker yet it was impossible to disagree with the statements made by Abdullah as to the physical effeteness of Chinese all and sundry and their inability, as he said, to find their way unless it was painted in black or white between green fields.

Leaving Passu we rode for some two or three miles across a wide plain of river stones, only occasionally enlivened by a wild rose flowering red or bunches of some other desert plant with tufts of blue flowers; then turned up hill between the inner and outer moraines of a glacier which projected right across the wide valley. After a rise of some hundreds of feet we dismounted and crossed the glacier. A monster, so wide that the telegraph wire had to cross it in one span

of two miles; dirty with the stones and mud of ages, it was broken here and there by huge chasms which created cliffs of colorless ice. Only at one spot, a mile or more above the track by which we crossed the glacier, was there a ridge of clear white ice with just a suspicion of the blue-green color to which one is used in the more beautiful glaciers of Canada, Switzerland or Norway. The going was, for the ponies, terribly bad and I felt thankful when they all succeeded in crossing without a broken leg; though every one was bleeding from all four hocks and my own horse had a piece of flesh an inch long hanging from his nose,—the result of a fall on ice covered with mud and stones. From the top of the left moraine we watched my Chinese friend and the two men who had stayed behind to help him crawling at snail's pace in the middle of the glacier. It took him an hour and a half to cross it, with the result that further disparaging comments were made by more than one of those accompanying me as to the effete-ness of the Chinese race.

After passing the great glacier (Batur ghamu) the going was passably good, save for one place where the path, narrow and sloping at an alarming angle towards the river, clung for a few yards to the side of a cliff; the ponies had here all to be double led,—one man at the bridle and one holding the tail, and even so it was touch and go in the case of two out of the four. Reaching Khaiber after 6 pm we had to wait an hour or more before the baggage arrived; then camped on the roof of a house and passed the night enlivened by the squalling of ponies and the attacks of bugs.

July 4. The road to-day was good, in the sense that there was little or no danger of life or limb to the ponies. The river, halved in size after passing the Batur glacier, was halved again by the time we reached Gilcha; the third small patch of cultivation reached during the march from Khaiber. Shortly after leaving the latter place we had crossed by a bridge to the left bank of the stream. Some three miles beyond Gilcha the volume of water was again halved at a point where a valley leading to Afghanistan and Badakhshan branched off to the left. Incidentally, in this little inhabited region a branch road is described not as leading to a town or village but to a country. Between Bandipor and Misgar the first turning to the right near the bridge over the Indus beyond Bunji led to Ladakh and Tibet; the first turning to the left—at Gilgit—to Chitral; and here at Gilcha the second turning to the left led to Afghanistan.

Beyond Gilcha the road became impassible for animals and took to the mountain side, rising and falling, but principally rising till it was nearly 500 feet above the stream, backwards and forwards across which for a couple of miles our ponies had to wade with the water up to their bellies. We then crossed by a bridge back to the right bank of the stream and, ponies and all, rose to a great height above it, crossing shingle slopes on which the path consisted of a dimple the width of three fingers, and on which it was impossible to stand still for a moment,—if one did so path and all began to move downhill. Descending to the river and ascending again we came in sight of Misgar, some two miles away, but before reaching that goal we had again to cross the river chasm. On reaching the cliff top we were welcomed by the Arbab or village headman, the gentry,

Abdullah's brother who was engaged in trade between Sariqol and Baltit, and by a native of Hunza from the Telegraph Office who conveyed the invitation to stay at the latter. He persisted in talking Hindustani to me, of which I did not understand a word. By the amazement on his face at my failure to reply I gathered that he thought it the native language of all Europeans. At 6 pm we were welcomed by Jacobs und Theophilus, two kindly Anglo-Indians who uphold at this, the extreme northern limit of the Indian Empire, the dignity of the British flag. They live a lonely life, are as a rule kept here for two years at least and see only two or three times a year a party from the outside world,—such centres of civilization as Gilgit or Kashgar! They welcomed my suggestion that we should spend two nights here, and showed us a kindness and hospitality which we very much appreciated.

July 5. The day passed pleasantly and busily; I writing letters in the tent which had been put up for me, bringing my diary up to date and investigating Burushasky with the assistance of Jacobs who had given a little time to the study of that tongue.

Third intermezzo.

Karakoram Speaks.

It is I, Karakoram who speak. Old so, old, I know not all of what I say but still I speak; for naught else can I do. Yet dare I not say all of what I know.

It was fifty million years ago—or so; the world was young and I was young and she; light of my soul, was young.

I loved her and sought to be one with her, with my darling Himalaya. But God said, No!

Then my yearning for her increased and so sweetly did she look at me—or toward me, I was never certain which—that every stream that poured from me carried the refrain of my heart's love.

In defiance of God's command I again sought to be one with her. God again said, No! and warned me of the fate before me if again I disobeyed. And again I disobeyed.

Then God in his anger smote me. Year in and year out for a million years, or it may have been a thousand, or ten million, all the bolts of his wrath struck me. The forests of great trees that clothed me disappeared; some were eaten by fire, some perished because rain would not fall upon me. When they were all dead rain fell day and night for generations of men, until the soil was washed from me; and when even the inmost of my rocks was saturated the rain stopped and cold descended and I thought my heart would freeze and I was glad. But it froze not, for thaw came and my rocks burst and my vitals were exposed. Then it rained again and then again it froze; and so through millions of years. And my bones rotted and continue to rot and fall asunder until this day.

Still my yellow rocks, rocks brown and white and gray and black and red, ache in their age-long agony. Huge boulders balanced on nothing suffer for a thousand years the pain of terrible suspense.

Turrets and pinnacles and solid square towers cap my mountain walls; sometimes my summits are lined with scanty snow, sometimes the approaches to them are still beautiful

with patches of greensward where melted snow water has been able to find a little soil; in general the only variant to my monotony is in colors or shades or twisted formations of rock or shingle or sand. Here one of my peaks is fantastically embroidered as if it were of yellow-pink ivory, the ivory not cut through but so finely carved that it appears to you translucent. It is translucent; that which you see is the glare of flames within. Here from the boulder precipice overhanging the river stretches upwards for a mile sheer a catastrophic slope of dark shingle; the yellow rocks which break its coloring and appear to you at a distance like raging flames,—they are but a dim miniature of the flames that once scorched and withered me. At more than one place my face, yellow as if jaundiced, is splashed with great red splodges; there and there alone in recent millenniums has there been a little life, and from those places the blood has poured.

Do you see those age-old river banks, tier upon tier of them standing out upon my slopes; hard yellow clay cliffs and cliffs of boulders and black glacier sand and shingle? A million years ago the stuff of which those cliffs were made was left here by the rivers of a continent; then great streams carried through my fertile valleys the drainage of what you would call Central Asia. Now that continent is no more; it has been washed and blown away for ages and only the grassy Pamir and great deserts and ridges of barren rock remain.

Oh, but I am utterly lonely and ever dying, never dead. God, let me die!

(Diary, continued)

July 6. Our party, with the addition of Jacobs who accepted our invitation to accompany us as far as Murkushi, ascended the valley to the junction of streams from the Turkestan and Afghanistan frontiers, then turned up the valley of the former. Shortly after entering it we passed the Consular Guard returning from Kashgar; 35 Gurkhas of the Kashmir Imperial Service Force under a native officer who, alone of the party, did not think it worth while to speak to me or give me even a salutation.

While the mountain sides preserved their bare, forbidding aspect the river was now, at places which become more and more frequent, bordered by willows and birch trees while here and there was a patch of natural grass, of vivid green and dotted with golden flowers. At Murkushi the streams from the Kilik and Mintaka passes join, and both banks of these are covered with a dense growth of willow while the area under pasturage appears to have been extensive until a large part of it was covered with river stones during spates which took place some years ago. It hailed and rained, making us glad that we had brought a tent with us from Misgar; the name Murkushi signifies "rain" in Wakhi, so I was told.

July 7. Bidding farewell to Jacobs we commenced the ascent to Mintaka at 7am, the baggage having left previously. At and near Boyhil the valley floor was carpeted with luscious short grass, gay with flowers, on which many herds of sheep and goats were busy at work. Two or three

miles later the grass gave way to an expanse of glacier sand and a mile farther on at Gulkhoja Wain (signifying in Walhi, I was told, the "Pass of Flowers in Bloom"), eight miles from Murkushi, the last ascent began. At this place there was nothing but one miserable stone shack close to the tongue of a glacier little more beautiful or interesting than those usual in this part of the world; nothing growing or living near to it, if one except a few stray tarbagans from the other side of the pass. We were glad we had not broken our journey at this abandoned spot.

Beyond Gulkhoja Wain the road is steep and rocky; not dangerous for ponies but so rough that all their hocks started bleeding again. Shortly after noon we reached the summit, — all of us except my Chinese friend, who had once again managed to miss his way on an exceptionally well-marked road. As I had left him behind only an hour before he gave us a good deal of anxiety before he turned up more than two hours after the rest of the party, having been seen and hailed by a couple of baggage porters while trying to ascend the mountain in a quite impossible direction. Shortly after three the whole caravan had arrived and were duly photographed on the summit of the Mintaka Pass. We then continued, the road rising slightly for half a mile or so over villainous black rocks, and descended (past the "last house in India") by the steepest of zigzag paths to the wide Pamir valley which opened below. The country on the north side of the pass was utterly different to that on the other side. There were hills of considerable steepness, their tops capped with snow; the larger part of their flanks

was bare of grass; sometimes the whole of the valley floor was covered with river stones. Nevertheless it was a country of life. The hills were not precipitous, they were not dead, they did not bear the mark of evil. Sweet, short grass spangled with flowers, at first existent only in patches, soon increased until it covered the whole of the wide valley and rose by gentle slopes to the snow and rock line, high up the hill side. Apart from wild life of which there was plenty—noisy tarbagans and birds different from those to the south—there was for some miles nothing but our trail, faintly marked by the imprints of yaks' and ponies' hoofs, to show that men had passed this way. Some seven miles from the pass we met a man riding a yak; a couple of miles beyond came to a tent with pretty, fair-haired, shy children; then to Mintaka karaul, where we spent the night. Lurgaz, the end of the usual stage from Gulkhoja Wain, was non-existent, its inhabitants having removed to a place where the grass was more abundant.

It appeared that the * aq-oi or tent which had been put up at this place for me to lodge in owing to information of my coming left by Mr Skrine's party (the officials had done nothing, though duly informed by the Acting Consul General at Karshgar) had been removed an hour before we arrived so we reclined on Khotan carpets in the one existing tent, that of Mohammed Bei, drank immense quantities of milk, talked to numerous people all of whom had a greater or less knowledge of Turki, and endeavoured with no success to entice the children from their shyness. Finally the sheep came home from the hill pasturages and one of them, led into the tent, was presented

* lit. white house.

to me in order that I might pass the death sentence upon it. This I had to do, although it required considerable resolution in the face of the gentle animal which I was told, to make matters worse, was still in its first year. Later, the "white house" intended for our use having been brought back and set up, we adjourned to it, ate much of the sheep we had just killed, and embarked on a night of dreamless sleep.

After the tents which I had seen in Mongolia I was surprised at the very large dimensions of the tents at Mintaka. They were built on somewhat the same system as the Mongol tent; wooden frame work forms a vertical tube rising some four feet from the ground, on top of that a dome, the sticks forming the frame of which converge to an open circle in the centre. This opening is covered at night, during rain or in cold weather. The framework was throughout covered on the outside with felt. Mahommed Bei is a Tajik, as are nearly all the people in this neighbourhood; Abdullah told me that thirty four years ago his countrymen came down and exterminated the Kirghiz, by whom the country was then populated, since which time only Tajiks, who like the Hunzalanders are followers of the Aga Khan, have ventured to settle here. They are a cleaner race than the Kanjutis, not so good-looking but still very Aryan in appearance. Mahommed's tent was well-furnished; mud stove in the middle, Khotan rugs on the floor, a score or more of clean-looking bedding rolls neatly piled up round the tent wall, some boxes or trunks of Russian origin, made of painted wood decorated with iron on which the gayest of colors were enameled. There were numerous China bowls and dishes, all kept spotlessly

clean; gun and binoculars, presents from a British officer. A section of the tent was secluded by Khotan rags hung from the tent ceiling, and therein were pails of cream and milk, both fresh and sour, and various preparations therefrom. We were told that if this section were cleared and all the bedding rolls and boxes removed forty people could sleep in the tent, and we could quite believe it.

July 8. Our road to-day lay down the valley, which gradually became broader. The hills on each side were, to an unaccustomed eye, bare save for occasional patches of emerald set with gold or turquoise,—grass made gay with celadine or rock-rose, buttercup or primula. Sometimes our path lay across luscious grass, sometimes across stony ground of which the desert vegetation reminded one of that on the other side of the frontier. Apart from a few camels pasturing near the stream there was no sign of resident human life until we neared Paik, but we passed a caravan of some 20 animals laden with felt and "kham", the coarse cotton cloth of Kashgar, which were in process of transit to Kabul; a pass adjacent to the Kilik leads to Afghanistan which, as well as Russian territory, is only some 20 odd miles distant from Mintaka Karaul. We also met an "ishan" or religious leader of the Aga Khan faith; he was greeted with the utmost reverence by the four or five Kanjutis who were traveling in my company.

At Paik, 25 miles from the frontier, we met the first sign of Chinese dominion in the shape of ten soldiers and a corporal; the latter a confirmed opium smoker of thirty, a native of Shensi. The men under his command appeared to be an utterly degenerate lot, their brain and physique

having rotted through the lack of anything to do. Nine were Turkis, the remaining man a Chinese Mahommedan from Sining. The "fort" occupied by this frontier post of China was a small mud-walled enclosure containing one place which might by courtesy be styled a house, and two or three dens in which most of the soldiers lived. The only other erections in Paik, apart from two dilapidated, "white houses" put up for our use, were in the compound of the Kanjuti in charge of the British postal station; in addition there were the foundations of the quarters occupied until recently by a detachment of Hunza scouts, stationed here for some two years by arrangement with the Chinese. As at Mintaka Karaul no news of my arrival had been received from the Sariqol authorities.

My Chinese friend had seized the opportunity of doing the day's journey on the back of a yak. Together with a Tajik who accompanied him he arrived only an hour after our ponies, their animals having kept up a sort of uneasy trot nearly the whole way. The baggage animals did not arrive for another two hours or more, their average speed being only two miles an hour. During the evening it rained and hailed, and a cold wind blew till we shivered inside our well-ventilated tents and had to go to bed to keep warm.

July 9. We continued down the valley which after about ten miles turned north; another valley here joined ours from the south, leading to the terrible Kanjerab Pass over which Colonel Etherton had to travel on his recent journey south owing to snow rendering the Mintaka and Kilik routes impracticable. Shortly after the turn in the valley we

saw on the left bank of the stream the first patch of cultivation. A mile or so further on we stopped for our midday rest at a tent belonging to a Wakhi family, to the little girl of which I made insidious love while her mother was milking sheep and goats outside. The big area partly cultivated with oats and barley which constitutes Daftur was soon afterwards entered, and we put up at the house of the Wakhi in charge of the British postal station. Here again we were quite unexpected, which led to an outburst of swearing by Abdullah in his own language. Burushasky seems, in his expert mouth, to be quite a useful language for the purpose, but it cannot stand comparison with Wakhi, an explosion in which occurred soon after we arrived. A wild storm of gutturals and sibilants and explosives, I can think of no language to equal it;—unless, perhaps, Arabic, of the potency of which I retain vague memories.

From Daftur on the valley again became wider, and far away to the north snow mountains came in sight, very different to the snow capped hills, only some three or five thousand feet higher than the valley floor, by which our view was bounded to east and west. These were the mass of Muztagh Ata, Father of Ice Mountains, a name which has fascinated me since, at the age of eighteen, I read Sven Hedin's "Across Asia".

The whole population of Daftur, which consists of some tens of households, are Wakhis; according to Abdullah they fled from Afghan soldiers in Afghanistan some 50 or 80 years ago and settled here.

July 10. We started at 6 and rode for eight hours, with but two short breaks, down the valley, which must have varied in width from two to four miles. A good part

of the way lay over stony ground, some of it over stony desert or "sai", but there were some delightful stretches where one's horse cantered for miles over grass. Some 20 odd miles from Daftur the trees of Tashqorghan came into view, though it was doubtful what they were at the distance at which we saw them; the mirage frequently magnified stones into houses. When we were eight miles away my friend guessed the distance at 2 or 3 miles. Not far from Tashqorghan we passed the British wireless operator recently at Kashgar, who had been recalled to India with his instruments. During the few minutes conversation I had with him he informed me, to my amazement, that he had ridden a pony over the Mintaka pass. As we neared Tashqorghan the stone desert turned into a wide area of irrigated land growing wheat and barley, while the river was broken into a dozen arms meandering among pasture lands of the richest green on which countless ponies, cattle and sheep were feeding. The round tents of their owners, Tajiks and Kirghiz, dotted the landscape. The pasture land must have been a mile or more in width and some miles in length. The cultivators were all house-dwelling Tajiks.

The only dwelling passed during the day, apart from two tents seen some miles away from the road was a tent shaped winter-house of mud belonging to Kirghiz; at this time of year they were high up in the hills where there is good grass. The erection had no aperture but a very small, low door and a smoke hole in the roof, which was carried upwards in the form of an oast-house. One would say that in winter the temperature inside such a house would be delightful but the atmosphere fetid.

The "District City" of Tashqorghian or P'u-li Hsien, as the Chinese call it, consists, first, of the magistrate's yamen, a few mud-brick buildings surrounded by a castelated mud wall; secondly, of the bazaar, a mud street between mud shops from which a few goods are sold; thirdly, of the Chinese fort, a mud erection crowning a mud hill and occupied by about a hundred so-called soldiers; fourthly, of the former Russian fort, another mud building occupying its own mud hill, smaller but neater and more formidable than its Chinese rival, and, finally, of the house of the British aqsaqal which stands on another mud hill just behind the magistrate's yamen. Of these the most charming place was the last named. In a little courtyard containing a winding stream and many willows were two rooms, set apart for the use of the Kashgar Consulate staff. It is true that the plaster had fallen off the walls, that the legs of the table dropped off when one lifted it and that the felts on the floor emitted clouds of dust whenever a foot fell on them, —sometimes, we thought, whenever an eye fell on them; nevertheless it was a delightful little place with all the comforts of home. There was a chair to sit on and a table for my typewriter; there was tobacco to be bought, of some Turkestan variety which required half a box of matches to a pipe, but that did not matter, for there were matches to be bought as well; there was plenty of curry to eat and plenty of milk to drink. Outside one's door there were snow mountains and green pasture lands and wheat fields and here and there a grove of trees to look upon. Over the mountains was Russia, a day's march away; at one's beck and call were representatives of peoples speaking eight different languages and representing such different cultures as those of the Punjab, the China

Coast, Kashmir and Hunan;—and I do not suppose that the population of Tashqorghan proper can be more than 300.

The British Aqsaqal or Consular Agent (literally “white-beard”) was an elderly Punjabi; willing to help, courteous and hospitable, he at once placed before us a vast assemblage of Chinese cakes, pistachio nuts from Badakhshan, junket and home-made buns, Chinese tea and milk. Later in the day a petty official came to call, an “Inspector” theoretically stationed at Paik. He was old, filthy, deaf and ignorant, and spoke a Hunanese dialect all but unintelligible to my friend or myself; thus showing that he had left some remote village at an age when he was unable to learn anything more intelligible to the rest of the world. His main object in calling was, it appeared, to ask me to take his photograph. I gratified his wish on the following day, but unfortunately the photograph was a failure.

July 11. I spent the day attending to correspondence and reading newspapers which had been sent from Kashgar to meet me. In the morning I called on the District Magistrate, a confirmed opium smoker but an inoffensive person of some education who had spent 30 years in the province; he had acted as a very subordinate official under his son-in-law until the latter was murdered some six months ago. He was unable to give any satisfactory explanation of his having done nothing to assist me in my journey from the frontier to Tashqorghan, but apologized abjectly, so I agreed not to press the matter.

July 12. I explored the ruins of the old Turki city of Tashqorghan. It had had a stone wall from which the place takes its name (“Stone Fort”). The rest of the day was

given up to reading and eating, except for half an hour spent in giving medical attention to Abdullah's pony. The pony had shown some difficulty in micturating when at Mintaka karaul and had not been ridden since. In consequence Abdullah deemed it advisable to perform a medical operation on him at Daftur, at which place two loose bones were skilfully removed from the side of his nostrils. Strange to say this did not effect a cure, as he to-day developed two large boils on his back, the bursting of which called for my intervention.

The magistrate invited us to lunch, an interesting function which took place on a terrace in a willow grove. A whole sheep, roasted, was put on the table and eaten with the fingers; the remains being rapidly devoured by numerous Tajiks, Turkis and a few subordinate Chinese. After the feast Tajiks played music and danced, the dancing being precisely similar to that seen in Hunza and the music similar in tune but performed on different instruments, while a few Turkis gave the same kind of performance on the other side of the terrace during part of the time that the Turki music was proceeding, quite indifferent to any clashing. The Turki music was perhaps more attractive, the dancing less so; while the attitude of the band provided a poor contrast to that of the Tajiks. The latter entered gaily into the spirit of the thing; their hearts danced even though they were sitting on the ground. The Turki performance was lugubrious by contrast.

July 13. We started about 9 am for Darshat, the baggage as usual being sent on ahead. Farewell cards were exchanged with the magistrate, one of the least interesting of his opium-sodden staff came to say good-bye, and the whole popul-

ation, transitory or resident, of British or would-be British nationality accompanied us on horseback for a couple of miles; the Aqsaqal resplendent in a purple robe. Bidding everyone farewell we rode down the valley for some six miles as far as the place where it turned abruptly to the east and narrowed to a gorge. We here found a couple of Tajik tents, in one of which we each consumed the usual quart or two of milk. Leaving the tents we soon struck nearly due north (the general trend of the Tashqorghān valley is north by east) into low hilly country in which nothing grew but here and there a grey-green desert plant or thistle. Winding up a narrow gully we soon came to a broad sloping expanse of desert country, from which we turned into a valley with south-easterly trend a mile or so before Darshat. This was one of the most uninteresting camps we had so far made; desert hills of low elevation on each side, a narrow stony valley with a small torrent, a single low stone house and the tent put up for our reception.

July 14. An easy climb of some 3,000 feet brought us to the Kōkmoinok Pass at the top of the Darshat ravine. A little more vegetation began to appear as we approached the snow-line and after crossing the pass a descent of seven or eight hundred feet brought us to a bottom three or four miles in diameter in which short grass was plentiful. I was told that some 15 or 20 Tajik "white houses" were scattered about this bottom during the summer and the herds of sheep, goats and yaks, with a few ponies, which we saw grazing in the distance bore this out. These people all descend to the Tashqorghān valley or other lower levels during the

winter. We crossed the bottom and camped for the night in one of four adjoining tents at Chichekilik. The little girls were here, I regret to say, extremely shy and I had to content myself with two small boys, one of whom played up satisfactorily.

At this elevation rain never falls, so the Tajiks told us. Every twenty days or so during the summer there is a fall of snow, perhaps six inches in depth, which melts as soon as the sun comes out.

Chichekilik marks the limit of Tajik settlement. From this place on until we entered country inhabited by Turkis the only inhabitants were Kirghiz. The view from our camp was such as we had not had at any other place; a wide bottom surrounded on all but a fraction of its circumference by snow covered summits not far above us, with distant snow-mountains visible through the gap. The grass was dotted with great quantities of small Alpine wild-flowers and primulas.

July 15. We started early in order to cross the adjacent Pass, Yambulaq or Yangi Dawan, before the sun had begun to melt the snow. In this we were successful but the cold was so intense that we had to dismount and climb the last part of the ascent on foot. The snow was frozen hard; I reckoned that there were three or four degrees of frost at Chichekilik and some eight or ten degrees on the summit. Leaving camp at 6.20 we reached the top of the pass at 7.40 and the end of snow on the far or eastern side at 8.20 The pass was higher than the Mintaka but there was nothing very wonderful to see from it. The great sweep of unbroken snow rising for a couple of thousand feet from the top of the

pass to the summit immediately north of the road and a distant glimpse of snow mountains beyond Tashqorghan lit up with startling clearness of detail by the rising sun were of course beautiful, but there was no view of otherworldly beauty such as one so often has from the summits of passes in Europe, eastern China and elsewhere. All the passes which we have so far crossed have been a disappointment in that respect.

On descending the eastern side of the pass we found the whole valley covered with rich short grass, bottom and hill slopes as well, as far down as Yambulaq at any rate. The land was swarming with tarbagans whose cry might be described as being sometimes "Oh you, you, you can't catch me" and sometimes as just a brief "I see you". After descending for some miles we passed herds of yaks and flocks of sheep and goats at graze. Sometimes the general greenness of the landscape was enlivened by patches of golden flame, the grass in marshy places being overgrown with one or other kind of yellow flower; such a spot might do for a meeting of kings, a "Field of the cloth of Gold".

After a short day's march we reached Yambulaq, where one of eleven Kirghiz tents was placed at our disposal. The structure and contents of this tent were much the same as in the case of the Tajik tents which we had already visited, though in this case our host was a wealthy man, dignified with the title of Beg, and the tent which he placed at our disposal and its furnishings were exceptionally luxurious. The portion of the tent in which milk was kept was veiled off by a screen of reeds in and out among which woolen thread had been wound; blue and white formed

an attractive design on a background of red. The tent was built in the usual way but strengthened by bands of woven woolen stuff, 4, 6 or 8 inches in width, which were passed round some of the supports and stretched between them and the felt exterior of wall or ceiling. Some of the patterns of these suggested brocade and were of a quiet, harmonious coloring which was very pleasing.

July 16. We started at 6.30, our host Ibrahim Beg kindly sending with us his youngest son to help us over the fords. The first ford proved an easy matter. At the second ford Abdullah crossed first but had to dismount in mid-stream as his pony was in danger of being washed away. Both fortunately reached shore in safety, but Abdullah's embroidered Kanjuti clothes were stained a brilliant green in consequence of some cheap dyed stuff having been used for the pockets. The rest of us crossed a short distance above, most of us on yaks which are surer footed than ponies. As it was we all got a little wet but fortunately the baggage crossed without serious mishap. A little money would provide a bridge at this place; a little labor would construct a path round the face of the cliff, thus saving two crossings of the main stream as well as the crossing of the tributary which comes straight down from Chichekilik and joins the Yambulaq stream just below this worst ford; but needless to say the Chinese authorities do nothing.

From Yambulaq to Tolbolong the valley descends rapidly. The scenery is in parts very wild, the mountains rising precipitously from the narrow strip of green which borders the torrent. At Tolbolong there is a considerable area under cultivation, —barley and oats —,and a number of "white

houses" as well as one or two shacks exist. At this place we changed our transport animals and turned sharply up a valley entering ours from the north; the main valley ran east. A rapid ascent took us in two hours to the summit of the Törat Pass. From this pass we should, I think, have had the finest view of the whole journey, but unfortunately the weather was somewhat hazy. An hour's fast walk took me from the summit of the pass to Chir Gumbaz, which we found deserted. Turning up the valley which we struck at this place another three miles brought us to Qoi-yoli in a side valley rarely, if ever, visited by a European. The Kirghiz womenfolk at this place had never even seen a European or a Chinese. They were charmingly inquisitive. They had never seen a looking-glass and therefore each and every one was ignorant of her own facial appearance until she had a look in ours. They were fortunately good-looking women and all seemed to bear the shock without a shudder. My typewriter, electric torch, toothbrush, hairbrush, etc, were of course equally novel and I had some difficulty in persuading an elderly gentleman not to use my hairbrush on his beard. I typed out visiting cards for all the children, who showed intense delight, and then conveyed an immense impression of the joint powers of the typewriter and myself by copying in capitals the words "Literary Supplement", which they compared with the original and found correct.

Sleep was somewhat disturbed by a quarrel which arose during the night between a stallion and a mare. Nobody but I appeared to be awakened by the row, so I arose and woke my Ladakhi, who came to the door of the tent

muttering solemnly "There arn't any mares". I replied "Bar (i. e. there are), you fool". He wandered aimlessly about and then said it might have been a quarrel between a yak and a pony. I told him to stop it whatever it was. A short while afterwards the trouble started again and I heard two or three men moving about and, finally, hitting the pegs by which ponies are lethered in this country. When morning broke I found that it was, as I had suspected, a quarrel between a stallion and a mare. The Ladakhi, of course, never mentioned the matter again.

The country here again showed a marked change as compared with that in the Yambulaq valley; there were green hills, green valleys, gentler slopes and only one peak visible on which a little snow still remained. The higher slopes of the hills on one side of the valley were covered with brushwood, among which about sundown we saw a deer moving.

July 17. We started at 7. The foot of the Kaskasu Pass, the last on our journey, was some three or three and a half miles distant, half of this being the descent of the Qoi-yoli valley and half the ascent of the main valley leading to the pass. From the foot a very steep climb of about a thousand feet brought us to the summit, from which one had a view over a considerable area of rolling down dotted with yaks, sheep and goats at pasture; the grass of a vivid green plentifully grown with wild flowers and dotted with hundreds of tarbagans, which one and all uttered their impertinent chirp as soon as they caught sight of us. From this point on the journey became a somewhat depressing one. Every step we took brought us nearer to the plains. The sides of the

valley became lower, less green, more forbidding; it was uninhabited until a point six or eight miles below Toqoi Bashi, where we spent the night. At Yelpaqtash, some eight miles from the foot of the pass, some Kirghiz who had been entertaining Mr Skrine's party replaced their colored felts on the ground and regaled us with "qaimaq"; a material which the dictionary declares to be cream, but which appeared to me at the time to be definable as milk which had not yet made up its mind whether to be butter or cheese. We were told that many Kirghiz whose tents would be found in the valley at other seasons of the year had at this time removed to the high valleys and mountain tops with their flocks and herds; occasionally through a side valley a glimpse would be caught of a patch of green grass high in the heavens, while everything nearer earth was brown or yellow or grey. At Toqoi Bashi we found that, as usual, no preparations had been made to receive my party; in this case, perhaps, owing to the fact that I was now traveling fast. My candles, matches and, worse still, tobacco were on the point of giving out and I had decided that, under the circumstances, there was nothing to be gained by continuing to wait indefinitely for Mr Skrine's party. We slept in a meadow and were fortunate in not having the heavy rain which at one time appeared to threaten; I remember being surprised by the force of a single rain-drop falling on my forehead while asleep.

Fourth Intermezzo.

Pamir.

Once again I am in a wide land. Hills with snow-capped summits slope down to broad valleys, in which clear-water streams meander. Many miles behind me I left the tent wherein I passed the night; I shall ride for many a mile before I see another and there I shall, Inshallah, spend to-night; lying on Khotan rugs and drinking milk, cold or hot, sour or mixed with tea and salted with the rock-salt of Badakhshan.

The hillsides are generally bare and brown; sometimes they even try to imitate those terrible slopes of rock or shingle which fill the landscape and the imagination on the southern side of the mountains. But here and there, on the steepest slopes, a little water seeps from the rocky hill and helps to spread a carpet of the richest green. In Pamir are all the jewels of an Emperor's treasury. There is jade and emerald, there is gold and amethyst and turquoise, and there are diamonds; —the grass, the flowers that lend it in patches all the colors of the rainbow, and the sun's dazzle on running water. Some times, it is true, one's road lies over stony ground, of which the desert vegetation reminds one of that growing on the bare Gilgit mountains; but there is always the anticipated change to a gallop over turf, spongy with water and decked with cheerful flowers.

I must admit that I was at times disappointed with Pamir. I had looked for a country of vast rolling expanses of luxuriant

grass bounded by gentle hills. Instead Pamir was in places a desert, hills and valleys alike, and the hills, too gentle to be imposing, were too stony and barren to climb with pleasure. My companion Abdullah told me that on the Russian side of the mountains west of Tashqorghan there is a wonderful plain covered with tall grass. I hope there is, but I have long found that his descriptions of any country other than that in which he happens to be at the moment are apt to be colored by optimism.

But Pamir taken as a whole is a fascinating country, different from all others that one has seen or read about. Yonder tent belongs to a Kanjuti; his language Burushasky. His next-door neighbour, fifteen miles away, is a Tajik, speaking his own Persian-like language; and the next inhabitant beyond him, another fifteen miles away, is a Wakhi, a fugitive from Afghanistan who speaks another tongue. This person we meet on the road is a Chitrali; a leader of those who follow the Aga Khan, he is reverentially greeted by Kanjuti, Tajik and Wakhi. His body-servant is a Kirghiz who, if he understood anything of religious matters, would regard his master as a damnable heretic; for he himself is of the Sunni sect. That caravan, carrying Kashgar goods from Yarkand to Kabul, is in the hands of Russian subjects, natives of Andijan. Finally the soldiers at the little post nearest the Indian frontier are Turkis, the corporal in charge being a Chinese. All save the Kirghiz are recent colonists.

But Pamir is really the home of a widely different race to any of the above; its numbers exceed many hundred fold the total of all other inhabitants. If ever there is a Republic of Pamiria a figure of that race will surely stand upon the national

coat of arms; inquisitive and erect, like a large yellow penguin. When in distant continents the patriotic Pamirian looks at the board perpending his Consul's door his breast will swell with noble emotions as he thinks of the piercing birdlike cry of the Pamir marmot; cheerful with a touch of melancholy, impertinent yet fearsome.

And Pamiria of course will have a flag like other lands. Its colors will be white, blue, brown and green; the reason for which appears in the lines which close this writing.

In the distant south are mountains, unlit by setting sun;
 Their summits white with snow, their base blue-black.
 To the left a dome covered with deep snow;
 To the right the hills are sprinkled as with golden
 mist,—clouds illuminated by setting sun.

Nearer hill slopes all around are brown,
 And in the midst the vale is beautiful with flower-rich grass.
 I must go to the tent and join my friend.
 As I do so one peak of the southern mountains is
 caught by the sun.

(Diary, continued).

July 18. The yaks which brought us from Qoi-yoli to Toqoi Bashi were here paid off, with the exception of one animal belonging to a man who disappeared during the night. He apparently feared that constraint might be put him

to accompany us further down the valley, rather than face the risk of which he went without pay for the long day during which he had accompanied us.

Some eight or more miles below Toqoi Bashi we struck at a place called Aktala the first habitation seen since our start the previous morning, a "white house" inhabited by a widow, then at work in distant fields, and two filthy children of seven and eight respectively. The elder said he was ten years old, his brother a year younger, but this was only a guess; no Kirghiz keeps track of his age and these children were, so they said, the sons of a Kirghiz father and a Kashgari mother. The elder child broke into tears more than once while giving us some milk, in spite of the fact that we told him we would give him in money several times what the milk was worth. The tent was a miserably poor one, covered with leprous felts. The child only smiled once during the quarter of an hour or so that we were with him,—when Abdullah, hearing of his mixed parentage, said "Why, you're a mule then!". From this place to the mouth of the valley the inhabitants were mixed Kirghiz and Turkis, thereafter only Turki. The last few miles of the valley were distinguishable from a North China valley in early May only by the presence of a few tall "American" poplars. As we progressed the valley widened out, its bed from hill to hill completely occupied by river stones. A mile from the mouth we passed a fortification erected in past times by the Chinese in the effort to protect themselves and their Turki subjects from Kirghiz invasion. On reaching the open country the river spreads its devastation over an even wider area; a desert of stones in the midst of

a sea of baked mud. To the north a precipitous promontory runs far out into this sea; at its end two poplars rise like the masts of a stranded ship. We reached Igez Yar, a delightful oasis in the desert after a total ride given by an Indian Government publication as 37 miles, estimated by me as 21 and forecasted by Abdullah as 9. We were accommodated in a comfortable Turki house next door to that occupied by Mr Skrine's party and were kindly asked to dine with them; a pleasant change from a prolonged diet of Abdullah's rough and ready preparation. Mr Skrine and I decided that we should go together to Yangi-hissar on the following day, from which place I would push on to Kashgar in one day; thus escaping the formal welcome which I understood from Mr Fitzmaurice would otherwise await me and at the same time being able to witness and take part in the welcome accorded to Mr Skrine when he arrived a day later.

July 19. Starting at 9 we found that the distance to Söget, the alleged halfway place on the road to Yangi-hissar, was very short, and we arrived there shortly after 11, though doing most of the march at a walking pace. The elevation became gradually lower as we advanced and for most of the way the road lay through country not far removed from desert. Shortly before we reached Söget the British Aqsaqal of Yangi-hissar came to meet us. Having heard only of the coming of Mr Skrine he was much disturbed by the presence of Mr Skrine's guest and of myself with the party and even after we had partaken of the refreshments of fruit and other eatables spread for our entertainment under the village willow trees he appeared in doubt as to which

of us was really the Consul General.

At Söget I left the Consul General and party to face alone the reception by the Hindu traders, or rather Shikarpuri money-lenders, of Yangi-hissar, which took place some miles along the road, and the Chinese official reception which took place not far from the city. In the case of the Hindus I told Abdullah to explain that the Consul General was not far behind, thanked them for their invitation to stop and be refreshed, but declined it on the plea that I knew no Indian language. On reaching the place for the Chinese official reception I found that the magistrate had not yet arrived. The guard of honor were, however, present and were intensely startled to see me suddenly appear. A panic ensued such as might have been explained, but not justified, had a party of cossacks suddenly rushed at them sword in hand. They first endeavoured to form up on the left side of the road, then on both sides, then again on the left side; opium sodden officers danced about shrieking at and cursing the men, while one at least kept on hitting them with the flat of his drawn sword. Having paused for the confusion to abate my friend and I passed them at a quick trot verging on a gallop, as our ponies were alarmed at the unaccustomed blare of bugles and waving of enormous flags. Entering the town we met the magistrate, who spoke a few words to me and then went on to meet the Consul General. We continued to our hotel through streets shaded with branches of trees laid on top of an open staging; the shops themselves had a general resemblance to those in a Chinese town of similar size. At the hotel which appeared to be a speculation of the local Colonel Commandant, I

established myself in the second story of a tower, from which one had an entrancing view of the mountains just left, as well as others some sixty or seventy miles away, to the north of Kashgar. The magistrate was kind enough to make the first call and pressed me so hard to stay for the lunch which he proposed to give to the Consul General on the following day that I surrendered and accepted his offer of a "poshta" or Russian carriage to convey me to Kashgar that afternoon and evening.

July 20. After exploring the town in the accompany of a broken-down Kashgarian who alleged that he had accompanied Sir A. Stein on one occasion as Chinese-Turki interpreter we went to the magistrate's yamen at 11 as arranged but unforuntately had to wait for Mr Skrine's party for over an hour, as he had been detained by a call from the local "qazi". It was after two before my friend and I got away, and then we had a further delay a couple of miles from the city at a rest-house where we descended to drink a farewell cup of tea with the Magistrate, the Colonel Commandant and the remaining guest at our luncheon party, the ex-Magistrate of Yangi-hissar who was still in the throes of handing over. Before 6 pm we reached Yapchan, the town half way to Kashgar at which Mr Skrine proposed to stay the night. Just outside the north gate we saw a monument in Chinese put up over the bones of 500 soldiers who were caught at this place a hundred years ago or more, owing to the bridge over a river north of the town being broken, and were massacred to a man.

The last part of the journey was delayed by water on the road, with which no one in the party appeared to be

well acquainted, but we finally drove up to the Consulate about 11 o'clock and were welcomed by Mr Fitzmaurice. An hour later we walked over to the house and garden about a mile distant which he had kindly secured for me and there, after unpacking our belongings, we had a few hours sleep before rising to go to the reception of Mr Skrine and his party on the following morning.

Finale.

My Kashgar Garden.

I have a house with broad verandahs front and back and beyond them pergolas hung with red and yellow grapes. I write in what I must in English call my sitting-room, lying upon a dais covered with an old Khotan carpet of rich red and made luxurious by wine-red cushions of Chinese silk. Curtains with Khotan pattern of red and pink and maroon hang over the windows, Kirghiz felts with red design on a blue ground cover the floors of the passages surrounding the dais. Whitewashed walls and wooden pillars, unstained and unpainted, rise to support a ceiling of closely fitted wooden slats laid across the beams. Recesses in the walls framed by carved wood provide room for my books.

From the sitting-room doors lead right and left into bedrooms; on their floors white felt faintly scored with designs of pale pink and blue, Khotan curtains on the windows and over a large recess in the wall which serves the purpose of a wardrobe.

And there are of course many other rooms; dining

room and kitchen, store room and servants' kitchen; a suite of apartments for a guest; a large room with two tiny windows for which I cannot find a purpose or a name; granaries in which to store grain and beans and melons and onions for the winter. Then there are the ponies' quarters; stabling for fourteen animals, storerooms for winter grain and hay, and commodious quarters for half a dozen grooms. Perhaps you will say that this is not enough for an annual rental of twelve pounds sterling. Well, for that sum I have of course a garden in addition to the house. Beyond the front pergola a broad wild bed of cosmos and hollyhocks stretches for more than the length of the house. Beyond the flower bed and the fruit trees which border it is a square grove of a hundred tall willow trees; in the middle of the grove a pool of clear water and round the pool an open space where carpets and felts are spread for me and my friends to lie upon and eat my garden fruits. For there are several hundred fruit trees in my garden, around and beyond the willow grove and bounding on all four sides my two fields of lucern,— I had all but forgotten them, though they fill an acre or two. The fruits are of so many kinds and many of them are so incredibly luscious that if I tried to describe them or even told you their names you would think I was trying to sell my garden or promote a company for fruit cultivation at Kashgar. So I will only speak of one of them, the peach. I have, of course, several kinds of peaches in my garden, ripening at different seasons, but the peach I will tell you about is the one I now hold in my hand; just now, this minute, ripe and perfect beyond compare. Her complexion is of a pale and dainty yellow,

deepening on one cheek to the most enchanting of pink blushes. Her skin is so soft, so titillatory that I have to control my hand which would otherwise crush her delicate form in a spasm of extasy. Her odor is so exquisite that my lips quiver with delight and that sickly feeling of overpowering love gives me a feeling of weakness in the whole region from the neck to the abdomen. I struggle against the desire to make myself one with her; struggle and fail. By a touch of the finger I ask her skin to remove itself; it does so, and in two mouthfuls the nuptial ceremony is completed. Never shall the memory of that dear moment fade; even death shall us not part.

Just for one such instant of bliss a fortune should be lightly spent, but in my garden bliss succeeds bliss, peach follows peach, from dawn to dark. If at any time the joy of too much bliss suggests a change of mistresses, then there are other mistresses to be had; all the fruits of my youth and each the most perfect of her kind.

If the house is not enough; if the garden with its flowers and fruit and willow grove and pool should pall on me; if I grow weary of the birds, even of the timid, confiding doves which come and drink at my pool, looking at me between drinks as I sit quite close to them;—then all I have to do is to visit the gardens of other people living near me. My nearest neighbour is a charming young Turki with a house and garden and fruit trees something like mine; it is pleasant to go and see his garden, and him too of course, when one is weary of reading or working alone at home. Another neighbor of mine is one of my own servants; for an eighth of the rental which I pay he

has just taken a house and garden next door to mine; both are a little smaller than mine and the garden though it has a pool of water and a willow grove, has very few fruit trees. Still it is a pretty place and the rental does not appear exorbitant.

But there is one thing which would make my house cheap at ten times its rental, even if there were no fruit or flowers or willow trees or pool; no neighbours and no doves. From the garden or better still from the roof of the house, I can see for a hundred miles the mountains of Pamir. It is true that with the physical eye it is possible, even on the clearest day, to see only great white masses from which, in early morning, the sun glints here and there, and below them purple mountain slopes; they are too far away for one to see any detail. But I have just passed through those mountains and with the mind's eye I can see the high green pasturages where flowers are cropped by countless sheep; I can hear the joyful-sad cry of many marmots; I can live again in Kirghiz tents and hear the gurgling grunt of yaks returning from pasturage at milking time.

And yet I suppose there are some people who do not envy me my garden.

Srinagar-Kashgar. Length of marches.

June 8-9		Srinagar to Bandapor (by boat)		37 mi.
		On foot	Mounted	
9	B. to Tragbal	1	11	12
10	T. to Gurais	23	5	28
11	G. to Burzhil	10	15	25
12	B. to Chillum	14	3	17
13	C. to Astor	30	3	33
15	A. to Doi-an	9	16	25
16	D. to Bunji	11	7	18
17	B. to Pari	—	18	18
18	P. to Gilgit	2	17	19
Bandapor-Gilgit		100	95	195
21	G. to Nomal	—	17	17
22	N. to Chalt	3	12	15
24	C. to Minapin	—	17	17
25	M. to Aliabad	1	9	10
30	A. to Baltit	—	4	4
Gilgit-Baltit		4	60	64
July 1	B. to Ataabad	3	6	9
2	A. to Galmit	9	2	11
3	G. to Khaiber	11.5	9	20.5
4	K. to Misgar	9	13	22
Baltit-Misgar		32.5	30	62.5
6	M. to Murkushi	5	8	13
7	M. to Mintaka Karaul	6	14	20
8	M. to Paik	—	15	15
9	P. to Daftur	1	14	15
10	D. to Tashqorghan	2	38	30
Misgar-Tashqorghan		14	36	79

13	T. to Darshat	—	15	15
14	D. to Chichkilik	2	13	15
15	C. to Yambulak	5	10	15
16	Y. to Qoi-yoli	14	11	25
17	Q. to Toqoi Bashi	22	9	31
18	T. to Igezyar	1	20	21
19	I. to Yangi-hissar	—	17	17
20	Y. to Kashgar	—	45	45
	Tashqorghon-Kashgar	44	140	184
	Grand Total	194.5	404	598.5

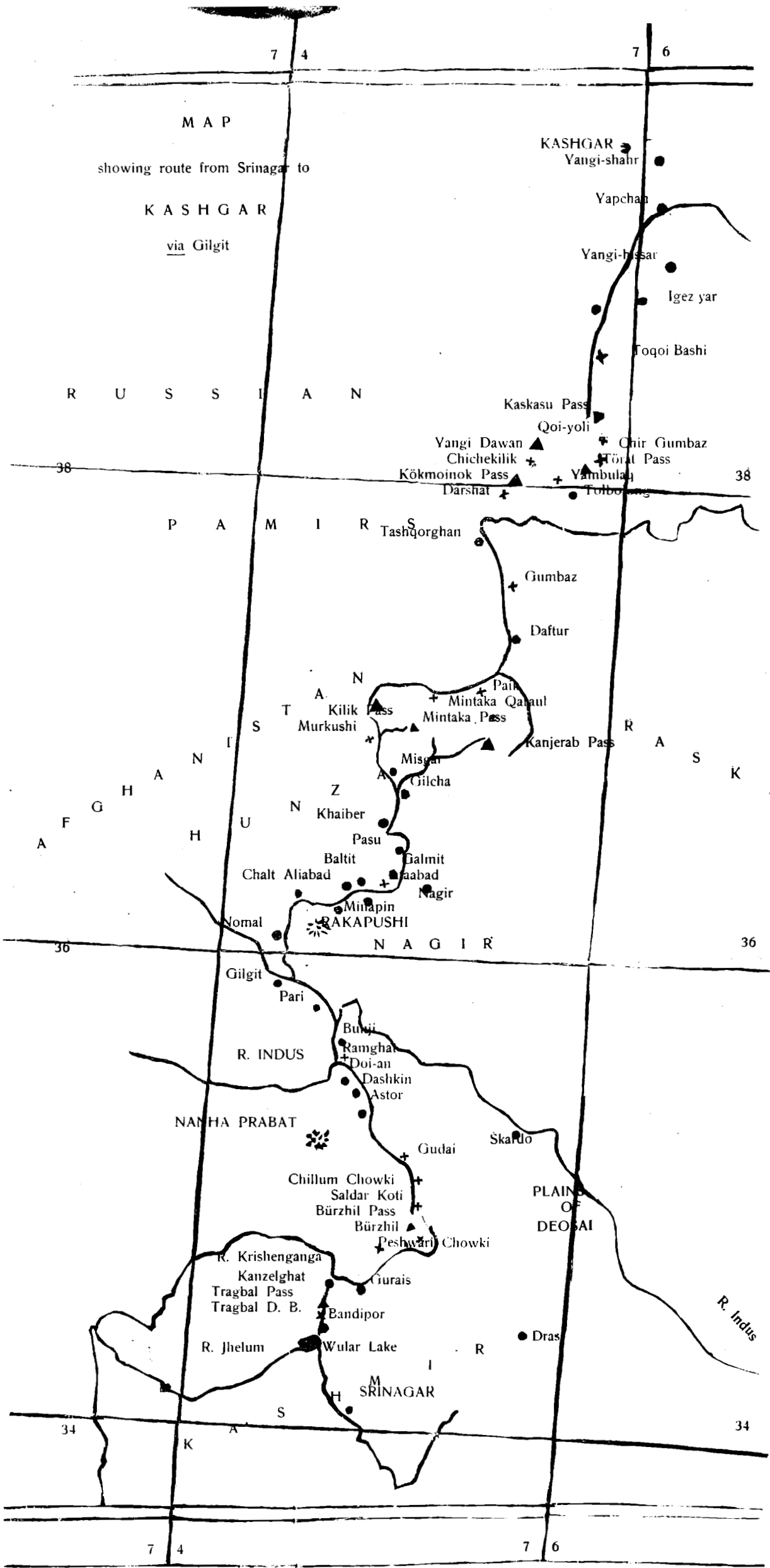
(According to Indian Government Route Book distances are as follows: Murkushi-Mintaka Karaul 29 mi; Paik-DAftur, 20 mi; DAftur-Tashqorghon, 42 mi; Tashqorghon-Darshat, 20 mi; Qoi-yoli—Toqoi Bashi 35 mi; Toqoi Bashi-Igezyar 37 mi; Igezyar-Yangihissar 20 mi; Yangihissar-Kashgar, 50 mi. I am convinced that these distances are largely over-estimated).

* Srinagar—Kashgar. Aneroid Barometer readings.

	(heights in feet)	
Barometer of H. I. H.		do. of Mr Skrine.
Bandapor	5200	
Tragbal Dak Bungalow	9180	
Tragbal	11680	
Kanzelghat	7510	
Gurais DB	7735	
Peshwari	8700	
Bürzhil DB	10660	
Bürzhilbani	13020	
Saldar Kotia	11630	
Chillum DB	10520	

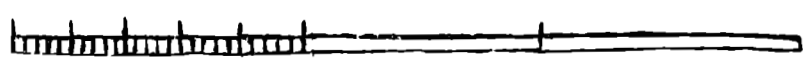
Gudai DB	8600	
Astor DB	7665	
lowest point before Dashkin	6800	
Dashkin	7850	
highest point before Doi-an	8920	
Doi-an DB	7935	
Ramghat	4380	
Bunji	4740	
Pari DB	4590	
Gilgit DB	5010	
Nornal DB	5460	
Chalt DB	6165	
Minapin	6720	
Aliabad	7320	
Baltit	7420	
Ataabad camp	7480	
Galmit	7775	
Khaiber	8670	
Misgar	9915	
Murkashi	11360	11950
Boy-hil	12150	
Mintaka cairns	14470	15,400
highest point of pass	14730	
Mintaka karaul	12475	
Paik	11880	12650
Daftur	10950	
Tashqorgha	9860	10350
Darshat	11650	12300
Kökmoinok pass	14440	15400
Chichekilik	13700	14650

Yangi Dawan	14900	16100
Yambulaq	12140	12650
Tolbolong		9750
Törat pass		13340
Chil Gumbaz Karaul		10600
Kaskasu pass		12900
Toqoi Bashi		9600
Igez Yar	4700	
Kashgar	4400	



M A P
 showing route from Srinagar to
 K A S H G A R
 via Gilgit

- = village or Town
- = a pass
- + = no permanent settlement



Scale, 1 inch = 32 miles