

ASIA

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ASIATIC ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER, 1919

Transforming the Mind of China

Buddha and the Whale

Syrian Self-Determination

The Charm of Kashmir



Price 35 Cents

Mr. Lowell Thomas, whose third article on Colonel Lawrence and the Arabian campaign was to have appeared in this issue, is in London on a lecture tour. We regret to have to announce that the manuscript for this third article has been delayed in arriving and is, therefore, not included in this issue. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

Contributors and Contributions

JACKSON FLEMING is an American political writer of keen perception, who was sent by ASIA to make a series of studies regarding conditions in the Near East. After a year in Egypt, Arabia, Syria and Palestine, he has now reached Constantinople, from which vantage ground he forwards his analysis of the various claims for hearing on the part of the peoples of Asia Minor.

V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR is an Englishman long connected with railroad and finance administration in India. Even in his own country of travelers to far places he is recognized as an unusually thoughtful and exploring student of India, Burma, Egypt and Turkey.

JOHN DEWEY, the distinguished American educationist and expounder of philosophy, is at present delivering a series of lectures at the University of Peking. His studies of Chinese psychology and thought in relation to their expression in various attitudes on fundamental questions of the day will offer an invaluable contribution to readers of ASIA.

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HELEN WADDELL was born in the Orient, but now resides in Ireland. She is the author of various translations of Chinese poetry and essays on Oriental literature. Miss Waddell carries on the tradition of her father, an illustrious Sinologist.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH is the author of some charming fragments of verse, of which ASIA publishes its first selection.

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JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN ASIATIC ASSOCIATION

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THE CHARM OF KASHMIR

By V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR

THE 24th of April, and I find myself on the road to Kashmir. For a thousand miles my journey lies across the plain of India, that is like a sea. Somewhere above me upon the northern horizon there climbs towards heaven the mighty wall of the Himalaya, yet hidden as completely from sight as though it had never been. A traveler who came here at this season might see all of India, and yet leave it ignorant of the greatest mountains in the world. So easily are facts concealed.

And how smooth and level is this plain, as though nature, having exhausted her constructive purpose in the building of the mountains, was content to lie idle at their feet in the negation of all further effort. No incident breaks its level monotony; and at this season of the year it is white with dust and grey with the desolation of Asia.

White columns of dust drive like the phantoms of a dying world along its highways, and a cloud of dust hangs like a shroud over the fields and cities. In the vague distance one can trace, as in a dream, the faint outlines of a city, the walls and towers of some feudal stronghold, or caravanseraï of the Emperors; for it was here along this track that they pursued their way, with a pomp and splendour unsurpassed in the history of the world, from the imperial capital to the secluded vale of Kashmir.

Nearer at hand, where the veil of light and incandescent dust is less intense, one can glimpse a few pictures of the life of the people who inhabit this strange world; pictures of Ruth gleaning in the shorn fields, of cattle feeding in the stubble, of a flock of sheep following their shepherd in a cloud of separate dust as you will see them on the heat-ridden plains of La Mancha or Castile; and nearer still, of Persian wheels droning their music of toil, and splashing their crystal waters in the vivid sunlight, under the shelter of tree oases, green as nothing else is, by favour of the well. At the railway stations through which the trains pass, over metals whose unyielding directness and iron devotion to the service of these people are symbolic of the race which now governs India, one sees the people clustered, waiting for carriage, visibly rejoicing in the abundant flow of free and pure water that sparkles and foams at the taps. The keynote of the scene is thirst, and the whole world here would die, and the trains would cease to run, and men would vanish from this surface of the earth, as they have vanished from other once populous centers of Asia, were it not for the subterranean flow which the wells reveal, and for the mighty

rivers which wander hungrily over these spaces that even they cannot fill.

Thirst and heat and the desolation of Asia!

Who coming here would suspect that within a hundred miles of all this weariness and dun monotony there hangs half-way 'twixt heaven and earth the freshest and most lovely valley in the world? Yet in the white glare we cross the very waters of that river whose birthplace and vernal youth are in that valley; the river of so many conquerors since Alexander, of so many poets since he who sang in far-off Rome of the fabulous Hydaspes.

In the early dawn we are on the road to the mountains, each moment nearer to us as the swift Daimler swallows space; and in half an hour from the railway we are caught in the sinuous toils of the foothills. It is a road flanked in its lower courses by golden cornfields and green avenues of trees, and trodden by guns and infantry and cavalry on the march, and fine upstanding men and splendid women. Here we are in the cradle of a martial breed, the heirs of centuries of invasion and war. The men are virile, with lithe, erect bodies and a direct gaze; some harnessed to the business of war in khaki and scarlet, others sickle in hand, bending to the wind-blown corn, tying their sheaves of gold, and cracking their carters' whips along the white highway. And the women are good to look upon, straight of feature, erect as lances, full-bosomed to the world.

DOMEL

When we drove up to the staging bungalow and I looked down upon it, embroidered in pink roses and half hidden under trees, by the shores of the rushing Jhelum, whose great music filled the valley, it took my heart so that I wished to stay here and bring my journey to an end; and now that I must go forward, since life is but a journey, I leave it with a pang of more than passing regret, for the place is one of a sweet and intimate beauty, yet upon the edge of great world-forces; of an ancient river whose fame was spread over the world when the world was still young and had an ear for mysteries, and of a line of mighty mountains, "the abode of snow" and of the Gods.

Late last night, when the silver clouds had dispersed and the moon shone in the high vault of heaven overhead, I stepped into the garden whose paths were soft with the fallen lilac bloom and dappled with shade and light, and walked for an hour by the high stone terraces, and down the stairways, and along the rose-hedges, whose clustering

pink coloured the night and filled it with their soft, unobtrusive perfume; and so to the great retaining wall which overhangs the threatening river and keeps it at bay, as do the great cliffs opposite. All night its vast susurrus of music passed through my sleep like the distant tones of an organ, and I slept at peace.

And now in the morning, with the clouds of yesterday all fled and the sky very blue over the valley, it is hard, as I have said, to leave this exquisite and fragrant spot, which without its eastern glamour might be a Pyrenean valley or a meeting-place of waters in the Tyrol; as at Brixen, where the rivers rush and mingle and the felled timber floats with a mad buoyancy upon the raging tide.

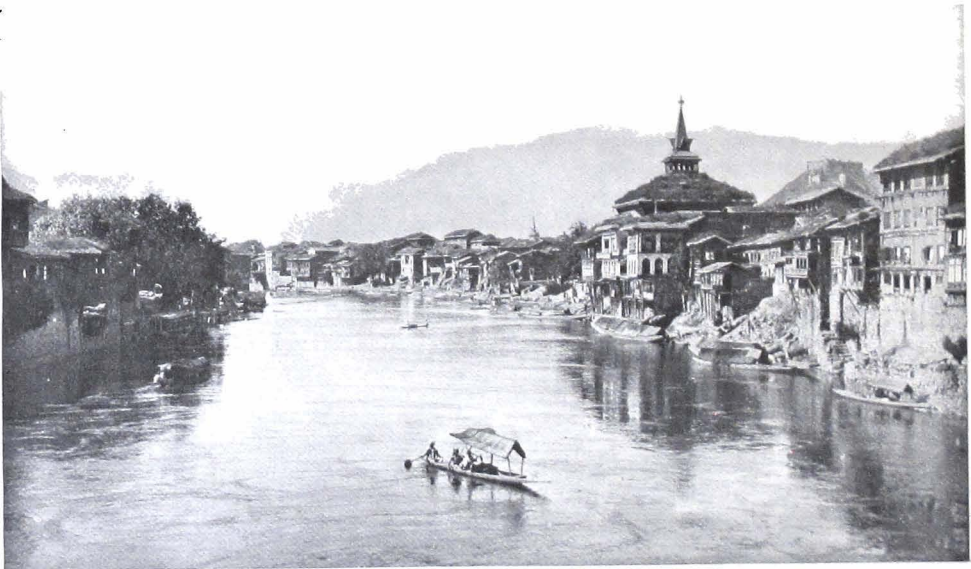
I have walked under the chintz-like bloom and delicate foliage of the Indian lilacs, which make long avenues here, and have listened to the voices of innumerable birds ringing with



TEMPLES UNMISTAKABLY GREEK
How the Hellenic Spirit Drifted to the
Vale of Kashmir Is a Lost Legend

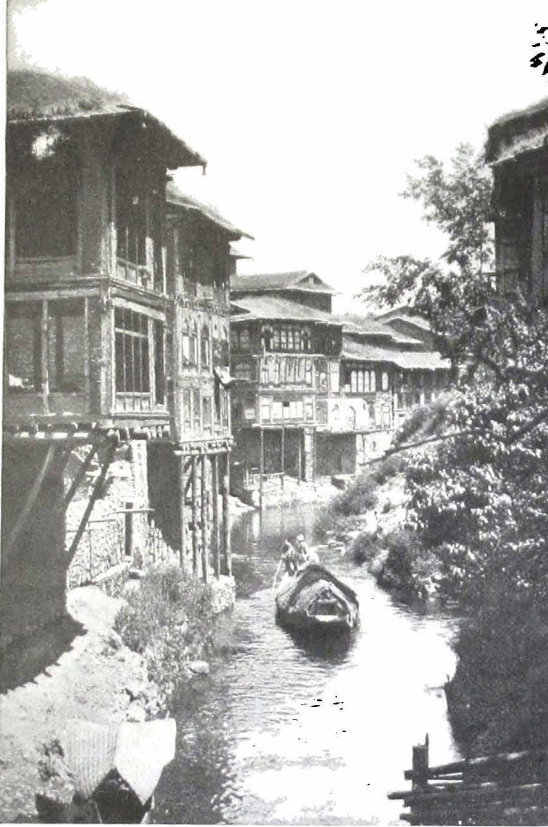
the amorous ecstasy of spring. Here is nature abounding with life and creative purpose; and the flights of cheerful starlings, the half-silent and elusive dayals, the little garden-warblers, convey the same sense of a prolific and outpouring life that the roses do, falling upon each other in their thousands, dropping over the railings and fences and the cut-stone walls half hiding an English homestead, and blooming in their prolific abundance even upon the gables and walls of this posting house, as though they would lure the traveler to dally by the wayside and take his share of the joy of life.

Domel, the mingling of two, bears this elemental name because the Jhelum and the Kisheng Anga meet here, and it needs little imagination to understand why amongst all primitive people the union of waters is a mingling of the Gods. For here are passion and might, the outpouring of life, the symbolic act of creation. Standing here



SRINAGAR, THE CAPITAL OF KASHMIR, ON THE RIVER JHELUM, THE FABLED HYDASPES

Its Soul and Impulse Are the River, Its Stone Embankments in Which the Shattered Remains of Temples and Shrines and Violated Gods Are Buried, and Its Gardens by the Water's Edge



THE MAZE OF THE MAR CANAL AT SRINAGAR

Houses That Grow into Beautiful Forms and Delicate Tracery, Yet Awry with Neglect and Ready to Fall

in the sunlight, on the low grassy shore of the Jhelum by the suspension bridge, one can see it coming exultantly along with the strength of many lions, dashing with its masculine beauty and joyousness into the laughing vivid Kisheng Anga; and thence rushing on for a space shoulder to shoulder with her but still apart, till a little further under the cliffs their waters mingle and the streams become one.

One sees from here so many things that quicken the imagination; the statue of the God there graven in stone upon the pillars of the bridge; the grey and grim old Mogul serai, with its grand air and lofty porte, where the Emperors encamped, in marked contrast with the domestic English peace and beauty of the bungalow; the sunlight gleaming upon the white houses of Muzaffarabad as upon some hill-town of Italy, the blue mountains and shining lustre of snow, the wild pomegranate, red as the lips of Anarkali, and the oleander her lover made his horsemen wear in their plumes as they

marched gloriously up the valleys to Kashmir.

And yet when all is said, the sentiment of this place is neither of India, nor of Asia, nor of any named corner of the world; but just of one of those fragrant and exquisite spots where waters meet, and birds sing, and flowers bloom, and trees are heavy with shade, and the seclusion is unbroken by grace of the high encompassing mountains.

GARHI

Thirteen miles along the Jhelum river, through lilac avenues that shimmer and meet overhead, bring one to an Elysian haunt, known as the bungalow of Garhi. But here I had a singular conviction that I had dropped into a corner of old France. This was after I had breakfasted and fell a-dreaming in the secluded garden, where a round table stood in the center, laden with the lilac drift. There was an outer circle of wooden benches ranged about it, one of which was crimson with the fallen petals of a rambler — nature's *pot-pourri* — while other roses drooped in luxuriant bloom, their burden with difficulty upheld by wooden props. Their perfume filled the garden with its richness, and was blown by the breezes over the walls to the highroad along which the world passed on its way. A young plane tree, the first of the Kashmir *chinars*, flung her deep and abundant shade over a part of the house, and made of her grace a lovely portal. Outside the green bare Pyrenean forms of the mountains towered into the sky on one hand, while upon the other the river, unseen but heard, like the murmur of the wind, flowed upon its destined way. Upon every branch of the lilac trees and in the rose bushes there was a bird singing with all the joy of spring in his throat, and anon the great ravens came and flung their somber shadows over the garden, and broke its music of wind and water and song with their loud sinister notes. In the Pyrenees, I remembered, each of them is supposed to embody the soul of a departed Saracen.

It was of France, as I have said, that this garden, run to weed a little, exuberant with its own abundant fertility, full of whispers of summer days and fading roses, somehow reminded me.

There were, I noticed, wild strawberries growing about the benches amidst the clover; there were mulberries and figs and a cypress tree, while the hollyhocks clustered like a nursery of children about the knees of the table, touching its very rim; and there was an old dog who came along unobtrusively wagging his tail and lay down in the clover and the lilac drift, meekly thankful for anything I had to give him.

I was so pleased with the soft summer airs of

this garden, and its note as of a place haunted with tranquil memories, that I sat very silent in it, and half closed my eyes the better to absorb its character; and I must have done so for some minutes, when an old woman in a check apron, with a handkerchief over her silvery hair, and wooden shoes on her feet, came down the path under the plane tree and wished me a good day.

"And where," I said, "is *Monsieur*?"

"*Monsieur le Vicomte*," she said softly, and yet with a touch of fire in her voice, "*est parti pour la Frontière*," and with this she looked wistfully about her at the fallen petals and the shadow of neglect that lay upon the garden. "*Mais la patrie . . . la patrie, Monsieur*" . . . And with this her voice broke and she could say no more. Upon which I awoke, for I must have slept in these moments stolen from a day of travel, to find the driver standing beside me, with his battered bugle and professional air, and a suggestion that we should proceed upon our way.

URI

At Uri I passed the night. The post-house here was less charming, perhaps, than those at Garhi or Domel. There was no secluded garden here, the roses were less abundant, and the season being later at this elevation, for we had climbed two thousand feet from Domel, they were not yet in

bloom. The high stern mountains, the river rushing far down in the narrow valley, the freshness and verdure of the meadows and the fields, intersected by channels of water; all these took me back to Spain and Andorra; and the snow-spangled summits of the greater mountains might have been those I looked upon one summer day when first entering the little republic.

But how different is the temper of the people! There they would die rather than yield up their pride and their independence of a thousand years: here they are a people whose spirit, crushed under centuries of misrule, is only now timidly lifting its head from the dust.

I walked for an hour in the village lanes, and passing a lovely chinar tree came to a new mosque that was nearly completed for prayer. Here I met the Maulvi and some Elders who invited me to enter and look within. Built of timber and stone, with carved windows of arabesque designs that linked with their subtle harmonies this little village chapel with the perfection of the Generalife, it was of two stories, with a slight inner staircase leading from one to the other; the one I was told for use in summer, the other in winter. The timber was a free gift from the Maharaja, who, with a true Hindu feeling, has a soft heart for all religions: and the labour, save that of the master builders, had been given as of love by the Moslems of the

valley; so that the mosque has cost very little in money. Its design was charming and very happily adapted to its mountain environment. It took the place of an older mosque, which had died of age, and its very foundations were set amidst the earthen graves of bygone generations.

"I have seen just such a mosque in use amongst the Mussulmans of China," I observed; and they wondered at their faith being spread so far abroad; and with that note of communal affection which is so characteristic of Islam, they asked:

"Are they well favored by the King of China?"

I replied that it might be so now, but that in the past they had suffered much persecution. Whereupon they shook their heads sadly, as those not unacquainted with sorrow, and said gratefully



INFINITE PATIENCE AND INCREDIBLE TOIL WITH FINE NEEDLES

The Cunning of the Hand Has Been Fostered for Centuries by the Sons of the Kashmiri, Who in Bygone Days Made Their Shawls the Wonder of the World

enough: "It is not so under the benign rule of our Emperor of London. Since you came here our fate has changed, and our religion, our lands, and our women have been left inviolate. We know to whom we owe this change, and we are grateful."

As I walked on by a little stream, under a hedge of young poplars, I came upon an ancient, a visiting saint from the capital; one of those devout but seemingly idle people, for whose existence there seems so little justification in the pages of a statistical work; yet it seemed to me that this man's presence might well bring with it something of a benediction; for his mien and voice were gentle, and his large dark eyes shone with humanity. Here I observed was no fanatic of Islam; but a timid old philosopher, with the heart of a child.

In the rice fields here and there in its lordly beauty and isolation stood a chinar tree, mighty of girth and old at its base, but satin-bodied and young above, with its wealth of drooping foliage.

"It was there," said the saint, "when I was a child, and as high and big as it is now. It belongs to another and a bygone age, and was planted by some dead Sultan."

A boy of nine or ten—though he could make no guess at his age—spoke to me of his heart's ambition to become a public servant.

"What would you like to be?" I inquired.

"Ah!" he said with a singular sweetness and beauty of expression, such as you might look for on the face of a young girl dreaming of the unknown lover, "I cannot tell!"

If his mother when she bore him was as beautiful as he, with his lustrous eyes, and deprecatory air, and finely-cut features, she must have been a joy in his father's eyes.

At Uri the morning broke fresh and exquisite, with the crisp freshness of mountain air, and the world shone new-minted after recent rain. While the horses were being brought up I walked upon the village green, where the ardent golfer drives his first ball in Kashmir. It was set about with English cottages and slim poplars, and over it was a sky of blue, and upon all the circle of the valley there were mountains, enclosing in their dark and sunlit folds white gleaming shapes of snow. One of these shone above the old Fort of Uri and its loop-holed walls, another loftier and of a keener gleam looked over the valley of the river towards Kashmir. Under the rising sun there was a wide expanse of rock-hewn peaks and soft billowing fields of snow; and behind me the river plunged on its way to the sea. The crystal clearness of air, the emerald freshness of the grass, the wonderful sensation of a world upborne in security and peace, were such as one may enjoy in a mountain land

alone, when the winter is over and gone and the voice of spring is calling in the valleys.

From Uri one soon passes into the fellowship of the great mountains, with their blue forests of deodars and high and mighty cliffs of basalt, which rise from the swirling river like the breastworks of a titanic world. From afar off through the sequestered gloom of deep gorges there descend in white foam, like a silent dream, long waterfalls, and at their base spread velvet meadows and camping grounds under the shade of the cedar trees. In the midst of these wonders of nature, whose gigantic character would alone impress the imagination, one is suddenly confronted with the first of the classical temples of Kashmir.

It stands by the wayside, where from immemorial days the world has passed; and its beauty infringes upon one with the clear flash and sword-stroke of the human brain. It is so small a thing in its environment, yet it dominates all, as a beam of light in a great chamber. It has many graces of colour and form, and time has laid its hand upon it, softening its lines and yielding up to it some of the wistfulness of the departed centuries; but its principal quality is that which descends to it from the Greek genius. That is unmistakable.

How, or by what wondrous paths, the Hellenic spirit inspired these early buildings in this far-withdrawn valley is something of a mystery (was it here that Dionysius came?); but that it did inspire them, no man can doubt.

The spirit of Islam, the worship of the one God, which has given us so much that is clear and sublime and touched with emotion, the pagan fecundity of Hinduism which has lavished its skill upon a thousand intricacies of carving and created generations of craftsmen; the Roman grandeur of our own great bridges, which hold in their iron grasp the passion of our Indian rivers, these are things familiar upon the face of the Indian Peninsula; but it is here, unexpectedly, in the mountain fastnesses, that one is met by this sudden and overwhelming claim of the Hellenic mind. Even in this its derivative form, it seizes one here, and gives this little wayside temple lordship over all the majesty of the hills.

THE CAPITAL

Srinagar is unique. You may compare it with this or that (and it is like a tattered Venice most of all), but it remains, and will always remain, in a category apart. Some fourteen hundred years ago it supplanted Asoka's city of Pandrethan hard by, and it has retained by right of place its claim to be the capital of Kashmir.

"Where else," asks its chronicler with an affectionate pride, "where else on earth, apart from that city, can one find easily streams meeting, pure and



LIFE IS BUT A VOYAGE IN THE CURRENT OF THE WORLD

**Poling North Up the Jhelum, Where There Climbs Toward Heaven the
Mighty Wall of the Himalayas, That Great Barrier Built by the Greatest of
Architects to Hold the Tide of the Sea of Peoples of China and Tibet from
Its Encroachment Upon India**



THE HIGHWAY THROUGH THE VALE OF KASHMIR, WHICH FOLLOWS THE RIVER TO GARHI

High Up 'Twixt Heaven and Earth in the North of India Are the Greatest Mountains and the Freshest Valleys in the World, Where Easy Adventure Lies Behind the Turn of the Road

lovely, at pleasure residences and near market streets?"

"Where else in the centre of a city is there a pleasure hill from which the splendour of all the houses is visible as if from the sky?"

From this acropolis, indeed, one can look not only upon the streets and lanes, the canals, the lazy coiling river, the shining lakes and pleasure gardens, the mosques, palaces, temples, and many-storied houses of the city, but upon nearly the whole of the valley of Kashmir. In bygone days the city itself was known as Kashmir, and it ruled the valley and the mountains and absorbed them into its own life as completely as Athens did or Florence. All the tradition and personality of the Kashmiri—the intellect, wit, craft, arts, religion, beauty, refinement, and degradation of this singular people—are concentrated in this sordid yet lovely city, that fascinates and repels one by turns.

Its soul and impulse is the river, which winds through it in loops, flowing under its seven bridges; its stone embankments in which the shattered remnants of temples and shrines and violated gods are buried; its stairs where the people bathe, and women, with their bare feet, descending and ascending, fill their water-pots; its shops, its mosques, its gardens blowing by the water's edge. Side

canals, that ultimately link with it, flow through dark alleys and under ancient high-backed bridges, and carry one into the city's most secret haunts. Streets and lanes intersect the maze of houses, with the same bewildering complexity that they do in Venice; and curious surprises await one, as when the Mar Canal, after an hour's wandering, carries one's boat to a point whence it is borne upon the shoulders of a dozen men through a crowded lane of high houses that almost meet overhead, and dropped into the wide open stream of the river. Here in the heart of this city is Asia; life and death jostling each other; children that swarm in prolific homes, while cholera and disease slay them without pity; vice in the dark alleys and secret places; piety in the streets, where men seem ever at prayer; houses that grow into beautiful forms and delicate traceries as by the light of nature, yet are so shaken and awry with neglect that one marvels how they escape an instant dissolution; gardens, laden with roses and filled with scent of lilacs and jasmines, overhanging dark waters, whose breath is the breath of a sewer; a populace steeped in poverty and given to incredible toil with fine needles, that in bygone days made the shawls of Kashmir a wonder of the world; yet a people idle and pleasure-loving, who pass you with smiles upon their hand-

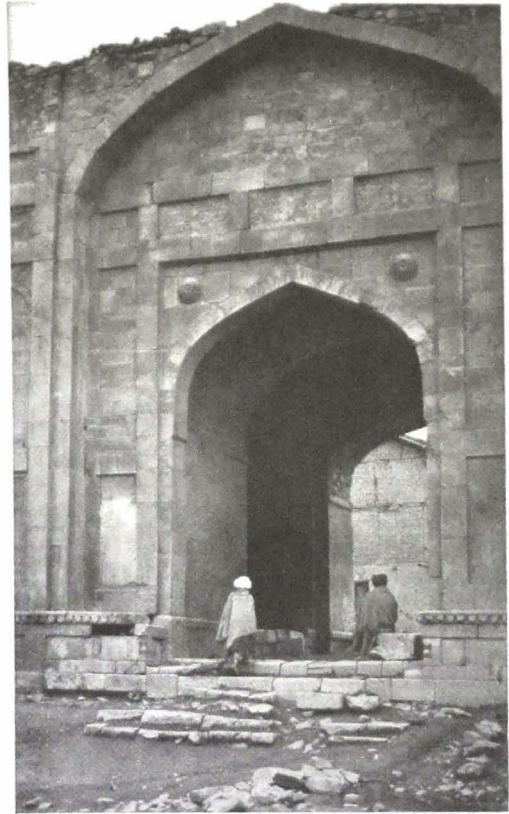
some faces and the treachery of centuries of practice at their hearts; homes that are sealed to the outer world, yet a life that is lived in public with astonishing candor, sociability and charm that characterize the East.

You enter your *shikara* and are carried down the buoyant water, swaying with its life, and as you go the houses of the city defile before you. Here is a shop, with its carved oriels overlooking the river, and its creaking signboard inviting you to buy the finest carvings, the best *papier-maché* in Kashmir. At the windows are the numerous proprietors calling upon you with voice and gesture to enter. You yield to the invitation, resolved to buy nothing; your boat is stopped by a flight of stairs; you climb a narrow and sullied street, and you enter—an enchanted garden! Did you think when you climbed up here and crossed that forbidding threshold that you would find before you a sunlit patio, green grass and banks of Persian lilac, whose perfume would fill the drowsy air? Those dark and solemn cypresses, that little orchard set upon its terrace, these roses waiting to bloom?

At the far side of this inner court, seated at the carved Saracenic windows, each a frame for a picture, sit the patient carvers and painters, while the rooms beyond are full of lovely things, the product of their skill. From the windows on the river-face there is a view that is one of the world's masterpieces.

You resume your journey. The river rushes under the wooden piers of the bridges, the people pass overhead; from carved oriels and fretted balconies groups of women and girls look out upon the passing show. Some have beautiful faces, many more are graceful. At others there are old men with white beards, and these sit with a singular dignity by the windows reading from some scriptural text, regardless of the outer world. Children laugh and play by the stream's edge. Upon the silvered roofs of the temples the sun shines with a dazzling light, and the whole face of the river is luminous with a brightness that vanquishes the eyes. A puff of white smoke suddenly emerges from one of the bastions of the fort overlooking the city, the air is filled with a roar, and slowly round a bend in the river comes the Maharaja's barge with its towers in scarlet, its walls lacquered and painted in red and yellow, the colours of Spain. In the rush of boats that follows your own is jostled and splashed with the sparkling waters.

You leave the river and enter the narrow crowded streets of the city, where the people are astir like bees in a hive. Here goes the Pandit with his stately air and his pretty wife in a rose pink gown; the Mullah with his rosary, representing



THE GATEWAY OF THE FORTRESS OF AKBAR

Twelve Years of Toil Built This Wall of the Mogul.
Which Has Now Become an Entrance to Srinagar

the rival creed; the Hamal, as you have seen him in Stamboul, bent under a great burden; here in the shops are the tailors and the goldsmiths, the cobblers, the braziers, the bookbinders, the confectioners, and all those numerous people who ply their trade under the public eye in an Eastern city. And here are the purchasers, women buying little cups of milk for a farthing, and small groceries meticulously weighed out, and life in all its variety and simplicity.

Islam has done much for the world in its architecture, inspired by the doctrine of the one God; but the havoc it wrought in its iconoclastic fury is fearful to think of. All over Kashmir there lie in ruins the classical temples of the past, and countless others have disappeared from the face of the earth, broken into road rock, built into dams and embankments, and flung into the lakes and rivers. There was one egregious person who boasted of the



A RIVER FIT FOR THE SPLASHING SWEEP OF THE MAHARAJA'S BARGE

A Turn of the Ancient Jhelum Near the Line of Mighty Mountains, the Abode of Snows and the Home of the Gods, Where the Seclusion Is Guarded by High Encompassing Hills

title of the Sultan Butshikast—the Image Breaker—by which infamous designation he is likely to be known with increasing ill-favour as the full extent of his depredations is revealed.

There are other mosques, some of marble built by Queens' daughters, others of wood; there are temples covered with tin, and one with sheets of tarnished gilt by the Maharaja's rococo and bastard palace. There is even a ruined place where Christ is supposed to have lived and whence he ascended into heaven. And then, overlooking all this strange welter of beauty and decay, this maze of streets and canals and houses, and all the seething life of this incomparable city, is Akbar's old fortress, with its castle high upon that hill, "whence," as the old chronicler says, "the splendour of it all is visible as if from the sky."

You enter it through a great gateway of cut stone fashioned with the unerring hand of the Moguls. Here, through its half gloom from sunlight to sunlight, the people pass on their way to and from the city. Over the archway an inscription upon marble in the flowing script of Persia records the construction of this new (and now so old) city of Akbar, its walls and towers at a cost of so many lakhs of rupees. Twelve thousand workmen in

stone, and skilled masons, were brought here from India to build it, and it was twelve years, as the people will tell you, before the Emperor and his son Jahangir, who had begun at opposite ends, finally met upon the completion of the walls.

But the glory of Akbar's day has departed; the titanic wall, with its embrasures and loopholes, is shattered and in ruins; the great gates are crumbling, and within there is scarcely a trace now of the houses and palaces and buildings of that period. Herds of cattles and ponies graze on the soft undulating grass which covers the waterways and fountains of some old garden, and almond trees now blossom over the whole of the vast interior. Here in the spring the city people come and sit all day under the white bloom which ushers in the vernal year, and here, as one stands upon the battlements and looks down far upon the back-waters of the lake, one realizes that one is looking upon the remnants of an early time, when the foundations of an empire were being laid, and before the silken days of pleasure had supervened. For it was Akbar's half century of mastery that won for Jahangir his thirteen years of ease and dalliance in Kashmir.