

CAMERA

SHIKAR

IN KASHMIR

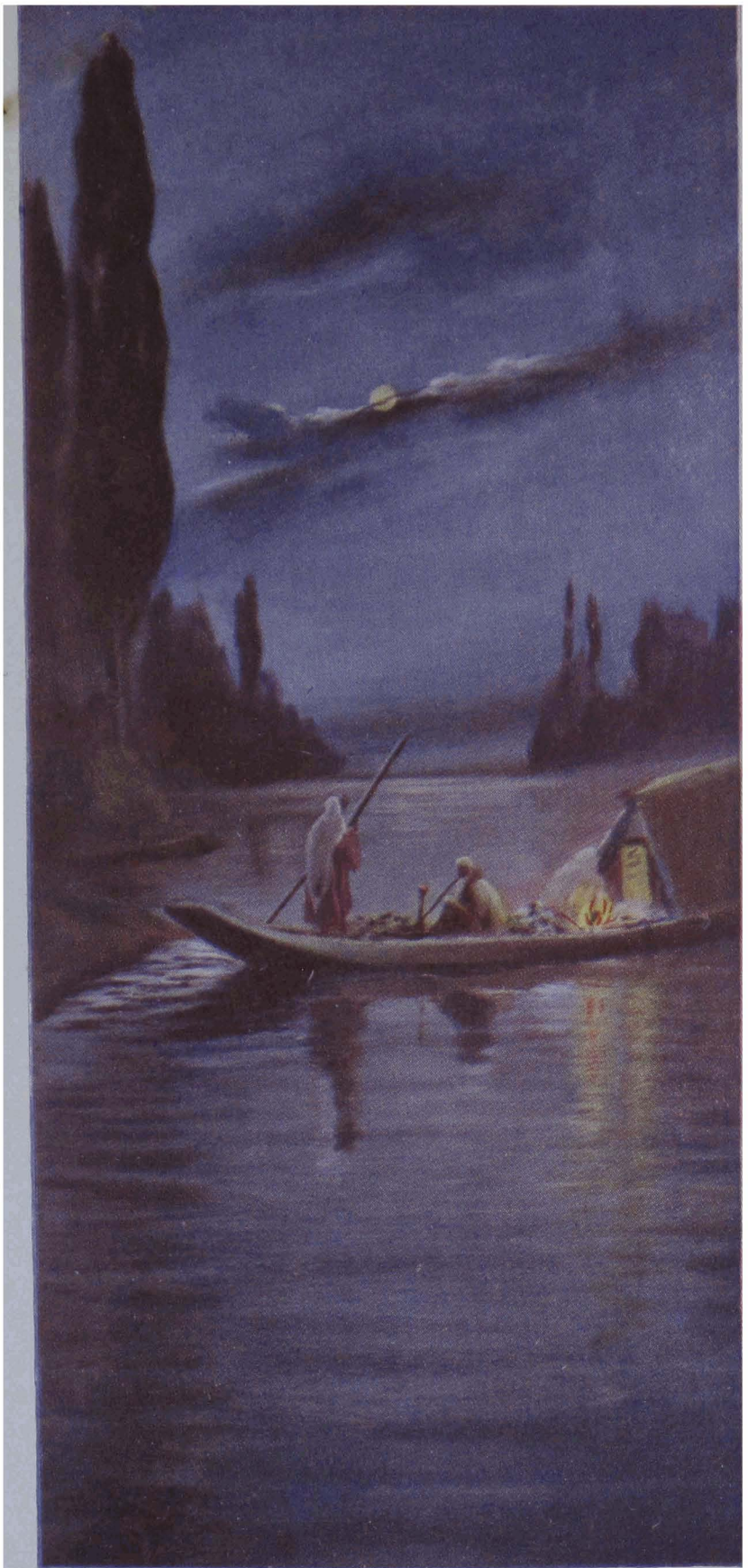
By

B. L. BROWN.

Randolph H. Cross
1921

BOMBAY

PRINTED AT THE TIMES PRESS



Night on the Dal Lake.

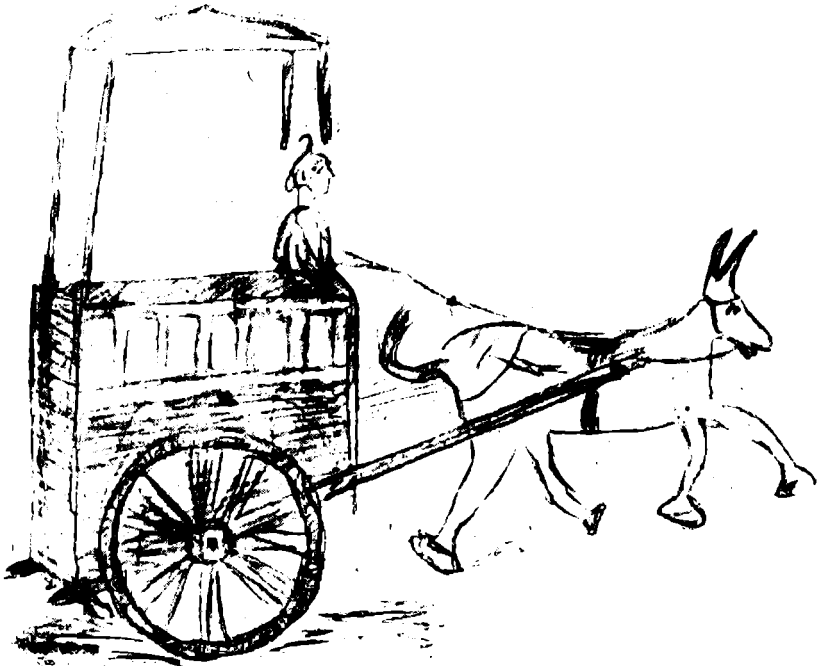
Frontispiece.

CAMERA SHIKAR

AND GUIDE FOR VISITORS TO KASHMIR

Being the wanderings of an artist with camera, brush and pen through the Happy Valley and its Mountains.

Compiled from the diaries of
BROWYNE LONGNOSE-BROWN, Esq.
and some entries by his companion Mac;
an introduction by the latter and a few
photographs by Holmes of Peshawar.



Mac's idea of an ekka.

BOMBAY
THE TIMES PRESS

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INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH introductions to most books seem unnecessary you certainly need one for this and besides you must be introduced to Brown because he's a pretty queer fellow.

If you are able to see all in a photograph that he can, if you can admire the distinctive qualities of bromide and P. O. P., if you are able to delight in critical definition in the correct plane, masses of light and shade, etc., etc., you might get on very well together.

If there is anyone who by happy circumstances ought to be able to write something on Camera Shikar in the East, that man is Brown, for has he not been mooning round every conceivable thing with any pretension to the picturesque in most spots throughout this vast land of sunshine, illness, and troublesome bearers, and finally finding his happiest hunting ground in the isolated mountain vastnesses of Kashmir? Did he not have to abandon his camera and all exposed plates when caught in a snow-storm on the far Hispar glacier? Was not another camera lost in a queer somersault down a rocky hillside—tripod and all—by the focussing cloth filling in a tearing gust of wind just when a splendid picture seemed in the making of Nanga Parbat from ~~beyond~~ the Rajdiagnan Pass—which is supposed to be the best view of it—the mighty Nanga Parbat that writers vaunt of so much and which really does not come up to Kinchinjunga from Darjeeling? Was he not quietly resting in his tent away in one of the



THE UPLANDS OF THIBET.

~~furthestmost uplands of Thibet having grown a decent sized beard when the news filtered in that England had gone to war with Germany, and on returning had most of his plates spoilt through bad development at Srinagar—this through being in a hurry?~~
 Was he not months living with all sorts of beings, doing as they did, and trekking with their encampments into country not yet written of? Should he not know the waste regions of the mighty Indus from the arid expanses by Baltistan till when it is first crossed by steam ferry at Daud Khel and thence passes into respectable country? And finally have you not read of his journey to Cabul with the caravans, doing weeks in the snow; the least eventful of all his wanderings? This by the way; it all comes under the heading of Shikar.

In these pages it is not intended to cover ground regularly gone over by all writers, and the illustrations also avoid

subjects usually dealt with—so it may happen that some points of interest are not touched on—but the visitor will know what is in store by carefully going through these pages.

— o —

POSTSCRIPT (CABLE TO MAC.)

Thanks for quixotic suggestions. Camera wouldn't stand it however aaa What happened to Miss C ?. Fate dubious, believe was buried with her Kodak and alpenstock at Sonemarg. Sorry can not enlighten till next edition aaa-My paintings not at Simla Exhibition: no further deluding of the peaceful public: corrective example already set to all splashers of many colours:—self included. Disillusioned, giving up photography and painting taking to motors. Last youngster on leave from Basrah gazed in some discomfort round Dal Darwaza comparing it to one of the dirtiest back creeks of Mesopot: same came with the idea that all boats were painted sparkling white, that gondolas with fine swan necks skimmed about in place of rusty shikara and presumably that nightingales and ruby-lipped maidens completed the scene aaa later wanted to chain a doonga behind his car and pull it into Pindi to shock respectable inhabitants aaa yes-thanks-yes-yes-have had enough of Srinagar—intend revising "Lalla Rookh" from a distance: in old age probably. (Message ends).



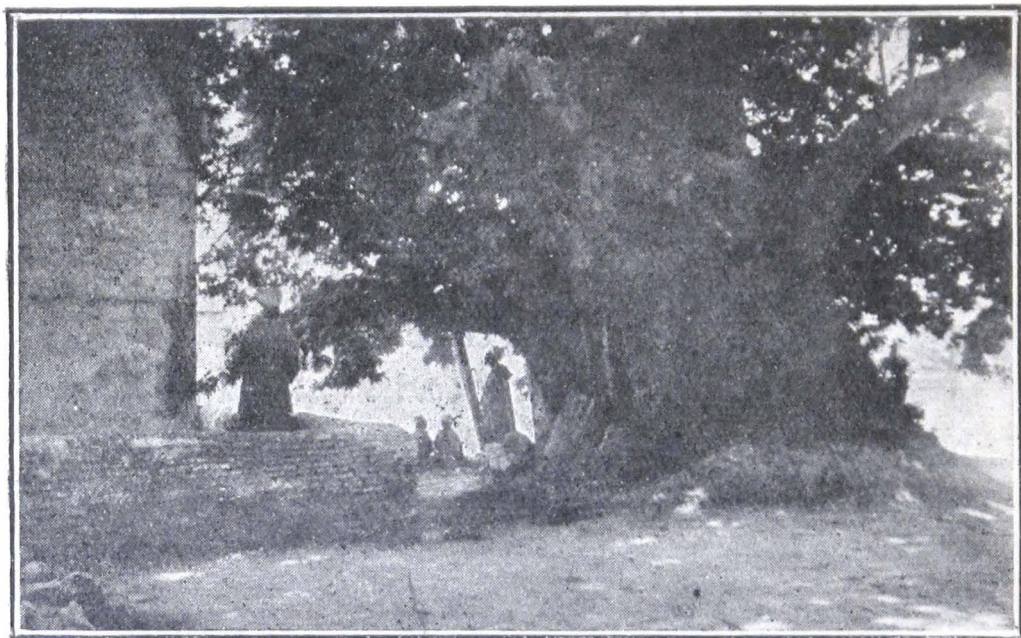
A STUDY OF THE BABA, IN HIS BOAT.

“ NEVER-NEVER AGAIN.”

ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Amongst the side issues of this complex civilization of ours, the camera and its doings must take a prominent place, for who is there without his "Kodak" or his private collection of "snaps"; who is there that sometime in his existence has not wondered "how it has turned out" and spent his quota increasing the waste of photographic material ~~in~~ **this age.**

This is as it should be! An inner consciousness that appreciates little things, and has an affectionate regard for personal associations. If you would like to know how different we really are from the Oriental at bottom, take this phase alone. He does not care a scrap for "personal



BENEATH THE SHADE OF A GREAT CHINAR.

associations' ; sees nothing in what you consider beautiful ; would not give you a pice for the finest snapshot out—of himself, his house or his grandmother—not to mention his other mass of relations—nor does the finest picture according to our standard appeal to him.

We are a snapshot loving people ~~and our~~ sole occupation seems to be hoarding up "colourable imitations" of every known thing under the sun, in a host of sizes and a variety of ~~funny~~ effects.

Now there are many kinds of amateur photographers, from the one who hardly knows which side of the camera is intended for levelling at his victim to the one who runs into a scientific demonstration of his abilities without any provocation ; from the one who doesn't care 'tuppence' what his "results" are to the one who carefully notes every minor detail of his V. P. K. exposure and duly bothers one about it.

Camera Shikar is the most entrancing of hobbies though an expensive one, and if the tyro is inclined to do his own work its pleasures are unlimited, but one must have all this in the blood, for it is simpler to get the work done and pay for it than to humbug about oneself. I am not going into "photography" so much as touching on it as Shikar—Sport, and you will come with me into the wilds, to the places where it is to be had in its grandest and most outre aspects—Kashmir, the land of valley and marg, wildest bouldered and calmest watered expanse : Stag and Markhor, Trout and Mahseer region. Not that you are going to literally bag the last, but you might care to snap them. We will presume your camera is ready, lens cleaned, films or plates at hand, tripod with

you, knowing how to take a decent picture if it is in front of you ; in short, " knowing all about it ", and you are accompanying me on a long holiday. You will of course bring along your guns and fishing rods and sketching materials and you will have to attend to your own requirements, for you will find not another living soul can do this to your liking.

Remembering that your " shikar " to be worthy of its object, will land you in some queer holes—into dangerous spots where you may sometimes chance your neck and often your apparatus. Perchance many a fatality has had a *Kodak* somewhere near as its cause. But even as the shikari pursues his calling in the most dangerous ground, in the precincts of death, in vast solitudes, in queer out-of-the-way places—alone for miles—living only for the pleasure of seeing something to " shoot at ", even so take your camera and tents, make good company of yourself, and enjoy all that is to be had.

The advantage too of this shikar is that you have not to take out a licence for it at present, but can waste as many " shots " as you please on anything under the Sun.

~~The cry~~ of the next few years in things photographic will be " permanence ". This will be the prelude to all discussion. And with what regrets will the owner of his two-anna print look over its fading surface—noting it gradually going from bad to worse—may be the snap of a loved one that cannot be reprinted, may be some memorable scene that would fain be preserved.

What of the millions of snaps and portraits taken of our fighting men : most look anything but lasting !

It is to be expected ; film staining, prints useless. Not

that one would suggest keeping qualities for all the rubbishy things, but still here and there comes a snap that is invaluable. Is the resultant image on any photographic paper permanent? It is an open question and the less the tyro bothers about it the better. Fifty years will decide the point. Well, well, hurry is the keynote of the age, quickly done—quickly finished with—follows. The wonder to me is not that prints fade but that they turn out at all, done in the usual bazar shop or yet by the amateur fiddling about with a few small dishes and a hopeless water supply.

The camera which appeals most to me is the $4\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ size ; this gets most scenes nicely upright or longwise, a larger one is troublesome to carry about and fortunately nothing smaller than the wretched V. P. K. is available. Sometimes a camera with a wonderful lens does not give results as good as a cheap one and sometimes the cheap one only wastes plates, so much depending on who is behind it. I should rather like to embellish these pages with photographic similes such as “ a good print from a bad negative will not come up to a bad print from a good one.” “ Your snap does not appeal to everyone as it does to you.” “Waste as little paper as possible.” “If you happen to take a fine picture, do not commend yourself, but rather your camera.” Lastly, do not think “ pictures like yours have never been taken before.”

KASHMIR.

Now of all glorious lands not many will come up to Kashmir—not to live in but to visit—for there you have placid lakes and valleys for the most peaceful of solitudes

or yet the largest and wildest of magnificent mountain-region for sport or travel, and the inhabitants, though doubtless with faults, do not exhibit those alarming



THE WATERWAYS OF THE DAL.

qualities which run to cannibalism, stabbing and shooting at sight, etc. No doubt the future will see many changes yet for a few decades Kashmir and its people will remain poor enough in spirit and in hard cash, looking to the monied visitor for the superabundance he loves to scatter.

Kashmir embraces huge tracts the whole of which no single traveller has done, but the better known parts of it are the best and you may be sure where the majority are drawn there is something to account for it, so where everyone else goes, you will follow.

The chief route into Kashmir is by the Jhelum Valley road, one of the finest of its kind in the world. Following the course of the river Jhelum through the mountains the road rises gradually 3,000 ft. in 98 miles, passing through level country again at Baramulla, which is 5,000 ft. above sea level. Here on the placid reaches of the Jhelum, houseboats and river craft are first seen. Srinagar, the chief city of Kashmir, lies 36 miles further, to be reached through miles of poplar avenue or by river.

From Rawalpindi to Srinagar is 196 miles. There are dak bungalows at almost every stage (as per distances at end of book) and these are something to remember, being beautifully situated and well looked after. One is in the habit of regarding dak bungalows cynically—an evil provided for by Government and then forgotten about—but these are model dak bungalows and the real thing.

Your trip would be arranged according to the time at your disposal.

Say *2 weeks*. Engage boat at Baramulla, pass to Srinagar, visiting the Manasbal Lake, and then moor your boat at different places in Srinagar and the Dal Lake.

3 weeks. Visit Gulmarg also.

4 weeks. Take your boat from Baramulla to Bandipur, and then march with tents, etc., to Haramouk and Lake Gungabal, visit the Wangat ruins through the Sind valley to Sonamarg; return and rejoin your boat at Gundarbal and thence to Srinagar.

6 weeks. Above trip, returning from Sonamarg to Kulan and thence over the Yamheur Pass to Liddarwat, from where you spend a day visiting the Kolahoi glacier.

From Liddarwat to Pahalgam leaving the mountains by way of Eishmakan and rejoining your boat at Khanbal from whence back to Srinagar.

The last named trip is the most engaging of all that Kashmir affords ; it could even be rushed in three weeks or less leaving out the Gungabal part and going straight from Gunderbal. A diversion is to visit the cave of Amarnath, and you can do this—(1) From Baltal which is one march beyond Sonamarg. A difficult route from the top of the Zoji Pass turning south up the Gumber ravine and takes about 9 hours there and back. Must be done in a day. (2) From Pahalgam a well kept track goes through picturesque regions for first march, attaining barren vastnesses at 3rd march, from which the cave is visited, returning the same day. Pilgrim's rest houses at the three halting stages would do to stay in except during pilgrimage. No supplies.

I would not however be responsible for deluding anyone into going there, for unless their temperament turns to the asthetic and eerie, Amarnath hidden away in its vast bareen inhospitable mountains is best left alone.

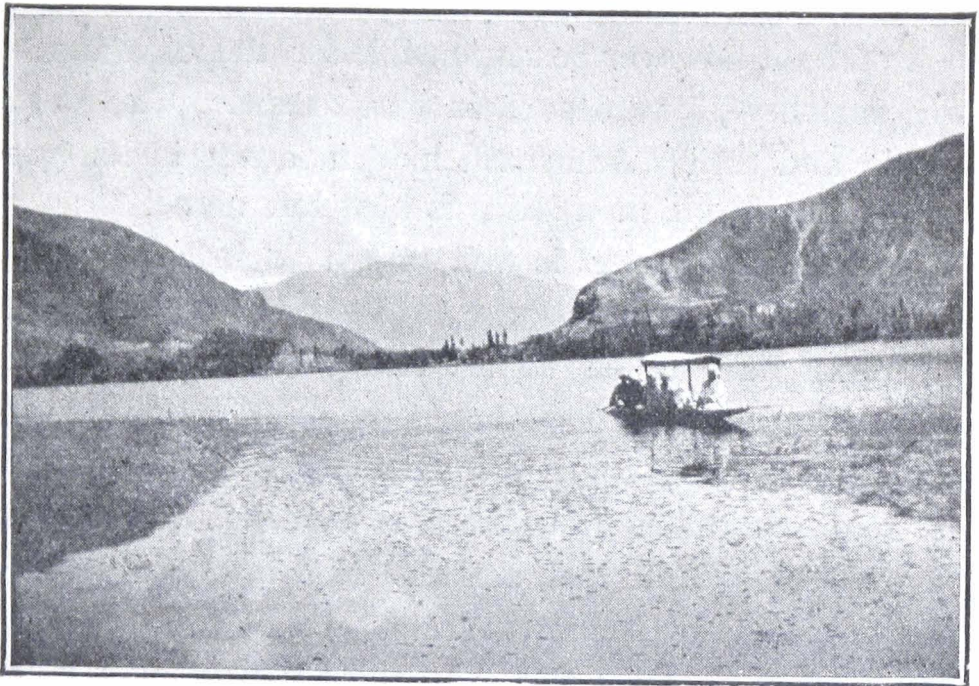
The Kolohoi glacier is well worth doing and easily reached, also the Zojila (Pass) in the Sind Valley. The Zojila must have taken some doing before the present road was made ; its wild reaches of rock and the wonderful views from it afford something to photograph and sketch. The road continues from here to Ladakh. Sportsmen go further afield after their shikar. Nothing over-exciting is met on any of these marches.

Then there is the Lolab, the third valley quoted for visitors, which is supposed to have a distinctive charm of

its own ; the Tilail valley and Gurais, and Baltistan where large numbers of campers holiday for the summer, with a host of other delectable camping and shikar grounds.

It is well not to rush every place but to enjoy some of the peace and solitude afforded, for after all, it is but once in a life time it will be possible. If a climber, there still remain virgin peaks to attempt. Many climbing records have been made and broken though at present the Duke of Abruzzi's 24,000 feet on Mount K2 remains the highest point any explorer has attained. Dangers and difficulties are to be met everywhere and from a quiet perusal of the cemetery inscriptions in Srinagar you will see not a few have lost their lives through an untimely storm or an avalanche.

The snow regions ! The snow regions ! That glistening



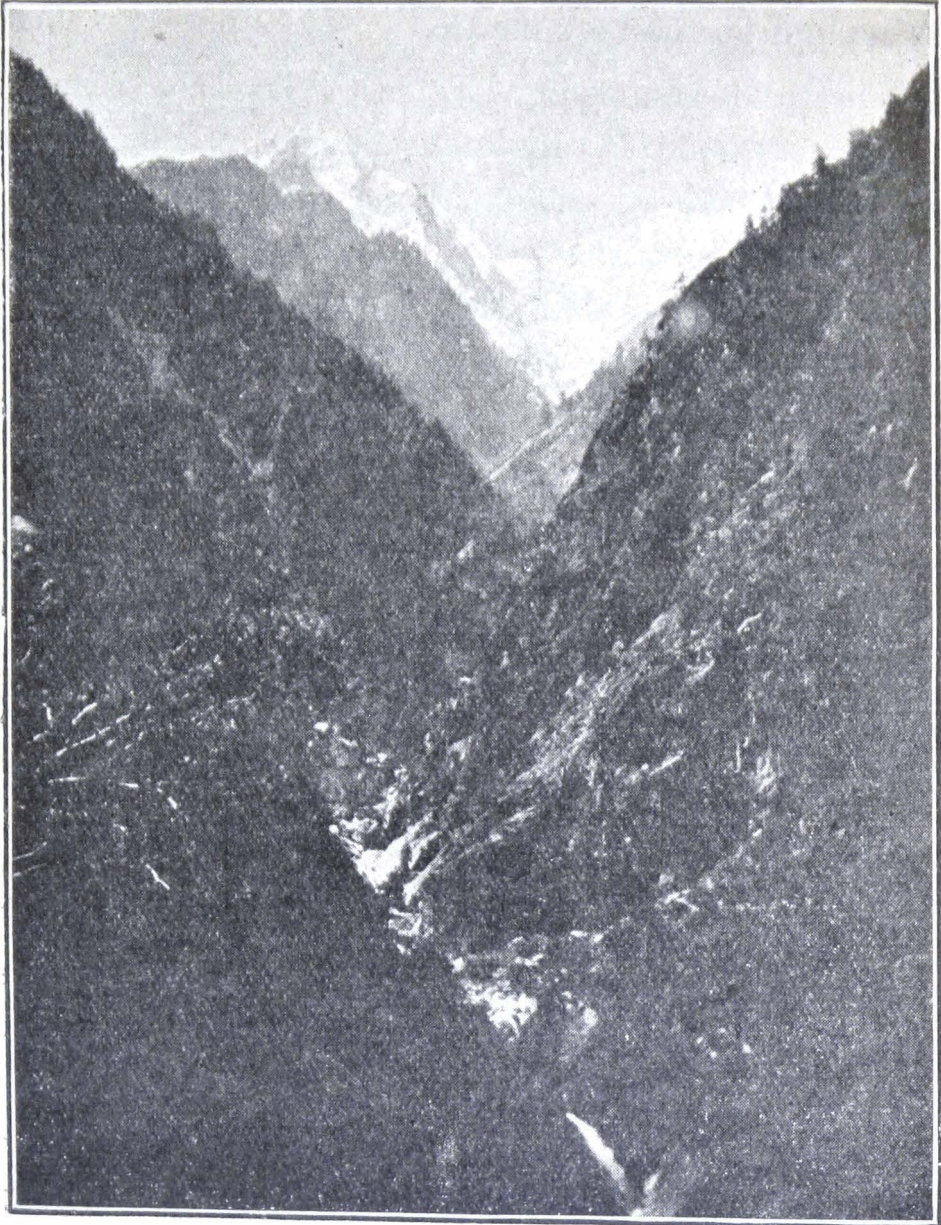
THE MANASBAL LAKE.

mantle of white covering the earth, wherever it be, seems to attract the soul of man even as a minor heaven. One would think as a natural course he would eschew these unprofitable undertakings—but not a bit of it. Anything hidden, anything out of reach affords a challenge to him, putting him on his best mettle.

Kashmir has changed greatly in the last few years and old admirers would hardly know it as the “delightful and cheap” resort they recommended to friends. With the increase of visitors the usual houseboat and doonga can hardly be obtained, while their respective owners imagine themselves turned into hotel proprietors on a small scale, and charge accordingly. Also having to remind every Kashmiri you deal with that the British travelling public has not lately come from lunatic asylums or eluded close confinement, rather tells on one’s temper, besides being expected to pay six times the value of everything. You will be directed by one to visit a sacred spring, which is a little water trickling out of a hill side miles away, and by another to take a “tusbeer” of some wretched temple as though you wanted a record of every silly thing you saw.

No! their ideas of the Sab are quite at sea even now, but still, poor things, they know he will pay for anything he fancies and here I admit them correct; yet travelled writers deserve more than quiet censure for expecting ordinary mortals to put up with a lot of unnecessary inconvenience and waste of good cash pottering round places of no moment. Mac. thinks I am as much to blame as anyone, but I plead guilty only to a failing for “ruins”. A love of antiquity has cost me dearly, but I know that the remains of ancient edifices are but piles of old stones to the ordi-

nary viewer whatever they may be to the archæologist. I hope I see beauty with the eyes of the majority, else do I fail in correctly recording that which is worthwhile, and in stricturing that which others praise.



BY PINE CLAD HEIGHTS—SNOW PEAKS AND FOAMING
STREAMS.

That the traveller will find Kashmir a delightful country for a holiday, that the angler and the sportsman will always seek it, need not be doubted. Still I think Mr. Tom Moore is hardly to be excused for fancifully deluding so many of the civilised race by his perigrinations in bookland ; for however charming we may find " Lalla Rookh," the pity is, it is not the Kashmir we know. In vain have I looked for anything to justify the passages ending in

If there is a heaven on earth

It is this, it is this—

But then, perhaps, I am too literal.

Sometimes, I like to fancy it all one could desire, with its vast mountain regions, its rock-strewn passes and glaciers, its lovely flower covered marches where one is not plagued with one's fellows, and the restful gliding over its lakes and rivers, while my photographs and sketches when looked over give as much delight as could the finest of shikar trophies ; then does my heart soften towards Kashmir, and overlooking ~~the~~ minor difficulties ~~besetting~~ ~~one there,~~ I think I love the place.

Shikaris.—May be termed a wretched nuisance divisible into several classes, luck deciding on which your choice falls.

It seems customary to engage them for a fishing or a shooting trip, but if you have a few smart coolies with you they know all about most things. My experience is that the shikari victimises everyone he comes in contact with, and is paid Rs. 25 to 30 a month for doing this.

You usually engage him on the first presentation of his

chits, and he will probably take you to places where your shikar "has been".

Servants.—I have always taken a Pathan general factotum with me, he acts most beneficially on the Kashmir boatmen. Good cooks are obtainable, and if a boat is taken you have the services of its staff on interior excursions, but generally speaking the better servants are as good as any to be had in these difficult Home Rule days of ours.

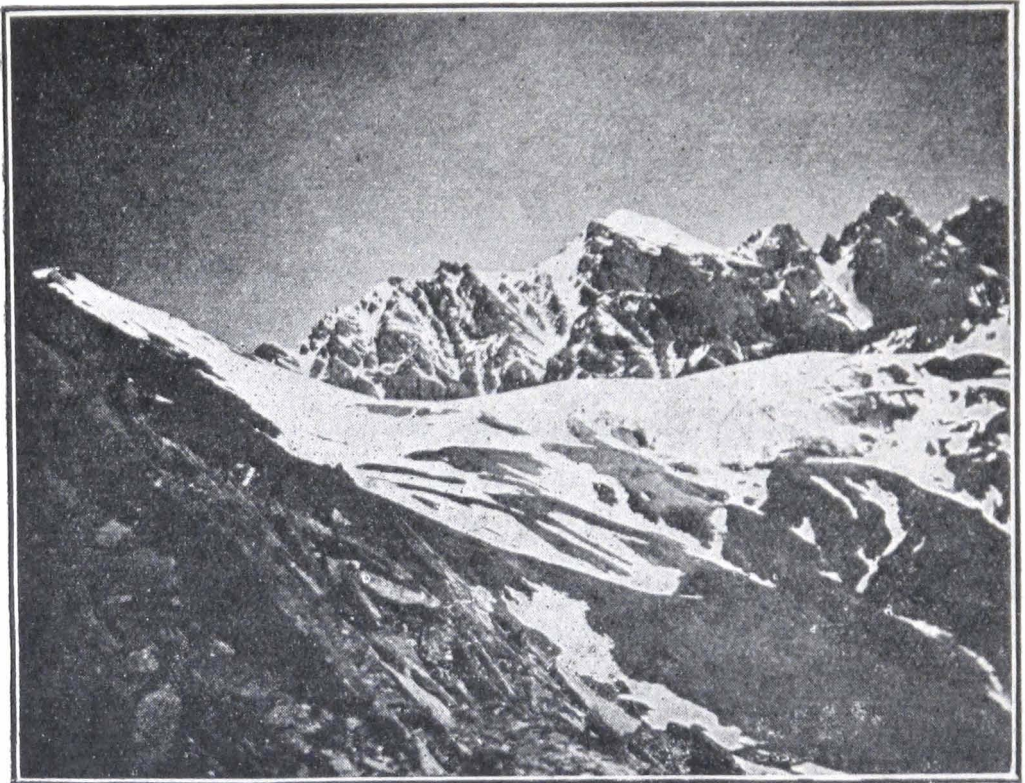
The Motamid Durbar—an official deputed to look after the welfare of visitors, with office in Srinagar—should be applied to when in doubt on any point.

Now no guide book extant tells you all you would like to know. You suffered and found out—let others do the same.

For a camp trip you would use a little common sense and what you cannot do in your home or on the plains, you will not do camping in the hills; for you are not going to change into some one else for the occasion.

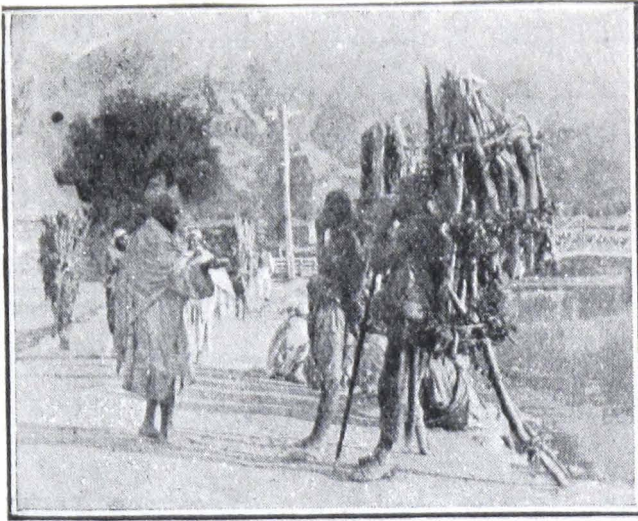
Tents.—These can be hired in Srinagar and for a short stay come as cheap as carrying your own; for the life of a tent is short, and by the time you have paid carriage, etc., it will come near the Rs.15 or so hire paid per month; but it is cheaper and better to have your own for a lengthy stay. Family parties would suit themselves, but the tyro bent far afield must have something convenient to carry, for one is apt to forget that no mysterious feat of juggling will plant you and your tents from one distant place to another—they must be carried by human agency and due allowance made for its shortcomings. An 80 lb. double fly will do for the bachelor though I did

Now I would not take one so heavy again. Yet a lonely mountain and a week's down-pour will decide one on the point. A tent with long poles should be avoided, also a wet tent is nearly double the weight of a dry one. It is one thing to be under a roof and pass inane remarks on "the weather," but it is quite another to be in a vast region of mountain or plain without a vestige of shelter anywhere, with the rain coming in sheets, your pack animals and all your belongings soaked and your tent not pitched; that I tell you is a test for any man. However make the best of things—being out for trouble, bear it.



THE GREAT PEAKS AND ICE FIELDS GLISTENING IN THE SUN.

As to modes of travel, you would adopt anything that falls in with your taste from rapidly skimming the ground in a motor to dressing as an Eastern and measuring every foot of the ground with your soles. I would mention



WOOD CARRIERS.

however that the present generation is a jolly sight too nice and lazy to ever do anything much in the latter line, for Mr. T. de la Thin-Bones—profession “Literature”—writes all *he* has to from his hotel; he does however moon round with a kodak slung over his shoulders. And then Capt. Strong Blank-Strong, who is reputed such a remarkably sympathetic writer, carries himself with such hauteur and disdain that seemingly he does not even look at those things he cherishes in black and white. The missionary writer we will not touch on—and that product of a future generation Mr. Ramchand Kickme Singh Khan Esquire, B.A., we will leave a future generation to applaud.

That the genius will some day produce a Bret Harte—an Artemus Ward—a Dickens and the like we may rest assured.

Looking through Younghusband's "Kashmir" on page 266, he modestly remarks, "For another fourteen million years or so after the coal period there is nothing special to record in the history of Kashmir".

Very nice and impressive this! Then he touches on the Carboniferous and Tertiary periods, further adding, "After the mountains had been finally upheaved, it is evident from the existence of those level plateau of recent alluvial deposit called Karewas that the Kashmir valley must have been filled with a lake to some hundreds of feet higher than the present valley bottom, and where the Jhelum at present escapes from the valley was blocked up and that here must have been one of the loveliest lakes in the world, while in the following Glacial period mighty regions of ice fed it from the Sind, Liddar and other valleys." Then man suddenly trotted on the scene, but whether he saw the lake or not Sir Francis cannot say.

"The dawn of Kashmir history is only 2,200 years ago and man must have appeared 250,000 years before that, he (man) has been pleased with Kashmir ever since he has been able to record anything, but having been cut off by impassable mountain barriers, those in it have not kept pace with their brethren outside". Think of this next time something goes wrong in your houseboat and forgive the poor beings.

This volume has many fine illustrations in colour, indeed they are so lovely I have looked in vain for the places they represent. That is the worst of artists, they will not do what is in front of them but must incorporate every colour-tone and form they have been taught on their pictures, and Kashmir artists always will err, you know. Of recent

books there is Ernest Neve's "Beyond the Pir Panjal," and of early books Bernier's Travels, 1670, and Vigne's "Travels in Kashmir, 1842." There was not much he missed. Many other books are to be had, but the unwary traveller will do well to have Neve's or Duke's Guide with him, also a little book by the Motamid Durbar—which though incorrect in distances has much else to commend it.

PART I.

A QUIET HOLIDAY IN A HOUSEBOAT—ARRIVAL AT BARA-MULLA—HOUSE-BOATS AND DUNGAS—SHIKARI AND OTHER CHITS—SOPORE—WULAR LAKE TO SHADIPUR—SRINAGAR CITY, A VISIT TO THE WOOD CARVING AND OTHER SHOPS—THE MELA AT HAZRATBAL—GAGRIBAL—HASANABAD—JUMMA MUSJID—SILK FACTORY—HARI PARBAT FORT—NISHAT BAGH BY MOONLIGHT.—UP THE RIVER TO ISLAM-ABAD—PANDRATTAN—PAMPOOR-KE-ROTI—THE PAYECK TEMPLE—MARTAND RUINS—BACK BY RIVER TO SRINAGAR.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE BACHA—a Pathan general help.

THE BABA—owner of the houseboat.

ISMALA—one of the crew.

AZIZA— ditto.

SELF—out for a holiday.

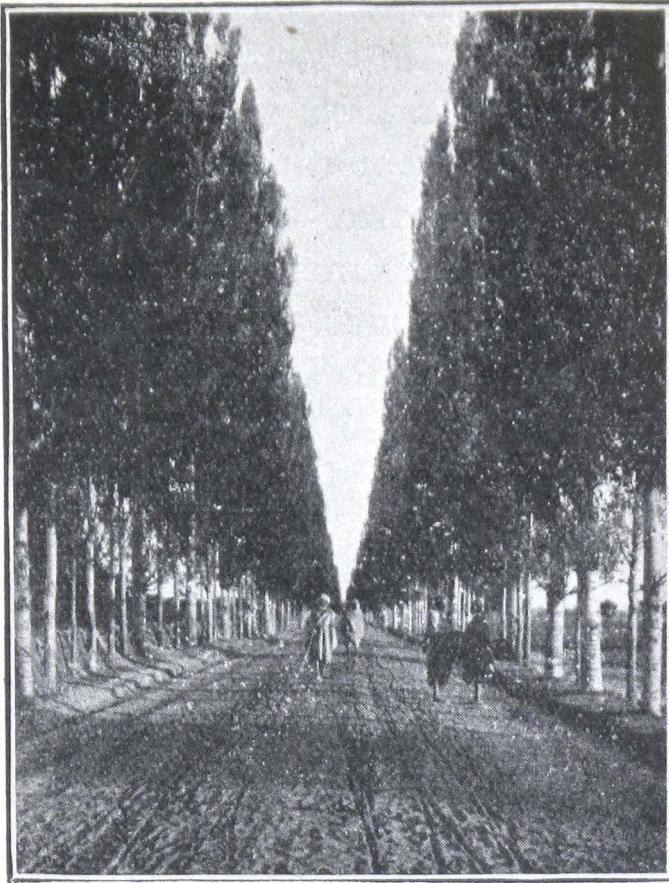
2nd June 19—

Arrived at Baramulla, having been four days on the road from Pindi, a pleasant drive and everything bidding fair for my holiday.

We hie riverwards and as it is known a boat is required before anything is said about it, several long coated manjis salaam and tell you not to take a boat of anyone else. If you are of a humorous turn now is the time to enjoy yourself!

You go inspecting Dreadnaughts, Blue Moons, and Dianas; Pink Abodes, Violet Havens, and houseboats with all sorts of delightful names. The owners crowd round,

each pressing his chits on you for perusal while you are carried off to the different boats. There are plenty of "Hazoors" knocking about and the boatman you fix on



A POPLAR AVENUE.

informs you he was a youngster when the Compass wallah Sab was up these parts, and that he'll do everything he can for you and wont make you angry on any account. Everything is a "Bandobast" according to these benighted beings.

Living boats for visitors are divided into three classes, first the house boat, a large and heavy affair built of wood and rented from Rs. 90 upwards. Second, a Doonga house-boat—part wood and part matting covered, rent about

Rs. 75—and third, the Doonga—all matting covered—from Rs. 35 upwards per mensem. All are 80 feet or more long, divided into about nine compartments or rooms and a cooking boat is usually taken with one of the above for Rs. 15 with any extras the owner can get. Some are dirty and some are clean. The doonga is lightest to move if much travelling is to be undertaken though it is probably *infra dig* to be in one. Each must suit his own pocket and taste. All boats have a regulated crew who serve in various ways when bacsheesh looms in the distance ; and one of them can usually cook well ; you have their services on interior excursions together with the prehistoric camp furniture in most boats—left behind from time to time by those visitors the boat owner has talked nicely to. One of the boat ends is used as a verandah and the centre rooms are lower on account of the boat's curve , but you get used to this after falling on your nose once or twice or bumping your head.

My boat has crockery in a cupboard that has seen better days, a decent sized camp table, a chair which unexpectedly collapses when not wanted to, a figured tablecloth and a railway timetable—why the last is here I am unable to say—an inkwell with a drop of river water, a pen once used for writing but since used for poking holes with, together with other things we may term *et ceteras*.

5 *p.m.*

Landed in with my contraptions and took possession. A special feature of the river side and one which strikes a newcomer is the womenfolk pounding rice ; they use a large wooden mortar and a pestle some eight feet long



THE RICE POUNDERS.

thinned in the centre for holding, and two women facing each other hammer alternately ; and they have some muscle too. Should they not pound hard enough the old mother pops round the corner of her boat and gives her opinion in a practical way. The women seem as strong as the men mostly and not quite so "lazy;" this is a term applied to the Kashmiri generally, but I do not think they quite merit it, not being lazy by any means where physical endurance is concerned. They really are a happy-minded, industrious lot, subordinated by historical conditions that have played the dickens with their sense of right, turned them into a God-send-Sunday fraternity with a predilection for thinking that language is of little use unless it is elastic. As I was getting ready for bed the

boat-owner—whom they call “ the Baba ”—came and in a mysterious way manipulated the floorboards, meanwhile impressing on me the secrets of houseboats.

It appears your boxes and valuables are dodged under the flooring out of sight, and you then sleep on the top of them. A good idea this, but one wonders if there is not some secret trap-door arrangement by which they can help themselves from the river. Little by little darkness falls and the boats have a flare of fire within, and the boat people sit round their evening meal and I have something to eat and sit outside in a peaceful reverie, while from the distance rings the chant of the swallowtailed King-crow, of all sounds the sweetest to one dreaming. What delightful songsters they are.

3rd June.

After a peaceful night I went on shore, was promptly salaamed, and a folio of chits handed me. As I have before remarked the reading of letters here is a liberal education in itself, so I must give a few extracts from shikari specimens—

1. “ Lussoo has hunted black bears with me and showed me six in no time—which all escaped.”
2. “ I specially enjoyed my trip with Lussoo, he seems to know all the bears by sight.” I do not know how else he ought to know them unless he has a particularly keen proboscis—or does this mean some of the bears are special friends of his.
3. One Bisley marksman plaintively remarks “ he didn’t bag anything, but that Lussoo was

awfully good and obliging, summoning chakor or something when leopards and tigers were required."

4. Another avers he could not stay long enough or he "*might have done something.*"

Poor fellows ! what visions they must have had of black bears and what a demoniacal longing to kill something which somehow always kept out of their way. Some of these letters are quite pathetic. Next come some fishing specimens—

1. " I have been fishing with Rasula for about one hour and have caught 2 fish."
2. " Rasula is a very good shikari, he has helped me a lot, and has been very quiet and friendly ; with his help I caught 5 fish in one hour."
3. " Rasula has proved a fine shikari and is well acquainted with his work, he showed me a place in which I caught one fish about a $\frac{1}{4}$ pound."
4. " I killed $15\frac{1}{2}$ fish in a day ? (or was it one fish in $15\frac{1}{2}$ days), he thought it was about 50 lbs., but I think about $37\frac{3}{4}$." (The above writing is very bad.)
5. " Rasula knows all about tackle and just where the fish " seem " to be ; I paid him one rupee for a day's sport including his shikara, unfortunately I didn't catch anything, but can thoroughly recommend him."

What I think of Rasula is that he is a regular demon. If he bothers the fish the way he did me, his persistence ought to be rewarded by little short of whales.

Next comes the Barber and *his* chits—

1. “Ladoo has cut my hair better than I expected, but his razors might be sharper ; has proved himself quite a “ tonsorial artist ” and am quite delighted with my appearance now, as my hair refused to be brushed before I got him.”
2. “Ladoo has cut my hair twice, and so I am having him again ; his razors are not up to much and I think someone might stand him a few.”
3. “Ladoo wishes me to say he cut my hair and it’s alright ; I’m only going shikaring and hope to be away before it grows again.”

I do not know how the operation takes place, but presume you sit on the water’s edge admiring the scenery and making notes for your next painting—the colours of the distant hills, the old wooden bridge, the animals going over it, the women filling their gurrahs with water, the few trees and donkeys, the wood spire in the distance poking up against the snow clad hills, a few shikaras gliding along with the man at the helm freely using his spoon-shaped paddle until like the figures of a dream they pass beyond.

However I thanked the barber and as he was not over pressing, managed to get off with my locks intact.



Put on extra men and was pulled up stream to Sopore. This place was recently described as “ beautifully dirty ” or by some such hybrid term. Myself, I think its river views distinctive, its fishing superb, and its dinginess

nothing to do with the ordinary visitor. I particularly like being moored on the Woolar side of it watching the sun set beyond the distant Khagan snow range with the bridge and mosque spire breaking the minor distance.

This morning I stood with camera ready as the sun rose behind some clouds over the Woolar while some boats were silhouetted as mere lines on its scintillating surface, and got quite a fine picture. Then one by one those long shali boats with a bit of a dwelling stuck at one end, the remainder heavily laden with logs, stone or merchandise, were taken along and the refrain of the men poling resolved itself into something like this :—

First man, “ Bus I’m going ”—to each step singing a syllable.

Second man, (on the other side), “ where ! ”-o-where
F. M. stooping and pushing with all his might “ are you glad ? ”

S. M. “ Please don’t cry.”

F. M. “ I feel sad.”

S. M. “ Well choke yourself”—this as the boat end is reached, he then returns and they start off on something else of three syllables.

Slowly they pass away on the waters till but black streaks in the distance and then turning to the bank we notice the people just crawling out of their huts or boat ends, so low and with such doors that one wonders how they can get through, and perchance the man starts smoking his hookah, and the woman makes tea for which they use salt instead of sugar, perhaps they next have a wash, and perhaps they don’t.

We now weigh anchor and pass through the city where

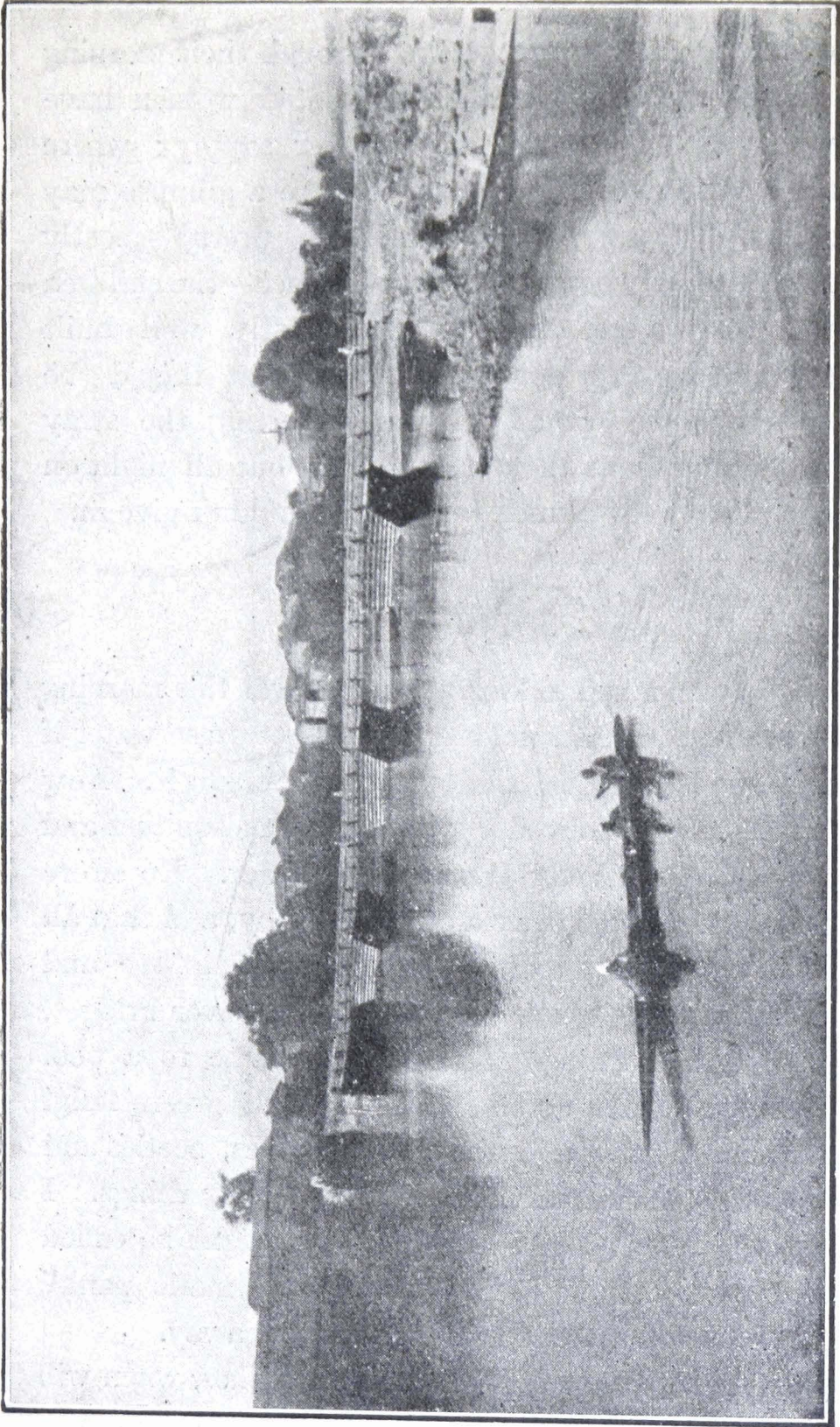
some of the population are getting through their morning toilet, where the long frocked bare-footed women have come with gurrahs for the day's water supply; where some are cleaning cooking utensils; where a glimpse may be caught "a la Venus"—mostly pretty—mostly fairskinned—mostly beautifully proportioned—the children splashing everywhere, and the men mostly well built with such an apology for a loin cloth that they'd be better without one at all; I was forgetting the stray angler who looked as though he'd been out all night on the job, felt sorry for himself but simply couldn't give in.

4th June.

SOPORE.

If ever I felt inclined to kick anyone, it was this morning after breakfast. I had told Aziza to get fresh water if any was to be had, so he said yes, and brought it. Now in my first glass, I noticed a few drowned mosquitoes and sandflies, etc., and asked if it was river water. He swore it was not, that there was a spring near by, and that all Sabs thrived on it so I took a serai and went to see and after going through a mile of dirty streets, over bridges, by scented drains, through fields, *ad lib.*, came to a pool some hundred yards across, covered with green fungi where a regatta was being held by tadpoles, beetles and fishes not to mention a lot of other creeping things. I could simply say nothing! It was what might be called a *contretemps*; and for this "sheesha ki mafic pani" my clean Baramulla water had been thrown away.

Ye gods, little socks and human apostrophes, when will the Sab use the little sense he has!



SOPORE—WITH ITS OLD BRIDGE AND MOSQUE-SPIRE THROWN UP AGAINST THE DISTANT KHAGAN RANGE.

Sopore at the outlet of the Woolar lake is the first halting place after leaving Baramulla. It is famous for its fishing and has a typical Kashmir wooden bridge connecting the city built on both banks of the river, while a mosque spire sets the whole off.

Taking a walk here I came on a field of poppies one blaze of scarlet, further on a field one blaze of yellow, while lying around the homesteads in a wild profusion of blue the Iris grew everywhere. I sat down to sketch but found mosquitoes troublesome. Though not agile, their number is unlimited. The river mark of Sopore is a huge chenar beneath which is a temple with lingam and snakes sculptured—a strange Kashmiri fancy this for snakes. Coming at an opportune moment I got a picture that has always been a delight to me.

5th June.

WOOLAR LAKE.

Started early to cross the Woolar—the largest lake in India. Before sunrise the view is one vast stretch of rippling water with a range of mountains rising sheer from the distant edge, while boats appear as black lines on its surface. We shortly pass through fields of water plants and fungi amongst which white lilies rise like pearls in a net work of lace where large fan-like leaves lie flat on the water and many shapes co-mingle. You will know a painting of the Woolar on sight for nowhere else do you see such a delicate scheme in blue which in its various aspects can be quite lovely. At one time strips of yellow divide the blue of distant mountain line glassed in calm reflection, where pheasants and flamingoes play ;

at another greens and browns border wildly dancing waters that give no reflection, while poplars in little strokes of purple may border the distance.

Boatmen prefer to cross the Woolar in the morning as storms sweep down from Haramukh during the day with alarming fury.

Having reached Shadipur, that evening it seemed a lovely place as I looked across the sunset brightened waters where was reflected the solitary river chenar ; while on the banks, men, women and cattle passed and boats occasionally darted across the setting sun's brightness thrown up as black silhouettes on the silver tide, till darkness gradually supervening, the aura of gold and crimson passed from the west and night closed in.

The Bacha procured a duck with other prosaic things here and I wondered mightily what form it should take on the morrow ; I did suggest putting it in a mould of earth like we used to bake sparrows in school, but was given to understand that " Roass " was the only form in which I could hope to dispose of it. I must confess to a failing for duck, but alas you require someone who can cook it!

10th June.

SRINAGAR.

Srinagar and Kashmir are not at their best in summer—from the picture point—for there is a sameness in the foliage green presented wherever the eye rests.

It is in autumn, when the tints change running into yellows, browns and reds that the most picturesque aspect is presented—but of course these varieties of tints

are never the screaming reds of lady artists, who do see so many more tints than are presented to the ordinary mortal, especially when they close one eye in the process. I dislike lady artists. They usually talk one into buying some silly picture of theirs and then one wonders ever after how it was done.

Later the cold gets stingy and the Dal assumes a wintry mantle, the mountains snow-white reflect their irregular surfaces in the still waters and the poplars stand like a lot of brooms sweeping the wintry sky; the avenues being particularly desolate. Then the whole land takes on a snow mantle and winter has settled.

Presently with the departure of winter the fairy wand of spring touches the land with a galaxy of delicate yellow and the "season" has commenced again. The kishti wallah overhauls his boat, cleans it up, turns out his family, gets himself into trim—prunes his manners and vocabulary; the wood carver and everyone else with anything to get rid of to a confiding-and-rubbish-collecting-public, boards his shikara and with new born hope sets forth to slay his victims—giving his most deferential salaam—his salaams have been rusting all this time you must remember—and perchance all the faithful collect in their praying places and most devoutly entreat the deity to send a lot of Sabs on the scene—(so my boatman tells me).

Now one thing I must say in favour of the trader and that is he will not leave a stone unturned that may prove to his advantage; he will not lose the ghost of an order if he can help it; he will tackle everyone with commendable persistence—and it is only this persistence that tells—for where one would not have taken a thing, he has talked one

into it. Of course there is the visitor who hasn't a pice to spend and the other who is bent on spending thousands. But the Kashmiri's "forte" is the showing of letters—being nice—inviting his patrons to dinner and Lhasa tea; woe to those beguiled.

11th June.

I think the prettiest pictures of the city are to be obtained by the seventh bridge and here we stayed while I got out my paints and started on the scene. Presumably the shakiest things are best from the artistic point because their rendering does not require too much truth. I got in the temple—treating it to golden spires and making it look a deal better than it really is—put in smudges for the trees, the bridge in a mystic blue haze, a boat, and women bathing. The last item I displayed a little incorrectly I fancy, for who would stand while you gazed drawing the vanishing lines in proportion. Besides these burnt umber coloured Venuses only show their heads above water when you appear, if they haven't already popped on their togs and vanished.

But there, they would never get a dip at all if they waited till no one was about I suppose.

Paintings of Srinagar! every drawing room in India displays a few, from the lurid efforts of someone with crooked balconies on the brain to the finest of trained artistic effect. I fancy the Kashmiri woman is much outraged if one is to judge from her paintings for sale, while wood-houses and impassable bridges come next. The woman spinning is a hot favourite and no doubt some of the sitters will twist uncomfortably in their graves when they

have to account for the misleading of artists . Then there is the boatman, pole in hand gazing at the unfathomable waters, everything having a reflection of sorts. If you could never paint before, Srinagar is the place to start on, and may posterity forgive you.

Well, darkness falls and as I have only half finished my picture I reluctantly gather up my things . Then the city lights appear as long lines of yellow glowing in the water—then singing comes from different quarters—then the city noises quieten and a sad sort of dinner finishes the day.

14th June.

6 a.m. Started for the city in my shikara. The scenes that are in evidence at this early hour might well engage the brush of a Phil May and a Burne-Jones, for what delightful glimpses we catch of early bathers ; how they dodge under water if “ a la Venus ” and how they disappear always on approach. If they are washing their faces or hands ; if they are donning their clothes ; if the little ones are enjoying a swim--all dash off at once, all vanish, leaving the picturesque steps which lead down to the water lifeless.

What classic groups ; what artistic figures ; what fine poses and light effects are displayed for one second—lost before the eye can record them. And passing down the river we take in the many strange scenes presented, the high wood and brick buildings, the rose petals floating on the waters—thrown by those who have done their “puja”—the signboards of the different business places with their many shapes and colours ; the temples—silver-domed, glinting in the sun ; the seven differently constructed bridges and the pictures of the Fort Hill got on passing

under these ; of the beings hurrying over the bridges, where the waters whirl and an extra effort is put on to get through ; of the manji's masterful strokes which propel you along.

The various boats—one native sprawled out in grandiloquent style and six pulling him ; the old Kashmiri on his boat with his wife at the back paddling ; the state barges ; the gay barges that carry ladies ; the barges that convey a



SRINAGAR EN FETE. THE MAHARAJAH'S BOAT PASSING THE SHAHAMADAN MOSQUE.

crew of the *demi-monde* ; the open small shikara ; the large matting covered shikara ; the doonga boat gliding away, smoky and dirty.

The salaam many a seller gives, requesting you to see his things ; the fretful gesture with which you wish him to the dickens. The shops you go into ; the many strange forms of carving ; the latest Lhasa pattern ; the satanic faced

dragon ; the cigar boxes—the tables—the screens—the things you would like without paying for ; the striking designs --the beautiful under carving—the chenar leaf—the expensive—the cheap—the way you select something--the way you are persuaded to take something you don't want.

The seller ; who is supercilious—who is civil—who is pleasing—who is squirming—who wants you to sign—who shows you a whole lot of letters—who presses you to have a special kind of Lhasa tea—who asks your boatman questions—who is told whether you are of the giving away fraternity or whether you require something for your money ? whether you have much surplus cash—how many shops you have been to--what you are likely to buy—how much discount he'll get—and so forth, and so forth.

Into the shikara again. Stop. Up some steps—through a small maze ; the long gowned being of inscrutable countenance with the yellow dab between his eyebrows silently pointing the way ; the curios laid out—the tinpot things from Lhasa—the rubbish your wife would throw away if you were not looking—the prayer wheel—the teapot with spout held in a dragon's mouth—the queer shaped vessels—the vessels made rusty for the occasion—the beggar's bowl, in brass, in silver, in gold—the genuine one which you would not give two pice for in your native place—the unsavoury odds and ends which the showman assures you sell by the yard—the things that will be sold unless taken at once—the order you don't give. The waterduck placed on the fire for you, which blows the fire into a red heat--which draws up water into

its steaming inside—which squirts the water to quite a respectable distance—the silly thing you pay six rupees for, never use, and afterwards give a friend instead of confining to the dustbin.

Down the steps again. The fancy needlework place, the lovely worked pieces you would like to give all your lady friends—the Lhasa pattern—the lotus and Dal lake pattern—the beautiful blue Irises, all in marvellous taste, in silk, cotton or pashmina. The charmingly matched—the grotesque—the persistence with which everything is hauled out. Again down the narrow steps to the water, into your shikara nearly overbalancing it—the fine stroke your manji's first give—how they slow off—how everybody wonders who you are—how you wonder who everybody else is.

The continual passage of boats, the changing colours—the new Hindu temples being built, covered with tin—the open woodwork spire of the mosque capped with gold, high and prominent. The stones from ancient temples patched into the banks—the square cut slabs—the rounded cornice piece—a fragment of some long lost design prominent among the other imbedded stones.

The smockfrocked, bare-legged women with head cloth making them picturesque—the girl washing her clothes on the time worn steps—the ungainly inartistic man.

Past the garden villa of the late Rajah with its pretty flowers trailing over the edge of the high banks, and the white fronted palace rising on its brick red hull.

Under the first bridge and back by the Chenar bagh, past its line of houseboats—under the Dal darwaza—attaining our own little island bagh in due course. There sits the

Baba in the stern of his boat, inscrutable as the sphinx. I had taken quite a nice lot of pictures and was pleased with the morning's outing.



“ Fine words butter no parsnips ” is a truism you will appreciate when you have been the round of the shops ; when you have been told by everyone in succession that his work and doings are not the same as the chap's next door—who has nothing but rubbish and firewood to dispose of—and that “ he ” is the only one on whom any reliance can be placed, when out comes numberless chits to back up the statement.

Now a strange thing is that though wood-carving is done here, none of the people sport it themselves, and though they have carpets which are supposed to improve by wear, they have cork lino or anything but carpets down. And even in the palace I have seen little of interest in the art way. The banqueting hall and rooms have old paper-machie work on the ceiling and around the doors but it is so “ marmooli ” that but for its age it were not worth looking at.

15th June.

DAL LAKE.

We are moored in a quiet spot on the Dal Lake, and here I have been writing, sketching, doing a few photographs and generally getting through time happily. Have not

seen a newspaper for weeks, and have almost waded through "Wordsworth" in consequence; my watch has



A GOOD BOAT FULL.

stopped, and on the whole this seems the most peaceful time of my life.

Yesterday the large yearly Mela was held at Hazrat Bal and it was an entertainment in itself to watch the different boats fleeting over the lake's surface towards it. I had seen them laden with firewood, eatables, innumerable gurrahs and everything required for the amusement of the multitude, and the evening before, passing the Nasim bagh was quite taken with the high pile of sweets laid to view and the blazing fire where a black and grimy individual conjured over a cauldron of boiling oil turning "atta" of various forms into something tasty. Then Srinagar came



THE MELA AT HAZRATBAL.

out to enjoy itself, and doongas holding fifty souls packed like sardines and a hair's breadth above water—doongas with a few nautch girls gorgeously attired—perhaps singing and dancing—doongas of every description, small boats of every description, with every description of crew, all hastened to the one goal ; from every side, with every diversity of colour, speed and picturesqueness they came. All night I noticed them pass, now wakened by drums and voluble singing, anon wafted back to slumber by some delightful strain accompanied with the siringi while with a glare of light reflected on the waters they pass, their song and music gradually losing itself fainter and sweeter in the distance. And then all day long they came singing, shouting, playing ; some dressed up to the nines, some dirty, some eager, all expectant ; and at midday the men gather in the mosque and a long paraphernalia of prayer goes on when a hair of the Prophet Mahomed is waved over the heads of the multitude, and I suppose they all have forgiveness for their sins

and feel they've done passably well and may be expected to start again with a vengeance. Then the boats start plying back, shoals of them, until Srinagar passes into quietness again. Like the night crickets they all lose themselves, and one wonders where they have disappeared to.

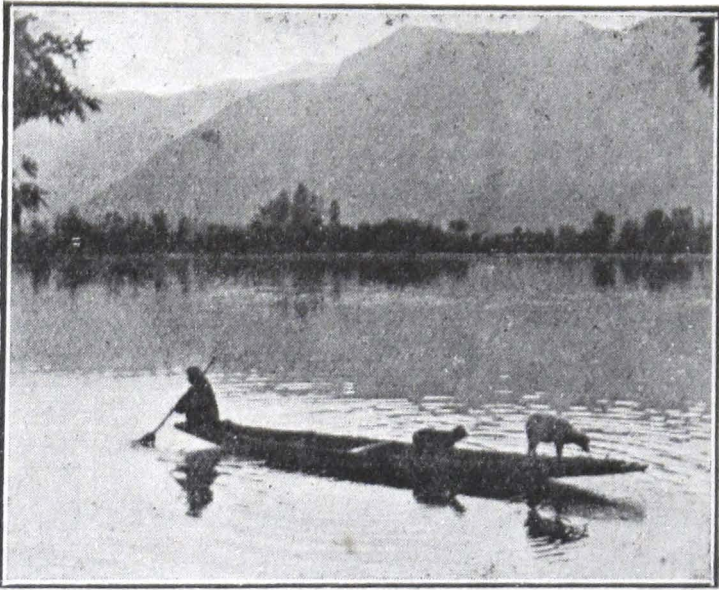
The mali upstairs is a demon for "dallies." Say you are sitting in sedate contemplation, up he files with an assortment of things; may be some apples, a few apricots, three cucumbers, a spray or two of mint and a few flowers arrayed on little leaves. He says "Salaam, Dallie Sab" and puts it down before you; you say "Salaam", questioningly gazing at it. For a few minutes you are silent while he looks round in a sort of "I can't wait" style, then you say "kitna chaya", and he says "ap ka kushie' a rupee or eight annas. Now the bazaar value of the whole lot is about two annas, and you rather admire the business capacity of that man.

20th June.

Gagribal on the Dal is a nice place to moor one's boat if the passage through the Dal gate is possible. From here the Peri Mahal ruins on the near hillside make a good morning's outing, also Chisma Shahi, and the Shalimar bagh which has fine black marble pillars in its pavilion. Tom Moore had some very nice things to say about this garden—mentioning nightingales, roses, lovely maidens and the like—but of course he had never been there and may be excused; if he had done these places in one of the Srinagar tum-tums and been asked for bacsheesh at the

end of the journey, society as a whole might have been spared many delusions.

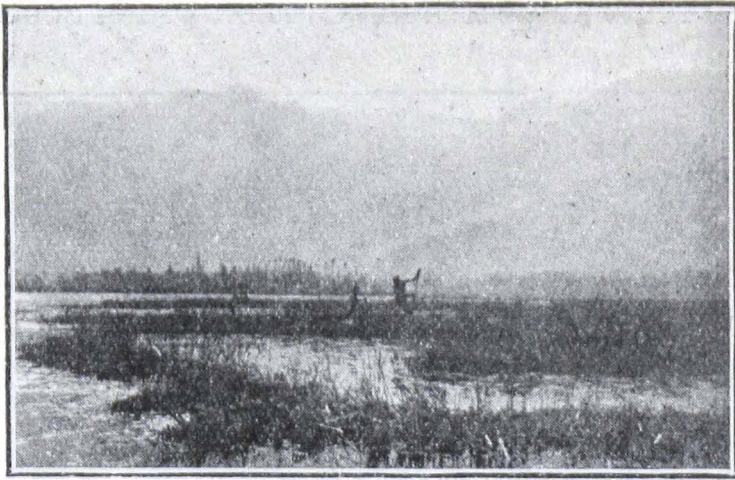
The floating gardens are near here, a heterogeneous mass of bulrush roots and earth in strips on which good cucum-



AN IDYLL OF THE DAL.

bers, tomatoes and other watery things are grown, and here the gardener's wife and pretty frocked girls come to work and sing, and perchance if they have been singing voluably through the day and cannot stop at eventide you still hear a "fairy chant from o'er the waters far" stealing into your dreams. These people have a refined sense of music—nothing like the row and tumult associated with all native tamashas. I have heard singing accompanied by stringed instruments that was a delight to the trained ear, and sometimes a strain so simple and perfect will be caught as to make one marvel. Some day I hope to be knighted after writing a lot of rot on oriental music and

art. I will then catalogue the varieties, colours and shapes of the water fungi, the gaudy dragon flies, frogs, beetles, fish and mosquitoes, the city aromas—the ques-



THE FLOATING GARDENS.

tionable ways of boatmen, cooking, bachelors, expenses. This will be when I bid my final adieu to society before stepping back—or forward—into an uncivilised state.

21st June.

HASANABAD.

10 a.m. We came by the canal in our shikara to look round; the Bacha and Ismail are fishing, I see he has just hooked one three inches. I am interested examining the old monuments in this devastated area of tombstones and broken slabs that mark the dead of centuries. A man came to bathe as I was leaving; ungainly wood enclosures stand in the water for this purpose. When he was "a la Adam" the Bacha took all his things and put them yards away. It was not my suggestion and I hope no one was shocked.

On returning I was glad to see a gentleman paddling his own boat ; I am quite an adept myself and think it fine



SOME FINE OLD TOMB STONES.

sport. I feel sorry for the languid-worn folk passed everywhere and amused at those silent anglers that stay gazing at the water as if some miracle was shortly to take place. †

22nd June.

I went to look at the Jumma Musjid and ~~on~~ finding I was expected to take off my boots and did not feel inclined to do so, a man filed up with cloth shoes which when put over my boots acted as an intermediary between my sinful soles and their sacred ground ; I presume they struck this brilliant idea because some Pickwickian stout old blest-if-I-do-tourist trotted off in the distant ages leaving them to wonder how much bacsheesh he might have parted with.

I can say little of the place and would not accept a free boat ride to go again. As I was leaving someone hinted that a donation usually culminated the proceedings, but it did not on this occasion.

23rd June.

Took a tonga—which are usually rather shaky in Srinagar—and set out for the silk factory. They say it is the largest in the world, parts of it have been periodically burnt down with the result that the rebuilding is quite up-to-date. Every Kashmir book tells all there is to know about it, so there is little to say except a nice man showed me round and explained the workings. Piles of cocoons lie outside. The small Kashmiri boys who draw the silk thread must not have a break in 100 yards when tested. Rather took my fancy how they dance about with such impish expressions; I saw little *Oliver Twist* here, and such a lot of tiny faces that would do for classic illustrations; I shall not soon forget the features of some of these earners of two annas a day.

If you see the electrical installation be sure to ask a lot of questions, and if of a quizzical turn touch everything. Accost the man showing you round in this wise:—Hello! what are these funny looking things for? “Lightning conductors”. What do you use lightning for in particular? What would happen if I touched that wire? Say you fell downstairs on that business there, what would the shock be like? and so forth.

Silk fabric is now woven on the premises and may be bought there.

8 *p.m.* I started whistling; now I always notice that when I do this it touches some note in the Bacha’s vocal chords and he starts off singing a pathan love song. This is why I do not indulge too often for the B. cannot sing for nuts, and the worst of it is he doesn’t know when to stop. Aziza started laughing, for he can sing quite nicely. The

B. said different "Mullocks" * expressed themselves differently, and so I should think. Az. of an evening sings a love song in which a deal of "Jan-jan Sho Ban" comes in, there is a passage in this sounding like "He make shoe-man", which he dwells on with great feeling. I do not mind so long as there is not too much of it.

24th June.

THE FORT.

9- a.m. I obtained a pass to visit the fort and my guide awaited me when I arrived. I did not quite know what I expected to see there, but the Baba deluded me into it with the "burra banduks," etc., to be seen. My guide is a character resuscitated from Dickens. The way the poor chap puffed up hill, makes me think escorting visitors no joke; also his legs struck me as being not quite the thing to carry up his weighty superstructure, but I suppose it's the fault of that hill. He said the wall took Akbar twelve years to build and there was a ziarat inside 600 years old. As we were nearing the top he shouted out a warning to the sentry and I expected to see that gentleman charge out fixing himself up as he came and struggling with his ~~gun~~ and bayonet; but no, he was ready to present arms when we appeared.

If you have any dangerous weapons with you such as cameras or maxim guns they must be left in his charge.

A fine view of the city is obtained laid out in matchboxes each side of the river with the mosque spires and the regular lines of poplars, and the Dal stretching with its range of mountains opposite.

* Countries.

Our guide is not a brilliant man or I might tell you a lot about this fort, whereas, after looking round, seeing the guns, asking what would happen if one fell out of doors, we departed.

Now I'm rather disappointed! A fort gives one the notion that guns should thunder and blaze off from the crenelated battlements, that a bit of shouting should go on, and an entry be made through a dense suffocating smoke with a feeling that it would be useless for anyone to attack such a place! The Baba says that in the distant ages the whole of Hari Parbat was gold, and one day a fakir or someone who ran the thing wanted some mud, and I suppose being a shortwinded chap, when it was not procurable under his nose, expressed himself in meaning syllables, and forthwith turned the whole into what it is now! People snapshot and sketch Hari Parbat, mostly treating it to a sunset effect and giving it a due reflexion in the Dal. I can see something in Ali Musjid Fort, but Hari Parbat! it may as well not be there as far as I am concerned.

Returning, a shikara passed me in which reposed a gentleman with folded arms and a most peaceful expression of countenance. The four manjis behind had knowing grins as they rowed him off in that labyrinth of baghs. I noticed a whisky bottle and sodas in the stern; it was a glorious afternoon and I hope he was happy.

26th June.

I have had my chair placed under a shady pear tree on the bank, where poplars with their silver bark catch the early sun and a peaceful sereneness reigns throughout.

The owner of the bagh files up with his cows and plough and starts pulling up the earth, while a couple of his girls follow picking out unearthed turnips. He shouts lustily to his oxen who are not in the least afraid of him, nor inclined to work. The bent old white haired lady of the place now trips up and starts off on the girls, who look at her in that style which plainly expresses "I wish you'd hurry up and die", while a few more youngsters file up, salaam, and squat round to see what I'm doing.

For a long time I stay under this shady tree looking through my collection of pictures, writing on them and selecting which to send my friends. As I have a postcard printing frame with me and self-toning paper I spend the rest of the morning printing my best negatives and toning. I dislike the washing of prints; most trying are these operations when you have not the necessary things by you.

The sun rises higher and higher, and the distant Thakt-i-Sulieman brightens against the farther lines of blue hills while the sunlight-tipped trees assume a yellow softness, and the water dreamily runs by me. Anon I have breakfast and go out with Ismala to roam through the city. The land part cannot claim much beauty and is not sketched often, at least water appears in all tones of blue in most pictures I have seen. Artisans were at their different crafts and I chanced on the scene when they were hammering out mixed brass and copper into those quaint antique-grotesque things which all come from Ladakh and Tibet—which they were tinkering up and making look old—which the man wasn't able to dodge out of sight—which the boy took out of the fire where a few minutes with a little acid had given it the hall-mark of centuries.

I admire painting, I love beauty in any form, I'm a bit of a connoisseur in curios, but I have wondered what *some* people want with all the rubbish they buy. If some of the things paid ridiculous prices for in big shops were offered for a few pence in a bye street, you would not have them. I later saw similar things which the seller swore were 50 or 75 years old.

Papier Machie is also to be seen and at one time was famous, but of late has not been "the thing."

I would not have you walking through all those bye-ways and slums with me ; through the narrow alley into which some wretched specimen of humanity darts ; where the palsied woman passes ; where the dirty mite is improving its appearance in the gutter ; where the girl aged before her time is seen ; where the many harrowing sights incidental to a large city make one's heart ache and wonder why one gets off so lightly, while others suffer so much. I'm rather given to scanning the worst—the lowest—the scenes from which my friend White-cuffs would turn as being no concern of his, the places my lady Knowall would faint to enter, and could not describe for horror. You see both do write in mission magazines, but how could they dirty their dear soft leather soles in the filth of those low quarters, and of course Mr. Babu Ram-Ram is too conscientious a man to even think of going there, he so yearns for something better that he leaves these places strictly alone.

We passed through yards of streets and below the fourth bridge I went to see some ruins called Badshah which I was told was the tomb of Zuin-ul-abdin, one of the most renowned of early Mahomedan kings. We tra-

versed a large area of grave-stones, conducted by a long-robed man who came forward and took us in hand explaining that the Badshah's mother and some other relation was also near by. What I did admire were the ancient ruined gateways, on which some fragmentary Brahmi inscription was lately discovered dating back to 150 B.C.

7 *p.m.* I asked after the Bacha again, but no, he had not come, so being hungry and with the possibility of no dinner, I turned round to see what I could do. Fortunately I remembered a home recipe so I got together all the things I thought necessary for a mutton stew, having in mind something nice and tasty for dinner, and started off on a bit of cooking.

I dislike peeling potatoes, but managed it after a fashion. I then cut up the meat with a struggle, also a finger; I next had to cogitate what else comprised this savoury dish, and concluded that onions, cloves, pepper, salt and chillies with a dash of sauce all fried was the thing. As I could find nothing else it had to stay at that.

The Baba was looking on meanwhile in a funny sort of way and asked if he could do anything, but of course I cut him short saying it was the way we cooked in "Blighty" and told him to make up the fire. As he had hinted at my incapability I started off to show him what I *could* do, attacking things in quite a professional sort of way. Next smoked the place out, and when the ingredients got burnt, filled the saucepan with water as the Baba assured me the little I had put in would boil dry in two minutes; then added more salt not knowing what else to put in and left

my stew to boil and boil, nearly setting the boat alight, and burning my hands during operations. I did intend making a pudding of some sort to show them how much I knew about cooking but as I pulled out my "Wordsworth" to pass the time, this was left undone.

I dined on bread and butter that night, thought how nice it was, was thankful, and went to bed.

P.S.—I expect no fish were caught there next day!

15th July.

The Bacha poor chap has turned quite seedy lately, and his songs where plenty of Bul-bul came in have ceased for a while, and instead he gives some verses by one Sultan which run in this wise :—

Your face once to me as dark as night
 Has now turned brighter than the morning sun.
 O give me not water only to drink
 But with something more precious fill my cup!
 Some have a crown and precious stones
 Some have not a rag
 Some a marble tombstone
 Some but a mound of earth
 Yet to such an age I've come
 That e'en the Sultan's throne
 Seems but for bitterness.

The B. dwells on the "marble tombstone" couplet lovingly, in fact he hangs on to it so effectively as to become positively distressing. As I have remarked before, the B. is about as musical as a Persian wheel, but of course you couldn't very well hurt his feelings even by hinting that the emotion of his soul is not expressible in earthly language; he fancies your enjoyment is regulated in proportion to the volume of tone producible.

I had to enquire from Az. one day if his "pate" was "durad karr-ta-hai,"* and now before starting to sing he asks if my "tubbiat achha hai;"† I usually say yes.

We all are in the habit of credulously viewing anyone when their relations extend to sea serpents, but the Baba affirms that many years ago he was with a Sab by the Dal lake, and one morning when he scanned the distant scene he beheld a huge head floating on the waters with an immense scaled body twisting for about a mile. Of course he trembled and fetched the Sab, who I suppose said the customary "well I'm done." Ordering his gun, a few shots were fired when it was discovered to be dead.

Of course no one would approach it, but the Sab did make up his mind about midday and had to paddle out alone for the purpose. Anyway, the Sab brought one tooth to keep as a memento, and that tooth was the size of a small chenar tree pointed out. I could say nothing to the above but looking across the moonlit Dal, felt slightly creepy.

16th July.

DAL LAKE.

The Nishat bagh by moonlight. Can e'er poet or painter think of anything more delightful? There rises the garden and its walks in terraces, shaded by great chenars, the stone-lined row of fountains down the centre with water falling noisily from level to level over the ribbed cascades: the fruit trees laden and a wealth of flowers in every radiant tint, while the silent mountain overlooks the whole. When the sun had gone down over the distant waters with the

* If he had a pain in the stomach.

† If I'm alright.



THE NISHAT BAGH.

horizon crimson, framed between the dark chenars, I fell to dreaming and as the moon rose and threw up the outlines of the trees and the ghostly fountains methought I saw fair Nur Mahal attired in loose flowing costume come across the garden way with one of her waiting girls making love in the usual behind-the-scene style with the usual gay courtier arriving from the shadows, while Jehangir composedly sat with his chiboque on that four-legged large slab under which the water flows, thinking of some fair maid he had left behind in the dim past. Nur Mahal stopped to pick some flowers and then the party slowly and silently disappeared towards the Dal.

20th July.

PANDRATTAN.

This little temple is three miles from Srinagar, a fine relic in stone with some classic ornamentation; it looks as though it will not stand much longer unless something is done to save it. A lady artist showed me a sketch of it after my first visit and I regret it has gone down in my estimation ever since. Pandrattan was the ancient capital and you can imagine what it was like in the *purana zamana* when a huge figure which Cunningham reckons to have been sixty feet on a pedestal stood at the foot of the hill, and a monolith lingam near by about ten feet high. This with other relics lies in one of the bungalow compounds.

Now with a colossal figure standing by the highway and seen in all directions and a multitude of dwellings running up the hillside set off by a temple in their midst, Pandrattan must have been impressive and I quite see the

religious fervour of all mortals passing that way. This was before Martand was thought of probably.

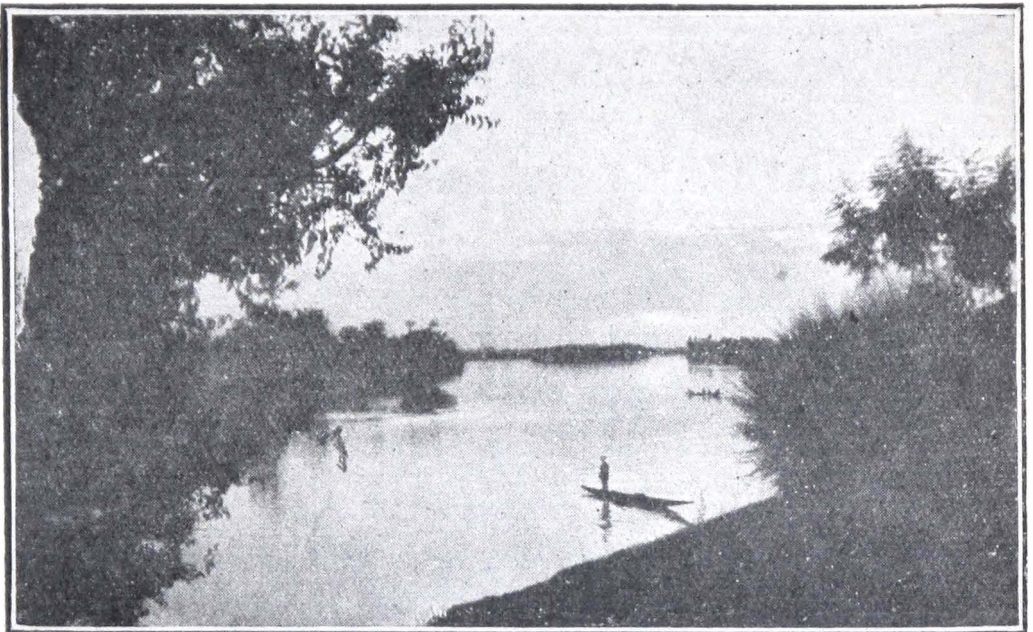
How much more interesting the Takht would be if there was a colossal figure with hands outstretched over the valley instead of its present temple ! Having looked round continued on to Islamabad.

21st July.

PAMPOOR.

7-30 *p.m.* I have been sitting under a tree by the river's edge for some time watching the sunset tints. If such delicate pink was committed to canvas as stretches beyond the river and hills, one would instinctively say the artist was inaccurate in his colouring. Those lines came to me

“ And my farewell lingers through the years
In the evening tints of the West ”



SUNSET ON THE JHELUM.



Entering the Wular Lake before Ningal.

To face page 53.

for which the scene seemed a perfect setting . There is also a little humour connected with Pampoor in this wise ; I was told the biscuits made here were delicious and as I'd read that 64 were to be had for a rupee I decided to get some, so we went into the straggling little place and were informed a Sab had just polished off their entire stock for 12 annas but I could have some by dusk if I liked. Now the book chap said 64 and as they wanted to pass me off with 45, I got angry and refused to have them for they are but untasty round patties which Mrs. Jones in holy terror would declare was the source of cholera, appendicitis, cancer and all the rest of it—yet because some wag had given them a celebrity, everyone tried them.

I must mention the graveyards. These are mostly near the village dwellings, and have an evenly cut slab of sandstone about 3 feet long by one foot broad and high, over each grave, giving the whole the appearance of an infant's burial ground. Raised on the top is a disc some three inches in diameter and an oblong block 8 inches long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ high close together, near this is a corresponding hollow.

I asked the Baba what this was for (a great anecdotal man is the Baba) and he said, "so that from rain water crows might quench their thirst, while the raised business represented the departed." In connection therewith he gave me the following :—

A certain " Shuksh " who was a noble came to a fakir and told him his boat with a lakh of mall* had been sunk in the river, so the fakir looked funny (the customary look

* Belongings.

you know when your prescription is handed to the chemist) and told the Shuksh to come back in the evening. When he filed up to and beheld all his property lay on the river side ; the fakir enquired if that was his, and he replied it was, (here the Baba gave a characteristic turn of his chin and we will presume some bacsheesh took place) ; any way the fakir died shortly after (which is an unusual thing) and the noble spent thousands to decorate his tomb with silver and gold. A little while elapses when a mason makes his debut and goes to the noble saying it was not a worthy arrangement that decked the fakir's grave, and that he would do it up in such a style as to suit all concerned, and delight the fakir into the bargain. So the mason marches up with his tools and extracts all the gold and everything of value that decorated the tomb, and was seen no more. That day the mason died, and everyone of his relations and friends had to do likewise (jolly hard lines on the other unoffending people I thought) and all their belongings turned to dust, and from that time they haven't chanced anything but solid stone.

Oh, the Baba is a great man for stories (something of the ancient mariner about him) and last evening sitting under a huge chenar, he started off :—

The daughter of a certain noble went to visit friends, and after being detained a long time she appeared on the horizon bearing a "tokri."* In due time she handed her people the tokri, as heavy as the deuce and apparently filled with something nice, for she had a frightful headache through the weight. It was a present for her father and

* Basket.

when handed to him he discovered it was filled with stones covered with a little corn to hide them. (I expect he swore like a trooper, but I fancy there must be something wrong with this story, for who ever heard of a girl not knowing what she was carrying) ; anyway, after his vocabulary was exhausted I suppose, the father started praying and he kindly asked that everyone in that village might be turned to stone, and they were ! and the Baba said he would show me the place, it was before Anantipur ; even the cocks and and hens were petrified, poor things, and there they are all lying to the present day. But this story is lost on the Kashmiri, indeed an American has aptly remarked that they prize the truth so highly, they never use it.

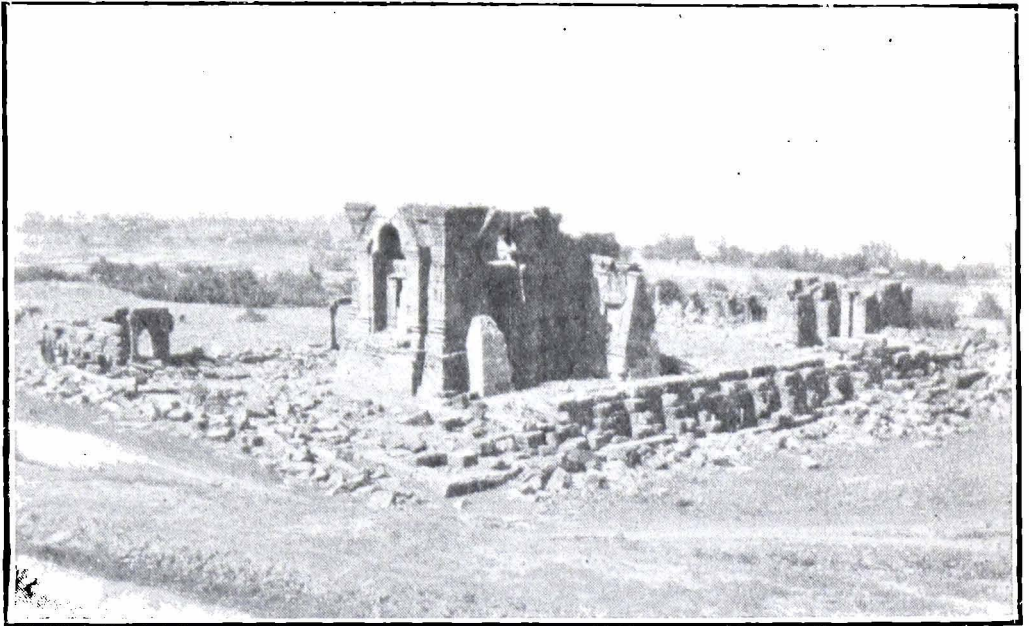
23rd July.

MARTAND.

Having arrived at Islamabad after a long three days of being pulled up stream was glad to have a swim and prepare for marching to Martand in the morning. The Baba kept telling me wonders of " Mutton and Bone " as he called it.

It was delightful when we started in the early morn. The freshness of the land, the green of poplar, chenar and walnut tree ; the purling of water brooks ; the fields of scarlet poppies and of linseed with their myriad flowers ; the dwellings of the poor. We continued gaily for the 4½ miles till Ismala pointed to a green spot and said it was *Bone* (Bawan) so we went up and saw the sacred tank with its clear water and tame fish. Myriads of them come to the surface when food is thrown, and the ubiquitous pundit duly arrives with his book to be signed.

We now ascend a slight hill where I enquire of a worth fellow who is trudging up with some of his wives if he could tell where all the stones of the " Parana Zamana " are, and he duly points the way. Coming to view, the ruins



MARTAND.

assume an engine shed blackness against the further snow lined hills of light blue—a vast area of stones laid out in desolation amidst which two great chapels still stand.

Most writers think this the finest temple sight in the world, so we will leave it at that, for was I well up in archæology the reader would have a good few pages to wade through on classic style—Gothic influence—massiveness of chaste designs—archaic representations—trefoiled arches—square architraves—tumbled colonades, etc., etc., and he should be thankful at being let off lightly with only a few extracts out of the chowkidars books which he duly brings to be signed.

The old book is confined to lords, ladies and the like, touching back to the sixties, but of late Mr. Ghurman Singh and Mr. Tinpot Dass have developed a predeliction for travel and a desire to record their names, so each takes about a page to himself bidding fair to ruin the poor chowkidar in stationery. Reading it helps to pass the time and who knows but that the chowkidar's book might become as famous as the ruins one of these days.

These are some of the entries :—

1. "The chowkidar is a good looking chap and helps to cheer up the scene."
2. "The chowkidar is very attentive and showed me everything."
3. "The chowkidar is a pleasant man and gave us some information, we are quite satisfied."

New Book.

4. "I am much impressed with the ruins of this old temple." Sultan Bhang, Bar-at-Law.
5. "The visit to this place of antiquity will always be remembered by me in so far as it has given a train of ideas of the instability of human nature." Pichie Das., B.A.
6. "Martand looks the same as ever, so does the chowkidar : ancient." B.C.G. 8-10-13.
7. "I visited the Martand temple in company of my dear friend Fishbone Chand and my younger brother. The temple is interesting not only for the student of history but for everybody who examines it with keen eye, and much beneficial for those who study the past greatness of India and they should make

further investigation about it.' Prink Singh, Professor of Chemistry.

8. "I am much pleased to see such a grand temple indeed ! it brings to mind the grandeur of the old days and reminds us of the ancient Hindu art. I visited it along with my friends Kesho Dass, Ram Khan and Bally Dam Dass, and the chowkidar helped us." Bring Brang Dass, B.Sc.

Ah well, may the chowkidar hang on to oblige many more, and attend to the temple that apparently inspires every one but him.

There it stands with its thrown down blocks and its worn columns supporting huge stones, weather blackened—a symbol of the time which was and shall not be again, while Sadhus and others come in a regular stream with their chilimtas and bundles gazing round in a self-satisfied way; and other comical looking fakirs march off contented, with a salmon shirt, an umbrella or perchance nothing at all !

Some have mud and paint smeared over 'em making one think a menagerie would benefit by their inclusion.

25th July.

ON THE RIVER BACK TO SRINAGAR.

Having seen all there was, we left Islamabad and were serenely gliding down stream when my ears were enlivened by some flowers of Hindustani oration being thrown about in the stern. I learnt the B. had given his clothes to a dhobie and they had not been brought as promised, so

the B. wanted to interview the gentleman and ordered Aziza to bring him, but Az. brought the clothes and paid for them and then the B. threatened all sorts of things ; it was an engaging half hour especially as the B.'s silk pyjama cord had not returned and he vowed Az. should pay six annas for it. Being a Pathan he is always going to kill someone, only my gentle restraining influence keeps him in respectable channels ; he displays a special yearning for a " Shikari Banduk " with which to blow all Hindus to smithereens. After a general anathema on all the dhobi's family the proceedings closed.

We stopped at Avantipur about midday and Az. came saying a man would let me have a horse to ride out to Payeck on the morrow and it was six miles off. Az. is one of those people who make you pugnacious ; his horse proved as footless as everything else he talks about.



BY THE PAYAR TEMPLE.

To anyone interested in temples that at Payar (guide-books Payeck) should appeal. Though like the one at Pandrettan it is smaller, the whole being comprised of ten large blocks on a raised plinth ; the illustration shows it well. A kucha path through villages and fields leads to it. Mounting a typical Kashmir karewah or tableland, the village lies below the sheltering high ground. ●

Avantipur is a fine place for fish, I have seen them come every few minutes splashing to the surface.

29th July.

BACK TO THE DAL LAKE.

Had you been about this afternoon you would have had a fine laugh at my expense. Aziza was expressing his opinions in a way not quite to my liking, so I went to give him a quiet demonstration of my pugilistic abilities, tripped over the mooring ropes, and went into the water as clean as six pence, clothes and all ; this put me into a very good humour indeed.

2nd August.

The beginning of the month is always a distressing time, one is in the habit of being salaamed and spoken to very nicely and receiving every consideration at the hands of one's crew. After pay day they become duly trying again !

CHENAR BAGH.

This is a glorious grove of chenars and here I slept beneath their spreading branches. The Hindus were making a row at their temple across the water. I can't say I admire their style. One man starts off with a

singsong effort at something like this, " Knock him in the ribs please " and all of them then chorus a dozen times " O knock him in the ribs, knock him in the ribs," beating cymbals and a drum meanwhile, until it assumes a monotony sending one off into a fitful slumber.

Not many mosquitoes about.

Having paid everybody—though I did have some idea of a moonlight shikara flit.—I sadly betook myself downstream and terminated the most enjoyable holiday I ever had.

FAIR KASHMIR.

I come to think of

Your boats swiftly gliding, on waters that ripple

And break the reflection of dark long-lined poplar

And densest chenar—while the bright lights go wavering

Over thy tide, silent, mystical, strange

While the shades of the evening are picturesque ever

And bring out those beauties that nothing can change.

When the moon rises large through billowy cloud-wreaths

Comes many a song stealing over thy waters

Which wakens the silence in happy strain

While boats hasten by, full of life and of laughter

With music and dancing—to silence again.

And who would not rest on thy waters, forgetting

Just all of life's troubles and all that we are

Or else in the glory of mountain and valley

Catch some faint glimpse of the loveliness waiting

Over the Bar for us, over the Bar.

PART II.

SECOND HOLIDAY.

ENTERING SRINAGAR—TO GANDERBAL—UP THE SIND VALLEY TO THE ZOJI LA PASS—BACK TO SONAMARG AND KULAN—OVER THE YAMHEUR PASS TO LIDDERWAT—THE KOLOHOI GLACIER—TO PAHALGAM—AND THENCE TO THE AMARNATH CAVE—RETURN BY WAY OF ASTAN MARG TO TANNIN—TO EISHMAKAM—TO KHANBAL—BY RIVER TO SRINAGAR, VISITING THE AVANTIPUR AND PAMPOOR RUINS—TO GULMARG—LETTER DESCRIBING FROM SONAMARG TO GUNGABAL.

22nd July 19—

Arrived at Havelian and having safely extricated myself and belongings arranged for a tonga which is always a painful ordeal. After a deal of talking managed to procure one with the promise of bacsheesh, in addition to paying above the scheduled rate.

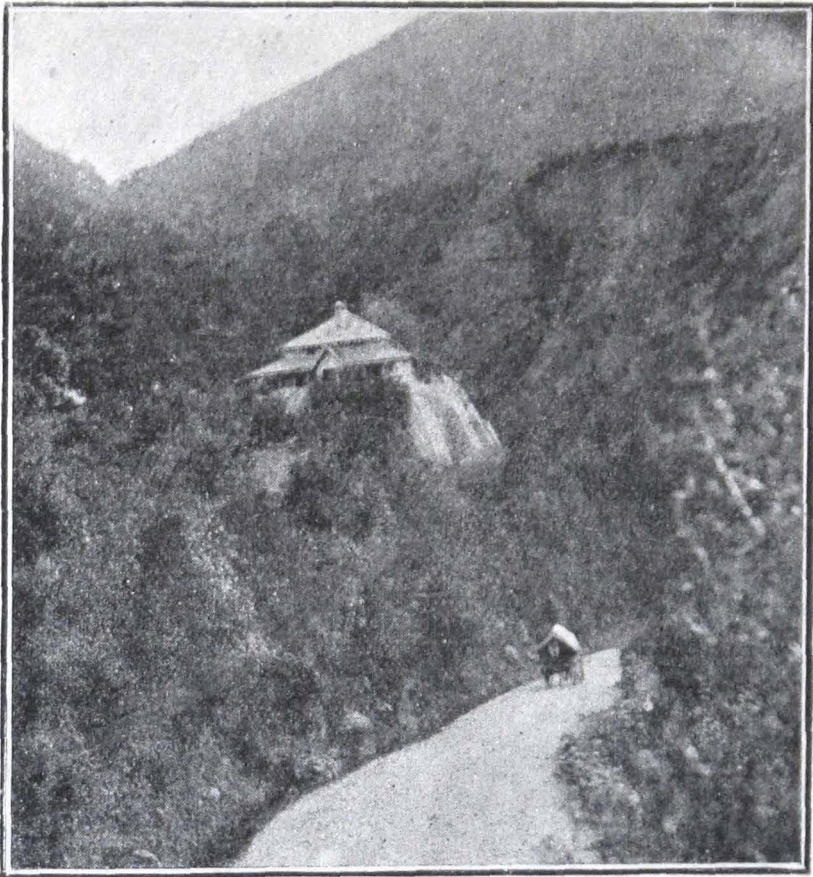
The "Complaint Book" at the railway room here has the most complimentary passages ever accorded a khansama, so I added "If there is a heaven on earth, it is this, it is this!" The remarks in these books add a flavour to all travelling.

Arrived Abbottabad 1 p.m., found Miss C. was in the Dak bungalow and went on to Manshera, which is a nice 16 mile drive.

23rd July.

Our tongawallah promised a wonderful horse to take us, one that would be deterred by nothing short of a perpendi-

cular climb, and it did prove a remarkable animal ; in fact as far as I can see all horses on this road *are* remarkable for they usually do 50 miles a day with a well loaded tonga behind them in most cases. The horses are fed at the small bazaars on the road with a mixture of flour and molasses which must have immense staying properties if it helps the poor creatures through their course.



A DAK BUNGALOW ON THE ROAD.

Miss C. in her motor overtook us before Domel. Motorists should remember if driving at a breakneck rate that there are such things as tollgates which probably will not be passed before you pay toll. In the early days of

motors you could occasionally get through if you managed to dodge a long pole they suddenly thrust in your way ; but after sending a few dashing motorists on their noses the present lock-gates were adopted. At Domel toll is paid.

Arrived Ghari Dak bungalow 6 p.m., a lovely evening, had dinner and slept outside—could hear Miss C. in the next room. We seem to follow each other up as though with malice aforethought.

24th July.

5 a.m. Up as gay as a cricket. Raining ; started whistling something classical interspersed with " Here let me live and die ".

I would say that if you feel extra happy at any time, make as much noise as possible, this raises you in the



JHELUM VALLEY ROAD—THE RIVER ROARING BELOW.

estimation of anyone near wanting a quiet half hour, and if the required effect is not attained by whistling or singing, throw your trunks about and dance.

Packed up my effects with the Dak bungalow staff looking on in silent admiration. Always do this yourself if you would find anything again.

Left as soon as rain would permit. Marched into Uri about 3 p.m., where I'm bothered if Miss C. was not just starting off in her motor again; had a look round and liked the place immensely.

25th July.

It is glorious to be on the road in the early morning for then the scenery between Chenari and Rampore is magnificent; range beyond range being thrown up regularly in different shades of blue, the road now running along a precipitous hill-side with the Jhelum roaring below; anon making a wide detour; the hills mostly clad with lovely Xmas trees and the whole a continually changing panorama of marvellous beauty. Some of Kashmir's finest scenery is here, and do not delude yourself into expecting much better. I could not refrain from taking some photographs. The charming effects displayed by the morning sun always occasions a wasting of plates with me and I would here impress on the camera enthusiast that these effects cannot be obtained at any other time—and that mountain scenery requires a trained eye to appreciate its light values. I do think much is to be learnt as to photographic values of colour on the one hand and of light and shade on the other. Colour stands for little in photography and the loveliest picture effect reduced to the

compass of a small photograph may be hopeless while the most commonplace well lit monochrome may be improved out of recognition by the camera. This is a point I would insist on, note it and be saved many plates.



BEFORE BARAMULLA.

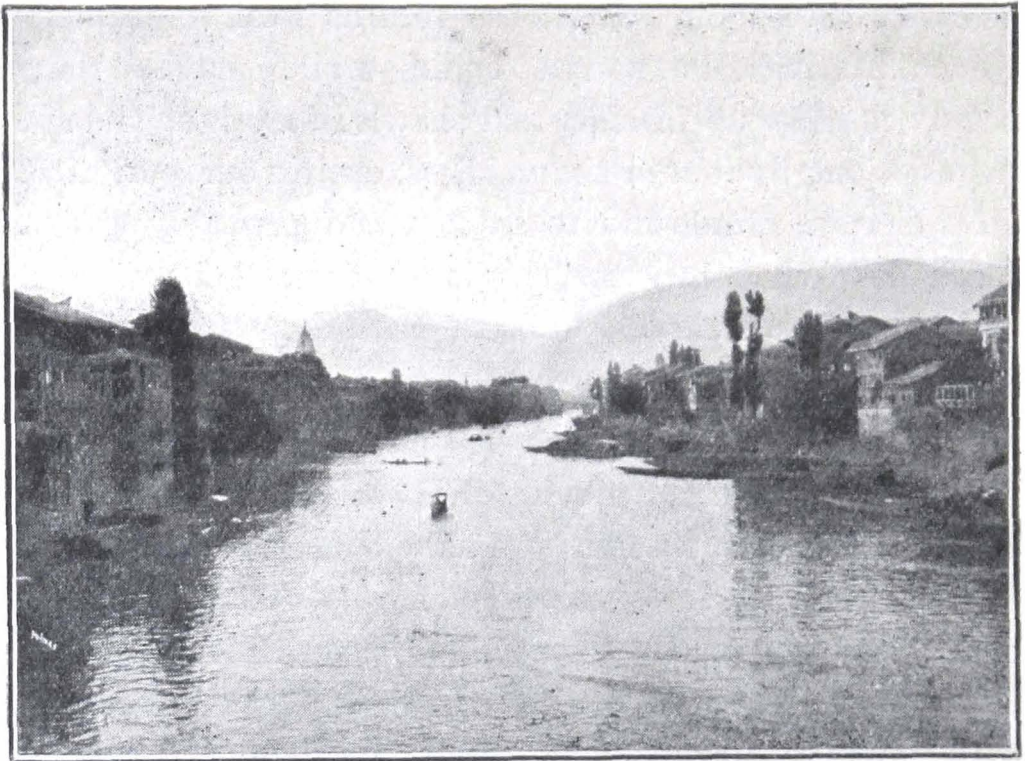
It was hot and dusty entering Baramulla. Here I met Mac, who is accompanying me for the rest of the trip. Art in any form is likely to give him the pip—whatever that may be—and though he dislikes the camera and all its doings we somehow get on very well together. A good number of boats always seem available here during July and August, so engaged a houseboat and left next morning after a gay dinner: probably the last decent one we shall have for a long time.

Mac does not like going about the river, in fact there is little he does like except a glass with something sparkling in it.

29th July.

SRINAGAR.

Entering Srinagar to-day I thought the most picturesque aspect of the city is that looking towards the *7th bridge, especially viewed through a haze which makes a blue wash of the hill with Hari Parbat fort in the background: beyond which the fainter blues of the Dal mountains appear.



THE CITY—LOOKING DOWN STREAM FROM THE 3RD BRIDGE.

One cannot help noting the general squalor of the city. Yet the inhabitants! where they get their beauty from, how they come to be so fair complexioned and proportioned beats me. The beauty of its women and children! truly one gets almost tired of seeing such perfect features.

* The old picturesque bridge has since been demolished.

Not that I say all its womenkind *are* lovely, far from it, for they are too jolly dirty in most instances, and through the strenuous lives they lead soon lose any looks they may have, but while youth lasts most of them *are* pretty, and the children will delight the heart of any artist.

Srinagar with its doongas—its shikaras, gliding swiftly up and down—its men with long poles—its inhabitants always bathing—its large boats—its small boats—the buildings on its banks and their reflections—returns fresh to memory when entering its haunts again—while maybe some beauty muffled up in silks and shawls in a bright shikara rushed along by four or six paddlers, excites our curiosity. Of course we would like to *see* her, and probably get a shock for our pains, but this is what is called romance, hankering after the unseen—exploring—wanting to know the ins and outs of everything.

Ah Romance ! surely you will not die in fair Kashmir for a few decades yet, not until Babu Ram and Mr. Ali Singh have had a bit more primary education and sport, a stiff collar and tie, and then, why “*we*” will not come exploring in these parts—writing a lot of rubbish about them—extolling their fair Lalla Rookhs—putting up with immense inconvenience and incidentally wasting much good cash. *Noblesse oblige*—for a poor bachelor at any rate. But this by the way. Let us take our holiday calmly, enjoying the gliding over the waters, admiring the nymphs bathing in the river, and the thin legged pundits—all of which will occasion a few more wasted plates.

The Hindu temples—seen from a long way off by their silver glinting domes—even these, what do they prove to be but kerosine oil tins cleverly put together ! and then the

mosques—temples and mosques, why its inhabitants should have attained the outer heaven by now.

Next the eye is caught by large letters proclaiming “ such and such a place ”, God bless our Maharajah, save our noble prince, ” and as this occurs several times one wonders what he has been doing. Then comes the redeeming feature of the city,—the old temple stones used in the plinths of buildings and in the river bank—here a cornice, there a fluted pillar, next a large square block, and anon the sculptured part of an arch standing out above the water ; relics of the past, a remembrance of old times, a unique record of the peoples mind; and what better use could be made of them than being built into the walls for all passers by to cogitate on. This in one of those happy accidents that seldom occur. Imagine the Martand ruins fixed into the Bund by the club, why it would be reckoned one of the wonders of the world ! Next is seen the sign-boards of woodcarvers and embroidery shops overhanging the river, until gradually the city and its mass of time dirtied buildings and bridges is left behind. If you can refrain from wanting everything you see, it makes a pleasant diversion to inspect the shops. Carving is done on broader lines since I was last here, the designs being better while the dragon and Lhasa patterns have about had their day. On beholding a scorpion, dragon or any other reptile one is in the habit of killing or giving it a wide berth, and why their images should be perpetuated in wood and gazed at in drawing rooms ever after beats me.

The trouble of starting on an excursion lies in deciding what should be taken and he is wise indeed who can arrange without being guided by other people’s opinions, for such

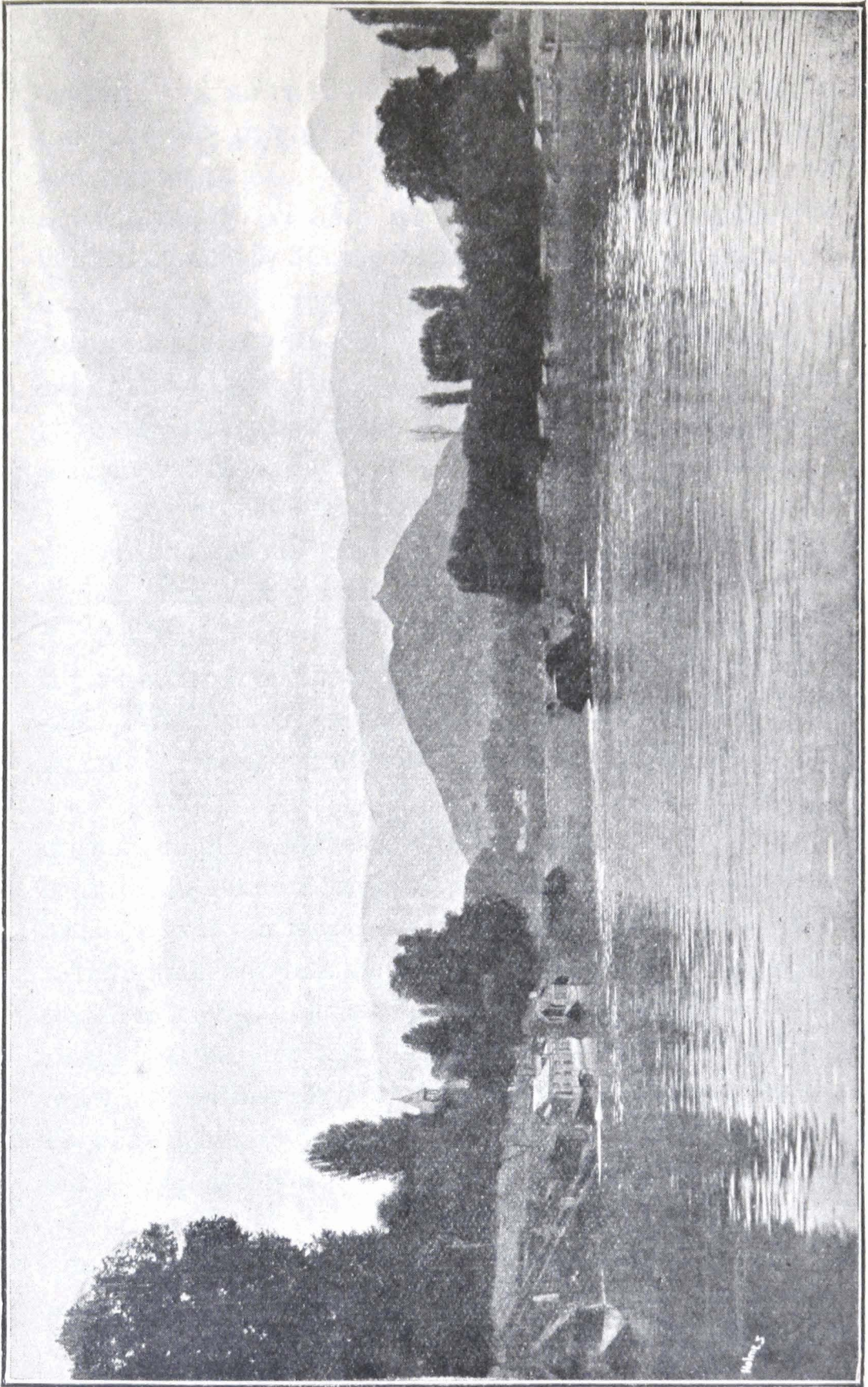
an astounding amount seems necessary that it cools one's ardour. I wonder whether all great travellers have had to put up with this sort of thing.

31st July.

[By MAC.]

Brown has asked me to write up this diary as he is not very well. Poor Brown, he feels it you know; one of those chaps, afflicted with the artistic temperament or some such humbug; can see more in a dark poplar standing against the sky and reflected in a patch of water than anyone else could; goes about admiring the women and children and the fair complexioned men as though no place on earth held anything fairer; bothered if I can see much in them! Some of the women may be passable and most seem to be alright from the artistic standpoint!

Venus—why she adorns the city steps regularly, and you may catch her by surprise sometimes! I hope this will not attract too many chaps up here or that Brown will scratch it out. To tell the truth I fancy this is why Brown will persist in going out in his shikara before the sparrows at dawn, and after the ploughman has plodded his weary homeward way, because at such times Venus disports herself more than at others I am sure he delights in seeing her chrysalis form struggling in or out of those clothes of hers this being worth a ticket in itself. Ah well! each one to his tastes; myself to-day when I saw a houseboat coming along and some nice English girls sitting therein, I couldn't but exclaim "those are the girls for me," by comparison with whom the fairest Kashmiri's charms disappear to zero. I am of opinion that their



SRINAGAR—LOOKING TOWARDS THE THAKT FROM THE SHEIKH BAGH

drab surroundings and that cloth *chaddar* arrangement over the head sets the women off so, but don't tell Brown this, one of his ideals would disappear, and we should never see him here again. What he admires in their canals, buildings and poplar trees I fail to see ; when *I* go there the smells seem most striking and everything is so horribly dirty. Poor Brown is going about with rather a martyred expression just now, I fancy the boatmen and their lies have proved too much for him ; yesterday he would poke his nose in the cookboat and see things which, well you are not supposed to see. It's Allah's will whether you get Typhoid, Cholera or anything else. I had wondered too at the strange flavour of things lately. However its *noblese oblige*, can't be helped, Kashmir you know. But he is painful however, seeing if everything is clean, and poking his nose everywhere. Myself I say, " let's get to the club, but to potter about a houseboat—never !

You should have seen Brown last night. He dressed up in Pathan costume—indeed arraying himself in strange garbs is a special failing of his—and that rascal of a manji too entered into the spirit of the thing and took him off in a shikara ; I could hear a lot of "khan sahib this " and "khan sahib that " as they glided away in the moonlight, but it was an escapade I shouldn't have credited him with. There was but one set of clothes available, and I was glad to be out of it, feeling tired after a long evening at the Nishat Bagh.

I don't know what Brown will be up to next, I'm sure, causing his family a lot of discomfort probably by some " artistic " whim of his.

Was awakened by his return later, as these confounded boats make such a noise when anyone walks on their board flooring, especially at night.

I think there is little else to enter. We are moored by the Sheikh Bagh, a very nice spot indeed, with the temple crowned Thakt and the mountains of the Dal always in view up the river. It is warm in the sun but otherwise pleasant, at least to one from the plains; also there are few mosquitoes about, though crossing the canals before Sumbal they were awful.

1st August.

Poor Brown has got 'em bad again to-day. He wont say a word to anyone. He will not be any better either till he gives someone a thrashing, and I fancy I know who that will be. This must occur before the turning point of his present mood is attained. Artists you know!

1st August.

[RESUMED BY BROWN.]

Srinagar by Moonlight—delightful—lovely—nothing more charming could be imagined. We started off about 10 p.m., I thought it would be as well to assume my old native dress, my puggri striking me as especially neat, making me feel a different being as soon as it was donned while I couldn't but feel pleased with all I saw of myself in the six square inches of glass we possessed. Felt debonair and sporting; thought I would look round and see everything for myself and am satisfied more or less. We went by shikara into the city, and then walked through miles and miles of streets; where, beyond a few men walking about, some figures laid out to sleep at odd corners

perfect quiet reigned everywhere. The narrow streets with high buildings, a shopman laid out on the steps of his shop, old gravestones weird in the moonlight, bright lamps, muffled figures laid out blocking half the road, the dirtiness of everything hidden, the dinginess made picturesque ; that is all.

It was an exploit such as Romeo delighted in, yet look at upper windows as I may, no Juliette made an appearance. The city cannot be as bad as made out to be ; a case of " Honi soit qui mal e pense " I suppose ; Manjis you know. I wanted to see for myself, and I am satisfied.

Srinagar by moonlight—as we returned up the river nothing more romantic or pleasing could be imagined. The full moon, dark clouds, the silhouetted masses of curious buildings with their broken reflections on the silver tide, the dark straight line poplars thrown against the sky, the waving of the waters and the golden reflection of lamps caught in long lines from the boats—from the bridges and doors. The silence of the hour, as tho' we passed through a zone of legends, the splash of paddles regularly dipped, the rippling tide. On and on tho' we appear almost stationary on the water, softly gliding, taking in the peaceful scene, thinking of romance in those fantastic blanknesses ; anon given a jerk by an extra burst of energy from the paddlers. Slowly over miles of the river we go.

Dreams—dreams—unrealities—perversions of the truth such as youth delights in, the ideal—lost in the daylight—artists' conceptions that do not belong to this sphere, something that should be and yet is not.

O fairest of lands and loveliest of valleys
Of rivers in dreams with boats gliding ever

Who would not seek a rest from their sorrows

In you ?

May the song of your women and smile of your children

Be blest in happy and simple contentment

Yet for many a day.

The palace I would record makes up at night for anything it loses by day.

After all, the best place I think is bed, when one is tired. Cannot record I "crept into bed", for while gazing across the moonlit river, Mac gave me a start by calling out " what the——are you doing " ?

2nd August.

[By MAC.]

I see Brown's entry for yesterday is rather poetical but much notice need not be taken of this, a failing of Brown's you know ! He is alright as a companion, and manages everything better than I could, but he is a bore when he descends to poetry and sketching, can't put up with such humbug. We went on the Dal this morning to take some photographs. Some parts may look pretty and passable enough, but why you want to make a caricature of everything you see beats me. Isn't there sufficient in nature with its unlimited stores without travestying every decent thing on your drawing room walls. Paintings you call 'em—snap-shots and photographs !

Why, I shake hands with that old pathan fellow who told me it was a sin to make a picture of himself or anything else on earth. In fact I think our first commandment saith, thou shalt not—to pictures.

Well, we paid a farewell trip to the Dal Lake and Brown would persist in getting me out at 5 o'clock to do

it ; dislike this early hour altho' you do see some pretty girls asleep in their nighties with open boat windows looking on the river.

Had a swim while Brown tried some aquatic camera feats, should have loved to see his camera and tripod fall in—attended to our post—got necessaries together and left for Gunderbal.

3rd August.

[By MAC.]

GUNDERBAL.

Gunderbal is a village on the Sind river where it leaves the hills—and seems a nice place to bring one's boat.

It is $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Srinagar by road—and you can motor there—or have your boat taken. The latter I think preferable as you have somewhere to stay while arranging for transport. The boatman went out and got horses and coolies and on his return rather tired us by his continual chatter, impressing on everyone that they must give us no trouble or *he* wouldn't give them a pie, that they would be paid at the journey's end and mustn't bother the Sab's on the way for money—which all went to show what might be in store for us.

Brown took down their names and paid them a rupee for "Kharacha" which made me doubt their reappearance.

Well we decided on 3 horses and 3 coolies, but when the baggage was all arranged—what with the addition of servants' necessities and the coolies' own blankets we could hardly get it on four.

It was a glorious moonlight night and the place was en fete, singing and noise continuing through the night. Had the place smoked out and not troubled by mosquitoes.

I notice that Miss C. happens to be here also—mustn't mention it to Brown.

4th August.

GUNDERBAL TO KANGAN, 11¼ MILES.

Managed to pack up and start at last.

There is a delight in being on the road ere dawn such as nothing else in life can give, and for those not afflicted with livers or overmuch with themselves it is *the thing*. The road now goes easily past field and village until the bridge across the Sind is reached up to which motors go, and then skirting the river continues through to Sonamarg as a rough unmetalled path, entering the hills some six miles from Gunderbal. I had fancied you climbed over boulders and were pulled up by ropes over snow passes, swam across icy rivers and somehow scaled mountain heights with incidentally a broken neck or two thrown in. But nothing of the sort! it is quite a simple march and a bit of snow was not procurable to even snapshot oneself on, and our queries, as to when our glare glasses would be necessary and where the real difficulties started, seem absurd now.

The valley extends in large stretches of flat alluvial soil with homesteads and cultivation interspersed beneath green covered hills where the Sind river flashes along while the road follows it in a tortuous course from hill to hill. Brown wouldn't ride, he says if coolies can march

with a heavy load, surely you can carry only yourself like a Briton. There is certainly something in it, but bless us you never heard of Asser Butt or Mir Ali climbing to the top of Nanga Parbat, though they did follow Dr. Spiffing Piebald Jones up and carry hot water bottles, brandy flasks, kodaks and other impedimenta, and finally the doctor himself when he got a bit shaky. Had you seen the party do it you probably would have smiled at the doctor's descriptions later, but this is a funny world, my word !

We had a picnic breakfast about 5-30 by a stream above the road and it came with a relish too, strange how one can enjoy the simplest of fare when there is nothing else at hand. It was thoughtful of Ahmdo to have some nice large potatoes in their jackets with a bit of chicken—add 4 annas to his baksheesh for this.

Wonderful how Brown recovers his equilibrium in the mountains—a different being altogether. Of course you know it is to drive the image of a certain young lady off his mental focussing screen that he is undertaking this long trip, and I have to manage him very carefully—don't want him in a moment of abstraction to do anything rash. Can't imagine what could have brought Miss C. up this way too—starting for Sonamarg tomorrow I believe—and probably meet us somewhere on the road which will mean Brown's undoing I'm sure.

A village came in sight about 12-30 which proved to be Kangan, and was glad for this, feeling just a little weary. The road tho' shady is hot with the sun streaming down.

There is a Dak Bungalow near the village and just below on a lovely bit of green sward by the river side we camped.

Brown delights in this sort of thing! To sit in his tent with the rain falling—to march in shorts and chaplies—to go out in the pouring rain with leather gaiters and mackintosh—to be in dismal spots where no one with any sense would go, seems to be his “Forte.” He is outside with the Lumbadar and a host of Kashmiris round him affably discussing the country and its customs—but allowances must be made for him. You see he is always locked up in his place at home—has a gov'nor who has taught him that two and two won't make more than four by any extraordinary calculation—and so when he is out is rather like a child let loose with eyes of wonder for everything.

Ahmdo seems a gem of a servant too! got everything in its place and tea ready in no time—4 annas on his bacsheesh for this.

Had a drain dug round the tent as it suddenly started to rain.

Later—I can see Brown in the distance crawling up a hillside to get a picture with our tent in wild surroundings. Truly the difficulties he surmounts for those silly pictures of his is worthy a better object! A whiskey and soda.—

5th August 19

[By MAC.]

KANGAN TO GOND, $13\frac{3}{4}$ MILES.

Started 5-30, reached 12 o'clock. Not as interesting as the former march, being much the same except for some steep ascents and descents



IN THE SIND VALLEY.

We have our camp in a small valley with hills rising high all round, the river rushing noisily a hundred feet below, coming round from one spur and disappearing round another—just a nice little valley with a few goojar huts from which I see Ahmdo has got a fowl, firewood and milk. Paid 7 annas for the former and got a large bundle of wood for 5 pice. Water nice and clean. Best camping site away from the path. Must make my entries as interesting as possible as Brown is rather cynical about my descriptive abilities. I call to Brown who is lying down, tired out.

“Well, what else do you want put in, I’ve said all I can about the mountains and rivers.” He replies, “Don’t forget the flowers”.

The flowers—well yes, I suppose you should say. “On this march the road sides were glorious in a profusion of wild flowers bordering lovely fields of waving corn;

groves of walnut trees ; purling streams and homesteads. But I don't know the names of the flowers."

Brown. Call 'em the purple Rhododendra. Yellow buttercups, lilies and daisies. I also saw a Scotch thistle.

"My hat, but that's coming it too much", I rejoin.

Brown. "Well, a Shamrock was also observed on this march."

"Now, what else," I ask ?

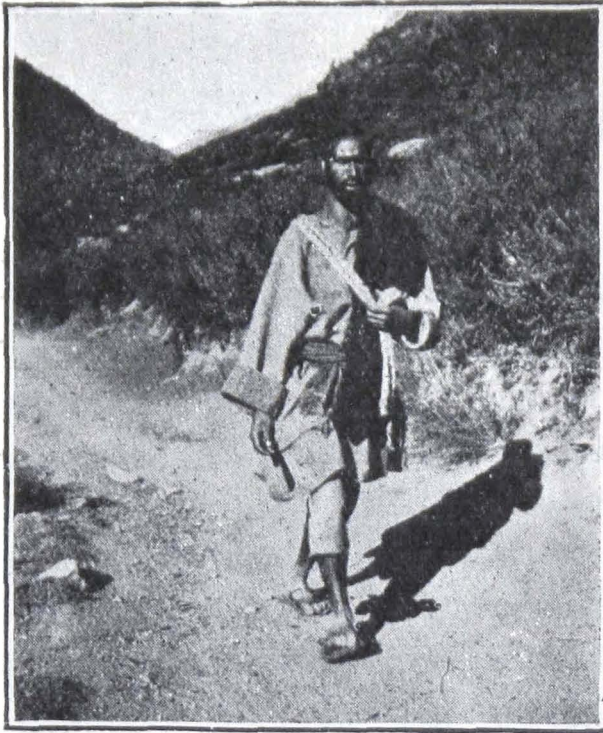
Brown. "Say the ponies are awful to attempt to ride." Yes, we took ponies this morning. Brown had on a tight pair of stockings yesterday and they disabled the "bronchial ligaments of his calves." I think this is what he called it. I was glad to be able to ride—but it tried Brown's temper rather. He fancied he was going to gallop from one stage to the other in fine style. Yet his pony wouldn't move except the man with it sort of went in front and asked it to follow—much as a dog—and I'm bothered if they would go at all except their owners did a sprint.

No more ponies for us.

I forget—we passed Yaks and Ladak folk with their queer shoes and strange long cloaks. Things must be in rather a prehistoric state there for they had wood saddles tied together with string and in the Yak's nose a piece of twig with the ends tied together to form a ring. All ugly people of the Mongolian type.

Brown attempted to take some photographs here getting in the road and river with mountains beyond ; but he is just the limit at such times, so I like to make myself scarce. A figure here won't please him, and something there is not in its proper place—and then he moves the

camera from one place to another—and then the sun won't shine just where he wants it—and then he shouts because someone is in the way, and so on. "Composition and Effect" *he* calls it. *I* call it acute agony.



ON THE SIND ROAD.

Give me a barren mountain and a nullah to get through, with a decent gun—or yet a jungle; but to humbug about with colour values, planes of definition, correct focus, and the other things incidental to a camera—Never!

Packed tents wet, glad of sun to dry things.

Brown is reserving his entries for such times as he can outshine me—wants grander scenery to describe—or rather

is lazy. I hope his legs will be alright for the march to-morrow.

There are Rest Rooms here by the Serai—which I suppose would do at a pinch.

Here follows a letter by Brown transcribed because he is not likely to write much else. Alice—she is a sort of Stella of his. He only thinks of her under trying circumstances; when some other girl has given him a rough passage, or when he wants sympathy from the sisterly half of humanity. She has been waiting for him all these years. I suppose one of these days I shall have to do “best man,” but at present his planes of definition; balancing lines; high lights and shadows, are too engrossing to think of anything more serious.

DEAR ALICE,

My belated epistle is at last started, thanks for yours received in Srinagar.

It was *indeed* good of you to send that “Chocolate” for our marches, our gratitude overflows for this, tho’ that sinner of a Mac will not leave much for Amarnath by what I see of it.

Oh, it is delightful marching! and I fancy a better place could not be found for doing it. Our camping site at Kangan would have more than met your idea of “ripping.”

While I write this the evening is closing in. Wreaths of cloud line the sky, and through mist the mountain tops appear with some fine stray deodar—all purpling in the distance.

Camp in the evening! the loveliest time of all, as with the darkening shades a solemn silence falls on everything

the lamps are lit, and the coolies around the fire attend to their evening meal ; the horses are brought in and tied up, and we dine " A la Safari."* The villagers meanwhile pass home with their bundles of wood, the river with its foaming waters silvers against the darkened hills, and then night falls deep and awe inspiring ; the stars seeming brighter and of more interest than they are in our own homes, while thought in the quiet darkness centres on things not brought within our ken at other times.

What a pity we have to be closed up—busy, engrossed—making the wherewithal to pay servants wages, wasting life in " calls " and " teas " when the grandeur of the mountains is always waiting us, if we will but come.

I did a sketch of the river with logs in it, bordered by some huts, and the mountains in defile beyond, but couldn't get the rushing waters proper. Mac says my photographs may idealize the place, but my sketches—

He is engaged with some new specimens of large brown beetle he has just caught, also some butterflies, which he will persist in killing, poor things.

Etc., etc., not decipherable further.

6th August.

GOND TO SONAMARG.

Glad to say that Brown's " Bronchial ligaments " are alright this morning, and he started off as gay as a skylark. Struck camp by 5-0 and on the road.

We now pass the 37th milepost from Srinagar, and then

* Comp style.



THE CAMPING GROUND, SONAMARG.

the road ascends into the hillside and is shortly cut through solid rock, making a superb wild view looking back, with the river at the bottom and our line of transport on its bank.

Brown hesitated with camera but the light was not strong enough.

Then about the 58th mile is another mountain view I dissuaded him from taking. After this hilly bit of road we resume yesterday's scenery—walnut groves, huts fields, flower, etc.

I have been having an interesting chat with our tiffin-basket carrier who is an old campaigner with wizened tace and knows all there is to know about these parts, the Pamirs, Baltistan, Skardo, and shikar in general. He tells me he accompanied the Bullock-Workman expedition and the Duke of Abruzzi. He has been describing his different sabs, and pointing spots on these hills where they shot a bear or a markhor.

He also tells of one sab who fell in a snow crevice, and lived half an hour after being pulled up, another who amused him weighing the air, and taking; "nuxshas" he is interesting and his advice is of value. One gets to like these shikaris when of the right sort.

Just before Gagangir, a snake glided across our path which was promptly hit by a coolie, all thanking their lucky stars their toes hadn't been in its way. It was of small poisonous variety as per museum declaration, and the coolies took its head to cook in lime and turn into medicine which is supposed to be efficacious for the eyes.

I must admit snakes rather plagued our mental vision after this, Brown expecting some boa-constrictors hovering about for his benefit among the rocks where we breakfasted.

Curried chicken: very nice, and some apples we have with us. After another three miles we enter scenery that really is rocky, huge boulders on all sides with precipitous climbs and sharp declines—in fact everything that a wild rocky mountain side can have. The river foams beneath, and the road runs in one part hundreds of feet above, then descending to the river's edge is a narrow line by its side, with tremendous rocks and hillsides towering round. This is the place to photograph and sketch too. We had a rest while Brown messed about with his camera and tripod, first getting in too much of the rocky foreground, then too little of the river below, then not sufficient of the gorge beyond and so on *ad lib*.

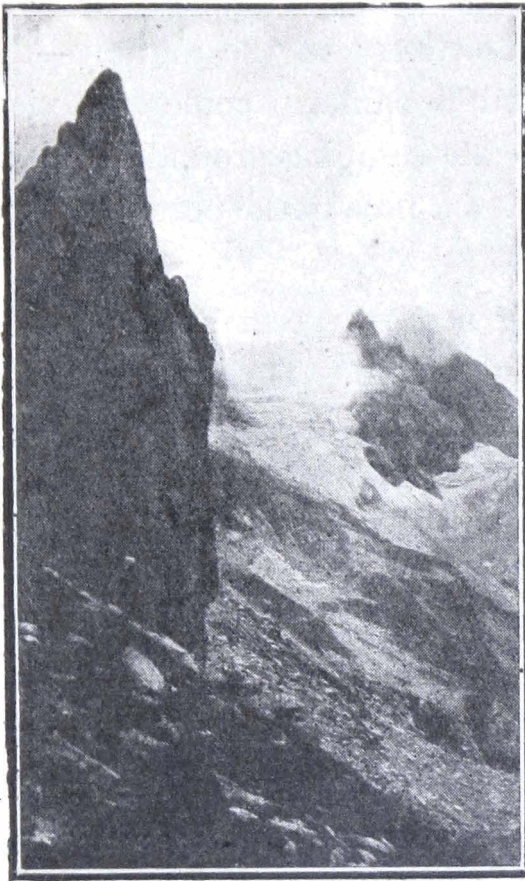
Leaving this—the wildest scenery of the journey—the mighty barren peaks round Sonamarg come to view where one path branches to the camping ground for Sabs while the Baltal road continues a mile to the post office and village.

We select a piece of marg beneath great shady deodar with a small stream running behind. The marg extends for miles in golden slopes, while immense barren peaks rise all round with snow lying in the highest nullahs, while the village away to one side looks like matchboxes in the distance, and figures, small and clearly defined, like ants come along the paths, while cattle graze peacefully everywhere.

His calves have been burnt a bright pink on this march and he is limping about like a martyr, poor chap! Of course he fancies himself marching about with arms and legs exposed and it does not take the summer sun long to burn white skin off.

Brown has brought a camp table made from his own design, forsooth, and the silly thing's legs have a predilection for subsiding when least expected ; this is where the dictum " things must be light " acts with a vengeance. Lost half a whiskey and soda through it.

Was sobered about 10 p.m., by hearing him quietly anathematising all carpenters because his light camp bed wouldn't allow of sleeping on an incline, that silly thing's legs also having a habit of slipping under it. My advice is, have a decent camp bed and table. I think this is all, I'll leave the remainder to Brown.



AMONG THE GLACIERS.

5th August.

[By BROWN.]

SONAMARG.

At last one of the goals of my fancy is attained and I am camped at Sonamarg. It is a lovely undulating field covered with turf, flowers and fresh greens, the tents of campers appearing mere spots of white in the distance.

The glaciers are fine from here and it is quite the thing to explore them.

7th August.

[BY BROWN.]

SONAMARG TO BALTAL.

On the road again ere dawn. We pass large numbers of ponies for Ladak, most of them heavily laden with bundles of paper bark which is largely used here ; wonderful what layers upon layers are to be got from the best specimens. Fancy paper growing round and round a tree. It is of a light coffee colour marked with lines and dots.

Mac has gold quartz on the brain! The way he examines all the rocks and stones, wasting time over them is to say the least mysterious and our loads have considerably increased by the specimens he has gathered along the road for analysis ; I don't know what he fancies he is going to do. Start mines that wont pay, I presume. Iron rust is one of the things attracting him just now. The rocks and boulders are very interesting right through this valley, in many instances being a sort of brawn—a volcanic mass in which marble and different coloured pieces of stone are embedded and then^{ed} through the action of water rubbed smooth. There are unmistakable signs of the whole of these parts having been under water.

Mac caught what he calls an unknown specimen of a cerulean blue butterfly this morning.

Inspected the rest rooms by the serai ; the place is wretchedly smoked out. I notice one room is labelled " Reserved for P. W. D. Officials ." I shouldn't like to be the officials.

Got some necessary stores as they say nothing is to be obtained beyond. Found it quite a pleasant march, reached Baltal in the rain and struggled getting our tents up during a downpour, a very unpleasant job indeed.

Camped on a plain below the Dak Bungalow—with the river dashing just near—and sparsely covered hills of deodar all round.

Rained and rained—so as Mac was in a very bad humour—went to bed and stayed there the remainder of the day. Very cold.

[BY MAC.]

BALTAL.

This is a wretched place—have had enough rain to please the most asthetic of temperaments and even Brown's "atmosphere and peaks standing dimly in the mist with mountain lines thrown up in gradation"—does not recompense one for these inconveniences. Am glad his calves haven't yet finished paining him—so his idea of visiting Amarnath from here is in abeyance. I see our eminent guide book in referring to these heights says.—"Wait for dry weather and don't take an ayah with you"—which latter had apparently given some former party trouble; as even Brown's calves are not sufficient excuse to have an ayah, shall have to do without one I suppose.

Only have a few pegs left and have smoked all my cigars—don't forget an ample store next time. Rain. Rain.

8th August 1917.

Ascended the Zoji La this morning in the rain, and felt very pleased with ourselves.

The road through the pass viewed from the bottom looks like a long inclined line along the hillside and as we ascend the view looking down the ravine is lovely with the Sind river a mere flash of light in the distance, sweeps of green running down the hillsides, and then the peaks—snow covered and misty—rising abruptly beyond.

Mac was pleased this morning having found something in the rock line—which I'm not to say anything about.

Covering the green hillsides are the white stalks of the Birch which yields paper bark, all bowed through the winter snow.

The hillsides are covered with wild flowers, from stretches of purple to gold and pink in the distance which is immensely pleasing. Attaining the summit I rather wanted to see the glaciers from which these three or four streams emanate. It is a failing of human nature to want to trace things to their source. Given a snowy peak which man is not able to climb, he admires it immensely ; given a river he is not able to find the beginning of, he is always pleased with it and everything he does not know all about has some delight for him.

I was rather struck by the curious marble veins running through the rocks, seeming like the arteries of some colossal beings who came here and were petrified.

The view is superb all the way back to Baltal and this is the place to photograph. Looking some 3,000 feet down on Baltal is magnificent. Returning to camp found a party of three ladies packing up and leaving in the rain.

You can imagine nothing more amusing than a few servants dodging round a camping ground trying to catch a fowl which refuses to give itself up. This is as good as a bioscope. Our drooping spirits were revived watching the manœuvres of that fowl getting over tent poles and round boxes till the only remedy seemed to be shooting it.

Sunny afternoon, wrote some letters and looked into accounts which is always a painful ordeal. Sunset, went with Amdo to inspect the Gugar folk deep in the forest



IN THE ZOGI LA.

who live in the rudest of log shelters. A large number of children were making a noise and enjoying themselves. Whitehaired dame like some wife of the Patriarchs came to meet us. Left Amdo to fetch the milk while I inspected the trees from which paper bark was being taken. Found some pieces were about 6 feet long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide with as many as 30 good layers which came apart easily and formed perfect sheets of paper.

Next morning back to Sonamarg.

9th August.

SONAMARG.

Halted the day—more rain. Brown recovered his equilibrium doing a sketch and has met some young lady with whom he is going to tea this afternoon.

There are a large number of tents here dotted at good intervals on the green slopes beneath the towering peaks.

Looked through my beetles, moths and butterflies; found things damp.

9th August.

[BY BROWN.]

Tajwaz is the name of the camping ground where visitors are silly enough to come, give me some quiet solitary spot any day before these well tenanted places.

Now if man is afflicted by one thing on this earth more than most others, it is his friends and acquaintance, go where you will, you meet 'em. Another is the advice he takes as to what everyone else does—oh all Sabs do so and so—and you are looked at askance should you require anything different.

All my fellow beings so far as I can see have internal economies of cast steel and skins of crocodile hide!

Mac and his whiskey too, I can't imagine why human beings will burn their throats with such stuff, and further must needs always have a weed in their mouth as though they were little babies—smoking they call it—of all the unfortunate accidents that have befallen the human race this is one of the silliest and most deplorable.

On returning from tea what should meet my troubled gaze but Mac with the whole of his collection laid on every available spot in the tent ; the back of one of my latest sketches holding a pile of his wretched beetles and a little brown snake-like lizard wriggling between two of my painting brushes ; his pieces of stone labelled—and there he struggled amongst his collection absolutely lost to the world.

I dislike lady artists ! The majority can't paint for nuts, and they imagine they are doing you a favour by telling you of tints in the scene which are not there, and they have as little idea of rendering anything correct in nature as I have of doing my hair in curling pins. Not that this young lady comes into the above category, because she was very nice indeed, and it was the first decent tea I have had for some time—still the majority of lady artists can do anything but sketch.

I met her like this ; I had folded up my folio and paints as it started to rain, and while lingering on the lower path which is a steep slope, she struggled up all smiles in pantaloons and coat—quite the most sensible for these parts—observing “ I know I shall be on my nose before long,” so I helped her and her tent being near, it meant showing my sketches and inspecting hers, and the outcome was—Tea—Delighted.

Mac is softly whistling "When shall we meet again" and is dreadfully engrossed in his wretched collection.

The magnificent cliff view one mile from Sonamarg is well worth photographing, and then further on the gorge with the road and our transport on it hundreds of feet above the river affords a sketch I should love to do. The road is rocky and narrow, and the horses have a way of knocking off their loads and getting mixed up with other loads on the way. It is as wild as it can be and this constitutes the "rocky grandeur of the Sind."

The song of the road! How delightfully fresh each stage is as we start off again, and of course it is the journeying that comprises the chief enjoyment of our trip. There is nothing in existence equal to being out ere dawn.

It is written in the old Testament "They took their asses and all they had and journeyed into a far country."

This assumes new meaning on the road, and the story of Joseph and his brethren new beauties, for we meet our illustrations on the way. "And they took their all and journeyed into a far country", meaningless in our snug bungalows; what can we know there about an "All"; why a few waggon loads wouldn't suffice. Also when you are *in* the far country you realise the meaning of "He had thousands of oxen, and asses and men servants" for journeying in the wilds, shows they are a necessary asset. You wouldn't be bothered with asses, etc., in your bungalow of course—but on the highways miles from anywhere—most things appear in quite a new light.

10th August.

[BY MAC.]

KULAN, BACK 10 MILES FROM SONAMARG.

It was late when we started, and after a wet trying journey, arrived here, the sun giving us a parting salutation of brightness, when I thought it was never going to shine again.

As a few hours elapsed without any signs of dinner making an appearance, Brown went to see what he could do towards hurrying up matters.

The potatoes which he first tackled had a way of jumping out of his hands ; and after washing them several times and redropping them in the mud, he went to put them on the fire and stamped on one end of a bent stick that somehow jumped up and hit him on the nose—detering his activities for a while. “ Never say die ” being his motto, he next started peeling onions, got some into his eyes, which together with the smoke made him sneeze, and then by a mysterious feat of jugglery upset the potatoes and put the fire out. I persuaded him to come away after this, and he is sitting with a nasty red swelling, in woe-begone fashion watching the sunset across the fields.

Simply ravenous to-day, feel some sympathy for the cows that come round trying to eat the tent ropes ; I could almost eat the tent, poles and all.

Camped under walnut trees far above the road ; fields hedged in with a radiance of deep blue, purple, orange and yellow flowers. Nothing else, and Brown won't even tell me what to say about the “ Rocky grandeur ” we got through to-day.

N.B.—Don't meddle with things you don't know much about, although Brown fancies there is little on this earth

he doesn't know all about, and would persuade others into thinking the same.

He is indifferent about the glories of the road, and he doesn't even seem keen on a sunset that has some streaks of pink and gold in it.

Dinner—mutton chops—never had the like before, being tired of fowl!

Sky ; quite clear, without the vestige of a cloud after all these days of rain.

11th August.

[BY BROWN.]

KULAN.

Not a plate for my camera, not a plate. The groups presented under the walnut trees this morning were superb and artistic, lit as they were against a perfect background of dark hill. The natural poses being delightful. Oh for a plate! such were the perplexity of the tyro bent on shikar who has exhausted his store of ammunition, when lo some perfect specimen comes along, and he has not the wherewithal to pop it over.

The dress of these folk lends itself to picturing as they stand with their small skull caps looking like so many knights of the Crusade period—their beards mayhap catching the light in profile—while some children drop into the group with a perfection of bright sun touched lines and chiascuro such as even the most faithful artist could not render aright.

Alas no plates! and where in all the world will you get your figure pictures, so naturally perfect as in India.



“NANGA PARBAT,” FROM THE GILGIT ROAD.

Shall the studied whimsical and strange apparel of the western civilized people come up to the natural, simple and unstudied dress of these poor folk who have not the wherewithal to do anything but that which is natural. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but she hath not afflicted these people yet.

CROSSING THE YAMHEUR PASS.

Looking from Kulan across the road, the hill directly, in front has to be got over, there is no road but just a beaten track which straightway ascends the hillside, and if it has been raining you are not able to go at all. Nailed boots must be worn and a staff carried. Horses do it with difficulty, lightly laden. Exrtra coolies must be got. The bridge is crossed and many torrents got over and then we enter the heart of the forest, dense jungle amidst mighty deodar and pine trees, with flowers amongst the rocks and deep recesses overhung by foliage where the sun never shines. I could but cry out—

Dark trees that stand in line, majestic, tall ;
 Deep shades secluded ever from the sun ;
 Wild rocks and steeps bestrewn with densest growth—
 Where come the sighing breezes making hymn,
 Between the murmuring pines—
 Such were the place
 To seek God's majesty.

The forest strangely affects one, and here putting aside all that we are, all that we have, we may see life as it ought to be, and in its fulness praise the Creator.

What a tremendous climb it is through continuous forest, till after leaving Zaiwin which is about midway, the

forest belt is left below, the hillsides open and later become rocky and turfed. It is a climb! the higher you go the more unending it seems till later you view the Sind river miles below, and the road going to Sonamarg a mere snake line running into the far hills.

We pick our way with difficulty, over the merest shadow of a path on which it seems a miracle the horses are able to go—but horses in these regions do many amazing things.

The flowers encountered at the different levels are as gloriously varied and coloured as it could be possible to imagine. Each hundred feet having a distinctive belt and the whole being veritable flower-covered slopes. Some light blue poppies met with here have a wonderful delicacy of shade. Not the loveliest of gardens have such a wild profusion, and the like I have seen nowhere else.

Leaving the belt of forest below, the arduous ascent continues to the rocky and green covered summit till one's legs seem ready to drop off; however all things have an end, and we at last after miles and miles come to even ground by a wild looking place at sunset where I am glad to camp. This is Yamheur with two small lakes lying below snow-covered rocky heights. Wild and barren it is, away from all things human, and camped in this weird spot for long, one would lose their senses. Except for the water trickling down the rocks and the occasional piercing screams of marmots, a deathlike silence reigns; we are not able to even procure firewood and the ground is waterlogged.

12th August.

[BY MAC.]

YAMHEUR.

Brown sketched the tents with fires, making the best night scene he has yet done.

I rather had brown bears on the brain, attended to revolver and got up several times with visions of prowling bears, but they only proved to be horses which graze here all night; fancy grazing all night, and never being groomed or sheltered.

Bitterly cold place.

Got up early with the intention of swimming in the lake, but beyond a few strokes could do nothing as it was ice cold, feel burning hot after however.

Packed up about 10 a.m., and started for what the coolies averred was nearly a perpendicular climb. Came to the second lake above which dark rocky heights tower—at the bottom a moraine—rocks and boulders that it would seem centuries of blasting had thrown down the mountain side. This was the place to take snaps, our transport scattered over the wild hillside and crawling up like ants, and the coolies in the rear mere dark figures slowly picking their way upward.

A good thick pair of nailed boots and staff are the things to do it with. It is the sight of a lifetime to see the horses picking their way through the debris. Amdo and a horse did a little tobogganing on this slope, whereat the horseman shed some tears, but it came alright in the end.

Higher and higher you go until at last the summit is attained, rocky and wild amidst snow-white stones. Below a slanting green falls to lower hills. This is what our

eminent guidebook describes as a *cul de sac*. The summit looks like a burial ground, but it is only the mark of different Sabs who have done the Pass leaving a memorial in the form of pointed stones standing upright and held by smaller ones till the whole presents a weird spectacle.

It is apparently the custom to offer a thanksgiving when the Pass has been safely done. This takes the form of standing the coolies a sheep, and incidentally getting a bit for oneself.

Alas no plates !

Arrived Hemwas, some three miles beyond Sekwas, and after a prolonged search found a possible site above the torrent with a lovely peak overlooking us from between hillsides lightly clad with deodar and silver birch.

Had a peaceful night and a long lie in bed.

13th August.

[BY MAC.]

LIDDARWAT.

Is about half an hour's march from Hemwas, and of all places to enjoy camp life this were it—a delightful grass covered piece of undulating marg—flanked by great yellow heights sparsely wooded, and presenting superb views at its bottom and top outlets. Many campers here.

Have been giving a quiet few hours study to our guide book and maps, the worst of these being that you are unable to make head or tail of them till the ground they describe has been covered and *then* you can see it all as clear as mud. Maps are wretched things with a deal more on them than is of any interest to you, whereas a little talk with your coolies will greatly clear your perplexity.

It is much the same as presenting a difficult piece of music to the tyro learning his notes, or giving a learned treatise to one just able to piece together his alphabet.

I wish guide books would tell you what you want to know, but then probably other parties would complain that what *they* wanted to know wasn't there, and so on and so on.

Well, putting aside all guidebook troubles, we are to visit the Kolahoi Glacier to-morrow morning, starting early.

Of all the funny things the present day civilised being on two legs is beset with, I should think that silly little bit of black apparatus he carries about for "snap-shotting" must take a foremost place—a camera he calls it, using it to record the doings of himself, friends and population at large, in many mysterious effects.

Brown is alright as I have said before, but get him into close proximity with anything "cameric" and you'll feel sorry for it.

His plates having arrived he must needs put 'em into the slides—make a dark room of the tent—upset our routine, moral equilibrium and everything else into the bargain.

Through being harshly used his changing bag thought it would adopt "fogging" as a salutary measure, so he had recourse to crawling under a camp bed, being covered with unlimited blankets while undergoing a number of mysterious feats of jugglery there, meanwhile delivering himself forcefully because *I* was letting the light in and finishing with a broken dark slide and anathema on all cameras.

I believe deluded mortals call this "photography"? But the time to see Brown is when "developing" and

then should *I* be anywhere near, he gives me the impression that everything has gone wrong and got spoiled just because *I* happened to be there, later bringing the results in an exultant frame and declaring "It is quite the best I have ever done ; don't you think so ?" and of course I say "yes".

Well some day I may get a camera. It will probably be when Amaryllis wants me to take her in a host of effective poses ; then I'll photograph all her family and kill 'em on the spot by the results—have their fortune left me, get spliced and live happy ever after—putting the infernal camera in a glass case and not letting it do any further damage.

I believe most people get a kodak and try it some time in their lives ; they are as necessary to health as Beecham's Pills !

Brown is a very clever fellow—of course the above remarks apply to any one but him, and now I'll go for a bit of shooting on my own round the cliffs here.

14th August.

[BY BROWN.]

CAMP GROUND TO KOLAHOI GLACIER ABOUT 8 MILES.

Started for the glacier at 5 a.m., while light mist-clouds chased each other over the hill tops, throwing up the dark pines against their whiteness and while a grey veil lay on everything. An easy footpath skirts the Liddar, first cutting through great boulders and then over grassy slopes—many streams and torrents having to be got over in the best manner possible.

Fell in with some young ladies, one of whom looked queer barefoot after fording a stream in her shoes and stockings. Went to the rescue with a spare pair of chaplies ; much appreciated.

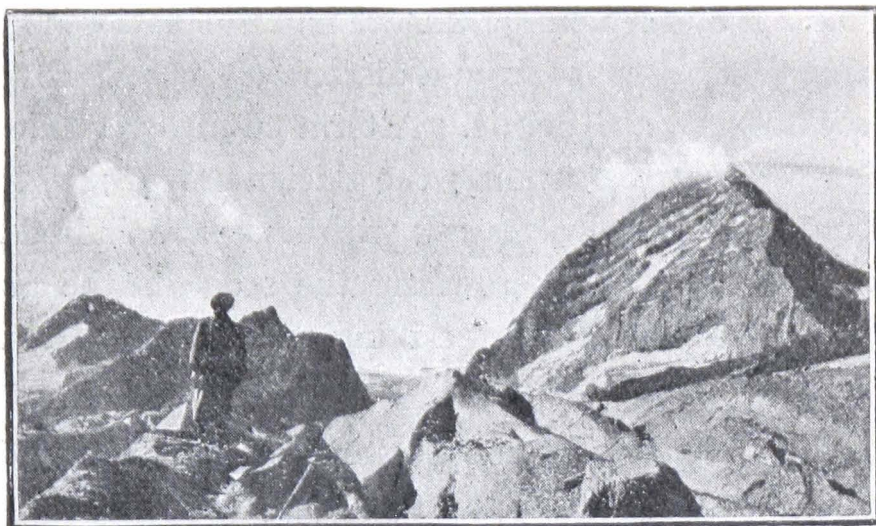
Mac collared her of course, and I couldn't get him interested in some formations of the pre-glacial period which ought to have appealed to him.

Following the Liddar from range to range about midday some bold peaks are seen at the head of the nullah in wild surroundings and reaching these we find the glacier is hardly distinguishable as ice from a distance, being all covered with rocks, shale and debris. After a climb over piles of boulders, we start ascending the glacier proper ; with its water running in small streams ; with its deep hundred feet rifts in solid ice ; while crowning the scene is the grand pyramidal peak of Kolahoi having at its base a sea of snowy billows.

1-30 *p.m.* Sitting on the glacier there is the sound as of a storm raging in the peaks around, while at our feet melting ice-water trickles away and an occasional rock slips from its position sliding noisily downwards. Ice, solid ice everywhere ! and down in the plains they are gasping for something cool. Funny world this ! But what a glorious scene ! We ascended by the left and descended by the right, and difficult it was too, at one time sliding down the ice on stones that wouldn't hold, at another doing a sudden graceful sit-down ; then again loosening a large boulder that goes crashing into a cleft, and next stuck on a precipitous wall from which we fear to move. The left side is best to negotiate. It was glorious as I said, and just the thing to do. We left the top at 2-30 on the return journey

being deceived again and again by fancying every range approached held the camping ground only to find another had to be got round eventually reaching at 6-30, thoroughly tired out.

Pictures to be taken—about a mile and a half below the peaks, with sun from front, taking in the rocky streams, shepherds and sheep about here, and then pictures of yourself a la Arctic regions on the glacier to delude your friends.



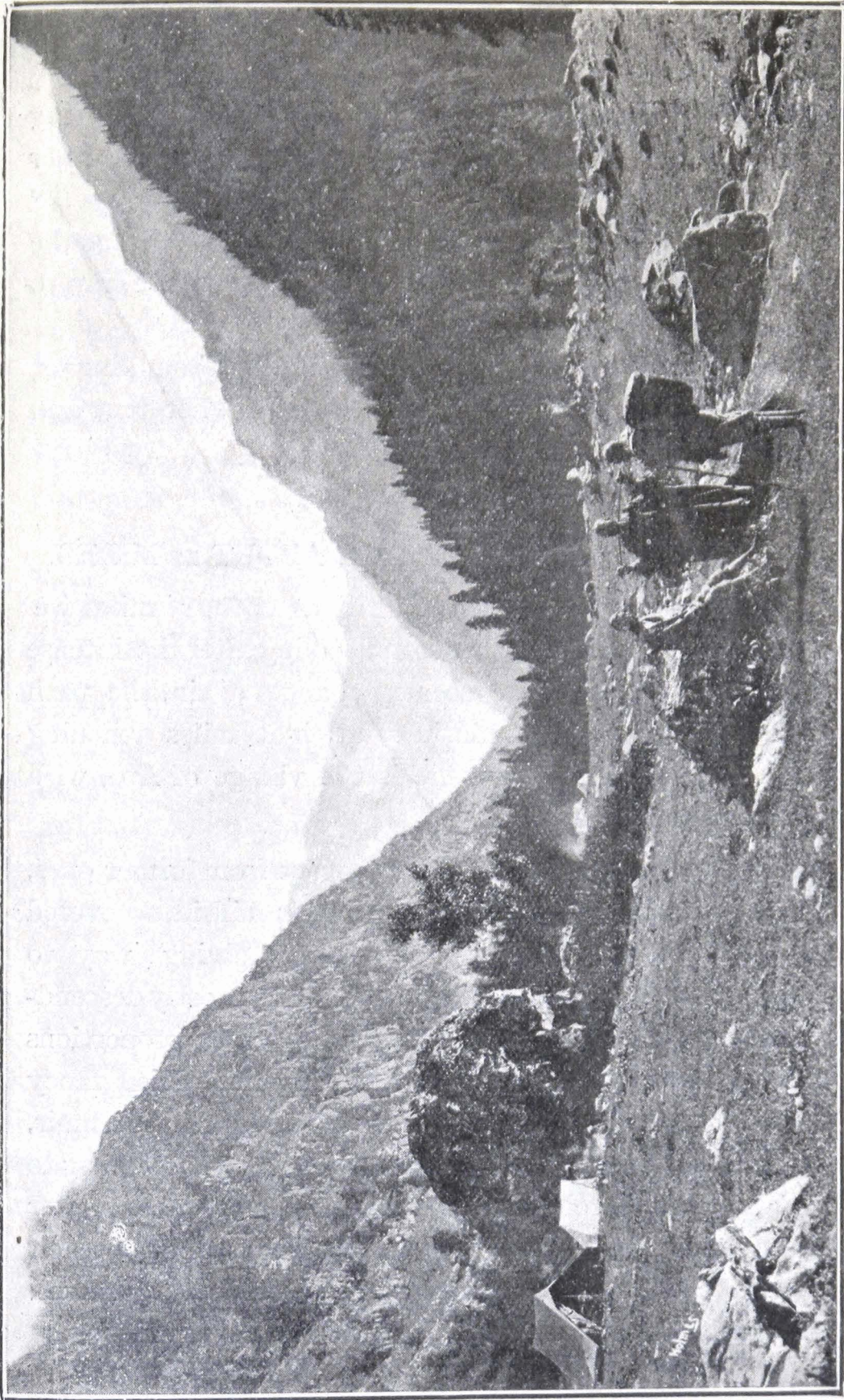
ON THE GLACIER BELOW THE KOLAHOI PEAK.

Must have done a good 20 miles what with chasing back after coolies, and cameras, and lunch.

15th August.

Liddarwat may be called the football ground of the giants, for a huge football-like rock lies on the plain and scattered everywhere are remains that in the half light would pass as parts of giants petrified. It is a lovely camping green after my own heart.

Now we are feeling quite alright after yesterday and Brown has the wherewithal to be proud of, having been



CAMPING GROUND, LIDDERWAT.

told by our shikari that he was a marvel at walking, being afraid of undertaking no difficulties, going where other Sabs rather tremble saying "krab jugga, krab jugga" * and all that sort of thing ; we have promised to engage the man for Baltistan when we next come, and leave him to make all our "Bandobast".

Also got a ducky letter from our lady friend thanking us, etc., kindly, etc., and on leaving passed by her tent and wished her good-bye.

15th August.

LIDDERWAT TO PAHALGAM, ABOUT 12 MILES.

The path now goes easily on till after four miles we enter dense forest whose shades are cooling after the intense sun heat, and then the scenery changes again, the path passing densely wooded hillsides, at eight miles reaching a lovely large green plain where is the village of Aro, with wooden huts in the centre.

This march presents a different aspect from former ones, the scenery being lovely with sloping hillsides covered with tall fir-trees, each ridge regularly giving way to another on one side of which runs the path mostly descending, and the stream that has now assumed the proportions of a river formenting along at the bottom. This I fancy to be one of the prettiest marches of its kind in Kashmir, and do not deceive yourself by thinking you are going to see anything more engaging, because you are not. After we have run by the river's edge and ascended out of reach through the most glorious array of deodar several times, we come on a marg covered with lovely turf which

* Bad place.

one naturally assumes to be the camping ground, having visions of an English countryside—Church steeple and all—for when anyone speaks of Pahalgam they usually add, “and there’s a church there”.

After traversing miles of green sward, one wonders where Pahalgam can be till presently a few wood buildings are seen across the Liddar, and a spur of pine forest in which visitors and their tents are hidden away.

Pahalgam is some 9,000 feet above sea level, is nice and pleasant in August, has some flies, and is overlooked by a few glorious peaks, the plain with its silvery river lines being typical of Kashmir.

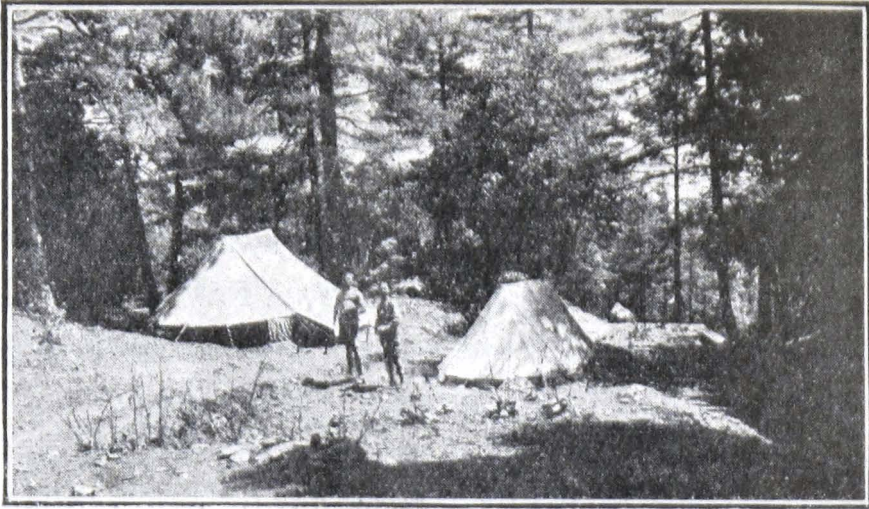
I think this is all except that I was able to get a few bottles of something to drink assuaging a long martyred thirst and boxes of something to smoke ; also got Brown to invest in some Kashmir wine, incidentally for himself, and we laid in a stock of chocolate and biscuits together with other stores. Brown and chocolate are synonymous. Attended to our dak, did some silver trout fishing, glad to be in a place that showed some signs of civilisation.

17th August.

[BY BROWN.]

PAHALGAM.

Imagine yourself in a forest with pines of enormous girth and height, a gradually sloping ground red with pine needles and scattered pine cones amongst which at short intervals where possible stands a tent, the whole scene presenting as charming and picnicky an appearance as it were possible to imagine. This is our camping ground, quite different to anything we have been in so far ; whereas



A QUIET CAMP AMIDST GREAT PINE.

before we had a whole ground or hillside to ourselves, here there are tents every few yards taking up every available space, looking like so many little white patches right through the forest and running far up on the hillside.

This is a sylvan retreat for all campers, and here they are always flitting back and forth. Tents are up like mushrooms in the evening, and lo in the morning there is a vacant space which is almost immediately filled by another growth—and so the time goes on ; always fresh arrivals, always able to watch someone in difficulties trying to get more into a box than it will hold, always a dhooly or meatsafe belonging to someone being aired on a coolie's back and presenting an engaging spectacle of what someone is going to have for their next meal, while another coolie follows up with a basket of sodas, beers, wines, etc. A thirsty and hungry lot of sinners these—and then the Mem-sahib trots by " a la marching " with staff in hand. All very engaging, all very delightful.

But what a lovely spot to camp in and picnicky as I have remarked. And then evening in the woods, one would fancy the dryads were abroad with lamplights gleaming between the trees where sit the different groups around their tables having dinner, while spruce bearers resplendent in kummerbunds flit to and fro, and anon the fires of servants with ruddy glow throw bright lines on the tree trunks and light up a scene of life and interest and cooking pots everywhere.

Methinks it were a midsummer's night dream, something unreal, something in which fancy has full play ; but no, my lady fair laughs gaily to my lord beside her and lights her cigarette from his.

Perchance the moon rises gleaming through the high foliage, throwing up the tall tree trunks, or a breeze makes the pines sing the song that only they know how to, perchance there is the gentle patter of rain when all the inhabitants of the wood and their dining tables and lamps disappear as though by magic. Albeit the night falls calmly and the strangeness of the scene being closed out we lay down and sleep with the distant river rushing in our dreams, a continual monotony.

Sleep and dreams—sleep and dreams—and then the morrow.

18th August.

PAHALGAM TO ZOJPAL, ABOUT 15 MILES.

[BY BROWN.]

Left this morning for the first march to Amarnath bidding adieu to our sylvan retreat. We shortly march through the village taking the road running at an angle

from that to Aro across the bridge, and looking back the scene is strangely countrified with wooden matchbox houses and sloping roofs. I notice the folks about here walk on wooden shoes—which make a clanking noise and look rather uncomfortable to propel oneself on, consisting of a shaped piece of wood for heel and toe and a knob that is held between the toes.

Our ponies and baggage join us now and we follow the river which is bestrewn with logs, the hills all round being covered in mist and fleecy clouds chasing each other up the different spurs. The path is good and the scenery delightful amidst wild forest. We here met a little personage resplendent in all the marching regalia of one not knowing much about the game, with a queer looking sola topi to boot. I often wonder why foreigners wear the funny headgear they usually do. Is it that the shop people delude them into it or have they a predilection that way? We will call him the Count, a great man for marching too, though he did rather puff on the slopes going up.

Had intended camping at Tannin but out came his half dozen guidebooks and maps while he impressed on us not to pay heed to anything our men might say, etc., etc. We decided carrying on till Zoipal 5 miles further in his company, so we joined in with his retinue of horses, servants riding, shikari with a few kodaks and waterflasks attached to him, etc., etc. A Pass 14,000 feet is next got over with a fine view near the summit. From here to Amarnath every tone of red is in the ascendant in the barren ranges while some strangely contorted peaks of volcanic origin shortly come to view. The Count seems great on calling the scenery “wonderful.”

Great barren regions they are, where little but stunted juniper grows—where herds pass their time growing and grazing and nothing of man's doing is encountered. Shortly Zojpal is reached ; a wild plain beneath tremendous bluffs. This is the place for a sunset scene, setting the great distance off against the bold craggy heights. As the Count was full of energy and said there was a lake near called Sonar Sar, we attempted to ford the stream but after many futile efforts—the torrent being ice cold and of such force that we couldn't balance in it and the Count having inadvertently thrown one of his sandals into the water instead of on a rock in mid-stream where he was to meet me—we were constrained to give in, intending to try again in the morning. His shikari is one of those "knowall" people who always mislead one.

Now one of these torrents viewed from anywhere, looks simple enough to cross, but should there be much water they offer difficulties little thought of.

19th August.

Tried the fording again this morning on horse back ; there is some comedy in this. Another useless snap. Well we got over and then that rascal of a Mac took the Count in hand with the intention, it would seem, of knocking all mountaineering out of him, for should you get Mac to go out when he doesn't want to, you will have to pay for it. Our book said the lake was 800 yards away but by the time we got there it was a good two miles. Mac took the waterfall—a steep ascent interspersed with rocks—as affording the easiest climb, and of course with his big boots and legs it was feasible, but to see the Count floundering about—slipping

off rocks, dodging round a boulder and gripping on for dear life ; walking through the pools instead of jumping over them, and generally trailing himself along much as a fowl does after a heavy shower of rain—was almost pitiful. But he stuck it like a hero, poor chap, until at last emerging breathless on top we found the lake, and a lovely little scene it presented at the foot of brown and slate peaks covered with glistening snow.

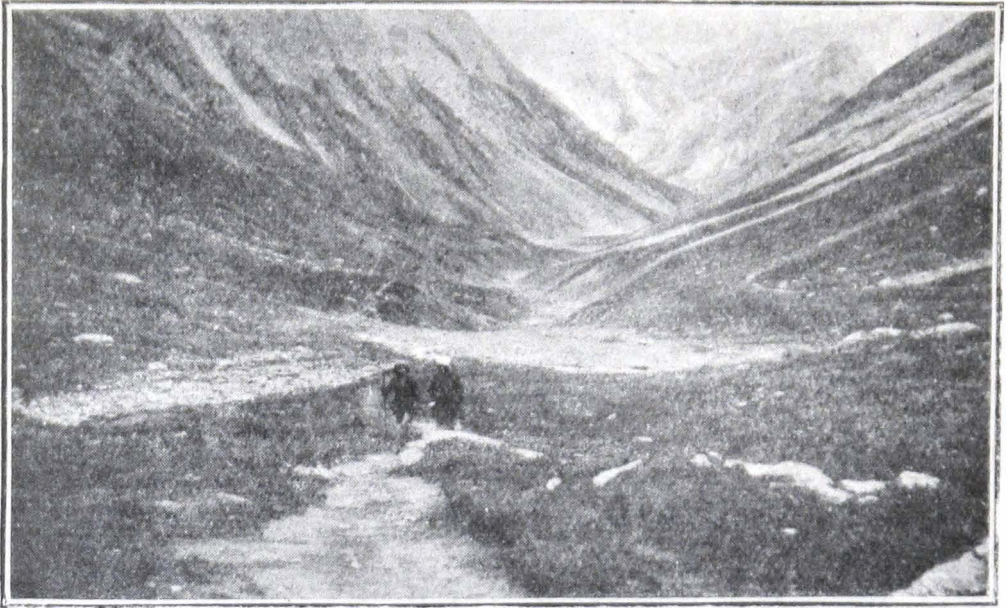
The Count here pulled out an assortment of tabloids and Plasmon biscuits to all of which Mac gave a healthful grin and wink, his ill humour and devilry assuaged by the Count's pitiful plight.

Back to camp, the Count taking half an hour to clean his shoes and stockings and set himself into marching order.

ZOJPAL TO PANJITARNI ABOUT 10 MILES.

Three miles brings us to Shisha Nag which is a large expanse of dull greeny looking water overhung by snowed peaks with a silver sheen. Had a swim, water tingling cold, could only do half a dozen strokes ; felt burning hot after it. Have made a point of trying all the lakes, ice water or otherwise. Above the lake are three sheds built for pilgrims. The best photograph is got when the full mountain side comes into view. Further on reddish peaks strangely contorted are seen, then a view of immensity looking across a watershed ; next another steep ascent by a well made path and on reaching the top a mountain looking like a badly made chocolate blanc-mange comes to view.

Started raining and with an icy blast the journey most uncomfortable. The Panjitarni pilgrim sheds come to view a mile away over the watershed. The aspect is glorious with the Amarnath mountain standing high above its fellows.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE AMARNATH PEAK.

Marmots are wildly shrieking on the roadside and then popping into their burrows.

Stayed in one of the sheds, found it clean and comfortable, spread a tent for carpet, settled down, had tea. Only Juniper for fuel, milk got from herdsmen with trouble.

19th August.

[BY BROWN.]

PANJITARNI.

Now it is not often in your wanderings you chance on some odd specimen of humanity who has an outlook the

same as yours, and who has been thro' practically the same course of reading ; so fancy my delight on finding the Count was conversant with Thoreau of Walden, Emerson, Whitman, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and all writers coming in the same zone. We touched on the ideas of all these, we went over everything we could think of and spent a happy evening together. It is a pleasure to find someone in the same boat as yourself.

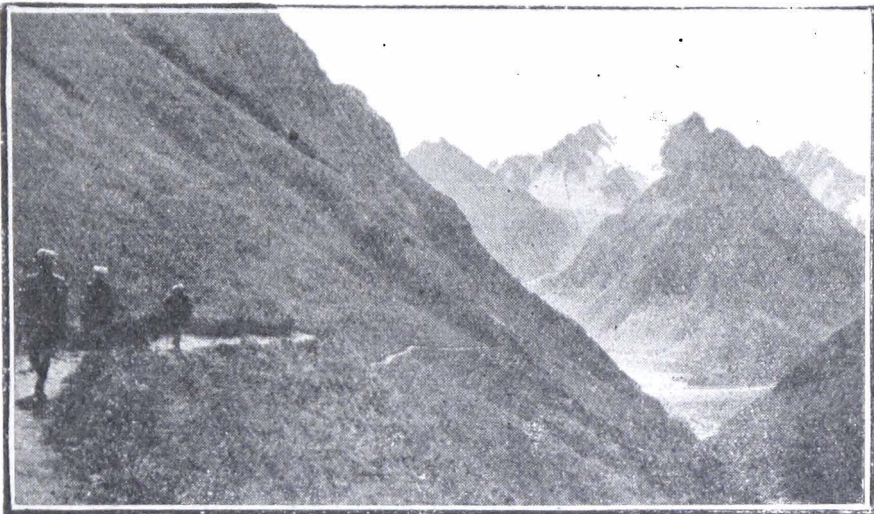
Lovers of Thoreau, you must understand, of necessity are queer on some points, in fact should you find any civilized being wandering in these out-of-the-way holes, you may safely conclude something is the matter with him.

20th August.

[BY MAC.]

PANJITARNI.

This is a most uncanny spot with high peaks around glistening with fresh snow and a strangely ribbed range bounding the water shed.



THE PATH RUNS ALONG THE HILLSIDES.

Brown and the Count were talking a lot of rot about poetry so made myself scarce and went round tracking marmots: rather cunning creatures these. Came on the remains of a horse, being told by a shepherd that a leopard greatly troubled them.

Last night we had a little farce something in this wise.

Being awakened, I call "kaun hai"?

Brown meekly, "it's only me."

"Well, what the are you doing?"

Brown—trying to light one of these matches (here a mild rebuke to the matches and adjectives that would annihilate the whole match industry). "The Count thought he heard a lion or something growl and I'm looking for the revolver which I cleaned to-day and cannot lay my hands on now."

The Count then crawls out of bed and puts a box against each door and I listen for that ominous growl; hair on end. In the morning of course we pass it off very bravely. *N.B.*—You will not fear bears, tigers or demons by daylight, but wait till you are in some wild spot and hear unaccountable noises in the dark, then is the time to enjoy yourself. Also when matches get damp, there is no lighting them. There are not many things more trying in this life than a desperate endeavour for a light, when one is not forthcoming.

PANJITARNI TO AMARNATH AND BACK, ABOUT 7 MILES.

Taking our two shikaris, tiffin baskets, and an odd assortment of cameras we started off early. The path shortly zig-zags up the right hill side—a burster where

frequent rests are necessary—and soon a fine view is got looking back to the twin snow-slashed Panjitarni Peaks. Next we carry on through rugged barren nullahs and up rocky hill sides till entering a large defile overlooked by



THE CAVE OF AMARNATH.

solemn cliffs, the lime strewn stream is followed till a dark opening high in the mountain side proclaims our objective has been attained.

We climb to the cave and enter. It is eerie and weird.

Away in that solitary barrenness—well might man make himself a fane of worship finding a natural cathedral.

From the cave mouth which is about 70 feet broad and high the roof rapidly slopes downwards. No doubt the fakirs did something towards enlarging the cave and in its eerie darkness are some recesses which one regards with misgiving, expecting something strange to appear. There is a large block of ice at the farthest extremity where percolating water solidifies during winter and slowly melting through the summer waters a carpet of greenery from the cave entrance to some two hundred feet below. It was a few weeks after the pilgrimage which takes place about the end of July, and the flowers left on the block of ice—which by the way is supposed to embody the god Shiva—were still fresh there, constituting a delicate scheme of colour in light blues, whites and yellows which seemed strange in those wild inhospitable regions.

Unfortunately the photographs I took were all spoilt while being developed at Srinagar but I enclose one by Holmes.

Reduced to the small dimensions of a photograph one cannot form an adequate idea of the vastness, the immensity of the view presented; but the small figures at the cave mouth will give some idea of it.

Having seen enough of the cave return to Panjitarani for tea.

21st August.

PANJITARNI TO TANNIN, ABOUT 12 MILES.

Fresh snow had fallen and the peaks around were glistening when we took the road to Astan Marg, which

branches off 3 miles from Panjitarni. Shortly come on a delightful scene by the small lakes presenting the appearance of a fine monochrome, where a bold peak rises



THE MIST PLAYING AMONGST THE PEAKS.

flanked by hills, and save for slight lines of green there is not a vestige of colour in the whole scene. Next come on a moraine and then get down to Astan Marg by a very steep and unending sort of track. Nice camping ground, very much like Lidderwart.

Get a fine view of ravine with its torrent after crossing lower bridge about 2 miles from Astan Marg, and then having got over some more miles amidst glorious pine-clad heights descend to Tannin.

Now this is an ideal spot and nowhere do you see such

heights and depths. The Tannin river rushes by the camping ground where our tent is.

There are two cosy little chalets on the hillside and for any one desiring quietude and peace nothing better could be found. One of these huts happened to be occupied by an old fossil and his wife, but the Count dotted himself down in the other, telling me he had seen the lady's collection of flower paintings which were quite passable. He goes into ecstasies over flowers.

21st August.

TANNIN.

As happy as skylarks after a long and trying march. Brushed ourselves up for dinner with the Count who has the cook of the "Old Fossils" doing the needful.

Now I haven't snakes on the brain, but going up I nearly stamped on one by a fallen trunk. I feel as though I had seen sufficient snakes to please anyone.

Delightful after all this while of "Saffri" to sit at a nice table with clean linen, polished silver, etc., have a variety of courses and coffee to finish with. Not being used to such luxurious fare we all had a dreadful night.

But that log cabin is a place to remember in one's dreams, and Mac being in high spirits had a number of toasts to get through and I can't tell what excuses the cook made to his master *re* the wine he gave away.

22nd August.

Marched back to Pahalgam and here bade the Count adieu. He going to Sonamarg with some great ideas of climbing, and we leaving the valley to rejoin our boat.

23rd August.

PAHALGAM TO EISHMAKAM, 12 MILES.

It is an easy march through hill and plain until turning a bend by Eishmakam a remarkable picture effect is caught of the Italian-like ziarat crowning the hill nicely balanced by straight lines of poplars running up to it.

Camped in the rain on a fine plain under a large walnut; everything horribly wet, but some stores available. The ziarat is the culminating point in the scene from all directions.

24th August.

[BY BROWN.]

EISHMAKAM TO KHANBAL, 14 MILES.

If you have walked ten miles on unmetalled road after a week's downpour you will know what this march was like. The path goes easily from the hills which give place to large reaches of field, green, fresh looking and peaceful after all the rockiness of the past weeks. We were on the look out for the caves of Bhumzoo, reached about midday. The first cave is much like Amarnath except for its wood doors, the remains of pillars and a trefoiled arch. The interior has a lingam, being still used for devotional purposes. The usual large crowd collects and many hints about "parwasti" are given out. On asking for the second cave, torches are brought and approaching the mountain side a few hundred yards from the first we enter the eerie depths of the second. You come to know what black darkness means in there with the meagre light throwing the torch bearers features into startling relief while he walks backwards transfixing you



The view at Eishmakam.

To face page 122.

with his eyes. The rough-hewn cave sides catching the torch flare in multitudinous wavy lines. An occasional bump on the head from some extra low part is the one thing to save the creepiness of the situation. That cave goes further and further into the hill until a place is pointed where some bones of the poor fakir who drilled it are supposed to lie. This is usually enough for anyone—and the daylight, the clean daylight will be longed for in those mysterious depths. The scene of my next drama is to be set here and it will be arranged in this wise. Golaba, a fair Kashmiri woman, comes along from some place by Nanga Parbat—she is of course a woman of consequence by now—and being in a reverent mood has pilgrimaged to the cave and there discovers the chap with the torch is her former lover. He has a dagger concealed somewhere and suddenly realising who she is, says “Gadzooks! out with a decent bit of bacsheesh or thy bones shall bleach in this antepodean blackness”. She exclaims, “O Arthur, don’t!”. This is to be the climax; I’ll think about the remainder, not forgetting the scene where you haven’t got more than four annas to give away between some twenty who require bacsheesh for showing the cave. Leaving this behind we pass through Bawan where the ubiquitous pundit duly hands a book to sign; and having seen its myriads of fish in the sacred tank, we proceed over that dreadful road of tanglefoot to Khanbal. I have been on some roads in my time but a kacha one with a foot of slush that has to be got through for miles is the limit. However some of our boat urchins duly appear on the scene and escort us back to the boat, and sitting quietly therein seems novel after

so many weeks of tent life when no more baggage ponies, camp fires, carrying of provisions, sleeping on boulders and slopes has to be thought of. There sits Mac, bronzed and bearded, while I pull out my developing things, red light, etc., wondering mightily how all my photographs have turned out. Many a night have I been up till twelve o'clock developing those Kashmir plates.

25th August.

[BY BROWN.]

KHANBAL.

It is even as I expected, an outcome one has a dim presentiment of long beforehand, a flare up before things go right again. We paid the coolies and pony-men this morning before leaving for Martand, and on returning whom should we meet but one of them pitiably crying and in a forlorn state who told us his blankets had been taken by our boatman as a sort of discount. So in righteous anger Mac decided to settle the account off hand. I was glad to leave it to him while I had a lengthy harangue with our tongawallah as to a reasonable price to be paid him which ended in my parting with about double the proper fare. Well Mac next goes in for a pugilistic display with Mr Gaffara who comes off in rather a bad way. It appeared now that Gaffara had sent the blankets to Bijbihara till his arrival. This is the worst of boats and their manjis. Well might one's moral equilibrium be unsettled while dealing with them. Talk! why that man would vocalise an apparition into stone or an ordinary fluent tongue into silent despair: and this is the sort of thing that has made India what it is!

Floor-cloths worked with flower designs on a bright red ground is the *forte* of these parts.

ON THE RIVER FROM KHANBAL TO BIJBIHARA.

For a lovely sketching place I would recommend about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Khanbal down stream where is a poplar tree by some dwellings on the left, the opposite bank being tree shaded, the hills in blue wash beyond. Nothing is so effective as the stately poplar in sketches.

I will always remember Bijbihara, the effect at least of that night when the moon rose with streaky sweeping clouds above the road line of poplars running weirdly across the open landscape, when presently with a deal of shouting from both banks our servant appeared bearing the stolen blankets (Gaffara our boatman had of course gone off on business ere this giving out he was innocent as a babe regarding the matter). Anyway the poor horsemen had their blankets restored and with tears and deep emotion gave us their last salaams while we felt as though parting with old and faithful friends. I shall always remember them going off before that demon of a Gaffara could catch them ; driving their horses into the moonlit distance while perfect peace lay on the slumbering land. We had been long together and they had served us like bricks.

Sunday, 26th August.

ON THE RIVER BACK TO SRINAGAR.

A quiet and peaceful day, and sitting in deck chairs on our boat roof amidst the calm scenes of moonlight, we discussed the doings of the last few weeks.

27th August.

[BY MAC.]

I prevailed on Brown to accompany me through Pampore as I wanted to look round and inspect the ziarat there and get some "Pampore-ke-roti".

Now the city is most pleasantly situated, being picturesque and old with a mosque which is built of cedar blocks and a spire that is "the thing" viewed from any direction. Brown shortly collared on to an old white whiskered man looking very much like those wooden figures out of Naoh's arks who took us in hand and explained all about everything.

In one ziarat two pillars uphold the present roof, one of which has crumbled away indescribably—the other looking like iron retains all its graceful lines. We are told the pillars got there thro' divine agency—I should think they boned the good one and tried to make the second like it with the present deplorable result.

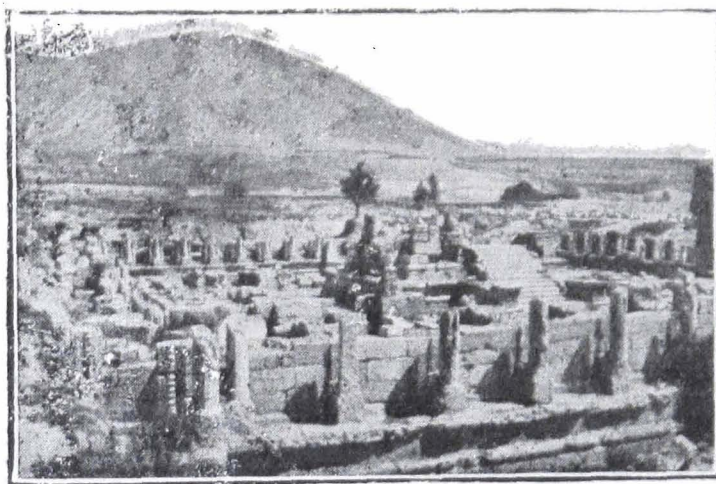
Now the history of all Kashmir reads something like this:—

An industrious type of beings put together some solid buildings for worship—got large stones and carved 'em appropriately—then along comes the intelligent and drone like Mohamedan who knocks the lot down—carries off all the stones he can and fixes them into the plinths of his own buildings and ziarats—getting a few incongruous effects and bringing about a decline from which the land never recovers.

Either the square temple block of ruins at Pampore is amongst the oldest in the land or the stone it is built of is of indifferent quality and has deteriorated much, for some

of the pieces we came across show it must have been a splendid structure.

The Noah's Ark chap says the old books have it that enormous "Khissana" is buried about here—but no one can touch it because a huge reptile with black streaked body and a white head guards it—in fact some sahibs from America and Madras have been round inspecting it from all points of the compass and one of 'em agreed with him—*re* the "Khissana"—so there it lies to this day. The old man affirms that he had seen this reptile in his youth—and so one would think to look at him—for he certainly has seen something uncanny. He tells us strange things.



AVANTIPUR RUINS.

If you want to get round anything of the "purana zamana" Brown is the man to do it with. You'd think his life depended on inspecting and classifying every bit of stone belonging to the period—in fact anyone would fancy he was one of Mrs. Besant's "transmigrations" come to inspect the scenes of his former wanderings, and I can almost imagine him devoutly carrying his "lota

and making one of the foremost of those beings of a past day, doing his "pooja" by the temple steps and going through some strange evolutions before his "lingams"—in fact I shouldn't be surprised if most of the designing of these places was done by him—and coming into contact revives some latent consciousness. For myself I would rather have had something to do with the contents of those large jars found at Avantipur. In fact I have a slight remembrance of doing myself "decently" in that period.

Now one thing before which Brown's "Ruins" fade into oblivion is a pretty face and at one of the stalls where we procured Pampore-ke-roti was a striking woman whom Brown wanted to immortalise on the spot, in profile; so out came his camera and with immense difficulty and the promise of many rupees baksheesh (myself feeling very small) he proceeded to arrange her at the stall and go through those trying operations associated with taking a picture—a huge crowd collecting meanwhile. You wouldn't credit him with such cool deliberation should you see him, rather than pass a lady acquaintance, pop down a side street—but Brown bent on picture making and the usual Brown are two different persons.

This picture never "turned out." Brown put it down to a "fogged plate"; this term covers a multitude of sins—I rather fancy he tried to get two pictures on one plate.

I'll admit the Kashmiri girl may on the whole be more picturesque than her Indian sister because her face is not disfigured with absurd ornaments, and her head-covering like that of a nurse—tends to make the most ordinary face passable: but this is no excuse for Brown, and I might

well quote some of Solomon's advice on this subject for he is rather good at quotations for *my* benefit.

We left Pampore walking along the road of fine shady chinars. There is nothing much to see in the place but the way the Mohamedans have boned all the Hindu relics for themselves is commendable.

28th August.

ON THE RIVER BACK TO SRINAGAR.

Had an exciting half hour with a large water snake that wanted to get into boat. Now the people instead of trying to kill the wretched thing all made a noise to drive it away.

A boat is alright to live in, but there is not room in it for a snake and you, so I expect you'd vacate with alarming rapidity into the river should one ever dodge over the boards after you. As I say we all had an exciting time trying to prevent its entry and telling everyone else how to kill it—which wasn't done though it was hit several times.

Horrible things snakes—fancy meeting a sea-serpent when coming home from dinner betimes in your shikara.

Reached Srinagar and arranged for Gulmarg on the morrow.

SRINAGAR TO GULMARG.

Is a tonga drive of 24 miles over a dusty hot road and through a monotony of poplar avenue, the Dak Bungalow of Margam coming midway. The tonga road ends at Tangmarg at the bottom of the pine covered hills, a 4-mile path through lovely hill sides of forest bringing

one to the summit where the bazar buildings come to view and spoil ones first impressions of Gulmarg.

Had to pay five rupees on being allotted a camping site, few such sites being available outside the hotel limits.

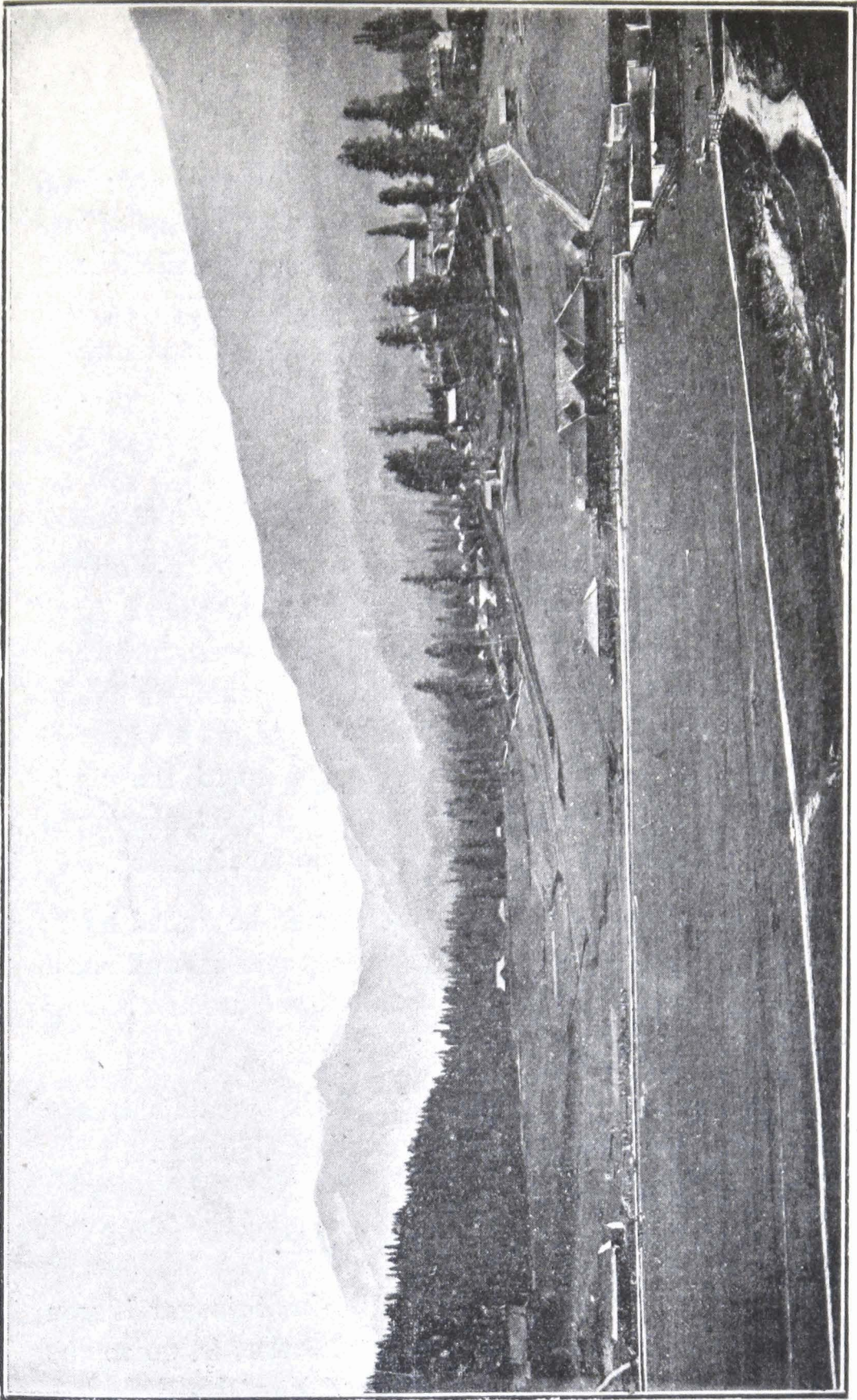
Gulmarg or the Rose marg is a delightful stretch of green undulating plain with golf and polo grounds in the fore and cottages tucked away below pine covered slopes in every available spot ; church and hotel on a ridge—and the whole closed in by a stretch of mountain behind. Passing through the bazaar, I was rather struck seeing the *elite* wandering amidst those drab surroundings—here a respectable looking colonel and his gaily dressed wife lending dignity to a bunnia's shop and there some one else buying a few annas worth of fruit.

Fancy Simla doing the same !

Everyone, who is anyone, seems to make a dash for Gulmarg in the season and incidentally wastes a lot of good cash.

Ponies on hire is a feature. Obtained one and rode up to Killanmarg and the lakes from where Nanga Parbat appears on the horizon a sharp outline of snow in the distant ranges.

Mac had gone to the club so I took an evening walk through the bazaar and round the north circular road—a delightful outing. Skirting the hillside amidst the loveliest of tall pines a fine view is obtained across country where beyond a patchwork of yellow fields and dark dots of trees the Wular lake glimmers beneath the distant mountains that pass off into violets and blues amalgamated in the last crimson shades of evening. Perfect peace and quiet reigns on the darkening hillside



CLUB AND POLO GROUND—GULMARG.

save for crickets that noisily chorus everywhere; and returning to the marg as night has set in all the gay horse riders, dandies with ladies and children, parasols and neat coloured figures have disappeared, while lights gleam all over the hillsides, the club being especially brilliant.

30th August.

[BY MAC.]

GULMARG.

We arrived here late last evening and had to pass all the people busy at the golf links, at tennis and the club, I hope it will be a lesson for Brown to dress a bit decent in future. He fancies himself something of a Bohemian—in polite society he would be called a disgrace—and made one feel ashamed passing all those people togged up to the nines. He may do for “distant snowy peaks” or adventuring in uncanny forsaken holes but he won't do for Gulmarg.

I do not know why the buildings should be called hust; as far as I see, they are delightful sylvan retreats and most of 'em quite palatial standing in their own garden grounds amidst tall deodar.

Simla, Murree, Mussoorie, Naini Tal, Ootacamund, may have their own charm, but they are not Gulmarg.

4th September.

BACK TO SRINAGAR.

There is one thing you should do in Srinagar if you happen to think much of yourself and that is, go to the Palace and enter your name in the visitors' book.

Now there is some humour attached to this in as much

as you will see how many of your acquaintance have been on the same game. These are little things that fit in and weld our civilization into a symmetrical whole—where you have a place given you or else have to make one.

Such things do not trouble me in the least, but Mac would persist in putting his name down, so I had to go with him.

You skim in your gondola to the abode of the Doge, mount the steps and in the first room is a table with a big book on it. A Kashmirian soldier in khaki (the only one we have seen up to now) guards the inner door and as he has a big sword with him, will probably deter you from any anarchist plans you may have in hand.

You see that Mr. and Mrs. are in houseboat so and so—and the probable date of their departure, and when you have given the like information “you all walk out again.”

We were humbugging about all day selecting carpets and things and as I had to order a bed-spread for Alice like the one she had before it caused me a deal of trouble.

Fortunately my artistic selections in dragons, chinar leaves and Dal lake patterns came to a happy termination by my accidentally lighting on the man who made her last one. Who else but Alice would have turned the man's mental outlook from a border of drawn thread work $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch to a narrow one that the dhobie couldn't ruin prematurely.

Now the beauty of one's friends is that you are left to select for them at random, and ever after have to try and assuage their displeasure because you got what they did not want.

There is no doubt the way you are pestered by the trader who commences with a meek salaam from his shikara and later manages to make some rupees change hands, is commendable—even if your finer susceptibilities suffer in the process—and after all what would Srinagar be without this “piece de resistance”. Why ennui would overtake one.

The Barber's salaam is the one that exasperates *me*—Padrewiski, Kubelik and such would be “star turns” for the barbers here—and I'll vow to be spared would decamp minus their “golden locks”—I should love to see them on the bund, and record how many “salaams” they encountered.

FAREWELL EVENING ON THE DAL LAKE IN A SHIKARA.

Surely, surely, to see the lake at its best you would never visit it save between the lights or by moonlight.

How it wakens and brings memories of past days—of our first happy visit—when the expanse of water with its mountain reflections—boats—water-lillies—bul-rushes and willows had a distinctive charm.

The Dal Lake! There is the moon bright above Mahadev giving the effect of a Japanese painting and the darkened wall of mountain reflected up to our boat, while ripples break in brightness on its edge, and there stretches the irregular line of poplars—and Gagribal is shortly left

behind—and we pass the Rest House into the large stretch of Dal beyond.

Ah—all seems much the same—the lotus lillies are in bloom—reeds fringe the margins—boats hurry by with fruit and anon with a party singing.



I have described the lake before, but we were younger then. Well might one unconsciously repeat the lines—

Youth, youth, loveliest blossom on the Tree
 Of Life : the Spring time came but once for thee,
 And it has passed—and it has passed by now
 Taking with it—what? I cannot see.

And mayhap the heart feels a loneliness in reviewing the past scenes—where hours have been spent sketching and photographing, the results of which adorn the walls of “ friends ”.

And there is the bright sunset glow against Hari Parbat while the near poplars reflect black against the brightness in duplicate on the calm water. In front rises the temple on its dark duplicated hill, waving in the water. Slowly

the shikara passes from scene to scene, till the calm rippling waters are left behind in the peace of night and a dash made through the Dal darwaza.

6th September.

Bade Mac adieu at Baramulla and sadly betook myself off.

ON THE ROAD—RETURN JOURNEY.

The old temple of Boniar by the 85th mile is of interest in that it stands practically complete and gives an idea of what the other temples must have been like.

Its stone is of corrosive quality and uniformly weather worn. The whole tho' large is not in the least imposing.

In the quadrangle the adorned and arched recesses seem too much of a sameness—but I like the idea of the centre porch and the two recesses in the wall outside, as though it were built a ready shelter for some way worn traveller.

7th September.

GARHI DAK BUNGALOW.

Came in for breakfast, having started early from Chenari, and here sitting on the cool creeper covered verandah and listening again to the river waters rushing below—my thoughts cannot but reach out to the occasion when here last a few weeks ago. Then the circumstances were wholly different—the heart rose in unbounded hope ; taking a keen pleasure in every new thing and looking forward to exploring the vast regions beyond. But now alas that is all over—we have conquered the hardships and difficulties, we have enjoyed all there was to enjoy, taken in all the beauty there

was ; our camera records being the only solid facts that remain of the journey (barring the bills of course) and we may just as well not have gone at all except that our "snaps" show us—staff in hand now by a misted hill scene—now by a torrent, or else in a wild rocky place—and the distant peaks of snow beyond in all. Camera shikar—why surely—it were shikar ; and the trophies though not measured in inches of horns, antlers and glassy eyed "janawars" poking their heads over mantel-pieces or adorning odd walls—yet will remain trophies in albums neatly labelled with date, place and initials of companions, meaning so much ; and reviewed years hence perchance when old, crippled and dreadfully "respectable" may touch some odd corner of the heart and make one feel youthful again.

8th August.

DULHAI.

Our guide book calls this a romantic spot and Lady Ripon named it "Honeymoon Cottage" ; but as far as I'm concerned it's too jolly hot to be romantic or anything else, and I should like all the trees chopped down to let a little fresh air through. The river rushes just below and some new arrivals have been fishing and I see have got a few good specimens for dinner. I wish it was the starting instead of the end of our journey ; for I see the dusty plains ; mosquitoes, heat and perspiration, September illnesses and the like in front of me.

Oh, for the wings of a dove, and then and then where would we go—certainly not to the plains.

10th August.

Entering the haunts of civilization again, those lines have vivid meaning :—"And to leave all our wander-

ings and troubles behind us". Why the very air seems pregnant with care and responsibility, and a line seems to come naturally to the forehead. No wonder those in high places like to trip off with fishing rod and golf sticks, forgetting their work as much as possible.

Though knowing every inch of Murree, I never feel so lonely as when in it, and one might well exclaim "Lives there a man with soul so dead" that his desires go not beyond the artificiality, the narrowness and the dead respectability of such places.

Oh, for the wild mountains and a long journey in front to get over, where of necessity one has to do without the luxuries and comforts of *home*, and where all minor details are absorbed in surmounting difficulties while the highest polish on your boots or the swankiest suit out avails nothing if you lack that within you, which should carry you through. No comment will be made on the sloppiest apparel you don, no one will remark on your not having shaved—there the inexorable snow remains lovely so long as you are not under it, and the most precipitous mountain-side awe inspiring, so long as your foot-hold is sure; there the most bitter gale will not affect you over much if you have shelter; there you will relish a meal all the more after starving a few days. Oh, for the mountains! Be it craggy peaks, pine-covered slopes, or marg. Be it a wild bouldered pass, or a white snow bound valley; be it the crossing of torrents or the fording of rivers; be it the fatigue of a long march or the quiet spell of a Sunday in camp; be it the early dawn with bird-notes waking one or the fall of night with a camp fire, while the crickets'

noisiest chirping comes from below ; or best of all some shepherd's song softly wafted from afar.

And I suppose the boats are still gliding on the placid reaches of the Jhelum, and fresh arrivals taking in the novelty of the thing, while the Sab gets his usual "salaam" from the barber, etc., and my boat must be expectantly awaiting its next occupant, when out will come my chit (which I couldn't help but make commendatory), and some one else will be deluded into taking it on.

We are maching to-day from Gond to Sonamarg, and Mac turns to Amdo and says for the twelfth time " how much farther is it ? " and the reply comes " It's not very far now ", and we continue on. Ah, but Sonamarg lies no more on our way. Rapidly the hills fall from range to range and the plains are entered once more, while the sun dances in scorching brilliance on everything. The straight long dusty avenue and then Pindi railway station.

Kind reader I wish you adieu, our shikar trip is finished, and meandering through waiting rooms and over railway platforms the question ever comes afresh, Oh why is life not all a holiday ? Perchance we were not happy even then.

THE COUNT'S LETTER.

SRINAGAR.

3rd September, 19—

Dear B.,

I seem to have missed you by a few hours only and I was looking forward so to comparing notes. Thanks awfully for that sketch of Eishmakan which will always remind me of the happy days—I speak for myself—we spent

in each other's company. Your view is almost identical with that which struck me most. The clump of cypress—like trees crowing the hill then the walls, turrets and spire, are all so Italianesque. Which reminds me, I am having prints of all my films done for you. I was sorry not to "get" Gangabal, but I had not a single exposure left and though I wired frantically for more films and even sent a special man down to Ganderbal to fetch them, through some vagary of the post they were not received there, and after staying a day at the lake I came away empty handed from the picture point of view. A more photographable subject it would be hard to imagine. It is not nearly as large as Shisha Nag and the hills immediately surrounding it not so massed and grand; indeed, there seems but a low ring of craggy peaks surrounding the lake, all caught up into a massive rugged pile at one end. The approach to the lake is rather striking, a series of rampart like ridges intersecting one another in bold fluent lines with the snow-mantled shoulder of Haramukh lifting itself above them (Haramukh does not seem to rise 5,000 feet from here, indeed I think the Gungabal side least imposing). On turning a corner, the lake, a long narrow sheet of water comes to view. By the time I got to it the moon was up and the whole place had a very eerie look. Haramukh at the far end, humped and horned (without exaggeration it does look as if it had a hump and horns from that point) all gashed and slashed with ice, overshadowing the silver gleam of the waters. I wish you had been there. I was quite taken up with it and had wandered some way round the shore of the lake when I heard Wali frantically yelling out for me to come back.

He quite seriously informed me that the far end of the lake was "haunted" by a "jungli aurat * " who was a bit of a man-eater ; what woman isn't ? Wali then produced a coolie who came out with some cock and bull story about a man going off his head after a visit to the "prohibited area" and being carried down bound with ropes raving mad. After listening to all they had to say—, and in that wild and solitary spot I assure you it made me feel creepy— I proceeded on my investigation of the lake, really a fascinating stretch, seeming to have more of mystery and remoteness about it than Shisha Nag which is almost brazen in the way it unfolds its bosom to the sky while Gangabal seems to nestle shyly under her big brother Haramukh's wing ; but all this is rather far fetched and fanciful I am afraid.

You will be more interested to know whether I took the short cut across from Sonamarg to the lake which I intended doing ! As Wali and the coolies between them made such a mess of things in taking me by what they said was a short cut from Kolahoi to Sonamarg, I was rather dubious about trusting them again, yet was prevailed on to chance it. The path is rather difficult and took me four days ; first day from Sonamarg crossed a Pass called Patri and camped at another called Nich Nai ; 2nd day, from this pass which is 13,000 feet and a tremendous climb to the Vishn Sar lake lying on the west side of a large marg and banked up by a line of moraine below bold pointed peaks. 3rd day, climbed another pass and then going down a valley came to lake Gad Sar, which is of a deep green colour ; thence north down the Kell Nai

* Wild Woman.

valley. 4th day, after some more ascending and descending was delighted to see the bold peaks of Haramukh come into view. On arriving the coolies declared they were dead and rather inconsistently demanded a "behri" (sheep) which of course they got ; but it was well worth doing and I advise you to see the lake next time you go to Kashmir.

By the way on the occasion I spoke of just now when Wali and the coolies led me astray, we did not get to our objective Sonamarg) till one o'clock in the night, having left camp at 9 in the morning ! You can imagine my feelings when after negotiating a high pass, Wali calmly turned round and said he didn't know the rest of the road, that in fact he was relying on one of the coolies with us. This man seemed very much at sea himself and at length confessed that it was a long while—15 years—since he had been that way.

Meanwhile my kit and tents got separated from me, so that when I reached Sonamarg I had to make shift for the night in a Bunnia's tent redolent of ghee and onions and what not—the sweet odours of which eventually drove me out under the stars in my shorts and shirt ! The blanket which in the benevolence of his heart or, as it appeared later, with a view to baksheesh and the possibility of selling me his wares at exorbitant rates—the selfsame Bunnia provided was crawling with vermin. Ever since I put the wretched thing round me I have been worried . . . However I mustn't bore you any further—especially as it is all over now.

The best of these strenuous tramps abroad I think you will agree, is their—termination ! It is like heaven to

slip once again between clean sheets and sleep the sleep of the just—returned ; and the next morning to look over the big pile of letters and papers that have been waiting for you, and to feel that the good old world is still there—wagging as of old !

Among my pile this morning I got your short note of the 28th saying you would be passing through Srinagar again on your way down.

I promptly wrote off to give you my whereabouts so that we might shake hands at least before you left for good—but as you have not materialised up to now—9-0 p.m., on the 3rd—I fancy you changed your mind and proceeded straight to Baramulla from Gulmarg. Well, good bye and good luck till we meet again.

Yours, etc., etc.,



NIGHT IN THE WILDS.

PART III.

THIRD HOLIDAY, SPENT WITH MAC,

BANDIPUR, UP THE ERIN NULLAH TO SIRBAL—CLIMBING HARAMUKH—ROUND BY CHITRADUR AND OVER THE SURLAT PASS TO LAKE GUNGBAL—DOWN TO THE WANGAT RUINS—THROUGH THE RAVINE TO GANDERBAL—TO SRINAGAR—MUNSHI BAGH—BY TONGA TO SHUPIYAN—THE HARABAL FALLS—A LETTER DESCRIBING A SHOOTING TRIP TO THE WARDWAN.

BANDIPUR is about twelve miles from Sopore across the Woolar lake, a fertile tract with villages and a large bazaar below ranges densely clothed with pine, where the road can be seen zigzagging up to the Tragbal Pass in front while the Erin Nullah on one side culminates in the far peaks of Haramukh. It is the starting point for Baltistan, Gilgit and Gangabal.

Crossing the lake from Sopore the Lanka island lies to the right which Vigne describes as having grand ruins in his time. Wishing to look over it we arranged with a small boat which took a long time getting through the fields of singhara and large lily leaves which cover this part of the lake. I was disappointed with the ruins, but thought one of the boat paddlers quite the Kashmiri limit when he posed as the fakir of the ziarat on the island and expected the usual bacsheesh. I fancied I recognised the man, too, although he did dart quickly from the boat on landing, don a dark lungi, and later meet us with a benign countenance. On telling the boatmen to call their missing brother,

pretence was made to shout for him round the island when our worthy of the ziarat duly filed up carrying his coat and looking as though nothing had happened.

The ruins may have been imposing ; they are hardly worth a visit now.

BANDIPUR TO KOODARA, 11½ MILES.

We obtained baggage ponies with difficulty, having to interview the Tehsildar, but in due course they arrived and having got our effects into shape, the following morning found us marching over a broad path into the mountains while Bandipur beneath presented a lovely view of fields and homesteads with the Woolar a glistening sheet in the distance. A gradual ascent of 5 miles brought us to the village of Erin which lies among the shadiest of walnut groves and rippling streams. An easy path goes on to Suntmula where some good honey and walnuts were obtained, the villagers being most friendly. Our difficulties also started here for it appeared every second man was a shikari and the only one who could be trusted to find Haramukh. I had not contemplated such difficulties but seeing there was no help for it, gave in and engaged a man. It also appeared that no Sab was to proceed without a due retinue and if he did, six men were to just follow him up and see he did nothing rash. In my journeyings I have found with some allowances the information of those living nearest a place is the most reliable, so we engaged more men, it looking as though we should have a whole village in our employ ere long. Before Koodara we camped in a delightful shady spot under a large walnut. In the torrent below is an ideal place

amongst the rocks for bathing. Our first night in camp was peaceful enough though Mac rather had bears on the brain as our guide book mentioned them ; but only a wild cat came into our tent and drank all the milk.

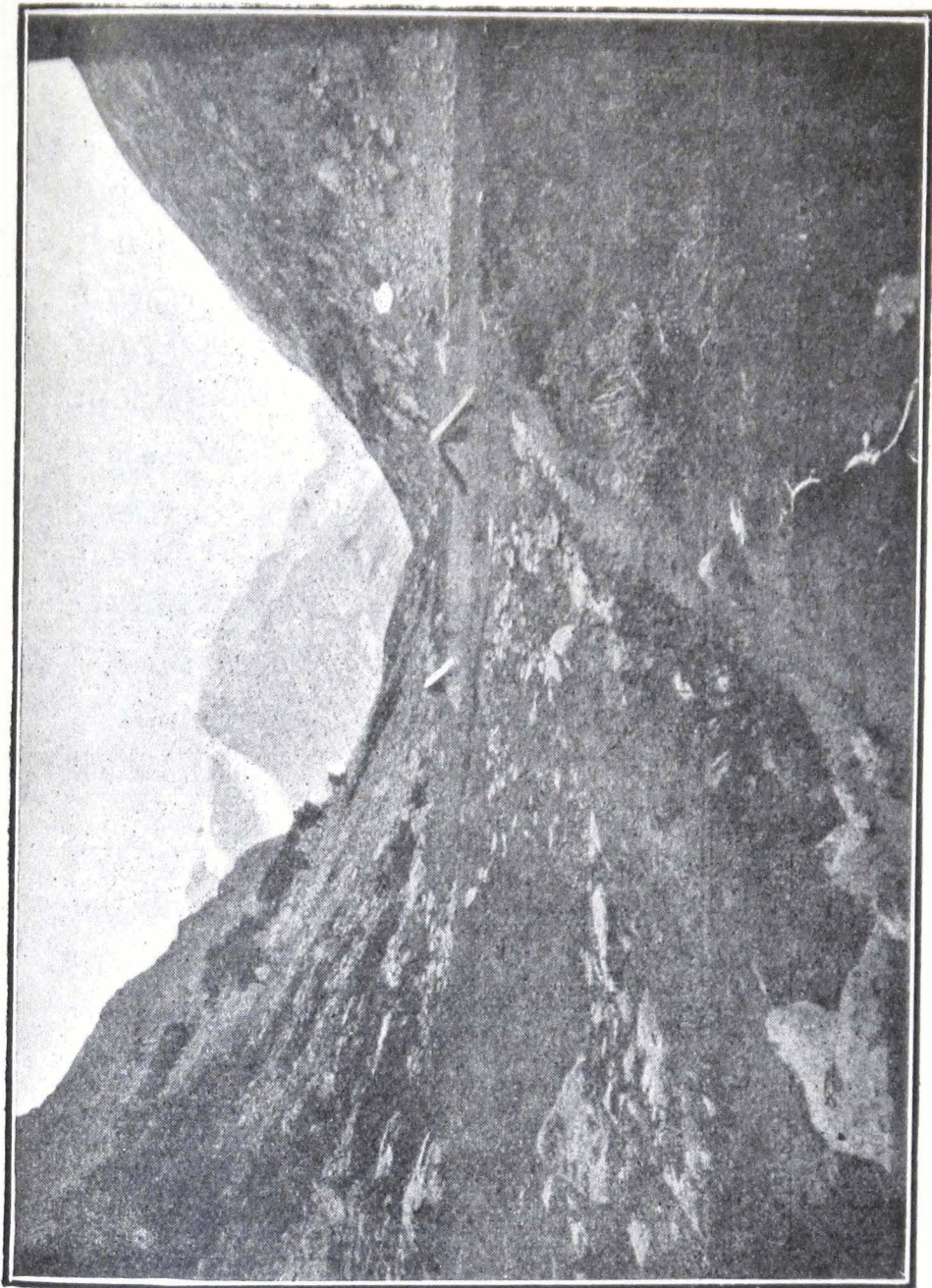
As we were developing some alarming adjectives we decided on a fine of one anna for each one, the fund to go towards some charitable purpose. Alas it rose to ruinous proportions and had to be abandoned ere long.

KOODARA TO SIRBAL, ABOUT 10 MILES.

Packed up camp as early as possible; the passage though rough can be managed by baggage ponies and these are always more satisfactory than coolies. The track gradually rising goes through typical Kashmir forest and mountain scenery with—

The white stream foaming far below
 O'er wildest bouldered course that lies
 Beneath each dense clad hill
 From green to green—
 From fall to fall—
 With thunderous singing still.

Had breakfast in a lovely spot, discovering that chapati, honey and walnut made a fine combination. The usual baked bread is not to be had on these marches but a wholesome and palatable substitute is a well-cooked chapati. Call it anything you please from unleavened bread onwards but mention not "chapati" in Gath. It is on these excursions that one learns what "Simple Fare" means because little is obtainable anywhere and stores carried have a way of disappearing.



CAMPED IN THAT WILD SPOT WITH HARAMUKH AT THE HEAD OF
THE NULLAH.

About midday arrived at a large green plain with craggy heights of mountain rising abruptly on two sides and culminating at the further end in the bold lesser peaks of Haramukh, while through the mist at times its highest snow reaches and glistening crest appear towering into the sky, making one gaze in wonderment.

Unfortunately chose a low spot for our tent being swamped later when it rained. No preparations for lunch being afoot, discovered Amdo was laid out with fever, so I looked for my medicines and was surprised to find only one five grain quinine tabloid left. As I had promised him "dewai"* it was a toss up between some tooth powder, a dose of hair-oil or my only pill—the latter fell to his lot.

Spent the afternoon making a series of drains, and preparing to ascend Haramukh, laying in an odd assortment of grass-shoes and every other conceivable thing.

25th August.

THE CLIMBING OF HARAMUKH.

Dawn found our party of eight crawling slowly over a vast region of boulders lying at the base and piled up the great mountain sides. Crossing the main watercourse over broken ground we started ascending the western face of the mountain. A most difficult and trying climb it was till reaching the main stretch of snow extending three parts down the mountain side, we got over it with caution, about the third hour coming on a dangerously sloping narrow nullah that ran through a wall of formidable crags on to the second and higher stretch of snow. It seemed a hair-brained passage to negotiate, but our ice-axe man

* Medicine.

came to the fore and having cut footholds on the dangerous slope with caution and misgiving it was ascended. Mists all the morning had obscured the heights and the depths, on the whole making our passage easy though the altitude made one's head feel heavy.

A simple matter the climb looks from a few miles away, something to be done with the greatest of ease, yet having reached there, boulders and slopes assume alarming difficulties while you do the best you can up passages of rocky wall. The little markings as seen on the bergschrund prove to be 20 feet crevices and rifts impossible to get over, making one wonder why such tremendous difficulties should be undertaken seemingly for no earthly reason.

The first guide who had deluded me into accepting his services knew little about the climb but tried to be of service by continually calling on another man with us to "take the Sab's khabadari and not over too difficult a way".

Resting there awhile at some 15,000 feet, I was amazed to see how wild and high the craggy peaks were that border the nullah and how vast the regions of snow which looked so small from a distance. Wild rhubarb flourishes here and every colour of stone lies over the broken reaches of mountain side. We had ascended the main watercourse as far as possible for in mountain climbing from where water comes there is usually a passage. Jumping over slippery stones far apart took some doing, where a miss would have meant being caught in the torrent and washed down irresistably. A few dislodged boulders went hurtling below but on the whole we managed our climb very well though frequent rests were necessary. A most trying

part of climbing is when the foothold gives way and instead of going up one slides down a few feet.

Having taken a snap (which did not "turn out") of our party going up the snow we at last emerged from the precipitous crags on to the glistening stretch above from where in another hour the vast field of snow crowning the shoulder was attained. From here the highest peaks—a long way off—stand out appalling in their vastness ; great ramparts of dark rock giving no foothold and awe inspiring in their barren immensity and loneliness. Snow being caught at their bases and in every crack and crevice above. A bitter cutting wind now made it difficult to walk and owing to the lateness of the hour and as our men pointed to every cloud below and seemed in terror of a hailstorm, with the possibility of falling rocks, we were constrained to proceed no further ; not that I was sorry in the least for my legs were almost refusing to do anything more in the ascending way. Sheer, dark and almost unclimbable on our right rose the peak I should have liked to attain. This was to the side of the one on which Dr. Neve placed his staff some years ago. Resting awhile at that great height one became strangely fearful that something would go amiss. However, highest point or not, the climb was done with and dividing into two parties we started back ; all our men behaving like bricks. I have seldom experienced such delight as the descent gave for we returned at a run after the highest parts had been safely got over, and for every step taken we slid two down the shale, also tobogganning in fine style down the less precipitous snow reaches. It was a delight indeed after our arduous climb ; I know we returned in quarter the time we took to ascend. But one

requires a decent pair of legs ; lungs that are not affected, a head not given to pains, and a pair of good ammunition boots. I have tried sandals and rope shoes. Though the latter are light and with puttoo socks give a cat-like grip on boulders they are uncomfortable when wet ; the cloven sock is also painful to one not accustomed to it. Certainly for the descent nothing will equal a good stout pair of boots.

Is mountain climbing one form of mental derangement ? Mac does express himself quizzically on the point being decided he has had enough however.

We crawled back to camp in the late evening when the mists had somewhat cleared, and looking back miles to the main channels as they bared, climbing up looked a simple enough feat while the great rocks and broken ways were toned down into wonderful smoothness.

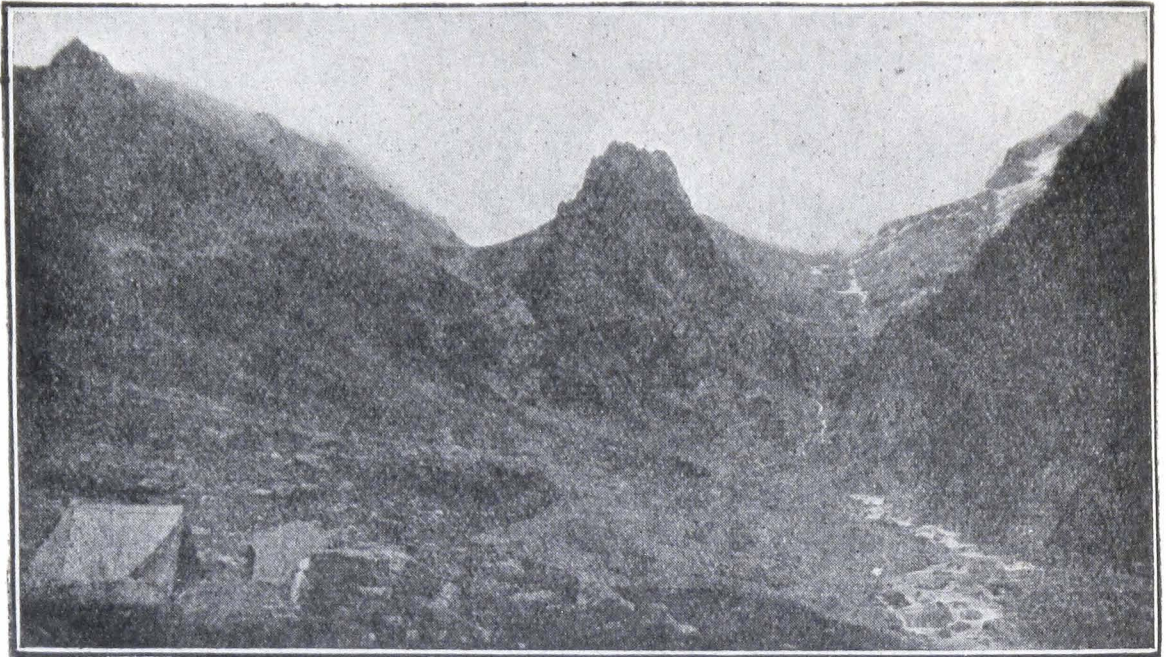
And late that evening looking at the vast purple barrenness that towered to the heavens I thought again that a mountain's most superb aspects are when it is partly shrouded in mist, when its many peaks are thrown out distinctly and when there is some play given the imagination. Though I had my camera before that mountain for hours and hours I was unable to get the effect I wished, for cloud after cloud obscured it.

SIRBAL TO CHITRADUR, ABOUT 8 MILES.

Everything was wet and uncomfortable when we left the misty plain with a last look at Haramukh. Having seen this mountain from all sides I think none equals the Sirbal

view. The next three marches are but a circuit of it with Gangabal on the other side.

We attained Chitradur after a five hours' march covering some rough ground and moraine. To those unacquainted with mountain passes moraine does not convey much, but it means boulders of every size and form packed together, may be covering immense areas where water usually rushes down a mountain side or below glacier regions about 12,000 feet.



AT CHITRADUR.

Looking over these courses one can realise what enormous force must carry the pieces of rock where it does. Getting over is trying for you have to balance from rock to rock where a slip might mean a broken leg.

Next to seeing baggage ponies crossing a torrent with the drivers shouting warnings to them and holding on to

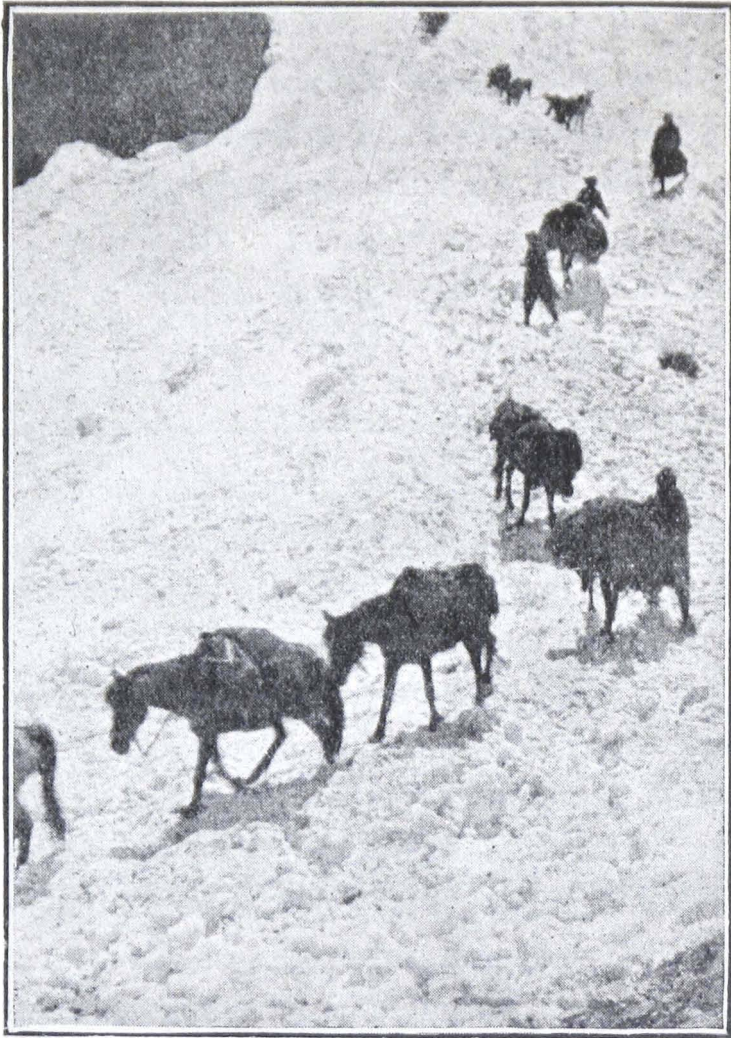
their tails, I like to view them zigzagging up a hillside and crossing *moraine*. Mac wanted me to say that we unloaded the horses and after carrying the baggage put them on our shoulders, but I do not agree to this. It is a difficult enough path and horses if taken should be lightly laden.

Chitradur is a wild rock strewn nullah leading down to a green plain enclosed on three sides by mountain heights and culminating in the half hidden peaks of Haramukh. It is rather eerie in its wildness. We found some lovely flowers including the blue poppie here. Water and fire-wood only are procurable.

CHITRADUR TO GANGABAL OVER THE SURLAT PASS.

Luck preceded us on our last two marches in the form of a very stout old gentleman who could do little but ride a pony, so the path had to be made rideable for him, and having spent three hundred rupees on improving it over the pass he was starting for Gangabal that morning, but as we preceded him by half-an-hour we had the benefit of his new road which I thought rather cool ; however the old chap was not in the least put out when I apologised. One would have thought him a travelling hotel ; our five ponies and six followers dwindled into insignificance against his dozen horses and host of coolies carrying every conceivable contraption from a chopping board to a milking goat not to mention the poor fowls and lambs in the rear. It is a direct ascent of some three thousand feet up a rocky barren mountain side which the ponies could not have taken but for the new road.

There are just two things I would like attended to in Kashmir, and may it be that some philanthropist or the State will take them in hand one of these days. The first is the improvement of all routes, guidebooks, send travellers



AT THE FOOT OF A SNOWED PASS.

on—not for their convenience but as a kindness to the poor laden animals and the human carrier accompanying them. It does not matter what the traveller pays or how agile the mountain ponies are, it is a shame to take them over many

of these tracks and some travellers are not over particular as to the load carried. If these out-of-the-way places are visited, and will be visited still—cannot the paths to them be improved. Secondly, there is a malignant head disease affecting a large percentage of boys and men in every part of Kashmir. The hair becomes matted and the scalp an awful mass of disease. I thought it confined to the lake-bathing population but I find it in the farthest mountain range—a horrible scar to the innocent child and a scourge to the strong careless man alike—contracted by ignorance and never treated by medicine. Could not the wandering missionary, the doctor and the State hospital teach the poor how to avoid this horrible affliction.

It is a stiff climb and one feels immense relief on attaining the summit which looks wild enough with patches of snow ribbing the barren peaks in all directions, while a green valley stretches gently below down to which we descend a thousand feet; here a fairy quarter mile lake surprises one lying between dark peaks and reflecting snow patches which extend down to it. Small icebergs were floating on its glassy surface and greatly adding to its beauty. This small lake pleased me more than any I have seen in Kashmir. We next re-ascend to a snow-covered Pass on the opposite jagged range, a trying bit of work was this, but with great difficulty accomplished, the path then goes easily to the Lalgul lake and shortly Gangabal with the discoloured glacier patches of Haramukh comes to view. Beneath stretches the lake, $\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ miles like a large blue sausage curved round Haramukh. Viewed from the end where we camped it appears much shorter than from above; its water is a stone blue, not caused by



LAKE GANGABAL AND HARAMUKH.

reflection or depth but by colour that can be seen staining the snows above. Trout is being reared in all these lakes promising well for the future. In the morning and evening the peaks of Haramukh occasionally stand bared, great patches of purple and white above the lake while all day cloud after cloud seems attracted to it, obscuring the view.

Gangabal is sacred to the Hindus. As our handy guidebook declared "they deposited their deceased relations in it", we felt a bit chary about drinking 'em.

Had more rain; everything being wet for the past four days gave Mac the "pip" absolutely.

9 *p.m.*

Camped in this wild spot by Gangabal to-night as the sky turns azure against the black sharp peaks and great shoulders of Haramukh, its snows look ghostly in the darkness and solitude. One can almost picture the distant past when the goddess Parvati rowed out in her fairy boat over the vast lake that extended from here to Baramulla, killing various demons and minor folk. There certainly is something weird and fantastic about the place, while the lake glistens with starlight reflections and the sound of water continually pouring from all sides fills the lonely stillness. Across the plain other tents have their fires where horsemen look like witches stirring over their pots and pans; their faces lit up by the bright flames.

Camp at night, there is something strange and indescribable about this in the wilds and the period is best got through in sleep for any strange sound is likely to make one's flesh creep while a tent does not seem the safest place to be in.

GANGABAL TO NARA NAG (WANGAT RAVINE),
ABOUT 15 MILES.

Left 7 a.m., this is a long and trying march but the first half of it is a delight, especially after the stiff and rocky climbs of the past few days ; immense relief being felt on the even paths. Following the overflow of Gangabal a second smaller blue lake is reached in a few minutes from which a large stream flows and has to be forded, then over green covered slopes, till the large margs of Tronkal appear.

A glorious array of mountains with glistening snow reaches and wonderous peaks amongst which the clouds play border the Sind valley, while miles below flashes a silver stream. The path at a great elevation skirting the hilltops goes on for the next six miles, at one point being an unexpectedly rugged passage across a precipitous rocky buttress where the horses have to be unloaded. Having left Tronkal far behind, get over several moraine stretches and many streams—now through forest and then over green covered flower bedecked slopes—while the distance passes to magnificent heights fifty miles away. We at last left this glorious scenery and about 2 p.m., arrived above the Wangat ravine. Looking down some 4,000 feet we could see the miniature-like ruins laid at the bottom. The descent from here is most trying, a direct line down the hillside being taken and the path not of the best ; mostly through soft mica mixed earth. I can just imagine what the ascent would be like and felt pleased I was spared it.

Ideal camping spot by the ruins. The ravine most picturesque and wild with a rushing torrent.

Arrived about 3 p.m. and put up our tents.

Mac has visions of bears again.

THE WANGAT RUINS.

For effect none of the Kashmir ruins come up to these for there they lie at the foot of high pine covered slopes in a natural amphitheatre, to east and west the converging ravine lines making one's gaze rest on the grey stone piles. I was delighted with the whole effect but examine the separate ruins as I might, was unable to account for their design or settle which was of the greater antiquity. The first temple is like that at Boniar, complete except for a roof. On a solid plinth it stands showing a massive elegance ; the large grey granite blocks of which it is built through an admixture of mica being most corrosive. I am unable to account for the smaller buildings that stand but two were placed in the path to the sacred spring some 500 yards distant. Amongst the ruins a sea of wild plants rise with red and white flowers.

The second temple was built on a square plinth, fluted bases of pillars line its four sides regularly—I am unable to make out what this could have been. Adjoining it are the ruins of another temple with trefoiled arches, all in a state of dilapidation.

Looking over the ruins I was struck by their glorious setting and cannot but wonder whether the whole was ever standing complete together or whether they are of three distinct periods. What sort of beings built them and prayed in them? that they had a keen artistic taste I cannot doubt and that it did not run to drawing demons on every available spot and worshipping something uncanny I am just as sure. For ages and ages they must have passed here on their pilgrimage to the holy blue waters of Gangabal and having paid their homage at

these piles, having drank and washed at the sacred tank near by, they must have quietly tramped back to their own valleys or rivers and lakes.

THE WANGAT RAVINE TO GANDERBAL, ABOUT 22 MILES.

A long march it is but I have not yet been able to decide whether it is 17 or 22 miles for our guide books varied on the point, but Mac did not for he was on the point of thrashing a poor pundit, about the tenth man interrogated, who said we still had another $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to go, when we had been told the same thing over the last six miles ; ah ! these poor folk err horribly in their calculation of distance. However the longest march has an end and at last the hills recede giving place to open plain with the verdant green of fields, large chenar-shaded roads, gabled homesteads, rosehedge fruit gardens and level ground, with the distant mountain line bounding the further side of the valley appearing beyond Ganderbal. Arrived footsore and weary. Camped by the river in a mosquito infested spot ; paid off horsemen, got some nice fruit and was delighted with a night scene from the bridge—a flare of boatfires with the dark hill being reflected in the rippling tide, while spruce kummerbunded bearers served dinner in the various houseboats.

The Wangat ravine is fertile, well cultivated and picturesque, even if going no further the ruins are worth doing for the sake of the fine march, I would not like, however, to be near the ordinary camper deluded into going to Gangabal from here, while he climbed the mountain above. It was difficult enough to descend.

GANDERBAL TO SRINAGAR, 12½ MILES.

Managed to get two tongas and drove into Srinagar, the journey having little of interest beyond the ruins of old temples on the road side, one of which must have been a massive edifice judging by its fluted columns and ornamented blocks lying with the ruins between the fourth and fifth mile posts. Viewing the crude efforts at stonecutting throughout Kashmir after the period of these temples the art seems to have been quite lost, while no link extant fits into the space between the building of these fine memorials and the rubbishy structures of our own day.

Was the Kashmir of the past a paradise of enlightenment and happiness, which somehow gave place to a childish simplicity and mental inertia, or have its peoples always been as they were yesterday—before the West afflicted them with its ideas! By attributing their finer ancient buildings to Hellenic influence—the paid labour of the outside world—we get over many difficulties, and after all, being simple in their ideas we will conclude anything their outside architects thought fit to put up, sufficed for them.

8th August.

MUNSHI BAGH.

This is a large shady plain with pipe water laid on and here we spent a few quiet days watching campers come and go, stoically taking the salaams of barbers and vendors and getting through time doing nothing.

The fruit has been a delight; the best being brought us—greengage, walnuts, apples, bell-pears and peaches.

We have engaged a shikara with a nice cover, carpet and cushions, and are quite "the thing" when taking our *"hava khana ka wasté" of an evening—our four paddlers with painted oars being great. We even went to church on Sunday and after to the house of Professor A. . . . to dinner where we had to behave respectably, admire a few children and listen to some singing and a pianoforte. It was probably a reaction that made us next evening open a bottle of the best and cause a slight diversion wandering into someone else's tent, having safely but with difficulty negotiated a few drains on our way home.

I like to walk on the Bund of an evening to see how many people I know and to watch fair damsels daintily dressed tripping into their shikaras, or yet from the *Poste Restante* to get a letter that has been the round of almost every P. O. in the valley. Then the night when bright lights are dancing all over the river from the poor doonga to the palatial houseboat is especially pleasing.

I feel sorry for Mac; indeed "Sorry very hard" for he has taken to dreaming and his dreams are of the type that awaken one in a cold sweat and make one's hair stand on end; such as falling down precipices, having one leg pinioned between boulders, trying to climb rocks that slip away, crawling up snow at frightful angles and the like. One knows it must be pretty bad when shouts of "Hold me, hold me," ring through the night; so I feel sorry—knowing I have been the cause of it, and that my hair-brained mountain climbing will have to be undertaken alone in future.

* Outing for fresh air.

Mac laid a wager that I would not climb the Thakt in half an hour. From the bottom road by the hospital to the temple on top took just 20 minutes, the heat was trying it being a stiff climb of 1,000 feet. We descended on the side facing the Munshi bagh taking a direct line from the right of the summit to the bungalow railings at the Thakt base, doing it in ten minutes, and if any one has done it quicker I should like to shake hands with them; the passage is precipitous and difficult as anyone who has been to Srinagar must know. Duke records that an active young political walked from the library to the temple in 20 minutes. I challenge the verity of that statement. The road up has lately been much improved, the ascent would ordinarily take forty minutes or more. The view from over the first spur is glorious including as it does the whole of Srinagar, the stretches of lake looking like flooded fields, the city and its little buildings, the sweeping bends of the river. From here you will be charmed with the "bewitching form of the vale" as a native writer innocently has it.

SRINAGAR TO THE HARABAL FALLS.

We took two tongas, got all our things together and started in great expectation as Duke's guidebook says, "If the visitor goes no further he should at least see the Harabal Falls." We wasted a little more time and did see them. Now we started off alright and branching from the pucca road by Pampur took a kucha one going through that village and on nicely for the next ten miles when we came to our first twenty foot watercourse which had a bridge once but had now to be crossed in the best manner possible.

Taking out the horses we managed to pull the tongas

through the rocky bed to a bad part of the road on the other side which gradually got worse as we proceeded. From village to village with glorious reaches of field in every shade of green, now with corn, then with rice—where patches were black and ready for picking—next by cotton flowering prettily; while the zemidar was at his work—cattle fed everywhere and the village girls looked so Englishy at their various tasks.

It was a clear day and the mountains stood out in all their glory, range beyond range and peak above peak as we headed towards the craggy snow-ribbed Pir Panjal mountains. With great difficulty the tongas attained the ridge where Shupiyān comes to view across the watershed of the Veshau river and descending to a village we camped in a desolate forgotten looking region at sunset: next inspected the watershed where single tree trunks thrown across the many streams act as bridges on which it is as much as one can do to balance; while rocks and pebbles in every imaginable colour lie in the course right to the line of mountains. Ponies in any form were not available, it appearing the jungle Sab had lately been and collared all they had, so there was nothing for it but to walk on the morrow. Mac with difficulty had been induced to come thus far but threatened to shoot me on the spot if I breathed a word on going to Kōnsa Nag, nor would he comment on the fine peaks around us. I agreed that visiting a lake some 12,000 feet up with tremendous climbing was too much to dream of when we had already been misguided so far. How many people come here and what do they think of it is what I should like to know. Vigne describes this part of the valley with great enthusiasm,

but I could not see much in it. Indeed you would not notice the great peaks bounding the distance except they were pointed out. Towards the north Nanga Parbat rises 26,600 feet, then the lower peaks of Haramukh, Kolahoi and Amarnath, to the east Nun-Kun 24,000 feet, and the Brahma peaks 21,000 ; to the south the Goolab Ghur (Rose house) Pass and the Konsa Nag Peaks 16,000 and then to the west the Chittapani (white water) Pass and the Tuta Kuti peak 16,000.

11 *p.m.* We were sound asleep, thinking it about midnight, when a medley of strange voices sounded outside the tent. Could it be marauders? Thinking my wonderings were about to end abruptly in cold blood and calling to Mac to have his revolver ready I groped everywhere for my alpenstock with a few sleepy adjectives—while Hayward's murder and a lot of other uncanny things flitted before my fancy. How I rebuked that guidebook writer for the passage that had deluded us into coming ; wondered how long the news would take to filter through to my sorrowing friends ; what would happen to all my pictures—and awaited the worst. Later recognising Amdo's voice above the din, I demanded what they wanted at that unearthly hour. He said we were in the path of thieves so he was putting some chowkidars on. Telling Mac to shoot them in the legs if necessary I must have gone to sleep immediately for dawn and a chill wind were abroad when I next woke. Outside the tent lay our chowkidars huddled up asleep, while the long Panjal range stretched a dark serrated line above a wilderness of rocks, pebbles and grey wastes in the distance.

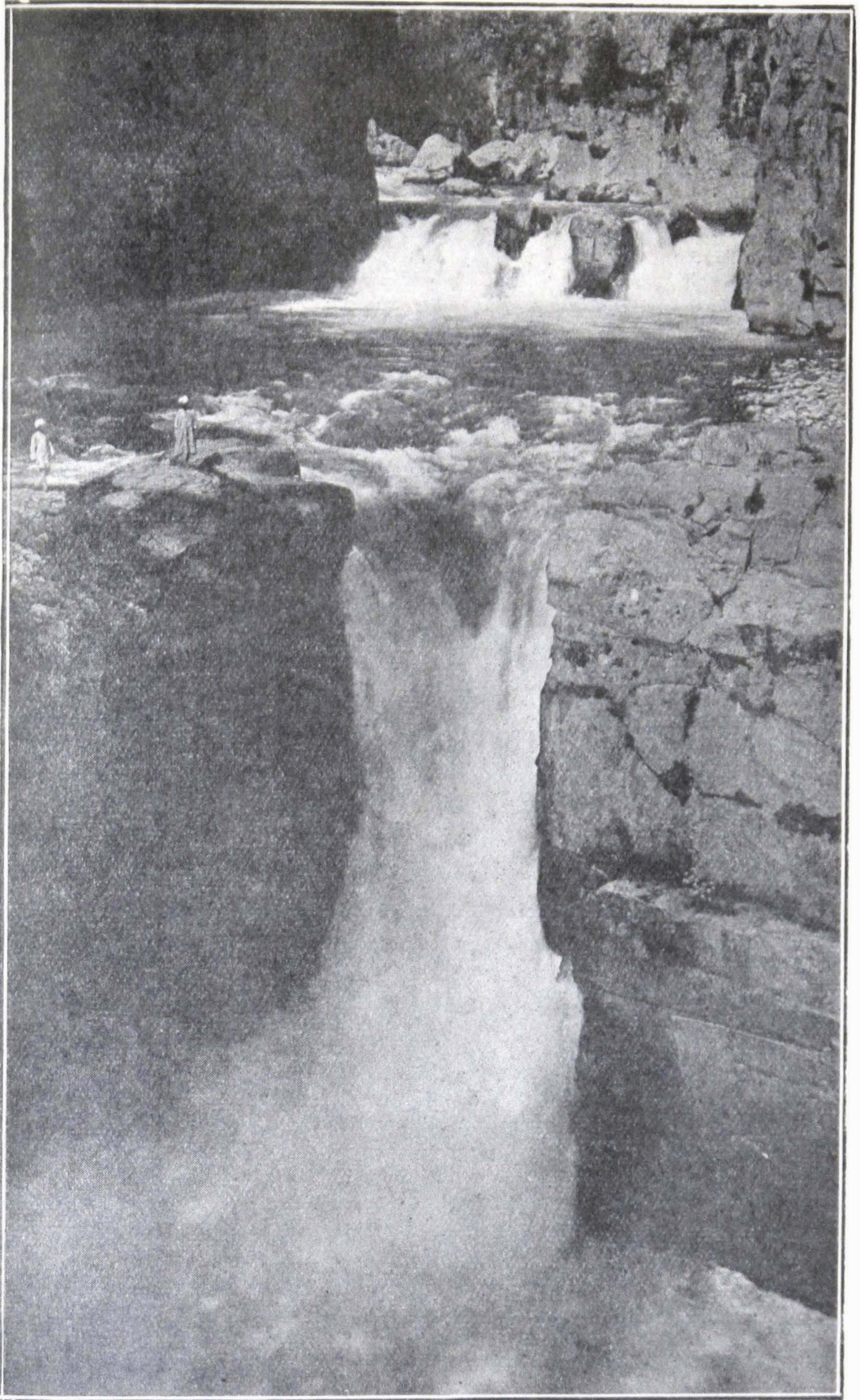
THE HARABAL FALLS FROM SHUPIYAN,
ABOUT 10 MILES.

Started about 6-0 a.m., walking fast all the way, reached the Falls 8-45 a.m., and returned about 1 p.m.

The shortest route is via the village of Sedow reached in one hour by an easy path, after which by slight ascents and turnings through forest-covered hill we come to the Veshau river and cross it by a bridge formed of two poplar trunks held together by shaky battens on which a footway is paved with loose stones ; a precarious arrangement over those foaming waters. The path is now cut a narrow line through the solid rock high above the river amidst a wealth of tall trees and glorious flower-bedecked ways, while the river dashes through a steep course of rocky buttresses till at the falls a huge conglomerate mass holds its flow and the whole of the turbulent waters pour through a twelve foot fissure into a seething rock basin some forty feet below, with a continual thunderous roar. The falls are viewed from a ledge where railings have been considerably placed and a flat square made for visitors.

We returned via Tung Marg a much easier though longer route, passing through the large village of Shupiyán where we obtained some fine honey. I feel contented more or less because I managed a photograph of the falls which cost some fifty rupees to get.

Mac came in tragically this morning looking something like a crow that has been caught in a good shower ; he had fallen from one of those single trunk bridges and got wet through.



THE HARABAL FALLS.

I shall not forget the drive back and our hairbreadth escapes over those awful critical bridges.

Returned Munshi bagh 10 p.m. ; when a lady missionary or some kind body lent us a lamp to get the tents up. Was it worth it? No!

WARDWAN TRIP—MAC'S LETTER.

Dear Old Shikari,

I have managed at last to finish my trip through the Wardwan, and though I am quite aware of your critical faculties fraught with artistic insight and all that sort of thing, I think you will admit I can give you a few miles this time, for your most brilliant achievement cannot come up to this. However I must exclaim "never again!" It was too much! but it is over now, and the most difficult Pass, the most trying of snow covered region, and the most terrible privations seem very ordinary discussed in the drawing room.

There hanging before me are the two fine heads I bagged, and but for these it would seem I had never been away.

I prevailed on C. to accompany me and having made the necessary arrangements we spent a lazy two days being pulled up the river to Islamabad which was the starting point of our trip.

After much delay, we started about 6-0 p.m., along the road to Barwan, through damp steamy ricefields in which innumerable frogs kept up a discordant chorus all night. Thence we turned up the hill to Martand where we spent the night under the full moon—the tall majestic ruins

standing out like so many ghosts in the silver light. Rising at 4-30 we followed a track down towards Saogam (12 miles) through a very pretty valley full of scarlet poppies, blue flox and countless roses, etc. One small village had a little cedar mosque surrounded like an English church by a graveyard, full of pale blue Iris. We eventually reached Saogam at 10 a.m., and left at 12-0, then began a very steep climb over a Pass to Gauran (7 miles). The path was rough and winding through pine trees all the way and we did not reach Gauran till 6 p.m., here we spent an uncomfortable night while the rain came down in torrents. Ahmdo who I took was indeed a "persona grata" and it is a marvel what these servants can produce under the most adverse conditions even though they are tired—with but an old umbrella over them and nothing but wet ground beneath. We rose at 4 a.m., as we had a very stiff climb ahead over the Martand Pass to Inshin. Our first few miles carried us through pine woods and our progress was slow owing to the ground being very slippery after the rain. The valley then opened out into a grassy slope towering up to the snow covered Pass, on each side small nullahs ran down and these were bounded by masses of Rhododendra varying in colour from palest pink to deep majenta. We passed thousands of goats being driven for their summer grazing to the grassy slopes of Kishtwar. The women with their trousers and belted coat—often with a baby slung in a bag from the top of their head would have afforded your artistic faculties full play, but I did feel thankful that C. was not a camera fiend, so I got off lightly. After a climb of about 4 miles we reached the head of the Pass, and looked out across several miles of unbroken snow. At this

time the snow was quite hard so we had no difficulty in walking, but the glare was trying to our eyes in the middle of the day. After leaving the snow belt we gradually descended forget-me-not covered slopes to Lutherwan (3) thence on for another 9 miles to Inshin on the Wardwan river. Here is a small wooden bridge of the cantilever system so cleverly carried out by the Kashmiri.

We were all very weary in the evening as we had come 20 miles, crossing a Pass 11,500 feet high.

The Wardwan is a narrow valley running between high snow covered hills and is very picturesque and unfrequented. Dotted on the hillside, are small Swiss-like villages with wooden houses not usually seen in Kashmir—the people also are different and appear a harder working and tougher class than the usual lazy Kashmiri.

Next day we started early up the valley to a village called Mungil where we turned up the little Mungil nullah for three miles and encamped by the side of a rushing mountain torrent. In the evening I took my two shikaris and a local man up the nullah to look for game and we saw 15 Ibex on the crests above us only two being males. The nullahs here are very precipitous and C. and I realised that it would be no light task on the morrow.

We turned in early, and started at 2 a.m. in full moonlight. I have never had such a climb! we walked for two hours and a half up hill so steep that we could only go a few steps without resting, and eventually came out on a snow covered range at a height of 14,696 feet. The climb was made much more difficult by the extremes of light and darkness in the moonlight. On the top of the nullah we sat and

shivered till dawn at 5 a.m. While we were waiting the Barasingh were heard calling quite close but could see none. Just after it was light I spotted several Ibex feeding on the slopes down below us, then began a very difficult descent ; it is not easy to scramble silently down a precipice where a false step may send you falling many hundreds of feet and by the time I had reached a suitable place from which to examine them, my hands were very shaky and I was out of breath. Eventually we reached a rock from the back of which we could see the Ibex feeding on the other side of the nullah. None of them were large, but I did not expect to see any really good heads here so I decided to fire. One shikari did his best to put me off by whispering " maro—maro, Sahib " in an excited voice, but I made myself as comfortable as possible on a knife edge rock and fired at the one that looked the best ; he was standing broadside on looking down from a rock, and I was glad to see him go tumbling into the nullah below. The rest moved off, hopping from one rock to another with surprising agility. I fired again as they went off but missed, then again and bagged a second one, so I was very well satisfied with my morning's work. I sent a man across to bring down the second Ibex and he did his best to smash the horns by roiling it over the edge of the rock into the nullah. We dragged the two Ibex down the snow and skinned them, luckily no horns were broken though I had fully expected to find both smashed.

I reached camp in time for breakfast at 8-30 a.m., and spent a lazy day celebrating my luck.

We stayed another day but chance did not favour me to complete my allowance three, so we started back on the

third day about 9 a.m., reaching Inshin (6 m) at 11-30. The ascent of the Pass is very steep from the Wardwan side and it took us until 5-30 p.m., to reach the edge of the snow. During the three days we had been away the snow had melted considerably and many flowers including *hansons primulas* were peeping through their winter covering. The journey across the snow patch was very wet and unpleasant but was relieved by the sight of my bearer sitting solemnly on a pony whose legs had all sunk in the snow, the bearer was wearing an Inverness cape and had his umbrella open and was prepared to sit there till the snow melted. I proposed he should get off and allow the pony to scramble out. We did not reach the other side of the snow till 7 p.m., and as the coolies were a long way behind, we decided to push on to Gauran but did not realise how far it was, nor how difficult it would be to find our way in the dark. We reached Gauran at 9-30, tired out, having marched twenty-six miles as well as 8-9 before breakfast. We had no food and no tents and had to content ourselves with building a large fire and sitting round this. At about 10-30 one Shikari arrived with two coolies bringing my valise and a kilta of provisions; the remainder straggled in during the night. We borrowed blankets from the village and found ourselves in the same plight as the Count at Sonamarg. Bitterly cold it was too, and waking every few minutes, I was glad to behold the weird moonlit scene pass in the greyness of dawn. Starting late we walked slowly down the Kulihor valley to Nowboog, thence by the Halkan Pass to Soap a small dirty village in which the Shikaris wanted to try for bear. As we could get no "Khabar" we went on after tea to Maripur.

This part of the journey was delightful and reminded us of home, we wandered by the side of the Bringh river through lanes with high hedges of white roses and jasmine and finally camped in an orchard by the side of a clear rippling stream ; here we wasted no time before bathing and what a dip too in that cool refreshing water ! The Lumbador tried to charge the bearers 12 annas for a chicken and was promptly dragged before me whereupon he offered them to us for two annas each. We had covered twenty miles to-day, an easy march mostly along flat fairly good paths.

We woke at 3 a.m., and started at 4 a.m., taking the road to Achebal; we visited the Mogul garden, a pretty old spot with the usual fountains and tanks and summerhouses. From Achebal we walked along the Jummoo road to Islamabad (7 miles) arriving there at 8 a.m., and so ended our trip after Ibex. We had marched 109 miles apart from those covered while after game, and had crossed a snow covered Pass 11,500 feet high twice and had taken eight days for the journey.

CAMP AT EVENTIDE.

*Chorus.**Reverie*

The broad blown patches of the west
 In silence reaching to the night
 The purpling avenues to rest
 Passing now from sight.

Solo Andante.

O for camp.
 When drags each furlong and each step
 Betokens of a task pursued
 And nothing seems quite worth the doing
 While all the senses are imbued
 With utter weariness.

Then O for camp.
 And marching, marching, marching on
 Each weary quarter seems an hour
 And the end just as far
 As many miles before.

Diminuendo.

Camp, when the evening light is low
 The sun long set in purple haze
 While passing very very slow
 Each milestone meets the tired gaze.

Largo.

The broad blown landscape of the west
 In silence passing to the night
 While thought goes out to camp and rest
 Which is no where in sight.



A Mountain Path.

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INFORMATION FOR VISITORS.

A small book of "Rules for visitors" is issued by the State at eleven annas per copy. New rules are being continually added and these bid fair in the near future to eliminate the visitor. For unofficial Europeans, Passes to visit Kashmir must be obtained from the Resident. Special permits are required to travel beyond the prescribed limits.

Licenses for shooting and fishing together with detailed rules are obtainable from the Game Preservation Department.

The number of heads per gun is limited, depending on the cost of license taken out. A certain area is given for each party.

Trout breeding has of late years received much attention and most of the lakes are being stocked. Mahseer is found in the Jhelum.

HOUSE BOATS AND DOONGAS.—These are easily obtainable as a rule and can be engaged on arrival. They are registered as "A" and "B" class. The intending occupant should invariably exercise some discretion in selecting a boat and not take much notice of the "chits" brought forth. Boatowners are supposed to abide by the rules and rates displayed in their boats, though my experience has been that they do anything but this.

RULE 61.—Schedule of maximum rates which can be charged for the different classes of boats.

(a) *House boats.*

House boats with four or more rooms and 2 bath-rooms with one chowkidar and a cook boat with crew of at least 2 male persons and a shikara A. Rs. 160, B. Rs. 125.

House boats with three rooms and two bath-rooms, with one chowkidar and a cook boat with crew of at least one male person and a shikara. A. Rs. 110, B. Rs. 90.

Doonga house boats with four or more rooms and two bath-rooms with one chowkidar and a cook boat with crew of at least two male persons and a shikara. A. Rs. 140, B. Rs. 100.

Doonga house boats with three rooms and two bath-rooms with one chowkidar and a cook boat with crew of at least one male person and a shikara. A. Rs. 90, B. Rs. 75.

(b) *Living doongas.*

Boarded doongas furnished with crew of 4 persons (2 males at least). A. Rs. 50, B. Rs. 40.

Matted doongas furnished with crew of 4 persons (2 males at least) A. Rs. 45, B. Rs. 35.

(c) *Kitchen boat doongas.*

Second class doongas with crew of three persons (2 males at least) Rs. 20 per month and if one male only Rs. 15 per month.

Third class doongas with crew of 2 persons (one male at least) Rs. 12 per month.

Note.—The rates of rents fixed are for fully furnished house boats with strong ordinary furniture.

1. Every house boat owner is to provide a set of ordinary crockery, cutlery sufficient for 4 persons at least and will have a typed inventory of his furniture, crockery, cutlery hanging in the boat for information of his tenants.

2. With the exception of the following periods (*viz.*, from 15th April to 30th June and from 15th September

to 30th November) when the owners can refuse to let their boats for a shorter period than a month, no registered boat owners refuse to go on hire for short service.

The hire for short service will be calculated at the highest rent of the class of house boats and doonga house boats as follows :—

- From 1 day upto 7 days for one week.
 „ 8 days upto 15 days for two weeks.
 „ 16 days upto 23 days for three weeks.
 „ 24 days upto 30 days for one month.

Rent for any period beyond the period contracted for can be claimed and calculated according to the above table.

II. BOAT HIRE BY DISTANCE.

	Furnished Boarded Doongas Class V.	Furnished Matted Doongas Class VI.	2nd class Unfurnish- ed Doongas Class VII.
	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.	Rs. a. p.
From Baramulla to Srinagar ...	5 12 0	4 12 0	3 0 0
From Srinagar to Baramulia ...	4 0 0	3 8 0	2 0 0
From Srinagar to Islamabad ...	5 12 0	4 12 0	3 0 0
From Srinagar to Bijbihara ...	4 0 0	3 8 0	2 8 0
From Srinagar to Awantipura ...	3 8 0	3 0 0	1 14 0
From Islamabad to Srinagar ...	4 0 0	3 8 0	2 0 0
From Bijbihara to Srinagar ...	3 4 0	2 10 0	1 12 0
From Awantipura to Srinagar ...	2 4 0	2 6 0	1 8 0
From Srinagar to Ganderbal and Ganderbal to Srinagar	3 8 0	3 0 0	1 12 0
From Srinagar to Awatkul ...	7 4 0	5 12 0	3 12 0
From Srinagar to Bandipora	4 0 0	3 8 0	2 6 0
From Bandipora to Srinagar ...	5 12 0	4 12 0	3 0 0

Persons wishing to employ extra hanjis should obtain them in the open labour market, or make arrangements

through their agents or through the owners of their house boats.

2. *For house boats proceeding down stream 4 to 6 extra Manjis are required, upstream from 6 to 8 Manjis according to size of House boats.*

RESERVATION OF MOORING SITES.—Formerly a mooring site could be chosen at pleasure. Now all suitable sites have been divided into sixty yard lengths, causing untold annoyance to one making a short stay. The Dal Lake remains free.

CLAUSE 7.—There are three classes of sites:—

Rent for "A" class Rs. 5 per month.

„ „ "B" „ „ 3 „ „

„ „ "C" „ „ 2 „ „

A post on the bank denotes the class.

Residents or visitors who take a reserved site for a certain period and vacate the site temporarily for a period not exceeding 10 days will retain their lien on the site during their temporary absence provided they have given to the Motamid Durbar at least 24 hours notice in writing of the date of their temporary absence and also provided that all necessary fees prescribed in these rules have been paid in advance. No one can occupy a site vacated under this rule except with the written permission of the owner in whose name the site is reserved.

N.B.—All above are payable in advance, presenting something of a problem on arrival. Rent is charged for the month though site may only be temporarily occupied.

RULE 66.—Visitors are particularly requested to satisfy themselves that the wages of any extra boatmen supplied to them have been properly paid before dismissal, and also

that all supplies obtained in the district are paid for as servants cannot be trusted to make such payments.

RULE 19.—Ladies intending to travel alone, *i. e.*, without any lady or Gentleman as companion are requested in their own interest to give previous intimation of their proposed journey to the Assistant Resident.

REGARDING PRICES.—It is considerably noted that “visitors should avoid the frequent attempts at imposition ;” but just where “imposition ” begins and ends is a mute point for as far as one can see it is not *frequent* but *incessant*.

There is a large hotel adjoining the golf links under the management of M. Nedou & Sons and in the city some Hindu hotels.

Telegraph and Post Offices are variously placed throughout the country, as well as dispensaries. An art exhibition boat moored by the Post Office usually has an interesting selection of sketches. There are several shops where the Amateur photographer is catered for, but unfortunately there is little of permanence in their hurried work.

A fine series of photographs by HOLMES is to be seen at Lamberts, or full lists can be obtained from Holmes & Co., 115, The Mall, Peshawar. The artistic merit, excellence, and permanence of these photographs, coupled with their moderate price is nowhere to be equalled in India. Messrs. Lambert, Chemist, have a large stock of patent and other medicines, books, fishing tackle, etc., also many sketches on sale. Shops displaying the varied work of Srinagar are on the Bund, while the chief wood carvers and silversmiths are at the third bridge, approachable by river.

RAWAL PINDI TO SRINAGAR BY THE JHELM VALLEY ROUTE—196 Miles.

Good motor road. Fresh water springs at intervals. Likely to be land-slides during rains. Reckless driving is the cause of many accidents on this road.

There is a good Dak Bungalow at every stage after Kohala. Srinagar, hotel only.

Rawalpindi 1,720 ft.

Miles 25½ Tret 4,000 ft.

37	11	Sunny Bank 6,050 ft.										
64	38	27	Kohala 1,880 ft.									
75	49	38	11	Dulai 2,039 ft.								
85	59	48	21	10	Domel 2,172 ft.							
99	73	62	35	24	14	Garhi 2,642 ft.						
115	89	78	51	40	30	16	Chenari 3,414 ft.					
133	107	96	69	58	48	34	18	Uri 4,366 ft.				
146	120	109	82	71	61	47	31	13	Rampur 4,831 ft.			
162	136	125	98	87	77	63	47	29	16	Baramulla 5,183 ft.		
178	152	141	114	103	93	79	63	45	32	16	Pattan 5,207 ft.	
196	170	159	132	121	111	97	81	63	50	34	18	Srinagar 5,200 ft.

PESHAWAR *via* HAVELIAN BY ROAD.

Leaving cantonments the road passes under the railway bridge with the fort on the right and then continues through the shaded avenues of the Grand Trunk Road to Nowshera.

Cattle are always troublesome on this road having a predilection for crossing immediately in front of the car when least expected. Skirting the Cabul river Nowshera is reached in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and continuing on the fine expanses of cultivation soon give place to a barren ruggedness on approaching the hills by Attock.

A fine sight is that where the Cabul and Indus rivers meet. Crossing the Attock bridge a wide detour is made past the old fort and other fine ruins of Akbar's period. We are now in the Punjab and leaving Campbellpore on the right proceed through a great plain to Hassan Abdul and then leaving the Grand Trunk Road take the less cared for one to Abbottabad. In rainy weather a few feet of water will have to be negotiated in two or three places that require bridging. If these have safely been got over (or through), Havelian, about 112 miles from Peshawar and the terminus of the N. W. Railway, is entered and the journey then continued with a rapid ascent to Abbottabad where the night may be spent in its delightful Dak Bungalow. Petrol is obtainable here. Leaving early next morning a fine road with a variety of scenery brings one into sparse covered hills where after 15 miles a dangerous and surprising bend suddenly runs into the Manshera bazaar, a mile further its Dak Bungalow coming to view on a spur. The road then ascends through pine forest and leaving the Hazara District after the

Garhi Habibulah Dak Bungalow, a most difficult stretch of tortuous narrow road with sharp ascents and rapid descents on a precipitous mountain side has to be negotiated where good brakes are essential. Having crossed the Kishen-gunga river and here paid toll of one rupee Domel and the broader stretches of the Jhelum Valley Road will be hailed with some delight. This, though a shorter route with a greater variety of scenery than the Pindi-Kohala one is not advised. It requires skilful driving for motors. I would however suggest it for tongas returning from Kashmir as that monotonous two stages from Kohala to Murree is done without. We now continue through lively scenery, till Garhi Dak Bungalow is reached, which is considered the half way house (99 miles from Rawalpindi).

Starting next morning the most glorious parts of the Jhelum Valley Road are run through, now along a precipitous mountain side with the Jhelum river turbulently dashing below and anon through a small stretch of pretty green valley. Range after range stretches before with small bazzars, Dak Bungalows and Hindu kitchens situated at intervals.

The hills are finally left at Baramulla (160 miles) and here entering the plain, broken stretches of poplar avenue with many curves and bends at last lead into the populated areas of Srinagar and finally into the city where crossing the river by the first bridge it only remains to drive to one's destination—arranging as one best can for the car. Motor traffic has brought countless shops into being where probably everything but that required can be obtained. Cars, lorries and garages are also on hire.

The charges for a complete car to seat three persons from Rawalpindi to Srinagar in the busy season is about Rs. 225 with a reduction in the off seasons. Baggage is conveyed at Rs. 10 a maund from Pindi to Srinagar or *vice versa*. Garages can be had at Rs. 15 a month. Petrol is usually 50 per cent. dearer than in Rawalpindi.

ABBOTTABAD TO SRINAGAR.

147 miles. Good Motor Road. Havelian is reached either by the Grand Trunk Road or by the N.-W. Railway changing at Serai Kala Junction.

From Havelian.	Above sea level.
To Abbottabad, 9 miles	Splendid Dak Bungalow ; everything available.
„ Manshera, 16 miles	Large Dak Bungalow ; scanty supplies.
„ Gari Habibullah, 9 miles.	Small Dak Bungalow ; well situated above Kishen Gunga river.
„ Domel, 13½ miles ...	Large Dak Bungalow above Jhelum river ; good fishing.

The bridge is crossed ; toll paid for vehicles and the Jhelum Valley Road taken as above ; from Domel to Srinagar, 113 miles.

River Journey from Baramulla to Islamabad

via the Jhelum.

- Baramulla, 12 miles ... Engage a boat here or arrange for one from the Srinagar Agencies to meet you. Two or more extra men necessary to pull the boat upstream to Sopore. Drinking water should be carried from here and personally attended to.
- Sopore, 15 miles *via* Or one day's river journey. Some fine views looking towards the surrounding mountain ranges, amongst which Hoary Haramukh is seen to advantage ; moor on the further side of the city and next morning early cross the Woolur Lake. Fine Mahseer fishing by the bridge and at Ningal three miles up.
- 14 miles to Shadipur ... *Via* the Nuru Canal just skirts the Woolur Lake ; possible only when the river is high enough ; or *via* the Woolur Lake, a two days journey ; mosquitos engaging during summer. From Sambal

about 26 miles up, the Manasbal Lake should be visited in a shikara. Shadipur is at the junction of Sind and Jhelum rivers—has a Chenar tree in mid stream which is supposed never to grow.

Srinagar to Kanbal Being slowly pulled up stream for four or five days is likely to prove monotonous, and the 7th bridge of Srinagar will be hailed with some delight when approached. The city with its dingy surroundings is slowly got through and the boat then moored at any of the recognised baghs along the river bank. The Post Office is on the left side after the Sheikh Bagh and the principle shops are near. Mooring place can be changed every few days. Those camping would do well to select the Munshi Bagh for a start. Pipe water is obtainable, vendors, too, call there.

Round a bend of the river, Pandrattan, 3 miles from Srinagar, should be visited and then the boat is pulled up stream with extra men on and will probably rest above Pampoor. A few miles from here the excavated temple ruins of Avantipur on the river bank can be inspected, if the boatmen feel so disposed, next day continuing to Islamabad from where the Martand ruins can be visited. Also Achebal and some of the other old spots.

**From Srinagar up the Sind Valley and through
to Leh, 17 marches, 242 miles.**

1	Srinagar to Ganderbal.	5,235 ft.	12 $\frac{1}{4}$	miles.	By river for preference.
2	Gunderbal to Kangan.	5,230 "	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	"	Dak Bungalow; a good path following the Sind river.
3	Kangan to Goond	13 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	
4	Goond to Gagangir	8	"	
5	Gagangir to Sonamarg	7,000 ft.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	Large summer settlement. Glaciers to be climbed—supplies.
6	Sonamarg to Baltal ...	8,650 "	9	"	
7	Baltal to Matayan ...	9,000 "	15	"	Cross the Zojila 11,500 ft.
8	Matayan to Dras ..	11,000 "	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	"	Plain.
9	Dras to Kharbu ..	9,825 "	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	
10	Kharbu to Kargil ...	11,890 "	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	Buddhists met for first time.
11	Kargil to Mulbec ..	8,787 "	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	
12	Mulbec to Kharbu	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	Pass 13,400 to be crossed.
13	Kharbu to Lamayuru ...	10,890 ft.	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	Heat trying marches should be finished before mid-day.
14	Lamayuru to Nurla ...	11,520 "	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	Through barren regions and past many old monasteries to Leh, the capital of Ladakh.
15	Nurla to Saspul	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	
16	Saspul to Nimo	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	
17	Nimo to Leh ...	11,500 ft.	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	

From Islamabad up the Lidder Valley to the Cave of Amarnath and back.

Marches.

1. Islamabad to Eishmakam, 14 miles. Boat is left at Khanbal and the first march made up the Lidder Valley.
2. Eishmakam to Pahalgam, 14 miles. Large summer settlement; tinned provisions and all stores available.
3. Pahalgam to Tannin, 10 miles. Two Swiss Chalets for visitors. Splendid camp site, 10,500 feet.
4. Tannin to Zojpal, 5 miles. Ascend 1,000 feet to Zojpal and two miles further pass Lake Shisha Nag.
5. Zojpal to Panjitarni, 11 miles. Ascend pass some 14,000 feet, and cross watershed to Pilgrim huts. No supplies available. Juniper fuel only. Visit the cave and return the same day.
6. Panjitarni to Amarnath, 8 and back.
7. Panjitarni to Tannin, 12 miles. Steep descents. By another route *via* Astan Marg and on to Tannin.

Bandipur to Gurais. No. 7.

Srinagar Bandipur, 35 miles... Cross the Woolur Lake by boat visiting the Lanka Island. Arrange all supplies and transport here. Transport arranged by Supply and Transport Officer between 15th June and 30th September on cash payment.

Tragbal, 11 miles Ascend hill in front 300 feet and then through forest. Rest House.

Gorai, 11 miles, 8,000 feet ... Cross Rajdiagram Pass 12,000 feet. Fine view looking to Nanga Parbat shelter hut at all dangerous points. Rest house.

Gurais, 16 miles, 7,800 feet .. Easy march through one of Kashmir's loveliest valleys. From here a rough track goes to Dras *via* the Telail Valley, a distance of 81 miles covered in 8 marches. Also from Gurais over the Deosai plains to Skardu.

The Gurais Valley is one of Kashmir's fairest haunts and the stretch of twelve miles where the old road from Kazalwan goes to Gurais on the left bank of the Kishenganga river, is lovely. The road a mere track here, crosses the plains and broadening out winds into the heart of the forest. A stream is crossed by an old rustic bridge and then commences a descent to the river. Leaving the dense forest above, the path continues through narrow gorges, by steep rugged cliffs and overhanging precipices, gradually descending to the river where it loses itself in smooth rounded stones and boulders. Further on the road is again narrowed to a tiny track and here one passes through banks of yellow and pink balsam, growing to five feet high and through masses of wild flowers of every variety and colour, blended into a perfect whole.

Then through grove of poplars into broad meadow land, and crossing here the picturesque little Bardwan bungalow comes to view. Just below is the famous stream, which has been stocked with English trout and where many a days sport may be had in ideal surroundings. One and-a-half miles beyond the Bardwan stream the village of Gurais is entered with its queer little Post office and beyond is the rest house. A picturesque suspension bridge crosses the river here into country not so engaging. The march to Gurais is delightful; through every gradation of scenery known to nature, from the cold majesty of the eternal snows glistening on some distant peak to the tenderness of the forget-me-not lying amidst a wealth of wild flowers at one's feet, over grassy plains thick with daisies and eidelweiss through dense forests of spruce and silver fir, while ever before one rises some snow capped monarch of the heights.

TO SKARDU *via* THE DEOSAI PLAIN.

The passes on this route are possible from the middle of July to September after which heavy falls of snow and avalanches prove dangerous. For visiting Skardu the best course would be to take a doonga with necessary supplies, obtainable either at Baramulla or Srinagar, cross the Woolar Lake to Bandipur and there arrange for baggage animals and coolies. It is well to have proper saddle bags for the carrying of flour and grain. These when emptied do as additional bedding for followers in the cold regions.

The first portion of this route is by the Gilgit road from Tragbal to Gurais as per route No. 7.

Gurais to Pachwari (15 Miles).

The path shortly enters a narrow valley and at four miles crosses to the left bank by Chorwan Bridge.

A bridal path goes to Tilel from here crossing a high ridge. For a fishing expedition I would suggest from Gurais across Tilel to Gungabal at the foot of Haramukh, which would give a fine selection of Kashmir's many sided scenery.

The stream is again crossed with several side torrents and on to the Pachwari bungalow which has two rooms and bathrooms.

Pachwari to Burzil Chowki.

11 miles, from Bandipore, 65 miles, 1,174 ft.

After $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles the more open grassy valley of Minni-marg is entered and then turning left a gradual ascent of 6 miles leads to the Burzil bungalow.

Burzil Chowki to Camp Chandakut (about 8 hours).

The Deosai route now diverges across an uninhabited plain where firewood should be carried.

Ascend north-east to Wamba and then a steady rocky ascent of 1,000 ft. over the Mir Panzil pass. A slight descent north-east leads into a green valley, where crossing the stream after three hours ascend stones and boulders; then steeper passage to summit of Sari Sungar Pass, 14,200. Leaving a shallow lake, down through another valley after which $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours should bring one to the shelter huts of Chandakut.

Bitter winds sweep the plateau and sometimes in mid-summer the streams are likely to be frozen.

Chandakut to Ali Malik Mar (about 7 hours).

The path after crossing the stream in three hours ascends to a rough plateau (13,500 ft.) from where is a fine view of snow peaks completely encircling the march. Descend about 2 miles crossing the Bodab stream then on to north-east corner of the plain where are the usual low wall shelters of Ali Malik Mar.

Ali Malik Mar to Pindobal.

The path now gradually ascends for some four miles north through a grassy valley, then steep slopes pass down to a rocky expanse east from where it zigzags up abruptly to the Burji La (pass), 16,000 feet. From here the great mountains of the Mustagh range stand out magnificently and 8,000 feet below a glimpse may be caught of the green orchards and expanses of Shigar. A descent over snow and then moraine for 2,000 feet brings one to the Wazali Hadan shelters. Continue