

WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY

Climbing & Exploration
in the
Karakoram Himalayas



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M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A.D. MCCORMICK



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PREFACE

It is now time for me to take leave of this book. The journey which it commemorates was throughout delightful, and the revival of so many pleasant reminiscences has made the work of writing a continual enjoyment. It has recalled to mind pleasant hours spent with friendly companions, and the charming acquaintances we were privileged to make with our fellow-countrymen on the frontiers of India—the men who are there maintaining and extending so worthily the prestige of England's imperial power and the honour of her name. In the course of my story I have mentioned from time to time the kindnesses and the help received from various persons, to whom our thanks are due and are heartily rendered. I desire also to thank Mr. J.F. Duthie, the head of the Botanical Department at Saharanpur, for bringing my collection of plants safely down from Gilgit and for other valuable assistance. To Mr. John Eliot, Meteorological Reporter to the Indian Government, my thanks are also due for much valuable information willingly supplied. If I have omitted to acknowledge any other help rendered to me, I trust that such omission, which is assuredly accidental, will not be recorded against me.

A portion of the cost of the expedition was covered by grants from the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society, and the British Association. Such material help deserves warm recognition at my hands. The expedition was much more expensive than it need have been, but experience has to be purchased; mine is at the service of any future traveller who chooses to apply for it.

There were only two previous explorers of any part of the snowy regions, visited by us, whose work calls for mention in this place. They were Colonel Godwin-Austen, F.R.S., and Captain Younghusband. The former, when Assistant in the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, visited the

Karakoram mountains in the years 1860 and 1861. He has described his journeys in a paper, read before the Royal Geographical Society on the 11th of January, 1864, and published in the *Journal of the Society* for that year (p. 19, *et seq.*). He crossed the Skoro La, ascended the Baltoro glacier to the neighbourhood of where our "Hollow Camp" was situated, and the Punmah glacier to one of the Mustagh passes. From the foot of the Biafo glacier he mounted the east bank for about five miles and there ascended "a low knob," whence he could look straight up towards the snowfield at the glacier's head. He then descended the Braldo river, turned up the Basha valley, and reached the Nushik La from the south, returning by the same route to Arundo, and so to Shigar and Skardo. During this journey he was occupied in making a plane-table survey of the mountain regions. It must be remembered that the best then existing mountain-map was Dufour's Swiss Atlas. It was not, of course, the intention of the Indian Government to rival even that, but merely to indicate the position of watersheds, peaks, and main ridges, and the limits of glaciers. Colonel Godwin-Austen accomplished the work thus required of him. The draughtsman, who prepared his survey for the engraver, unfortunately had no conception of the aspect of snowy mountains, and altogether failed to distinguish between rock and snow arêtes and faces, with the result that, in the finished map, the glaciers appear to fill the bottoms of ditches between rounded and, as it were, grassy ridges. Colonel Godwin-Austen tells me that all the area of the Nobundi Sobundi and Choktoi tributaries of the Punmah glacier is practically snow-covered, with here and there a crest of rock standing out from the white mantle. The map, as drawn by the draughtsman and engraved, gives no such impression.

It was the extraordinary appearance of the Karakoram glaciers, as thus represented, that first drew my attention to this region and made me desire to explore it. Before starting, I had an opportunity, through Colonel Godwin-Austen's kindness, of meeting him; and he gave me many useful hints. About the same time I was likewise fortunate enough to meet Captain Younghusband, who, in the year 1887, reopened the disused Mustagh pass, which gives access from the north of the basin of the Baltoro by way of the Piale tributary. The account of his adventurous passage of this pass will be found in the *Alpine Journal* (xiv. 50).

The expedition made by the brothers Robert and Adolph Schlagintweit in 1854-56 into Nepal and other portions of the Himalayas was not properly a mountaineering expedition, though some mountains were climbed and a height of 22,239 feet was reached. But Mr. W.W. Graham's expedition in

1883 to the mountains of Kumaon and Sikkim was a mountaineering expedition, because Mr. Graham was a trained climber; he was accompanied by two Swiss guides of repute, Emil Boss and Ulrich Kauffmann; and the making of ascents was his object. Unfortunately he was not acquainted with the use of instruments, did not take photographs, and was thus without means for fixing his positions with certainty or for measuring the approximate altitudes of points reached by him. He believed that he ascended Kabur, a peak of about 24,000 feet, but his experiences differ so widely from those of Dr. Gussfeldt, Mr. Whymper, Captain Bower, and all the members of my party at altitudes of 19,000 feet and upwards, that it is more than likely he was mistaken as to the point he climbed. Though hereafter he may be proved to have accomplished what he thought he accomplished, his ascent cannot for the present be accepted as authentic.

Mr. Edward Whymper, in his famous expedition made in the years 1879-80 to the Great Andes of Ecuador, showed how a scientific mountaineering expedition should be organised, and what work it may attempt to do. I set him before me as a model for imitation, and, though I am conscious of having fallen below him in many important respects, and more especially as a collector, we should not have accomplished what we did without his example to spur us on.

The chief results of my work are the map and the present volume. How much of the former covers new ground or modifies in important respects the representation of physical features may be easily perceived by comparing it with the corresponding sheets of the Indian atlas, which are readily accessible. The two sheets of my map are too large for incorporation in the ordinary edition of this work, but they are issued with the *Edition de luxe*. The expense of engraving this map, as well as that of developing my many photographs, was borne by the Royal Geographical Society. It is scarcely necessary to add that my survey does not pretend to be more than a sketch survey. It was made under all the disadvantages of rapid travelling and in almost continuous bad weather. The parts were fitted together by help of the points trigonometrically determined by the Indian Survey.

Though an important part of my work, the map was only a part. The organisation of the expedition, the collections, and the journals occupied most of my time. I wrote every day a full account of the day's proceedings; in fact full notes were jotted down from hour to hour as we went along and carefully rewritten every evening. The journals thus prepared have been printed with few additions and little more than verbal changes. What the story thus loses in balance and smoothness, I hope it will gain in truth to

the momentary impression of fact. Frequent references to and comparisons with effects observed in the Alps and elsewhere will be found throughout these pages. They will, I hope, serve to bring before the eyes of European climbers a more vivid notion of Himalayan scenery than I could otherwise hope to convey. The first few chapters of the book have been written in a more flamboyant style than the remainder, of set purpose, in the hope thus to emphasise the contrast between the luxury of the plains and the barrenness of the hills.

In the matter of mountain nomenclature I have adhered to Alpine and Caucasian custom. Where a peak has a native name I use it. Where a peak rises from an alp or valley with a recognised name, the same name belongs to the peak. Native names take precedence of and exclude all others. Mountains that have no names I have named myself, for the purpose of this book and map, applying descriptive designations to them and never the names of persons. I have not called "K. 2" Mount Godwin-Austen, greatly though I appreciate that officer's work. I wished to name the mountain the Watchtower, but as any alternative designation seemed to give offence, where none was intended, I have confined myself to the letter and number of the Indian Atlas.

The total result of the expedition can be estimated by the reader of this volume and of the reports and scientific memoranda to be published in a separate volume with my maps in the autumn of this year. The length of our journey and the area of the survey can be estimated by a glance at the map. The list of altitudes measured will show the heights we attained. We spent, in all, 84 days on snow or glacier; we traversed from end to end, for the first time, the three longest known glaciers in the world outside the polar regions; and we climbed to the top of a peak approximately 23,000 feet high. The present volume is the literary record of our doings. The collections made include a series of sphygmograph tracings, which will form the subject of a paper by Professor Roy, of Cambridge. The collection of minerals has been reported on by Professor Bonney and Miss C.A. Raisin. The plants and seeds have been studied and named at Kew by Mr. W.B. Hemsley under the direction of Mr. Thiselton-Dyer. The butterflies were named by Mr. W.F. Kirby, of the British Museum, and the moths by Dr. A.G. Butler, of the British Museum. The human skulls have formed the subject of a paper by Mr. W.L.H. Duckworth, of Cambridge. To all these men of science I return my best thanks. In addition to these collections I brought home about a thousand photographs, and Mr. McCormic made some three hundred water-colour drawings, and filled five volumes with pencil sketches.

It only remains for me now to recall the friends who went with me, and whose companionship and help made labour pleasant and work easy. No traveller was ever accompanied by a better artist than Mr. McCormic, whose illustrations adorn this volume and whose water-colour sketches, some of which were recently exhibited, have received on all hands praise, both high and well merited. No better travelling guide has ever been found than Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macugnaga, to whose energy so much of our success was due. Lieut. the Hon. C.G. Bruce (Fifth Gurkhas) and the four Gurkhas he brought with him were essential to all we accomplished, and I cannot now take leave of them without again expressing my hearty recognition of all they did for us, and my hope that, as they look back on the time passed in our company, they will not consider that their labours were spent in vain.

LONDON, *April 12th*, 1894

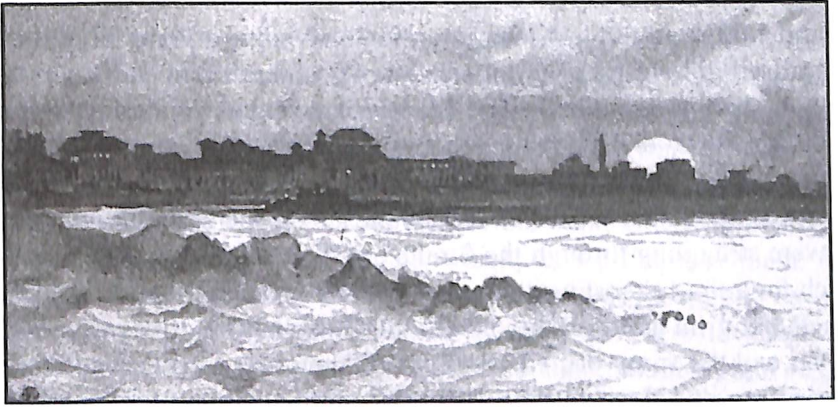
W.M. CONWAY

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Entrance to Port Said

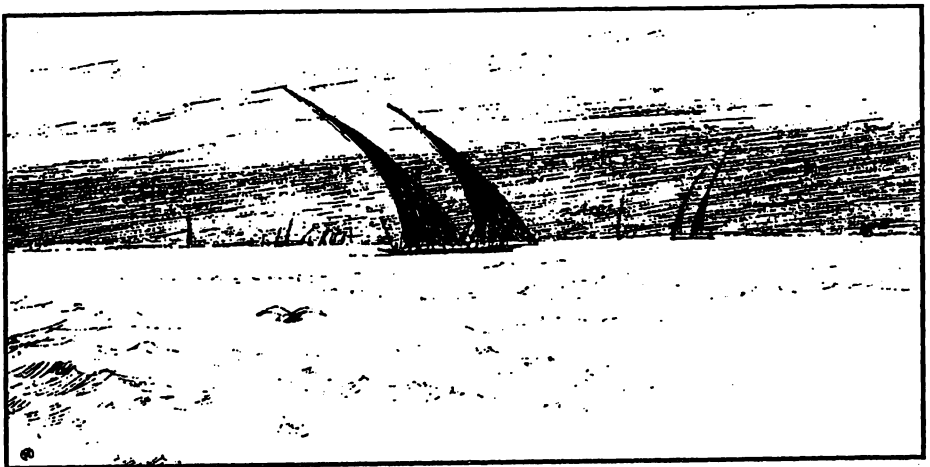
CHAPTER I

LONDON TO ABBOTTABAD

On the evening of Friday, February 5th, 1892, most of our party left Fenchurch Street station and started on the journey which it is the object of this volume to describe. We were six in number—to wit, Mr. A.D. McCormick, the well-known artist; his friend and mine, Mr. J.H. Roudebush; Mr. O. Eckenstein; Mattias Zurbriggen, the Alpine guide of Macugnaga; Parbir Thapa, a sepoy of the first battalion of the Fifth Gurkhas; and myself. The train hurried us through the glare and darkness of the East End, the beauty of which revealed itself by being in harmony with our mood, a product of the pain of parting and the thrill of hope. We descended at the Albert Docks and felt our way through deserted sheds, out on to the quay beyond. The electric moons emphasised the loneliness of the place. A line of P. and O. giants seemed to lie asleep beside the white pavement, and our little ship, the *Ocampo*, behind them, was like one of their children, short and low in the water, beneath their empty towering hulls.

We sailed early next morning (Feb. 6th) in dull and chilly weather. About three o'clock we came to off Dover, in rain and mist, and put the pilot ashore; then we turned to the grey west and felt the sea begin to heave

and the cold wind to blow. Our poor boat was slow, and not till three days had passed did we find the satisfaction of southern airs and sunny skies. On Feb. 11th we rounded Cape St. Vincent, and a wonderful moonlight night followed, the fresh air fragrant as with the perfume of oriental gardens. The bright sky and breeze, just crisping the water and scattering diamonds above the waves, made laughter over the sea. But next day, as we were struggling through the Straits of Gibraltar against a gale of wind, which for a time almost neutralised our vessel's steaming powers, there was something; grim and warlike in the ocean's mirth. The waves were big and strong, and the spray drifted in sheets off their crests. The wind roared in the rigging, and the water rolled noisily along. The sun, bright as ever, made the foam like snow and struck rainbows across the spray between us and the bare blue hills of Spain. Africa lay in the light under the sun. There the coast was lower, the sky-line softer, the hills more gentle than to the north. The water mirrored the sun like glass. The graceful form of a gull was the only black spot between me and the bright sky. Spain-wards the view appeared over the dazzling bulwarks, above which from time to time shining water leaped into the air. In the evening, when the setting sun hung for a moment tangent to the horizon, its red splendour was midway between the Pillars of Hercules, and the westward path was paved with gold. At dawn next day the pink light, that had travelled round the world, decked the snowfields of the long Sierra Nevada, whilst in the afternoon the African hills lifted the graceful outlines of their highest points above the southern horizon. We approached them gradually and saw their sides dotted over with splashes of sunlight through holes in the hurrying clouds. Broken lines of sparkling glory enlivened the margin of the sea and looked



Approaching Egypt

as though, beyond it, must be the very land of gold. Presently the first heave of a swell came upon us from the Gulf of Lyons, and before long we were rolling 33°, and everything was rattling about on the ship. Three iron pails and two balls (used for correcting compass errors) got loose and went waltzing about together, and so continued through the night. The long unlovely swell did not leave us till late on the 15th, when we passed by moonlight between the Galita islands, which, as we first saw them, rose like white cumulus clouds out of the sea. Next day brought us near graceful, many-terraced Pantellaria, which so many travellers have seen and so few visited, and then we passed Malta in the night, and lost sight of land once more. A little wind, a little swell, a little rippling of the water, a few flecks of cloud in the sky, a bright sun and a pleasant warmth—such were the characteristics of the simple conditions which accompanied us to Port Said, where, in the evening of Feb. 21st, we were at last able to land and feel the joy of solid earth beneath our feet, and the freedom of the shore. Some of us, to whom the sordid place was new, went to see the sights, buy mementoes, and what not. I overheard one bargaining with a photograph seller. “Excuse me, sir,” the man urged, “your fingers not all alike, one big, one little. My photographs some a shilling, some six pence.”

Meantime I watched the coaling of a big liner, which is the only thing worth seeing at Port Said. My journal of the year 1888 gives the following description of such a scene in the same place:

“As I write, the moon, a little past full, is endeavouring to flood the harbour with its beams, but there is a blackness about the place that nothing can lighten. Moreover, we are coaling, and the sight is one to be remembered. As night closed in, many black barges, casting shadows towards us, came gliding over the water. Each one was lit by smoky beacons of coals burning in iron baskets; and black ghosts with cowled heads and wiry arms kept flitting hither and thither across the ill-omened-looking lights. Shouts and strange voices arose from the hulks with more frequency and distinctness as those destined for our ship came alongside and moored to her. Presently fearful creatures began labouring together to raise long planks, in pairs for going and returning, as gangways to the ship. As they worked they chanted, or rather shrieked, a piercing refrain of indistinguishable words—*do re do, do re do*. Then began a whirling and hurrying of the black ghostly forms, as of ants on a disturbed heap, a seemingly aimless shouting and running to and fro; but visible order ultimately emerged, and a continuous stream of soot-black humanity, noiseless and naked of foot, now pours from each hulk up one of the planks. Every man carries on his head a basket, foul as himself, containing some half sackful of coals. Close

on the heels of one another they vanish, shrilly shrieking, into the bowels of the ship. Presently they reappear with baskets ampty, race down the return plank, and leap into the smoke and confusion of their hulk. There is no moment's pause till the barge is cleared, no cessation of their cries. As they begin to descend they cast their baskets down into the hulk below, and when they get down themselves they separate in haste to different corners, where they instantly pick up and bear off on their heads other baskets, filled meantime by other ghosts, working ceaselessly with clicking spades. It is impossible to follow the distribution of the returning stream. Again and again have I fixed my eyes upon one man, determined to watch his complete orbit, but in a moment he melts into the night and another takes his place. There is no pause nor check in the double current of upward and downward movement. The smoke from the flaring beacons drifts and eddies over all, and now the scene is engulfed in the deeper blackness of a cloud of fine coal-dust, rising like steam from every labourer, tossed up by the heavers and scattered from the baskets. The flaring beacons only fitfully illumine one side of the forms close to them; the other side is buried in darkness. The calm moon shines; beyond lies the still water; and enshrouding all is the silent night."

We only stayed about ten hours at Port Said. At 3 a.m. on February 22nd we entered the canal, our ship carrying the usual electric search-light at her bow. Its greaty beam shining along the water and over the desert is always a beautiful object. There was a school of dolphins in the canal before us, and when they leaped out of the water the light turned them into silver fish. We passed a vessel moored against the bank, and again all its ropes and spars were turned to silver. When the sun had risen over the desert in its accustomed grand simplicity, so different from the complex glories of the northern dawn, I went to bed, and only came on deck again as we passed Ismailia with its pleasant woods. The sun set when we were in the midst of the Bitter Lake, whose beauties of brightness and colour await the praise that is their due. Suez was passed in the night, and the morning of February 23rd saw us steaming down the gulf with a strong breeze in our favour, We threaded an avenue of finely-formed mountains, golden in colour and barren as the moon. But for the width of the water, its blueness, and the absence of the belt of green, we might have been in the Nile valley. At one point the western hills mimicked the forms of those over against Thebes. When the sun set behind them the sea was purple, the shore and hills a lighter tone of the same, and the sky brilliant yellow, fading upwards through amethyst into blue. Northwards the tones were richer. In the east the outliers of Sinai were dipped in rose. They faded

away in the pink-grey mist that made magic around them, and were finally transformed into seemingly insubstantial mirages on the verge of night.

The following day (February 24th) was again perfection, a clear sky, a fresh breeze from the north blowing us along, and the temperature exactly right. The sun set after the Egyptian manner, pale and delicate in colouring at first, then blazing with all the splendours of Nefer-Tum's richest raiment. A hazy, grey day followed, such as the English Channel mostly knows; the north wind dropped, and a damp, warm air made us all feel languid and heavy. On the 28th we encountered the usual south wind that belongs to the lower part of the Red Sea, and all awnings and loose canvas flapped about and robbed us of repose. Not till the morning of the 29th did our lazy craft reveal, far over the level gulf, the ruined craters that look down upon Great and Little

Aden. They rise like islands out of the sand-flats around, and form the portal of the bay. Precipitous, broken, barren, and utterly desolate, with a purple roof of heavy cloud poised above them, they were the most melancholy mountains we had ever beheld. I climbed on to the fo'c'sle-head the better to watch the development of the view as we entered the harbour. The water through which we cleft our way was full of



At Aden

brilliant jellyfish, like purple passion-flowers floating within trembling gossamer cups. A shark made eddies not far away. Rag-encircled Somali boys presently surrounded us in their frail dug-out canoes; amphibious creatures they were, equally at home in or out of the water. We hastened ashore as soon as possible, delighted to quit for a few hours the restless surface of the hateful sea.

Everything we saw pleased us; we were surrounded by the wondrous Orient. For Aden is the East, as Port Said is not. Port Said is Levantine. Aden is Arab. The life of Aden is the life of Arabia. Europe goes for nothing in the native quarter and upon the roads. Arab and Somali vagabonds are everywhere in sight, riding their camels and their donkeys in all

the elegance of a free costume. The yellow rocks gave the tone to the landscape, and bright raiment harmonised with it. After driving for a mile or two along the shore, where native seamen were mending their cumbrous boats and coloured sails, we mounted the outside of the crater by zigzags to the notch giving access to Aden town that lies within the cup. It was like climbing a cinder. Vesuvius seems less volcanic than this long extinct volcano. A steep hill led down between walls of yellow rock, upon which the sun shone, and upon a caravan of camel-riding Arabs coming towards us, as perfectly adapted to the place as if they had been set there to complete the scene. We passed through the town, and reached the opening of the narrow and wild gorge, with precipitous sides of cinder-like rock, in which the famous Tanks are situated. From stage to stage the gorge is artificially dammed across, and the pools thus formed are lined with cement. Though the arrangement is an ancient one, it presents no appearance of antiquity. In the afternoon we drove back to the harbour by another route, which took us out of the crater through a tunnel; we reached the ship as she was weighing anchor. An hour or so later Aden hill was massed in purple on the western horizon against a golden sky, and we were speeding eastwards. During the days that followed, a level sea was our portion. I once only found energy to write a note. It was about noon on March 1st.

“The sea, just crisped over with a pretty rippling, could scarcely be flatter than it is to-day, though a trifling undulation of the ship from stem to stem shows that there is a faint swell passing under it. The clear outline of the far horizon is adorned by the same graceful movement, the heaving of drowsy Neptune’s breast. A soft air comes from the north-east and lazily flaps the awning. Fleecy cloudlets float in the sky, which is grey with the presence of a delicate mist. Far off to the north a studious and concentrated vision can just discern the dim forms of the mountain forehead of Arabia. Porpoises arouse my envy by their delicious gambols in the water, and white-breasted gulls rest upon it, careless about our passing. On board all the passengers are recumbent and every face expresses satisfaction and dreamy repose. No one speaks. Most sleep. A few make pretence to read.”

The night (March 6th) before we reached Karachi the sea was smooth, the moon near the zenith, and there was a gorgeous display of phosphorescence. Its quality was more remarkable than its quantity. The ship’s bows clove a wondrous break of fire through the water, and the spreading waves swept back from them like a swan’s wings, but of light. The foam drifted into the hollows as smoke from flame. All else was utterly black,

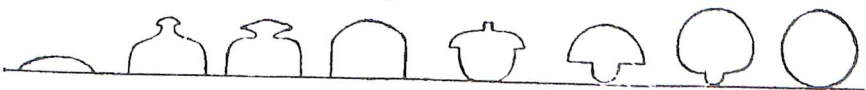
and the light was fretted out upon it. Now and again some shark or other fish darted away from the ship and made lightnings in his wake.

At dawn next morning (March 7th) land was seen ahead, and presently a line of desert hills appeared in the north. A few strange-shaped rocks and a headland with a beacon guided us into port, and we finally landed on the modern and well-machined quay of Karachi by eleven o'clock. I drove to the town at once to make various necessary arrangements.

The first impression received was one of breadth. The land was all flat—tidal mud-swamps and areas recently reclaimed. The houses stood widely apart, each in its own considerable and usually bare compound. There was a general look of newness and well-to-doness. The houses of business were veritable stone palaces, in which arches and columns were freely introduced. I noticed several examples of praiseworthy architecture, such as Bombay does not possess. Where wealth and a warm climate meet, architecture is liable to flourish. The living East was around us, but Indian humanity hereabouts is certainly less picturesque than an Arab or Egyptian crowd. Light reigned supreme and ennobled everything; details vanished into light, not, as at home, into shadow. The value of colour was extraordinary. No wonder that it has been perceived by all the peoples of the East as far back as we can follow them.

Returning to the ship to dine and bid farewell to our fellow-voyagers, we found Zurbriggen in dispute with a cab-driver. He appealed to me. "Ich bin mit Ihm accordirt, hab Ihm das (a coin) gezeigt und jetzt will Er mehr—ja! zum Teufel! "In due time we reached the station and encountered our first babu at the ticket-office, where I had to sign some papers. "Write little plainer, sir," he said; "excuse my presumptions!"

Almost before the train started I was asleep, and did not wake till there were signs of dawn (March 8th). We were rounding the foot of some barren hills, where they abut on the Indus near Laki. The railroad is cut along a slope of detritus brought down in the rains in the form of mud avalanches. This desert foreground dipped down to the river, and, from the best point of view, the hills curved round and bounded the landscape on the right. The plain lay in purple darkness; and the Indus decorated it with a silver band. Presently, and long before the colour in the heavens would have suggested to a European eye that the sun was so near, a line of fire defined the far horizon, and quickly grew into a dome. A spark of light appeared above it, widened, and so joined itself downwards to the waxing orb. The series of changes followed, which are here suggested, before the completed circle of the sun finally soared aloft.



As the day advanced the foreground became golden. Detail of bush and shrub appeared all over the flat, with here and there a tree or two, and the outlines of rice fields awaiting their season to grow green. We left the hills behind and, hour after hour, travelled through the plain, now and again coming across a patch that might have been in England, but for the most part seeing no detail that was not novel, no sight (whether of man, or beast, or vegetation, or architecture) that was not strange. After we had lunched at Sakkar the train carried us, by the big cantilever bridge, over the Indus to Rohri. We caught fascinating glimpses of the river, with its charming banks and islands, and of the picturesque town, with blue-domed mosques, palaces, and other buildings, whole or in ruins, delightfully grouped together. The afternoon was sufficiently hot for the time of year (90° Fahr. in the carriage); but the night that followed seemed bitterly cold, and we were glad of our warmest wraps. After crossing the Sutlej and passing through Multan, we entered a tract of worse and flatter desert than before, and along this lay the remainder of the journey (March 9th). We were getting perceptibly further north, and the noon temperature sank to 85° Fahr. About one o'clock we entered a richly cultivated area, and it presently became apparent that a great and ancient Mussulman city was near at hand. We passed the domes and minarets of the tombs of mighty men, and before four o'clock we were driving through the streets of Lahor. Roudebush and I determined to have a day's rest at the hotel. The others made a halt of a few hours, and took the evening train for Hasan Abdal.

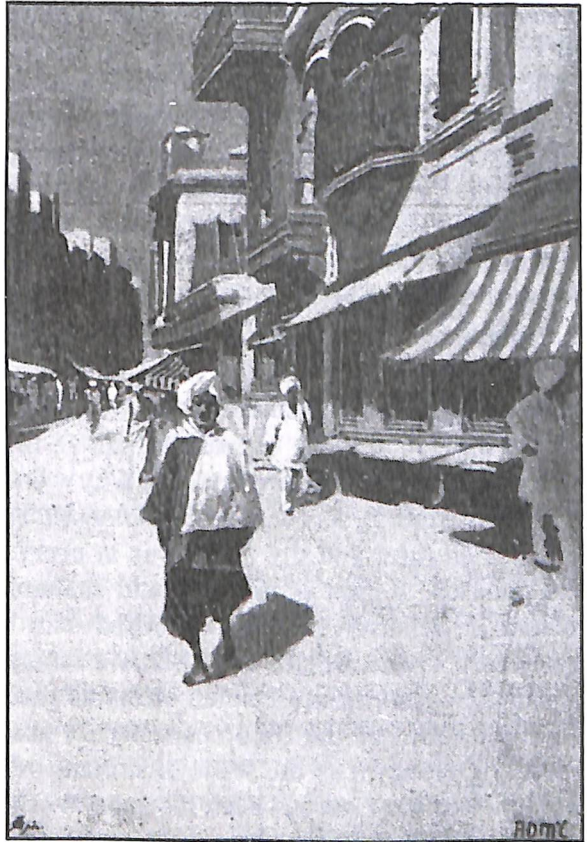
Without delay we visited the old native town, anxious to come at last into contact with the unaltered East. A few paces within the gate, and Europe was no more. The old streets of irregular houses with carved and latticed windows, lurking portals, crowded stalls, many-coloured wares, the narrow alleys, the dust, the sunlight, and everywhere the abounding and indescribable population—these were the rough elements that immediately impressed us. They dazed McCormick at the first glance. We met him an hour later in a speechless and limp condition. He fell a-murmuring platitudes of wonderment, but gave it up and roved away as though walking in his sleep. We visited various buildings, but it was the light and the people that held our eyes. The Holi festival was going on, and the streets were fuller than usual. The men had smeared their white garments with pink dye, and the town was generally "painted red," both literally and metaphorically. A narrow street of pot and pan, vegetable and meat shops, with carved nodding house fronts above, was so packed with folk that we were brought to a halt. Large turbans, white, pink, amber-coloured, dark purple, and I know not what other tints, made a moving mosaic over the crowd. The air was full of dust, and the golden evening sunshine struck

through it and made a permeating radiance everywhere. Strips of cotton, dyed blue or crimson, hung overhead from cords stretched across the lane; they waved gently to and fro above the fluttering of coloured raiment, the flashing of dark eyes, the glint of metal, and the going of men—ever changing, ever moving, fresh combinations, fresh contrasts: all as effective for background, grouping, and colour, as if they had been designed for a stage on some grand occasion when the payments were high and the audience select.

We followed this road through an archway that, in the evening light and the glamour of the moment, seemed to be a fine work of architecture; we went on, past many a mosque and praying-place, many a decorated well and sculptured facade, through the palace square to the palace itself. We entered within its massive walls, and climbed about sunset on to the roof of its highest chamber.

What a view! The palace courtyard at our feet and its pavilions of marble inlaid with precious stones; the city and the great mosque beyond, with marble domes shining silvery

above the pink stone walls; the vast plain spread around, rich with trees and all fertility, like a park to look upon; atmosphere and colour everywhere; here a drift of purple wood-smoke, there a cloud of golden dust; over all the broad, bright sunshine, streaming out of the west and flashed back in points of brilliance from the distant domes and minarets of tree-embowered tombs; the clear, reposeful sky overhead, and repeated at our feet on the calm bosom of the silent Ravi flowing from the hills that were



Street in Lahor

our not forgotten goal.

Next day (March 10th) we visited the various monuments in soberer mood. The glamour was gone from the streets, but their interest was as great as ever. We went to the Mosque of Vazir Khan, a collection of cubical masses of brick building decorated with large areas of beautiful tiles in the Persian manner, and arranged about a courtyard, with a fine pavilion for entrance gate, and a dome-covered *liwan* across the further side. Each component cube is entered by a well proportioned arch. Admirable are the level outlines, the simple forms, and the harmony of the whole. The lucidity of the artistic ideal of Islam finds perfect expression in this type of building. We went on to the great mosque whose larger area and lighter forms are characteristic of the Moghal epoch. We cast a glance at the Golden Mosque, but did not linger over it, for, though its marble walls and gilt domes look picturesque from the street, its forms are heavy, its proportions bad, and its decoration vulgar. We spent an hour in the shade of a marble pavilion in the old garden near the palace, a graceful edifice enough, about a century old. The heavy splendours of carving and gilt of the Sikh monuments close by did not long delay us, nor, save the materials of which they were built, was there much to admire in the pavilions of the palace, which we visited again under the guidance of a British soldier. I would have sworn that he was Ortheris in the flesh, but his conversation was in a dialect I little understood. Why wert thou not there in thine own city to interpret it, *Rubicunde Laudator Mulvanii* ! where every bookstall proclaimed thee, and thy name was in every mouth? Finally we went to the museum to hunt up the few and shattered remains of the Gandhara school of decorative sculpture, which can better be studied here than elsewhere in the world. It presents a strange mingling of Hellenistic, Roman, Byzantine, and Persian elements succeeding one another, and all swiftly levelled by the Hindu capacity for absorbing the externals without receiving the spirit of the West. Historians of art as a rule declare that the influence of the East has been nil upon Western art, whereas the East has constantly been influenced by the West. The exact contrary is the case. The West throughout all the centuries has continually been touched by the decorative Eastern tendencies, whereas the East has as continually swallowed whole the forms of the West, but never failed, in doing so, to destroy the spirit that animated them, and to retain unaltered her own peculiar idiosyncrasies. When we returned to the hotel the usual crowd of petty dealers surrounded us and made the floor of the veranda gay with drifts and piles of embroideries and stuffs that we did not want; but I liked to see the crouching people amongst their gay wares, which they seemed to find pleasure in displaying, and a volatile globe-trotting Gaul presently

made it worth their while.

The evening saw us once more in the train speeding northwards towards the hills, and, when we awoke next day (March 11th), it was clear that the end of our journey by rail was at hand. We were still in the plains, about half way between Jhelam and Rawal Pindi, but the rampart of the north was visible, and the sun presently rose from behind the hills and shone down their hither slopes, revealing snow-beds and crests as of everlasting ice. The foreground was a strange maze of twisting gullies cut about in all directions by torrents of the rains, and leaving little of the level floor of the plain unbroken. But further away the edges of the gullies were foreshortened against one another, and an effect of flatness was produced, stretching to the purple foot-hills, over whose crests and through their gaps the higher snowy outlines of the Pir Panjal Himalayas were revealed. Here and there cloud cataracts poured over the cold ridges, but only to melt away in the warm southern air. It was a fine scene, but not comparable to the view of the Alps from Lombardy. The southern slopes of the foot-hills are absolutely barren; but a line of trees along their crest indicates the existence of forests beyond. We were passing over historic ground. The ruins of Taxila were not far distant. Well-directed eyes might have discovered the broken mounds of ancient topes, with which the country, trodden by the feet of Buddha, is strewn. Our long and heavy train crawled slowly up the successive inclines. "Look there," said a travelling companion; "that is Pindi; and there, on that rather pointed hill, is Marri. In two hours you will be at Hasan Abdal."

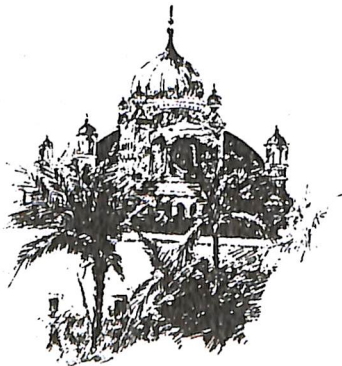
We, in fact, arrived there about noon and joyfully exchanged the train for a *tonga*.* The seats are as in a dog-cart, and the thing is covered by a white barrel-vaulted awning. Instead of shafts there is a pole with an iron yoke at the end of it, to which the horses are rapidly attached. The animals, thus untrammelled in their movements, go off at a canter, rattling the iron yoke against the pole and splitting off minute metallic fragments liable to get into one's eyes if one sits facing the horses. We quitted the plain almost at once, and entered a gradually narrowing valley. Purple-coloured barren hills of simple form shut us in on both sides. There were trees planted along the road. The fields were being ploughed. The villages were at first of mud-built hovels; higher up the walls became stonier and seemed to partake of the mountain nature where they stood in mountain fastnesses. Picturesque figures animated the road, and there were always plenty in

*The *tonga* is the *carpentum* of the Romans and of Gaul, practically unchanged, such as we see it in a bas-relief at Treves. The same form of vehicle survives in the *bros* of Aquitaine.

sight. My attention was specially attracted by one, draped in a skirt of palest blue, the superfluous length of which was daintily girt about a slender waist, revealing small feet and neatly turned ankles. The head was enveloped in a coloured handkerchief, tied bonnet-wise under the chin, and this hid the profile from me; presently a turn of the neck revealed to me a pair of merry eyes indeed, but also a well-grown beard and moustache. The thing was a man.

There were vistas on all sides of hills swathed in winter snow, but as we advanced we came to where spring was reigning in the valley, manifested by the budding green on the bare trees, the blossoms of hawthorn, or what appeared to be hawthorn, and the shooting of barley and wheat. The valley narrowed and the hills came together, with always the same bare slopes, like those about Assisi, where St. Francis beheld the wonder of the seraph and received the mystic wounds. When three-fourths of the way were left behind, the valley divided, and we went up its western branch, along what was in places a striking gorge, the walls being cut down straight through the deep alluvium. Then we came among trees into a French-looking region, and so reached the col at the top of the valley and beheld Abbottabad and all its pleasant houses, dotted about over tree-covered slopes by the side of an ancient lake-basin, in the midst of considerable hills. We halted at the dak bangla to learn of the safe arrival of Lieut.-Colonel Lloyd-Dickin, who was to join us as a collector of birds, and then we proceeded to our destination. This was the bangla of the last member of our party that remains to be mentioned, but by no means the least important, Lieut. the Hon. C.G. Bruce, of the first battalion of the Fifth Gurkha Rifles. He presently came in, and thus our party was completed without failure or mishap. We slept in peace under Bruce's hospitable roof. Across the brow of the morrow's dawn were inscribed the words

INCIPIIT VITA NUOVA



Rangit Singh's Samadh, Lahor