

Frenchman and an American—rare birds in that part of the world. Colonel Sullivan had started, a few days too late, to make Zoji Pass and do a winter's shooting in those fastnesses which, if they would but yield the head of an Ovis Ammon, would be for him Paradise enow. Note the distinction between Colonel Sullivan's ideal retirement and that of Omar Khayyam. The inhospitable wilds of bleakest mountains, a gun, an arduous chase of hermit brutes—that is one. The other

“A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me in the wilderness;
Oh! wilderness were paradise enow.”

Mark particularly the absence of “Thou” in the first ideal.

There you have the conquest of the Asia that is luxurious or literary by the British man, who has two natures, one that loves and builds St. James Street and the National Museum, and one that loves and conquers the Himalayas.

Hindoo ruins, mysteriously suggestive; a good hotel; plenty of white people, sahibs and mem-sahibs; golf grounds; gay marriage-boats on the river boulevard; shops overflowing with fascinating goods and oily smiles of the merchants; a meretricious palace rising, effective withal, from the water's edge and hiding the Maharajah's many wives; dinners, all mutton because the pious ruler will not have beef slain in his realm; a busy, comely people filling all the bazaars; two-storied wooden houses,