

this, the mountains on the one side of the water are densely packed with forest, and on the other are bare sun-baked rocks only.

We passed rapidly down the beautifully wooded Sind valley, with its meadows and pine forests, its rushing torrents and snow-clad mountain summits, and at last reached the open valley of Kashmir itself. Some seven or eight miles' march through this brought us to Srinagar, that most picturesquely situated but dirtiest of all towns, and then for the first time I realized how very dirty I myself was, and how rough I had become. Dressed in a Yarkand sheepskin coat and long Yarkand boots, and with a round Tam-o'-shanter cap as the only European article of dress about me, and with a rough beard, and my face burnt by exposure in the desert and cut and reddened by the cold on the glaciers, I was addressed by the people of the place as a Yarkandi. My first care, therefore, was to go off to one of the native shops which provide all necessaries for Europeans, and purchase a knickerbocker suit, such as officers wear out shooting in Kashmir, and a clean shirt, and to have my hair cut, my beard shaved off, and to get a good wash. When I had expended nearly two hours upon these preparations for my plunge into civilization, I went to see Captain Ramsay, the political agent on duty at Srinagar at the time. It was very trying, therefore, when Captain Ramsay, almost immediately after shaking hands, said, "Wouldn't you like to have a wash?" This was the first of the many shocks I had on returning to civilization.

But there were some pleasant surprises as well as a disagreeable shock like this, and I remember the satisfaction I felt at receiving a telegram at Srinagar, conveying to me the congratulations of Sir Frederick Roberts upon my having successfully accomplished the journey, and a very kind letter from General Chapman, then Quartermaster-General in India, who had himself been to Yarkand and Kashgar, and, knowing how