

that we now really were approaching the great White Mountain, the mysterious goal of our enterprise. As we climbed higher the forest began to open out, and on the fourth day after leaving the mules we at last found ourselves at its base, and saw its serried outline rising high above the forest. It was with a sigh of infinite relief that we looked upon it, but I cannot say that, here in its solid reality, it inspired us with awe commensurate with the mystery which had been attached to it. Rising high above the surrounding forest-clad hills, it might in the British Isles pass muster as a mountain, but was far from being the snow-clad monarch we had expected to see; it afterwards proved to be but eight thousand feet in height. Still, here the mountain was, and what it lacked in grandeur was made up for in beauty, for its sides were covered with the most exquisite meadows and copses. In Kashmir beautiful grassy slopes are found, but none to compare with these, the equal of which I, at least, have never seen. Masses of colour, flowers of every kind, whole meadows of irises, tiger-lilies and columbines, and graceful, stately fir trees scattered about to relieve any excess of colour