

descending the southern side the aspect of the mountains suddenly changed. Hitherto, from far away at their rise from the Yarkand plains, the mountains had been barren and destitute of any trace of forest. Occasionally in some favoured sheltered spot a dwarfed tree or two might be seen, but as a whole it was only in the valley bottoms and on cultivated lands that any trees were met with. Now the transformation was complete. We had reached the southern-facing slopes of the outward ridge of the Himalayas, and upon these slopes all the rains of the monsoon are expended. Consequently while on the northern side are bare sun-baked rocks only, on the southern side the mountain slopes are densely packed with forest.

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 brought us to Srinagar, that most picturesquely situated but dirtiest of all towns, and then for the first time I realised how very dirty I myself was, and how rough I had become. Dressed in a Yarkand