

I was heartily glad when I succeeded within five busy days in disposing of these preliminaries. The few weeks which remained to me in Kashmir were none too long for the literary tasks that had to be completed before my departure. For over ten years past I had devoted whatever leisure I could spare from official duties to work connected in one form or another with Kalhana's "Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir." The Sanskrit text of the great poem, the only record of a truly historical nature that exists in the classical literature of India, and one full of interest for the student of Indian antiquities, religion, geography, &c., had long ago been edited by me. But my translation and commentary required protracted researches into all that has survived of ancient Kashmir in records, traditions, and antiquarian lore, and the two stout quarto volumes which they filled in print were only now approaching completion. The introduction which was to give an account of these labours still remained to be written, and in order to complete it in time, together with some minor tasks of a similar kind, seclusion was indispensable.

"To go into Purdah," as our Lahore phrase ran, within Srinagar or its immediate environs, was well-nigh impossible, and Mohand Marg, my mountain retreat of former seasons, was still covered with snow. My knowledge of Kashmir topography, however, stood me in good stead, and after a short search at the debouchure of the great Sind Valley over which Mohand Marg rises, I found near the hamlet of Dudarhom a delightfully quiet grove by the river-bank where I could pitch my tents. There under the shade of majestic Chinars and within view of the snow-covered spurs of Mount Haramukh, I was soon hard at work from morning till evening. It was not an easy task to sum up and review the results of labours that had extended over so long a period and over so wide a field. Yet I felt grateful that I was able to bid farewell to them, while having that Alpine scenery before my eyes with