

## The Expedition to Chogo Ri

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### Part One

The expedition roughly described in the following pages was intended, first, to capture for amateur climbers the last of the mountain records of the world; second, to vindicate humanity from the charge of being unable to climb above 23,000 feet. A failure it was; but interesting enough.

Besides Eckenstein and myself there were four new members: Knowles, an Englishman, who had rowed in the first boat for First Trinity, and was consequently, although a stranger to me, the best companion I could have wished. The others were foreigners; two of them were Austrians; Dr. Heinrich Pfannal, a judge; and Dr Victor Wesseley, a barrister; the last member was Dr J. Jacot-Guillaumod, a Swiss doctor. With regard to the Austrians, perhaps the less said the better. It will be sufficient if I mention that Pfannl, superb climber as he was, was totally incapable of realising the magnitude of the task we had set out to perform. He kept himself in the pink of athletic condition from the very start! On the 30th March I entered a prophecy in my pocket-book that if he collapsed it would be complete. However he continued to train. After a 15-mile march he would have a little tiffin, and then go off in the afternoon up the mountain side to keep himself in condition! On the 14th July he got ill; on the 15th he was worse; on the 16th the doctor fetched him down; on the 19th he was delirious; found himself with the illusion of triple personality, one of himself being in the form of a mountain, and anx-

ious to kill him. During the 19th and 20th he was under morphia, and on the 21st he was taken down on a sleigh. As to Wesseley—But enough of the Austrians!

In the Swiss doctor, however, we found an excellent companion and a medical advisor of sound good sense. From a mountain point of view, he was sadly lacking in experience, but he was certainly worth his place in the party, and more, for his constant cheerfulness and the fun we could always have with him. He did not mind being laughed at at all. He was not only good for our own harmony, but kept the natives in a good temper, and prevented them from desponding quite as much, or more, than the rest of us could do. They even invented a proverb: "*Jahan Doctor Sahib tahan tamasha.*" "Wherever the Doctor Sahib is, there is amusement." Of all his tireless kindness to me I cannot speak sufficiently highly. Owing to various circumstances, I was thrown a good deal into his company.

On the 24th March we got out at Rawal Pindi, and were held up there, owing to the non-arrival of our luggage. The Lime Tree Hotel was quite full, but they gave us tents outside, where we were very comfortable. The next morning I went shopping with Knowles, and we took the opportunity of discussing the finances of the expedition. As to this, I will only say that, had I known previously what the arrangements were, I should have entirely declined to have anything to do with the affair. One word of advice to anyone who intends going on an expedition with other Europeans. Either he has to pay everything and treat the others in every respect as servants, or the expenses to the last farthing ought to be shared equally by every member. If you pay more than your share, or less than your share, you are in an equivocal position; and if you pay for a man and yet treat him as an equal, the very fact that he is your guest prevents you speaking your mind. Nothing is more difficult after all than to lay down conditions which are not liable to misinterpretation. A good deal of the income of

British lawyers depends on the difficulties which are met with in this respect by even the skilled legal draftsmen employed by the Houses of Parliament. But I suppose it is a ring!

The next few days at Rawal Pindi were spent in un-packing those cases which were too big to load on an ekka. An "ekka" is a vehicle drawn by one horse; in the back of the vehicle is room for a good deal of luggage, and more yet can be piled on top, leaving only a small place for the driver. The ekka, however, is of such a nature that, while it will accommodate seven or eight natives in apparent comfort, it does not show the same pleasing quality towards even one European.

The magnitude of our expedition may be gauged by the fact that our sea-borne and previously dispatched cases alone weighed over three tons. On the 29th March, after endless cursing, by dint of much physical force, we managed to get our baggage on to seventeen ekkas, and to start at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We reached Tret the same night, a little before half-past ten, Knowles and I bringing up the rear to prevent any ekkas straggling; for if once an ekka is allowed out of sight it is likely to turn up three or four days later than you expect. No sooner had we reached the first night's stage—Tret—than an urgent summons forced Eckenstein to return to the plains, as it turned out, for over three weeks. We had some dinner, by no means before it was wanted, and went off to sleep in blissful ignorance of the catastrophe that was even then poised and about to strike us to the dust.

## **Part Two**

Knowles and I did not go on with the main party, as we had to go off in a chikara (a sort of punt with pointed ends and an awning) to the Nassim Bagh, where we saw Capt. Le Mesurier and arranged one or two final details. The Nassim Bagh is a most charming spot, more like an

English park than anything else. The sward is level and covered with grass, while everywhere are stately and vigorous trees. We hurried back to the town, where a dunga was waiting for us. A dunga is a very large flat-bottomed boat which can be and is used as a sort of inferior house-boat. It is divided into compartments by "chiks"—that is, curtains of bamboo or grass. In this boat we went off to Gandarbal, engaging coolies to tow us all night, so that we reached this village at daylight on the morning of the 29th.

I found Eckenstein under a tree holding durbar with Mata Kriba Ram, the Tehsildar of this district. When we had settled with him we strolled gently off to Kangan. I found myself somewhat thirsty and footsore, as I had taken no exercise for so long. The following day we went on to Gundisarsingh. We got off the coolies, 150 in number, as ponies were not to be had at this stage without any great difficulty.

I should explain here the system on which we worked. With such a large party of men it was impossible to keep the same men for more than two or three days; in any case it is impossible to know them all by sight, the more so that one is changing repeatedly. We therefore gave each man a ticket with his name and the number of his load, on the production of which and the load in question he was paid. Had we not done so, of course, every man in the neighbourhood would have hurried up like vultures scenting the carcass and claimed his pay as a coolie. Some of these naive persons actually travelled four days in order to collect one day's pay which they had not earned!

Though this stage is only 14 miles I arrived in a complete condition of collapse, a state which I always reach after doing a very little work. On May 1st we got on to Gagangir. The coolies tried to make us stop a good deal short of the proper stage. I was in the lead, however, and suspected that they were not telling the truth. I sent back a message to Eckenstein, and be-

tween us the conspiracy was overthrown. After getting to camp it began to rain hard and we had to put up the tents.

The next day we went on to Sonamarg through a most marvellous mountain gorge. The valley is exceedingly narrow and the path winds at the base of tremendous cliffs. Opposite, peaks, insignificant in themselves, tower to what seems a tremendous height, and their shapes and colouring are of very great beauty. Also on the opposite side of the river were the remains of vast snow avalanches, some of them broken off and kept under by the torrent. About half way the valley opens out, still affording fine views, however; Eckenstein and I were behind with the doctor, acting as rearguard. We passed a small village, crossed the stream below, and came across a lot of our coolies surrounding one of their number, who was lamenting his woes at the top of his voice. It seems that Abdulla Khan had hit him with a stick. He showed us a very insignificant bruise on his wrist and a big lump on his head; but the doctor was equal to the occasion. With regard to the arm, he touched him several times in places which would have hurt had the wound been genuine, and he remained calm; the doctor reversed the operation, when he screamed like a maniac. As to the lump on his head, it had been there 15 years! So we told him to shut up and go on.

At Sonamarg they came to us in a body with a somewhat threatening aspect and refused to go if Abdulla Khan was allowed to hit them. This was the sort of occasion where hesitation would have been fatal, so I walked up to them and told them that I would discuss the question after tiffin, and in the meanwhile there were to go off and not worry us. Of course they went away. Eckenstein and I agreed to settle the question by taking charge of the rearguard ourselves, an arrangement which was accepted eagerly, as they had already learnt to trust us. The following day we sent Pfannl and

Wesseley, whose exuberant energy had hitherto been so useless, to go up the Zoji La to prospect. The Zoji La was, of course, the one difficulty we were likely to meet. It is a pass about 11,000 feet high and snow-covered till late in May. We reached Baltal at the foot of the pass about noon. There was already snow in the valley at this place. There is no village, but a strong and sheltered house of stone, very convenient and indeed necessary for the dak-runners and travellers.

Pfannl and Wesseley returned in the afternoon. Their report consisted of three principal statements—(a) They could not see; (b) the pass was very steep at the Matayun side; (c) there was no snow on the Matayun side. Ignorant as I was of the topography of the place, such geographical knowledge as I had, and such geological data as I could get, forbade my believing the last two statements. To the first I gave my implicit adhesion.

A good deal of the afternoon was given over to a general inspection of the coolies by the doctor. Dark spectacles were given out to those whose eyes were weak or already inflamed. It was very amusing to watch the attempts at malingering on the part of perfectly sound men who wanted to get goggles, though, of course, we only lent them for the passage of the pass. Each coolie moreover who received a pair had a mark put against his name in Eckenstein's note-book. At four o'clock the next morning we had got everyone started. Pfannl and Wesseley had been sent ahead to cut steps if necessary. The doctor and Knowles formed the rear-guard, while Eckenstein and I were to keep running up and down the line of coolies and see that there was no shirking. The duties of rearguard, however, became very heavy, and Eckenstein soon fell back to help them. About one o'clock they caught me up at a stone bungalow, which I imagined to be somewhere about the end of the stage. Yesterday's reconnaissance by the Austrians had been worse than useless. So far from the de-

scent being steep it would have been difficult to locate the actual summit of the pass within two or three miles, and everything was deep in snow, as we found out before long. This snow continued not only right down to Matayun but beyond it, nearly half way to Dras, before the valley was entirely clear. I had gradually drifted backwards from the van, waking up and moving on the slack, who would have otherwise hung back on to the rear. After some rest at this stone bungalow, we of the rearguard, having transferred our duties, which had been extremely arduous, to Salama and Abdulla Bat, wandered slowly on. We kept together for a good deal of the way, though Knowles lost about two miles through trying to avoid getting wet. By this time the snow was abominably deep, and the walking utterly tedious. I sat down to wait for Knowles, and when he arrived after a long time, he was, if anything, in a better condition than I. We went on together some distance, but my knickerbockers had begun to chafe my legs and my marching became a very painful process. I arrived eventually at about five o'clock completely worn out. I must warn everyone that "Pattu" is a most unpleasant material. It is in no sense equal to the best English tweeds. I was unfortunately compelled to wear nothing else during the whole expedition, and the roughness and coarseness of the material entailed a good deal of suffering. Still worse is the stuff of which they make shirts. These are simply impossible. The hair shirt of the Asiatic is a bed of roses in comparison. Fortunately Knowles was able to get me have a shirt of very sound Welsh flannel, which lasted me for more than four months of continuous wear night and day, and was even then only worn thought at the elbows. On arrival at Matayun I simply rolled into my valise; drank half a bottle of champagne; ate a little food, and went to sleep like a log. I was very doubtful, indeed, as to whether I should be able to go on on the morrow.

On the 5th we moved on to Dras, a very pleasant march, though rather long. We consoled ourselves, however, with the idea of a day's rest there, as we thought it very unlikely that coolies or ponies would be at our disposal. When we got in, however, we found 50 ponies waiting for us, and after a short consultation we decided to go on.

I gave orders for a saddle pony for myself, and Knowles followed my example, though Eckenstein did not altogether approve, for some reason that I have not been able to understand. If Knowles and I had known it was possible to ride nearly all the way to Skardu, we should have brought our riding-breeches; but Eckenstein, when he found it possible, seemed still unwilling, though in a very few days he came round to our views. The foreigners would not consent to ride; they were in that stage when hardship has its fascinations, and they thought there was something rather grand in making things as unpleasant for themselves as possible. I need not waste time in remarking on the fatuous imbecility of this idea.

### **Part Three**

As it was, I think we made a great mistake in not doing the whole of the journey, at least as far as Askoli, with large tents, beds, tables and chairs. Of course, our transport would have been largely increased. It was already beyond the ordinary capacity of the country, and this is no doubt the reason why Eckenstein did not make such arrangements. The truth was that a party of six was too large, especially as at least three of us had no capacity whatever for aiding the arrangements of valley travel. Knowles and Eckenstein soon picked up enough Hindustani to make themselves understood, though I had to do the interpreting most of the time whenever it came to discussing any question which meant more than the giving of a simple order. Of course, Eckenstein re-

membered a little Hindustani from his previous journey, which soon came back to him; Knowles knew none, but he picked it up with wonderful cleverness and quickness. The foreigners seemed rather to avoid learning anything. The doctor got over the difficulty by addressing the men volubly and at length in Swiss slang. Wesseley used to talk German to them, and to lose his temper when they failed to understand him.

The next morning we found that ten of our ponies had been carried off by the shikaris of two English officers who were travelling on the same stages. The march to Karbu was very long and dull. I should certainly never have got there without the pony. When we arrived we found a polo match with musical accompaniments proceeding in our honour. Though very tired Eckenstein and myself sat down for a quarter of an hour, as politeness demanded, and having distributed backshish proceeded to the dak-bangla. On the 7th we again rode on to the appropriately-named Hardas. The road on this march became frightfully hilly. It must have been designed by a mad steeple-jack with delirium tremens.

Eckenstein had humorously observed at Matayun that "now it was all down hill to Skardu except local irregularities," but these local irregularities varied from 300 to 2,000 feet in height and followed one another rapidly with only a few yards of comparatively level ground between them. The whole of the valley on this side of the Zoji La presented a remarkable difference from that of the Kashmir valleys. There was literally no natural vegetation. The mountains were vast and shapeless, utterly lacking in colour or beauty of any sort.

We were received at Hardas by the Rajah, with whom we had a lengthy conference about nothing. We eventually got rid of him by a present of some coloured pocket-handkerchiefs and a tip of five rupees. In this part of the country one did not need to be a republican to perceive the absurdity of kings.

On the 8th we proceeded to Olthingthang, a pretty long march. The road was a little more reasonable than the previous day, but a good deal of it was still very mad and bad. One stretch of several miles over a pari was exceptionally trying. It was broiling hot, and there was not a drop of water to be had anywhere; while the sun's heat came off the rock until one seemed as if in a furnace. But there was a delight to the eye marvellously marked on this day. In the midst of the naked hideousness of nature, wherever there had been a piece of ground sufficiently level, and a supply of water, cultivation had changed the ugliness of the Creator's design into an unconscious masterpiece of beauty. Imagine to yourself the tropical fervour of the heat, the dull drab of the rocks, the monotonous blue of the sky, and the sullen ugliness of the Indus with its dirty water running below your feet; then imagine yourself as if turning a corner and seeing in the midst of a new mass of rock a village. Ledge by ledge it would stretch down, clad in a brilliant and tender green, while cutting the horizontal lines of the irrigation channels, soared into the sky the magnificent masculine forms of poplars, and at their feet spread out the feminine and blossoming beauty of apricot trees. Village after village one passed, and was thrown every time into a fresh ecstasy of delight. There is a bitter disappointment, however, in store for the person who travels on this stage for the first time. The last pari is over; one sees a village in front nestling close to the Indus and watered by a large side stream which comes down in a succession of charming little cascades through a beautiful and verdant gorge—but unfortunately it is not the stage! Just as one is certain that the weary march is over one finds that nothing is further from the truth. One has to ride up again more than a thousand feet from the valley before one reaches Olthingthang.

On the 9th we went on to Tarkutta. The "local irregularities" were again very severe. About half an hour

from the start one joined the Indus Valley proper, though the river which we had been so long following was little less large than the main stream. The valley was also much grander though still very desolate. On the 10th we went on to Khurmang, another long march. I was again very ill, and found the air of the valley very filthy and stifling. The road was, however, a little more amenable to reason. At Khurmang is a wood fort very picturesquely perched on a steep rock. We were entertained on arrival by another beastly king. It was rather an amusing fact, though, that this king's complexion was a good deal lighter than any of us could boast of.

Ever since leaving Srinagar I had worn a pagri, which is perhaps the most comfortable form of headgear in existence, as it is good both against heat and cold. It is, of course, no good for rain, which it absorbs rapidly, becoming very heavy and clumsy; but in these rainless countries it is by far the best headgear that one could wear. For the first day or two it seems to afford little protection to the eyes, but one soon gets used to it.

The next day we went on to Tolti after defeating the plots of the Rajah's munshi. This ingenious person told us that it would be a very difficult matter to procure 150 coolies; but that if we advanced him five rupees he would send out messages to the outlying villages. Eckenstein, however, instead of doing this, asked the coolies who had come with us if they would go on another stage. They jumped at the chance, and made a regular stampede for the loads, going off that afternoon so as to avoid the heat of the following mid-day; but as soon as the munshi saw that they were well off he produced his 150 men (whom he had had in waiting all the time) and demanded to be paid on account of them. I cannot be sure whether Eckenstein did or did not give him a small installment of the kicking he deserved, as I was asleep in my tent during the whole of this commotion; but of course we reported his conduct to the authorities.

The road to Tolti was less mad and bad than before, but still very bad and sad. We were met by yet another king, and the usual durbar took place. We went on to Parkuta. The road was now pretty good, and there was quite a length of the valley opening out. On the 13th we went on to Gol. The road was not capital for horses, except in the villages and over one or two pari. At Parkuta there must be five or six lineal miles of cultivated land, and we passed through many avenues of trees which afforded very welcome shade. On the 14th we finished the first stage of our journey, riding twenty-one miles into Skardu. There was a pretty good road nearly all the way and only two pari of any size to cross. I got in about noon, and we all settled down in a dak-bangla as we intended to rest at Skardu three or four days to get information about the possibility of crossing the Skoro La. About half an hour before nightfall a man was brought in who had had his leg cut open by a falling stone. The doctor immediately attended to it, but the darkness came on and the bulk of the operation was done by candle light. The doctor would not give an anaesthetic, and expected the boy to faint under the pain; but this did not by any means happen, though he was suffering as anyone must suffer under the circumstances. The leg was cut down to the bone from the knee to the ankle. He did not evince any signs of great pain, and only at one point did he open his lips and ask in the most casual way for some water.

The next morning we received a visit from the Rajah. This ruffian had been stripped of his power for his conspiracies, but he still enjoyed the title and a certain income. We got rid of him as soon as possible with one or two presents. Eckenstein and I then interviewed the Tehsildar who came to pay his respects, and to make arrangements for our further journey. Later a great wind sprang up and great storms of sand were to be seen in every part of the valley, some of them 3,000 feet in height. The valley was here very wide, it was

rather like a great circular opening in the mountains than a valley, for the widening was not gradual but sudden, and soon closed in again.

The next day two or three of us went off to fish, but caught nothing of any size. All the time, of course, we were overwhelmed with presents of one sort or another in the eatable line; while big pots of tea prepared in two different fashions were brought to us at nearly every stage. The first kind was made of Yarkand tea, sweetened and highly spiced; it was drinkable and even pleasant. The other was a mixture of tea, salt, and butter; and was an unspeakable abomination, though Eckenstein and Knowles pretended to like it. In the afternoon three brothers of the Rajah came and worried us. The next day nothing happened at all, and was consequently pleasant. On the 18th I went off with the Austrians to climb the fortress rock, which we ascended by the east ridge. It gave interesting and varied climbing; in the afternoon Eckenstein and I visited the Tehsildar and made the final arrangements. On the 19th we resumed our journey. About noon we reached Shigar, and made a delightful bivouac under a big tree. We were received by yet another Rajah! I had the bad luck to come in first; and was talking to him and the various lambadars for some time before the relief party turned up. In the Shigar Valley, not far from the village, are three fine carved Buddha-rupas in bas-relief on a big rock. After lunch I went off and shot some pigeons, and when I returned found that a guest was coming to dinner in the shape of the local missionary. We had a very pleasant dinner-party, and I entertained my companions by appearing first in the character of an earnest well-wisher to missionary work, with a gentle undercurrent which was quite beyond the comprehension of our friend; and subsequently in assuming the character of a prophet, demanding his allegiance. I proved to him my authenticity from the Scriptures, which, as it happened, I knew pretty well by heart; and put him down as one of

those Scribes and Pharisees whose stiff-neckedness and generally viperine character prevented them from knowing a really good thing when they saw it! This man had been living in Shigar for seven years, and had not yet got a convert. Of course the Mohammedan regarded him as a very low type of idolater, and said so. He complained a good deal of his hard life; but as he was living in a most charming valley with a wife and all complete on a salary of which he could not have earned the fourth part in any honest employment, I do not quite see what he had got to complain of. Of course he laid stress on the absence of white men, but this was worse than no argument, as the possessor of such mediocre attainments, spiritual and intellectual, was not likely to receive anything but contempt in an educated community.

On the 20th we went on to Alchori, a short and pleasant march; I did a little pigeon shooting on the way. The Shigar Valley is broad and open, and the mountains on either side are delightful, though the bases are mostly uninteresting. The peaks in many cases have a fine pyramidal formation. The whole structure is thus rather of the type of the Wetterhorn seen from Grindelwald. One mountain, at the head of the valley, bears a striking resemblance to Mont Blanc, from Courmayeur.

#### **Part Four**

On the 21st we went on to Yuno, another short and agreeable march, but on the 22nd we had a most unpleasant day; miles of river bed full of rounded stones had to be crossed, and we forded altogether six rivers. This brought us to the place where the valley divided, and we followed the true left hand branch, which was called the Braiduh Valley. The dividing mountain was buttressed by a great cliff, under which the river ran deeply and swiftly, so that we were compelled to climb a

pari about 1,200 feet high. The horses had gone back from some little distance below, the fact was they could not go any farther. I was by this time in fairly decent condition; but it was a long march in the blazing sun over the waterless and interminable slopes. We reached Dasso at about half-past one.

On the 23rd we went on to Ghomboro. I had been getting a little tired of the fact that Pfannl was always ready to greet me on my arrival and to inform me with a superior smile how many hours he had been at the stage, so this morning I stuck to his heels, and found that he made his records by going top speed all the way. This was a pretty long march, and there was a long pari about 1,500 feet high cutting off the corner which overhangs the Bralduh. This village is on the Hoh Lumba, and not as marked on the map. Eckenstein turned up rather late with a strained knee, which made him somewhat doubtful about being able to march on the next day. However, he was all right the next morning, the 24th, at least so far recovered that the Doctor gave him permission to march, provided he went slowly and took care of himself. I will here re-copy the account of the day's events as I wrote it at the time:

Saturday May 24th. Left Ghomoboro at 4.40 a.m. with Pfannl and Wesseley. Reached first mud nala at 6.0. Near wall fifty feet high or more and very steep, but dry. Far wall fifteen feet high and nearly vertical, consisting of black mud in which stones (some fairly big) were lodged. I detached Pfannl and Wesseley to let the coolies down the steepest part by a rope. I myself cut a path with a big axe. 300 to 400 cubic feet of mud and stones were dislodged in this process. The coolies could have passed by going fifty yards down the nala, but would certainly have been killed had an avalanche fallen. As it was there were three or four yards in the bed of the nala which were unavoidable; but a coolie would have had plenty of time to escape, as Pfannl could see from above if any was imminent. As it happened none

did fall. The mud-line was fifteen feet high. Bulk of coolies safely over at 6.40. I then heard there was another bad place, and started rapidly with Dr Jacot-Guillarmod to help if necessary. We took, perhaps, half an hour to reach this. It was a wide, soft, deep bed of mud, stationary or nearly so. Men were hard at work throwing in stones for a causeway. This I heard later they had been doing for ten days. A way of just sufficient stability was thus made, and all was easy. From here we reached Pakora in an hour or less.

On the 25th we went on to Askoli. Rather less than an hour beyond Pakora are the hot springs of sulphur. There are several basins and pools, but only one of any importance or beauty. This is a circular pool of about forty feet diameter and just deep enough in the middle to swim. The water is exquisitely clear, and a light steam rises from it. The temperature of the spring is about 35 degs. Centigrade. The basin is formed by very beautiful coralline deposits of calcium carbonate, branching or flowerlike with, perhaps, some sulphide, as the water gives off sulphuretted hydrogen in abundance, and in so pure a state that the unpleasant smell which one associates with the carelessly prepared laboratory gas is not present. Knowles, the doctor, and myself spent about two hours bathing. It was the first decent bath we had had for over four weeks. We reached Askoli a little before noon. By the doctor's orders the party was now to wait for ten days to rest; also there was a great deal of bandobast to make. The Austrians entirely disregarded the doctor's orders and went out every day for long walks during the ten days at Askoli. There was a good deal of illness, which the doctor called influenza, among the servants. I was also not very well; but my time was entirely occupied in constant consultations with Eckenstein. This was the last village. We did not know how many marches there were to our final camp; and we had to make food provisions for all the coolies.

On the 29th we sent off the first shift of about fifty coolies to Bardonal, a three-days' march, at which place the natives told us was the last "maidan" and firewood. On the 31st Abdulla Khan came to us and said there was about ten pounds of sugar left. We had managed to eat ten pounds a day since leaving Skardu! This was a little too thick. We had up the three men who were in charge of the cooking department, and tried to frighten them; as it proved, in vain.

On June 2nd we reached the kiltas. leaving everything we could possibly do without in charge of the Lambadar at Askoli. On the 3rd I spent most of the evening with Eckenstein weighing out the flour supply and painting the sacks.

The great difficulty in undertaking a journey through uninhabited country is that a coolie, though carrying flour only, will eat his own load in about twenty days, consequently the limit to which you can take the men is only ten days out and back. Our Baltis, luckily, could do a great deal more than this. As it turned out, our final camp was fourteen marches from Askoli, and of course this left a very small margin for carrying our own baggage. We had about one hundred loads in all; but this required the constant employment of nearly 300 coolies. Practically every man in the village (and, indeed, in the valley) able to carry a load was in our service. During our absence from Askoli we consumed more than five tons of flour.

By the 4th everything was finished, and we were lucky enough to spot a row between our three heroes of the sugar supply and the natives. They had been cheating the unfortunate inhabitants in the way that Eastern servants always do unless most carefully looked after, and with an enormous bandobast like ours it is almost impossible to keep constantly on the watch.

On the 5th we marched. I was foolish enough to follow the coolies instead of looking out my own way for myself. The result was I wasted several hours wander-

ing over the top of Biafo glacier, whereas the bulk of the party only crossed it twice, there being a way below. Just as I got over the glacier, with five coolies, two enormous stones came down from above about twenty yards in front of us. It was now after mid-day, and stones were falling everywhere from the nose of the glacier, and some care had to be exercised, but these two were absolutely gigantic. I went to the larger of the two on reaching the bottom; I found it higher than my own reach, though it had made a pretty big hole in the sand. I reached Korophon a little after four. Korophon consists of a little stunted grass grouped around a vast boulder. Its position is incorrectly marked on Conway's map. I might just as well state here that this map is so inaccurate as to be almost worthless. In some places it is very well done indeed, but that is of no great advantage, as once a map shows any gross inaccuracy one cannot tell till afterwards where it is right and where wrong; and, of course, the great use of a map is its function of prophecy.

We were very anxious to persuade our men to ford the stream of the Punma and its junction with the main stream of the Baltoro. We promised them if they reached Bardomal the next day they should be paid as if they had taken two days, as on the ordinary marches, but this was a delusion on our part, due again to Conway's map. The rope bridge which he marks is not nearly so far, and on the return journey we made the march by his route quite easily in a day. However, we sent off a committee of natives to investigate the ford and report. They returned and agreed to try. As it turned out we crossed without any difficulty whatever. The distance from the river to Bardomal is a great deal farther than from Korophon to the river; though Bardomal is correctly placed, as far as it is opposite the junction of the two streams. On the 7th we went on to Paiyu, the scenery steadily increasing in grandeur, some of the mountains being magnificent beyond description.

At one point we crossed an enormous fan of debris, and on reaching the highest point the Baltoro suddenly thrust itself before our eyes with its towering guard of sentinel peaks. One of great height we took to be the Mustagh Tower of "K2," which latter mountain I shall in future refer to by its proper native name, Chogo Ri, merely passing over with a single word of contempt the ridiculous pretensions of Godwin-Austin to call the second highest mountain in the world by his own cacophonous name. We reached Paiyu before noon. Abdulla Khan, on our counting the fowls, told us that two had died. I am afraid they had, but if they had died in any legitimate way he would, of course, have shown us the bodies. It was quite out of the question, therefore, that we should allow these servants to remain in charge of our base camp as we had intended. We held a summary court martial in the presence of the Chaprasi of the Tehsildar of Skardu, who had come with us, and of the Wazir of Alchori, who had also attached himself to so renowned a convoy as we of course appeared to native eyes; it being the first time in history that six white men had been at one time at Skardu; so Abdulla and his two partners in crime were packed off and sent back. By the coolies who accompanied them we sent warning to all whom it might concern that these men were scoundrels, and that they were to be on their guard against them. As they were packing up for their departure Abdulla Baig, the second of the ruffians, complained that Hassan, a clever and useful little Balti boy whom we had picked up in the Leh Road, and attached to our corps of Naukars, owed him a rupee for a coat. This was Abdulla Baig's old coat, green with brass buttons, and very much worn; which he had discarded when we had provided him with a fine new coat against the cold. The Balti boy said he had paid the rupee; which I have no doubt was true, though probably not by his own will, as the coat was barely worth an anna. Abdulla Khan would, of course, have deducted the cash from his "talab." The

whole of the "Arabian Nights" flashed through my mind in a single second, and I saw my way to an act of poetic and Oriental justice. I simply made the two change coats; the old coat was Abdulla Baig's, as Hassan had not paid for it; but the new coat was mine, and I had a perfect right to give it to Hassan. This arrangement greatly pleased the multitude.

### **Part Five**

It had been decided (very reluctantly on my part) that Eckenstein should stay behind at Paiyu to arrange a flour-dak. Special men were selected for this job who would be willing to go two marches a day and thus effect a saving of time in both senses. Eckenstein and I agreed that the advance party—we had arranged to march in three shifts—must be led either by him or by me, as we could trust no one else in the matter of mountain work; we had already seen too much. Another year's work would perhaps have fitted Knowles to undertake the difficult task of leading; but as it was he had never been on big mountains before, or even the Alps on anything but minor expeditions, and it was out of the question. Also we thought he did not speak Hindustani sufficiently well to remain in charge of the dak at Paiyu. Now though Eckenstein and I were both confident enough to lead an advance party, I cannot pretend to rival his magnificent talent of organization; and though I was going on this journey more for his sake than my own I felt compelled to assent to his self-sacrificing proposal to remain himself in the anxious and tedious work of supplying the expedition with food until we reached our main camp. The other puzzle was what to do with Wesseley; but we put him with Pfannl and trusted to luck. We had had several times to complain of his striking natives merely because they did not understand his broken English; further, they did not accord him the respect which the rest of us had won; and we

were seriously afraid that very little trouble of this sort on the glacier might lead to a general revolt of the coolies in the party with which he travelled.

It would have been better to have put him with Knowles; but the latter absolutely refused to go under these conditions, for which I do not feel myself able to blame him. On the 8th, after finishing with Abdulla Khan, the final preparations were made for my advance party. I was to take about twenty coolies and on the 9th of June I bade *au revoir* to the others and started on my solitary journey. The course of my advance to Camp 10 (which I propose to call Camp Misery) is given in the diary which I wrote at the time and sent off to our correspondents at home; which I shall consequently reproduce as it stands. I wrote in a very frivolous manner chiefly to show our friends how very absurd it would be to entertain any anxiety on our account. The studied cheerfulness of Knowles was all very well; but if a man can deliberately sit down and write nonsense as I did, it is clear that he is not in any discomfort or danger.

June 20th—Knowles arrived with the Doctor. It was snowing hard all day and Knowles and I crouched together in my tent and discussed the events of the last ten days.

June 21st—Knowles, the Doctor and myself were all ill and the weather was snowy.

June 22nd—Doctor and I better. Knowles worse. Weather slightly improving.

June 23rd—Knowles better: weather fine.

June 24th—One corner of my tent was loose; all the morning it blew like hell! and I sat on the loose corner for five hours to prevent the whole affair from being blown into the neighbouring crevasse.

June 25th—More dull doubtful weather; Pfannl ill.

June 26th—Bad weather.

June 27th—Eckenstein arrived and almost immediately after he came into camp the weather cleared. He was rather ill.

June 28th—He was still ill. The weather was fine and we held a durbar. It was arranged that Pfannl, the Doctor, and I were to go up to the shoulder of Chogo Ri with one sleighload to establish a light camp, making an attempt on the mountain the day after. Wesseley was very indignant at not being included in the party, and used expressions which ought never to have been tolerated. I did not hear him myself, as I had hurried off to fix up the sleigh, but Eckenstein's illness alone saved the offender from a well-merited thrashing.

June 29th—In the early morning the wind was so high that we could not start. Knowles was ill as well as Eckenstein. The rest of us took advantage of the lull to go up on ski in direction of the Pass. I had only expected to be out for ten minutes, and had not taken my snow goggles; but the weather got finer and finer and I was tempted to go on—like a fool.

About 4 o'clock a furious wind sprang up. My tent was loose; a violent snowstorm began to rage about half-past six: I rushed across to the cooking tent to prepare some food and found a Balti (of whom we had retained five) out in the snowstorm saying his prayers!

June 30th—I had a bad attack of snow blindness: the three foreigners went out to reconnoitre.

July 1st—We sent Pfannl and Wesseley up to the corner of the north-east ridge of Chogo Ri with half a dozen coolies: the rest of us celebrated Knowles' birthday and we had a really good time. The weather was reasonably fine though in the afternoon it began to threaten and to blow.

July 2nd—Another furious snowstorm.

July 3rd—Ditto.

July 4th—Ditto.

July 5th—Ditto. Two men, however, came up from below bringing our dak including two copies of Tannhä user from my publishers. We all wished they had been 2,000 as then we should have had something dry to put tents on.

July 6th—Snowstorm continues. We were now reduced to a condition of considerable discomfort as the heat of the body, what there is of it, and its pressure, gradually melt a deep hole in the ice, which collects all the water in the neighbourhood, and this gradually soaks through tent, valise, mattress, and sleeping bed, so that one becomes wet. It is not nice to be wet when there is no possibility of getting dry till the next fine day. The pool of water in my tent was very large, and I passed a good deal of time very pleasantly in sailing paper boats. It (the pool) only froze at night.

July 7th—A fine day which we occupied in cleaning tents and kiltas of snow, and in drying our various things.

July 8th—A fine morning. The Doctor and I went off to Camp 11, which I propose to call Camp Despair. I was not very well, and the march was exceedingly tedious over interminable snowfields. We had packed our loads on a sleigh; but the men could not draw it, and it soon tumbled into a crevasse; we pulled it out and took off four of the seven loads, which were given to the men to carry, but the sleigh was still impossible; and the men of their own accord untied it so that everything arrived at Camp 11 on the backs of the men. In the afternoon the weather became bad.

July 9th—Fire insurance expired, as my diary humourously informed me. I was feeling much better. The weather was slightly improved, but the valley wind still very violent. Pfannl ill. In the afternoon I went up the snow slopes and found myself able to go at an excellent pace. The height, 2,000 feet and more, did not seem to affect my breathing. In the evening, however, I was very ill indeed with abdominal pains. My temperature went up to 100 degs., and I got an attack of shivering. As I had not had malarial fever since leaving Srinagar, neither the Doctor nor I suspected that this was the cause though we now think it must have been. Cold, exposure, enforced idleness, and bad feeding had

doubtless reduced my strength so much as to make the conditions favourable for a relapse, and doubtless my energy of the afternoon drove the final nail. I was in my bag when all of a sudden my breathing arrangements seemed suddenly to go to pieces, and I had to employ my whole muscular strength to get a supply of breath; rather like the methods for resuscitating the apparently drowned. I was nearly sick in addition. This state of things lasted nearly all night. I had strength enough, however, to send the Doctor and Wesseley out scouting.

July 10th—Fine weather. I was a little better, but the abdominal pains continued, and I felt very weak and ill. I was able to get out of my tent and lie in the sun. I saw a fly, a butterfly, some crows, and a thing which appeared to be a kind of bee; all these animals had, of course, followed us from below. In the afternoon there was a very fine avalanche from Chogo Ri, the snow from which was blown over both Camp Misery and Camp Despair. My scouts returned in the afternoon with a report neither very satisfactory nor very intelligible.

July 11th—Very ill, my temperature having gone to 39.4 Cent. We were joined by Eckenstein and Knowles; weather fine.

July 12th—We sent off the Austrians to scout: I felt a little better. Most of the day was fine. At night Eckenstein was ill.

July 13th—Eckenstein and I still ill. Weather going bad.

July 14th—Weather hopelessly, infamously bad! We got a chit from Wesseley saying Pfannl was ill and asking us to send him twenty-three different things, most of which were at Camp Misery, and the rest we had not got at all; he also apparently wanted us to break into our system of provision units and send up only the particular things for which he had a fancy! The answer he got was such as to make him give us up as hopeless, and on the next occasion he broke open the kiltas himself.

July 15th—Eckenstein and I better. In the afternoon the weather cleared, but new snow had fallen to a great depth. A chit arrived that Pfannl was worse.

July 16th—The Doctor brought down Pfannl and Wesseley. Another fine morning but bad afternoon.

July 17th—Snowstorm all the morning, slightly cleared later.

July 18th—Snowing hard all day. Momentary clearance at nightfall showed us a changed landscape. There was hardly a rock visible. Eckenstein very ill with bronchial asthma.

July 19th—Eckenstein better. Wesseley went to Camp Misery and back to bring up some food and certain invalid requirements for Pfannl. Letters and flour arrived. Pfannl delirious: a little sunshine during the day.

July 20th—Weather fine. Pfannl still under morphia.

July 21st—Pfannl and Wesseley descended in charge of the Doctor. We had insisted on Wesseley going down, as some compassion was necessary to guard against any repetition of suicidal ideas on the part of Pfannl, and we did not want to deprive the Doctor of his chance of climbing the mountain.

## Part Six

On August 1st the storm was more violent than ever. We heard from the Austrians, who were now at Bdokass, that cholera had broken out in the Bralduh Valley, and that it had consequently been closed by order of the Government. This was a very serious piece of news, as for all we knew it might imply difficulty (if not with regard to ourselves with regard to our baggage) in getting back to the Indus Valley.

After a long council on the subject it was unanimously decided that we had no option but to go down. Even had the weather cleared up at once the vast snow plateaux of Chogo Ri would have been impossible to

traverse for at least a week. We had only a bare fortnight's provision remaining, and some of that was necessary for the return journey.

So the next fairly decent morning we finished the packing and struck camp. As, however, there were a good many more loads than we had coolies, we were obliged to resort to the sleigh, which was all right for a down-hill journey. We got off in the course of the morning and went down to Camp 9, stopping for halt an hour or so at Camp Misery to extract sugar, milk and chocolate, together with a few of our permanent goods from the kiltas there. At Camp 9 we found our dakwale and got a very welcome mail.

The sleigh had broken down shortly below Camp Misery, as there was little or no snow on the ice here. The slope was much steeper than above, and the constant furious valley winds had blown all the new snow up to the big plateau outside Camp Despair. The sleigh had consequently gone to pieces, and the extra loads had been dumped. We sent men up to fetch them, and spent the day in idleness.

The following day we marched to Camp 7, Doksum: a very long march and much more tedious than the ascent had been, as there was now no snow whatever on the ice. The crevasses were large, and had occasionally to be circumvented; while the surface of the ice itself was honeycombed and consequently rather bad going. We had not expected this state of affairs, and got pretty hungry before we arrived.

We then sent men back for the extra loads, while two men went down to Bdokass for more coolies and flour. The last two days had been fine as far as we were concerned, but we could see the eternal storm still raging on the high peaks. This 7th of August was a very red-letter day. I *washed*, a thing I had not done for exactly nine weeks.

The following day I found myself very ill with a cold in my head from my imprudent conduct, and my diges-

tive organs had again gone out of order. The Doctor was better. I forgot to mention that he had been suffering severely from influenza for a week.

On August 10th we arrived at Camp 5. It was a long march, and I barely managed to arrive. We found the sandy glacier bed on which this camp is situated almost entirely covered with water. In the afternoon a violent rain storm arose.

I had another very bad attack of sickness; but managed to start, the Doctor keeping with me till after mid-day, when I got a good deal better and was able to go down to Bdokass in comparative comfort. The route was entirely different to that I had taken in the ascent, as the old road from Camp 3 to Camp 4 was now a roaring torrent. In any case I should recommend this march, though a double one, to a future party. For quite a long way the glacier was reasonable level, and made walking quite a pleasure. This level part was almost bare ice, covered only with a thin layer of soree, which is of lovely rainbow hues. At Bdokass we found the Austrians waiting, and another mail; but there were no sheep, the Austrians having managed to eat eight in sixteen days, in addition to fowls, etc.! This is the more remarkable, as Pfannl had eaten but little owing to his illness.

We held a durbar in the rain to investigate the cause of the disappearance of our emergency rations; a large number of our self-cooking tins having disappeared from Camp Despair at a time when that camp was already short of food. A more mean and contemptible theft it was difficult to imagine. At night I had another bad attack of sickness. I am ashamed to say that it was largely my own fault. The taste of bread and fresh meat, was so delicious after two months or more on tins that I over-ate myself. I had been very foolish staying out in the wet to attend the durbar, but the occasion was so serious that there was no alternative.

The Austrians left for good. They had some wild idea of going off to Darjeeling at that late date, and climbing Kinchinjanga; for which purpose they bought from the expedition a Munnery tent, their sleeping bags, valises, and other necessities. Of course such a scheme was totally absurd. The weather was still very wet, and the Doctor kept me in bed all day.

On August 14th marched to Liligo, which took us ten hours. Below Chorbutsé the marching was terribly bad. In coming up I had kept nearly all the way between the glacier and the hillside, which was good walking; but the stream had much increased, and quite half of the march lay over the glacier. For me indeed all of it did, as I left Chorbutsé later than the others, and a somewhat curious incident prevented me following the best route. The fording of the stream was only practicable in one place. As Eckenstein was crossing this a great deal of stuff broke away with him, and though Knowles managed to get over immediately afterwards by Eckenstein's help, the way was subsequently impossible: so I had to wander along over the glacier itself for nearly two hours, cutting steps in a good many places for those of the coolies who like myself had been cut off. It snowed all the following night, but in the morning we were able to march to Paiyu. On the glacier I was prostrated with a sudden attack of fever, which kept me on my back for about three hours. I managed to crawl into camp in the afternoon. I had been altogether sixty-eight days on the glacier.

When we reached Bardomal I was obliged to stop there with the Doctor, while the others went on. Eckenstein, through some misunderstanding, left no food with us, and we had to dispatch a messenger. On this day the remainder of the party tried to cross the Puma Nala as we had done on the ascent. Eckenstein and four coolies got across roped with some difficulty; Knowles attempted to follow, but the people who were managing his rope let it trail in the water, with the result that he

was swept away. Luckily he escaped with a couple of rather sharp knocks from stones, one on the thigh and the other on the neck, which latter very nearly rendered him unconscious. He very pluckily wished to try again; but the nerve of the others had been shaken by his misadventure, and they would not go; so he went round to the rope bridge, which, after all, was only a couple hours' détour, Conway's map being quite untrustworthy, and they reached Korophon that day.

I felt a bit better and marched with my coolies to the hot spring, avoiding Askoli on account of the cholera. I may as well say here that this cholera business was a most mysterious affair. The officials at Skardu denied absolutely that there had been any epidemic at all or even any single case of cholera in the Valley during the whole summer, but the natives were unanimous that some sixty men had died in Askoli; and it is certainly unlikely that the lambadar to whom we owed money should not have turned up for payment if we was alive! A still more striking incident is that of the Chaprasi at Paiyu. This man was interviewed separately by Eckenstein and myself. To Eckenstein he told a long yarn about the cutting off of the Valley and the difficulty we might find in removing the property we had left at Askoli, while to me he said there was no difficulty. Further Eckenstein succeeded in bringing his Askoli coolies to Shigar, and was informed that the order permitting this had only just been issued. I, however, descended by the Valley route; and not only had no trouble whatever, but heard that a few days before a British officer who had been shikaring in one of the nulas had descended in front of me also without trouble. Knowles and Eckenstein in presence of the reputed epidemic completely lost their heads. Instead of taking the Doctor's advice to go and have a general clean up at the hot spring, they declined with horror "to remain in the affected district an hour longer than was necessary," but all the Askoli men were allowed by them to mix with our own coolies and

the men of Sté Sté, the village opposite Askoli on the other bank of the Bralduh. The doctor believed in cholera as much, or as little, as I did, but, as a matter of form, he disinfected all the luggage we had left behind. Even this did not satisfy Eckenstein. He threw all our tea into the river, as well as a good many other things which we needed seriously afterwards. As soon as I arrived at the camp, which we pitched actually on the borders of the lake, I made a regular rush for the water, and had my first bath for eighty-five days!

### **Part Seven**

Unfortunately, part seven is missing from our copy. We are presently working on obtaining part seven and will add it to this document when available.

### **Part Eight**

On August 20th we decided to descend through the valley by the way we had come instead of crossing the Skara La. The baths did me a great deal of good. My constant sorrow at having ever been born was interrupted by moments of something very like indifference as to whether I was alive or not. It needed, in fact, a very few days to plunge me into the moral abyss of actually liking life.

On August 21st we marched to Ghombora, a very hot march after midday. At the big mud-nala we found a curious change. The mud had caked dry; but at some previous time it had overflowed its right bank after issuing from between the rocky walls which bounded it higher up, so that the long stony beach or valley parallel to the Bralduh by which we had ascended was now a solid mass of hard mud. The smaller nala was in much the same condition as we had previously found it, but not so deep in mud. At Ghombora we found fresh apricots, and had a perfectly splendid feast. As also at

Dasso, where we found apples. On the march we found fresh peaches. The intelligent reader will, no doubt, be able to anticipate the sequel.

The march to the camping ground, which was just beyond Yuno, was terrible. We had sent down orders for a raft, and expected it to meet us at the foot of the great Pari, where the valley divides. Alas! the river was not navigable so high up, and we had to tramp over the burning sands hour after hour. The junction of the rivers was in an entirely different place to that marked on the map, and we toiled down the peninsula under the broiling sun till we got below Yuno, where I sat down on the river bank and sent men off in all directions to find the raft which I had sent for the night before. About 4 o'clock it arrived, and we were whirled across stream to the place where we finally camped. These rafts are called "Zak," and are composed of not very thick sticks laid together with two or three crossbars to give stability. and otherwise bound with cord. On this structure are tied goat skins which are periodically inflated. On this raft, which was a bad one, the goat skins deflated so frequently that, in spite of having a man constantly at work to blow them out, we were compelled to land at intervals of about half an hour for a general overhauling.

Went down to Shigar by raft. The zak-wale behaved disgracefully, and the night before it was only by the aid of the belt that they had been made to understand that the Doctor and I meant to go down that river at any price. At Shigar we rejoined the party who had arrived the previous evening. We were now without sufficient money to pay off our men; and Salama, who had been sent to Skardu to try and get assistance from the Tehsildar, had been unsuccessful. At Shigar we found fresh mulberries and melons, also some rather unripe grapes. In the evening a storm began. The amount of fresh fruit I had eaten was beginning to tell, and I had a pretty bad attack of biliousness; not that I had really eaten an extravagant amount, but my digestive organs were in a

very bad way after the rough treatment they had had on the glacier. We went on to Skardu by raft, though we had to walk from the junction of the Shigar river and the Indus, which is unfortunately below Skardu. Skardu was the height of luxury, and we found fresh ripe grapes, green corn, and potatoes. This rejoiced us exceedingly, it being a long time since we had tasted even the latter.

On August 26th I had another go of fever, and laid in bed till the afternoon; but then felt well enough to make a bandobast for myself and the Doctor to go down to Srinagar across the Deosai plains. Two days afterwards I started at 6 o'clock in the morning and distinguished myself by repeating Absalom's experience with the tree; the horse bolting and taking me under a very low bough; all my Mexican-learnt tricks did not save me from being ignominiously pulled off. We crossed the plain in about an hour enlivened by a sunset shower of rain and hail. The track having entered a steep nala up which we went stopping rather earlier than we should have done at the maidan which our natives called Pindarbal; but for which different natives had different names. The same remark applies to all stages of the Deosai; so that travellers need not expect to find even the most reliable information from a most intelligent source of much use.

The march to Karpal was a long but pleasant one. We crossed the Burgjila about four hours from the stage. There was a short patch of snow to cross. The weather was fine, and we got a splendid view of the mountains from the top. Descending a few hundred feet on the other side we were on the great plains of the Deosai. The track most of the way followed the course of the river downwards. This stream was of wonderful beauty, limpid and clear, so that the many-coloured bed showed exquisitely through. Delightful flowers grew everywhere. No contrast could have been greater from the expectations which the report of travellers had led us to form.

Then on to Karlapani, or as some call it, Krunab. The weather was somewhat threatening, and the wind cold; but, on the whole, it was very decent. After we came in the rain came down in torrents. The Doctor was now suffering from some mysterious complaint,\* and his illness kept him going almost into Srinagar, but it was not a very bad attack.

We went on to Burzil, in wet and cold weather, and a good deal of wind. I plunged steadily along (though very saddle sore) with only one stop of five minutes in the eight hours' march. At and beyond the Pass which led down to Burzil one could do no riding. It was an immense pleasure when at last the nala opened out the same moment as the clouds cleared away, and we saw a sturdy little Rest House standing at the foot of this Pass, and the clean, well ordered Gilgit road winding away on either side. That evening we again joined Lieut. Carlyon, who had started on the same day from Skardu, though by the perversity of our respective shikari we had always camped at different stages, passing and re-passing constantly. We sacrificed the last of our champagne, and had a great dinner; feeling that at last we were getting back to something like comfort. And no wonder; there were chairs and tables in the bungalow, and fireplaces which we kept roaring merrily all the evening!

The form and colouring of the valley was wonderful, the greens and violets in particular, harmonising with the crimson of the sunset, made the sight not easy to forget.

On August 31st we went on to Pashwari. The valley was charming, and the glorious colouring continued to delight.

Gurais was our next stopping place. On the road I was passed by an Englishman, who indignantly brushed me out of the way, under the impression that I was a native of some sort. Six months of beard and hair, and constant exposure to weather, together with my pagri,

\* He says in his book that I also suffered on this part of the journey; but I did not.—AC

had indeed made an object of me which deceived the Kashmiri themselves. In the whole ride to Bandipur the natives never saluted me till the khabar reached them and told them what to expect. The surprise of the Englishman a few hours later, when he was introduced to me, I will leave to the imagination of my readers. At Gurais I found the Forest Officer of the District, Radcliffe, by name, whom we had known at Srinagar. He himself hardly recognised me at first; but my shikari, Abdulla Bat, told him that I had arrived. He had come up in great style; for, living constantly in the jungle, he had learnt to take care of himself; with fine hospitality he placed all the resources of his establishment at our disposal, so that I enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath and decently-cooked food. Since the dismissal of Abdullah Khan our only cooks had been Kashmiri, two of our naukar having volunteered for this job; but in the division of our party I had got the worse of the two. The Doctor did his best by showing him various methods of cooking potatoes; but the native is so constituted that if you order, for example, fried potatoes one night, he never dares to cook them in any other way until the order is definitely reversed. So the Doctor was pretty constantly in our kitchen, and made our cuisine fairly tolerable; but as the materials at the cook's disposal consisted only of mutton, chicken, eggs, salt, and flour, with very occasional butter, apart from the drinkables (which were confined to tea) the menu was not varied; and we were heartily glad to eat the excellent lunch and dinner which Radcliffe so hospitably provided. The memory of it is still with me.

September 3rd, Gurai reached, we went on to Tragabal over the Pass. The last hour of the journey I began to feel ill. It was another attack of malaria, though not a very bad one. A few hours after we had got in Knowles and Eckenstein, who had by this time received the money and paid the men, had caught us up.

On September 4th we proceeded on our way to Baramulla. In the morning three of us walked down to Bandipur. Radcliffe had also arrived the previous evening with the postmaster in charge of the Gilgit mail, and I. The Doctor had gone on, as he wanted to jodel; while Knowles and Eckenstein were in a state of great alarm as to mosquitoes, which they could hardly avoid if they went off to Srinagar that day, so they camped at a little village on the Tragobal. My donga was waiting for me at Bandipur. I had ordered it from Srinagar by telegraph, and I lent this to Carlyon, who was pressed for time, while Ratcliffe brought the Doctor and myself in his own donga to Baramulla, as there was no better way of avoiding the mosquitoes.

On September 5th, had a very bad go of malaria, my temperature going up to 40 deg. Cent.; but I was well again the next day.

On September 6th the Doctor and I drove off to Srinagar by special donga. After 132 days I again slept in a bed, and the expedition was over.