

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 rearguard, 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 descent 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 let 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 through 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 the morrow.

On the 5th we moved on to Dras, a very pleasant march,

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



APPROACH TO ZOJ-LA.

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.

(To be continued.)

We suppose many of the readers of *Vanity Fair* are Freemasons; but, outside the circle of the Quatuor Coronati, there would seem to be few—too few—who make a serious study of the origin, principles, and history of the Order. Our attention has been drawn to this subject by reading a mild but deserved reproof of lethargy in this respect in the columns of the current issue of the *Freemason*, and we recommend the brethren to peruse the article with attention, and to become regular subscribers of an organ which endeavours to do so much for the craft.

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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