

Photocopy of Sir William Leishman's diary of leave trip to Kashmir, 1896

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625

Three months in Kashmir.

W. B. Leishman.

RAMC 625

1.

Diary of a trip to Caribou

1896

April 19th Sunday. Left Nain Nain by the 3:30 pm train for Rawul Pindi, having sent on my bears, Rahim Bux, five days before with tents & heavy baggage. I was worried absolutely to the last minute being dragged by the Station Master into his office to prescribe for his eyes just before the train came up. Jackson of the 19th B.L. bound for Nurser, in favour of fairer game than we were, found me & we found Slessor's lead sticking out of the window of the Calcutta Mail when it came in, 20 minutes late. After about an hour in the train I began to breathe a little freer & to realize that my long sojourn for game had at last begun. Dined at Kala Nasa & turned in at 9:30.

April 20th Monday. Turned out at Rawul Pindi at 2:15 a.m. & found our 'special' tonga waiting (I wanted for it to meet us the night before). After some tea & eggs in the waiting room we drove off into the dark, about 3:15 saying farewell to Jackson who went on in the mail tonga & giving him much good advice, which rather lost its point as we met him again at every change of the ponies. We got to the foot of the hills about dawn & commenced the climb up to the Hill Station of Nurser. The road was lonely, winding in and out among the pines & diodars. It was quite chilly and I was glad

of my coat & rug. I had rather & welcomed the
loan of my waterproof. We reached 'Sumbanta'
which is the Commissionerial Depot, immediately below
Morree about 9 am and called a halt where
we breakfasted in the Hotel. There we got the
final glimpse of Jackson girdling on the wings of
loves up to the blue & continued our journey
at 10 am. From this point - Sumbanta - 6000
feet high we had now to descend 3500 feet
to the Fletum valley. After rounding the corner of
the hill we had our first glimpse of the snows
of the Pir Panjal range & a good view of
Morree itself. On the road down the hill we
occasionally got a glimpse of the Fletum like
a silver thread, miles away down below our feet.
We got to Holala about 2 pm. & from there our
road lay up the valley of the Fletum for 100 miles
to Deramoola. For the whole of this distance
the river is practically a roaring torrent rushing
through a narrow channel with great mountains
on each side & the rapids in the steeper
places were a grand sight. - Being anxious
to get on as far as possible we pushed on to
a Doh Jungalow called 'Ghari' getting there about
7 pm. On the road we passed Gove & Woodcock
of the Gunners & Melville J.M.S. riding in by stages
while at dinner at Ghari we walked Harold Page

3
& his wife. We had not met since we were together at
Nelly & Aldershot. Being pretty tired after our
long tonga journey - 100 miles - we went long in
tonga in the rear of the Fletum - sounding like
a heavy sea on the Blaunone beach - soon sent me
to sleep.

April 21st Tuesday. Up in the dark and, after ~~some~~
brief ablutions, into our tonga again & off at 6.15 am.
This part of our journey was a succession of the most
magnificent pictures. Mile after mile we wound under
and over immense precipices with the Fletum forming
along & making itself heard over the rattle of our tonga.
I imagine that the bit of the road from Utri on
is unequalled anywhere in the world. Every now &
then through a break in the hills some snow giant
would come into view looking cool & serene above all
the noise & trouble in the gorge below. The hills on
the sides of the valley were beautifully wooded &
everywhere the spring was showing itself in the fresh
greenery of the leaves & ferns. One spring where I
climbed up for a drink, was surrounded by an
immense bed of lovely maidenhair. We breakfasted
at Utri & of course met someone I knew, this time
Col. Kelly the hero of Chitral whom I have met often
in Lahore. He is an affable old fellow who the war
part is off & quite far from 'side' - which perhaps is

4.
 just as well under the circumstances now that we know all about his march. — We finally arrived at Daramoola 60 miles from our halting place at Gheri about 4 pm. It was an anxious minute for me as so many things might have gone awry with the mobilization. However they were all there servants, shikaris, boats and stores and after a noisy hour we embarked everything & pushed off into the river which is here a placid smooth stream giving no promise of its stormy future. We were towed up along the bank by the crew which was supposed to consist of four men but was really 2 men, a boy & a four year old girl who however took their turn with the rest. The boats were clean & comfortable, the crew including the steersman & the passengers the rest. They are roofed in with thick matting the sides being let down as required.

We sailed slowly on for about four hours & then tied up to the bank for the night. By this time we had got clear of the hills & out into



2 1/2 horse power

5.
 the Kashmir Valley with the grand snow clad hills in a complete ring. The faint glow of the sunset on the snow was very pretty.

April 22nd Wednesday. We were off again about 4.30 am & I was up at 6 enjoying the freshness of a lovely morning. It was hazy & fogged in till 10 by that time it had become cloudy with snow showers falling about in the hills & by the time we got out into the Noolar lake we had a cold breeze & a grey sky which lasted the rest of the day spoiling what must have been a lovely panorama of the hills & circling the valley. All the same the rest & quiet motion were very comforting after the rattling lurches of 165 miles. We paddled across the lake for about 5 miles & then entered a canal on its South side where we took to towing again. As we wanted to push on as fast as possible we got 8 extra men at the mouth of this canal & went on at a great pace. We got into the Jhelum again above the Noolar lake at a place called 'Shadipore' or the place of marriage — the Sind river joining the Jhelum at that point. In the afternoon we walked along the bank of the river mostly being glad of the exercise to keep ourselves warm as the wind blowing down from the snow was very chilly. Our boats with the

Nothing down for the night make a very comfortable
bedroom & with plenty of rugs & blankets I al-
ways enjoyed the sleep which is unusually sup-
posed to come only to the righteous man.

April 20th ^{Thurs} ~~Wednes~~ day. Our extra crew took us

along well last night & on getting up this
morning at 6.30 I found we were being poled
up through the picturesque but smelly Capital of
Omigazor. We passed under the seven quaint
bridges - the piers being formed of logs of wood
laid in rows above one another with the gaps filled
with loose stones. The houses rise straight out of



the river on each side with the
usual steps for the 'bathing ghats'
or flights of steps leading into the
water. Passing through the

town we came to the pretty riverside orchards
& walled gardens or 'Baghs' where there are
a few pretty bungalows for visitors. The major-
ity of these, however, live either in house boats
of the Ghames pattern - moored to the bank
or in tents in the various Baghs. The
prettiest is the Ghemar Bagh - Ghemar being
a yucca or banana tree which grows here
in great quantity and to an enormous size.

Her had, however, little time to admire the various
points of interest and spent a very busy day
fitting out our selves & our servants for our
expedition. It was an expensive & temper trying
business but we got through with it in time. We
bought a lot of warm things which will be ne-
cessary when we get up into the snow & the
usual mountaineering & sporting odds & ends. In
the afternoon we had several visitors & heard
gloomy accounts of the vast number of sportsmen
who had already hurried into the interior. Still
we live in hope that our particular Allah is
unknown to them. I found time to order a
table & tray & paper & cloth photo frame for F.H.
& shall get some silver things if we come back
through Omigazor. Fortunately we had a fine



"Co Doonga"

bright day &
D. began to take
a little more
cheerful view of
life, losing a
little of the
ignominy with which he is clothed as with a
garment. We both agreed that if we had
another day here we should be in the Ranthumbur

8/ I sent so I would order to start at daybreak rest day whether everything we ordered had appeared or not. And so to bed with a medical return on the opposite bank who had 3 miles he was very fond of & who realized our defenceless position.

April 24th Friday. Last of our moorings at 5 am - at least so I was informed on getting up at 7 - & had a lonely sail up the Jhelum towards Sotomabad where we begin our march. We ought to get there in about two days. I walked about 4 miles along the bank before breakfast. The river winds tremendously here & it is said that it is this that is the origin of the pattern on the Kashmir shawls. After food & sent



for a constitutional & I settled down to write up this most successful record of two men in a boat. Later in the afternoon I burned cold & threatened rain which however we were spared. Finding that our present speed would only let us reach Sotomabad next evening we took on extra coolies about 2 pm and made good progress for the



Kashmiri Hut.

rest of the afternoon. We hid up to the bank for dinner but went on again afterwards as there was a good moon.

9. April 25th Saturday. On getting up we found that we had travelled well since we went to bed & the boatman said by 2 pm we should be in. As a matter of fact we reached Sotomabad at 1.15. Before breakfast I took a 3 mile walk along the bank for which I was rather sorry afterwards. Finding we got in so early we decided to push on at once with our first march, especially as the coolies had already been engaged & another 'sahib' who reached Sotomabad before we had been unable to get them as we had engaged them before hand. So we had everything speedily packed & divided up into loads of about 60 lbs each. We had no time in settling up with our boatmen & giving them the usual 'chito' or letters of recommendation without which no native is happy. An army of coolies were waiting for us on the bank & after half an hour of tremendous hustle & shouting from which we modestly withdrew - they fled off with their loads - 31 in all! This is an unusually large number but some of the loads looked very light so I have no doubt we can cut them down tomorrow. We left Sotomabad at 1.45 tramping

10. though the muddy & dirty town & having a stiff
push up on to a sort of table land just above
the town which was a case of "bellows to mend"
with both of us though C. was much the worst, al-
laponing like a sack of potatoes on the top. How-
ever we soon "came to" & started away along the
flat towards the feet of the hills which were
about 10 miles distant. It was a hot journey as
the afternoon sun was on our backs and I
was far from sorry when the conclusion of our 14
miles landed us under some big cedar trees
outside the village of 'Changuo'. I felt pretty well
'done' & was stiff as to the understanding, with
the addition of a couple of fine blisters on my
heels. The coolies turned up about half an hour
after us & our first camp was speedily pitched
just as the dusk appeared. We had of course
to wait some time for our dinner which we
took 'al fresco' & at which the chief ornament
was a widgen I shot from the bank after
breakfast. Needless to say we did not linger long
after dinner but limped off to bed by 9.15.

April 26th Sunday. We were to have started at
8 am but when my leg & pocket eggs arrived, we
omitted to start. The tent announced that it was
a wet morning & after interviewing Samaroo, my
Lichari our start was postponed & the camp rang

11. to the refrain of "wait till the clouds roll by Nelly!" It
soon cleared however & after breakfast we struck camp
& got off by 10.30. This march was a lonely one &
I was happy in having lost my stiffness & my feet being
more comfortable. We began climbing at once, a
quite ascent for the first 2 or 3 miles & later pretty
even. The path led up a lonely glen for about 5
or 6 miles & 1000 feet rise, densely wooded with
magnificent pines & firs; - hyacinths, anemones, violets
& wild strawberries made me forget that we was
6000 miles from Scotland. Our halts were pretty frequent
as it was our first climb & the road pretty slippery
with the late rain. C's opinion on hills & hill climbing,
expressed with much command of language when he reached
the top was a fine rhetorical effort but hardly suited
to the day. The coolies reached us before we began
the descent, seeming to think nothing of their loads, we
had today reduced their numbers to 26. We passed
through the little village of 'Newboog' & camped
about 2 1/2 miles further up the Newboog valley with
the fine hills all round us & the snow on the
tops coming much nearer us. A lonely day on the
whole but occasional cold showers.

April 27th Monday. This has been a lonely day and a
beautiful march. We left our last camp at 7.45
continued our upward progress through the curves of

the Newberg valley, the hills gradually coming closer together & necessitating a temporary dislocation of the neck to look up at the snowy tops. We climbed the whole way sometimes up pretty steep hills and many were the halts necessary to stop & puff for we are now feeling the effects of the rarified air. We must be up about 9000 feet now. We have camped in a lonely little clearing in the pine forest just at the foot of the Marfan Pass which we have to scale tomorrow. The smell of the pines is delightful & the forest around us is quiet of the funeral type, no woodcutters having been near it. The fallen giants lie all over the place, where they fell centuries ago. Deep drifts of snow are still lying in shady places but elsewhere the spring grass & flowers are growing apace.

The afternoon we have been making preparations for our long and trying march over the Marfan Pass 11,600 feet high. Ordinary foot gear is useless & we have now to take to our grass shoes which are made out of laminated grass ropes. At first they feel very uncomfortable as one has to wear two-toed socks and a great thong of rope comes up between your great toe & its younger relatives. However & dare say we will soon get used to them & they certainly give you a splendid grip on the ground.



Grass shoe.

They don't however last long on rough ground we have to take two cows loads of grass & so to make fresh ones for ourselves & serowas.

April 26th Tuesday. Up at 4 am & off by about noon. Our last night's camp being just at the foot of the Pass we began our climb at once & a very severe one it was. The dawn was just getting the better of the moon when we started & when we emerged from the east of the pines the sun was fainting the snowy tops pink. We soon got onto the snow & for about two miles climbed up a very steep slope stopping to puff every 50 yards or so. A bitter wind was blowing down in our faces & there was no temptation to linger once the belows were reached. Once on the top of the Pass the wind dropped & the sun came out so we discarded some outer layers of clothing & donned our snow spectacles. For two miles we had very pleasant going stopping out bushily over the frozen snow & through a fairly level valley, at the end of this where a stream suddenly made its appearance from under the snow, we halted & had breakfast on cold fowl & hard boiled eggs. From here the worst bit of the march began as we had to follow the hillside over flowing snow for many miles & the slope was so steep that a single slip would have sent us down into the valley thousands of feet below in much less time than one would quite like. We couldn't go down into the valley itself & follow the bed of the

river owing to the danger of avalanches several of which we heard in the distance & we had often to climb over gigantic fallen masses of snow, small mountains in themselves. Poor C. who has done very little of this hill work in the past, got badly done up & had to be helped over the bad bits by his chota shikari & bhitti coolie but there was no stopping as one had to get on to camp. We had many lacts as the march was a very long one - 15 miles - & quite the hardest work I have done. The last bit was almost the worst the dip down from the hill into the boardwan valley being by a very steep path extremely trying to one's muscles. I got in to our camp 'Inshin' in the boardwan valley at 1 o'clock wonderfully little tired & my feet quite comfortable thanks to the grass shoes which were a great success. First rate on snow but not so good on sleep grass or mud. C. came in about 2 1/2 of an hour after & was much better after a rest & another meal, & becoming sufficiently to express his opinion of the Mangan Pass - not a great success as he admitted the subject was too big for him. We lay in the sun by the river till the coolies came in about 4 p.m. when we had a welcome wash & change. These coolies are wonderful chaps & carried these heavy loads strapped on their backs over this trying march for the miserable sum of 6 annas or 7/8d! The occasion was grand all though quite beyond my powers of description could I afford the paper on the hill.

April 29th Wednesday. We started later this morning so our march was an easy one of about 10 miles up the valley &

were both glad in having a fairly level road after yesterday's hard work. The boardwan valley up which we go for 3 marches is shut in by great mountains on each side and is itself 8000 feet high so we had plenty of snow drifts & rather avalanches to climb over. On reaching our camping ground at 'Ransut' we found 2 tents already pitched & on the corner coming down to greet us we found him to be Spence of the Arctic whom we had both met in different parts of the world. He took us up to his tent & we found the wife ^{born yesterday} of his tent to be accounted for by the presence of his wife! It was a mad sort of thing bringing a lady into these wild parts but they both seemed to like it. They had been there for about 3 weeks & had a scrubbed tent at first with the rain & deep snow. He was carried most of the way in a dandee but even with that the work is almost greater than on one's feet. They were most hospitable & we had tea and dinner with them, finding hundreds of mutual acquaintances & unwounded luxury. Spence has only killed 1 ibex, a small one. He tells us 10 men are ahead of us, but 3 bound for Leh, in Ladakh.

April 30th Thursday. Off at 9 am. Still up the boardwan valley ascending all the time so evidenced by the increased quality of snow. Having seen a lot of snow pigeon about yesterday we hit our first one & I got 3 which will vary over somewhat limited views. When within a mile or 2 of camp we found a bridge washed away and had to go back a long way to one we passed in the morning. In our present camp

the snow is only cleared off in patches & a few yellow crocuses are trying to get through the ground. Its name is 'Sukness' which has a Sutch ring about it. The headman of the village has brought us a bit of wild honey as a present. If he were only well it would be cheaper as it involves a return 'present' of many times its value. However we must satisfy him as we have to collect cookies here for our 4 days march over the Bot Khol Pass into Sures. This will be no joke as it is 14,500 feet high, somewhere about the height of Mount Blanc, if I remember right.

May 1st Friday. Today we had a long & very trying march. We left Sures about 5 am & soon found our selves toiling over the immense fallen masses of snow which had come down from the steep mountain sides. These were twisted into hummocks of all sorts & sizes & required great care as to where you put your feet. At first we had intervals of fairly good footing between these avalanches but as we got up higher & the hills became steeper & closer together they were practically continuous & filled up the whole of the bottom of the valley from side to side. The river boomed its way through, hundreds of feet below the surface of the snow. We had about 16 miles of this and at last emerged on a small plateau surrounded by enormous mountains. We only got in at 2 pm.

Having taken 9 hours over the march, & the cookies didn't get in till 5 pm - taking 12 hours over it. Everywhere except the faces of the cliff, is under very deep snow

and our tents were pitched on some branches pulled from some stunted shrubs which grew near Sures. The poles of course were useless & our 'shud-sticks' or alpenstocks driven deep into the snow took their place effectively. We had a very good dinner about 8 pm for which we were ravenously hungry & then turned in immediately afterwards & had a grand night's sleep under piles of bedding & clothing of all sorts.

May 2nd Saturday. Up at 4.30 & ready to march by 5.15 but owing to a drizzling fall of sleet our start was postponed & an hour or two later the sickness told us we must halt for the day, as a lot of fresh snow had fallen further up the Pass and, although we could go, the heavily laden cookies couldn't. So we made the best of a bad job though chafing inwardly as the day turned out a very fine one later on. Had breakfast - our first regular one for 6 days - at 7 am & wrote letters afterwards. If it gets warmer later on there is no saying what we might do. I suggest washing & shaving but in a half-hearted way which shows that the last traces of civilization are fast fading whereas I can proudly point to the fact that I washed the day before yesterday.



A Coburn Bridge
Wendron Valley

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later. The Eskimo proved true prophets after all & the afternoon was a dreary & dismal one of rain & sheet a cold wind so there was nothing for it but to wrap ourselves up & read praying for better things next day. We had a light dinner at 7 & were glad to get under the blankets by 8:30. The rain had turned to snow by that time.

May 3rd Sunday. I was called at 5:30 & Nohin Bee gave me the welcome news that the day was fine & we were to start. It was a lovely morning & we were soon off. The road up to the foot of the Bar that pass was fairly level & would be easy going a little later on but today it was hard work as, soon after we started, the sun became sufficiently powerful to thaw the surface of the snow & it was heavy work ploughing through it. Certainly it would have been much worse in anything else than grass shoes as the snow doesn't 'ball' on them. After about 17 miles of this we came to the camping ground which was only marked by a few sticks driven on the snow by some of our predecessors as a floor to their tents. Here we lay down & had a long and cold wait for the coolies who came in about 5 pm. Our road today was a steady ascent over a fairly level valley with high mountains on each side everything one big mass of snow except where the black precipices stood out from the rest. We saw many avalanches pouring down the sides of the Southern Exposure hill, some very big, making a noise like thunder. None came as far down as the bottom of the valley. We hope nothing will stop our crossing the Pass tomorrow as we are 30 miles from the nearest village & have not too much in the way of supplies for our 29 coolies and 12 other

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summit camp fellows.
May 4th Monday. Up at 2:45 am and off about 5. A long & severe march. First we had a steady trail up a snow slope for about six miles, it was not very steep but an absolutely Arctic wind blew in our teeth the whole way penetrating our many layers of clothing with the greatest ease. I found myself frequently putting my hands up to my nose & ears to see whether these useful features still remained attached to the main body, & squirmed horribly at the end of the nose to catch the first hint of frost bite. However that gallant man who showed what climbing material it is made of & remained a healthy & genial crimson throughout. At the end of this slope we had a short but severe climb of about 600 feet and it was then that we realized the great height we were up for we couldn't take more than 40 or 50 steps without stopping for wind & this process was by no means easy so every muscle in our chest, back & neck had to be brought into play to draw enough of the sacrificed Oxygen into the lungs & spite of it all we reached the top at 9 am. 14,600 feet above the sea (Ben Nevis being 4,400) & went rapidly down the other side for a mile or two till we came to some sheltered rocks where we had our first halt, & snuffing my head in my pocket, I stumbled for some precious minutes. Till this point the snow had remained frozen & carried our weight easily but now the sun was high enough to thaw its surface & the rest of our day's march though all downhill was pretty hard going for the remaining 7 or 8 miles. We halted about 1 pm & had a delicious wait till 5 when the coolies came in. The only dry place to pitch our tents was just on the edge of a small precipice overhanging the river, which

here made its first appearance from under the snow, & a cold & windy spit of snow in the face. Sun went off with his Ghata Shikan in search of a more sheltered spot to await the coming of the coolies, but through a misunderstanding with the man, he was bequiled 2 miles further down the valley & was in a speckless condition when he returned & would have had someone blind if he had not been too 'done' - small wonder - 4 extra miles tacked on to our hard days work was no trifler. In the end he went to bed with a cup of tea & I had a solitary meal of trippered bean & fried mutton. Our Gata coolie turned up in the evening with our letter from Srinagar which were very welcome but the "Pioneer" went back so for another fortnight when we shall have been a month without hearing of the outer world. I drew a small extract from the Map to show our route from Srinagar.



It was a pleasant tramp we were both delighted to get into the valley and find the snow cleared off in considerable patches as for the five days we have lived in our snow spectacles and the glare has removed most of the skin from our faces which are very painful, & the burning of a wash & change of

garment in comparative warmth & comfort reminded me of the long periods of unchangeable garments & unwashed person in Afghanistan in 1844-45. On getting down to my skin again I was relieved to find it comparatively unaltered. - And now, having got so far in such a short time & being within 4 or 5 marches of our ground we were naturally in the best of spirits & full of anticipations of good sport in reward for our hard work & discomforts but, alas! beheld the wrong of Fortune. In the midst of our self congratulation comes a change en passant to say his master is in camp close by & would like to see us as he is ill. We forego and see him & find him to be Capt Bluetan of the 60th Rifles, he tells us he has had fever for some days & so came back from his nullah to this little village. Now if we had only been anything else than doctors we would have cheered him up, given him some quinine and left next morning with our blessing but as it was we could see that the fever was typhoid and all our Chalcian in Europe came down with a run about our ears. Of course we can't leave him nor can we see any prospect of getting on for weeks. After all our hard work & hardly earned success it seems that for all the sport we are likely to get we might have stayed in the foldens and done our doctoring here. It is absolutely unavoidable and absolutely miserable. We may get a little shooting here, by turns, but in the mean time someone else will occupy the ground we have toiled so hard to reach and the best days of the season are passing.

May 6th Wednesday. Bluetan still bad, the case is a severe one owing to neglect & improper food. We telegraphed to his Adjutant & wrote to Srinagar Hospital for Medicines

and necessaries. They can't be out however for about a fortnight so we have to rub along with the few things we have, fortunately good milk can be got & eggs. It is a disease in which medicine has hardly any effect. Yesterday we sent off our Sikh Cooks with letters & orders for stores etc. & today one of Blunt's men goes in with the telegram etc. In the afternoon I went out for a walk with my gun to try & get some pigeon. I only got one shot, but it did. Both pretty gloomy at dinner.

May 7th Thursday. I went off with my shikari Cholo shikari at 5 am this morning in a vain attempt to get on ice. Went about 4 miles up the Sura Valley but only saw 2 little ones half way up the hill which they said were not worth going after. Got back to camp by 10 & had breakfast. Bluntian much the same. My shikari very much that we are not pushing on, he can understand our staying for such an absurd reason as a sick man.



A Bit of the Sura Valley

In the evening just before dinner ibex were seen near the tops of a mountain overlooking our camp. We had a good view of them through my telescope. There were 3 all small but one was said to be of a shootable size so we decided to try for him next morning. It was 6 o'clock & I tried to persuade him to take advantage of it but the superabundant appearance of the hill with its fringe of cliffs at the top added to his natural magnanimity & he waived his claim to Sumadoo my shikari made me be in readiness at 5 am next morning. He said Sumadoo is a fine specimen of a hill man he stands about 6 feet 2 inches & wears a Norfolk suit of grey puttee (rather better than mine) and a ready smile. To see him going up a hill when he is in a hurry makes one sit down & gasp he seems a sort of human fly & it would not surprise me to see him washing upside down on the ceiling of a house. He is a good chap, always cheerful & willing to make things as smooth as possible for the sahib.

May 8th Friday. Up at 4:30 & off at 5, our little party of 4 - the big & little shikari,iffin Cooky & self - went about a mile round the base of the hill & then commenced the ascent a long & stiff climb but by taking it easy I got up pretty comfortably. Then Sumadoo tossing his kumbar for a small steel cap went gingerly on ahead from time to time signalling to us to follow. After about an hour of this & many & varied methods of progression over the snow which tested the suppleness of one's joints severely we came to the edge of the cliff at a small ravine down which the ibex were feeding. After some breakneck bits of rock which with Sumadoo's assistance I got down all right & after banking me behind a little ledge of rock he poked out the rifle about 100 yards down below & noisily put the rifle into my hands with the nicely eloquent

24/ expression - "I have done my part well, now let me see what you can do" - and he did, for taking a steady aim at the biggest one I slowly passed the trigger loose & missed him clean the bullet going between his four legs. They were all off like a bang and I got a hurried second barrel at him as he came from behind a big rock. This one I think hit him low down on one of his hind legs, but I wouldn't swear to it. Anyhow he went away after the others somewhat slowly it is true but quite quick enough to remove him from our fire. As the books say my fellow's way he better imagined than described and I was much disgusted with my bad shot. I couldn't even blame the rifle as I made some very accurate shooting with it at a mark some days before. How useless! better had next time after all the grapes were sour as the lead was a small one & would have done no harm to the shayer. Coming down the hill was almost worse than going up especially as I no longer had slope to help me over the bad bits but we got into camp without incident at 9:30 & found b. nice and clean having taken the mean advantage of my absence to shave. In revenge I kept him waiting for his breakfast while I had a bath! Christian is much the same, in fact we can't expect any marked improvement for some time, but he is holding his own well. If he had gone on as he was doing when we found him he would probably have been dead by this time. L. went out in the afternoon after pigeon & got 2 for 14 cartridges, not a much better performance than my own this morning. Got pretty bird in the evening and went to bed at the sultry hour of 7:45 p.m.!!

25.
 May 9th Saturday. Slept a little more than the round of the clock last night & feel none the worse of it. Shabana my cholo strove went off at 4 this morning to see if he could find any trace of my missed & missing ibex but returned at 12 without any. They seem to think there is still a chance of its being found but I have my doubts. We are getting very sick of this place & long to be able to get on but it is impossible to say, even to a week, when we may be able to leave Christian. He is a little better this morning & the fever shows some signs of coming down. I spent an hour or two today over accounts with my brother Natim Bux, a trial to one's temper. Both his and my faces are nearly raw the skin having peeled off generously to make way for the growth, we are both flinching with and hope in 3 or 4 days to be able to blow our noses again.



Meditation.

May 10th Sunday. A cold raw day & a very unpleasant one for me so I began to 'shiver' about 1 p.m. and had a smart frost of ice lasting well into the night. Went to bed at 4 full of Quinine & with most of my wardrobe on or over me. It rained heavily during the first part of the night & seemed to snow later on.

May 11th Monday. Found the fever quite gone when I woke up but didn't get up till 11 by which time the sun had disappeared all last night's snow. Rather cheap and a lead from the Quinine but otherwise none the worse. Christian's case is getting critical & there will probably be a change one way or the other in the next few days. He begins to get light headed at times but takes his nourishment well. I out in the evening & got a brace of pigeon. Bed at 7:30 but didn't sleep well.

May 12th Tuesday. Much better today as evidenced by my appetite at breakfast. None of the usual 6 miles

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down the valley; tried hard to persuade O to go & almost succeeded but he checked it at the last minute. I would have gone but don't feel quite up to it yet. Had a stroll in the evening & got 2 pigeons. We are beginning to feel as if we had been born & brought up in this wretched little village of Sura & most of the faces of the villagers are familiar to us. They come in batches and sit up against the broken walls overlooking the terrace on which our tents are pitched & see what we have for breakfast & afternoon tea (dinner we take in seclusion). They spend a little time each day in getting the oxen, now the oxen is off the ground, and so far as I can make out it consists in removing the upper crust of the soil from one little field & spreading it out on another presumably to see if it will produce more abundantly than it did last year. The least of business in this 'transmigration of soil' is that universal one of the Golden East - the women. The work of filling this basket is sometimes generously done by one of her husbands (we are now in a polyandrous country) but, as a rule, she does it herself, throwing the spadefulls of soil over her head into the basket with great accuracy.

May 13th Wednesday. Shintan was a good deal worse last night & somewhat difficult to manage so we set up all night with him. He let up the first half and I the second. He had however a good sleep after 8 am. and is better now his head being clear & his temperature down a little. We heard yesterday from his Shikari that 2 officers of his regiment are shooting net for us so we sent a coolie asking one of them to come over as soon as possible - What a holiday we are having!! - We are beginning to get anxious now about the state of Europe which was supposed to be in a somewhat critical

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condition when we left Mian Mir on April 19th we have seen no paper since then & much may have happened during and on account of our absence. But it is wonderful how little one misses the daily telegrams - these big mountains make all the 'Crises' very very small indeed and diplomacy a vain thing. We have not learnt to do without many other things and among them we have given up alcohol, without a pang, since we left Srinagar; indeed if we could get such beautiful water in the plains as these mountain streams produce there would be a rapid rise in the price of blue ribbon. We are thinking of sending an article to the 'British Medical Journal' on our discovery of this new drink.

May 14th Thursday. Shintan had a queer night for which we are all thankful, his servants are very attentive to him now that they are kept up to the mark and know what to do. It rained all a cold cloudy afternoon and I didn't derive much pleasure from a long walk I took up the valley. I took my gun but the pigeons are too wary to stop & talk & invariably have passing engagements for which they fear they may be late. Just before going to bed Somadeo put his lolly head in through the top of the tent & said some ibex had been seen on a hill not far off so I said I would meet him at 5 am next morning and so to bed when, having a perfectly clear and newly white-washed conscience I naturally had a disturbed night and very evil dreams.

May 15th Friday. I had a very long and hard morning after these delicious curried fests whose Latin name we are afraid must be *Arroz & Dosa*. I started at 5 and got back at 2 pm - most of the time I was crawling up or down places such as Dori imagined to be the groundwork of the 'Inferno' so sung by Dante. It was something like trying to climb up a waterfall with only the water to hold on to. However I enjoyed myself much & my neck is my own. We had a very long stalk but just at the critical moment they minded us and when we showed my rubicund nose and the barrel of my rifle gaily round the last bit of

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precipice, there was nothing to shoot but a very fine study in natural rock - of, I think, the Pliocene period. But 500 Cartridges being valuable I sadly criticized them & avoided the arrival of the tiffin early morning philosophical over hard boiled eggs and cold mutton. Of course I shouldn't have expected any such on a Friday.

Christian going on fairly well, no delirium today, he has been under the impression he was sailing on a Hoover table & was much surprised to find himself in a tent today.

May 16th Saturday. Still no news of our last cache with our blank and paper, peradventure he is deluging in Enriager with the lady of his love, when he does turn up we can furnish him that the most likely long here but must start back again for another 24. To wait out for a conclusion in the prison and I had a nine mile tramp in the evening before dinner in hopes of picking up a marmot but these were animals preferred, he wants a quantity of these own rocky houses & wouldn't even answer the bell. There is an absolute blank from a sporting point of view and all that is left us now is to kill our own mutton for dinner & evening. The necks of the 'smaller fowls' were needed for the stew, curry or 'spatch-i-ock'. Christian off his head all day, strength well maintained.

May 17th Sunday. The clouds are down on us today & a few deposited more of their 'quills dew' than is quite pleasant. Added to our peculiar situation there is no doubt it is considerably depressing. I am however driven by circumstances to become a ventriloquist. Mark's reply to Bunker's the deliciousness of it, when true, is about as cheerful a companion as a sick headache. Our game is now few weeks old what does the remaining two months hold in store for us, surely an abundance of food. Luck & sport, methinks we decrease some. Christian is much the same as yesterday we have had no reply so far from the officers of the 60th whom we sent the only to 5 or 6 days ago.



May 18th Monday. Today I was again up with the pack and went up the same nullah to have another try at some place who were reported last night, but with little better success than on my previous attempts. The stalk was a very long one so we were much exposed to view and we often had to sit down for an hour or two under a rock while the ice went out of sight. But by degrees we worked our way up and got above them. Unfortunately they were in a very bad place - for us - & we couldn't get nearer them than about 200 yards. I had a shot at this long range in a very cramped position from behind a low rock the one I shot at was lying down at the time & being much the same colour as the rock didn't make a conspicuous target. When the smoke cleared away I saw him just disappearing round the edge of the cliff and sent No 2 after him to hurry him up. I thought of course that I had missed & was accordingly very despondent as he had a family feed lead & we have had so few chances up to date. So I sat down & smoked a gloomy pipe before beginning the descent. Samaroo & Phabana went after the deer to see where they had gone and I despondently returned to camp getting in at 4 p.m. - a long day as I left at 5 a.m. Samaroo returned about 6 p.m. & told me he had found blood on the snow so I hadn't missed after all and he says I am almost certain to get the head later on as the villagers will go and search for him. Christian much the same but the fever is very obstinate.

May 19th Tuesday. At length managed to persuade G. to try his luck & at least take some exercise. He was out all day further down the valley but had no luck except that some natives brought him a snow leopard skin which he brought. The leopard had been found dead, killed by an avalancher & the skin was in fairly good order. These leopards

is very hard to shoot & have beautiful funny coats, white with black spots. In the afternoon the kah. cooks at least arrived with a very welcome budget of papers and letters which we devoured greedily. We also heard from Colonel Lecher of the 60th that he was coming up to help about now but he says he is going back to Sonagar a round there by the easy road as he is afraid of the shot. Poor Sebastian is getting very weak unless he takes a favourable turn in a day or two there is little hope for him. He is quite off his head & full of delusions.

May 20th Wednesday. We spent the morning writing letters & sent our kah. back with a budget of about 20 in the afternoon. Our 2nd kah. cooks we sent to Rangji & on to meet Col. Lecher to try and hasten him as we fear he will arrive too late to see poor Sebastian alive, he is writing fast. We also arrived to his regiment.

May 21st Thursday. A melancholy day watching poor Sebastian's last fight for life but in spite of all we could do he died at 11.30 pm having been quite unconscious all day.

May 22nd Friday. Sent off letters and telegrams announcing Sebastian's death & made arrangements for the last scene last for a walk with B. in the afternoon - the first time we have been out of camp together since we arrived in Suru - there were 280.

May 23rd Saturday. No news of Col. Lecher, his last note in pencil showed he was coming round against his will & would take the slightest excuse not to come at all. We will give him his tomorrow morning. A cold raw day with biting squalls of wind & rain.

May 24th Sunday. We buried poor Sebastian this morning

at 11 o'clock. Everything went off very well and he sleeps sound at the foot of some willow trees near the camp. We have received very willing help in this last sad business from all the villagers and servants. Everything we ordered being done at once and as well as they could. I read part of the burial service over him & we had some wreaths a cross made of the Cassava & tulips which are beginning to appear in the lower ground. It was a lonely morning. Probably his people will visit him later down to Sonagar sometime later on but of course under the circumstances we had to bury him here for the present.

We are having a wooden cross made on which I will carve his name &c. There being no use in our both staying so I am leaving B. to go on but he firmly insists on my going, so he is not so keen on shooting as myself so I will probably leave here tomorrow morning & let him catch me up in a few days. Blandy again in the afternoon with very cold wind and threatening rain.

May 25th Monday. At last managed to shake the dust of Suru off my feet. Rangji said that I should only go half a march today as he wants to try a mullah up towards the head of the valley about 6 miles off so B. & I breakfasted together while my tent was struck & the kah. marched off my belongings. In the end I didn't start till 11 as a very cold & severe squall came down from the hills with driving mist and rain. When it cleared I started B. coming a couple of miles on the road with me. A good road but a lot of up & down. Pitched camp about 2 & Rangji went off up the hill to look for the chet. Later I went for a walk following up the river now much swollen with the melting snow. The mountains on each side of the valley

are much closer together here and in one part the river forces its way through a wonderful deep rocky gorge. It had eaten right down through the solid rock and in some places went underground. We got glimpses of it boiling away some hundreds of feet below you, the channel only a few feet wide & the water worn into the most cups & hollows. The path rises by one of the bridges formed the river goes underground. It is rather solitary in the evening and hope before weather will turn up soon and let G. come on.

May 26th Tuesday. No news of ice having been brought in this morning I was allowed to slumber in peace. Soon after my solitary breakfast however it began to cloud over & a thick mist sprang up which soon brought down a fairly heavy snowstorm. It stopped in the afternoon but the clouds hang low on the hills & prevented any sport. About 4 they seemed to be lifting and I managed to become very much by waiting on starting. I climbed some way up the nullah but it was no good & after sitting for half a hour I had a rock tucked up in my waterproof for half an hour I peacefully secured I had had enough & returned to camp. Very glad to get to bed, the only warm spot. Had a line from G. forwarding a letter from Col. Leach to me in it he says he is not coming any further but to send Christian's shikaris & servants to Srisagar where he will settle with them. G. is going off tomorrow down the valley so we won't meet for some days.

May 27th Wednesday. Off at 5 this morning, bright but very cold, had the worst climb I have ever had in my life but without success as the ice - very big ones - wouldn't come down and,



"Gang house junior."

much as we wanted to, we couldn't go higher without spangs on rope ladders so in the end we gave it up & turned homeward. We came back in quick time so we came down the snow which filled up the bottom of the nullah & this was too steep to go slowly over so we went at a sort of trot half running & half sliding. A magnificent view from the point we reached of the snow into the hill & was on way a sort of spur of one of the Him Kim Mountains - over 23,000 feet. Reached camp at 4 p.m.

May 28th Thursday. Out at 5 am. again and had a temptingly easy stalk over ground not quite so bad as yesterday but was much disgusted at the end of it to miss a fairly easy shot which ought to have been a certainty. If I go on like this my bag will be a small one. My rifle certainly throws high as I shot over the ice and when we got down to camp again Samadoo bowed & did it to kill some fair dogs which had been worrying the goats & did exactly the same thing missing handomely with both barrels at which he was very sick as he wanted to show me how easy it was. As we got back by 12 we decided to push on the other half march which we did getting in to Peshkoben about 3. The road fairly good but always uphill as we are going up the river. My present camp must be done on 12,000 feet which accounts for the arctic climate otherwise hard to realize when one knows the thermometer at Niam Mir is anything from 105° to 115° in the shade & life is a burden. The villages are getting more and more Mongolian - flat fair faces, narrow eyes and darker dress.

May 29th Friday. Didn't get up hill & this morning. Had a stroll up the river and on my return to camp for breakfast Samadoo accompanied by his snail met me with the clearing rees that he first idea I went after had been found & brought into camp by a cooly. This was the 'sour grapes' one and as I thought - small but now the less I was delighted to get it and found it worth the turn of my bad luck. The horns are 29 inches long & very thick for their size. The lip of one is broken & will have to be patched as he fell down a precipice about 1 p.m. I observed and went for a dog after some time that

had been seen about 4 miles off but they fortunately kept to the hill tops & we couldn't get near them. We waited half way up the hill under a rock till 5 p.m. & they came home in the bush of a growing snow storm. C. I found on my return had come in. He had had no luck & was very much with all his servants. Altogether he is far from happy as he delicate cold, of which we are having plenty and will have more. - close to our camp is a magnificent glacier the 1st we have seen at close quarters - it comes right down into the river where it is about 300 yards broad & 100 feet high.

May 30th Saturday. C. went off at 10.30 after the alce I saw yesterday while I saw the camp struck a fallowid lake, going about 6 miles further up. A lovely day & magnificent scenery. Pitched camp at the foot of a precipice close to the river. On the road I met one of the 4th Dragon fusiliers who has just reached the nullah we are trying to reach. He had a 'buck' for given an hour before we started & he told me a lot about his experiences, he has killed 6 ibex in the month he has been there - one a beauty - 43 1/2 inches. C. got in at 4 having seen nothing & complaining of a bad head. Just as I was going to begin my solitary dinner - C. having turned in - Gattoo, too, retired, came in in a great state of excitement saying he had seen some ibex go down into a nullah not far off and I was foolish enough to start off up the hill over very bad ground on the chance of getting a shot before dark. It was a very hard climb as we were racing the daylight and in the end we saw nothing. Came down the hill in almost pitch darkness holding hands with Samaroo & picking our way up afterwards as we slipped over the stones. However got in undamaged at 9.30 & had an excellent dinner.

May 31st Sunday. Started about 6.30 with the intention of doing a march and a half. But the first part proved pretty slow as there was a lot of climbing & bad ground, so when we got to the first well up 12 miles C. said he wasn't up to going on so he was too hard. After talking it over we decided that I should push on and take possession of the nullah if possible. Since then it is no secret someone shooting in the neighbourhood might hear of it & fire at us. So I left orders for the coolies

to come on with my things & pushed on to Zuldoo another 12 miles making 24 in all. The last part of the march the valley opens out into what has evidently been a large lake at some time & the ground was fairly flat but very swampy & sticky. I reached my destination at 6 p.m. more the worse of my long tramp. As soon as the sun set it turned very cold and I got a fine bit of the angle of a mud hut, and sat over it getting well warmed & smoked as I watched the arrival of the coolies. They didn't appear till about 10 when they dropped in in the dark, one by one. Was very glad to get some cold mutton & chapatties about 11 & turned in as soon as my tent was up. Just as well C. didn't come on.

June 1st Monday. A short march of about 9 miles today but with a great deal of water to be crossed so I got hold of a Shaggy little hill pony to do the walking for me. I can't say he was much of a success as he got bogged twice at the beginning of the march and the last time I thought we should have to leave him there to take rest. But by pulling his legs out one by one we got him free. The road - save the mark - passed round the Eastern end of this lake bed & there, on a conical hill, rising out of the plain like an island, was the Buddhist Monastery of Gampa showing me an view well in the Ladakh country. I shall stop to go over it on my way back but as the day was threatening I went on to my camp at a wretched little village of five tents and five yaks which I can't remember. In the evening I was able to see through my telescope C's tent at the camp I left in the morning so he is evidently all right & I can push on.

June 2nd Tuesday. Slept badly last night from feeling the rarity of the air, woke up often, puffing as if climbing a hill. Up at 4 and started at 5. Climbed up a narrow valley over snow nearly the whole way. Not a long march but a hard one. It snowed for 2 hours after starting & then the sun came out & the frozen snow got soft which made the travelling hard as one often sunk in up to one's hips. My camp is on a rocky slope bare of snow but very exposed. It snowed off and on most of the afternoon. Tomorrow I have to climb up to the top of a high pass 17000 feet so I hope the weather will improve and the snow keep hard. The coolies must have a hard time of it tonight as they have no shelter, this lot go four marches with

June 3rd Wednesday. Up at 5.30 and off at 4. A lovely morning
a hard frost. The first 4 miles were a very hard climbing up and
up over the frozen snow for several thousand feet and the last
bit was very trying as it was so steep every step had to be
cut - a slow & tedious method of travelling. Got to the top about
5 am & enjoyed some frozen chicken and a magnificent view of
the silent snow world all round me. The summit of this first
mountain is nearer 15000 than 17000 feet and the air was very
thin indeed. From the other side was a much faster
business but the reflected glare from the snow was very trying
in spite of my snowman's top hat (timet) and snow spectacles. It
got down to the bottom of the pass about 11.30 & then had
3 or 4 miles along a narrow & rough valley till I reached my
camping ground 2 miles from Duffin. A hot bath from the outlet
and my face burning like a furnace. The Colic came in
about 4 & I went to bed immediately after dinner at 7.30.

June 4th Thursday. Slept a good 12 hours and felt all the
better for it. Started off up the nullah about 11 and had a
disappointing day so after getting fairly close to some good
places the wind suddenly changed & getting a whiff of us they
rapidly disappeared. Got down to the level again about
12 pm & found to my surprise the ice was suffering from
the hard march & required a little pressing to come on the
next mile or two to my camp. On reaching it I found the
12th look had arrived with a welcome but got of letters and
papers (Our 2nd foot since leaving Mian Mir on Apr. 19th!!). He
had come very slowly so he reached 6 2 days before so I
deliberately tricked him before beginning to read my letters (Not
not to do this again with your face on as it is rather painful)
had a capital dinner & was further cheered by having eaten
that the 2nd blue I shot at had been found & was waiting
for me at Peshawar. A duty price of rope was purchased, said
to be the length of the horns - or roughly measuring which they
appear to be 37-38 inches - a really good head. So after
all I have got 2 out of the 3 I have fired at.

June 5th Friday. Having now reached our destination the Duffin
nullah - 15000 feet above the sea - & I separated to staying
here a taking the upper valley while I marched at 12 about
8 or 9 miles down the river and then up another side valley

to a camp beside a rising mountain torrent when I shall probably
remain for some days. A short but trying tramp over rocky
had ground steep shale slopes running sheer down to the river. A
cold day with drizzling rain. Saw three or four camp and
went after them but couldn't get near them. Devoured each man
less of the Pioneer till 9 pm when I turned in.

June 6th Saturday. Off at 6 am up the hill after a big ice which
had been seen to go in to a ravine away up above my camp. After
a severe climb & an uncomfortably acrobatic scramble up a rocky cliff I
found that he had vanished into thin air only leaving one of
his harem to report on our progress. My language frightened the
poor lady & she hurriedly left away her laughing with horror.
Back to camp & breakfast at 10.30 a minute before I for
despatch by the 12th look. Later in the day, about 4, I was
again persuaded to venture forth & went over the same ground
so this morning in spite of my solemn resolution never to go over
that bit of cliff again. This time my friend the ice was there
but he had taken the alarm & was away off at the top of
the nullah looking at us however I squirmed up some snow
on my 'summit' & got within 300 yards of him. However a
very long shot - the extreme range of my rifle - but having come
so far, I tried it, lying down & resting my rifle on the snow.
To my surprise he was hit coming down off his perch in an
undignified way but he managed to get away into a place
where we couldn't follow so I will have to wait some days
for his head when the mulemen are kind enough to indicate
where his remains are lying.

June 7th Sunday. I started off at 6 this morning but not
seeing anything in the first hour I didn't persevere so I felt
rather slack after yesterday's work so returned to camp and
took it easy reading & smoking all day.

June 8th Monday. Off at 6 am. and had a very long and
severe climb of quite 2000 feet - like the roof of a house with
many shale loaves. Saw nothing till we got to the top of
the ridge when we saw them lying down in the valley beneath
us. We crawled further down the ridge but couldn't get nearer
than 200 yards when I had a bang at him. He and his harem
scattered & went off without waiting for the charges and I fired

38 These were shots at him so he went. I couldn't swear to a
 but I think he was "struck" and that I
 may get him later. Quite a few were seen; found a
 note from a woman I got in telling me of his first, a
 very good head of 37, must be forgotten him.



June 9th Tuesday
 Not at all sure that
 there was no news of
 me this morning so I
 left this & had a long
 day. The accompanying sketch
 shows a rough idea of the top of the
 looking down the nullah the river
 is seen disappearing under one of the many snow bridges formed by
 a fallen avalanche. Most of the snow is off the lower hills now
 and the snow range in the distance is over 20,000 feet high. Similar
 scenes, only more so, is all round me so there is a very small
 portion of the heavens visible. Supplies are running low so the
 nearest chickens and eggs are five days march from here and the
 nearest little village of Dribin 5 miles from here has nothing, they
 have promised me a sheep but he hasn't appeared yet. Am practical
 things on my line.

June 10th Wednesday. Off at 5 this morning & had a disappointing hunt
 seeing nothing till I got down the hill again about 11. when a fine
 looking bear showed himself on the sky line. However I was obliged

39 a judge how to breakfast in spite of all temptations. In the
 middle of that meal the head of the deer I shot on the 6th was
 brought in, a fair one about 32" making 3 deer out of 14 days
 hard work. Later in the day news being brought in I went out
 again & after a long wait got a shot at a big chap, result
 doubtful as I couldn't get a steady sight on him for I was sliding
 gently down a shale slope in a sitting position at the time. I
 might have got such reason to him if it hadn't been for a narrow
 distance between Sumado & Shabana my shot shikan.
 June 11th Thursday. Meant to start off early this morning but when
 I was called at 5 am finding I had lost a shoe & a shoe in my eye
 I rushed low. Then rain began (the net going) & went to
 sleep again till 8. Had a very day. The only important event being
 the killing of my hair. Rain then performed on the back with a
 pair of surgical scissors I did the sides & the top did itself!
 In the morning the head of the deer I shot on the 6th was brought
 in a good one of 36" Iai vici at je vois. Blood from it that
 he has killed another & probably 2 more so he is doing well.
 The dish lovely came in from Sumado but to my great disappointment
 meat with no letters or papers for me. Probably to be in sending
 him in forget to tell him to bring my date as well as his own.

June 12th Friday. Up at 5 & off 5.30. Climbed hard for 3 hours
 going up about 2,500 feet. From the top there were seen for off
 down the other side & after a little cold weather & water I started
 off after them. We had to make a long detour on account of
 the bad ground & in about 2 hours more were brought up and
 standing by a precipice. Sumado wanted me to try to get
 along the face of it but I told him that I wasn't taking any
 and a probable drop of 1000 feet on to pointed rocks had no chance
 for me. He tried it himself but soon returned defeated. Here being
 no other rock we had to return to camp & get in at
 1.30 after a very hard morning work. After some tea and a
 wash I ordered the camp to be struck & in spite of a good deal
 of opposition & all sorts of excuses got away by 3 pm for another
 march about 5 miles off. We hadn't enough food so Sumado
 was left in charge of the remainder till I sent back some of the
 men when I reached my destination. Got dinner at 7.30 & the rest

of the fat lunch up about 9:30.
 June 13rd Saturday. Slept till 8 after yesterday's toil. My new camp is a mile & a half up another valley, as usual shut in by snow-capped mountains but not so picturesque as my last. The hills nothing but precipices & a stone except for the few patches of stunted grass on which the ibex subsist. Had a great row in the morning with the coolies who demanded extra pay for yesterday's march, promised to report them to the Resident at Lhasa. In the afternoon about 3 I started up the nullah went about 2 miles & then ascended white snow also went on to investigate. In the end he came back and reported having seen a herd of eight ibex but they were right away up at the top of a mountain & inaccessible. The snow is now melting fast & in consequence the higher feeding grounds are bare & there is no possibility for the ibex to come down to the lower hills whose temperature warmth they hate; so I fear the season may be said to be over in these parts, in fact we were lucky to get any after our long delay at Gure. However we decided to try once more early tomorrow morning, so they may come down then.

June 14th Sunday. Left at 5 & off 5:30, very sleepy. Went up the same way as last night & further but it was of no avail. Saw the same lot & some very fine ones among them but they might as well have been in Tibet for all the sport we are likely to get out of them. The road was very bad & got worse the further up the nullah one goes; in one place - and not uphill either - it took us nearly half an hour to go 100 yards every step having to be dug out of the side of the hill & requiring such engineering skill to maintain one's equilibrium a single slip meant a rapid slide into the river now swollen to a powerful torrent. Got back to camp & breakfast about 9:00. Decided to make a retrograde movement & will go on a few blivros tomorrow. On the other side of the high pass we may have some more sport as it is higher & there is still plenty of snow about. After that we go back to the Lhasa Valley & try for bear.

June 15th Monday. There being no more chance of an ibex in this part of the world I sent off for coolies this morning to rejoin Blivros. However neither they nor my messengers looked up so I couldn't move. On the whole though there was nothing to do I wasn't very sorry as one of my eyes was badly inflamed & the shade of the tent comforting under the circumstances.

June 16th Tuesday. Still no coolies, sent off Gurnado to find out the cause of the delay & another man to G. to see him why I couldn't come on. In my tent all day & my eye which was very sore. Nations for self & servants remaining very low, my daily ration becomes a luxury. Have had nothing else for a fortnight, hot, cold, roast, gelled, boiled minced & curried. Must move tomorrow coolies or no.

June 17th Wednesday. No sign of cooling in the morning, but at noon they eventually appeared. I had just unboarded the blood gates of my wrath & was gradually swimming to my work when Gurnado intervened, bringing the head of the last ibex. The one I shot on the 10th the best I've ever had & I have got this horns are beautifully shaped and one 41 inches long. So I calmed down & forgave everyone everything. This makes five ibex out of six that I have had a chance at, not so bad after all. My eye much better this morning after a small operation before my looking glass with a pair of scissors. Camp was speedily struck & I marched about 10 reaching G's camp about 3:30. Great company of mules & experienced. He has done very well having four heads all good but none up to my head; he has two of 37 inches and a few days ago he had a couple of shots at a big bear but missed him. My coolies lamed up very late and gave a lot of trouble before they were settled with. He decided to move tomorrow on our horse-wand path & so he had after sitting up to the dawn till the hour of 8:45!!



142 June 19th Thursday. Got under way after a great deal of trouble with the coolies who are a most objectionable lot in this part of the world. They insist on our going by another pass to the North of the one we came by as they say the road is too bad on the other. In the end we did not go more than about 5 miles & camped at the foot of the pass. The coolies will only carry about half their proper loads & demand more pay than they are entitled to. They are constantly having rows with the shikaris, all standing at once & making awfully demonstrations with sticks & stones & iron knives - a pleasant way to deal with. At least we will report them to the Resident, but I doubt if he can do anything to reach this wild country. We must be out very early in view of our hard days work tomorrow over the pass which is about 17000 feet high.

June 19th Friday. Up at 3.30 and off at the first glimpse of dawn about 4. A long climb up to the top of the pass and I was very proud of myself in being able to go up from the bottom to the top without a single halt the result of the constant mountain climbing of the last month. 3 or 4 hundred feet down the other side I halted in the snow & waited for 2 who turned up an hour & a half later when we had our breakfast of very tough cold mutton & cold potatoes. From here we had a long march down the Kaingis Nullah getting to our halting place, 18 miles, about 3 p.m. Poor B was very much done & not in the least of temper. He went to bed as soon as his tent was pitched & I had to do my best to eat two dinners - with considerable success. The coolies kept fairly quiet this evening being pretty tired after their day's work tomorrow when we have to settle with them for the 3 days over the pass they will probably be returning.

June 20th Saturday. Marched at 9. B much better after a good sleep of 14 hours. A fairly good track winding down the face of the hill



Types of Lahauli Coolies.

43 is a sort of ravine with swollen mountain torrents to be forded. After about 7 miles when I set down for my first rest and was peacefully rolling a cigarette with my legs hallowies under me, the cartilage of my knee suddenly went out with a jerk & I got it in again at once by straightening the leg, but of course it left my knee very sore & stiff. Very annoying, but fortunately the rest of our road was flat & I could get along all right with a bit of a limp. We got in to Gampa at 2 p.m. & camped below the Monastery on the little island in the midst of the great plain of shingle with the great mountains bordering it. My knee was rather painful but will be all right after a rest & we are going to halt here tomorrow. Tremendous row with the coolies over the pay question, but will probably be renewed tomorrow as it is not yet settled. Excellent dinner with Spandan, same

June 21st Sunday. Stalling at Gampa. My knee is much better but I can't bend it far for fear of the cartilage going out again. I have often done it before but not so unpleasantly as this time. We breakfasted at 9.30 & subsequently the row with the coolies was renewed. Not getting any forward, with 6 or 7 they went for our servants & soon from words to blows & were charged in to the rescue there was so pretty a little commotion going on so one could need to see. The little creature (water carrier) was a great sight with a stick about as long as himself striking the enemy with a will. Fortunately we were able to restore the peace for the time or someone would certainly have been killed. Finally they refused to take any money & both sides will report to the Commissioner at Gurgaon. Half of them then departed for their happy homes and as we are quite strong enough for the remainder they will probably be peace in camp. Later on we climbed up to inspect the Monastery which is just above us there are only about a dozen of the red coated lamas or monks at present in residence but they were very kind & showed us all their treasures. Inside the door of their main room were rows of praying wheels - little cylinders enclosing writings from the sacred Buddhist books - to make them rotate is considered a devotional act & as if a prayer had been said.

44 All the monks wear scarves round their necks which they 'feel' in much the same way as the P.C. We saw many interesting things



the interior chiefly statues of Buddha & his relations such as the "thousand-headed one" & the "thousand-armed one", some of very much worked & richly gilt & painted. Everything done in China & brought

Praying wheels. Gampa Maston. Tibet to Ladakh. He

himself is very ignorant & knows little or nothing of the of their religion. All they know they were told by the chief

to do so & so & they accordingly do it. We laid certain ropes at the feet of the colossal statue of Buddha in a dark inner room & a serenade on a small shell from a few spectators for our wellfare & a lay brother on the roof. Islands or monks and at this is one of these Madam Blavatsky and Aristotle of their doctrine

June 22nd Monday.



A lama of Gampa.



them had been through lama can mysticism is that lama in

Many-headed Idol. Gampa

Below is a sketch of one of the unimagined creatures whom the following look up to as the so-called Eastern Buddhism.

Started at 8:30 in def. objection to early rising. 16 miles to Gelmetong. I left out on the I did a double three behaved well and fortunately much better 3 weeks ago. Having disappeared.

On the road we met our old body with a great bundle of letters and papers for me which were very welcome indeed as my last news public & private was nearly a month old. He also brought us stores etc of which we were badly in need. C. has been suffering from the want of variety in our diet, but

my cost iron digestion has thrived on it amazingly, my only complaint being at times a deficiency in quantity not quality.

June 23rd Tuesday. Marched at 8 for Paktoven, a long journey of 16 miles the last 3 or 4 being over very bad ground. The road follows the Burn river which we saw emerge from a glacier 30 or 40 miles back as a peaceful limpid little stream which one could wade through. Now it is swollen into an enormous muddy torrent rushing along about 20 miles an hour & rolling the big boulders down its bed with a noise like thunder. It is impossible till the first bridge below Burne a distance of about 50 miles. Near Paktoven we again passed the great glacier now a somewhat dirty looking object as the snow is cleared off its lower end, when passing it I saw two great masses of ice fall down into the river & at once swept away by the fierce current. Having seen a lot of rodents on our road up we kept our guns out & I shot four & 1 one. They have very good fur and may be of some use to our respective nations tomorrow we march to Burne.

45
June 24th Wednesday. Set off at 9:15 for Burne. This time instead of following the river along its big lower we took the short cut over the mountain now clear of snow. A climb of an hour (again without a halt) took me to the top & there was the well remembered Burne Valley spread out like a map at my feet but a very different Burne Valley bright with green fields and a few trees, a very great contrast to the bleak scene we left. All down the hill & along the valley to the bridge the path was thick with wild flowers many of whom were home friends clover, anemones, orchids & wild roses & many I don't know. I finally reached our old camp at 12:45 & there found Rattiger of the Scottish Borderers on his way back from Ladakh. He is a great pal of C's, who turned up about 1/4 of an hour later & the rejoicing was great. I had my tent pitched on the same ground that I occupied for the 3 weeks in May, but the spring growth has so changed the surroundings that it seems to be quite

a different place we went in the afternoon to see poor Christian's grave, it is in good order & the wooden cross has stood well. We hear that his people are going to have him removed to Brinagar. Rathigan did not with me & I provided quite a banquet for our remaining 'hins'. Another Satel band up in the afternoon - leaving off the 15th thousand - but went on into the Pass.

June 25th Thursday. Owing to the number of people who have passed through here during the last few days in various directions we were unable to gather enough coolies & so had to halt for the day. Read the old 'Pioneer' & smoked most of the time in the morning. I heard a loud crash from the direction of the river & looking down saw the remains of the bridge below our camp floating off on the swollen river. It was very shaky when we crossed yesterday but fortunately survived long enough for our requirements. The inhabitants will now have a walk of 3 miles up & down the nullah to the nearest snow bridge. I fancy it is a considerable loss to them as there is no wood here except the stunted willows & birch which don't grow thicker than a man's arm. Heard after dinner that the coolies have come, sufficient for the 3 of us - Rathigan being also bound for the Wardwan Valley over the Bhat Bhat Pass.

June 26th Friday. Started about 7.30 & marched up the nullah towards the foot of the Pass. We went about 15 miles and camped 2 miles further up than our old halting place so as to make tomorrow's climb shorter. I successfully stalked & shot another marmot on the way. Near the end of the march we had to ford the river & I commenced the passage on Samadon's back, in the middle the current made him loose his footing & he deposited me in mid-stream. Fortunately I fell on my feet & so didn't get very wet but I had to continue the journey myself & by the time I got to the other bank my legs were almost frozen the bitter cold of the water causing much pain. However a bush dump at the midday sun soon put that all right. We camped on the last bit of clear ground below the snow. Just opposite where we pitched was a very

fine waterfall falling clear from the top of a precipice several hundred feet. It was very cold in the evening & I was glad of the comfort of my blanket at dinner.

June 27th Saturday. Up at 4.30 & off soon after 5. We had a very cold trip over the Pass so the day was cloudy and a bitter wind blowing in our faces. Most of the snow having gone revealed to us what it formerly concealed - namely, that both sides of the Pass are really enormous glaciers, filling up the whole valley; for miles & miles we waded over the solid ice & I can speak feelingly of the painful effect on one's feet when wearing grass shoes & wooden soles, both soaking wet, at one time every step was almost agony. The glacier on the ascent side was fairly smooth as we got to the top without trouble about 8 am. Coming down the ice was much broken

by deep crevasses of varying breadth seeming to go right down into the bowels of the earth & often with the roar of some underground ice river coming up out of them. Many coolies have lost their lives at this particular bit of the Pass by the snow treacherously concealing these dangers, so we went down very gingerly, in single file, with one of the shikaris in front forcing the doubtful bits with his khuk-strict. Most of the crevasses we jumped but some had to be circumnavigated as they were too broad. The huts of the ice were very pretty looking into these deep cracks. The glacier we descended was quite six miles long & hundreds of feet deep. About a mile from where it ended we came to the camping ground and found the luxuriant green surroundings & abundant spring flowers very welcome to the eyes after the wintry scenery of the morning. This Pass is a very long one & though we are over the summit 14,000 feet still we have two more days journey down it before we come to any village. It has been thundering rain all day but has held off so far. Yesterday evening we tried Rathigan's new .303 rifle, which he said was not a success, at a bit of paper 150 yards off on the hill, was rather pleased when my first shot tore it to shreds & would it had been a 45 inch tree.

46 June 28th Sunday. Rathigan, being an 'early waker' went off before we were up & I had breakfast at 7:30 while our tents were being struck & started soon after 8, marching about 12 miles down the pass. There is still a lot of snow lying about but most of the road was fairly good going. On the way we met several great herds of goats & a few sheep being driven up to feed on the new luxuriant grass; the goats were splendid big chaps with beautiful long silky hair almost reaching to the ground, but the opportunity of getting a large number of raw milk which was delicious & was rather afraid of its going to my head so I have had nothing stronger than snow water for 2 1/2 months however I managed to reach fairly straight into camp. From this camp there was a lovely view looking down the pass and the first or rather the last fair trees were visible far below. One of the feathered friends from Curacao news of a red bear in a mullah five miles off which had died & breakfasted on 4 of his flock, I sent my cholo shikari on to see if he could find any trace of him & to meet me on the road tomorrow morning. If there is any news I will take my tent up the mullah & have a try for him.

June 29th Monday. Continued our march down the valley and reached Sutrero the first village at the head of the Andeanian about 2. Pachana met me on the road & told me the 'baloo' had disappeared from the mullah 2 days before so there was no use in my stopping. The march today although very rough in places was a very pleasant one so we were now able to follow a small foot track on the hillside instead of the bed of the stream. The wild flowers were lovely in parts rivaling a certain herbaceous border at its best. I could have collected over a hundred varieties in a very short time, in places the hillside was thick with wild strawberry plants but not yet in flower. We camped in the old spot but only drew it by some trees near so we saw no more of it with grass & flowers. The same old lambdathar presented us with some more wild honey which we at once began to tackle bearing in mind the oat bane of the former lot which ran out of its pot & made hay in theiffin basket, we bottled this little lot. We set off in the afternoon to collect coonies for tomorrow from the other villages so there are not enough in this little village for the 3 of us. In the evening Rathigan

49 produced a very large map of the country & we were able to see the district into which we are now going to penetrate in search of the red bear. Unfortunately the very dark shading of the mountain ranges to be crossed made b. declare by all his gods that nothing would tempt him into it and he remained firm in spite of all the attractions Rathigan & I offered him & he says the Mayan Pass is the last hill he intends to climb for many years so I shall have to go alone & he will go down the Andean Valley by easy stages & meet me at Salmalad on or about the 9th when we take shipping for Orinagar.

June 30th Tuesday. I want to be off at 5 this morning but there were only enough coonies for Rathigan who went down the valley about 6. I spent a long day sitting in the sun & smoking more than was good for me. All day we were looking out anxiously for the dark Cooly who is by day's procedure with our letters & papers but he didn't appear, he arrived simultaneously on a former occasion & no doubt is reckoning that the mild Castleton he then received is better than walking too fast. This time however he will require a small glacier of his own to sit on for 3 or 4 days. Coonies for tomorrow turned up in the evening & I parted after dinner so I march at 5:30 & he at 9.

July 1st Wednesday. Up at 5 & off about a quarter to six. The road fully bore out the map as I had a long and severe climb of about five hours before getting over the ridge. The morning was cloudy & about 8 steady rain set in so it was a cold and dismal journey the rain making the footing very insecure both on the snow & the ground & making our upward progress very difficult indeed I hit the dust or rather the snow or mud on several occasions. Coming down the other side into a wild & desolate valley I was cheered by seeing recent traces of my friend the 'baloo' in several places where he had dug great holes in the ground in search of roots, giving hope of seeing him closer I arrived within sight of the camping ground about 1. & as the coonies were bound to be late we cast about for some shelter finally getting cover in a sort of small cave in the rocks. I was by this time very cold & wet & regretted my somewhat

50. Summery garments. However I ate everything in my left hand basket & smoked many pipes. When the coolies appeared about 4 the rain stopped & a glimpse of sunshine brightened things considerably. Camp was pitched by 5 & some dry garments & hot tea, made Richard himself again. I hope the weather is not going to break now it has been wonderfully good up to now.

July 2nd Thursday. Having heard last night from a slepherd that he had seen a bear that morning I was up at 4 and went about 2 miles to the place he was seen. However though we saw his marks there was no bear there this morning nor anywhere near about so we returned to camp & breakfast about 8. A large flock of sheep was driven through the valley yesterday and I am afraid this has destroyed my chance of getting any sport here however Dunda & Shabana will go out in the evening & explore further. The day was fine on the whole with slight showers at times. So Shaban hummed up with a note from him, the 2nd cooly has missed connection somehow & is in a terrible rage with everyone, his temper is much too short for this sort of life & its unavoidable discomforts & misdeeds, but he will have cooled down by the time we meet.

July 3rd Friday. No news of bear having come in last night or this morning it was evidently useless waiting any longer so I decided to push on after breakfast. It was a lovely morning and I enjoyed the march up the valley and saw another range of mountains very much. Shot another marmot on the way, he barked into his hole in the usual aggravating way just out of gunshot but was rash enough to put his head up again in order to make a face at me like a small boy & he did before he had time to change his expression. On the top of the ridge as in my usual custom I halted for a quiet smoke and to enjoy the view while the coolies came up. Over a third range which I cross tomorrow a break in the clouds gave me a far away glimpse of a bit of the Kashmir Valley, away down thousands of feet below me with the silver streak of the Jhelum winding through it. It had a very unreal appearance owing to the setting of clouds, having no apparent connection with anything

51. else. A distant growl of thunder roused me from my meditations and I noticed the clouds beginning to darken & descend into the narrow valley at my feet so we too speedily began to descend to the bottom of the valley where we were going to camp. Half way down it was evident we were in for a heavy thunder storm so I dispatched Shabana back to hurry on the coolies with my tent & bedding. I got the beginning of it but kept fairly dry under the lee of a rock in my waterproof and fortunately they got my tent up quickly & before the heavy tent came on everything was under shelter. It only lasted about an hour and then the sky cleared & a cold wind dried things speedily. The servants & wharries have my small tent & were all right but the coolies must have been a bit uncomfortable. Some of them took shelter under the eaves of my tent & been in the bath room, which though very wrong humanity would not permit me to take notice of. My plans now are to go on one more march which will take me nearly to the foot of the hills & there to try some hunting of the jungle by the villagers which may produce a black bear or a panther if I am lucky.

July 4th Saturday. A bright morning after a very cold night when I was glad of all the evenings in my possession. Started at 9 and climbed to the top of the last ridge in about 3/4 of an hour. From the top I had a magnificent view of the 'Valley of Kashmir' stretching away into the distance however as a cold wind was rapidly changing the clouds about us I didn't linger long but commenced the descent into the valley. This was a long & hard business & took me nearly four hours at first the path was very steep & the footing bad on loose shingle & rock, but about half way down we emerged from the barrenness of the high hills into the pine clad slopes with shady paths strewn with pine needles. Soon the pines began to be mixed with other trees & finally we reached cultivation at the top

52. of the long gradual slope leading from the mountain to the plain the first village we came to - Harpatnath - though only consisting of a few scattered huts had a prosperous appearance contrasting greatly with the miserable huts in the lowland and in Radakh. I went about 2 miles beyond Harpatnath and camped on a beautiful grassy slope under the shade of some fine walnut trees. This was my last day of the heat huts and I am now at the comparatively modest height of 6000 feet. The change of climate is not very great thanks to the recent rain & the freshness of the greenery is delightful after one has been gazing on bare rock for 2 months. I am now within one march of Dahanabad & shall stay here till it is time to return to Eminagar. The thick jungle on the lower slopes of the hills holds bear & leopard which I shall try for but doubt my bad luck being broken.

July 5th Sunday. Left at 3.30 & off about half a mile to the left and intercepted the only baloo so he returns to the top after gorging himself all night with the ripe mulberries. When we reached the spot they were known to ascend by it was still quite dark and I waited there for an hour or so with zero and rifle cocked fearing at the opening 3 or 4 yards distant whence they were to emerge. However when the dawn was far enough advanced we were able to see by the marks on the ground that they had forestalled us and made their way up the hill before we arrived. Got back about 5.30 and took 3 hours more slumber. After breakfast the clouds came down on us and the heavens' except like anything' for 4 or 5 hours. It cleared about 3 and feeling the want of my daily hard labour I went for a walk doing about 8 miles & revelling in the sweetness of the air after the rain. 4 miles on the road to Dahanabad I found another camp and should have called on the owner had I not got a hilarious glimpse of a peacock which caused me to best a speedy retreat. Lost my way coming back but my

53
dump of locality guided me home eventually through some large plantations of sugar cane. On my return at 5.30 I found the morning dah lady had at last arrived with many letters, papers & stores all much in request. He had been to 8th post and was suffering so I didn't add to his mental & physical anguish. His skin - the Leprosy that he - was also present and I hear that C. has broken everyone from his chato which downwards feel as he is now safely over the Marjan & no longer cold to my take a less cynical view of living human nature. Sent him back some papers and a tin of bacon - very soothing. Heard in the evening of a fool being killed by a leopard some little way back - too late to go out for him. So ordered a village dog to be secured near the spot to tempt Master Spots again.

July 6th Monday. A lovely day, but blank from a sporting point of view. Divided the morning from 10-2 in a heat of the jungle. Forty stalwart villagers armed with sticks and tom-toms were secured to do the beating. I went on ahead with the shikari & we climbed up to the top of a small hill densely covered with jungle & I took up my position where there was a little bit of clear ground having a lot of shrubs & branches cut down so as to give me a few clear yards to shoot in. The beater then formed his round the base of the hill & commenced climbing up towards me making a most unearthly yelling, enough to raise the dead. It was an exciting moment when they gradually converged towards me & I expected every second to see an angry black monster emerge from the jungle. However nothing appeared and we moved on to a higher ridge & repeated the heat but without success. Got a third time did we try but although a bear was seen it broke back through the beater and the only animals that came my way were a couple of remarkably fine owls and a large monkey who seemed to be in a great hurry.

54/ and a very bad temper. There was no use going on after this so we all returned to camp the shikari deciding that it was evidently my 'homet' not to get a shot at a bear. Had a great read of the best three weeks news & was relieved to find that India had managed to get on without me with fair success.

July 7th Thursday. In spite of the temptation of a fine fat boat there was no further news of the Bopara so I did not go out to occupy the little boat which had been built for me in a convenient tree overlooking the spot at which he had been tied up. Instead, I spent a very lazy but pleasant day under the walnut tree reading & smoking. By the evening no further news having come in I gave it up as a bad job & decided to march to Islamabad tomorrow.

July 8th Wednesday. Started about 8 & marched to Islamabad, about 15 miles. The heat was very hot as it was on the level & without much shade, but being my last march I made the most of it and did the last eleven miles at a great pace & without a halt. On arriving at the river bank I found B. having his hair cut by the local barber. Poor chap he has been without bacon for 3 days & unable to stand it any longer was just starting for Binagar in desperation. I was able to relieve him having a little left so I smoke pipes & so could economise in cigarettes. The boats I had ordered were waiting for us and as soon as my coolies appeared we loaded up & set sail - metaphorically - for Binagar. Our agent in Binagar Bahar Shah had sent us some bread, vegetables & soda water which were very welcome from the long time we have been without them. We got off about 5.30 and drifted slowly down & lying up to the bank about 8.30.

July 9th Thursday. A quiet day drifting & paddling down the winding stream, we reached Binagar about 6 and went up the Dal Canal to the 'Glenar Bagh' or garden

55 of figs trees which is the great bachelors' camping ground. We found it deserted but for one Sahibi tent & were much disappointed in the surroundings, the canal being narrow and a lot of native huts close to us on the opposite bank. After dinner our friend the mosquito made his appearance by thousands & such a mosquito - three of them could lift a man. Fortunately we both of us had curtains with us - unusual till now - & speedily had them erected round our camp beds. Even with them we both of us had very nearly 'une nuit blanche' thanks to the infernal row going on across the river. A party of congenial spirits were evidently having a singing competition and many were 'de songs dey sing'. The repetition of these absolute ly terrible things was maddening; at least in despair of sleep I took to counting the number of verses in one of the songs & got to 97! I almost hoped he would reach the century but he seemed content & soon after started another time!

June 10th Friday. One of the first things we did this morning was to give orders to remove the boats to our former halting place on the main river as soon as we had started on our shopping which we did about 11. For this purpose we were paddled off into the city at a great pace. One of our first visits was to 'Makdoe' the skin curer to whom we had sent our illex heads to be cleaned & we were relieved to find that he had them all ready for us. I was much pleased to find that my second head which I had not yet seen was a beauty & almost as large as the last one I killed. I also got hold of a tape measure and was able to take all the measurements exactly with the following result - No. 1 - 3 1/2 inches No. 2 - 4 1/2 inches No. 3 - 3 5/8 inches No. 4 - 3 3/4" No. 5 - 4 1/4".

56. Anything over 35" is looked on as a fair head and over 40" as a very good one, nowadays, so I have every reason to be satisfied with the quality of my bag considering how we were handicapped by getting late to the ground. From Maldoos we went to Bahar Shah & arranged to close an account with him tomorrow & then to the New Bazaar where I found my table all ready & had it put in a box & taken to the boat. With a few other errands to the Post Office etc we completed a hard day's work and found that it was 5 pm by the time we reached our boats in their new position. Still we had not nearly done for there remained the painful & serious business of paying off our shikaris & permanent coolies - three months wages to them all, "chits" of or letters of recommendation to the written, "bachaleesh" to be given when decessed & odds & ends of kit & clothing to be distributed. A big business but it came to an end like everything else & we got rid of the crowd by 10.30 & sat down to a good bill dinner at which the usual appetite was somewhat lacking owing to the heat & the want of exercise.

June 11th Saturday. A better night than the last but still a lot of noise so we hope to get out of this today if we can settle all our business. We were surrounded after breakfast by these rascals the dealers in Kashmir silver work, carving etc and both of us made some purchases. Then we went to Bahar Shah & had a final settling of accounts a solemn business which made us both feel somewhat serious when the last big cheque had to be signed. However one doesn't get 3 months leave every year & I think it well worth the expense. Finally we got away about five and went 4 or 5 miles down the river till we could select a quiet spot to lie up for the night.

June 12th Sunday. After a good night we sailed or floated down the river at a very gentle pace as we decided

only to go a short distance to Shadipora - the place of 57. Marriage as it is factually called on account of its being the junction of the Sind River and the Helum. The river today was not very interesting as it flows sluggishly between its high mud banks with occasional wooded islands & small villages here & there. We rescaled our distasteful about 2 pm and I was tempted by seeing some fish rise to get out my rod & give them a trial. However the parson had declined to look at the tempting mix-ture of atter (some flour) & cotton wool and although they investigated a small fly soon with some curiosity their attentions were governed by a certain amount of forecence. In default I was constrained to surrender some fish to a local fisherman who had been casting his net in the neighbourhood with better success & passing the time, the were excellent. There was a pleasant breeze up the river at night which kept away the evening mosquitoes.

July 13th Monday. Sailed early this morning so as to get above the Woodstock Lake before the evening breeze set in. After going about 4 or 5 miles down the river we entered a small bend in the South bank which was a short cut into the lake. After 2 hours in this it widened out into a swamp which gradually became the lake, at least we took it for granted that it was so although it looked more like an enormous meadow stretching for miles and miles so thick was the growth of water plants in the shallow water (6-8 feet). Indeed only about a mile of today's sail. Although the lake was in open water most of this floating carpet of green leaves & flowers was formed by the Singhara or water nut on which the native black spiny shell & other life sinks to the bottom, these it is gathered in great quantities by the Singhara fishermen when the water have somewhat subsided. There were

58 also quantities of lovely water lilies a brain full of which I gathered as we sailed our way through them and a beautiful giant lily, one of which I got with some difficulty owing to its growing in the deepest part of the langle and found it to measure 13 inches from petal to petal. It was very hard work forcing the boat through this thick growth and our progress was slow, for my faculty of time to the myriads of mosquitoes to accomplish their destiny indeed I had to tie my head up in a towel, like an old woman with the toothache, to get some relief from them. We reached Sapor at the exit of the glen from the lake about 4 o'clock and under the bridge went a little way down the river to keep clear of the nose of the town. Just when we got to the point got up considerably as it blew hard till 8 p.m. rendering it very unpleasant as it does not like it any more than cold or hills. Decided to halt here tomorrow as we are not due at Banamala till the day after.

July 14th Tuesday. I got up at 4:30 this morning and went off in a little ship to fish this place Sapor - having a bit of a reputation for its 'mahoeer' fishing (the Indian salmon). I was at it for a while the whole morning only come back for an hour for breakfast but had no luck so I only touched one fish though I tried small spoon large spoon minnow & natural bait. Most of the time we kept under the bridge & fished the strong current which stood sweet under it and backwaters below each of the piers. In the afternoon it came on to blow so hard that it was no use continuing & I had a somewhat stormy passage back to the ship which was in shelter in a small creek. After dinner about 9 pm the wind lulled in a heavy thunderstorm with heavy rain which passed through the thicket of the nets in every direction. It didn't last long but repeated itself about mid-

59 night when I was roused by the rain on my face so I was sleeping with the nets up. However I was asleep again in a few minutes though I assumed no rest morning that I lasted several hours as the thunder was terrific. I attribute this to the crystalline transparency of my conscience.

July 15th Wednesday. Being afraid of a repetition of yesterday's wind our kind boatmen started off at some unwhole hour this morning & when I emerged Paganah had for my morning cigarette in the house Banamala was in sight and soon we tied up a little above the town. After breakfast we started our servants to pack & make a division of such of the stores & plate as were common property, looking for the odd articles. Our extensive cellar which has returned intact after all its wandering yielded us a bottle of whiskey each and I won the odd bottle of brandy, also the set of boots by looking into the pride of my heart fell to me though it is unlikely I shall ever use them again. Then we went down to the large office to see that everything was right & arranged to have data kept at the date Bangalore next morning so all our kit will be packed. It rained next morning so all our kit will be packed. It rained next morning so all our kit will be packed. It rained next morning so all our kit will be packed.

July 16th Thursday. About 6 o'clock we had everything packed at Banamala to the place where the tongas start. Leaving the servants & boatmen to transfer our chattels we went off to the date Bangalore & had our date kept - the first meal we have had under a roof for 3 months. This time we took a tonga each in order to bring our servants along with us & most of our baggage. We hoped to find that our tents & beds had to be left to follow us by bullock train. Finally we went off at a gallop at about 7:45 & entered on the

60 Last stage of our travels. We traveled all day down the
plateau valley only stopping once for breakfast at Uri. The late
rain had laid the dust so far spread in a certain amount
of discomfort but the langes were terrible rattle traps and
after 12 hours banging & jolting we both were glad when
we reached Domet rest house & alighted with a very fine
pain of headache. So I declined to be the treatment appro-
priate for the occasion he electing for a cup of tea & immediate
bed while I took the more heroic measures of eating a big
dinner & breaking the pledge. The results in both cases, I re-
note, were eminently satisfactory. I found Capt. Jellitt R.A. &
his wife with 2 young women attached on their way up from
Mian Mir and found their party at dinner, we had a very
cheerful little group they being me all the news from Mian
Mir while I filled them with traveler's tales & good advice.
Jellitt tells me they have had a terrible hot weather since
I left & I received much sympathy from them all on my
having to return to that unblest spot. We had a very
pleasant dinner at night & were very thankful to be at
shelter.

July 17th Friday. Breakfast at 7 and off at 8 after farewells
to the Jellitts. Another long and boring day with bad
& overcasted skies & a forecast of the heat to come.
Reached Sumnagant at Murree about 5 & hadiffin after
which we descended rapidly to the plains not getting in
to Rawal Pindi till after 10. Dined in the Railway
refreshment room & caught the Peshawar mail at 12.45.
Pindi was fairly cool as they had rain there lately.

July 18th Saturday. After a sound night's sleep in the train
we reached Lahore at 10 am. So I breakfasted there
together & then packed he going on to Amritsar while I
went to a glassy & drove out to Mian Mir which I found
like a burning fiery furnace as there has been no rain
and so ends this most unalicious record of one of the
pleasantest 3 months I have ever had. L. P. Richardson



