



NATURAL
PRODUCTIONS
OF
KASHMERE

On the Natural Productions of the Vale of Kashmere. By
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I have now the pleasure to forward my long promised sketch of the Natural Productions, (especially of the Vegetable World,) observed in a late tour of five months' duration through the territories of Maharajah Gulab Singh, extending from Bimhur in the Punjab, to the famous valley of Kashmere, and thence backwards by the Buramūluk route. I must premise by stating that I had offered my services *gratis* to Government as a collector of botanical specimens, *and* as a general explorer in the wide field which has lately been thrown open to enquiry since the annexation of the vast Sikh empire, but as no reply was ever made to the application, I am quite at a loss to conjecture how such an economical measure could have met with discouragement,—or rather neglect, from the Higher Powers. I was thus left to my own resources, to a very limited period of travel and observation. Accordingly I started from Ferozepore about the middle of April, and managed to reach Bimhur in a few days. A more dirty depopulated remnant of a town cannot well be imagined: the surrounding country very bleak, uninteresting, a considerable torrent passes through the place; its waters seem to irrigate the fields of rice, wheat, and bajera which extend along its banks. There is a shady grove of mulberry, lime, and other fruit trees, at the travellers' bungalow, but this seems the only attempt at a garden in the vicinity. Ridges of low rocky hills (or rather heaps of stones) finish the uninviting landscape, if we may except a busy water mill of the usually primitive model, which industriously grinds in the service of the miser monarch. There is a considerable traffic however, in spite of appearances; the traveller meets Bunjarra bullocks and camels in whole armies of thousands, laden with the richer produce of the higher regions, or bound ubiquitously on the errand of trade. As the

footsteps recede from the plains, so does all vestige of a highway: not ^{one} cross from the town a guide is necessary, for there the path enters the fickle torrent, and meanders invisibly in an alternate labyrinth of tall oleanders, grass, and rocks, and should the clouds lower, a rapid flood advances to cut off all communication in front, and rear,—perhaps for *whole hours*! After a zig-zag walk, alternately wet, ~~or~~ ^{and} dry, of some miles in length, the foot of a naturally scarp'd mountain is reached,—that great outwork which would form the first serious barrier to an invader. The ascent is dreadfully abrupt, an inclined plane of slippery sandstone, sometimes of many *hundred yards* extent, considerably augmenting the danger ⁱⁿ ~~or~~ difficulty of the journey. I observed that the Bunjarrás usually halted half way across, or regaled their panting quadrupeds with the rich pasturage on its slopes, giving them thereby a night's rest to recruit their failing strength for the remaining portion of the task. At the summit is a rude tower and breast-work occupied by a few soldiers. The thickets through which the path winds are very dense, and consist mostly of *Dodonæa*, *Acacias*, Pines, *Korounda*,[†] and many common jungle trees,—many blossoming shrubs, as *Dalbergias*, &c., but not a single flower of any kind, which fact is accounted ~~for~~ in the scarcity of water, one small spring of which is alone met with *en route*.

The descent is equally abrupt, at many points *climbing* would be an expressive term: it appeared to me a wonderful feature of animal endurance, how bullocks and tattoos, under their respective loads of 2 or 300 lbs. each, managed to scale these almost perpendicular heights. On reaching the little vale below, the same torrent again presents itself, but of larger growth,—deep pools of pellucid water sparkle among green banks, and the rocks are of bolder form. A richly cultivated tract, alternately clothed with wheat, and *bajerow* stretches far away to the hamlet, and (next) stage of *Sadabad*, where the ruins of a magnificent serai silently speak

of ancient Mohammedanism, and its pompous luxuries. The customs^tchokies of the modern tyrant, here exercise a lynx-eyed control on all errant purveyors; every thing, and every body, are here taxed *ad valorem*, from the obese bunyah with his precious kafilah of silks, saffron, and spices, to the pauper widow eking out her last pice. Quitting Sadabad the prospect improves,—the very air seems different, as clearer or colder it murmurs Æolian sighs through the fragrant pine leaves,—and the grass is greener than the eye has lately seen. Winding among mountains the pathway suddenly emerges on another happy valley,—Noushera: the town is situated on the Tohee, a roughly picturesque stream, reminding me of many such a one in old England. I saw a great mass of timber being floated down, and was informed that Gulab Singh derived a large local profit on this commodity. The gardens (or rather orchards) are numerous, and kept in very good order. I observed in them trees of vines, plums, apricots and plantains: there were some fields of very inferior tobacco, some fine wheat, and pigeon peas, and in a flower plot some gay clumps of narcissus. Maize is grown largely in the season. There is a large bazaar, and a considerable trade carried on with Jummoo and the plains. The place is considered of importance, is in the jagheer of Jowahir Singh (Gulab's nephew) and garrisoned by a large portion of his troops, who are extremely arrogant, and disrespectful to strangers. Salt appears to be the principal article of merchandize, and it is brought on bullocks and tattoos from the interior. Visible across the river on the heights is a strong fortlet, said to contain many guns, and a garrison. A very rocky, narrow thoroughfare runs along the right bank, sometimes it penetrates a thorny wilderness, and sometimes it traverses the uncouth boulders: the river roars, and rushes, with great violence through the narrow portions of its channel, amid the rocks: on the humid knolls in its vicinity many beautiful plants and shrubs

present themselves, which never having seen before I cannot name; their character that of under shrubs, with (mostly) blue, or azure blossoms;—a giant creeper was very superb, apparently one of the *Leguminosæ*, stem 2 or 3 inches circumference, the blossom an immense bunch of papilionaceous flowers,—sky-blue, and white. The Gloriosa lily everywhere entwined itself in great luxuriance, and many showy shrubs of the larger sorts contributed to adorn the jungle; especially one which appears to be a *Pittosporum*. A scattered hamlet, with its few maize fields is here the only symbol of civilization, all else consists in a ruined serai, and an interminable jungle, which alone needs the fostering hand of Britain to convert into a fertile garden. Water power seems everywhere absolutely wasted; beyond the feeble machine rudely raised from logs and stones for the preparation of the household meal, no sort of mill exists, and yet no valleys in the world contain greater facilities for their use, or one would suppose greater inducements for mechanical improvement; the fault, or rather crime, lies with the present sordid ruler, and his myrmidons. The soil on the rude terraces appeared of the richest description, a black, boggy mould, which produced as fine heads of maize as I ever saw in India. The green slopes around them were rich in gaily hued flowers and shrubs. Among the former I noticed *Campanulas* and the gaudy *Hibiscus (ferox?)* its brilliant yellow masses visible at a great distance. I noticed *Xanthoxylum hostile* (vern: Tez-bull) two species “Semalho,” the *Catechu* and other *Acacias*; and on a ruin discovered a trailing plant, with clusters of delicate white bloom, fragrant of honey. At the same spot, in front of a dilapidated arch, were a few friendless trees of peach, pear, pomegranite, the degenerate progeny of some imperial palace-yard. Minadpore is a large village through which we will pass at once to Rajowree, a considerable town, 5 miles further on, merely remarking of the pathway, that it winds

through thorny brakes, across brooks, over sheets of maize, or rice, and that the latter part of it is a steep ascent of the nearly perpendicular hill, over hanging the military post of "Rajowree," the nominal Lord of which is "Meer Huttoo,"—a natural son of Gulab Singh. His jagheer is said to bring in about one lakh of rupees annually, and to judge by the display of the precious metals on the persons of the inhabitants, I should say *could* produce more. They are almost entirely Hindoos of the Bunea caste, very industrious and speculative, and enjoying comparative immunity from extortion and oppression, in consequence of their religion. The elevation above the sea may be 4 or 5000 feet, but the heat of the air is at times quite insupportable, the closely built houses being environed on all sides by precipitous ranges of lofty hills, densely wooded to their very summits: that, over which the narrow defile winds in approaching the town, is an impenetrable jungle of low thorny woodland, which appears to be strictly retained as a useful barrier of defence against external foes. Below the walls, along either bank of the Tohee, are many neat enclosures filled with vines, plantains, and other choice fruit trees. Crossing the rapid, or dangerous ford, the traveller will encamp in the ruined pleasure gardens of the magnificent Moslems. On all sides he beholds the relics of their opulent extravagance. Porches and fountains, reservoirs, terraces, and walls, all sinking into the dust; but outliving *them*, stand many noble objects of the vegetable world, plane trees of immense girth, two large *Chumpas*, and a choice collection of fruits. There is quite a wilderness of the *Rosa semperflorens*, interspersed with chrysanthemums, jonquills, and the yellow iris. Amidst this wreck of things, I found a fine climbing rose, of the sort known by the native name "kuja," the flowers were unusually large, and sweet, and the tree itself must have been of great age, to judge by its size and height. There is no gardener, but a man is occasionally sent to turn on a

water course, in very dry weather. All the low grounds and valleys are tilled for rice; directly the snow melts (the ground having been previously ploughed,) is submitted to inundation, or planted with paddy. Great is the sickness arising from this necessary evil; to migrate or to die is the option of all the Kashmerians who dwell in the neighbourhood: accordingly by the end of May, these men and their families decamp for the higher mountains, where they erect log huts, and eke out their summer existence between sleep ^{and} starvation. The town's people appeared to suffer severely from ague, and marsh fever, but affected to look on the evil as an unavoidable occurrence. The winters are said to be very severe; snow often lies on the ground three or four feet deep, though not for any length of time. July and August are terrible months for heat, and consequently malaria. The paddy being then in the fulness of its growth, every sort of venomous reptile abounds; snakes, centipedes, and scorpions, all treated me to their company during a brief sojourn in canvas. Early in May there was a succession of furious hail-storms, the *quantity* of stones which fell surpassed all previous experience, and destroyed every fruit for miles around: but the most singular mischief was that inflicted on the finny race, hundreds of dead mahseer, and eels were cast by the flood on the shore, killed, as I was told, by *swallowing the hail-stones as food!* I recollect a similar occurrence some years ago in the Jullundur Doab.

The uplands are covered with fine grazing pasture, and Gulab Singh avails himself of this circumstance by keeping a great number of horses and mules in the district to consume it: the former appeared very superior animals, a cross between Yaboo, and Arab and Northern horses. Sheep appeared poor and scarce, goats seeming to be the favourite stock of the butcher. Most of the specimens of horned cattle I saw were of the meanest species, being used only for the plough; occasionally indeed a milch buffalo was met with

of a fair size and breed. Englishmen would completely change the "dustoor" here, that "dustoor" meaning (Anglice) "doing nothing." Nobody builds a bridge over the fords, though a man or two are drowned in the rainy season daily, because nobody cares, or nobody knows how, or nobody gives the hookum, and that with logs and rocks, and lime under their feet, and thus to the end of the chapter!

Leaving this Gothic capital, at the risk of transmitting his sliding limbs into some distant cavern of the "Tohee," the *Viator* emerges, dripping like a merman, on his 12th mile trip to Thannah, the next stage, an amphibious journey he may call it, wading through the paddy and lanes turned *pro tem* into canals.

On an occasional mound strange vegetation strikes the eye. No longer the tropical plantain bends in the breeze. At Berode, a picturesque hamlet, limes and chestnuts cast their proud shade on the turf, and in the hedges the elegant *Spiræa* flourishes, and on the moist brink of a spring the large *Orchis* blooms, and bright mosses sparkle in the sunlight. I noticed a delicate trailer, a species of *Petunia*, pale lilac colour; a climbing bean, with a pretty pink scented blossom; a small creeper with bright yellow racemes, like miniature laburnum, *Glycine* (?), and obtained two or three bulbs of a *Crinum*. By a small stream near the traveller's room, two or three showy plants of balsam were flourishing, and with their countless parti-coloured flowers added to the gaiety of this natural garden. As we ascend the Ruttun Pir mountain, (estimated by Hugel at 9,000 feet,) the scenery and climate attain the happiest scale of effect, the former magnificent from its boundless extent, the latter temperately invigorating, delighting the body. Of all the eligible sites, possessing adequate facilities for a military sanatorium, this one appears to me to bear the palm; and should events lead to British dominion, I think this favoured spot will be universally popular. Oaks, chestnuts, limes, elms, yews, ash, box and

many other forest trees of useful quality, clothe the lower ridges, and these are interspersed with every description of ornamental shrub and plant. I especially noticed *Rhododendron*, and two species of *Clematis*, *Spirœa*, *Salvias*, *Viola*, and two or three delicate flowers quite unknown to me. Nearer the summit, large pines and firs constitute the woodland, and the choicer offspring of cold regions flourish in abundance. I noticed two fine species of *Azalea*, *Vaccinium*, *Iris*, *Potentillas*, *Primulas*, lavender, and fine patches of the pretty alpine *Auricula*, unusually large, and perfect. The shrine of a fakeer, and two or three sheds for travellers, occupy nearly all the table land on the peak. Thence we descend to the next stage,—a large village called Perhamgala, from the river on which it is situated, and which is crossed by a temporary bridge of pine-wood. The icy foam of the swollen current lashes the rocks furiously, and a slight fall of rain, or sudden thaw, adds tremendously to its power, when down comes the rude invention, and the thoroughfare is closed *pro tem*. I noticed many beautifully coloured orchids, and lichens, in the damp crevices of the boulders, but was unsuccessful in my search of *Lilium giganteum*, described by Hugel as growing in this locality. I saw several specimens of that interesting bird, the “water ousel,” which was diving unharmed among mighty cataracts, which would have hurled to speedy and certain destruction any adventurous elephant! I saw both cherry and walnut trees here, and a few plots of greens. The wretched denizens of this village had just arrived on their summer sojourn, (for here, in the winter, snow often falls to the depth of 100 feet); they seemed as apathetic, lazy, and dirty as any people in creation; the talisman “bukshish” seemed to lose its spell over *them* altogether. A shikarree and a blacksmith appeared to be the only active agents of the community; the latter executed some repairs for me in a workmanlike manner, at a cheap rate. Leaving this unpromising colony, the

road winds through a narrow pass or gorge, along which flows the almost freezing current of the Dam-Dam river, over which (if memory serves me right), twenty-three bridges of the frail description above alluded to are thrown. This stage therefore really deserves to be called dangerous. The only object of interest to be seen during the many tedious miles is a noble cascade, graceful in its descent, and which in Hugel's opinion, "would have attracted many a traveller in Europe from a great distance, to admire this so magnificent a scene." The sides of this gorge are very deficient in foliage, but the heights are crowned with fine trees. I observed frequent traces of mineralogical deposits on the face of the perpendicular walls of rock,—especially those of copper and iron. The chestnut still continued to be the main ornament of the glens, and appeared to be the favourite retreats of the **L**ungoor, (or "black-faced monkey"), large troops of which were feeding on the fallen nuts. Passing through another pauper hamlet called Dubran, a rugged path leads to ~~Poonjanah~~^{Poonjanah}, the halting place at the foot of the famous Pir Punjal mountains. The same squalid misery frowns on the new comer, idleness and rags, and filth and starvation, all flourishing in the midst of green slopes, and an ultra rich soil, strange anomalies to all but eastern politicians! As might be anticipated, the unwilling labourers brought on from the last-mentioned stage, and all the able-bodied ones in this, decamped,—food, money, and commiseration not having sufficient charms to attract. Thus a host of travellers were deposited midway to the "Happy Valley," and left to the ingenuity of their own resources for progression. During this unavoidable delay, I prepared a plot of ground in the neighbourhood of a cottage, the needy inmates of which (an old woman and two boys,) assisted me in clearing of stones and weeds. Here I planted a few rows of potatoes, and seeds of nearly all the European kinds of vegetables and flowers I possessed; and, after describing to the owners what an

addition would accrue to their daily fare, if they attended to the garden, I committed it to their care ; but not having since seen it, or visited the village, I cannot say what success attended my endeavours.

The climate, as might be expected at such an elevation, is variable, a capricious moisture however predominates, rain, and sleet are perpetually falling, and murky clouds envelope the face of nature in wet mists. On the heights above the Surai are many lofty mounds, clad in bright green coverings of rich grasses, intermixed with richly hued tufts of iris, balsams, auriculas, &c.

It was on the 13th of May, that I left this inhospitable spot, and in a pelting storm of sleet, hail, and rain, ascended that formidable barrier which gives its name to the entire chain,—the Pir Punjal Pass, on nearing which the elements underwent a vivid change. Snow lay deep enough to bury the torrents and pine forests, and was falling unceasingly to be swept by the icy wind into congealed masses: while the pinnacles of these austere peaks were shrouded in a sombre veil of dense vapour. A raven wheeled ominously in mid air over a dark spot on the white surface, which proved to be a corpse, one of a party of natives who had been struck by the icy shafts of an eastern winter, and was already partially entombed by its severity. This sudden apparition instilled fresh terrors into the already half-dead frames of my exhausted Hindustanees, and the sturdy highland coolies, weary with their burdens, had now the additional labour imposed on them of pulling up some of these sufferers to the summit, in gaining which one false step would have precipitated both to their yawning graves. A gurhi, or tower, commands the approach, and here a detachment of the Maharajah's troops take post directly the pass is open, to prevent the egress of any of his subjects, unprovided with a passport; hence a pathway over nearly level ground, (or rather over *snow*) leads to the lone Serai of

Aliabad, the only tenants of which, two bunneas, are sent by the Maharajah to supply the inner man with necessaries. The traveller has here the option of bivouacking in the open snow, or of putting up in a ruined cell with no window, and no chimney. The vigorous climate made me choose the latter alternative, but refreshment in such swinish quarters was almost unattainable, with smoke, puddles, old litter, noise, and vermin, all at one's immediate nostrils! The view outside was sublimely magnificent, mountains classically heaped on mountains, "Ossa on Pelion." Snow and sky composed the wild landscape, for vegetation was almost entirely buried; the birch and elm, however occasionally rose in the light of heaven, the former seemed the especially "good genius" of these dreary regions. Its bark was strewed unsparingly around, and with this substance man, in these inclement climes, has formed a snug water-tight covering for his habitation; the roof is first lightly constructed of light spars and thin deal planks, over these are put several layers of the said material, and again over them are nailed with wooden pegs another tier of stouter boards. Sometimes by way of additional security from wind and storm, pieces of rock are roughly heaped here and there, rude but nevertheless efficacious means of protection. Great quantities of this product (bark) are annually sent into the vale of Kashmere, where besides being used for roofing, it is largely employed as a wrapper for goods, fruit, and grocery, and appears to have been anciently used in all parts for manuscripts, before the discovery of paper, "*liher*" being synonymous for "bark," or a "book." It is not unreasonable to imagine that it was generally used for writing in the countries which produced it, as "papyrus" was in Egypt and Assyria. Besides, it is a very pleasant article, over which the pen glides freely, and moreover is very lasting and tenacious when properly prepared. Near a warm spring close under the serai I saw a fine bed of

ranunculus,—some primula and mosses, but these were the only green things in existence. I was informed that about six weeks later (after the thaw has finished), these heights become an extensive park of verdure, strewed with rare and fine flowers of every shade. Herds of cattle and tattoos are then sent up to graze, and remain there till the yellow autumn reminds their keepers that winter's snows are again approaching.

There are many steep descents and toilsome paths, occasionally changing from rugged to dangerous, during the next long stage of 10 coss to Hirpoor: especially one portion, where a rude barrier of timber or stones has been hastily thrown up on the edge of a fearful precipice, regarding which there is many a strange legend and bloody tale. In ancient times there were robber hordes here too, who lived by levying black mail on travellers, and the scenes of their exploits, or the ruins of their strongholds, furnish abundant food for Kashmeree loquacity *en route*. The last six miles or so of the road lies through strikingly picturesque scenery, mountain and dell, highland, and glen in pleasing proximity. The fir forests crown the slopes in majestic growth, and sparkling rivulets, mingling with roaring torrents, harmoniously blend in the perspective. Animal and vegetable life too are happily viewed together, the black-bird, and waterousel are warbling in the sunshine,—the pheasant and chikore whir into the thicket,—the startled musk deer gazes distantly on the intruder, and the unexpected woodcock rises from the rill at the road side; sweet perfumes from trees, ~~or~~ bushes ravish the senses, and many a flowery gem waves in the air,—the wild crocus, the drooping lily (*Gool Zambuc*), the violet, anemones, ranunculus, primula, tulips, orchis, clematis, and many unknown rarities, are profusely scattered over the turf. There are numerous patches of brushwood, intersected with rivulets, (the winter haunts of the woodcock), and along the margin

of these grow tangled beds of the pretty *Parnassia*. The thaw has commenced, and slippery is the footing. The old wooden structure of Hirpoor, in spite of its thickly-laid coating of birch bark, looks mouldy and uninviting:—huge fungi (the heralds of decay) brood over the portals, within which damp darkness holds uninviting reign.

Gulab Singh's granaries are however *new*, and *in capital trim*, as leakage would cost the carpenters their ears, (perhaps *noses* too), neglect has been carefully avoided, and these erections appeared to me the only habitable tenements I had yet encountered. I shared an empty one with a fellow-traveller, who pronounced it an "enviable retreat." They are all raised on low pillars of stone, and are annually stored with provisions, which are retailed at considerable profit to troops, travellers, &c. I noticed some fine walnut trees, and a few scattered huts, which are inhabited in the summer by cultivators. Everywhere I saw excellent pasturage lands, which in the season furnish heavy crops of maize; mustard is also much grown for the sake of the oil. The famous "Vale of Kashmere" is entered at the dirty town of Shupeyon, in approaching which the eye is every where gladdened by fruit trees, and by fine specimens of the poplar or plane; another striking feature, also presents itself, in the luxuriant parterres of iris which crown the resting places of the dead. These cemeteries (often many acres in extent), appear so many vast fields of incense-like bloom,—which from all I could gather by enquiry, is chosen as the fit, or fleeting emblem of fickle human existence! I found but little to interest, or discover, in this straggling collection of hovels. The manufactures appeared to consist of parti-colored felt carpets, and coarse stuffs. I distributed seeds among the principal men, and gave them a few directions on their management. Thence there is a straight road to the capital, but I preferred making a *detour* that I might perambulate the entire valley;

and view it at my leisure. I took an easterly course, having the mountains of Pir Punjal on my right. The greater portion of my path lay over rich meadow land, occasionally interspersed with marshes, which were being operated on for the rice culture, viz.:—a number of buffaloes, rudely tied together, were being driven to and fro in the mire, into which they often plunged to the depth of their haunches. Other fields in a more forward state were being planted out, and flooded from the neighbouring *jheels* and brooks. I found villages cleaner, more populous, and more industrious than I had yet met with in my journey; but still there were many fine houses, whose inmates had been expelled for some convenient fault, and which gave a gloomy cast to the features of these rural colonies. Mohunpoor was my *habitat* for 24 hours. I was much struck with the primitive or antiquated style of the buildings. In Kashmere every thing is made of wood, if possible, and not the least conspicuous are the rude mosques and the carved railings of this material round the tombs of reputed saints. Every hamlet, however poor, has one or both of these indispensables, the place of worship also serving as a house of refuge for non-Mahomedan travellers. I was continually driven by stress of weather to avail myself of this strange shelter. The presiding priest, of course desiring me to do so. The food of the labouring classes is of the most wretched description, consisting mostly of greens or fruits, occasionally varied with a little maize, flour, and goat's milk. In the plots of ground near their huts, I saw growing pumpkins, cabbage sprouts, and turnips, but these luxuries only last for a brief summer. During the latter part of May heavy rains fall without intermission, which destroy these slender resources, and place thousands in jeopardy of sheer starvation. The Kashmerees are almost omnivorous. I saw fungi of all sizes and hues daily collected, and devoured by old women which in Europe would have entailed death to the eater;

either the soil of this favoured valley, or the stomachs of these hungry beldames must be of an uncommon order. On the green slopes, which are constantly grazed by sheep and horned cattle, I gathered quantities of superior mushrooms, and observed numerous champignons (a French dainty,) in the thickets on the hills, morels, or truffles are produced, which are dried, and sold in the chief markets. I have sent you a sample of one species of morel (?) which fetches two annas (of our money) per seer at Sreenuggur, called "*kungutch*," it imparts a rich mushroom-like flavour to soups, gravies, &c., and I used it in nearly every dish during my sojourn. I marched to the eastern extremity of the valley; I then ascended a low range of hills covered with profuse brushwood, and a variety of shrubs,—hawthorn, azaleas, clematis, wild vines, quince, crab, pear, &c. I descended this tangled wilderness into a lovely glen, called Mullaon, by far the most pastoral spot on eastern earth I had yet trod; snug homestalls, embosomed in groves of walnut, and mulberry trees, herds and flocks on the slanting meadows, orchards in full blossom, and parties of husbandmen at their varied labours—all contributed to clothe the scene with a truly British aspect, seldom beheld in despotic Asia! The numerous serpentine brooks which served to irrigate the cultivation were neatly planted with willow trees (some of which had attained a size seldom exceeded in Europe,) and over these pleasant streams a rustic-bridge was here and there thrown. Along the banks our more common English flowers recalled "*Auld lang syne*"—the forget-me-not,—dandelion, butter-cup, and meadow geranium, all in their natural simplicity. The feathered tribes were mostly in thorough unison with the vegetable life, jackdaws equally noisy, and numerous, with their northern fraternity, starlings in predacious flights, which cast their heavy shadow on the fields; the sky, wood, and tit-larks, blithe and musical in the air, the missle thrushes

melodious amid the plane trees, and a whole host of minor feathered favourites, sweet to the memory ! Between this spot and Islamabad, which is the total breadth of Kashmere's renowned valley, is one long day's march, but stress of weather drove me into port, and so heavy were the torrents of rain that I had to pass two whole days in village hospitality. The pundits are the Hindoo aristocracy of the land, and until the Mahommedan invasion, (nearly 400 years ago) were the sole possessors and inheritors of the soil. Now they are solely, under peculiar sufferance, in their position as Brahmins, beneath the rule of a Dogra sovereign ; rights and ownership they have none, but from open extortion, excessive taxation, and compulsory service they are altogether exempt, and in their religious exercises receive great assistance ^{and} ~~or~~ countenance from the reigning Hindoo power, thus being in the local enjoyment of worldly benefits altogether prohibited to the followers of the Prophet.

A worthy man of the above class was my host for twenty-four hours ; he fared better than his Moslem neighbours, and entertained me with cow's milk, butter, fine flour, &c. I gave him a variety of vegetable seeds, which he very eagerly accepted, and no sooner was my donation noised abroad, than I was surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces, all in search of a similar present. I bestowed on them the surplus of my stock, but could not muster enough to supply the whole community ; as it was I was subjected during the remainder of the day to the most pressing solicitations to make another distribution in favour of the non-recipients, which caused me to regret not having brought a larger store with me. I was also subsequently asked to write *purwannahs*, liberating the growers of these English vegetables from any *future consequences or additional taxes*. What a monstrous system of monopoly it must be which thus criminally interdicts the fruits of the earth, and their cultivator !

At a Mussulman village, on my road, I found a silk establishment, the worms were just being hatched (May 20th) by wrapping the eggs in a woollen cloth, and putting it in the bosom of a man: the young brood are put with a feather on the new shoots of mulberry, and these are gradually changed to leaves, with the growth of the worm, which may be said to attain cocoon-*ship*, or maturity, in two months. The species struck me as being unusually large, and the silk of extra fine quality. Certainly no country in the universe has greater natural resources of silk growing, fineness of climate, cheapness of labour, abundance of food, and excellent markets at hand (on the Indus in our territories), but none of these under the present regime of unscrupulous exaction, appear to be of any value to the growers, who are thereby much reduced in number; indeed the "Lion" himself seems to have "put a strong paw" on the whole concern, together with every thing else of any value.

After crossing many foaming torrents of snow water by the giddy footing of a single log, and passing alternately through picturesque villages, (very *dirty* too) and marshy wastes, the footpath enters the fords through three distinct branches connected with the source of the Jhelum: the chief of these, the Arraputty, laves the environs of Islamabad, and is crossed either by wading knee-deep through the icy current, or by the more circuitous, but dry passage of a very patriarchal line of planks on posts, which vibrate almost to the expulsion of the passenger.

Arrived at the semi-populated, ancient, dingy, many storied, extensive, *distantly*-fine, second town in the valley, I took up my dilapidated quarters in the courtyard of the "Holy fish Tanks," overlooking which are many lofty wooden edifices, once used as summer resorts by the illustrious Akbar and his host of successors, but now mostly tenanted by travellers, tax-gatherers, faquirs, cats, rats, and bats, a community no less motley than common in my Kashmerian

experience. The "holy fish" are in myriads, and consist of two sorts of trout, one white, the other yellow, and both spotted with black, it is esteemed a meritorious act to feed them: Gulab Singh often, by proxy, devotes to their ravenous maws enough flour to satisfy a dozen of his starving subjects.

The environs of Islamabad, and the open spaces in its interior, are beautifully clothed with umbrageous trees, foremost among which rise the truly eastern planes and poplars; from the boughs of the latter often gracefully depend the cable-like festoons of some ancient vine, left to its own natural habits; the ever present willow too in its aquatic pride fringes the river, and its tiny tributaries, with shady avenues. Dense orchards of the pear, quince, apple, apricot, plum, mulberry, cherry, &c., are occasionally met with near the outskirts, but they appear in a sadly neglected and uncared for condition, to judge by the degenerate quality of the fruits, and overgrown luxuriance of the branches. Grafting is generally known and practised, but it is rudely and unskilfully performed, and thence only a small portion of the scions strike; it is the primitive mode of operation called "cleft-grafting", and consists in selecting an old stump in spring for a stock, cutting it down to a short distance from the ground, and then roughly ripping it up at the head into 2 or 3 three deep incisions, within each of which a wedge-shaped scion is inserted, and the whole being cased over with clay and cow-dung, and afterwards surrounded by a wrapper of birch bark, is left to the charge of the elements. In a few instances I observed, that the bark binding was overlapped, so as to form a bucket for holding water, in which the scion no doubt had a much better chance of success. Gardening appeared at a very low ebb in this place, notwithstanding the large number of inhabitants, who would naturally be supposed to consume a great quantity of esculents. I found very few plots of ground devoted to their

culture, and the kinds very limited in numbers. These were Squash (two varieties) tomatos, brinjals, onions, French beans, cucumbers, melons, capsicums, greens, &c.; and as might be expected, amongst such poverty, a paucity of floral charms to admire: they might be summed up in half a dozen species. *Pardanthus* (very fine,) China Aster, (three colours, *Erysimum Peroffskianum* fine), *Narcissus*, two kinds, &c.; and these were mostly in a newly-made pleasure ground, belonging to Gulab's Wuzeer, who in the true spirit of eastern vanity, hoped to rescue his name and rank from oblivion, by conferring on the overtaxed population of his master, a summer-house and its gay parterres. Fountains, (fed from the same spring which fills the fish tanks,) were just completed, and an airy alcove was rising into shape, under the auspicious influence of this grandee, who came to visit his creation, during my stay, on an awe-inspiring tour to the districts, as a revenue collector. I superintended the sowing of more than half of these grounds with seeds of useful and ornamental plants (some 2 or 300 kinds), and stayed a few days to watch their success. I need hardly add that nearly every thing came up, and throve famously, but an unlucky flood came down from the river, and swelling the rivulet into an unruly torrent, it soon converted the scene of my labours into a swamp, where every green thing soon rotted. This is a very common every day occurrence in the "happy valley," and bunds are generally erected to prevent these calamities, but in the present instance, the proprietor, or his agents, had been asleep, and hence the result. I here distributed a quantity of potatoes, a vegetable which had not yet been introduced to this district, and have no doubt they succeeded well in the higher ground.

Tobacco, being an article of general consumption, is much cultivated by the husbandman; there appeared to be only two kinds, one very mild, its leaves of a pale, orange-tinted brown when dry, the other strong and full flavoured a

larger leaf, and of a much darker hue, both ridiculously cheap. The Kashmerians are inveterate smokers, and a hookah is seldom out of their hands: like all other natives of hilly countries, they use the genuine weed without any admixture of drugs or perfume, (as in Hindostan). Turnery ware to a small extent is made, and sold in the bazaars of Islamabad; the wood of the apricot being close-grained, neat, and strong, is the one most generally used. The articles consist of domestic utensils, as wooden bowls, cups, &c., and smoking apparatus, among which I saw several hookah stems of good workmanship. The carpenters and shawl weavers appeared to be the only active denizens of this decayed city, the former excel in the carving and designing of wood: lattices are generally used to admit light and air, and the patterns of these are as varied as they are tasteful. During one of my rambles in the outskirts, I noticed a very pretty tomb in a cemetery, and approaching it was surprised to find that the fabric composing the canopy was of wood; it was of very graceful execution; four light screens surmounted with a dome consisting of elegant fretted work in light deal. I was informed that it cost only twelve Kashmeree rupees, and was raised by a Sepoy in memory of his wife.

Were I doomed to choose betwixt the lot of a shawl weaver, or a caged bird, I would eagerly seize that of the latter, for (putting actual liberty out of the question) the little songster may be envied in the abundance of his food, and the quality of his work, but here in this, the land of abundance, we have an ^{mixed} ~~unmixed~~ species of mankind, whose sole life is devoted to the production of luxurious garments, at the cost of time, health, sleep, and freedom, and small is the pittance which he is permitted to devote towards the necessities of nature; to recruit a frame prematurely debilitated by crouching in a dismal den, situated in some foul alley, where the pure light of heaven and the clear air are almost

unknown ! The shawl wool cannot be grown below a certain elevation. The acute Gulab, ever alive to his commercial interests, endeavoured long ago to produce this article nearer home, but nature was not to be bribed, and the golden fleeces refused to grow at any cost, hence the dearness of a genuine shawl, and hence the reason why the astute speculator adds 40 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on the purchaser : indeed the article is kept on hand until asked for, and when the price and other preliminaries have been duly settled, the unworked portion (usually the *centre*) is stamped, and the royal sanction granted to its being filled up, and made over to the buyer. Any evasion of this, or any other of the laws affecting the customs, subject an offender to the utmost rigour of despotic law, down to the third and fourth generation, though these unoffending kin subjects might be leagues away at the time of the offence being committed. Weavers, being low caste Mohammedans, are treated with the usual orthodox severity, and perhaps something more. Lean and emaciated as they always are, it does not exempt them from serving *gratis* as porters and beasts of burden, when the exigencies of the State demand a forced *dour* to the treeless and herbless wastes of Ghilghit. As no commissariat attends to their wants, and as they are supposed to carry all their requisites with them (in addition to the 'maund' or two of army supplies) these miserable creatures drop from exhaustion, or perish. I am afraid to state the immense number who thus met their end on the last great expedition. The main facts are too well known *out* of the country for any suspicion of exaggeration to rest on my statement, which I often heard repeated, and in a variety of places by the ~~best~~ best of witnesses, the widows and orphans of those who suffered ! There is a great annual fair held near Islamabad, which draws a large concourse of strangers from all the Hindoo countries. I met Brahmins from Madras, Gosains from Muttra, Pundits from Delhi, and indeed specimens of all the idol

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worshippers ~~from~~^{to} India. The *mela* lasts three days, and there appears to be no mercantile traffic on the occasion, but this is probably the result of the heavy duties imposed on every thing of public utility, or consumption. A fine salubrious range of low green hills rises abruptly from the town, and a pretty good road leads to their summits, on gaining which a fresh breeze contrasts itself rather agreeably with the relaxing climate down below. The jungle is low and bushy, and thinly distributed over the smooth sward: it consists principally of the dwarf *Catechu* (*khuera*) and the renowned Kashmere roses; these are properly speaking "briars," and are nearly identical with the "Austrian briar" of Europe; white, purple, orange, and sulphur yellow, are their usual colours. The flowers themselves have a strong disagreeable odour, but the leaves are deliciously perfumed with an aromatic scent of camphor and musk combined. These are all occasionally double "blossomed" in their wild state, but it is in gardens that we find them in perfection, their size and colour then becoming much more remarkable. I also found the sweet-briar growing in great profusion; quite a different species (or rather perhaps, *variety*) from the European: growth lower, and more spreading, leaves musk-scented and more juicy, flower a deep red. On the table lands further on mushrooms and champignons were scattered in endless profusion, attributable perhaps to the constant grazing of herds and flocks, which takes place in the summer. Two handsome species of *Salvia* ornamented the plains, and were very common, leaves large, and coarse in texture, the shape of the "official sage," on being bruised emit a very strong, medicinal perfume, pleasant, and aromatic. The flowers grow on spikes, the stems, about 2 feet high, and in the largest kind were pink or white, in the smaller one blueish lilac; indeed the latter sort is very showy and ornamental, and is now adorning my garden at Meerut; the local name

is "Jān-i-adm," or the "*life of man*," so called from a poultice or decoction of the fresh leaves being used as a curative emollient in inflamed wounds arising from sword or gun-shot; the bruised seeds are also prescribed internally by the *Hakeems* for certain disorders, and are sold in all the bazaars of the capital. The largest area of dry level plain throughout the entire valley is met with near Mattan, (whose wonderful temples and caves are said to be more than 2,000 years old, and which I duly explored). I should say that a larger cantonment than any in our possession might be built on it, but water is somewhat scarce, the jheels and pits filled by the rain being the watering places of cattle and flocks. This natural carpet of verdure is during the warm months much adorned by the wild thyme, which, with its delicate pink blossoms, everywhere meets the eye. I noticed two or three species. A few shepherds' huts, or an occasional miserable hamlet, constitute the only human habitations on the verge of this wide track, where the rugged rocks soon ascend into the awful majesty of stupendous mountains, stretching further into the untrodden precipices of Thibet. The vestiges of anciently extensive agricultural systems are to be found throughout the whole length and breadth of the valley; if it had not been so, Kashmere in its most palmy days could not have supported the vast population of which history uniformly speaks, so late as the reign of the Emperor Akbar, in whose well-known institutes, the country, and its revenues are ably described. Notwithstanding the invasions and consequent oppressions it had long previously suffered, the valley was still in a very populous and thriving condition, which, ~~the~~ the good influences of that liberal and sagacious monarch bid fair to equal most provinces in Asia; and the present decline of its fortunes may be traced to the rapacity and misrule of most of his successors down to the present hour. Everywhere the traveller meets with the remains of reservoirs,

aqueducts, dykes, canals, ^{and} or other useful works of national importance, which anarchy has consigned to destruction. Scarcely a square foot of land appears to have been wasted or deprived of tillage. The fields extended even half-way up these rude mountains, which form the natural circumvallation of this remote "vale of vales;" the ridges, water courses, and land-marks being often perfectly distinguishable to an observant eye. At the most eastern point, near the source of the Jhelum, is situated Shahabad, a large village in much the usual state of decay, and in its vicinity a beautiful spot, (in consequence of natural springs much resorted to by Hindoos,) called "Vernagh." Here ruined gardens, and palaces again mark the shrine of defunct civilization. There is also another charmingly situated "*Zyāmut!*" (or pilgrimage) at "Achahul," where magnificent plane trees, crystal water, and wild flowers all combine to arrest the stranger's admiration, and cause him to linger in meditation on the adverse spirit of time, which has wrought all this utter desolation.

The "Arraputty" is, I believe, the correct traditional name of that branch of the Jhelum on which Islamabad stands. At all seasons it is easily fordable, though very rapid and cold, and generally so shallow, that the lightest skiffs, cannot come at any time within five hundred yards of the suburbs: boats of larger burthen, especially those which traffic in rice, carry passengers, and are inhabited by families, lie off the great bridge, at "Konibul," two miles off, where the river having been joined by its branches, suddenly deepens to several feet: the cargoes and merchandize are carried to and fro on the backs of the men and women in the osier baskets, known as "*Kiltas,*" or if too bulky for this primitive method of transportation, are packed in saddle-bags, slung on mules, or donkeys, usually the latter; this latter method of carriage, (which was of course introduced by the Mohammedans,) has given birth to one of the favourite

measures of local use, *i. e.* “*Khurwar*,” an “*ass-load*.” All dry goods, especially grain, fruits, wood, snow, building materials and vegetables, are generally sold and purchased in this way, and sometimes land is computed at producing so many of these loads, in this or that description of crop. From the town to the ghaut there is an incessant crowd of passengers, and beasts of burden, going to or from Sreenuggur, the capital, or the many minor places on the banks *en route*, and more than two-thirds of them travel by the aquatic mode of conveyance in preference to the long and arduous walk by land. Labour being at a minimum price, and a boat belonging to nearly every Kashmerian, (however wretched), it is not strange that a constitutionally indolent race should prefer lounging in a floating house to tiring their limbs on shore, independently of not having to carry their wants on their backs. The bridges are wonderful erections of their kind; their visible substance certainly does not inspire confidence in the beholder, but yet theory has given way to practice, and many of them, after *five hundred years*, uphold the gothic style of engineering. Two main points there are which have vastly favoured them: 1st, there is not a white ant, or any subaqueous insect to devour their material, the melted snow, and icy season together keeping off this description of vermin. 2nd, cold itself is a most effectual preservative, and constant immersion in a temperature, never even *warm*, must vastly contribute to prevent fungi, or structural decomposition. Occasionally the winds and waves may dislodge a plank, or capsize a supporting beam, but their very simplicity conduces to the rapidity and solidity of their renovation. The principle that yields moderately to the united force of the all-powerful elements, winds and water, evidently surpasses that which endeavours to combat them by artifice. Many a massive rampart and lordly buttress has been levelled to the earth by tides, flood, and air, to which these Kashmerian structures have remained scathless for centuries; for

be it known that ^{one} night from a sudden thaw, the frigid Jhelum often rises *twenty feet*, driving the inhabitants of the lower districts to their rude craft on its bosom, and often does the hurricane without sign or warning, sweep down with mad violence (especially around the Wuhir lake) without shaking these (apparently) *shaky* communications from their antique foundations. They appear to be built in the following primitive manner. The number of arches according to the breadth of the stream, having been decided upon in its lowest state, (which is often such as to present nearly half of the dry bed) substantial piles are sunk, or buried at those points, and well covered with layers of stones, and shingle; a projecting breakwater at an acute angle, being often constructed to turn the velocity of the current: (this appears very effective in its application) upon this basis rests the stock, or pile of wood, forming the square compartment, (which from its shape can hardly be called arch, though it answers that purpose effectually): these huge logs are all heaped in tiers cross ways, and are usually carried up to 30 feet, or more, so as to be far above the highest water mark: fine sound pine timbers are then laid longitudinally, so as to have their ends meeting on the centre of these heaps; smaller pieces cross them again, and to these are nailed with wooden pegs all the planks which constitute the flooring, (generally fir for lightness.) Through this apparently crazy invention the wind whistles, and the water hisses in wild harmony, but, as I said before, this very plan of ingress and egress to their united forces is the safety of the whole. As might be supposed, there is a great vortex always to be found below the bridge, but except in rough weather it seldom interferes with the boatman's calling. A new feature in navigation presents itself to the stranger when he embarks on the Jhelum: I allude to the unfeminine employment of the rowers, of whom more than *one half* are of the *gentler* sort. Age, sex, and religion seemingly

do not interfere with this uncouth and certainly *un-oriental* employment; any woman who cannot pay to be rowed, must row for herself and her family, and may perhaps under Fortune's smiles, earn an occasional meal thereby. Assumed poverty seemed to me a characteristic of the holy Hindoos, and it was not uncommon to see even their women engaged in the drudgery of the oar, but it was always exercised on their own behalf, or that of their earthly lords, and never for pecuniary gain, like the less lucky Mahomedans.

The vessels are curious contrivances, the farthest from architectural improvement I ever beheld: the larger craft are not bad models of "Noah's Ark," equally solid, and equally capacious, built entirely of fir timber, the breadth of beam enormous, and the length so unmanageable, that it often takes a *whole day* to turn round in a canal after discharging the freight. Those employed as "lodging houses" are even more unwieldy, and often contain a strange medley of society: these are thatched nearly to the water's edge, and any holes which time and the poultry may have perpetrated in the roof are patched from time to time with parti-coloured rags, or with any remarkable rubbish which may be at hand: four or five families (including always many squalling brats,) tenant these crowded berths, their goats, fowls, ducks, and dogs always accompanying them, and assisting in the general uproar, and impurity: every cabin has its fire-place, and every fire-place its attendant volumes of nauseous smoke, the produce of wet sticks, or still more unfit materials. From sunrise till sunset this crowded community furnish a fearful picture of debased humanity, too idle, or too helpless to work, or what is more probable, quite shut out from the *opportunity* of working (except occasionally gratis on the tyrant's account), subsisting on wild fruits, and weeds, with goat's milk, (their poultry, and its eggs being kept for the white visitors, whose money paid for the same, will perhaps benefit some watchful soldier) their

persons barely clad with rags, and unapproachable as bad living, dirt and vermin can render them. Their angry jabbering in constant warfare with each other, altogether form a hideous Babel of human misery, in the centre of nature's most lavish gifts, and which reveals the gross system of misrule under which the people are struggling.

The stream of the Jhelum is very slack in its passage through the Islamabad District, and its bed narrow and deep; grassy banks rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and are luxuriantly clothed with wild Lucerne, thyme, the "forget-me-not" (*Myosotis palustris* and clover (both red and white). The river is very serpentine in its course, and its current (except where impeded by bridges, or fallen ruins) gentle, and sluggish. The temperature of the water, during the summer months, is icy beyond conception, and at the season of flood nearly every part of the lowlands is irrigated by its turbid volumes. On either bank the country is very verdant, promising to the eye, though the traveller will not stray far from his boat without discovering the "nakedness of the land"—*miles* of marsh, and *acres* of thistles! But that it was not always so will be soon discovered in the innumerable ramifications of canals, embankments, and boundary marks, which (as I before stated) intersect this now unhappy valley throughout its extent. Occasionally at some sudden bend of the snow-born Jhelum, the eye is gladdened by a far-stretching orchard of fruit trees, gay with their bright-hued load of apricots, or cherries; tall and stately is the grove in its ancient growth, but many a year has sped since the fostering hand of the cultivator exercised a watchful care over the tangled boughs; the hungry herdsman, or squalid brat of the boatman revel at will on the unguarded treasures, for there is none but a very distant owner—the Lord of Jummoo. The vast marshes which lie contiguous to the river are grazed by the royal flocks and

herds during fine weather, and a rough hay crop is cut off them with the sickle, which is carefully housed in stacks for winter use. The mulberry tree occurs in great profusion, and of a large size, principally on the banks of the rivulets and other wet places. Brijbuhar, (the second place of any importance after leaving Islamabad) has some silk-works on a small scale, as I found out by seeing cocoons hawked about for sale: they appeared marvellously cheap, and of an unusual size.* Here another bridge of the local kind (before described) spans the stream. Leaving this place, nothing very remarkable is met with for a great distance. Trees become scarcer, villages dirtier, and the herbage poorer as the traveller floats downwards. On some hillocks I found *Hyoscyamus niger*, and a *Phlomis* growing in great profusion:—the seeds of the latter were ripening, but a small quantity which I gathered disappointed me by withering and proving worthless. At the solitary hut of a Fuqueer, I found the only good apricots since leaving old England: in size, colour and flavour they would have proved dangerous rivals at a grand show, and I have little doubt that my fat friend, (the Indian Monk,) had been drawn hither by their sweet temptations. As I had approached the nearest point of the mountains, I lagooned my boat (*á la Bengal*), and started for them on foot, a distance of some six miles. I had not walked far however when I found the green turf degenerate into a marsh, and that again into a *jheel*, through which (being thoroughly bent on exploration) I waded *sans culottes* for an hour or more until I regained terra firma. The lower ridges, composed of barren rocks had villages in their vicinity, poor enough to all appearance, but possessing a few orchards, and beanfields, the latter

* A quantity of eggs were hatched at Meerut in March last, but the worms all perished at an early stage, apparently from the heat of the weather.

crop I ascertained supplied them with a coarse flour, considered very palatable. Gourds, turnips, and greens, furnished the residue of their fare. I climbed the summit of a beautifully wooded height, and enjoyed a bird's eye view of the "Trâl" Pergunnah,—more thickly clad in foliage, and more picturesque than any spot I had seen on this side of Islamabad. I sat down on a natural terrace carpeted with wild lucerne and strawberries, and feasted my senses in this wild paradise of nature. Flowers of the gayest colours were massed in striking profusion, and the air exhaled a rich perfume of everything sweet. Hawthorns, and a variety of *Cratægus* were in new bloom, of dazzling whiteness, while in full contrast just below them, in a suit of the "heaven's own blue," grew the delicate *Delphinium Alpinum* in clusters of dozens. Tall *Scabious* (Wallich's?) *Phlomis*, violets, &c., &c., were scattered every where. I had heard of the hop having been seen in this district by a tourist, but a diligent search both here, and every where else on my part in the tyrant's dominions, has not been rewarded by the discovery, and I am inclined to think, that one of the low creeping *Dalbergias* must have been hastily put down as the enviable plant; I think its introduction would be very easy, and attended with success: and was forcibly reminded of Kent, in some portions of my rambles, the soil and climate not excepted.

Ventipoor, a dirty village further down the river, is ennobled by tradition, as being the ancient capital, which account is further corroborated by its massive relics of an extinct race, I mean the architectural ruins of the Pandaus: illegible Sanscrit inscriptions cover the time-blackened limestone and granite, and antique coins are continually brought to light in confirmation of the antique dynasty: I was so fortunate as to obtain *two* of these, which have been duly transmitted to the learned in such matters. The surrounding lands bear prominent evidences

of having been highly cultivated to a considerable elevation above the plain.

Pampur, a large village on the right bank, is celebrated for its saffron grounds. The cultivation of this flower is carried on in nearly every part of this pergunnah, the local soil being alone found suited for the purpose; it appeared to consist of a light ferruginous clay, which is excavated, near the Jhelum, and carried to the fields by great manual labour. The bulbs are planted out in small square beds in June, weeded and freely irrigated, and the crop is collected in October: the Maharajah and his myrmidons attend the gathering, and take the *spolia opima* of the occasion. The drug is sold in the Royal Bazar, and I was informed that one rupee *per seer* was levied as export duty on the trader: it varies in price according to quality; I observed some as low as 5 rupees the *seer* of two pounds, but this was mixed with very ancient stuff, or what was often worse, with the *dried petals* of the flower. True saffron, (*under Royal Warrant*) fetches from 7 to 10 Rupees *per seer*, *i. e.*, in Kashmeree coinage,—which is little more than *half* the “Company’s.” Steeping the article in water, previous to weighing out, is commonly practised, and which, in addition to increasing weight, injures its colouring properties irretrievably: sometimes the unwary Hindustanee merchant packs it in the damp state, and on reaching the plains discovers to his great sorrow that the precious purchase has become a mass of mouldy rubbish, *unsaleable at a pice*: this happened under my own observation!

And now I have fairly reached the capital—“The Holy city” of two thousand years, the reputed Eden of man, and the legendary seat of worldly splendour and learning when Britain produced but her naked savages;—alas! for such renown, the tide of time has long ago receded, Britain rules paramount and Kashmere’s sons are savage! Long before the rude gondola carries its passenger to the

eastern Venice, his eager eye catches a succession of delightful objects. First looming in the hazy fore-ground towers the lofty mount vainly called "Solomon's Throne," crowned with its Buddhist fane dating *two centuries B. C.*,—next appears the "*Hurri Parvat*," another steep hill, with its citadel overlooking the population,—and finally the symmetrical avenues of poplars, (hereafter to be described) rising from the densely planted gardens which skirt the entrance to far-famed "Sreenuggur." As it would be altogether superfluous, and indeed impertinent, to describe the various curiosities of this interesting capital, in a tour which professes to be strictly horticultural, I shall deviate as seldom as possible from my avowed object, and confine my pen almost exclusively to suitable subjects.

The Jhelum forms the centre street of this aquatic Babel, and its branches (with canals of all sizes and widths) serve as the side streets, and means of communication between the inhabitants. As I before observed, every man according to his station in life has his boat, from him of the gilt barge with its 30 oars, to him of the frail skiff with but one paddle. I was informed that the last census gave *one lakh* of boats as the total of Sreenuggur and its environs: judge then of the great demand for ash timber to propel them. What with accidents, wear and tear, breakage, &c., in the rowing paraphernalia, the consumption of this peculiar item must be greatly in excess of the supply. It had even become necessary to enact a law for the preservation of the trees, and I only succeeded in cutting a log through a formal application to the governor of a district! Deodar and pine timber are very much employed in building both houses and boats; nearly all the buildings (even the *Palace*) are wooden: in some of them we occasionally find noble specimens of the imperishable Deodar. The "great mosque," nearly 400 years old, contains some fine straight pieces, used as pillars to support the roof: they are set up in basements of black marble,

which durable material they are fast resembling in hardness, and colour. There are seven principal bridges (over the main stream) many of them having shops, and stalls of ware set out upon them: two or three are strikingly aerial creations, which our tornadoes of Hindustan would soon blow to "Jericho," but here the only damage to be apprehended are during an unusually high flood. Such I was informed had occurred some years back, when these, and countless houses were swept away, to be shortly rebuilt in the ancient style. The only stone or *brick* structures I could find were pier heads of bridges, occasional mosques, and temples, and a fort: wood from its being plentiful, portable, and cheaply put together, is the material in general use. Most of the dwellings have two, and even three stories, and these are very hastily made, by driving timbers into the ground perpendicularly, at the different angles of the intended rooms. Across these, beams are nailed horizontally at intervals, and then a light flooring of poplar, or willow planks is laid across longitudinally for a flooring: the walls are framed by nailing thin boards of fir over the exterior frame-work, and plastering them with compost: light and air being admitted through carved trellises which open and shut like sash-windows. The roof is almost always gable, of thick planks, thatched with many layers of the water-proof birch bark, and the hollow portion of it is used as a loft for storing fire-wood, kitchen stuff, lumber, &c. Some of the more wealthy pundits and merchants have small gardens overhanging the quays in front of their residences: these seldom contain any thing very tasteful, or ornamental: occasionally indeed a trellis may be met with covered with a flourishing vine, or a rambling gourd, evidently cultivated for *shade*: sometimes a gay patch of double hollyhocks, or a solitary rose-bush, relieved the dingy approaches, but generally speaking the open plats are filled with graves, and weeds, or offensive rot heaps. In some of the more ruinous

suburbs, I noticed highly cultivated fields of tobacco, growing down to the brink of the water, and the markets were well stored with the dried leaf, which is an article of general consumption. The trades and manufactures of Sreenuggur are neither various, or flourishing, as might be anticipated in the present state of affairs. They comprise shawl weaving, embroidering wool, dyeing, turning, gunmaking, papermaking, bookmaking, lacquered ware, hardwares, and boat-building, *all* under arbitrary impost with reference to their peculiar profits, more especially *those which in any way conduce to the comforts and luxuries of European visitors!*

It has been
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the King

The imports consist of hides, furs, teas, borax, churrus, silks, wool, woollen clothes, the precious metals and stones, assa-fœtida, &c. (mostly from the Ladakh frontier); the exports comprise saffron, shawls, and embroidered goods, paper, fruits (fresh), and manuscript books, silks, stuffs, lacquered wares, &c., &c., of which Gulab Singh (through secret agents) is the *sole Vendor*. The *maximum* value of shawls may be about 5,000 Rs. the pair, (such I believe are the annual tribute lot which are sent to our Queen,) and the minimum 150 Rs. : the French patterns predominate, the trade being principally carried on with that nation. The dyeing of the materials appears to be a State secret; the variety of chemical combinations in the waters of the valley no doubt lend their assistance. The embroiderers are a very numerous class, the national style of dress requiring much of this ornament; silk, or cotton braid is thus worked for the lower classes, as golden is for the higher. The fashionable garment is a loose woollen cloak, or robe, either bright green, or mulberry colour, the sleeves, collar, and back thickly bespangled with a heavy pattern of this needlework. Nearly every Hindoo woman however poor, wears one of these said mulberry-hued robes, (*minus* the braid.) The smiths are the most cunning workmen I have ever met with out of England; they can turn out a Damascus blade, or a two-grooved rifle, nearly equal to

the originals, and have been schooled to put on the highest prices: their forges are under espionage, and all work on hand is daily reported to the chief authority, for valuation. As might be expected in a densely populated city of *beggars*, the cheap products of the soil are in great demand, and the cultivator in constant employ. The stalls of the markets overflow with abundance of green grocery: wild fruits, as crabs, berberries, nuts, &c., &c.; garden vegetables, as turnips, cabbages, greens, gourds, cucumbers, spinach, &c., and (according to the season) grapes, cherries, apricots, apples, pears, walnuts, plums, figs, peaches, quinces, mulberries; miscellaneous esculents, as mushrooms, truffles, morels, lotus heads, and *singharas*; all arranged in piles of bushels, near some great thoroughfare, or what is more common, cried about afloat in an antiquated canoe. The greater portion of these dainties are grown on and around the "dul" (or lesser lake situated in the environs), and from which there are two or three direct passages by boats into the city. The chief entrance is by the "Drogshuh" canal, which is furnished with a pair of sluice gates, so arranged that during a flood, the external pressure of the water closes them fast, and prevents the river from entering and swamping the low lands. It is upon these marshy shores that most of the market gardens and orchards exist; (the walnut trees, and vines, I observed, were especially fine;) but it is *on the waters* that the main culture of the *Cucurbitaceous* plants is practised. Nearly the entire area of this "dul" is overgrown with gigantic bulrushes, and lotus stems; these have in the lapse of time furnished a vast mass of light, decomposed matter, which the ingenuity of man has applied to a useful purpose, *i. e.*, to the formation of "floating gardens;" some hundreds of which may be seen moored like fairy islets, each distinguishable by the stake to which it is attached: they appear to be constructed in the following simple manner. The intending gardener with his workmen having selected a

suitable bed of rotten weed, fixes his boat to the spot, and commences giving it solidity by throwing down successive layers of green rushes and slime. This operation is proceeded with until the collection will bear the weight of the party, who then take their vessel to the shore for earth; this is put down on the island in small heaps of a few pounds each; three, or four seeds of melons, or cucumbers are then inserted, and in no great time they germinate: when these curious plots are covered with rich green foliage they present a charming appearance; the wind has very little effect on their stability, its force being expended on the towering fields of aquatic jungle. Many of these locomotive *vegetaria* have settled down in decay, and this gradual obstruction of the flood has caused still larger deposits of mud and leaves, which again in a few years have become *terra firma*, promising eventually a valuable field of speculation. On a few of these drifts large trees of willow and mulberry are established, overgrown with tall vines, which have the reputation of furnishing the best grapes in the country. The oldest inhabitants of Kashmere (among them the Maharajah himself,) have noticed a visible decrease in the size of this lake, according to them it is rapidly evaporating, and in a few more years will be good rice land. I would like to see one of the modern steam pumps at work on its expanse, and a few imported engineers to manage the operations; I guess it would be more quickly dried up than the above wise heads imagine.

The saddlery, shoemaking, and other leather works of Kashmere are very superior; a vast majority of the shops appear to manufacture or deal in this branch of human wants. The hides are better tanned and more durable than those met with in the native bazaars of India, and the Kashmerees handle tools, and work with them more smartly than any people, except Europeans. They thoroughly understand ornament and finish with reference to cheapness and durability. Whether a grandee's state saddle, or a sepoy's wallet, there is the

same attention to appearance and strength combined, which betokens the clever artizan. I tested the abilities of several individuals in the leather line pretty severely, with great satisfaction to myself, and credit to their exertions.

A pair of English saddle bags, which cost in London four or five guineas, were given to a man as a pattern, they were the first he had seen. In four days he dressed the hide, made up the brass work, and completed the order, (with an assistant) in my presence under a tree, and all who saw the copy preferred it to the original. I paid *seven Rupees* for the same! There is a great demand for sword-belts, pouches, &c., &c., and these are often beautifully ornamented with gilded, or enamelled leather. The shoes were pronounced by my Indian servants as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion and design! I should say that most of the hides are brought up from our “*cowkilling*” provinces, for otherwise the supply would be uncertain and precarious, depending as it would on mere *accident* alone. In the catalogue of crimes punishable by the local Hindoo code, “*hutya*” or “murder” ranks high, if the offender wilfully killed two or three men he may (*if rich*) pay for their lives *pecuniarily*, but (*rich or poor*) woe to him who dares spill the blood of a *single calf*, death and confiscation of goods, and family, would attend the rash deed! It is not then very remarkable that forfeited jagheers, and refugee chiefs of the Moslem creed should be so plentiful; indeed false accusations of the above truculent nature have merged into a State policy, which for covetous wickedness strongly reminds the spectator of helpless “Naboth, and his vineyard,” in the “time of old.”

The utmost caution is practised by the people in reporting the death of their cattle. Should such a natural occurrence take place, the police, (or *nearest* Government officials,) are duly apprised of the important fact, (in time to witness the last struggles if possible) and the carcass is then often displayed in the fork of some conspicuous tree, there to remove by

the *utmost publicity*, any suspicion or evil report which may hang over the heads of the chief inhabitant, and his neighbours; or if the demise should fortunately happen on the river banks *above* the capital, the bovine relics are hurled into the stream, and left to report themselves, both *ocularly*, and *nasally*, to the acute organs of the Royal Residents in the Sher-Gurri,—the balconies of which shabby edifice overhang the stream. This little manœuvre satisfies the above potent personages that a lust for *beef* had nothing to do with the casualty. The “*Bunghys*,” or “sweepers,” (thorough outcasts) follow up quietly in the wake, and taking advantage of some retired rock of the bank, speedily strip off the valuable portion, which is then duly registered, and secured. There is no scarcity of goat and sheep-skins and horse-hides; but the demand is often suddenly immense: when the evil tidings arrived at the capital of reverses on the frontier, every scrap of leather in it was seized in the name of the ruler, for the transport of gunpowder (over the precipitous route to Ghilghit.) Packed in this manner it is light, imperishable, and thoroughly protected from damage by immersion, or the weather. The perfumed skins, commonly called “Russia leather” may be bought at times, but are neither common or cheap; they are not equal in appearance to those obtainable in Europe, but possess the peculiar odour in greater richness. Of their properties as a specific in repelling mildew and insects from costly bales of silk, and woollen goods, the merchants are fully aware, and employ them largely with other substances for that purpose. Central Asia is, I believe, the only oriental mart where they are met with in large quantities, their material is the hide of the horse. That they are considered costly goods is evident from the high price; and “Sâdi:” (in the “Gulistan,”) in the flowering extravagance of Eastern hyperbole, says:—

“The star Canopus shines all over the world,”

“But the *scented leather* comes only from Yemen;”

a pretty conclusive reason for supposing it to be a strictly local production !

The paper of Kashmere is the *very best* of any non-European ; it is unusually white, smooth, and of fine texture : accordingly it is in great request both in the Company's territory, and in the surrounding countries. In the Bazaars of Sreenuggur it fetches a far lower price than does the inferior article sold throughout Hindustan. A vast majority of the Kashmerees can read, and a considerable number write. The taste for literature is quite hereditary, connected indeed as its pursuit must needs be with the revival of their primitive history and downfall : the sayings, and doings of their most distinguished rulers, poets, and priests, are favourite themes of conversation and song, and the visitor is not a little startled to hear passages from " Abul Fazil," " Ayeen Akberi," or " Sâdi," quoted as indisputable authorities, in matters of discussion, by the uncouth forms of barbers and boatmen, with whom he meets at every turn of his travels ! The literary taste of the masses is marvellously in contrast with the brutal tone which pervades the unpoetical mobs of our English cities, and reflects itself vividly to our admiration as the fading light of that old civilization, which is fast setting in the night of despotic darkness, as a bright constellation in a cloudy horizon. I visited two of the chief book-making establishments, and witnessed the various processes of preparation. Every thing was written with the pen, (there was *no type*), and expert artists executed the illumination and illustration of each work, according to order. There must have been at least forty or fifty individuals engaged in transcribing, in *one* room alone ; of these many were sharp lads, whose penmanship struck me as the neatest of the whole. One remarkable feature of the quaint scene, was the universal buzz of chattering which was carried on by the penmen during their operations, and which did not appear, in any

way to disturb the uniformity, or correctness of their labours. They laughed and gossiped as if engaged in mere manual manufacture, in truth such must be their own view of the occupation, and they must depend on the eye *alone* as infallible. Mistakes must be of very rare occurrence, for in the multiplicity of works I have perused, erasures are imperceptible, and scholastic errors almost unknown. I found this branch of trade, the only one, except shawl-weaving, in a brisk and flourishing condition. The heads of the concerns appeared very indifferent to my applications for books, and informed me that they could barely supply the demands of Hindustanee and Northern booksellers, which judging by the number of hands employed, and the resolute adherence to prices, is probably true. These "*Khush-nuweezs*" (literally *pleasing-writers*) seldom keep any large stock of ready bound volumes: they mostly receive orders, and execute them by contract: a party of six or eight workmen sit down together, and make their own arrangements to transcribe the desired tôme: we will suppose it to consist of only fifty pages; the six men apportion their shares respectively, and so it is soon ready. A few standard originals are always retained in store, (generally loose and unbound, but very carefully lettered, and numbered) to serve as orthodox copies. As I stated above, high prices are in vogue, and Company's rupees alone current in these literary repositories. For a ponderous copy of the "*Ayeen Akberi*," strongly bound, and splendidly illuminated, (besides containing sundry illustrations) more than eighty rupees was demanded, which sum was pertinaciously adhered to; for a fine edition of the "*Shah Nameh*" more than sixty was asked, and as I did not like to go away without buying *something*, I paid one rupee and a half for the commonest kind of "*Bóstan*." To a private individual of the city I only paid twelve rupees for a quarto work of four epic poems, with fifty coloured pictures, but he was in want of cash, and no book-

seller; of course rogues are abundant in this as in every other branch of business throughout the universe. "Piracy" is not acknowledged in a copying country; but "*Privateering*" (if I may thus term it) there is in plenty, *i. e.*, the finest poems, and histories, (if found inconveniently *long*, and *laborious*) are often "*docked*," or abridged of their fair proportions, and sold as genuine articles, which with the uninitiated in manuscript mysteries, pass current. A respectable "*Mūnshi*" was my obliging informant in these matters. The penmanship is elegant and legible, in many instances not to be distinguished from type impressions, strict uniformity being its prevailing beauty. The style of illumination is that of the early ages, constantly found in ancient Catholic Missals. Gold, silver and sky-blue in elaborate profusion. The "painting" I cannot praise, it is a burlesque on the divine art, totally oriental in its *outré* character; coarse, ill-proportioned perspectives, and gaudy, the favourite subjects, as usual, love and war, in which the romantic passion figures either unnaturally, or indecently, and the pugnacious science preposterously, and fabulously. There are many learned treatises to be found in the dismal alleys and purlieus, some on the Arabian system of medicine and physics, others on the statistics of this and foreign countries.

Histories, both ancient and modern, of the Valley and its boundaries, epic and complimentary poems, exaggerating the deeds of favourite sovereigns and statesmen, and musty records of the Hindoo dynasty: the chief of these latter called the "*Rajah Taringani*," is much quoted by our modern antiquaries.

The lacquered ware of Kashmere is among the more important of its manufactures, since the annual *entré* of British officers has been sanctioned, and encouraged by their own Government, this, and indeed nearly every other branch of art has received an impulse, which in an enlightened State, would have conferred all the solid benefits of successful

ingenuity on its subjects, but the owner of the unhappy "goose" in his greed for the "golden eggs," has nearly effected its demise, and the cunning artificer is reduced to great straits in his struggle between labour and taxation: the most respectable of these men informed me that a heavy impost, equivalent to about 250 Rupees "*per Visitor's Season*," is levied on his handiwork, and as he cannot afford to entertain an establishment of journeymen, is compelled to carry on his trade (sometimes by candlelight,) with the assistance of one or two boys of his family. I look upon him as the leading man in the trade, he has great taste in arrangement, and a better idea of flower-painting than his rivals; his prices are the highest, and his reputation the greatest of all the "*Nuka-shees*" (as they are called), and his orders are filed in a portfolio; many of them cannot be executed for a year, or more, in consequence of his limited means. The principal articles made are writing-boxes, cigar-boxes, card-trays, vases, book-covers, caskets, and a variety of fancy goods. The *best* workmanship costs as follows, writing-box 8 rupees, cigar case 3 rupees, card-tray 7 rupees, book-boards (the pair) 4 rupees, vases 12 rupees (the pair) and caskets from 3 rupees each to 12 rupees (according to size.) The material of which they are composed is *papiér maché* moulded on wooden or earthen formers; these, when thoroughly dry, are repeatedly washed over with size, polished, and then painted with the intended colour of ground work: the article is now ready for the designer, who first traces on it the outline of ornamental scroll-work, or other pattern: after which he collects his gold paint, and other colours, filling them in with almost incredible rapidity, and truth of hand. When thoroughly dry, two or more coats of carefully prepared copal varnish are laid on, and the work is submitted for several days to exposure in the sun. The store of finished goods is usually packed in glazed paper, and kept on airy shelves in the upper story. To *my* taste the buff ground, thickly strewed

with wreaths and bouquets of rose, forget-me-not, and tulips, with gold scroll work as a border, formed the *ne plus ultra* of elegant decoration, but the manifold extravagance of European purchasers usually found vent in coats of arms, ciphers, blazonry, and mottos; and there was no small show of the prevailing *penchant* for nondescript butterflies, hydra-headed monsters, dragons, and other parti-coloured deformities, remarkable only for ^{the} quantity of gold and silver leaf they consumed.

The local style seemed to consist of a gaudy ground-work, interspersed with sentences (in large Persian characters) from the “Quoran” and other books of note. Among other novelties in this line of manufacture, I noticed pistols and carbines, the stocks decorated with rich flower designs, and a dulcimer, the body of which was similarly painted, to the order of Gulab Singh and Co. Most of these workmen reside in the *dirtiest* part of *dirty* Sreenuggur; after wading through a chaos of impurity, the visitor is directed to some narrow alley, where the class is found, gregarious in lots of threes and fours; the show-room is up a very dangerous ladder, on the higher story, and the sitting-room, or manufactory, on the lower. They all receive a share, more or less, of English patronage. To some people, (those who prefer *quantity* to *quality*) cheap goods are the best, and it is to customers of this class, that the trade vend whole camel-loads of coarsely executed articles at *one-third* of the price asked for the more elaborate productions. In Hindustan, among the higher classes, this “*Nukásh*” work is highly prized; the “caskets” by the females, and the “*Qulumdāns*” or writing-boxes by the men; in the Courts of Delhi and Lucknow, they are considered fashionable furniture.

Among the social and domestic occupations of the degenerate Kashmerian, boat-rowing, fishing, and fowling hold a prominent place. Necessity is truly the only source of all this corporeal exertion, and when its objects are accom-

plished, this lazy race relapse into drowsy apathy; the boatman in British employ, will rather tell a string of cunning falsehoods, than carry his master an extra mile, the sleepy votary of the net and hook will rather smoke his quaint pipe under the cool mulberry tree than fish out of hours for the liberal visitor, and the sturdy pursuer of game, when *his* stomach is satisfied, cares not for that of the epicurean stranger;—such is the unkindly nature, (bred by oppression, or otherwise,) of the classes, which in “Britain’s favoured isle” are oppositely laborious! Every yard of water in the valley teems with fish, narrowly restricted to three or four species; of these, the chief are two of trout, not much resembling those of Northern Europe in general appearance, but furnishing cheap and delicious fare to a distressed population. The Jhelum (from its source downwards) and most of its tributaries are wonderfully stocked. The fishery is chiefly carried on in two ways, as follows: first, by net: two stout poles, some thirty feet, or more, in length, are attached to the side of a skiff, by a rude machinery, which enables their being raised and lowered at pleasure: strong lines traverse these spars, by which a capacious, triangular net can be attached when required: the bottom part of this net is loosely gathered into a pocket, to receive any fish that may drop out of the meshes. The anxious *piscator* steers out into the stream, and putting the bows of his rude bark against the current, lowers the net into the river; he and his assistants (usually his wife and family), slowly propel the boat forward, and occasionally the machine is lifted, and the prey “brought to bag.” Second by hook: this *modus operandi* is far more primitive than the last: a good supply of red worms having been procured, the piscatory party embarks in the family skiff as before, but this time they *anchor*, or attach their craft to a pole, in some likely looking deep; the tackle is then overhauled, and consists of innumerable yards of small cord, to which stones and bricks are here and there fastened as sinkers. Short

links of strong thread, each having a small hook at the end, are tied to the main line at equal intervals, to the amount sometimes of *several hundreds*. A worm is baited on, (*carefully á la Izaak Walton,*) and the clumsy paraphernalia is then "paid out" along the bottom, where it is left for some time, and occasionally examined. I observed that this rude night line committed great execution. The hooks are very original devices, made by brass wire, and not to be compared in any way with a *good English bent pin*, either for sharpness or strength! The fisheries all pay handsomely to royalty for their privileges, and woe betide any amateur angler, or poacher among its subjects, who would recreate, or profit by the plenty in store. I saw a boatman severely maltreated by a soldier for "wetting a line" without orders, and it is only those in immediate attendance on the *sahib logue* who venture on such dangerous sport. The trout being comparatively exempt from persecution, attain a large size, and are strangely omnivorous. My knights of the oar filled their baskets with such unheard of baits as mulberries, boiled greens, newspapers, &c., while I *in propriâ personâ* extracted the large fish *á l'Anglais* with fly and minnow. I saw a trout in the market weigh twelve pounds, it would have weighed two pounds more in proper season. I caught great numbers with my own hand seven or eight pounds a piece. Only one place is prohibited to the local fisherman, *i. e.*, the reach of water between the first and second bridges at the capital, which being overlooked by palaces, temples, and holy ghats, has become imbued with the odour of sanctity. The menial boatmen are *of course* all Mahommedans: their nominal pay two Rs. eight annas a piece, I say *nominal*, as they are but the serfs of an unsparing Lord, and are made to disgorge a very high per centage of their earnings. Be it known then, uninitiated reader, that *two-thirds* of the wretched waterman's stipend are filched from him at the proper *season* by that illustrious

Dogra sovereign Maharajah Gulab Singh. When the pale faces of summer visitors have disappeared, in an evil hour, the dark visage of ruthless tax-gatherers, intrude themselves on the toiler's slumbers, he feels the iron arm of his *real* master laid on his pillow, and a stern voice bids him produce the exact sum for which the public accountant has credited him!

A numerous body are the "huntsmen" and "fowlers:" the former are occasionally attached to the royal person, and either furnish game trophies for display on public occasions, or what is more common, are retained for the purpose of being *lent to influential British* travellers of rank ~~or~~ ^{and} distinction. The inferior sportsmen usually hire one, or more of these "game finders," who although very deficient as a body in courage or skill, know the country, and can express themselves intelligibly. Their wages vary, according to their reputation, from 6 to 10 Rupees, and even more. The "fowlers" carry on their avocation in the winter only; it would have gladdened the heart of even the far-famed Col. Hawker, of wild-fowl killing ingenuity, to see the original but efficient apparatus adapted to the end: a highly wrought barrel of Brobdinagian dimensions, mounted on an uncouth swivel, in the bows of a light canoe, whose arrowy proportions a slight bungling would capsize:—the ammunition crude and savage in its apparent qualities, but deadly in its effects; the "villanous saltpetre," roughly distributed through the lumpy powder, and the missiles, composed of carefully sifted pebbles, in lieu of more costly lead (which here sells at the exorbitant rate of one company's Rupee per seer). With these aquatic cannon the myriads of wild geese and ducks frequenting the lakes are stalked, and swept, the game being disposed of in the public markets. During the summer months most of these gunners appear to pursue the employment of fishers, or rice-planters.

The chief gardens in the "Holy City" are exclusively the property of Gulab Singh : they are the Shaik Bâgh, Hurree Singh Bâgh, ~~Moo~~kee Bâgh, Busunt Bâgh, and Dilawur Khan Bâgh. The two first are extensive plantations of fruit-trees, situated on the right bank of the Jhelum, from which they are protected by an unsightly, but very necessary embankment. They are intersected with walks for the pleasure of pedestrians, and contain several summer residences, of extremely light and airy construction ; indeed these latticed fabrics resemble at a distance huge bird-cages : a nearer inspection proves that such "temples of the winds" are too cold by half for the English occupants, who have done all they could to alter the evil, by pasting newspapers, or long cloth, over the flimsy frame-works and screens. The boundaries of these pleasure grounds, besides the bund and ditch, are usually defined by rows of tall poplar trees, generally adorned with very ancient vines, which being totally unrestrained in growth, produce very coarse sour grapes ; this gothic oversight must not be attributed to ignorance, let us call it more truthfully "a sign of the times ;" for how many centuries have elapsed since Sâdi wrote,

"When the husbandman lops off the exuberant branches of the vine, it bears an increase of fruit."

The stems are often enormous, trailing in serpentine folds over and around the bund ; if my memory serves me right there was one of three or four feet circumference at the root : the fruit trees, (excepting perhaps the pears and quinces,) are of the commonest description. When I reached the capital (about the beginning of June) the boughs were bowed down with embryo myriads, but a heavy rain of three days' duration marred the crop with blight and mildew, scattering them by bushels on the soil. This natural havoc appeared to benefit the residue, and in the autumn I think any reasonable gardener would have felt satisfied with the actual quantity matured. The quinces were of a rich quality, and I should

say if nurtured properly, second to none in the world: the fruit itself is but little used by Asiatics as a sweatmeat, but the *seeds* are known throughout the East as “*Behee-dana*:” (literally quince-seed.) These kernels, being emulsive, are employed as a cooling medicine, by steeping them in water, which they quickly render mucilaginous. Kashmere and Kabul contribute jointly to furnish the vast annual supply which finds its way into the North-Western Provinces and Punjab.

The pears were small, and undersized, but very luscious, and juicy. The peaches, (which ripen late in autumn,) were described to me as excellent, but I left the valley too soon to be able *in propriâ personâ* to pass judgment on this and many other rosy gifts of Pomona. I forgot to mention that in these two gardens there are a few trees of “white-heart cherry,” locally termed “*gilass*,” very plump and sweet eating. They are highly valued, and guarded: a *perwannah* (or pass) is granted to any visitor wishing to procure two or three pounds: they are as superior to the common cherry of the orchards, as that fruit is to the hedge-sloe, and I only wonder they have not been multiplied by grafting. The common cherry alluded to is of a deep, blackish red, (when quite ripe,) rough, and astringent to the palate, and declared by a large majority uneatable. But these austere qualities render it particularly desirable for making that popular *liqueur*, “cherry brandy.” Some I tasted was excellent, and it is a pity that some friendly visitor does not whisper to his majesty a few hints on its manufacture, as his large estates would furnish both ingredients *for nothing*, and bring him annually a few more thousand rupees to boot!

There are a few fancy parterres around the summer retreats, which are crammed with China asters, narcissus, double hollyhocks, roses, pomegranates, sweet william, *Erysimum peroffskianum*, and African marigolds; the latter gaudy and nauseous flowers prevail, because they happen to be the

coarse favourites of the ruler. Every morning at sunrise a boat-load is deposited at the stairs of the great temple; they are soon consumed in *odoriferous* necklaces for the Ranees, and garlands for the worshippers. I remonstrated with the gardener for consuming so much ground in the cultivation of an ill-favoured plant, and gently attempted to clear away a few yards for the admission of some choice English seeds, but the old man, after vainly dissuading me by a variety of arguments from the innovation, at last cautiously implored me, if *I* valued *his* ears, to desist: which of course I *did*. I managed to cut down the weeds between a few rows of young trees, and there sowed a great variety of European forest, vegetable, and flower seeds: which in due time germinated very fairly, but were all cropt off by stray bullocks, goats, and tattoos, which no persuasion to the "mallees" on my part could remove. These men said that they were not paid for their work, and one of them actually presented himself for remuneration of several days' labour in digging and preparing the plots! I found the royal family equally lukewarm in the matter, profitable return on outlay being always the drift of their queries; they however, graciously condescended to accept of my remaining potatoes, and these were carefully planted under my own eye near another bed of the same useful root conferred by some former traveller. There are few ornamental trees besides the poplars in these enclosures: I noticed a hedge of the Persian lilac, and a small plantation of seedling *Acacia arabica*, which the acute Gulab is endeavouring to introduce for the benefit of his gun-carriage department. I do not think he will ever succeed at such an elevation: although very widely dispersed by Dame Nature, I doubt whether this tree is indigenous to snowy countries. All the gardens in the valley are let out for the fruit season to those individuals who can afford to pay an exorbitant sum for the contract: considering the general poverty, I do not know how they can possibly realize a large

amount by the retail of the produce: perhaps it is *sometimes* exported. This I know, that in 1852 (the year of my visit,) not a single *kafilah* of this description was permitted to leave the district, and the reason I heard commonly assigned, was the displeasure of Gulab Singh at certain arbitrary and wild freaks committed by two or three visitors of the preceding seasons. Besides, the helpless contractor often suffers great loss by the exactions and depredations of soldiers, and more rarely by the thoughtless appropriations of Christian strangers. The process of irrigation (which is however but little needed,) is carried on by cuts from the lakes and rivers in the low grounds, and by the weighted spar and bucket, as in Bengal, in the higher lands. Inundation, as I have before stated, is the great enemy of the husbandman in the alluvial tracts, which nothing but a scientific application of drainage and engineering can ever combat. After a sudden thaw, or an unusually heavy fall of rain, the bunded tracts appear like green islands above the water, and in these the mould becomes too saturated and humid for healthy vegetation.

The “Moonshee Bagh,” is not so large as the above-mentioned gardens, but there is more irregularity and diversity of foliage to attract the inquisitive eye; it is also situated on the margin of the river, and contains two or three roomy “*barradurres*,” or pleasure-seats of the usual style, the airy: there are not many fruit trees, but what are far more *ornamental*, some aged planes, coeval with the palmy days of sagacious sovereigns, two or three beautiful specimens of the “*shah toot*,” or “king mulberry,” (closely resembling our British species,) and an infinity of roses of all sizes, colours, and varieties. Of these I made a collection at great labour and expense, with the view of introducing them into Hindustan on my return. I selected vigorous offsets, and digging round each, (outside the roots) detached the ball from its parent soil: they were then planted out in a shady bower at a short distance off, and watered abundantly; those that did

not shed their leaves, or appear to suffer by the extraction, (at least two-thirds continued healthy,) were again transplanted singly into wicker pot-shaped baskets, previously well-lined with leaves: when the soil had settled down compactly, a stong envelope of birch bark, secured with twine, was wrapped over the whole, and they were once more removed to the border, remaining sunk to the crown of the stems, until my departure, when they were taken into the light deal frame I had prepared for their deportation. A weedy nullah which during flood connects the Drogshuh canal immediately with the river, serves as a very effective drain to this place, which I look upon as the most salubrious and mosquito-less of all the suburban retreats. The land road to this, and the two above-mentioned demesnes, is by the far-famed "poplar walk," a noble promenade of green turf one mile and a quarter in length, thirty to forty feet wide, straight as an arrow, and planted on either side with an unbroken line of poplars, in the very pride of their growth, forming a picturesque avenue, only excelled by one or two in Europe. This tasteful relic of the Moslems is one of the very few objects on which care is bestowed: it is preserved solely for the recreation of Gulab and his *Amrahs*, who either ride or shoot at a mark in its pleasant shade. A rude hedge of prickly boughs has been inserted between the intervals, and pecuniary fine is the lot of any mischievous intruder. A long line of flower borders has been commenced, which besides abstracting seriously from the turf, have a wretched effect on the grandeur of the *tout ensemble*, as nothing will grow in this leafy darkness: the *dianthus*, stocks, &c., looked more like puny weeds than show plants. The entrance of this walk commences at a bridge on the Drogshuh canal, and ends just below the "Tukhi-i-Suliman." This bare mountain affords a better panoramic view of the valley than any known locality: a very rugged, winding path leads to the summit, where stands the imperishable

monument of antiquity (before alluded to), on which the winds and waters of heaven have rolled unscathingly for more than twenty centuries! From its walls the pleasures of sight are vast and varied, and the scene is unspeakably sublime in the majestic beauty of natural simplicity,—the mind is lost in the depth of admiration, and flies to poetry and thought for solace. They may lend their lustre to the enchantment below, but they cannot define the exact harmony which lingers in perspective; nor can human pencil delineate the divine reality of the original, which to behold is to be enraptured—mentally I exclaimed—

————— “the patriarchal days”
 “no longer are a pastoral fable,”

as I mused, Manfred-like, upon the abyss which overhangs that gem of the universe, “Eden-blest” Kashmere! The “bird’s-eye” view on a clear summer morning reveals a prominent point in this landscape, the prevailing feature of water. I do not think I err in stating, that of the superficial area, a third part is composed of that picturesque element, and during the thaw of the snows, which cap the surrounding punjals, this proportion is greatly exceeded. The local traditions assign a diluvian origin to the entire country, and setting apart the mythological history of the great event, (which is in itself not more absurd than Deucalion’s story) the explorer will find himself daily more influenced by its credibility. Nearly all eastern lands in all ages, have laid honourable claim to be considered the nursery of the human race, the primæval paradise, whence they first ^{descended} used to till and inherit the earth: perhaps Kashmere has equal (though *less generally known*) claims with Armenia, to the coveted title of “Eden; her noble rivers, north and south, her spontaneous fruitfulness, her remote situation, and not least, *the* god-like perfection of countenance and form of her sons and daughters, all favour the allegorical narrations of a subtle priesthood. Being unschooled in geology, I was unable to

apply any of its satisfactory tests to the solution of this terrestrial theory, but so much of a great and important fact is prominent to the beholder, that the *entire surface of the valley was submerged in distant ages to a very great depth*. The water-mark is often plainly discernible at various elevations, particularly on the steep cliffs of the range which bounds the Wulur Lake, and on the face of the Tukht-i-Suliman; at the latter I was shown vague traces of a shore *some hundred feet* above the present high-water level! The rocks, downwards from the above lake, are black with time, and the chain of frightful gorges and precipices betoken an awful convulsion of our sphere, such a one alone as could rend the boundaries of a world, and let loose the mighty reservoirs of an inland sea, by the newly-cloven outlet of a river. Such is the real outline of the Brahminical legend, and such the material evidence of the visible portion. Without further speculation, I shall leave this interesting enigma to be solved by some future geologist, who in the scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, shall wander so far on the divine errand of enlightenment. The base of the "Solomon's Throne" is thickly strewed with massive ruins of temples and tombs, many of the slabs being thickly covered with illegible Sanskrit inscriptions. Here the cheerful Iris is found of all colours, blooming fragrantly in the dust of the dead, and here may be seen many a rich bush of the famous roses, with their drooping festoons of golden-hued loveliness, consecrating, as it were, the nearly extinct Mausoleums of departed dynasties: here, too, the antiquarian, with the assistance of local guides, well read in the lore of their ancestors, may decipher the strange and eventful histories of the long past, and trace the very foundations of temples and palaces whose existence is but a speck on the page of time. This is the most ancient quarter of Sreenuggur, and I must ever regret that want of sufficient leisure prevented my becoming better acquainted with the chronicles of its existence. The "Busant

Bagh" is situated on the most picturesque part of the Drogshuh canal, it is not yet completed, and at the time of my visit consisted of low, marshly plots, containing a few young grafts on artificial mounds: a necessary precaution where the water overflows to a depth of several feet: indeed during the periodical floods I often went over it in my skiff; a bund was being hastily thrown up, in the manner of all similar constructions. The great charm of these grounds consists in the number and size of ornamental trees in and around them. The planes are strikingly so, especially some three or four which overhang the bank, and overshadow an artificial platform, of a few square yards' dimensions. On this *plateau* I pitched my little tent; one of the above aged trees serving me as a cook-room, the interior was quite hollow, and had two opposite arched entrances, yet the upper limbs were as healthy and leafy as some of its younger neighbours. Occasionally the canal rose alarmingly high, almost flowing into my slight habitation, but my boats being moored alongside were all ready at an instant's warning to assist me. There was just sufficient room for self, servants, and livestock, yet to my idea it was the "*one green spot loved best,*" and I always took possession of it when I returned from my rural ramble. With one hundred pounds per annum, I would have felt far richer and happier on that charming islet, than most German princes or, I think, I may say, any prince! This canal, of course, teems with fish, and it was amusing to observe when the wind shook a mulberry tree, the legions of trout that would rise to devour the falling fruit. The water is like liquid crystal, very deep, warm, and weedy: it debouches opposite the palace, and was originally intended by the Mogul emperors as a near cut to the Dul Lake, and its surrounding pleasure haunts (to which I shall presently allude). At present the chief uses to which the canal is applied, are washing, bathing, and the rearing of aquatic poultry. A weekly market for rice is held on it, and gardener's punts

paddle about, vending their fruits and vegetables to the pedestrians at the various bridged thoroughfares on its banks.

Hügel's book, among other palpable errors, insists that the Kashmerees cannot swim!!! The shameless custom of promiscuous bathing in a state of complete nudity seems to be of remote Hindoo origin : it is one of the most important rites connected with the absolving immersion at Hurdwar and many other reputed sanctuaries of our own Provinces, and here in Kashmere, (the birth-place of the all-powerful "Pandaus,") we find it the common every-day practice of conventional life, nay, more, it has been adopted almost universally by the degenerate Moslems, of whom only the more affluent can afford to frequent the *Humáms*, or hot baths, constructed in various quarters, by their more refined ancestors. Probably this disgusting feature of Punjabee and Sikh socialism was imported from the same source. From the beginning of June to the end of August (while the sun shines) the entire Kashmeree population of both sexes, and all ages, pass the greater portion of the mid-day hours in public nakedness, the most frequented bridges, and most conspicuous bazaars being the favourite *rendezvous* of the splashers and swimmers : all business then appears to have halted, and the wild votaries of aquatic sports may be seen, like river deities of questionable attributes, pursuing each other with hoarse shouts, or leaping in daring crowds from the lesser bridges of the canal. There are floating enclosures of wood, intended as bathing screens, moored by cables to the premises of the opulent, but to all appearance they are never used except by aged or deformed people.

Poultry, as might be expected, are very plentiful, especially the water-fowl, &c. Gulab has of late years made them highly remunerative. Exactly opposite the palace windows the royal barges are moored ; this landing place is at the mouth of the canal (lately alluded to), and has been chosen

for the convenience of ingress and egress from the Jhelum, by the same reason it has been selected as the home of geese and ducks: these birds number many hundreds, and are under the careful surveillance of the boatmen, who watch them while feeding in the floating weeds, and drive them into their pens at sunset. As a check on misappropriation, the bodies of such as may die, are suspended on a frame, "aloft in mid air," for the satisfaction of their master, and counted out to him *in person*, whenever he may require it! All losses and accidents are made good by the anxious custodians, who do not scruple on these emergencies to rob their neighbours, as I ascertained, heavily to my cost. Quantities of these birds are sent down annually to the Punjaub, and not a few are retailed to hungry visitors, the price of the ducks varying from 4 to 6 per company's rupee. Immediately in rear of this feathery speculation, stands the Dogra piggery, a large shed on a mound, with an upper story for the use of the porcine guardians, who, *bâton* in hand, watch the slumbers of the herd. From sunrise till sunset these destructive quadrupeds (numbering about 100,) have the run of the surrounding cultivation, and acres of prostrate barley stalks, or damaged peas, testify the extent of their depredations: in good truth they thrive without any expense to the monster monopolist, and, as I was informed, furnish a cheap substitute for the *fatted calf*, at his *bon jour* banquets. The groves of mulberry trees are among the chief attractions of the country: they are very extensive, and with the willow, constitute the woody aspect of the champagne portion: starvation, would be the lot of many a family, but for this panacea of the destitute: the quantity of the berry produced by one tree is almost incredible: the season commences early in June and lasts till nearly September, a succession of fruit loading the branches, and furnishing a sweet, wholesome fare for *whole months*: troops of ragged, but rosy children may then be seen, climbing like monkeys

among the green boughs, while their more sedate parents are busily collecting the purple mass, on outspread garments, equally tattered and filthy in their quality: cakes are prepared by squeezing out the juice, and drying the residue in the sun, or the mulberries are preserved entire, by gradually exposing them in the same way. This stock is carefully reserved for winter use, and usually *hidden*, to be secure from the spoliation of tax-gatherers, in the inclement season of ice and snow, when not even a *weed* is to be had.

The unflinching hand of oriental despotism is figuratively described by my favourite poet Sadi, whose apt illustrations I must now apologize for thrice quoting. The oppressor's hireling says to the poor man—

“ Pay the land rent,”

“ Or expose thy vitals to the beak of the crow,”

a threat literally and remorselessly executed in this land of plenty!

The surface of the soil in these groves during summer, is black with berries, and great is the multitude of devourers, numbering nearly every bird, beast, and fish of the locality: herds and flocks, horned cattle, horses, goats, sheep, and swine, bears in troops, poultry, dogs, every wild and domestic bird, trout, insects, and nearly every living thing, feast indiscriminately on this manna-like gift, and attain a degree of fatness peculiar to such saccharine *pabulum*. Strong spirits are distilled from them, possessing the odour of brandy, and I remember, during an inundation, the vinous fumes which were exhaled from a morass; its colour and odour resembled a distiller's wash, caused by some hundred pounds of fermenting fruit, which were lying there under a hot sun. The Dillawur Khan Bagh is the “Cockney” villa of the capital, and is located in the midst of smoke and dirt, the dwelling-house in the prevailing fashion of lattice-work, but roomy and substantial: it has always borne an agueish character, and as for musquitoes,

like more serious annoyances, "they come not as single spies, but in battalions;" and small wonder at these two plagues, for the back part of the foundation stands *in* the waters of the Dul Lake, and tall flags flourish about it; besides all this a sluggish canal bounds the front, and a low, crowded garden completes the miasm. There is a handsome vinery, well cared for, and supported on solid timber wood-works: and there are various fine fruit trees, also a still-house, where rose-water is prepared for the inmates of the royal harem. These premises abut on the ~~no~~ most noisiest portion of the town, hence the land approach renders it the least desirable of all European quarters. The "cleanliness" of the multitude is quite as low in the scale of humanity as their "godliness;" alas! for the unromantic truth of my assertion, but "pity 'tis, 'tis true,"—mind, and body are alike defiled by evil association.

The population of Sreenuggur is visibly decreasing, and at the period I visited it certainly could not exceed fifty thousand, of these more than one half appear to be Hindoos of the holy class. Of course in the above calculation I do not include the troops, whose presence and number depends on the tide of public events. They are two-thirds Dogra (the same military caste as their master,) and there are always a few companies of Hindustanees, for *rough* work. The soldiers are mostly quartered in the "Sher Gurri" and "Hurri Purbut," the only attempts at fortification in the place. The men are wretchedly fed and cared for, but they are supposed to fill their stomachs by foraging on the inhabitants, dreadful is the scene of violence in consequence. This marauding is always confined to the property of the Mussulman subject, and no cognizance is taken by the Government of any robberies perpetrated in their houses. The civil employés of the Tyrant are all either Pundit, or Dogra;—they all *nominally* receive very low salaries, but it is understood that no cognizance will be taken of moderate imposition,—or

indeed of any injustice which does not affect the prompt payment of the revenue. Some of the Pergunnahs are farmed (like those in Oude) by Pundit leases, and a few of the most productive and populous are reserved as crown lands, under the "cat-like watch" of the lion himself, or his Dogra representatives. The crops are very limited in variety, rice (in the marshy lands) maize, beans, peas, barley, ~~hog~~ ^{hog}-grass, and mustard (for the oil), complete the amount. The *nominal* tax on the produce is *one-half*, collected at harvest time by deputies, who affix the "Thapa," or royal mark, to each heap of grain. But this is not all the persecuted farmer has to pay, he is further "dunned" for fees, gratuities, and considerations, which eventually leave him with often *not one-third* of his labours' fruits? It may be easily imagined how such an iniquitous mode of collection has devastated the local agriculture—in five more such years the vale ought to be a complete wilderness—and indeed a vast tract of the western portion is so already; besides these arbitrary institutes, Gulab has carried his cold-hearted imposts to the verge of ultra-barbarism;—yes, he has set a price on marriage and national increase! It is no less inhuman than untrue, that he has levied a perquisite on these natural necessities, amounting in the more impoverished districts to a positive prohibition, for I was informed by the patriarch of one village that no espousals had occurred for two long years, and who can doubt that it has not caused infanticide. The name of the barbarians Gulab Singh and Titus Vespasian will go down together in history as the occupants of *wretched* royalty. With the former the sordid feeling reigns degradingly—

"Odor nummi suavis est.

Only the followers of Mahomet are subjected to this Malthusian indignity, the Hindoos are free to their customs, and they walk abroad with their sleek wives and comely families, unnumbered and unmolested.

The exact amount of a revenue depending so completely on the caprices of a hard taskmaster is difficult matter of computation, one thing is certain, that it is *annually diminishing*: true, that he makes a few thousand rupees per annum by his white guests, and equally true that he nets a few hundred thousands by his export trade, still his local means of “raising the wind,” are fast failing, by a large proportion of his *quondam* tenants having turned fugitives, and deserted him. Of the 80 lakhs which he paid to our politicals as the price of his sovereignty, he has frequently boasted that he retrieved the total by *good management* within the first three years; this must have been sharp work in a country already bleeding under the successive inroads of the Mogul and Sikh. The kingdom of Jummoo comprises the rather barren hills of that Dogra principality:—the Pathan highlands towards Mozufferabad, equally bare and scantily peopled; Little Thibet with Ladakh and Iskardu, only rich in mineral wealth, and valuable as the marts of Chinese produce; and last not least, the world-coveted, and heaven-endowed, Vale of Kashmere—

“Where all but the nature of Man is divine.”

But enough of sober statistics. I must hasten to complete the catalogue of my rambles, by leaving the noisy environs of the “holy city,” and visiting the distant shades of those fairy-like paradises, which reflect themselves on the bosom of the further lake. Strange is the scene as the skiff slides through the indefinite lagoons, overgrown with the princely lotus, the waving bullrush, or the tangled* *Singhara*. Busy kingfishers, greedy gulls, and half-fledged wild-fowl are almost the only living things to be found, barring ourselves and the boatmen. In the olden time when the nobles of the Punjaub were in the zenith of their ostentation, it was the prevailing fashion to wear a sable

* *Water Caltrops.*

plume composed of certain graceful feathers obtainable only from the tail of an aquatic bird called here "*Hooma*," but known to Europeans in our provinces as the "water pheasant." They commanded a high price, as it was necessary to catch a great number before sufficient materials could be found for one of these ornaments. With the conquest of the Khalsa has almost expired this very graceful appendage of the head-dress, which is only now to be met with in the collections of the curious, consequently these creatures are now very common, and I saw no one in pursuit of them. The Dul Lake has been divided by time into several parts, which have distinct names: many grassy islets present themselves, and the ruins of a stupendous causeway here and there rise above the water, appearing to extend from Sreenuggur to the *Nishád Bâgh*, or "Garden of Bliss," and having the credit attached to them of being the work of a wealthy pundit. Sometimes the inferior ridges of black sandstone jut boldly into the lake, and give it a dark hue, and sometimes the green fields and orchards slope to the very brink of the water, and confer on it a very gay tinge, which magical effects considerably heighten the romantic character of the scenery. I found the above high-sounding retreat in pretty good order, considering the "bad times"; it is entered by stairs, which rise from the lake, is full of small ornamental buildings, has avenues and fountains in abundance, and a great number of fruit trees: but, excepting potatoes and "white heart" cherries, I did not find much horticultural novelty: there were a few parterres of very common flowers, and the usual decoration of plane trees. A few hundred yards off, in a walled enclosure, stands a large summer-house called the "*Chusmah Sahi*," (literally "royal spring"), its luxurious appurtenances of conduits and reservoirs are choked up with rubbish. the edifice itself being used as a *threshing-floor*. A number of large walnut and other fruit trees surround the spot,

which seems to have been originally intended for keeping up a head of water to feed the fountains of the *Nishád*. On the hillocks of waste ground in the vicinity I saw some of the finest specimens of the yellow rose. An unfinished building of considerable extent adorns the bleak ridge beyond, known as the "*Peri Mahul*," or "Fairy Palace," commonly ascribed to the "Light of the Harem," Noor Jehan, and surrounded by the tasteful outlines of terraced grounds. Around the shores of this lake are hamlet and home-stalls in close proximity, embosomed in dense groves of walnut or mulberry trees: rice fields, too, encircle the foreground with their verdant growth, and furnish the eye with a smooth plain whereon to repose, after scanning the illimitable gorges which extend for whole leagues at its right hand. Passing through the broken causeway above alluded to, a few minutes' labour at the oar carries the traveller's boat to the main attraction of the season, the renowned "Shalimar" of the world-subduing Jehangir. Every thing is on a larger and more magnificent scale than in the grounds lately described, but of course the penurious system of its modern master will not admit of much outlay, and his care of the establishment is confined to petty repairs at uncertain periods: occasionally the fountains (some *hundred* in number) are permitted to play, (the spectator being expected to pay the labourers on the occasion), and some few boatloads of lime and stone have been lately lavished on the ancient masonry, which is very dilapidated. The soil is very low and marshy; indeed the centre avenue is a *broad canal*, (choked with weeds, and rubbish, which barely admit the passage of a light skiff,) beautifully edged with giant planes. The "corn-flag," or "yellow iris," is at present almost the only tenant of the much-neglected plots. I fancied I saw a specimen of the European labour-num, but as its blossoms were withered and discoloured, I could not be *quite* sure of the fact. There were innume-

rable trees of the local fruits, and some bushes of "*Syringa Persica*." Among a variety of structures, all seemingly in the Arabesque, or Moorish style, is an inferior one, which from its quiet grandeur is a general favourite: it is an alcove supported on massive pillars of black marble, and surrounded by water-works, and *jets d'eau*, which, when in full play, have a brilliant effect from the interior. In the middle of this division of the Lake lies the pretty islet of "*Char Chunar*," or the "four planes," (of which two have vanished,) and now in complete ruins, despite its poetical celebrity. No great distance off stands, perhaps, the finest artificial forest in Asia, the "*Nazim Bagh*," or "Healthful Garden," containing, in regular rows, nearly 1,200 plane trees of *two centuries* growth! In the vicinity are many interesting objects of research which I have not space to notice. There are two distinct routes by water leading to the "Wulur Lake," and western districts of Kashmere, one by the very wild and savannah-like outlets of the "Dul," the other by following the main stream of the Jhelum, through the seven bridges of Sreenuggur. For many long miles on either bank there is nothing worthy of admiration or notice, the country is a complete morass, dotted with temporary colonies of semi-aquatic islanders, who in their boats appear to carry on the rude crafts of fowling, fishing, mat-making, and grass-cutting: indeed the latter occupation seems to be dictated by the government, who employ regular superintendents for collecting the winter provender. I noticed large stacks of the dried rush and water grasses which had been formed on the more elevated grounds. *Occasionally* fine lofty trees are met with, (especially the favourite planes,) but otherwise the want of foliage becomes strikingly severe. On the downward trip, Shadipoor is the first approximation to a village met with: dirty, poor, and scarcely cultivated, yet Abul Fazil calls it a *city*, and one of very old origin. Grazing seems the main employment of the peasants, who vend curds,

milk, fowls, sheep, and kids to passengers: it has also a few weaving looms (or rather *dens*.) Across the river, close to its junction with a streamlet called the "Siund," are many extensive orchards and enclosures, beyond which is another royal demesne, called the "*Surooj Bagh*," in the usual disorder of the others. The next place of any note is Sumbul, a considerable town, connected by the bridge thrown across the Jhelum: very populous and therefore *very dirty*. The best mulberries I ever met with were gathered from a grove of aged trees in the outskirts. A respectable faqueer has adorned an approach to the bridge with beds of flowers, among them was a lovely group of the "drooping lily" (*gool-zumbac*) whence he supplied me with a liberal quantity of tubers. The fish swarm in myriads round the sunken timber of the arches, and my crew made a goodly haul of them. There is a small lagoon further down the stream, near Sofapoor, once a place of fashionable resort in the days of Muhammedan supremacy; the "Light of the World" is said to have made a garden there, of which small traces now remain. The contrast of sedgy shores and bold mountains, to my idea, produces a very *hybrid* cast of picture, which it requires time to harmonize. I had heard much of the *gūl-margh*, or "village of roses," during my stay at the capital, and naturally felt very desirous to visit it. I had now arrived at the nearest point to that oft belauded locality, and ordered my passage-boat to steer in shore: it was a task of more than ordinary exertions, to push through the matted jungles of reed and bullrush: the oar was altogether abandoned, and we had to unite the common stock of strength in making a narrow line for our craft: the mosquitoes attacked us vigorously during the operation, not like the *timid* Bengallee gnats in trios, or quartos, *occasionally*, but in dense clouds of thousands, which did not easily retreat before the smoke of a large fire in our prow. With swollen limbs, and itching face, I made the best of my way

across the wet meadows to Pulhalum, one of several pleasant villages situated in a wood of walnuts. The whole face of the country inland consisted of lovely valleys, lying between sloping hills, whose verdant undulations reminded me forcibly of pleasant Kent and its rural comeliness, yet population there was none, a few barely clad rustics were met with during the long journey of fifteen miles, and many of the rude cottages were tenantless; I could scarcely obtain two coolies to carry my portable wants. I gathered *en route* a great variety of flowers, and a few seeds: among the former, "striped *dianthus*," roses (various), *digitalis*, balsams, many flowering grasses, *prunus*, &c.; but it was not till the latter part of the march that I began to perceive the productive features of the district. The rugged thoroughfare entered a thorny brake, containing a vast wild forest of apple, pear, and apricot. I was amazed at the quantity of fruit, it was ripening there in *tons*, with no body but the bears to eat it. The apples were better to the eye than the palate, but I think would have made good cider. I was told that this pergunnah was once exceedingly rich and prosperous: so it would seem, for these trees could be hardly self-sown. A forest of pines and firs clothes the abrupt mountain ridges over which the road climbs: this road is wonderfully smooth, even for such a position, and was constructed at vast amount of labour by some enthusiastic admirer of grand scenery, (some say, Akbar). There are numerous springs of delicious water at intervals, and so dense is the shade that sunshine seldom enters. I felt a thrill of admiration, such as I had never yet before known, ere I had reached the place of my encampment, the lone *ziarut* of "Basham Rishi," where I found a hearty welcome from the monastic community of faqueers who are attached to the shrine: they appeared well supplied with provisions, the long winter rendering it necessary to provide for such snow-bound seclusion, by laying up an abundance then of

necessaries. This tomb is visited annually (like many others) by devotees from all parts, and their offerings constitute the sole income of the guardians. A few acres of untilled land surround the premises, which are compactly constructed of fir timber, and very "Swiss" in character. As this is the nearest habitation to the *gul margh*, every body makes it their *point d' appui*, whence an easy and level ascent of about 2 miles is quickly accomplished: no tongue can describe or pen delineate the charms of this retired region. First, the fine smooth thoroughfare winds through lofty forests of ancient trees, comprising fir, yew, box, ash, birch, elm, and a multitude of others, their undergrowth chequered with showy clumps of *anemone*, meadow geranium, *potentilla*, *gentian*, *aconite*, &c.; then it scales the Arcadian verdure of contiguous knolls, tufted with *azaleas*, flowering grasses, and lilies, and lastly with captivating celerity, bursts on the vista of an Alpine glen, fraught with the summer hues of Flora's wildest favourites! The rich turf is everywhere spangled to satiety with gay masses of *auricula*, *gentian*, *primula*, and the "drooping lily," which latter by its weedy superabundance completely perfumes the air. The elevation is stated to be 4000 feet higher than that of Kashmere; however that may be, there is a wonderful view of the plains below, and of the main peaks in Huzareh. At such an altitude, rain and snow in their respective seasons are almost of daily occurrence. This natural park may be a mile or two in length, of very serpentine shape, and no where more than 200 yards in breadth; dense forests rising perpendicularly from its sides, and a streamlet of icy temperature murmuring cheerfully throughout. It should be seen immediately after the thaw, that being the vernal period of its flaming attractions, just then bursting into bloom. So soon as the snow has disappeared these elegant pastures are grazed by immense herds of cattle, which indeed appeared to be the sole animal

tenants of these remote uplands: the cowherds locate themselves in sheds of rough construction, remaining together during the fine weather. The quantity of strawberries produced here furnish an inexhaustible *bonne bouche* to European tourists, with whom this place is deservedly a favourite resort. During the year of my sojourn in Kashmere, the Resident and a number of visitors betook themselves to its healthful shades, dwelling there for a long period under canvass.

But there is a melancholy silence attached to this secluded nook, which not even a misanthropic spirit could endure for any length of time. The voice of nature is seldom heard, except when she rages in the thunder, or crushes with the avalanche: no birds of cheerful song or busy habits soothe the ear, ^{and} amuse the eye, as in our European woodlands; no— all, but the hoary vegetation, or fleeting blossoms, has the stern sublimity of an unknown world, too grand for mortal wants. I found myself again on the Wulur Lake for the *second* time during my Kashmerian tour. When I first entered its broad expanse, the waters were nearly at their height, fraught with the combined contributions of the Jhelum and a host of minor rivers: it was then an inland sea, (comparatively speaking) with the mountain chain as its boundaries, *now* it was merely an aggregate of marsh and meer of about half the original volume. On its shores lie a number of considerable towns and villages, more or less populous in their season. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of these settlements, there is a great paucity of trees: fine stately orchards of mulberry are met with in profusion close to the larger habitations, but otherwise the scene is very bare of these principal appendages. Bold promontories and craggy precipices rise uncouthly from the deep blue waters without a single leaf to relieve their colossal outline. There are but few exceptions to this hard feature of the view, and those are of course purely

artificial: among them the "Lunk" Island, an isolated rock, which from time immemorial has been sanctified alike by Moslem and Hindu, who have bestowed an artificial soil on the sandstone. Smaller specimens of the same zeal are also met with in various spots, the earth having been brought by great manual labour in boats from the main land. The lake is generally very deep, and (excepting under the mountains), very weedy. I pulled up stalks more than 20 feet in length, and was assured by my rowers that the clear portion is more than three times that amount. ^{of dry the} The cultivation of rice, and the "Singhara" is the main occupation of the people who live hereabouts, large *floating colonies* are met with, of heavy boats moored together *en masse*, the crews being engaged in the latter branch of husbandry. This nut is a highly profitable source of revenue to the government, who have a regularly organized establishment cruising on the spot for its maintenance and supervision. Being an eminently nutritive, and therefore much sought article of food, the returns on it are enormous; more than a lakh of rupees *Company's rate* are annually realized by its sale. I shall not stop to describe the surrounding country, which in the richness of its scenery vies with most other portions in natural magnificence and mournful desolation, but shall pass on to Sopur, where the Jhelum quits the Lake in rather boisterous currents. A lengthy bridge unites both banks, on which are situated a fort, military establishment, and the two portions of a large straggling town, more populous than usual. I did not find much to interest me here, but had the satisfaction of witnessing a north-wester, which rendered the Wulur Luke a little ocean, torn up with rolling waves: these, as I expected, proved too much for many of the clumsy vessels on its bosom, and they foundered. My own boats in attempting to shoot an arch were completely *unmatted*, and thrown on their beam ends, amid the shrieks, prayers, and vows of the

bewildered *oars-men* and *oars-women*, who thought it no reproach to jump on *terra firma*, and seek safety in a mosque! Verily any other nation in our world, but the miserable, soul-jaded Kashmerees, would sooner have risen in a struggle for freedom against such inhuman tyrants as they have endured for the past half century: but courage they have none, a fact which only renders their position more wretched, in increasing the despot's cruelties, and encouraging him to commit them without the common fear of retribution. Even suicide is practised as the last resource of evading them, for no one dreams of physical combat or resistance. Gulab Singh may well call this degenerate people, *brutes*, in excusing himself to our politicals, for their maltreatment! From Sopur to Baramula the river attains a considerable size, being seldom less than two or three hundred yards wide, and the current becomes less slack from its *debouchement* at the former place to the rocks at the latter, below which unnavigable rapids lead into boiling cataracts, caused by the narrowness of the gorge, and the sudden descent of elevation. The distance between the two towns I accomplished by boat in a few hours, observing nothing very remarkable *en route*: bare hills, with the low marshy meadow tract below, constituted as usual the aspect of the districts. Near two or three small villages I noticed some large flocks of sheep, kept for the sole purpose of growing the wool, of which the cheap stuffs and common fabrics in general use are made. Baramula is the main military post of the valley, the master-key of its treasures, consequently barracks, and troops, and fortifications, and all other strategical precautions are fully displayed to the stranger. I may almost call the position impregnable; nature has omitted very little in rendering it externally inaccessible, and *that little man* has completed. None but the the active mountaineers of Nepal or the Hazareh would have any chance of forcing the approaches, which are the

most precipitous conceivable. The houses of this very rural town straggle to a great extent along both banks of the river, the inhabitants holding communication by a bridge (the last in Kashmere) and ferry boats. There is but little vegetation in the immediate vicinity, the mountains near the stream being quite bare, but I found in the damp crevices a few *Salvias*, *Iris*, and *Narcissus*. Here I quitted the "Vale of Vales," of which this is the Western limit, and bethought me, as I departed, of the well-deserved eulogium,

" If there be a Paradise upon earth,"

" It is this,—it is this,—it is this!"

There is scarcely a vestige of any road to be found. Often the traveller has to dismount from his pony at some abrupt corner, where the giddy footing is suspended several hundred feet above the foaming Jhelum. There is very little to interest him in the scraggy vegetation surrounding the pathway. The first object of attraction is the hanging bridge of Uri, (the second stage), composed of leather ropes, stretched across the river, and attached to strong posts fixed in the solid rock. At short intervals these ropes are connected with smaller ones, to serve as a balustrade. It requires the nerves of a Highlander to tread this slack invention with any degree of safety—or possibly a British seaman might swing there with folded arms unconcernedly in the spray, but to me and many others nothing less than the excitement of escape from a desperate enemy would tempt the venture. The cables sway to and fro most alarmingly when the passenger is about half over, and nothing but *sang froid* can save him from destruction. The view of the gorge from the cliffs is very imposing, quite *satanic*, in the over-powering majesty of its sombre terrors, and the eye involuntarily embraces the mundane catastrophe which rent this yawning chasm.

A small fort surmounts one of the strongest heights, apparently garrisoned for the sole purpose of collecting the

revenue: there is a great deal of tillage, rice and maize being the chief crops. I saw the nearly extinct remains of very interesting ruins connected with Buddhism, and also those of a massive bridge, which a century or two ago spanned the furious river. The next march was beautifully wooded, the *road* (if it may be honoured with such a civilised name) ran parallel with the torrent: noble trees were being felled, and launched into the gulf. I sat down and watched their gyrations and vicissitudes: most of them shot downwards with the velocity of sticks, a few became irretrievably jammed between sub-aqueous boulders, and more rarely, some were smashed like straws in their headlong career, becoming mere food for fuel. Their destination was Jhelum and the contiguous ferries, and I was informed that the floatage down this and the other rivers of the Punjab, is so precarious, and fraught with disaster, that one-third of the original stock alone can be reckoned upon, which however gives very fair remuneration. Besides the natural difficulties of the stream, we must take into account the purloining propensities of the villagers in places destitute of firewood, an evil which entails considerable deduction of itself, and for which there is no economical remedy, until the logs have found their way into sufficiently smooth water for the construction of rafts. During this and the past stage the grape vine in its wild state composed the undergrowth of the jungle; sometimes indeed it attained a size seldom found in gardens: the fruit as might be expected, was numerous, but very tart and rough; no doubt it would have made a good wine. I also found the common nut (*Corylus*) in great abundance. Flowers were scarce, the principal being clematis, and two or three of the more common "*Orchidæ*." The "*kustoorah*" or "mountain blackbird," (not much unlike the British species) appeared very common, and warbled sweetly in the bushes. In Kashmere (where they are much prized) I had seen twenty rupees (Com-

pany's) refused for one. There is a cross-path, which leads away to the new sanatorium of Murree, described as incredibly difficult and dangerous, but there is now so much thoroughfare in that direction, that I have little doubt the English portion of the same, has been long ago made straight, —*malgré*, whatever Gulab may have left undone in *his* department. The track which leads to Poonch is the one I followed: nothing but the sublimest scenery which our world can afford, would ever tempt me to follow my old footsteps in this direction. The damages and difficulties attending my heavily loaded mules and coolies were numerous, and disheartening: sometimes a passage of a *few feet* between towering rocks would occur, and here it was unavoidably necessary to *unload*, pass through, and then *reload*; or a perpendicular flight of sandstone rocks would call for the united energies of all the *bipeds* to assist the breathless quadrupeds over them, or what was often *worse*, some luckless mule would descend head foremost into the perilous slopes of a "cloud capt" mountain, and so on, until every body and every thing were exhausted. Nevertheless, I passed in safety over Pir Hadjee (a spur of the Punjâl) fervently admiring the manifold beauties of this route. Every thing had a charm, not the less enhanced by the labour which had enabled me to view it: the altitude of elevation above the sea could not have been *less* than 15 or 16,000 feet, perhaps *more*. The profusion of moss in the damp woods was astonishing; for whole miles the bottoms were covered with it, and on the sunny slopes were flowers in thorough luxuriance. The "Drooping lily" was still met with more numerous than ever in large tufts, and of taller growth than hitherto; also everywhere, *Meadow geranium*, *Primula*, *Orchids*, *Viola*, *Anemone*, *Potentilla*, *Lavender*, *Scabius*, *Phlomis*, and a *Thistle* like plant, with showy blossoms of a rosy white. I saw *Azaleas* and other *Alpine shrubs* on the table land near the summit, and on my descent observed the elm, box,

holly, and other European trees, in the greatest abundance. The only birds appeared to be the raven, magpie, tomtit and pheasants. There is a very rapid incline to the Poonch valley, which is completely intersected with petty rivers and rivulets in every direction. These form the most serious impediment to travelling at particular seasons, as I found at the expense of my baggage, which was constantly immersed by accidents. The rice lands are very extensive, and at times present the appearance of a general inundation: the highlands seem to be but thinly populated, and little cared for: they are overgrown with coarse grass and tangled creepers, trees being somewhat scarce. Poonch is the capital, and residence of the Rajah Jowahir Singh, (Gulab's nephew) by all accounts the "Hotspur" of the family. His Jagheer is said to be worth five lacs of rupees, held on the tenure of military service; but it is far more probable that his sword will be drawn *against* his uncle's successors, rather than *for* them. He is a good landlord, idolized by his troops, and said to be of a very martial, independent spirit. At the time of my *entrée* he had some serious differences with his kinsman, and the followers were all drawn out in full array to repel an expected invasion. My sudden appearance on the distant hills brought out an advanced guard, whose flashing weapons betokened warlike preparation. I met with so much insolence and incivility here from the ^éxcited warriors, that I was glad, even in the midst of heavy rains, to make an onward start. But it was no easy matter to proceed: the torrents (always dangerous) were now altogether impassable, and it was hinted by my guides, that I should be compelled to *bridge* one or more of them, if I valued the safety of my baggage; accordingly, I had not progressed some four or five miles, when I found that I should really have no other alternative (except marching back) in the present swollen state of the waters. A great number of labourers were collected by my

servant, and by dint of sharp axes, and willing hands, trees were felled, thrown across, and a passage effected without accident before noon; my mules and horses being driven through the boisterous waves, and gaining the opposite rocks under the guidance of ropes. The sides of the mountains are occasionally dotted with hamlets, whose inmates appear to cultivate only just sufficient maize or rice for household consumption. I found these people more industrious, more manly, and more contented than any peasants I had yet seen since quitting the Company's territory. The country is the most savage imaginable, the forests and brakes being in a totally undisturbed state, tall *null*-grass and the dog-rose *fill* up the narrow intervals between the trees, and afford an impenetrable thicket, infested by those nocturnal marauders on agriculture, the black bears. These animals were the pest of the husbandman in this district, his labours, when the heads of maize attain bulk, must be bold and unceasing, or he will lose the winter food of his family: in these vigilant watches he has constant encounters with stubborn bruin, who cares very little for the few blows he may receive from a common cudgel; on the other hand, the half-naked watchman is sure to be severely handled in defence of his property. No firearms or swords are allowed to be carried by the rustic colonists, so that these men often perish, and become irrecoverably maimed in the unequal conflict. No less than five men had been lately killed and wounded in a small woody tract, overlooking some fine patches of cultivation, and the evil by all accounts was daily increasing. The heat of this very confined valley is too great to tempt British sportsmen into its wildernesses for any length of time, so that nothing but an occasional shot from a straggling soldier's matchlock is ever heard. The *balsams* were growing everywhere in beautiful luxuriance, and with the "*Gloriosa lily*" constituted the sole flora of these jungles. I saw a solitary specimen of

Aristolochia, with a dark lilac flower, several creepers (comprising *bindweeds*, and *leguminosæ*), and passed through many considerable patches of *Berberis aristata*. I discovered a large species of *Urtica*, very venomous in its powers of stinging. I had ridden into a shady group of tall trees, without observing that the under-growth was composed of these hostile plants: the plunging of my horse soon attracted attention, but not before my hands and arms were severely tumefied did I succeed in ascertaining the true cause. I found common cotton garments no proof against these disagreeable weeds, and in spite of every precaution, I daily suffered much bodily inconvenience from their existence. I did not here observe the common nettle (*Urtica dioica*), though it is very prevalent in all the hills through which I had yet passed, and is called "bichee" (or the "scorpion") by the natives. In a boggy rivulet, I found "common watercress," (*Nasturtium officinale*) the sole instance of my meeting with this aquatic herb, throughout the entire tour. One of the prevailing trees is the wild olive, which will without doubt, in no distant times, be engrafted with the choice European variety. I had quitted the main highway leading, viâ Kōtlee, to the Punjab, preferring to see the more secluded portions of the country. As the rains rather *increased* than *decreased*, I was not sorry to avail myself of the hospitality offered by a respectable Rajpoot zumeendar, (who held land under the usual feudal tenure), and I did not regret this opportunity of social intercourse with the generally reserved Hindoo. I fancied myself in a snug homestall of the Scottish highlands, and barring the *colour* of my host, and his family, the *height* of his crops, (all *maize*) the resemblance was otherwise perfect. There were the cakes on the hearth, the *gude* young housewife spinning and churning, the master looking to his calves and young stock in the yard, and a romping trio of diminutive urchins rolling about in the porch. The house was a good

substantial cot, built of the best deodar and fir timber: flat-roofed, and divided into a large principal room, and several minor ones: the flooring as clean as the almost daily washing with white clay could make it. In the outer lobby, or verandah, the implements of husbandry and earthen grain-bins were neatly arranged. This, and the large chamber (beforementioned), were given up to me, my servants, and coolies. I noticed the very simple and effective churn of these worthy folks: it was merely a long spindle, having broad fans, (slightly concave,) in its centre, formed entirely of box-wood, and was propelled in the old manner with a small cord, to which were attached as handles, the *well polished leg-bones of a kid!* My stay of two days was considered amply recompensed by a little gun-powder, which my host, (being a soldier) intended to bestow on the bears: at sunset, he used to leave his comfortable roof with a neighbour, both stick in hand, *selon régle*, to guard his fields through the long lone night. An arduous day's journey, by an untrodden fissure in the Rutan Punjal brought me once more to Thana, on the main thoroughfare to Bimbur.

As more than a year and a half has elapsed since my rambles, I must be excused many omissions, which will become palpable to the interested portion of readers, but want of time having prevented the fulfilment of the present contribution till this hour, memory has *done its best*. I must also add that my *herbarium* was entirely destroyed by the humid climate of the mountains: every newly-dried plant would gradually dissolve into a lump of mouldy fungus, the want of sufficient leisure requiring they should be prematurely enclosed; the same may be said of considerable collections of seeds and roots, but a stay of a month or two later would have furnished me with a more mature and therefore less perishable supply. The case of roses (also containing two choice vines, and a few other things,) arrived in excellent condition at Bimbur: the bushes having cast their old foli-

age, were in a fresh suit, and exceeded my most sanguine expectations; this was in the end of September, and as may be supposed, the weather intensely dry and hot. The first day's march in the plains settled most of the stock: the remainder lingered till I reached Ferozepoor. In conclusion, I beg to state, that as an individual bent on scientific and useful research, I never received the smallest encouragement from those quarters where one is accustomed to look for it, consequently my time and resources (scanty as they both are) have not placed me in the proper position of one who travels in pursuit of superior information.

ERRATA.

Page,	Line,				
1	{ 7 } 19	from top, ..	for, Bimhur	..	read, Bimbur
"	8	" "	" Buramūluk	..	" Buramūluh
"	11	" "	" as a general	..	" and general.
"	17	" "	" to a	..	" with a
"	21	" "	.. insert and	..	after bleak
"	"	" "	" (;)	..	" uninteresting
2	7	" "	.. for or dry	read and dry
"	11	" "	.. insert (—)	after abrupt,
"	13	" "	.. for or difficulty	..	read and difficulty
"	18	" "	.. insert (,)	after tower
3	7	" "	.. for clearer or	..	read clearer and
4	8	" bottom,	" "Semalho,"	..	" of "Semalho,"
"	5	" "	.. insert and	..	after pear,
"	3	" "	.. for Minadpore	..	read Moradpore
5	4	" "	" "kuja,"	..	" "kuja,"
6	9	" top, ..	" or starvation	..	" and starvation
"	12	" bottom, insert	parenthesis	..	betn. as I was told,
7	6	" top, ..	for hookum,	..	read hookum,
"	10	" "	" 12th mile	..	" twelve mile
"	12	" "	" paddy	..	" paddy fields,
"	5	" bottom,	" delighting	..	" and delighting
8	9	" top, ..	" lavender,	..	" lavender,
"	21	" "	" of <i>Lilium</i>	..	" for <i>Lilium</i>
9	3	" "	" twenty-three	..	" twenty-three
"	16	" "	" gungoor,	..	" Lungoor
"	19	" "	" Porchajanah,	..	" Poshyanah,
"	13	" bottom, insert	(—)	..	after soil,
"	10	" "	.. for decamped	..	read this one decamped
11	5	" top, ..	" vigorous,	..	" rigorous
"	12	" "	" entirely ; buried	..	" entirely buried ;
"	7	" bottom,	" "liher"	..	" "liber"
13	17	" "	" of the	..	" of its
14	16	" top, ..	" or antiquated	..	" and antiquated
"	9	" bottom, dele	(,)	..	from maize
15	5	" top, .. insert	(:—)	..	after dainty,
16	10	" "	" (,)	..	" Now

<i>Page,</i>	<i>Line,</i>		
16	9 from bottom,	<i>insert</i> (,)	.. <i>after</i> was
"	3	" " .. " (,)	.. " <i>consequences</i>
17	3	" top, .. <i>for</i> it in	.. <i>read</i> them in
"	7	" bottom, <i>insert</i> (,)	.. <i>after</i> extensive
19	2	" top, .. " ()	.. <i>to</i> two varieties
"	5	" " .. <i>dele</i> to admire,	.. <i>after</i> charms
"	9	" " .. " in a	.. <i>read</i> in the
"	11	" bottom, " thing soon rotted.	" thing rotted.
20	7	" " .. " an unmixed species,	" an able species.
21	6	" " .. " by the host of	.. " by a host
22	6	" " .. " sage," on	.. " sage ;" which on
23	9	" " .. " institutes,	.. " Institutes,
"	5	" " .. " which, the	.. " which, under the
24	first line,	.. " or other	.. <i>read</i> and other
"	14 from top,	.. " "Zyanut !"	.. " "Zyarut !"
"	15	" " .. " "Achahul,"	.. " "Achahul,"
25	5	" bottom, " winds	.. " wind
"	2	" " .. " tides, flood	.. " tides of flood,
26	first line,	.. " one night from	.. " in one night after
"	12 from top,	.. <i>insert</i> (,)	.. <i>after</i> buried
"	16	" " .. <i>for</i> stock	.. <i>read</i> stack
27	2	" " .. " pay	.. " <i>pay</i>
"	10	" " .. " farthest	.. " furthest
"	18	" " .. " these	.. " they
"	21	" " .. " or with any	.. " (or with any other
"	22	" " .. <i>dele</i> (.. <i>before</i> including
"	2 from bottom,	<i>for</i> white	.. <i>read</i> white

The Indian Press
has received her
letter with extreme
and "The Friends
of India", whose
Editor appeared as
Chief Witness before
the Indian Parliamentary
Committee in England,
quoted largely from
it in his columns
as illustrative
of the Eastern
enmity and mistreatment
of an Indian Chief.