



A  
BRIEF HANDBOOK  
TO CASHMERE

FROM  
NOTES TAKEN  
BY

A TRAVELLER.

LAHORE:

T. C. McCarthy, — Chronicle Press.

1864.

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*“Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere.”*  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE day of our departure from one station to another, from one country to other lands, whether from Calcutta to London, or from the Punjab to the Cashmere, necessarily brings with it its unforeseen difficulties. Often have we heard the inexperienced passenger craving advice from friends, previous to his tour or journey, as to his mode of travelling, his probable expenses, and his difficulties, all to attain the great points of ease, comfort, and independence ; in a word, a thorough knowledge of what experience can alone afford, but in these amicable explanations the minutiae is too often omitted—too apt is the adviser to leave the principal item of the recipe out, and thus choosing several of the multitudinous methods of attaining the goal, the traveller confused is nearly sure to treat with the wrong one.

Having been a constant traveller myself, and knowing how many there are who (once like myself,) start for the Maharajah's dominions without an idea

## PREFACE.

of their next day's sojourn, I humbly beg all allowance for literary errors, and trust that some may find a friend when in need, in the few following pages, thus driving ennui and uncertainty of movement from the mind of the new traveller.

J. A. D.

Serinuggur, 30th Sept. 1864.

## CHAPTER I.

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As the period that the European community visit the Maharajah's dominion is only sanctioned from the 1st April to the 1st November, and as tourists generally visit Cashmere for periods long or short, as it may suit them, a difficulty is thrown in my way to describe any individual case. The visit must be looked on in a general light, furthermore each traveller has his different errand : there is the wild man adorned in strong apparel and "*chaplies*" who seeks the mountain side. Here one sees the angler an adept with the gaudy fly, who confines himself to the valley. There is the lover of the *dolce-fa-niente* who, not caring to don the wild attire of a *Shikaree*, prefers the study of nature ; revels in the avenue of poplars at Serinuggur ; seeks the retreat of Manusbal, or the sweet umbrage of Atchebool's Chenars ! There is the botanist and the photographer, hence taking the different characters, and their occupations, and the varied length of periods they remain, a general sketch is all you, generous reader, can expect.

The "requisite" and the "superfluous" are two great heads under which all domestic preparations should be effected, but to the inexperienced the one may be combined with the other—what might be a luxury in a cantonment, would be a burden on your trip, and *vice versa*. Our motto then is this, take "*little and good*." A paucity of baggage\* containing all diurnal comforts will repay you as regards mental anxiety, and prove economical on your road when each coolie costs you 4 annas per march.

Having thus warned my reader of his requirements, I will commence the march to the beautiful Valley; and the Murree road being the one easiest for both sexes, we will start from Rawul Pindee.

Daily at 2 p. m. does a small van, strongly and comfortably contrived, leaves the Post-office of Pindee, constructed to contain three passengers and the "*coach-marn*." A restriction to 10 seers of baggage for each passenger is allowed. Here my young traveller will be at a loss, "How does my baggage go?" Mules † are obtainable at this station, and by starting them off the

\* A brief list supplied at the end.

† Van's charge is Rs. 8-4; the Mule's for baggage to Murree, Rs. 2 each.

day previous, with a pony for your own riding, you will find yourself comfortable on arrival. The mules will go to Murree, the pony awaits you at the Brewery, the van not being able to go further.

So we have started, and after feeling the difference of the hill atmosphere, gazing with delight from many a mountain-side on the valley beneath, having enjoyed the excitement imaginable only by placing two ponies of a restive nature with a light van near a precipice, you reach the Brewery about 5 P. M.; here the quadruped sent ahead awaits you, and a steep ascent of a mile and a half brings you to the Sanitarium of Murree. When at the Hotel ample accommodation, and "hill pork" (?) is provided; but tarry not—provide yourself with the Englishman's requisite "Malt liquor," obtainable in four-gallon casks, (two go on a mule); the shaking does not, with a sieve-like tap, interfere with the generous beverage you enjoy after the fatigues of a hill march. A mountain stick, the leg bandages, a maund of the Irishman's friends (for potatoes are good here), and a pair of spare girths for your *tat*. These being obtained, change large rupees into 2-anna pieces to the amount of 20 Rs.; obtain drafts on Umritsar for all money you may desire to spend in Cashmere, as the exchange on that city is 3 per cent, and



on other stations 5. Iron tent pegs are heavy and useless on *this* road; servants approve of them, as they fetch money at Serinuggur. For your letters they should all be addressed viâ Sealkote, and paid amply beforehand, or otherwise you will not receive the said papers or letters till you have paid the required deficiency of postage stamps; I say take *many*, as none are obtainable in Cashmere. Having thus surveyed a few passing requirements, see your suite are not *old men*; they are seldom up in time to do their duty, and perhaps half dead when they are. Now to progress. To-day you start! send your traps off at 5 A. M., and start at 2 P. M. yourself for Dehwal.

*Murree to Dehwal.*—To the hitherto traveller in the plains only, this (commonly called the 1st) march has been well constructed; the road is good in fair weather, a small bog when inclement. No precipices that render giddy the untutored eye, but a gentle undulating country is your track; the hills and mountains of snow on ahead, afford the lover of the magnificent ample to think of even if alone. You reach Dehwal about 5. P. M., the distance being twelve miles, a precaution is necessary here: the encamping ground is near a fort, on a cutcha road to your right, which without warning would be passed by you to your pro-

bable disgust if you went on to Kohalla, leaving your dinner behind you ! Here you obtain the first idea of the cheapness of food,\* and all domestic wants; another painful experience you will soon be tutored to, commences here—"fleas" !!

*Dekwal to Kohalla (8 miles).*—This road affords little on which to comment; it is not as good as the last, owing to landslips, &c. caused by rains, but it proves the variety of country one has to pass through. We now come to the rushing Jhelum, along the bank of which towards the termination of your march you wend your way, between two mountains, studded with luxurious firs that throw out from their forest-like recesses an odour that fills the air for miles, rushes this wild ungovernable torrent. In June, it is known to be something frightful; but as the snows cease to melt, and as winter approaches, the traveller can cross with apparent safety. In this march you will (if the bridge is not completed) have to cross a branch of this rebel river on coolies' backs—here mules and baggage have been carried away to unheard-of destruction, dashed against mountain-rocks by the foaming and roaring water : on ahead and we come

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\* For example, Eggs 12 for an anna ; 15 seers of wood 1½ anna.

to the Bungalow at Kohalla. This gives one a last farewell of an English roof. No cleanliness like this shall meet thine eyes for a time ; so stay a night before crossing the rapid, and climbing the tiring and never ending Dhunna Hill.

*Kohalla to Dhunna (8 miles).*—From the Bungalow\* you had better start early. Your baggage is here weighed, as the coolies are only allowed to carry a small load ; there being no weights (English), stones are used instead, and as the outcries in the Bungalow book will tell, this method gives general disgust. The ferry has to be paid, so reserve some money in your pocket for the last moment before starting. You sit upon the tub or boat, which is to transport you across this gurgling rapid. What moments of fear must depict themselves to the untutored mind I know, you go down some twenty yards—all is silent ! at one splash the rope is loosened, the craft is turned round, and by most dexterous boatmanship you are landed in less than a minute on the other side. This year I heard from a Major of a distinguished Regiment, who was returning in June, that he had had a near escape, the mullas having been killed. The letter daks here are sent across by means of two

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\* Bungalow fee 1 rupee.

ropes attached to posts on either side. Immediately on arrival the other side the ascent commences steep and strong through a multitude of bushes, but this a short one compared with what is in store. The view is splendid, but the hills are barren and stony, far from picturesque. From this, you can see the country you have passed over. As water is only procurable half way, I should recommend a flask containing water and a little brandy, if approved of. By the time you have reached the top of the third hill, one is fatigued greatly—the journey at the end is along the top of the mountain, and descending that on the other side one views the rustic village of Dhunna. Here your first idea of a “Bara-duree” wattle and dab, and a few pieces of wood it is built of; fleas ungrateful robbers of the traveller’s sleep, cover your couch and in skirmishing parties attack the tired and irritated victim! There is a grave here to one Philip Hamond, an Officer of a cavalry Regiment, who, report says, breathed his last from the fatigues of his march from Kohalla. A tomb has been erected, and this Officer’s last home railed in from the intrusive cattle that crowd the hills about here. You change your coolies again here, as you do every march, and now it remains optional for you to march to Maerea (8 miles)

only, to-morrow, or on to Chakar ; but as the same can be accomplished with such little fatigue the double march will repay you, so try it.

*Dhunna to Chakar (passing Maerea).*—By starting from Dhunna at 6-20 A. M., the Bungalow at Chakar can be reached by 3 P. M., which allows ample time for the consumption of a marching stew at Maerea. On leaving Dhunna it is all down hill ; a mountain-stream has to be crossed which, during the rains, often puzzles the pedestrian ; but if you can, try the hill coolie's back for safety. Proceeding, it is up hill to Maerea for 4 miles, when you reach a disreputable cow-shed, however sufficient to breakfast in. Here change of coolies is again required ; so, refreshed, you continue the road. The Chakar Hill is covered with firs, and is the highest point one reaches on the whole march. The view magnificent ; the descent the other side is rocky and steep ; and many a field of water has to be crossed in May before you find yourself at the Bara-duree taking your thankful draught from the famed Murree cask.

*Chakar to Hutti.*—Nothing particular on this road ; a few disagreeable khuds may annoy the traveller, but the road is good till you reach the Jhelum, which flows close under the Bara-duree at Hutti. By starting

from Chakar at 7-30 A.M., you will reach your destination at noon. The Bara-duree here is the most clean and comfortable on the road, and the aspect refreshing.

*Hutti to Chekote (14 miles).*—The noisy Jhelum now lays below us, and remains with you till the end of your journey. In looking down, it affords a relief to the barren hill-side below, and “lends enchantment to the distant view.” The mountain-streams now are delicious, rushing down in all their grandeur from incredible heights on lichen and moss-covered rocks cold and refreshing to your heated palate, you sit down wrapt in delight pondering on the magnificence of the CREATOR. The path is rather worse than hitherto; but faint not, gentle traveller, or look back—a few more days and all shall be repaid you. Picture to yourself a Valley surrounded with mountains tipped with snow—and the Lake referred to in Lalla Rookh. Nature can always show its force, and the cuckoo’s notes shall weary you. You shall tread the buttercup and the lily below your feet—the hawthorne and wild raspberry shall scratch you as you pass by them, and you shall not spurn the dock and nettle, for in that slice of Heaven the flowers of your home grow. The Bungalow at Chekote is the worst on the road, and dirt is prevalent.

*Chkote to Ooree (18 miles).*—The road at first is up hill, then skirts along the side of the mountain ; here then are one or two bad places made by faggots covered with stones—room for one passenger, and a steep drop into the Jhelum of some hundreds of feet. The road is flat towards the end ; the Ooree resting-house is the joint branch of the Abbottabad road, to which there is a rope bridge across the river.

*Ooree to Nowshera (18 miles).*—Up hill at first, but the remainder of the road is most delightful. Picture to yourself an orchard and a torrent on the same level with you, surrounded by snowy hills, and all the beauty and fragrance of a thousand flowers that bedeck the roadway side :—no fatigue, all smooth as a pleasure garden. There is a house half way, which offers a halt for breakfast. On again, there is a very curious Fuqueer's place worthy of inspection, built in the time of the Emperor Jehangeer. The Nowshera Bungalow is on the banks of the Jhelum in an orchard, some 100 yards from a fort and *off the road to the left.*

*Nowshera to Baramoola, (8 miles).*—This last march is through a valley, and the whole finished by a steep little hill, but on the top of that please halt.

What view, like this, has your vision feasted on since the time you left the home of your infancy—the groups of poplars, the gentle stream, &c., to be compared with the same torrents a few days back? The mountain-tops around peeping majestically through some snow-white clouds, casting their shadows in the silvery Lake, the fitting boats, and the village of Baramoola! This no mistake! This could be nought but Cashmere!

You descend the hill, and shortly find yourself in the Bara-duree at Baramoola. To obtain boats is the work of a few moments, for a bachelor two are ample;\* in one your bed and a table are placed, in the other your culinary department. Having thus brought you to the terminus of your journey, a few comments only will suffice to carry you smoothly through your tour.

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## CHAPTER II.

SOPAR, CYMBAL, MANUSBAL, SERINUGGUR.

I left my voyageur in the boats below the bridge at Baramoola. Sopar is the next point of importance you will arrive at. This town has decidedly more

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\* Rs. 3½ each to Serinuggur.



attractions than many others on the river. It is situated on either side of the Jhelum down to the water's edge. To the eastward the Agriculturist's detached cottages amidst almost English scenery, afford an interesting sight ; while beyond them, the glorious Mountains throw all out in magnificent relief. There is a Fort here for military purposes. I should be sorry to assert it was for the use of war, as the bombastes furiosa-like army of Cashmere would, I should hardly fancy, stand to see the first shot. It is more the abode of the head functionary, a sort of tehseeldar ; there he gloats over his hubble-bubble, and collects petty fines which he seems to have rather a genius for. There is the wooden Bridge, constructed of mountain fir, with railings of a decidedly characteristic nature, from which the angler can cast his line, while the speckled trout, each in their piscatorial vocations, disport themselves amid the rapid streams below. This wooden construction is most conveniently situated for the European elite, being erected between two edifices ; one formerly might have been a chambre de reception, wanting in doors and windows, a den for the nocturnal songs of the mosquito, when the temperature is calm, and no shelter from the storming wind ; its opposite companion is a slight degree better, being situated over an arch-way, with

nearly a full complement of doors, &c., and more screened from the inquisitive eyes of passers-by : the houses are built after the same pattern from the nobleman to the peasant ; no Doric pillars are raised ; no Gothic towers, with trelace-work windows, as in England all here are poor from the exactions of an extortionate Government, and those that have means " keep it dark." The Bazaar and mercantile portion occupy the west end ; here ordinary supplies are obtainable, but luxuries and superfluities when required are invariably responded to negatively. From this point the sportsman can avail himself of Arwan and Lolab to chase the wary Bruin. The Mulberry period, extending from June to the beginning of August, is recommended by the followers of the gun. After this the skins become wanting in that downy exterior which makes them valuable, and the skin preparer at the capital might call at an unpropitious moment, palpably demonstrating to the owner by dint of pulling handfuls of hair out that it was a bad skin. I had the pleasure of once being a spectator. I can answer for the feelings of the enraged sportsman.

This town, I may say, is generally resorted to by fisherman amateurs. But on that subject I will expatiate further on in another Chapter.

Let us then pass on from Sopar, with the intention of visiting *en passant* Cymbal and Manusbal.

*Manusbal.*—Say we started in the morning from Sopar, and we have reached Manusbal at about 5 P. M. Order your tents to be in readiness, as here you enjoy camp life. Leaving the Wallah Lake to proceed thither, one goes down a narrow winding stream, which eventually brings you into the Jhelum again, and crossing that you enter gradually on a large Lake. The effect is not so pleasing en-route as on arrival, when there is an incline of some 100 feet, and under some eight magnificent Chenars situated on a terrace dug from the hill, you pitch your camp ! The scene is one of the prettiest that I can recommend—the quietude, and a want of life in this spot, makes you agree with the wonderful Fuqueer here, who tells you he in his vocation wandered through India, searched everywhere but found no spot like this, this was a slice of Heaven, where he intended to die ; he has held his own here for many many years, and has cultivated a magnificent Orchard from which he derives a small pittance, as each visitor receives at his hands “a dally,” and he naturally expects some pecuniary remuneration. Cleanly in appearance, and sensible in his conversation, unlike the Fuqueer of the East, I strongly recommend

him to your notice while you are at leisure. But I have been wandering from my subject. From this spot great quantities of lime go to the capital ; the village is very small, and its production decidedly of a rural character. The water of the Lake is clear and beautiful, and the weeds of various description below form a magnificent Aquarium. Here fish-spearing is the fashion, but it is an art that requires immense practice to make certain of your victims at every thrust. In the Mulberry season this spot is recommended for Bears a sort of nocturnal sport, when the moon's generous rays afford the eager sportsman e'en better than a torch light. Here is depicted strongly the Englishman's J. G. D., R. M. R., and J. A. D., and a thousand other alphabetical signs, initials and crests that are delineated on the trunks of these beautiful trees. I can understand the amusement being calculated to pass away a few hours of leisure which this retreat would decidedly offer, there being no active amusement—sedentary in a degree—however study nature !!! As you must push on to the capital, leave this to-day and start for Cymbal, only a short distance of two hours. There is an anecdote of a follower of Esculapius having rowed the distance in an incredibly short period, nearly alone !

*Cymbal.*—At this spot there are three encamping grounds, one is on one side of the bridge, the other further up, and another which is the best in a tope of trees. This is again but a small village; a bridge similar to Sopar, without railings, acts as the connecting thoroughfare of the town. Fishing is the only amusement here, but the sport being but “small fry,” it is more generally used as a halting-place previous to visiting Manusbal or Sopar, for travellers from Serinuggur. So let’s pass on to the Capital.

*Serinuggur.*—One day in the boat, towed by manjees (of both sexes) brings you to the Capital of Cashmere. En-route in the distance conspicuous on a hill, is the Fort (which is on the Lake close on the city)—owing to the tremendous windings of this river, it remains in view for miles from Serinuggur ! You must prepare to view the Capital of the heavenly Valley. What ought it to be ? Like Venice ? With the crystal water, rippled by the swift gondolas, forming streets in all its ramifications ? Pure marble steps with gilded domes and orchards of incomparable beauty and verdure, dotted about forming a relief to the monotony of the stately Edifices of the Cashmere Nobles—a place with spires and towers pointing to the skies, giving an

idea of its princely and happy inmates?—but wait. Here behold your disappointment; and not yours alone, but many that have reached before you. Instead of the crystal stream, behold the river thick with the refuse of an uncleanly population, the reservoir for all accumulated filth of myriads of dwellings, each bye-way a cess-pool, and its banks wreaking with Poverty's curse,—no stately dwellings to mark the aristocratic quarter—the peasant seems to fare equally with the noble of the land—one gilded dome points out the royal place of worship. The Palace is without spires, without domes, ever in an unfinished state, might be taken for a soap factory out of repair—anything but the abode of a king! On either side of the river are houses constructed of wood and bricks, some out of the perpendicular, some propped up from the river, by means of poles; some in course of construction—but all seems as if the inhabitants were dormant—were amassing treasure for a future state; all seems to prove that they are at any moment prepared to give up their earthly dwellings to the terrifying earthquake or violent winds. Along the banks, built on poles, are small huts for ablutionary purposes; here publicly the fair Panditani may be seen, like Beauty unadorned, plunging into the thick and rapid stream without the conventionalities for that purpose in vogue at watering-places on Anglia's

coast. The small "Shikaree" boat \* for each "Sahib" is supposed to hire one, has six rowers who pull with Egyptian paddles; in these flat-bottomed boats, as every one's business and occupation is carried on on the water, they are indispensably necessary, for shopping, for visiting, for trips to the Lake, for all you require a boat; it is conveniently choppered over, so exposure is impossible:—in these wonderful inventions one can in the dusk of the evening view with attentive eye the population at large. Here you are, having arrived at the 1st Bridge, for there are seven. On getting under, a contrast is offered, pop : lars crown the banks, and here and there, peeping from beneath the dark foliage, white huts may be seen; these are for the use of the European residents, (these huts are only detained temporarily, if any one leave his hut a new comer may appropriate it); but what abodes. Some, really barns—however, take what you can find or encamp in the "Moonshee Bagh" or on the island!

The shawl merchants, the papier-mache makers, the leather-sellers, the "Isstone" wallah, (with Brighton pebbles) the goldsmiths, the hair-cutters the choquedars (latter not required), all swarm round you on arrival: send them away and abide your time. The Baboo, (Mohish Chunder) a great card, is the next visitor, who

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\* Rs 16 per mensem.

introduces himself with a multiplicity of "good mornings, Sar," according to the rank or station, he may picture you to hold; causes you to write your name down in his list of arrivals, which is published, as at home, for the information of residents. You are then informed you are not to try and catch Goolab Singh, who is now a fish, to refrain from eating beef or looking coveteously at calves-feet jelly, and always to give the Baboo a chair when he calls! He leaves you with the information that he will send you the Maharajah's dally but, like all Eastern presents, it is profuse in quantity, but wanting in quality. A thin ram, a few chatties of ghee, milk, sugar, almonds, raisins and rice, form the dally!

Your diurnal amusements and occupation vary naturally with your tastes. The representatives of our English beauties form pic-nics at "Shalla-ma Gardens," "Nishat Bagh," and other retreats on the Lake open to the Europeans.

The male portion enjoy themselves among the shawl merchants and jewellers, and other portions of the capital. The shawl merchants, I must here remark, are men who at the same time carry on a sort of Banking. They cash bills at a discount; on Umritsur 3 per cent, on Murree, Pindie, or other stations, 5 per



cent, advance money on statements of anticipated pay; and are generally most convenient resorts when the difficulties of obtaining money are really great.

The jewellers are very good as a rule, and you can ensure the amount of real gold or silver being placed into the article required; rings, pins, lockets, Vesuvian and boxes all are made, in many cases are as good as English manufacture at ridiculously small prices—a ring that costs Rs. 50 or 60 in Calcutta, would be 8 or 10. The papier-mache men are, as a rule, inferior, but one or two places only afford you the specimens that would please the eye of a critic! (A man named Kizam Shah seems the best). The male portion of the community can also fish at Serinuggur. I have seen good sport at the door or lock, which shows the entrance to the Lake. Fishing is not allowed at the 1st Bridge, or between the 1st and 4th Bridge, owing to some foolish superstition, that the late Maharajah is a fish, and always lurking in those waters.

The Fort and the Takt Suleiman are the amusements for two days. From the former you have a magnificent view of the city, and can judge for yourself of the absurdity of ever calling Serinuggur the capital of a slice of Heaven a painful monotony in

the architecture or rather construction of its huts (for architecture is wanting)—the dilapidated state of the dwellings disclose an unheard-of poverty e'en in the midst of a country teeming with every advantage to the merchant or to the agriculturist. But the despotic Government with its suite of tyrannical taxes and exactions, cruelly overthrows what Time and the Fates had marked for opulence and well-being !

The "Takht" is situated above the European houses, and is used by pilgrims ; the ascent is that of a staircase, and riding out of the question : report says it is a trouble taken without its reward after having once been to the fort.

Whilst Serinuggur heads our Chapter, think me not, straying reader, in giving some slight outline of a grand parade ; it always takes place on a Sunday afternoon (weather permitting). What squads and untutored sons of Mars arrayed in scarlet and in blue are formed up, and after what paragraph of the Infantry Manual, it is difficult to narrate. Three parts of a square over a large parade ground is the manner in which they salute their inspecting officer, who is generally the Dewan on a piebald tat, in ordinary native apparel. Thus they "present arms" to God save the Queen, using indiscriminately the cavalry and artillery present, to conclude

the delightful irregularity. The Highlanders, or men attired in a wild costume, seem to be the most valuable ; with their large hats and chaplies, indulge in the dulcid strains of imitation bagpipes. Bombastes Furiosa with all his retinue would have been happy with such followers, to excite the risibility of an English theatrical audience. The artillery are exactly like our own native gunners. They all march past—they do a thousand manœuvres in a wonderful manner, and several (“ Highlander”) officers I heard remark that the movements performed would have puzzled the Commander-in-Chief. The “ slow time ” is really beautiful, each man in wrong step—the field officers are mounted on chargers, accompanied invariably by a miserable suite of dirty pedestrian chuprassies who look out, in case the horse and his rider should part company. “ God save the Queen,” is the grand saluting music, but owing to its variations and the utter discord displayed, it is difficult to find it out. No soldier with English pride could listen without treating the bands with the contempt they deserved at actually distorting the national anthem of a country these Cashmerees seem apparently trying to imitate ! In a word the sight is amusing from its most perfect absurdity, but the expense attending such futile efforts must be ruining the country. Cashmere was not, and never will be a military power !

Fairs on the Lake and sundry other native holidays, offer much to encourage the inquisitive traveller, and having said this much, all that can be necessary has been recommended to you. Serinuggur is not a place one can remain long at ; so, reader, accompany me on a short tour UP the stream.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### ISLUMABAD, MOTUND, ATCHEBOOL, VERNARG.

On this trip a *compagnon de voyage* is indispensable, having found him, cause the following to be put in force: but there are various ways of reaching Islumabad; it can be accomplished in a hurry, it can be done comfortably, and can become tiresome ; but to the new traveller I recommend the following. Large boats, according to your requirements, are easily obtainable (at two rupees per boat as far as Kannubal)—order them. By starting at four in the afternoon, having sent on your tents, &c. beforehand to a place four miles off, you will arrive in time for dinner : the graduated method of progression is by towing a very tiring and disagreeable mode ; however, “beggars cannot be choosers.” Having enjoyed your repast, retire to rest beneath the canvass, agreeing to rise and strike camp at dawn—this effected, you will reach a magnificent encampment a mile the

other side of the Pomper bridge at dusk, after having passed a lazy day ; novels, and old newspapers come in useful—the monotony of the country is painful, and in the several excursions I made myself, mid-day too often found me in the arms of Morpheus ! Meals are easily managed on board without stopping ! Pomper very much resembles Cymbal, with a bridge the exact resemblance of all others ; it is also a point more used as an encampment *en passant qu'un endroit de récréation !* The encampment (is on the left bank of river) will be reached at dusk, and the routine of the previous night has to be recapitulated. Again alive and awake at dawn, another weary day brings you to an encamping ground near the village of Bajjahbiaree, and the morrow about noon will find you at the bridge at Kannubal. \* There it would be better to make yourself comfortable till you obtain coolies to take you *overland* to Islumabad, (which is one mile from Kannubal.) I trust you have sent your pony to meet you here, if not tattoos can be hired at eight annas per march. Kaunubal is again but an encampment ; here are no attractions, and so move on to

#### ISLUMABAD.

How different England is from the vast countries of

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\* If you take on your small boat with you, *each* manjee can claim in addition to his pay *one anna* a day's "*russut.*"

the East, with its districts, and the vicinity of the capital always beaming with amusement, with gaiety and sunshine. But here one visits the "Richmond" of Cashmere.—All is dull, quiet and monotonous ; no regattas, no races, no crowds of lively inhabitants enjoying themselves : nature is all you must expect to admire—the trees, the sky, the mountains. Look not for active pleasure for more than your gun or your rod afford—there is nought ! This morning's walk is across a small plain slightly cultivated, and you hold the large town of Islumabad in view all the way and towards the latter end become a victim to the dreadful odours of a Cashmere city. St. Giles would be a palace road ; the bye-streets of Paris appear beautiful in comparison with the "High street" of one of these towns. Having traversed the northern portion of Islumabad, you at last reach the Bara-duree, but it is the debris and remains of some religious haunt ; it is not a comfortable spot, being so confined. Here there are two tanks of sacred fish, which, tame to a degree, will come to the surface of the crystal water and take food from your hand ; they are in swarms, and fight as each edible missile is thrown in. There is fishing, I believe, here some  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Bara-duree ! Having stayed a day here, which is sufficient as you must return again eventually, let's move on to.

## MOTUND.

This is an overland march still, some four miles from Islumabad ; the route is a small path along the lower slope of a hill; Motund itself is an excessively small place, but the umbrage of the chenars and the crystal stream running through the encampment give it some attraction! Near this spot is an old ruin, but which is easier visited on your march to Atchebool, it being up hill work. There is also a sacred stream here, and being the abode of the pundits or Cashmere priests (for they are legion) there are some tremendous fish—sacred; so no sport for the angler in those crystal waters—however content yourself with ocular amusement. Next day we start for

## ATCHEBOOL.

From Motund the road is slightly up hill (it is possible to go direct from Islumabad, there being a good path-way) for a short distance, till you reach the ruins of Motund talked of by all our tourists and photographers, and draftsmen make the dead heap, a study—no guides here as in Hampton Court Palace or Windsor's fair Castle, to explain the hidden mysteries of years gone by. No, reader! we have merely to wonder and remain satisfied that it is a ruin of *some*

temple built by *some* one at *some* period. On ahead one can see the projecting point of the hill where Atchebool is ; it seems buried in a forest of most lovely fir trees—the hills around are not the barren and waste-looking slopes like the Dhunna or even those about Serinuggur ! but covered here and there with cedars, the dull monotony is got over, and gives a pleasant and interesting subject for the painter.—The road is good the whole way.

Atchebool and its attractions are confined to one pleasure garden surrounded by a wall.—Issuing from the same on entering are waterfalls, all dropping in natural irregularity as if in their roaring, hurrying on the wild Jhelum from its rocky source. There are in the interior two large tanks, and on either side the lovely chenars which grow to such astounding magnitude. Built in one of these reservoirs is a picturesque house for the use of the European on his tours, formerly used in the time of the Emperors as a pleasure house. Above are some old ruins, from beneath which flows a powerful spring said to be one of the sources of the Jhelum. The waterfall below the spring gives a very picturesque finish to the garden. Mint and sage grow wild here, and can be gathered in any quantity. “Russut” is obtainable here from the Kotwal by a “pur-



wanah" one receives from the Baboo ; but, strange to say, I found out the real contents of this subtle paper. It was not, as one expected, simply an order for him to produce supplies, but as the domestic requirements are 20 per cent cheaper in the district than Serinuggur, it was simply to inform the Kotwal that we were not to receive articles at small prices, and enclosing him at the same time a very good idea of what was to be demanded.\* A very fair sheep can be obtained for one rupee twelve annas ; fowls two annas ; eggs in any number for a mere trifle. Ducks are three annas everywhere. Milk is a pice a seer. Here my reader having entered on the price list, I must take the liberty of warning you of a deception often carried on by our own Hindustani servants, and my own I too often noticed made use of the joke. A rupee (Cashmeree) is called a chilkie and valued at ten annas, and also the Cashmeree anna is less than ours ; so when your attendant spends a chilkie he tells you he has spent a rupee, so you give him 16 annas, thinking it is one of our rupees, instead of which it is only a chilkie rupee, value 10 annas. Thus do these followers of vice and deception eat the bread of dishonesty and lies, and it gives them a good opportunity of lying under cover of the truth for which they are so

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\* Every thing being more or less the Maharajah's, and the bunyahs merely his agents, the European visitors have to pay more.

well famed ! You must order coolies the day before making a move, more especially if there are any other parties in this quarter of the district, as the coolies are soon taken up.

#### VERNARG.

This is not a retreat I would advise any one to take up for pleasure. The march is long and tedious, and the scenery and country similar to Atchebool without the pretty attractions of the garden—there is a hill to get over nearly half-way. There is a bungalow, but the musquitoes and fleas so well known now that tents are pitched in preference to being tormented ; this place also boasts of being one of the sources of the Jhelum : but contradictions are so great, it is difficult to assert which is the real one. There is no fishing here ; a few Bears can be got in the vicinity, but Bears are as common as the village Dog. The Mulberry season will bring these hairy wanderers into the gardens and fields, and like large sacks of corn these animals can be shot in the trees, or even in the thick Indian corn, without much risk. However the “ Baloo ” of Cashmere ought to be nearly exterminated by this time ; in fact the Shikarees in evading a hurried rebuke when the sportsman makes a total of nought, always say they were all shot last year !

## CHAPTER IV.

## FISHING.

To the angler or the new visitor who cares not to follow the Shikarree over crags and peaks of snow, fishing is a source of enquiry ; and having, my reader, taken you rapidly through the several places visited by the European visitors, and it not being my intention that this guide should be more than a pocket reference, think this addition will prove acceptable. The modes of catching the wanderers of the deep are various. One thing to be remembered is, you require strong tackle and very strong hooks.

*Baramoola* has been called a fishing spot, and marseerre have been caught there, but it is not generally acknowledged a certainty—the phantom minnow or spoon is the best here.

*Sopar.* This is the point of attraction—all the season these waters are either being whipped by the angler with the fly, or with the spoon and the minnow. But, reader, try the small bridge with the live bait moderate sized “nickar muchlee,”) and your sport is nearly certain. I saw a follower of Esculapius catch marseerre as readily as others caught trout. The

trout, I must remark, are the only fish you get except marserre, and the latter are scarce except at Rajourie : in the valley these trout are the sole sport.

*Bonyair* is some ten miles from Sopar. The best way to fish here ( although the same might excite the reader's risibility) is to recline in a boat, let out astern some sixty yards of line with a spoon bait. I remember, with another officer of a distinguished corps, we caught in this way, moving up and down the stream, one hundred and thirteen pounds weight in a few hours ! The fly here is good, but the above method is the best way for a man with a large and hungry establishment. At this spot, I would remark, no supplies are obtainable except from Bundypore, some distance—there is very bad encamping ground, and do not pitch too near the water's edge as the sand gives way, and you might get washed away.

*Hagin* is a very similar place to *Bonyair*.

*Cymbal* has been given the character of a fishing resort, but it is not worth trying.

*Kudwyn* is 4 miles from Kannubal, or 12 miles from Shipyaon. To travellers returning by the Pir-Punjal,

this would be a comfortable march as it saves you the march to Ramoo, which is flat and tedious. This a picturesque and delightful spot, with a mountain stream running swiftly down; it is very shallow in most places. This resort is principally for the fly; there are some magnificent pools of trout; this is not much frequented, not being well known, I fancy, but the sport is undoubtedly good. As regards flies, the very gaudy English ones are next to useless, a piece of wool on a hook, or otherwise a dingy well-worn fly takes; the best the boatmen put a piece of rag on a hook and catch many this way. There is a magnificent encamping ground here, more approaching English scenery to most one sees.

*Rajourie*, is on the Pir-Punjal route, where, I believe, the phantom minnow is best, and marserre abound.

In concluding these few remarks, I would recommend the voyageur to take a good rod, strong gut, good hooks, cobbler's wax and silk; the gimp is very useful and wears better than gut; the hooks are the principal difficulty, although English ones I have seen six broken in a day's sport.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

As in all countries, we have in Serinuggur our functionaries and swells of sorts. There is our Resident, generally a Civilian, who holds his court and settles cases between the European and the Cashmeree ; who goes about in a red-covered boat as the representative of Her Majesty ; this clean gondola gives a contrast when it rolls down through the bridges of this filthy capital to the other boats of the inhabitants. This swell has it in his power to render society pleasant or otherwise, —in his sociability depends everything to break the cliques that naturally are formed in Serinuggur ; one, therefore, requires a leader.

Then there is our Esculapius, and a very good friend he is, much more useful than the Resident himself. He lives in the capital, except when temporarily relieved. Strange to say, this appointment has no lucrative advantages ; in fact in many cases the Medico finds himself rather worse off. I conclude Government fancy the privilege of breathing the fresh air sufficient. As regards dress, one is not troubled with a society like Simla where collars are requisite, or the want of a waistcoat looked on as neglect. This is no place for tail coats or lavender kids ; none, indeed, for ladies' society—and why not ? Except

in the district there is little for their fair eyes to see. Serinuggur swarms with fuquers who, in nudity, perambulate the thoroughfares. Odours of an indescribable nature haunt the air, and dirt and filth really astounding. No ! Fair ones of a happier clime eschew the capital of, without doubt, a beautiful Valley ; but rather live beneath the shades of Atchebool's Chenars than Serinuggur. Let the bachelor or sportsman do as he pleases, a pleasanter way of passing time I do not know of any where. The poor man or the rich can equally live from the cheapness of food and clothing. No Jeffery's or Ranken's new cuts but don a rustic apparel and feel with all that happiness which accrues, that you may do as you please, and you have no gossiping society to comment on it.

A Club or Billiard Table is much required, the amusements being but few. Some enterprising merchant would reap a fortune in taking a step in this direction.

For ordinary stores or table requirements, prices are extortionate owing, as I fancy, from the Maharajah placing 25 per cent on the goods. To smokers, I would remark, cheroots are not obtainable.

The Bungalows are supplied gratis by the Maharajah ; they are wattle dab edifices, with an upper and lower

story, sufficient to hold four. On any one vacating one, a fresh comer can, without reference, take the same; there are also some houses for rent by a merchant at Serinuggur.

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A list of articles recommended to start with the traveller is difficult to give, owing to the varied pursuits of the travellers. However a few items may be of assistance.

A strong lantern.

A portable bed.

A water-proof sheet, (keeps bedding dry.)

A couple of small tents.

A strong pony.

Ample amount of spirits, (very expensive at Serinuggur.)

Soups hermetically sealed.

Sardines.

A small (strong) camp table.

Postage stamps.

Cigars.

Three Bombay splash pans will suffice and better than the degchees.

A gridiron frypan and kettle.

Such being then a short list of our requirements, little remains for me to expatiate on.



I, in conclusion, attach the route viâ Bimbhur.

R O U T E.	}	Bimbhur to Saidabad, ...	16	miles.	
		Saidabad to Nowshera, ...	14	"	
		Nowshera to Serai Chungus,	14	"	
		Chungus to Rajourie, ...	16	"	
		Rajourie to Thurma Mundeë,	16	"	
		Mundeë to Baramgalla, ...	14	"	
		Baramgalla to Poshana, ...	12	"	
		Poshana to Aliabad, ...	14	"	
		(Here the Pir-Punjâl is crossed.)			
		Aliabad to Heerpore, ...	12	"	
		Heerpore to Shipyaon, ...	12	"	
Shipyaon to Ramoo, ...	14	"			
Ramoo to Serinuggur, ...	18	"			

Instead (I remarked in a previous portion of this hand-book) of going to Ramoo, one can go to Kudwyn, and thence to Kannubal and proceed to Serinuggur by boat, which saves a very tedious march. This route is open in April, but being difficult from the immense quantity of snow, is not generally advised for the pleasure-seeking tourist, more especially if time is an object.

There are other routes by Kotti Poonch, Ooree and Baramoolla, also through Huzara by Moozufferabad, Kuttie and Baramoolla ; all other roads are forbidden.

There is the Bunnihal route on the direct road from Jummoo, and another way by Aknoor from Rajourie,

which is closed to the European. Coolie loads should differ according to the size of the men employed, if you study comfort and not exceed 25 seers. Mules should not carry more than two maunds in the hills ; but it not being my intention to encumber my reader with the particulars of any route except the Murree one, I trust in this attempt I may have proved in some way successful, and provided a small hand-book which may call forth the thanks of travellers when in difficulty whilst travelling in the Maharajah's dominions.

**FINIS.**