

G U I D E

TO

MASURI, LANDAUR, DEHRA DUN,

AND

THE HILLS NORTH OF DEHRA.

INCLUDING ROUTES

TO THE SNOWS AND OTHER PLACES OF NOTE :

WITH CHAPTERS ON

GARHWAL (TEHRI), HARDWAR, RURKI,
CHAKRATA ;

TOGETHER WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF EXCURSIONS INTO SIRMUR.

BY

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TO
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
THE
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,
THIS UNASSUMING BOOK,
MAINLY RELATING TO THE MOST INTERESTING DISTRICTS
OVER WHICH
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
HOLDS MILITARY COMMAND
IS,
WITH GRACIOUS PERMISSION,
HUMBLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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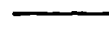
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GUIDE TO
MASURI (MUSSOORIE), LANDAUR
AND ADJACENT COUNTRY, &c.



CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.

THE large expanse of country, about which this little book is written, offers few opportunities for descanting on the works of man as exemplified in those multitudinous and leviathan specimens of architecture to be found in the historical cities of Northern India. The visitor to the Hill Sanataria mentioned in the preceding title-page, as well as the sportsman or excursionist who may penetrate the interior to the confines of Thibet and stand in awe at the foot of the Eternal Snows, will gaze on no resemblances of the *Kiitab*, *Humáyun's Tomb*, or the *Jamá Masjid* of Delhi, the Rome of Asia; nor is it possible for a traveller in those mountainous regions to contemplate with amazed admiration a *Táj Mahál*, an imperial country palace like that at Fathipúr-Sikri, or the royal mausoleum of *Akbár*, with whose reign the real history of Agra commences. Nature has not been bountiful in her gifts to the plains, and the wonderful works of man have sought to correct the niggardliness of nature by his amazing skill in art.

What the writer has to deal with, in the main, is the rude and unfashioned handiwork of the Great Architect of the Universe, as displayed in one of those favored precincts wherein he has wrought unbounded miracles of beauty, and lavished, with unstinted hand, the priceless donation of a salubrious climate and magnificent scenery, before which the limited artistic powers of man fall down and worship, and by which human ingenuity, subtle though it be, is dwarfed into comparative insignificance. Within the somewhat extended circle of the country indicated, we have, to the north, the backbone of the Earth, the "roof of the world," as it has been called, with its snow-capped peaks, the most lofty on the surface of the Globe; nearer, the huge mountainous ranges with their massive undulations; and further south, the picturesque valleys which are closed in by the gigantic Himalayan spurs and the Siwálik hills, and which offer to the untiring eye a panorama of surpassing splendour. Thither, then, the traveller in search of change, in pursuit of sport or the adventures of exploration, might well betake himself, and it is the duty of the present writer to humbly direct his footsteps.

Whencesoever the traveller may hail, it will be convenient to consider him asleep from the time he puts his foot into the railway carriage until the glare and bustle of the Saháranpur platform arouses him to the contemplation of a long and tedious journey in a *dák gharry*.

It forms no part of the writer's present purpose to descant upon the inconveniences of overcrowded railway carriages—a matter which will form the topic for the newspapers during the beginning and latter end of the hill season. We may say, however, that happy is the traveller who, by the exercise of a little foresight, comes early to the railway station, and secures his comfortable seat, while the tardy passenger is a mile away from the station vociferously urging on the *ghariwan* to an impracticable speed—a vain performance, which is usually followed by the

penalty of having to sit and sleep on his own boxes, after bestowing a few anathemas on the railway authorities in general and their rolling-stock in particular. There never was a place like an Indian terminal railway station, in the month of April, to illustrate the immense advantage of being in time. Be instructed then, gentle reader, and be in time. But what shall we say of the wretched traveller who may be kicking his heels on the broad promenade of an intermediate station, or the unhappy half-dozen passengers which a branch train has disgorged for transmission into the approaching mail. Being in time has no advantages for them. The scriptural camel passing through the eye of a needle was no greater puzzle than the question as to where the traveller and the multitude of his belongings are to be stowed away. But we have too many troubles of our own to permit more than a passing sympathy, and must needs leave every hapless creature to bear his own burdens, while we hurry on to Saháranpur.

Still we may pause awhile to point out how many kinds of travellers there are who move hillwards during the hot and rainy seasons.

First, there are those who never fail to go every season as regularly and punctually as clock-work. They are in great part matronly ladies surrounded by a graded assortment of young olive branches who could not live in the plains, you know, in the hot weather. The olive branches develop into ruddy little cherubs in the balmy air of Masúri, and the bloom on madam's cheeks proclaims the advantages of a hill climate. The husband may be an overworked gentleman of the medical department, or an exhausted competition-wallah ; but if within a few hundred miles, he pops up, now and then, to Masúri for the orthodox ten days "sky," making it fourteen by dodging in the Saturdays and Sundays. On these occasions there is joy in the house of madam and the cherubs.

There is another kind of lady who migrates to the hills with

the punctuality of the swallow's flight. Nature has not been bountiful to her in the way of olive branches, and, with no particular ties, she leaves her husband in the plains. She is lonesome and disconsolate, of course; may be she does not take long to correct her loneliness, and a strong effort may dissipate the sadness of her depressing situation; for why should she drag on her weary footsteps through six months, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." In some instances, only a few, of course, within a little month—nay, not so much, not one—she is one of the most impassioned devotees of the Masúri slide, and, perchance, may have a "bow-wow," a harmless creature who, for the sake of her innocent company, is willing to fetch and carry, and dance a regular attendance. The most discerning know that all this does not travel beyond the paths of rectitude, although censorious people will nod their heads over it. It has passed into a custom, and although probably more "honored in the breach than the observance," the fact that it is a custom—or the fashion—takes much of the sting out of the censure of Mrs. Grundy.

Besides those in active service, there are a larger number of retired military men in Masúri and Lándaaur than in any other hill-station. Colonels, Majors-General, Lieutenants-General, their familiar faces are well known. They are quite harmless and kindhearted, and being good-humoured jolly fellows, they become deservedly popular. In the cold weather they are to be found at Dehra, Mirath, or Agra, and many other places, and sometimes stay up in the hills great-coated and muffled up to the chin. The migratory retired officer fixes his journey to Masúri with the precision of the almanac.

Then there is the advent of the mercantile community, the ladies and gentlemen who open establishments for the disposal of various articles of merchandize, all of exceeding good quality, but too numerous to mention. They come up early and fix a day for opening out, long antecedent to the arrival of their

stock. This gives a little time for recreation, which usually takes the form of hurling maledictions, loud and deep, at the devoted heads of Messrs. Buckle & Co., the carrying agents, whose rolling-stock, like that of the railway companies, is excusably insufficient for a glut of traffic. The head of that enterprising firm has hitherto survived the severest forms of anathema, and the writer is credibly informed he still lives.

The young subaltern, who takes his sixty days' *con amore*, must not be forgotten. Some plunge at once into the vortex of a two months' pleasure, at the beginning of the season, before it has been well aired, and manage, lucky dogs, to run up for another two months at the close. There are two kinds of subalterns—one the amorous, the other the jolly. The former usually fall into lines of bow-wow-ism. Of course, they are members or invitees of the Club, they reunionise, get up balls and dances, and nice little picnics, besides buying *nic-nacs*, which some people have the audacity to say they find difficulty in paying for; the other representative of the subaltern is he who is a good-natured and rollicking specimen of a Queen's officer, and who has not been weak enough to have his locks shorn by Delilah. He plays billiards and smokes cheroots the most of his time, and, with rare exceptions, knows when he has had a safe number of pegs. The recent wars in Afghanistan and Egypt have chevied the subaltern about a good deal, and, for the last few seasons, and in the height of Masúri enjoyment, he has been called down suddenly to join his regiment, and curtailed the number of Masúri society.

But who is that pale and wan-looking lady, or that yellow-skinned gentleman, being taken up hill in a jampan? Their pinched countenances wear the evidence of inward pain; anybody can tell why they are going up to Masúri. They go to seek what they may not find. If the change does not cure them, they increase the length of a certain register in the keeping of the Chaplain of Masúri, and occupy a final resting-place

beneath the beautiful flowers in the local cemetery. This must happen to some of course, but there are more who pick up their strength, and go down comparatively hale and hearty. Yes, it is a great *omnium gatherum* that, during the season, fills to overflowing the popular sanitarium of Masúri, about which we shall have much more to say by-and-bye.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SAHARANPUR.

IF, during the rush to the hills, the traveller has not pre-engaged his gharry, so as to travel northwards during the night, he has little chance of starting until the next morning, and the impatient excursionist has the mortification of seeing gharry after gharry depart hillwards to the lively though unmusical sound of the coachman's bugle. It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and one of the several hotels, or the dâk bungalow, will profit by the wayfarer's discomfiture. If nobody takes precedence of him, he may be sent on at midnight, which is the commencement of the dâk gharry day.

If he be fortunate enough to find a disengaged gharry, by starting about 8 or 9 P. M., he has every chance of getting into Rájpur by about 5 or 6 in the morning; but it would be as well not to lay wagers about this matter, because dâk gharries are frequently found to be indifferently constituted vehicles, and the tats self-willed and unreliable. Starting at midnight the *masáfar* might reach Rájpur in time for breakfast, and get up to Masúri in the middle of the day. But this is rather forestalling matters.

At the time of the hillward flight, there is no practical purpose to be attained by haggling with any of the dâk chaprassies: they will not be beaten down, they will have their pound of flesh. One would think with so much competition a modification of full fares might be bargained for, but the *munshi* is deaf to any persuasion that proposes to curtail his fares. But this rigid exaction of full fares is partly due to an organization called an "amalgamation"—an institution through

which all the dâk gharry proprietors combine to charge nothing less than full fares, and run in turns, so that the traffic is pretty equally divided.

The full dâk gharry rates from Saháranpur to Rájpur are as follows :—

	Rs.
One full gharry (two inside and one out) ...	40
Two outside and one in	35
One in and one out	30
One inside seat only	25
The mail-cart seat costs	11

Besides this it is advisable to tip the coachman, if he behaves well.

If the traveller's business, or pleasure, is not *very* urgent, he will be a gainer by a delay until the morning, for by pushing on overnight, he loses the sight of much that is worthy of a passing view, notably the Siwálik range of hills, which, with the further off Himalayas, closes in the lovely valley of the Dehra Dún. The dâk *chaukis*, or stages, from Saháranpur to Rájpur, at the foot of the Masúri hills, are as follows :—

	<i>Miles.</i>
Kailaspur
Harorá
Chatmalpur	14
Naddi
Guneshpur
Mohan	28
Túnbará ... } in the Mohan pass	...
Landibará ... }	...
Asaruri	36
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The reader will not find much to interest him until his arrival at Mohan. The road is generally in good order, especially up to Fathipur, a short distance on the north side of Chatmalpur. The *tats* are pretty good goers for the first stage, but after that it is one long struggle between man and beast.

The vice of a large proportion of the horses on the line consists in a most pronounced objection to start. The virtuous *tats* are decidedly in the minority. The *tat* at length comes to the conclusion that he had better do his stage and be done with it; and off he bounds at full gallop, in which he is encouraged by the coachman, who knows very well that the slightest check would entail another quarter hour of hard swearing and hard work.

Then the long waits at the *chaukis* are most tantalizing, especially at night. The sound of the bugle conveys no warning to a sleeping *bálgir*, but by dint of loud shouting a far off ventriloquial sound is heard like the muffled voice of the man in the coal-cellar, and after a leisurely contemplation of all the circumstances and surroundings of the position, the *bálgir* drags the unwilling *tats* forth. The coachman retires for his forty whiffs from the hubble-bubble, and then recommences the old coaxings and maledictions, until we again roll on our way. Happy is the man who at night can sleep through all this, until the rising sun shows him the Masúri hills straight in front, with its white houses glowing in the early morning light.

But if the traveller is not in so very great a hurry to reach the hills, he will find a day journey much more agreeable, and a flying visit to the Saháranpur gardens, as well as to the stables of the Remount Department, both highly interesting. There is very little to entertain one on the road up to Mohan, except to count the small furlong pillarettes, until they get to the big milestone, which tells you how far you are from Saháranpur, and how many more of them you have to pass before you get to Dehra. From Mohan these milestones first open their minds about the distance

to Rájpur. At Chatmalpur, just short of Fathipur, the wide road and open ground looks cheery, and here the highway to Rúrki branches off both from Saháranpur and Masúri. Near this spot stands a dâk bungalow, wherein an hour and-a-half's patience will probably secure you a spatch cock presumedly hatched during the Mutiny. At Naddi and Guneshpur the same order of things prevails. But at Mohan, the stage which lies at the southern extremity of the Siwálik range, the scene is a very pleasing one with the river on the right, as well as one of the prettiest and most ample encamping-grounds in India. Mohan rejoices in a post office, vernacular schools, and a dâk bungalow, where an obliging khansama will provide you with the usually antiquated chicken, which enters loud and distressing protests against being devoured at so short a notice. Mohan is a very pretty spot, and from the dâk bungalow, perched upon a picturesque knoll, commands a view of much of the Saháranpur District, with little peeps of wooded hill scenery. Sportsmen generally take to canvas, and are, therefore, independent of dâk bungalows. The bungalow, though, is very popular, and supplies, beyond the ubiquitous chicken, can be had on due notice being given. Honeymoons have been frequently initiated there, and the contemplation of that well-known fact leads one to consider that no time should be lost in giving some account of the Siwálíks to which Mohan forms the southern gate.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIWALIK RANGE.

THAT part of the Siwálíks which borders the southern part of the Dehra Dún District, runs from the Ganges at Hardwár, at the south-eastern part of the Dún, to the Jamna at the north-western extremity of the valley, running parallel with the Himalayas. At these points the rivers pass through immense gorges, cut doubtless by their irresistible flow. The Siwálíks are crowned by a ridge of hills, or backbone, as it were, from one extremity to the other. At either point, however, the Siwálíks, having made room for the two great rivers of Hindustan, extend into Sirmúr on the one hand, and into the Terai on the other. At the south-eastern extremity, this crown of hills diminishes gradually into the lower prominences about Hárđwár, while at the north-western end it throws out a bunch of huge spurs, somewhat like the opened fingers of the hand, into the bed of the Jamna, which here makes a detour to enclose them. From this backbone, throughout its whole length, are thrown to the south a series of spurs, and between these run the almost innumerable *raos* or torrent-beds, which take the watershed in the rains, but, for the most part, are dry at other seasons. On the northern side, the spurs are much shorter, and take a more gradual slope into the Dún. Approaching the Siwálíks from the plains they look bold and imposing, and their remarkable feature is their abruptness of outline, abounding in peaks, sloping gradually on the one side, and on the other completely perpendicular and as sharp in profile as though cut with a knife. These hills are clad with thick forest,

chiefly of *sal* and *sain*, and on the higher crests, the pine may be seen. The precipitous sides of these crests, however, are bare of vegetation—a fact which intensifies the sharpness of outline.

The Siwálíks are said to be an alluvial formation of the newer tertiary or upper miocene period, and are regarded as *debris* swept down from the Himalayas. Regarding the geology of the Siwálíks, Dr. Falconer divides the strata into two classes: “*1st*, and lowermost, sandstone and conglomerate, containing subordinate beds of clay; *2nd*, and uppermost, gravel.” The sandstone is a whitish grey arenaceous rock with a fine quartz basis. Its consistency varies from extreme friability to crystalline hardness, according to the proportion of carbonate of lime cementing it together, but its leading characteristic is friability, so that it cannot be utilized to any extent for building purposes. The conglomerate consists of fragments of all the rocks entering into the composition of the higher range, *viz.*, quartz, greywache, hornblende, limestone, &c., resting on a clayey and arenaceous basis. It alternates with the sandstone. The beds of clay occur in both, and modify their character according to circumstances. Uppermost comes the gravel or shingle, which gradually develops from small pebbles, abundantly intermingled with sand, where it is in contact with the sandstone, into boulders, increasing in size as the proportion of sand decreases, until at length we find a deposit differing little from that seen at the bottom of the passes. The breadth of the inclined beds is from six to eight miles, and as their inclination is northward, while their abutment to the south is steep, the hills rise abruptly from the plains and slope gently into the Dún. This geological description is borrowed from Williams’ “Memoir of Dehra Dún,” presumedly taken from Dr. Falconer’s book. Dr. Royle, in his “Botany of the Himalaya Mountains,” gives an apt illustration of the general effect of the geographical formation of the Siwálíks: “Let the reader

imagine a series of parallel ridges in the form of right-angled triangles with bases resting on the passes, perpendiculars facing the south-west and hypotenuses sloping towards the north-east, succeeding one another like the teeth of a saw. Looking from the north, we see the gradual hypotenusal inclination from the crest forming the southern boundary of the district ; looking from the opposite side, we are confronted by the perpendicular walls of weather-worn precipices.”

According to the *Athenæum* of 11th February 1865, Dr. Falconer, in 1832, commenced his field operations by an excursion to the Sub-Himalayan range, and from the indication of a specimen in the collection of his friend and colleague, then Captain, afterwards Sir P. T. Cautley, he was led to discover vertebrate fossil remains *in situ* in the tertiary strata of the Siwálik hills. The search was speedily followed up with characteristic energy by Captain Cautley in the Kalawala pass, by means of blasting, and resulted in the discovery of more perfect remains, including miocene, mammalia genera. The finding, therefore, of the fossil fauna of the Siwálik hills was not fortuitous, but a result led up to by researches suggested by previous special study, and followed out with a definite aim in India.

The same authority says that, early in 1834, Dr. Falconer gave a brief account of the Siwálik hills, describing their physical features and geological structure ; this account being, no doubt, the same as that from which the extract was made a page or two back. The name Siwálik had been vaguely applied before, by Kennell and others, to the outer ridges of the true Himalayas and the lower elevations towards the plains. Dr. Falconer restricted the term definitely to the flanking tertiary range, which is commonly separated from the Himalayas by valleys or Dúns. The proposed name was not favorably received at the time by geographical authorities in India ; but it is now universally adopted in geography and geology as a

convenient and well-proved designation. Captain Herbert, in his Mineralogical Survey of the North-Western Himalayas, had referred the Sub-Himalayas to the age of the "new red sandstone." Dr. Falconer, on his first visit to the Siwálík hills, inferred that they were of a tertiary age, and analogous to the *molasse* of Switzerland (*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1832, Vol. I, page 97*). Thirty years of subsequent research by other geologists have not altered that determination, although our exact knowledge of the formations has been greatly extended. The researches thus begun were followed up about the end of 1834 by the discovery, by Lieutenants Baker and Durand, of the great ossiferous deposits of the Siwálíks near the valley of Markunda, westward of the Jamna and below Nahan. Captain Cautley and Dr. Falconer were immediately in the field, and by the joint labours of these four officers, a sub-tropical mammalian fossil fauna was brought to light, unexampled for richness and extent in any other region then known. It included the earliest discovered *Quadrumana*, an extraordinary number of *Proboscidea* belonging to *Mastadon*, *Stegodon*, and *Elephas*; extinct species of the *Rhinoceros* *Chalieotherium*, *Equas*, and *Hipparion*; *Hexapostodon*, *Hippopotami*, and *Merycopotamus*; *Ios* and *Hippohyus*; the Colossal ruminant *Livatherium*, together with species of *Camel* *Giraffe*, and new types of *Bovidæ*; also species of *Cerous* and *Antilope* and *Capra*; *Carnivora* belonging to the new genus *Sivalaretos* and *Enthydriodon*, *Felis* *Machairodus*, *Hyæna*, *Cania*, *Sutra*, &c. Among the *Aves*, species of *Ostrich*, *Cranes*, &c.; among the *Reptilia*, *Monotars* and *Crocodiles* of living and extinct species, the enormous *Tortoise* *Colossochelys* *Atlas*, with numerous species of *Emys* and *Trionyx*; and among fossil fish, *Cypri-nida* and *Silicisda*. The general facies of the extinct Fauna exhibited a congregation of forms participating of European, Asiatic, and African types. A series of memoirs by Dr. Falconer and Captain Cautley, descriptive of the most remark-

able of the newly-discovered forms, appeared in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, and in the *Geological Transactions*. The Siwálik explorations soon attracted notice in Europe, and in 1837 the Wollaston Medal in duplicate was awarded for their discoveries to Dr. Falconer and Captain Cautley by the Geological Society, the fountain of Geological honors in England. Dr. Falconer's and Captain Cautley's researches were continued and furnished many a scientific paper to the learned societies. One of the *Quadrumana* found in the Siwáliks was thought to have exceeded in size the *Ourang-Outang*. In their account of the gigantic *Tortoise*, after discussing the paleontological and mythological bearings of the case, they sum up by stating—"The result at which we have arrived is, that there are fair grounds for entertaining the belief that *Colossochelys Atlas* may have lived down to an early epoch of the human period and become extinct since."

From the above, the reader will readily understand that the Siwáliks over which he is to cross, through the Mohan pass, is not only interesting from its superficial beauties, but is a very remarkable locality for the naturalist and geologist.

CHAPTER IV.

ONWARD.

WE will proceed on our journey through the pass, commencing at the twenty-first milēstone from Rájpur, at the foot of the hills. The first part of the pass has a very gentle gradient, that of the latter part being more severe and winding. The scenery is very pretty, every turn of the road bringing a fresh view to the eye. A trip through the Mohan pass by daylight, specially to those unaccustomed to mountain scenery, is a real enjoyment which can only be adequately attested by experience. The succession of peaks sloping one above the other, the more prominent crests clad with *sal* or the pine to the north-east, and on the south-west presenting a bare perpendicular precipice as straightly cut as the wall of a huge fort, kept bare and clean by the drenching fury of the south-west monsoons. The *tats* usually go at a swingeing pace up to and across the girder bridge and on to Túnbará, a *chauki* nestling on the right under a high rock covered with thick jungle, on the left being the river bed, backed by those irrepressible peaks so wild and weird in their appearance. At Landibará, the next stage, the gradient becomes severe, and some of the *dák* companies treat the traveller with bullocks instead of horses, up to the tunnel and on to Asaruri. Two miles an hour for a bullock is almost a dangerously swift pace, and, in order not to shock the nerves of delicate passengers, he occasionally considerably reduces it to one, with occasional intervals of rest, about which latter the bullocks and the drivers frequently entertain a serious difference

of opinion. Landibará is a capital place to get out and stretch one's legs. Any ordinary pedestrian will find it a very pleasant walk from Landibará to the tunnel. Saunter along as slowly as he possibly can, he is safe to reach the tunnel about three-quarters of an hour before the bullocks. But the blessed law of compensation comes in here, as in almost everything, and the solace of the pipe, or even two, may reconcile him to the petty annoyances of the world in general, and the dilatoriness of dák bullocks in particular. He even sympathizes with the poor creatures, as he hears down in the deep distance below the thwack of the driver's cudgel, as it comes into violent contact with the poor animal's hide. To impart an agreeable finish to this performance, the driver screams and yells in a tongue unknown, except to those whose profession is to urge on unwilling animals of locomotion, and are adepts in the art of tail-twisting. The short tunnel, pierced through the crown of that part of the range, relieves the traveller of a severer ascent experienced by the traveller of former days. The excellent road, too, cut through the pass parallel to the bed of the Mohan, gives us an immense advantage over former travellers who had to invoke the aid of the *dúli-wállas*, who took their freight up the bed of the river, so frequently impassable, however, on account of the constantly recurrent downpours of the rainy season. The bridges and culverts along the road are so numerous that one gets as tired of noting them as one does in counting off the furlong stones across the plain from Saháranpur.

In the days of the *dúli*, travelling through the Mohan pass was not so invulnerable as it is now. Wild beasts were occasionally troublesome, and frequently insisted on scraping an acquaintance with the wayfarer. The wild elephant, which even now abounds in the Siwálik, often rendered himself inconveniently familiar. After gratifying his curiosity in respect to the personal appearance and general surroundings of the

traveller, he might walk off harmlessly in an opposite direction, for the elephant, being a pure vegetarian, obtains no personal advantage by an attack on a human being as an article of diet. But there is a tide in the affairs of male elephants, which taken at the flood leads on to danger to the traveller, and at the slightest provocation the elephant lashes himself into an ungovernable fury, when woe-betide all living creatures that cross his path. The elephant has still a "local habitation" in the Siwáliks, "and a name" for being subject to this degrading influence. There have been occasions when travellers have given up a night journey, in consequence of a report that a *must* elephant is paying a visit to the highways and bye-ways of civilization, as represented by the road through the Mohan pass. An elephant, in this deplorable condition, is a dangerous customer to meet on the road, for although he reaps no advantage by committing "culpable homicide amounting to murder," he, under the influence of temporary insanity, is seized with an ungovernable desire to crunch up a *ghari* like a matchbox, and trample the traveller into a jelly. But the reader must not be frightened, for it is long since any accident occurred from the attacks of wild animals, which invariably avoid the haunts of man and live a life of close retirement. In the old *dilli* days, flaring torches and abundant *tom-tom*-ing were generally successful in protecting the traveller.

Well, to proceed on our journey. On going down a hill, the bullock, as well as the *ghari* pony, shows off his paces to the best advantage; the couple of miles or so to Asarúri, a village on the western bank of the *rao* of that name, is got over quickly. We are here on the skirts of a forest where game abounds, and where the wild boar has his lair. If the traveller has come through the pass by night, he might, in the very early dawn (he will still be 13 miles from the foot of the hills,) yearn for a cup of tea, which luxury can be supplied him from a tumble-down "shanty" on a hillock above the road, and

which people, in generous moments, have called a "rest-house." The traveller may even indulge in the extravagance of boiled eggs and bread and butter. The style of architecture of the "shanty" is lost in the chronic state of its disrepair. There are rooms, but they are in an advanced state of ventilation, the furniture being practically *nil*, because nobody risks his life by going inside. A man or woman of great courage might sit on the verandah if one of the two chairs does not collapse under his or her weight, and a thump on the ricketty teapoy would reduce it to fragments. Honeymoons have been kept there, too; but that was long ago. On a consideration of all the circumstances and probabilities of the case, the traveller usually acts upon the conclusion that the safer place to partake of refreshment is in his *ghari*.

So, on we go Dehra-wards, stopping at a penal settlement-looking kind of a place called Bhimtal, where we again change horses. All along the gentle slope, through the forest land, from Asarúri, we have the glorious sight of the *lower* Himalayas straight in front, with the white buildings of Masúri and Lándaaur crowning the highest visible points, or nestling on the southern slopes of the Masúri amphitheatre. Before reaching Dehra, we cross the Bindal *naddi*—a performance easy enough except in the rains, when it forms a mountain torrent, which is frequently unfordable. Travellers have been known to be kept waiting on the wrong side of the stream for seven hours, wearily watching for the ebb of the torrent—a calamity, however, which happens only during the rainy season. We pass through the native street, or bazar, of Dehra, where we again change horses, and proceed through the best part of the European quarter. But we must hurry on to Masúri and leave all notice of Dehra and the lovely Dún for a future chapter. Near the Viceroy's Body-guard lines, the hot weather quarters of those fine fellows who are charged with the safety of the Viceregal person, another and last change is made about three miles from Rájpur. From

the Bodyguard lines to Rájpur the traveller is indulged with three, and frequently four, *tats*. The explanation of this is found in the fact that Rájpur is 600 and odd feet above the level of Dehra, and therefore this last stage of the journey requires greater horse-power.

The coachman, happy in having come to the end of his journey, blows his bugle more cheerily as he enters the pretty little plateau at the foot of the Rájpur bazar. Mentioning the coachman's bugle, a keyless instrument like the old post-horns in England of days gone by, the traveller, before he arrives at Rájpur, will have learnt the uses of this instrument. It is sounded to clear the road of those obstinate country carts and other obstructions, as also to warn the establishment at the approaching stage that horses are wanted. The writer, after considerable experience, does not believe it expedites, in the slightest degree, the movements of the *saises* in charge, but the coachman blows his bugle in the simple indulgence of a pleasant fiction. The name of a coachman is generally known by his cadences, which are entirely original, he being his own composer, and occasionally indulging in *impromptu* variations of the most whimsical character, and utterly independent of all musical conventionalities. On entering Rájpur he shows great form, and the bugle has rather a hard time of it. These dulcet strains put the hotel-keepers on the *qui vive*, for one of the five places of entertainment will profit by the new arrival and four will be disappointed as the *ghari* rolls into another compound. As to the bugle, two or three of the coachmen, out of the whole, approach "within measurable distance" of art. The plateau before-mentioned is one great hostelry for the entertainment of man and beast. There are the Ellenborough, the Rájpur, and the Prince of Wales, as well as "Agency Retiring-rooms" and a Resthouse, the latter under native superintendence. How they all manage to exist is a puzzle; but they keep the shutters down year after year, and presumably

live on their losses. They all furnish fair entertainment, and administer to one's comforts with commendable solicitude and at very moderate rates. Having made his choice of a hotel, probably the first matter that strikes the traveller's attention is the necessity for a good tub, which can be had, hot or cold, on the shortest notice.

CHAPTER V.

ROADS TO MASURI.

HAVING breakfasted, or taken tiffin, as the case may be, it is desirable for the traveller to see his luggage weighed and despatched, so as to give the coolies a good start, for these sturdy fellows take at least four hours to reach the heart of Masúri, and longer if his destination be Western Masúri, and along towards the Happy Valley. In any case, the traveller invariably overtakes his personal belongings on the road upwards. If his journey to Rájpur should end in the evening, he will dine and sleep at one of the hotels, for the bridle-path up to Masúri is rather hazardous to a stranger on horseback, although the night ride is commonly accomplished by residents familiar with the road. The coolies, except under enormous pressure and abundant *backshish*, will never take one up in a dandy or jampan after dark. The hill man and the fairer and more sturdy *pachmis*, who hail from the neighbourhood of the Kangra Valley, are superstitious, and believe in hobgoblins of sorts; moreover he has a wholesome dread of wild beasts, and experience not infrequently justifies his fears. Recently a man was frightfully mauled by a bear on one of the roads up to Masúri. There are only two modes of locomotion up the hill to Masúri,—that is riding on horseback or being carried. A good livery horse can be got from most of the hotels for Rs. 2-8, and a bazar *tat* for much less, occasionally so low as As. 12. Any gentleman not accustomed to the saddle had better eschew the assistance of a quadruped, for, for the most part, the road is steep, and in the early part of the journey exceedingly so; so that an untrained rider, unaccustomed to equestrianism on the hills, in all probability, “will not remain,”

but slither over the animal's tail ; certainly to keep possession of the saddle he will be compelled, in many parts, to hold on with great tenacity to the mane or the pommel—an operation by no means graceful or becoming. One accustomed to the saddle will get on well enough. Those whose equestrian education has been neglected had better be carried up in a jampan or a dandy. A jampan, it is presumed, may come under the generic term of a vehicle, although it does not run on wheels ; but it is, at all events, an instrument of locomotion which should be seen to be understood. Its body somewhat resembles an easy chair, at the corners of which are horizontal poles, which support the roof covered with oil-cloth to keep out the rain. Ring curtains are fixed in such a way that the occupant can slide them so that the curtains may intercept the hot rays of the sun, or protect him from dirty weather. The motive-power consists of eight coolies, four at a time, who take their places between the projecting horizontal poles in front and rear. At either end a leather strap connects the two poles, through which a shoulder stick runs ; one cooly takes one part of the stick on his shoulder, the other the other, and it is in this way the hill visitor is shaken, tossed, and jolted for the weary seven miles to Masúri. A dandy is a much more comprehensible conveyance than a jampan, and is solely dedicated to the light weights. It is a canoe-shaped arrangement, the bottom, in which the traveller sits, with his legs in a horizontal position, is made generally out of *darri*, the frame being oval in form with a projection of each end for the cooly's shoulder. Eight men are the usual complement for a jampan ; four for a dandy. A jampan and the coolies will cost Rs. 3 or Rs. 3-8 ; a dandy about Rs. 2, all included.

The tourist or visitor having seen that everything is ready, mounts his pony, or scrambles into his jampan or dandy, and starts for Masúri. There is nearly a mile of sloping bazar to get through before he gets into the open road, with his nose

close to the hills, which tower one above the other, laden with vegetation. On the right, down in the deep *khud* below, runs the *Raspanna naddi*, emerging from the hills northwards, and threading the narrow entrance to the Dehra Dún, the stream being diverted into the canal, which, after being augmented by the watershed contributed by innumerable streams and riverlets, runs through and fertilizes nearly the whole of the Western Dún. The sigh of the water of this *naddi* as it washes the boulders where it emerges into the cultivated valley, and its roar when the rainfall converts it into a seething torrent, are pleasant to listen to from the height above. A little out of Rájpur, there is a toll-bar, where each laden cooly has to pay a pice ; the toll for a jampan being eight annas ; a dandy, four annas ; a horse, four annas ; and a pony (under 13 hands), two annas. A few years ago, only half these rates were demanded, but Masúri is improving rapidly, and money was wanted, whereupon the then Lieutenant-Governor sanctioned the increase of the tolls for the privilege of entering the gate of paradise as represented by a cool and bracing climate. From the toll-gate there are two roads to Masúri,—one straight up the steepest and the most frequented route, seven miles in distance, the precipitous acclivities being surmounted by the ingenious zig-zag road cut into the mountain side. The other road bears to the left from the toll-bar, and the length of which is variously estimated to cover from ten to fourteen miles of ground to the library ; and as the gradient is light compared to the other road, and although it winds round the hills in long sweeps, it is not marked by those zig-zag turns and twists which characterize the shorter cut. This road is called Mackinnon's road, after the name of the designer and constructor, supported by a combination of capital contributed by those who had an interest in securing wheeled traffic to and from Masúri. It was for a long time practicable for country carts, but heavy rains caused landslips, especially where the treacherous *kállá matti*, or black earth, obtruded itself, and

which from its extreme friability was constantly giving way and completely blocking up the road. It was abandoned for a long time and became completely impassable. With the advent of Messrs. Whympers & Co., however, who leased the Crown Brewery in 1876, the road was again repaired by them and Messrs. Mackinnon & Co., and is now again used by small bullock carts constructed for carrying beer in wood, and fitted with breaks, which are frequently found necessary in steadying the pace down-hill. This road is extremely picturesque, having the advantage of a good view of the Dún and the Siwáliks most of the way. It is rather a dull journey on horseback without company, although, in consequence of the comparatively easy gradient, with a good horse or pony, the rider may go at a trot or a light canter all the way. This pleasant road, however, is mainly dedicated to the transmission of John Barleycorn ; to the fair hill maiden, who having herded her cattle, which have browsed in the adjacent jungles, drives them to the near village ; and to the light hearted *pahári* swain, who tootles on his rude wooden pipe as he returns, with a gay heart and a light step, from his daily labour. Matters in this direction are eminently pastoral, the important village of Bhatta being passed through as we near Masúri. The *pahári* villages round about are noted for their pretty hill girls, and on festive occasions, when the toilet has added its charms to their persons, some of these hill lasses are really handsome. At weddings they show off to the best advantage, as it is befitting they should, as they flock in thousands, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, to the festive scene.

The more direct road presents a very different sight, as your pony toils up the zig-zag highway, or as the *jámpánis* cant you most uncomfortably up and down with their swingeing stride. Here the road is full of traffic of all sorts. The *tats*, mules, and donkeys, broken kneed and cow hocked, are slithering down the hill on their return journey, unladen, having left Rájpur that morning with their heavy burdens, containing

supplies for Masúri and Lándaaur, before there was the slightest sign of the approaching morn. They are far up the hill by the time the grey, which heralds the flush of the approaching sunrise, tips the eastern hills, and when they get to Rájpur or Dehra again, their day's work is done. As you go slowly along, you overtake battalions of coolies, with burdens on their heads, and huge trunks and boxes, bedding, and the multitudinous varieties of personal belongings, are fastened to men's backs, the panting coolies, every now and then, taking advantage of some friendly shelf or protuberance in the rock to take a brief rest. Then there may be seen the coolies from the forwarding agencies with the more ponderous *aswab*, which has come by luggage train to Saháranpur, and sent on by bullock cart to Rájpur. The names and addresses on these boxes and packages, large and small, from a brandy box to a grand piano, form almost a complete directory of Masúri and Lándaaur. It takes only one man to carry a case of wine or spirits, and there *is* a precious lot of it going up, but for a piano or a bale of merchandize, it may take from 16 to 20 men. There is scarcely any break in this stream of traffic. Then there are the more domestic features of the scene. At the period of migration into Masúri or Lándaaur, the native general dealers, the sugar boilers, the bakers, the butchers, the crockery-men, toy-makers, lohi-walas, *cum multis aliis*, transmigrate their domesticities, and astride a miserable hill-*tat*, may be seen the *guid* wife, with an olive branch, sometimes two, perched upon its withers. Paterfamilias keeps alongside as best he can on Shanks' pony, as he hears the clank, clank, of his cooking utensils in charge of the cooly struggling behind. Then along may come the stupid-looking little *dilli* of a *pardanashin*, who takes little peeps, herself unseen at her surroundings. The perspiring husband keeps alongside with anxious mien, and *prenez garde* is his motto. Then there are *kitmatgárs* and *bearers*, many of them bearing their own burdens, *saises* leading the horses of their *sahibs*,

who are coming to-morrow or next day, or have gone ahead that morning. Then there are sweepers with dogs of various breeds, or no breed at all, the poor creatures being nearly dead with thirst and fatigue. Besides these there are the poorer and sicklier lot of men and women, and nobody seems to know why they are going to Masúri. The man has, we will say, *per example* literally taken up his bed and walked. Fixed upon the *chárpai* are most of his goods and chattels, consisting of a few cooking utensils, and a dirty and ragged-looking *resai* or two, with the ever present hubble-bubble. The woman in the agony of blistered feet, and panting under the distress of physical exhaustion, carries a child, innocent of clothing, across her lean and angular hips, and misery sits on the countenances of all of them. Sometimes a flock of sheep or geese may be panting on the journey up-hill. Some of them give up from exhaustion, and frequently have to be carried. These eventually find their way to the dinner tables of Masúri and Lándaaur at the time of the rush up. There is very little traffic met going down-hill from Masúri and Lándaaur, except the returning *tats*, mules, and donkeys, who nearly smother one with the terrible dust they kick up. In October and November, the order of traffic is reversed. Then there is a general stampede from the hills, as though Masúri and Lándaaur were afflicted with the plague. Leaves are then expiring and visitors are resuming their cold weather routine in the plains, the ladies, especially, lingering on long into November. March, October, and November are the most enjoyable months in the year on the hills.

There is little else to attract the traveller, but the stream of traffic, though occasional peeps over the lovely valley below, attract the eye from the incidents of the road. This road to Masúri has suffered more abuse than any other highway in India, and the writer regrets that he is not in a position to accept a brief for the defence. At some places, it is cut into solid rock, at others into a loose shale or slate-stone formation,

with here and there bits of black earth through which no road can be maintained. The natural and uncivilized state of this road if left alone would be, that where hard limestone formed its base, there would a lilliputian rocky range of small hillocks and mountainettes jutting up and rendering the road, either on horse or foot, immensely trying to man or beast. Where the shale or slate-stones abound, the road is covered with snagged-shaped *debris* fallen from above ; while the black earth, more sand than gravel, embraces a horse's hoof a foot deep. The mode adopted for repairing or making the road passable is to throw loose earth on its face — a system of levelling up. Where the slate-stones are, loose earth is thrown down in the vain hope of its binding the pointed snags ; the black earth is incorrigible and must be endured. Immediately after this top-dressing, the road forms excellent going ; but the hot season bakes it into powder, and the hoofs of horses and the feet of men triturate it into a dust, which rises up into clouds on being disturbed. Or, again, the fury of a heavy shower of the steady downpour of the first rains wash the whole *debris* down the *khuds*, and the road reassumes its rough and rugged character to the discomfort of all concerned in its proper repair. Surely the engineering skill of India can supply a better means of keeping a hill-road in repair than that of throwing down the *debris* of the banks, to level down the protuberances, hillocks, or mountainettes, which *debris* may be blown up by the wind or washed by the rain on the first opportunity. Unfortunately or fortunately, some say fortunately, Masúri has no gubernatorial visitors, otherwise an attack of gravel rash sustained by a real Lieutenant-Governor might be the preliminary of successful repairs, or the construction of a new road which has been talked about for years without being commenced. The road is much too steep for comfortable travelling, and a new one with easier gradients and practicable bases is a decided want of Masúri and Lándaaur.

Nearly halfway to Masúri, at Jeripáni, is a small collection of huts, which may, by a stretch of generosity, be called a village. There is, moreover, here a halfway house where the thirsty traveller might refresh himself by a brandy or whiskey peg, a small bottle of claret, or a cup of tea, whichever might have been his "peculiar wanity;" but alas the old *khansama*, who presided over the destinies of that establishment, is gone, it is hoped, to paradise, and the "resthouse" is in the last stage of decay. Within a few yards of this, on the left, on a knoll close to the road, is a weather-beaten pillar, which, also, is falling into decay. Those who are curious enough to examine this relic may, at its base, see a tablet, which contains the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Sir C. Farrington, *Bart.*, Captain of Her Majesty's 35th Regiment, who departed this life on the 28th March 1828, aged 35 years.' Nobody ever heard or read anything about Sir C. Farrington and in all probability he was a young Captain, being taken for change to Masúri, with the forefingers of death upon him, but that he could not approach further than this towards his goal. Then we take another turn in the road and another beautiful view of the Dún bursts upon us, but it is for a hundred yards or so only, which bring us into a pretty glade, which leads to the back and front entrances to Fair Lawn. Fair Lawn was, a few years ago, bought by the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Railway authorities as a summer home and school for the girls of their employés, General Biddulph, by establishing his summer homes for soldiers' children, having set the brilliant example. Further on, and in open view of Masúri proper, we pass under the Manor House estate, with St. George's College and the St. Fidelis' Orphanage; and, immediately, we reach Barlowgunge, a small village, dominated by Whytbank, that house which looks so much like a castle, as the traveller might have seen it a few minutes before. Here is also that emblem of civilization, the Police *chauki*, which, in its turn, dominates a

huge iron water tank, a god-send to man and beast. This tank forms the point at which you, again, have the choice of two roads to Masúri. The selection greatly depends upon the destination of the traveller. All whose destination is eastward of the Kuleri, including Lándaaur, of course *must* take the road to the right. On the other hand, those who inhabit the neighbourhood of the Kuleri, onwards to the library, and country beyond, can take either without much loss of time. Very few, except those who go to the library and beyond, use the "lower" road, as it is called, and the "upper" road is the most popular. The lower road passes the Crown Brewery, and is in fact the continuation of the Mackinnon road to Rájpur. It is of easy gradient, and more pleasant to travel on. The first point in it, from which the main road, or mall, of Masúri can be reached, is under the Himalaya Hotel, and it is a stiff climb up to the hotel. It then continues on to the library, and there we leave it. The upper road from Barlowgunge has nothing to recommend it but its greater propinquity to Masúri. It is uncomfortably steep from Barlowgunge to Wakefield, but this is not far; but formerly it was agonizing up to the Masúri hotel. A few years ago the Masúri Municipality constructed a road from the Antlers to Sinclair, which cut off the unpleasant "pinch" up to the Masúri Hotel. The worse piece of road remained immediately under "Wayside Cottage," which was incurably rough and rugged, but, thanks again to the Municipality, this wretched and dangerous part has been dismissed the public service, for a new road has been made from the left a little beyond Ralston, which, after a steep entrance, runs into a level road to the Antlers, joins the other new way previously mentioned, rising into the familiar and popular road past the Masonic Lodge into Masúri. Still those who are making for the Post Office or Lándaaur, must, from the Antlers, take the old acclivity to the Masúri Hotel, and thence along the ancient and imperial highway to Lándaaur,

CHAPTER VI,

MASURI.

MASURI is situated in latitude $30^{\circ} 27' 30''$; longitude $78^{\circ} 6' 30''$. Banog, the loftiest mountain on the Masuri side of the Himalaya range, attains, according to the Great Trigonometrical Survey map, an elevation of 7,433 feet. As early as the year 1826, the salubrity of the climate, which has a temperature ranging from 27° to 80° , attracted European residents. This of course is technical.

A place like Masuri has no separate history in the strict sense of the term. If it has a history at all, it consists in the rise and progress of stone and mortar. From its splendid situation and easiness of access it is only required to be known to become popular. A place so favored by nature could not fail to attract when once her beauties were unveiled, and the first house built could only lead to the erection of many more. The great advantage Masuri possesses over other hill-stations is the variety of its scenery. Sanitaria that are far within the hills have but the magnificent snows for us to gaze on, and the bold mountainous region intervening; grand and awe-inspiring, it is true, but, after all, monotonous. The eye tires at looking at those bold prominences, so distinct in their outline, that you may see them in the dark, as it were, from memory. People, after a short acquaintance with them, rarely give them more than a passing glance, or a good long stare to welcome them after the rains, the cessation of which brings them out of cloudland. At Masuri, however, the crown of the general scenery is the Dehra Dún, backed by the Siwaliks. It forms a panorama of unsurpassed beauty. The eye never tires at looking down upon the Dún, with its multitude of lovely detail, and commanding, as the visitor does, the view from an altitude of from 6,000 to

7,000 feet, the effect is charming, and, under some conditions of the atmosphere, enchanting. Description is beyond the power of the pen.

But we were saying that if Masúri has any history at all, it is the rise and progress of stone and mortar. It certainly has records which chronicle the rise and growth of the station and these are in the Superintendent's office and that of the Survey Department.

It is said that, in 1823, there was only one house in Masúri, now there are more than 300. It is curious to think that the first construction was a small hut built as a shooting-box, on the Camel's Back hill, by Mr. Shore and Captain Young in 1823. Being only a shooting-box it can scarcely count as a house, but so it is. Shortly afterwards, another small house is said to have been built, "somewhere about" the Kuleri hill. This is so vague that the archæologist has little chance of turning up the foundations. Mullingar (which, however, is in Lándaaur) was about the first house erected, which is recognizable to the present day. In 1827, Government established at Lándaaur a convalescent depôt for European soldiers, and it is conjectured that at this time there must have been several houses in Masúri. The Park was built by a Colonel Wyshe about 1827; Phœnix Lodge, in 1829. Building appears to have gone on rapidly; and it is reasonably argued that because a Mr. Lawrence, a merchant, came up with goods for sale in 1829, hutting himself in on the Camel's Back, there must have been a considerable European population. If Mr. Lawrence could pay us a visit at the present time, it would open his eyes to see the number of merchants who now come up with goods. He would retire with shame to think that he was a mere pedlar compared to these.

The advent of beer-brewing, even in Masúri, was as ancient as 1830, when Mr. Bohle, from Meerut, started the old brewery. Two years afterwards, however, he got into trouble about supply.

ing beer to soldiers who presented forged passes. Colonel Young appears to have been both Superintendent of the Dun and Commandant of Landaur. It looks very much like the old antipathy between officials and outsiders, for we find Mr. Bohle was called to account by Colonel Young for distilling spirits without a license, but though Mr. Bohle certainly distilled whiskey at Meerut, there is no record or trace of a distillery in Masuri. However Mr. Bohle closed the concern and sold the estate to a Mr. Parsons in 1832.

In the same year Colonel Everest, the then Surveyor-General, opened an office at the Park, and made an almost level road to it, which still exists as an example of his scientific skill.

There are many reasons for coming to the conclusion that Masuri was to have been in the direction of Hatipaon and Cloud-end. Masuri and Landaur were in those days entirely distinct and separated by a considerable distance.

In the earlier history of Masuri, European settlers took up their land under direct agreements with the village zemindars on both slopes of the hills. In reference to these northern and southern slopes a curious boundary question has arisen. The boundary line between the Dehra Dun District and the territories left to Sudershan Sah, the Raja of Tehri, who was reinstated after the British had driven out the Ghurkas, was the watershed line of the Masuri and Landaur range. This question was first discussed when the convalescent depôt was established in Landaur. It appears from the correspondence on the subject that the acknowledged boundary line was, as abovementioned, the crest or ridge dividing the southwestern from the north-eastern watershed of the lower Himalayan range; consequently, those portions of Masuri and Landaur on the northern slopes of the hills are not in British territory. Compensations were accordingly fixed to be paid both by the Masuri Municipality and Landaur to the Tehri Raja for land appropriated northward of the ridge. As more

land is taken up additional compensation is given. Of course, this involved the question of the jurisdiction of the British Courts, but the authorities made short work of objections of this sort.

In 1834, Mr. Mackinnon comes upon the scene, and Masuri owes a good deal to his energy and public spirit. He bought Mr. Bohle's former estate, and opened a school called the Masuri Seminary. Mr. Bohle also returned and recommenced brewing, and afterwards built the place known as Bohle's brewery, now in ruins, to the north.

In 1835, the European population felt strong enough to build a Church, and after some discussion regarding the site, the result was that the nave and tower of the present church was built in 1836. Then a Bank, called the "North-West Bank," was floated, but it came to grief in 1842. The present branch of the Delhi and London Bank was opened in 1859; and in 1864, the Mussoorie Savings Bank was started. The Mussoorie Bank, now in existence, is identical except in name. In 1874, the Himalaya Bank was started by Mr. F. Moss, and has made such progress as to render it a firmly established institution.

Before Dhulip Singh, the son of Runjit Singh, went to England to be educated and trained under English auspices, he occupied the "Castle" in Masuri, the property of Mr. G. B. Taylor, and it is well known that he never returned to India. It is also well known that the ex-Amir Yakub Khan resides in Masuri, which, doubtless, he finds a prison inflicting the mildest possible discomfort. At Belle Vue he has a large retinue to minister to his wants and his pleasures, and as he is permitted to ride about the station at will—a privilege of which he takes abundant advantage—the fetters which bind him to Masuri and Dehra must be loose and easy.

The Himalaya Club, one of the best in India, furnishes reminiscences which form part of the history of Masuri. It was established in 1841, and its organization was in a great

measure due to Lieutenant (now General) Showers. The Club now has on its books 759 members. To accommodate the large increase of resident members, the building has been very largely expanded, and forms a prominent object of observation from most points in Masuri and Landaur.

The Newspaper Press, too, found a home in Masuri long before any other hill-station dreamt of a journal. Mr. Mackinnon gave birth to "The Hills" in 1842, and with the assistance of able writers, who were all somewhat radical, kept it afloat about eight years, supported by a good circulation. Ten years afterwards "The Hills" was "born again" in a more expanded shape, but it finally succumbed to fate in 1865. Afterwards, about 1870, a "Mussoorie Exchange Advertiser" made its appearance, but, as its title implies, was mainly a medium for advertisements. The "Mussoorie Season," launched by the late Mr. Coleman in 1872, although it sometimes possessed a tendency to give needless offence, the management was by no means void of ability. The Proprietor left India in September 1874, and after the end of the season, the "Mussoorie Season" ceased to exist in its former shape. At the commencement of the following season (1875), the "Himalaya Chronicle" (with which was incorporated the "Mussoorie Season") was started by the present writer, and therefore he does not permit himself to say more than that the journal is in the tenth year of its existence. It is intended to continue the publication of the "Himalaya Chronicle" all the year round, and the number of its columns is to be increased. It advocates the claims of the *landed interest* as well as those of *non-official Europeans* and of planters and *independent Europeans and natives*, who invest their capital in the development of *new industries*. It has, for advertisers, a *guaranteed* circulation of not less than 500 copies twice a week, proved by certificate of the local postmaster. From the same press, too, is published "The Chameleon," an advertiser for all India, with

a guaranteed circulation of 1,000. The announcement, moreover, is made that, at the "Himalaya Chronicle" Press, there will be published a "Civil, Military and Commercial Guide," somewhat after the style of David's "Guide," once so popular, but now discontinued. Such a work, which is to be published *quarterly*, has been much in request, and should be a very useful publication, and lowly priced at Rs. 2, including all expense of transmission. The "Hills Advertiser," published by Messrs. Buckle and Co., is freely distributed by post locally. It made its appearance, first, solely as a medium for advertisements, but now gives scraps of local news, which, of course, impart additional interest to the publication.

PANORAMA OF MASURI.

Entering the Sanitarium from either of the roads previously mentioned, the visitor arrives at points from which the whole southern face of the settlement bursts upon his view. Of course, a more distant perspective is obtained from Dehra, and even from Asaruri. The houses are plainly visible from the most distant points, crowning the ridges and nestling on the sides of the precipices. But, say, a little beyond Jari Pani, the view of the station is magnificent. Masuri seems to be perched upon the summit of the inner semicircle of a leviathan amphitheatre, a huge *cul de sac*, formed by the mountain spurs which run down to the Dehra Valley. After Barlowgunge, very little is seen of Masuri until one gets well into the station and underneath the Himalaya Hotel. Here a capital view of the central Dun can be obtained. On the left to the east the Manor House Estate stands out boldly prominent, backed by the Himalayan spurs eastward; also, lower down, Fair Lawn, the summer sanitarium of the children of the employés of the S. P. and D. Railway, a Brobdignagian spur running from it down to the Rajpur side of the Dun. Nearer, but still to the left, is the important village of Batta; nearer still to

the right, one can look down upon the more important village of Kiarkuli, both being flanked and surrounded by the terraced patches of cultivation on the sloping hill-sides so familiar to hill-travellers. To the west rises Vincent's Hill, above which rises "Hill Top," on part of Blucher's Hill, with a large spur running down below the Batta Falls. To the south of "Hill Top" is "Belle Vue," the residence of ex-Amir Yakub Khan, nestling on the north side of a hillock on the spur which obscures the house from the south. Under "Hill Top" and to the right is Waverley Hill, which is well wooded, and dominated by that splendid-looking building, the Convent. Here also the Masuri Library may be seen, with the Masuri School, with its little Church, above and behind it. As you go along the Mall from the east, you are, in the early morning, within the shadow of the Camel's Back Hill to the right; in the evening you would have to face the blinding westward sun. Far down below the Mall that ample building is Caineville House School for Girls. From this point of view, Christ's Church, the Church of Masuri, is hidden, but by going through the little Masuri bazaar and on to the Library, a good view of the Church and the buildings on the western side of the Camel's Back can be obtained. Masuri occasionally makes spasmodic efforts to get up a band, and when it does meet with success, which is always very short-lived, the band plays at this spot,—*i.e.*, in front of the Library, which is a very popular lounge and a *rendezvous* for those who live on the further side of Masuri.

Returning towards the Church, we come upon the narrow gorge, which leads to the Camel's Back Road, a popular walk or ride on account of its being almost completely level. A little way in from the gorge, another fine view of the well-wooded Waverley Hill may be obtained; on the left "Hill Top" again, and to the right the principal houses of the Happy Valley Estate high up over the Chakrata and Simla Road. Further

on, and taking a seat at "Scandal Point," which is a small promontory running off from the road, Benog, a very high hill to the west, may be seen jutting up into the sky between a dip formed by the north side of Waverley and the south of the hill forming the eastern part of the Happy Valley Estate. Looking down the deep *khud* at your feet, you catch a glimpse of the deep valley through which the Aglar River runs, the hills descending to which being fruitful of vegetation, the villages and terraced fields on either sides and round about the Nag Tiba Range being very pretty to look at. The Nag Tiba Range is immediately across the Aglar, and at proper seasons is the haunt of the sportsman. All along the slopes of the hills the land looks quite bare, and every year the villagers set fire to the undergrowth, in order to prepare the soil for cultivation. Nag Tiba itself may be reached either by the Tehri Road or up the valley of the Aglar. A portion of the snowy range is seen from the Camel's Back Road, but much is hidden from view by the Nag Tiba Hills forming part of the Tyne Range. The patch of green we see in the distance to our left front is Chakrata, and with a good glass the buildings are plainly discernible. Further on is Deoband, and to the left is the great Chur Mountain, within the territory of the Rajah of Sirmur. We will leave "Scandal Point," and proceed on the Camel's Back Road. About two hundred yards ahead is a spot where, tradition says, a lady on horseback exhibited considerable courage and presence of mind. The rains had washed away a small bridge which covered a fearful chasm. Approaching this at a canter, she did not observe the gap until close on to it, too late to pull up, but she suddenly quickened her horse's pace and cleared the interspace. From this spot we are now facing Fern Hill and Cottage, the road under which is beautifully cool in the hottest time of the season. On one spot for some distance the sun never shines. We now proceed on our walk to the Cemetery. Here we can

have a fine view of the Landaur Hill, with its huge spur sloping down into the Aglar Valley. About thirty yards before reaching the rustic entrance to Kirklands, if the visitor will look up to the top of the Camel's Back Hill, he will see an almost perfect natural statue in rock of a camel crouched down on his knees and haunches, laden to the full. This small piece of rock, so fashioned in nature's own mould, gave, they say, the hill on which it rests the name it bears. One thing in favor of the idea is, that from no aspect can the general appearance of the hill be likened to a camel's back. A few yards further on eastward is the shooting range of the Masuri Volunteer Rifle Corps, at the 500 yards firing point, that being the longest distance available in such an awkward country. The targets are down low underneath the more ancient part of the Cemetery. We continue our way, we round the northern and eastern sides of Zephyr Hill, and are in sight of the Kuleri Bazaar. Besides Landaur, as has been before mentioned, we have a close view of the western face of the Castle Hill Estate, dominated by the Castle itself, including the pretty little Church of All Saints. Closer, and to the right front, we see the Union Church, the Municipal Hall and Club, Post Office, together with some private houses. Now, we are again on the Mall, at the bottom of the Kuleri Hill and Bazaar. We ascend the hill to the Delhi and London and Himalaya Banks, descend past the Masuri Bank, the Himalaya Chronicle Press, the Himalaya Hotel, down to the point whence we started. This neighbourhood, thickly built on, is really the heart of Masuri, the business centre *par excellence*. We will now turn to the left from the exit from the Camel's Back Road and ascend the hill to the Post Office. There is really little to see along this road that has not been already mentioned, except a better view of the Camel's Back skirted by its now excellent road, and a sight of the eastern face of Zephyr Hill, with its cluster of houses, which look picturesque when bathed in the morning sunlight.

When we arrive at the Post Office we are at the Ultima Thule of the eastern part of Masuri, and Landaur Bazaar is hitched on to it without a break, not even so much as that which divides two railway carriages. Now, we will return through the whole length and breadth of the Mall to the Library—a distance of about two miles. After reaching our initial point of observation under the Himalaya Hotel, the Mall, with the exception of a slight rise passing Knockane, is, to the Library, almost as level as a billiard table. We take the road to the left of the Library, “Blucher’s Hill Road,” and proceed at once over Vincent’s Hill to Blucher’s Hill, and sitting upon one of the numerous crags which crown the hill, a feast of the most charming scenery is open to us. A small binocular is a great luxury at such a place as this. On a clear day we here command an almost complete view of the Dehra Dun. Looking due south the eye rests upon Dehra itself, with its white houses peeping out of the ample foliage. A little to the west of Dehra may be seen a cluster of tea gardens, with their white walls reflecting the strong light of the sun. The source of the Tans *naddi* is almost at your feet among the spurs below, and as it expands on reaching the valley, it can be traced running into the Asan *naddi*, a little way from Jhajra, and which *naddi* runs westward into the Jamna. To the left are the great eastern spurs, over the abrupt outline of which the sun rises as with a bound. Straight ahead runs the long chain of the Siwaliks, which look insignificant from our standpoint, and which we look down upon from the altitude of Blucher’s Hill. We are perched too high for the Siwaliks to obscure a view of the plains of the Saharanpur District, and during a break in the rains, every detail stands out with marvellous clearness. To the right front, the sacred Jamna can be seen, like a broad silver line, dividing the Umballa District from that of Saharanpur, pursuing its course onward to its destination. To the left front the broad bosom of the holy Ganges is traceable to the

verge of the horizon, as it takes its initial course plain-wards to the Sandarbands. Just over the Siwaliks, south-east, a great patch may be seen ; that is Rurki. With a good glass, Saharanpur has been plainly distinguished. In fact, it is impossible to adequately describe this lovely view, and no word-painting can sufficiently sketch the multiplicity of its detail.

The writer, in the early morning in the middle of July, went to the summit of Blucher's Hill, with binoculars in hand, in the hope of refreshing his memory by a good long look at this exquisitely charming panorama. He was glad to be disappointed, for he was more than compensated by the view of a composite piece of scenery which one seldom has the opportunity of enjoying. Huge fleecy clouds having all the density of *cumuli* had risen from the valley and the lower spurs beneath. Patches of the valley might be seen here and there, but the Dun was practically obscured for all purposes of observation. At Masuri we are sometimes within, and sometimes literally above, the clouds, which are casting their shadows on the Dun and plains below. On the occasion in question, the Siwaliks were covered by a similarly white mantle, and smaller cloudlets dappled the sylvan slopes that flank the range. As the nearer clouds imperceptibly rose, patches of the valley, bathed in sunlight, became visible. The curtain was frequently lifted over Dehra itself for a few brief moments, and then it would vanish out of sight, other scenelets like this opening out all over the Dun, discovering it, as it were, by fascinating instalments, miles at a time. As the sun throws out its heat, these mountains of wool-like clouds dissolve into mist, which pours into Masuri with such unpleasant effect.

If the day is clear, face about and you enjoy a splendid view of the snowy range with its gigantic details. The Nag Tiba Hills still hide a portion of them, but from Vincent's Hill and Blucher's Hill in close proximity, one of the best views of the snows, within the proper precincts of Masuri, may be obtained.

Of Landaur, hereafter. In the vicinity of Cloud End, perhaps, a better point may be obtained, but one has to go some four or five miles to get it.

WALKS AND RIDES.*

For the horseman or the pedestrian Masuri furnishes all that can reasonably be required. Of course, the Mall from the Post Office to the Library is pre-eminently in the front rank, but, *par excellence*, from beneath the Himalaya Hotel to the Library. It is mainly here that ladies and gentlemen indulge in that furious riding which is so strictly prohibited on magisterial authority, and pedestrians who do not nourish a wish to be galloped over,

* The preceding pages which have feebly attempted to describe roads to Masuri had passed through the Press before the writer had an opportunity of calling attention to several improvements. Briefly it may be noticed, that the road from Jari Pani has been most conveniently diverted to a point which, however, still inflicts on the traveller that objectionable piece of road which extends to the Bara-Pathar, so called from the fact that a large piece of rock marks the spot where the road is little easier-going. From the Bara-Pathar, Masuri-wards, a new road, to be immediately completed, is marked out to the Fair Lawn Estate, and that is a diversion which cannot fail to be a great comfort to visitors to Masuri and Landaur. Moreover, several minor improvements in levelling and diverting objectionable bits of road have been carried out. As far as roads within municipal boundaries are concerned, the visitors are indebted to the energy of the Municipality, and in a great measure to Mr. W. T. Church, C. S., Superintendent of the Dun, who has devoted unflagging attention to improvements in the roads. The Masuri people are losing, with regret, the services of Mr. Church, as President of the Municipality. As Superintendent, we are to have Mr. F. Baker, C. S., who, however, remains for a time in Allahabad, on special duty, Mr. Church officiating.

or blinded with dust, seek quieter roads for their perambulations. The Camel's Back Road is popular with pedestrians, and it is now kept in excellent order. It is also patronized by those on horseback. It takes about three-quarters of an hour to walk completely round the Camel's Back Road, but it is a very enjoyable "constitutional" if taken in the early morning, or in the twilight of the evening. One not only catches glimpses of the snows, but the hill scenery is very pretty, extending into the Sirmur territory, dominated by the Great Chur mountain. From the Library there is an excellent ride or walk, quite level to the gate of the Charleville Hotel. By turning into the Tallahmur Road there is a capital bridle and foot path, with a slight gradient, up to the Convent. Along this road a capital view of Benog can be had, and the nearer scenery downwards to the right is very pretty. If the rider or walker chooses to extend his explorations of the highways and byeways of Masuri, he might turn to the right, when arriving at the Convent, and continue on the main road, past the Botanical Gardens, towards the Old (Mackinnon's) Brewery, until arriving at the entrance to, and striking into, the Everest Road, which is level and pleasant to "The Park" gates. If still further curious, he might continue on up-hill to Cloud End. Returning thence, he might take the upper road, near the Botanical Gardens, which leads to Vincent's Hill, and down the Blucher's Hill Road to the Library; or if he goes no further than the Convent, he has the option of striking the Blucher's Hill Road a few hundred yards further down, or taking the shorter cut, to the left, down a shady path, to the Happy Valley Road, north of Masuri School, a short distance from the Library. Down and up the Mackinnon's Road past the Crown Brewery and back is quite a rural pathway. For the sake of variety, the rider or walker might circumambulate the tank at Barlowgunge and return by way of the Antlers, taking the well-frequented road which leads past the Masonic Hall, or, as an alternative, take the upper path

leading past the Masuri Hotel up to the Post Office. Near Kingcraig on the Mackinnon's Road there is a seldom-used path, of easy gradient, leading up to Clairville, where it runs into the Masonic Lodge Road. A pleasant walk may be had around the Castle Hill. A few years ago, there was great promise of a good ride or walk round Vincent's Hill. From the Blucher's Hill Road the Vincent's Hill Road branches off to the left under the south side of the Masuri School. The constant slips that occur under "Charlemont" renders it difficult to keep the road fit for any traffic. Some few years ago, the Municipality spent a good round sum of money to construct this road round to beyond "Frosty Hall" into the Mackinnon's Road, just below the Botanical Gardens, a distance of about two miles, but for some unexplainable reason abandoned it, so that for horses it is now impassable, and pedestrians even have one, two, or three points to make hops, skips, and jumps, over nasty places. When the term "abandoned" is used, it is not meant that the road will never be put in order and railed in; when it is, it will form one of the best rides and walks in Masuri. These are the main walks and rides in the Sanatorium, but there are abundant opportunities, especially for the pedestrian, to seek and find peripetetic pastures new.

PICNIC AND PLEASURE RESORTS.

TAKING the more distant and least easy of access we commence with:—

BANOG.—A party should start early in the morning if they wish to enjoy a trip to Banog. It is 7,400 feet above the level of the sea, and is bare of every kind of vegetation except a coarse kind of grass on which cattle browse with satisfaction. Strike into the Everest Road as before mentioned, up the hill to a little this side of Cloud End, when a downward path is struck to the foot of Banog. A little more than half way up the hill is the ruins of an old house, and a grove of trees, under

which the creature comforts of a picnic are partaken. It is a very unsatisfactory journey if you don't surmount the summit, near the old G. T. Survey Observatory, now in ruins. Here the eye can feast on a fine view of the snowy range, and a pretty look-down on the Simla and Chakrata Road below the Kempti Falls. Parties should not loiter longer than 4 p.m., as the distance is seven miles to the Banks, even.

AGLAR RIVER AND VALLEY.—This cannot be called a picnic place, and only in a genial moment a pleasure resort. A pious traveller in England, writing home at the conclusion of a long journey said, he had arrived at a certain point "by the blessing of God and a strong pair of boots." Any pious gentleman, 'doing' the Aglar from Masuri and back in a day, might reproduce this quaint expression, and something more, for healthy lungs and strong and firm muscles are as much required as the holy blessing and the strong boots. There are many *pag-dandis* from various points leading down to the river, but the best is acknowledged to be that on the Simla and Chakrata Road, which runs down by the side of a hillock, on which is perched what may be a temple, a boundary pillar, or any nameless thing, but in reality is a store-house for the telegraph wires. Four-legged ponies have to be left at this point. A *dandi* is reputed to be capable of landing one in the valley, and probably a light weight would run little risk of being dropped or tilted over; but Shanks' pony, two-legged, is much more safe to a good hill-walker. Some sport, both in shooting and fishing, may be obtained at proper seasons, and also a good swim in some of the pools. One has to start early in the afternoon to get home before dark, not later than 3 p.m., and even earlier if there be a party among whom there are those who always lag behind.

KEMPTI FALLS.—These are over six miles from the aforesaid heart of Masuri. The Ringaul Naddi supplies the water, and, being the largest falls in or about Masuri, have a very imposing appearance from the Chakrata Road. Being an imperial road, it is good travelling all down to a little past Kemпти Village, but the path is very steep down to the foot of the falls, although *dandis* and *jhampons* can now descend. A good hill-pony, too, is quite safe, especially in coming up. There are five separate falls, all running straight down into one another, aggregating about 600 feet altogether. According to the G. T. Survey Map, the crown of the topmost fall is 4,680 feet, that of the lowest 4,120 feet, above sea level. By leaving at 4 p.m., Masuri may be comfortably reached by dark. A short cut from the Happy Valley to Kemпти should be avoided; in fact, short cuts generally should. The writer is in a position to speak from bitter experience.

BATTA FALLS.—As the Mackinnon's Road is now-a-days in good order, the best approach to these falls is by that road to Batta Village, through the village, over some cultivated land, to a point where ponies have to be left. Empty *dandis* might be taken down to the falls for convenience' sake, but it would be a hazardous matter to occupy them. As the falls are neared, there are some awkward banks for ladies, and down which one has to slither, but there is little or no danger to be apprehended from them. The falls are very pretty, and their distinguishing feature is the many charming and picturesque little nooks that may be found all along the banks of the *naddi* (Kiarkuli Naddi), and which may be got at by a little exploration. By crossing the *naddi*—a very easy matter—and proceeding down stream, some pretty spots may be reached. From the Caineville School a spur of easy gradient will lead to the falls, but this is an approach for men and boys to gratify curiosity or to indulge in sport. There is a tolerably decent road to the

Batta Village from Barlowgunge, but since the Mackinnon's Road has been put in order, it is seldom or never used.

HARDY FALLS.—The locality of these can hardly be called a place for picnics or a pleasure resort. They are approached from the south-western spurs from Vincent's Hill. They are only visited by men and boys out for a day's constitutional or for sport. The distance from Masuri forms a bar to their being visited except on rare occasions.

MURRAY FALLS.—These falls, also, are very difficult of approach, and the real falls can only be reached by the adventurous. A good road past Midlands and on to Dhobi Ghat, south of the Landaur Hill, offers considerable advantages for part of the way. Beyond this, for a longway, the ground offers few obstacles, and descending further down, there is an easy *pag-dandi*, but when the *naddi* is reached, the pedestrian's difficulties commence. By perseverance, however, the view of the falls may be obtained. Just below the falls a smaller stream from above discharges itself over a precipice, 150 feet in height, into the *naddi* below. This presents a fine sight during the rains, but few would care to risk the perils of the monsoon on such a journey. In the drier seasons, this fall is hardly worth looking at, there being only a driblet of water to run over it. The *naddi*, running down to the foot of the hill, finally reaches the Sulphur Springs, *Sahasradara*, or Thousand Drippings. To reach these springs by way of the *naddi* is impossible. The only way to reach them is *viâ* Rajpur, and as it is convenient to mention here this curious phenomena, an imaginary visit may as well be made at once. Having arrived at Rajpur, the Raspanna must be crossed, either by the mill close under Rajpur, or about half-a-mile down stream. The latter is the more convenient for ponies, as the other *route* offers a few obstacles. There is no regular road, but along the pathway the ground is orna-

mented by some picturesque mangoe tops. Either way the village of *Nagal* must be passed through ; after this there is a nasty descent, but by no means dangerous, into the dry bed of what in the rains is a mountain stream running into the Ganges, a short distance through some low jungle, and we come upon the springs. The petrifying cave may be reached without much difficulty, and within are indeed the Thousand Drippings, so that an umbrella might be found a convenient article. The sulphur water oozes from the hill-side and petrifies every solid thing with which it comes in contact. Twigs of trees, fern leaves, chicken bones, all become encrusted with lime and sulphur, and numerous specimens are easily procured and brought away. Numerous stalactites hang from the roof of the cave, assuming the form of icicles, produced, of course, by the deposit of the metallic bases of the water. On the floor of the cavern is that deposit of earthy or calcareous matter, formed by the drops, and technically known as stalagmite. On the other side of the stream is a sulphur spring, which oozes from the ground, and which also possesses petrifying powers. Some dispute the statement that these are petrifications, but say they are simply encrustations of lime or whatever the metallic bases may be which cause the curious phenomena. That is a question which must be left to the scientific, but it is one worth solving. At the spot where these springs are to be found, there is nothing else to interest the visitor, for it is a dismal wilderness. The Murray Falls and these springs were discovered by Dr. Murray more than thirty years ago. Dr. Murray had some huts built near these springs, and sent a number of ailing soldiers from the Landaur Depôt to benefit by what he considered the healing powers of these waters ; but the experiment was not pursued.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.—These are the most easy of access from Masuri Proper, and are about two miles from the

Banks. There are two roads to them from the Library; the one to the right branching off from the Happy Valley road under the Masuri School to the Convent Gate. A short distance down the Mackinnon's Road, the entrance will be found to the right. They are known to the natives as the "Kumpni Bagh." They have been used by the Government as experimental gardens, but the Government having fixed upon another spot to the south-east of Masuri and announced a year ago that the gardens under mention would be put up to auction. The Masuri Municipality, however, arranged to buy the gardens for Rs. 10,000, and the auction-sale was countermanded. It is satisfactory to find that this popular place of resort is not to be split up into lots and sold to the highest bidder. These gardens possess the advantage of being near. There is a small summer-house for shelter in case of rain, a badminton ground, prettily laid out *parterres* of flowers, and groves of fruit trees. If there be any disadvantage at all, it lies in the fact that they are always open to the public, and as their proximity renders them liable to a constant flow of visitors, a party cannot obtain that privacy which most people like when indulging in the frolics of a picnic.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.—This spot is also very easy of access. A level road all the way to the gate-way, which shows the way to the Charville Hotel and many of the houses on the Happy Valley estate. From this point there is an easy descent to the valley where there is the most extensive *plateau* in or near the station. It is not so much a picnic ground as a pleasure resort. Here cricket matches take place, gymkanas are held, with a small race-course round which riders manage to steer their horses with few or no accidents, athletic sports take place, horse and dog shows are held, where important volunteer parades muster, and the annual inspections occur; in fact, the Happy Valley is the only place where anything big can find room.

There are also a billiard-room, a *bijou* theatre, and, generally speaking, the place is *par excellence*, the one for great *tamashas*. The distance is about two and-a-half miles from the banks.

JABARKET.—This is a spot approached by the Tehri Road, between three and four miles from Masuri. A little beyond the Bunniah's shops, a pathway to the left leads up to a rather extensive plateau for the hills, and forms a very pleasant resort for picnics. There is plenty of room for a good foot-race, and the scenery around, from most points, magnificent. Ponies, *jhampons* and *dandis* can go up all the way.

TIVOLI GARDENS.—These gardens were opened in May 1882, and at once became a favorite resort of the Masuri public. They are situated about one mile and-a-half from the banks, in the direction of Barlowgunge. On leaving the main highway opposite Ralston, one immediately enters a shady and tortuous road, which leads to the gardens. The first view of Tivoli is a dancing pavilion, with dressing-rooms, a dining saloon, with cookroom attached, and beds of choice flowers are prettily laid out. Lower down are tennis and badminton courts in good order, and again below, there are fruit trees and beds of strawberries. The road then leads to the stream with its numerous waterfalls, the principal of them being named the "Mossy Falls," the "Hearsey Falls," &c. Along the banks are summer houses and pretty nooks for picnics, such as the Fairy's Glen, &c. The path by the stream is in good order, and ample for the conveyance of elderly and portly *chaperones*, while such a place as the Cupid's Bower is only accessible to those who discover that the "course of true love never did run smooth."

THE PARK.—This used to be a favorite place of resort, but as the house has been occupied, it ceases to be available.

SNOWY RANGE.—To this section of the present book it may be added that the nearest places for views of the Snowy Range are Vincent's Hill and Blucher's Hill. From the latter, a splendid view of the Dehra Dun also may be obtained. The view of the snows is even better from *Lal Tiba*, and the piece of ground above the Roman Catholic Chapel, both at Landaur. At either place, the grand peak called the *Bandar Punch*, looking like a leviathan double-poled tent, may be seen ; also the *Siri Kanta*, apparently leaning on one side like the tower of Pisa ; also the long succession of peaks to the east of the latter. But for an uninterrupted view, the traveller should descend into the Aglar Valley, and then proceed onwards to the village of *Mararah* (*Ballu* being the usual camping ground), and on the top of the hill between *Mararah* and *Lalauri* a connected view of the Snowy Range may be obtained. It is two or three marches out, and therefore, a tent and camping requisites are necessary.

INSTITUTIONS OF MASURI.

MUNICIPAL COMMITTEE.—A Municipal Committee was established so long ago as 1842. The functions of the Committee, at present, are to look after the sanitation of the settlement, to regulate and control the building of houses and all matters that may conduce to the convenience and welfare of the residents. They have power to levy certain taxes or cesses, both against proprietors and tenants. Their duty also is to dispense the funds and generally to regulate and control the finances of the municipal system. The Committee numbers twelve members, a proportion of whom are *ex-officio*. The majority represent the proprietors, the minority the tenants. An elected member holds office for three years, but is open to re-election. The Municipal Hall belongs to the Committee. It is the common resort for all theatrical entertainments, balls, fancy fairs, public meetings, &c., &c. It has recently been considerably

enlarged at great expense, but the hall is so constantly occupied, that the whole outlay will be recouped at an early date. When this is accomplished, the hall will form a handsome source of income to the Committee. The following details of the income and expenditure of the municipality may be interesting :—The tax on houses, buildings, and lands for the year 1882-3 to March 31—cess collection, Rs. 9,907-6-5 ; tenants' tax, 7,238-15-9 ; site tax or ground rent, Rs. 2,644-9-0 (Rs. 1,120, or thereabout being paid to zemindars, owners of land) ; hall rents for entertainments, &c., Rs. 2,220 ; quarters for Sergeant Instructor of Volunteers, Rs. 280 ; tolls on animals, &c., passing through Rajpur toll-bar, under contract, Rs. 9,600 ; other items swell these figures up to a grand total of income of Rs. 34,008-0-6. The expenditure shows the following items :—Original works, including watersupply works, new diversion of road under Ralston, jhampan sheds, &c., Rs. 3,780-12-5 ; repairs of roads, *pushtas*, &c., Rs. 8,569-13-6 ; hall improvement, Rs. 2,610-9-4 ; conservancy, Rs. 6,708-11-3 ; to cantonment fund, one-tenth of tolls, Rs. 960 ; other items render the grand total of expenditure to Rs. 34,429-5-11. The Superintendent of the Dun, Mr. W. Church, C.S., is now the President ; Mr. H. G. Scott, the Vice-President ; the other members are General Angelo, Mr. T. W. Fitch, Mr. G. Hunter, Revd. A. Stokes, Messrs. C. F. Stowell, J. W. Whympier and Lalla Ramnond. This is one less than the proper complement, Dr. Pringle, an elected member having gone to England. The District Superintendent of Police, (now Col. Bramley) and the Civil Surgeon (now Dr. Gardner), act as *ex-officio* members, but the new Municipal Law has considerably curtailed the functions of Government *ex-officio* members. There are 340 European houses and 140 native houses in Masuri, according to municipal records.

HIMALAYA CLUB.—This Club was organized on its original status in 1841. The present trustees are Mr. Wilmot Lane,

C.S., Revd. A. Stokes, M.A., and Lieut.-Col. H. B. Sanderson. The House Committee stands as follows:—Major G. M. B. Hornsby, R.A., Col. H. R. Wintle, Major W. J. Heaviside, R.E., Dr. R. Reid, Hon'ble M. G. Talbot, R.E., and Mr. R. A. Wahab, R.E. The Secretary is Mr. F. B. Simons. The number of members are made up as follows:—Temporary members under Rule IX, 258; members residing in India other than in the Presidencies of Bombay or Madras, 224; members absent from India or in the Presidencies of Bombay or Madras, 277; total, 759. Rule IX provides for the admission by ballot of temporary members, who pay a donation of Rs. 50 for the season, or Rs. 16 for two months, but who have no voice in the management of the Club, no power of voting, nor privilege of claiming honorary membership with other Clubs. It may be useful for visitors to be acquainted with the following abstract of the rules for election and admission of members:

1. Every candidate must be proposed by one member, and seconded by another. Ballot open only between 15th April and 15th October. No candidate admissible for ballot more than twice.

2. Candidate's name, rank, profession or occupation, with name of his proposer and seconder, entered in Secretary's Register, and also placed on notice board in Club dining-room, at least ten days before ballot. Committee of Management appoint the day for ballot.

3. No ballot is valid unless 12 members vote; one black ball in six excludes a candidate.

5. Ballot boxes to be opened in the presence of one or more members of the Committee of Management, who shall record the result in the Register thus, "candidate elected" or the reverse; but the presence of black balls shall on no account be disclosed.

7. Candidates who have been duly proposed and seconded may, on the responsibility of proposer and seconder, be permitted to take rooms in the Club, pending result of the ballot.

8. No person who has been dismissed from Her Majesty's service is eligible for election as a member of the Club.

Candidates, on election, will be supplied with a copy of the Club Rules.

There are 32 suites of rooms, 8 suites having been recently added.

MASURI VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.—This Corps was raised in 1871. It was kept up with tolerable spirit for some time, but gradually languished until 1877, when the formation of A, or the Station Company, revived an institution which was almost defunct. There are now four companies; A, the Station Company; B, the Masuri School Cadet Company; C, the St. George's College Cadet Company; and D, the Dehra Company. The Commissioned Officers of the Corps are, Major Wilmot Lane, C.S., Commandant; Captains E. A. Wainwright, H. G. Scott, C. F. Stowell; Lieutenants C. F. Hamer, J. W. Whymper, F. Todd, H. W. Loof, J. Sheehan, and E. A. Murphy.

The strength of the Corps up to date is as follows:—

Officers, 10; Non-Commissioned Officers, 17; Volunteers, 174; Grand total, 201. The following is the number of extra-efficients, efficients, and non-efficients in 1882:—

Extra-efficients.	Efficients.	Non-efficients.	Total.
146	53	3	202.

THE MASURI LIBRARY.—This Library was instituted in 1843. It is situated on the open piece of ground, under the Masuri School, where it is flanked on either side by the commencement of the Blucher's Hill and Happy Valley roads. All the newest periodicals and newspapers are taken in, and the shelves are stocked with books of every shade of literature. The Library forms a first class lounge, and it is a *rendezvous*

where people meet either for gossip, or for company with those who reside beyond it. The Library and Reading-room are governed by the following Rules :—

1. All payments to be made in advance. No name can be entered or retained upon the books until payment is made or renewed, nor can any book be issued to a person until his name has been entered as a subscriber and a ticket of admission has been given to him. No one shall be allowed the use of the Library or Reading-room after the term of subscription has expired.

A Subscriber's book shall be kept on one of the tables of the Library, and it shall be the duty of each Subscriber to enter his [or her] name therein ; and further to sign his [or her] name on the counterfoil of the printed receipt.

To Subscribers of periods of not less than three months, a notice will be issued a week before the expiry of their subscription.

2. The following are the rates of subscriptions :—

	<i>Single.</i>			<i>Family.</i>		
	Rs.	As.	P.	Rs.	As.	P.
For 1 week ...	2	0	0	3	0	0
„ 2 „ ...	3	0	0	4	0	0
„ 1 Month ...	5	0	0	7	0	0
„ 2 „ ...	9	0	0	12	0	0
„ 3 „ ...	12	0	0	16	0	0
„ 6 „ ...	24	0	0	32	0	0
„ 12 „ ...	36	0	0	48	0	0

A family subscription admits to the use of Reading-room *all relatives permanently co-resident with the Subscriber* ; but allows only three works to be taken out at a time.

A resident Tutor or Governess in a Subscriber's family is admitted to the use of the Reading-room on payment of Rs. 12 [Twelve] per annum.

A single subscription admits the Subscriber only.

The Subscriber only shall be allowed to vote at the General Meetings, or to serve on the Committee.

Every Subscriber shall be furnished with a copy of the Rules before his name is entered on the book.



MASONIC LODGES. — Lodge ‘Dalhousie,’ situated below, and to the south of the Himalaya Club, on the road from the Kuleri to the Masuri Hotel, and now called the “Masonic Lodge Road,” was constituted under warrant of the Grand Master, August 31st, 1854. The first Master was the Revd. T. Cartwright Smythe ; Col. — Waugh, Surveyor General of India, being the first Senior Warden, and Mr. R. Berrill, first Junior Warden. The original number of the Lodge was 422 ; it is now No. 639 E.C. The meetings are now held on the first and third Mondays of each month. The present Wor. Master is Wor. Bro. T. W. Fitch.

There is a Royal Arch Chapter, “St. John the Baptist,” attached to the Lodge, which was formed, in November 1855, by the Revd. T. C. Smythe, W. R. Ford, Esq., and Major J. Abercrombie. The present principal Z, is Wor. Bro. V. A. Mackinnon.

There is also a Mark Lodge, ‘Adoniram,’ constituted in 1875. The present Wor. Master is Wor. Brother F. B. Simons.

Lodge ‘Caledonia,’ under the Scotch constitution, was formed in 1881, the first Master being Wor. Brother F. H. Treherne, followed last year by Wor. Brother B. J. White. The present Master is Wor. Brother W. C. Hurst. This Lodge first held its meetings at ‘Mayfield,’ near the Union Chapel, but last year removed to “The Glen.”



SUMMER HOME FOR SOLDIERS’ CHILDREN.—This is a nobly charitable and most deserving institution, and provides for the

advantages of a hill climate for the children of soldiers to the extent of 100. The Home is at 'Glenburnie,' underneath the Botanical Gardens, and was established in 1876, under the auspices of General Biddulph. During the seven years of its existence, from 1876 to 1882 inclusive, 488 children have been admitted, and four deaths occurred during that period. The progress of the Home has been most rapid. The roll of children accommodated in 1876 contained only 44 children; in 1882, 48 boys and 39 girls were received into the house; a considerable proportion arriving in delicate and precarious health, and leaving at the close of the season in vigorous health and spirits. The Home is supported by voluntary donations and subscriptions, amateur theatricals, entertainments, concerts, church offertories, fees paid by parents, &c., &c. The patrons are H. E. The Most Noble the Marquis of Ripon, K. G., P. C., G. M. S. I., Viceroy and Governor General of India; H. E. General Sir D. M. Stewart, *Bart.*, G.C.B., C.I.E., Commander-in-Chief in India; The Hon'ble Sir C. Aitchison, K.C.S.I., Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab and its Dependencies. The patronesses are the Marchioness of Ripon, Lady Stewart, and Lady Aitchison. The Local Committee of Management at Masuri are:—*President*, the General Officer commanding the Division; *Members*, the Superintendent of the Dun, the Commandant of Landaur Depôt, the Chaplain of Masuri, and the Civil Surgeon of Masuri. The Lady Superintendent is Mrs. Chapman.

The Summer Home opens annually in April, when (100) one hundred children can be admitted for the hot months, the season ending about the first week in November. The object of this Institution is to benefit the children of soldiers serving in India, by removing the weakly and suffering for a season or so from the effects of the heat of the plains. Tuition (mental and industrial) will be imparted during residence at the Home, in subordination to the primary object of the Home, *viz.*, the

health of the weak and sickly. Any soldier's child, with the following exceptions, can be admitted ; those ineligible are :—

Children of mixed parentage.

Children suffering from contagious disorders.

Children under three years, unless accompanied by an elder sister.

Boys over 12 years of age.

A limited number of girls over 15 years of age will be admitted free, with the object of training them for service as nurse-maids in ladies' families ; they will assist in looking after the younger children.

The scale of fees payable, including Government allowance, of Rs. 2-8 per child, is as follows :—

Staff Sergeant's 1st child,	Rs. 6	;	2nd,	Rs. 5	;	3rd,	Rs. 5-0
Sergeant's	„	„	5	„	„	4	„ „ 4-0
Corporal's	„	„	4	„	„	3	„ „ 3-0
Private's	„	„	3	„	„	3	„ „ 2-8

Applications for admission of children must be accompanied by a Medical Certificate, and a roll giving the following information, which must be sent through the Commanding Officer :—

Name and age of each child.

Rank of father.

Religion of parents.

Whether of thorough European parentage.

Any peculiar weakness of constitution.

Applications for admission to be sent to the Superintendent, from whom particulars regarding clothes, bedding, &c., can be ascertained—not later than the 10th April.

Government has sanctioned the travelling at the public expense of these children with the necessary guardians to and from the Home, under Government Letter in Military Department, No. 99, of 4th May 1877 ; also G. O. No. 82 of 1878, and Pay Code, para. 2030a.

Passage warrants to Saharunpur only are necessary. Arrangements for carriage hence to Masuri being made by the Superintendent. According to the Report for 1883, issued immediately before this book goes to Press, the institution still flourishes.

SIND-PANJAB AND DELHI RAILWAY COMPANY'S HILL SCHOOL.—This School has somewhat similar aims to those of the Summer Home for Soldiers' Children, and is, practically, a charitable institution. The last report states that the institution began in 1877 with 27 children, and that it now accommodates upwards of 40; while if certain proposed extensions were carried out, it is calculated that the numbers would increase to 100. Dr. McConaghey, the former Civil Surgeon of Masuri, reports that the situation of the School is all that could be desired for children who have resided for a number of years in the plains. "The altitude, which is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ thousand feet, is below the ordinary snow range in the winter months, so that the children might remain at Fair Lawn, with decided benefit to their health throughout the year." The school at present provides no separation for boys and girls, which is most necessary, and it is contemplated to erect another building for boys. The Committee are: Mr. R. Bocquet, C.I.E., President; Colonel Medley, R.E.; Mr. J. Lightfoot; Mr. E. Benedict; Mr. David Ross, C.I.E.; Mr. C. Sandiford; Dr. Center; with Mrs. David Ross, as Honorary Secretary. The object of the institution is to give an elementary English education to the children of the Sind-Panjab and Delhi Railway employés, at a reasonable cost, with the advantages of a hill climate. The terms to parents compare disadvantageously with those of the "Summer Home for Soldiers' Children," and appear to be rather high. They are as follow:—Rs. 10 per mensem for each child whose parents draw pay under Rs. 100; Rs. 12 per mensem for each child whose parent's pay ranges between Rs. 100 and

Rs. 150 ; Rs. 15 per mensem for each child whose parent receives Rs. 150 and over. A reduction is made for two or more of one family. The fees include all charges usually termed extras. The rules state that no children will be admitted under four years, and no boys above twelve years of age. The school fees are deducted monthly from the Pay Bills by the Audit Office. A month's notice of removal is required, or payment of a month's fees, except in case of sickness. Holidays are allowed during the months of December and January, but arrangements are made that children who do not avail themselves of the holidays can remain at the School. Mr. J. Buchart is the superintendent or teacher, and he is assisted by Mrs. Buchart and Miss Clarke, and the institution has gone on smoothly under their management.

HOTELS.—Although Hotels may, in a certain sense, come under the broad denomination of “institutions,” they are, for obvious reasons, scarcely subjects of comment, good, bad, or indifferent, although neither of the two latter adjectives are, the writer believes, applicable to any of the hotels of Masuri. Even if comparisons could be drawn, with strict deference to the rules of literary propriety, the writer's ignorance and inexperience would disqualify him from offering criticism of any kind. Even if it were not so, to extol or disparage, in the case of, in a sense, rival institutions, would be quite out of good taste in a book of this sort. They are the ‘Himalaya’ Hotel, which Mr. Andrew Wilson, author of the “Abode of Snow,” remarked was “the best hotel he had met with in India.” There is also that old-established hostelry, the ‘Masuri Hotel,’ which enjoys the favor of a large following ; the ‘Charleville’ Hotel, which, under recent management, has become popular ; and the ‘Woodville’ Hotel, where satisfactory accommodation may be found.

SCHOOLS.—Their name is legion, but as in this case, too, comparisons would be odious, the details of each must be left to its own announcements. It may be remarked, however, that Masuri is fast becoming one vast seminary, and may be termed the Edinburgh of India.

LANDAUR.

LANDAUR commences at the Police Chauki, at the Grand Parade, as it is most inappropriately called, and near the General Post Office. Here also commences that important business mart, the Landaaur Bazaar. Here are the large native merchants' shops, the cloth merchants, and the native grain merchants, &c., &c., all under the control of the Cantonment Magistrate, the Colonel Commandant for the time being. A *nerik*, or price current, for all kinds of commodities is published weekly. This Bazaar is frequently crowded by Europeans in the evening, and a good deal of business is done.

There are upwards of 240 houses and shops in the Sadar Bazaar, Landaaur, besides other business shops scattered throughout the station. The average native population in the season is 2,500. The Landaaur Bazaar is one of the best supplied Bazaars in India. Many of the native merchants purchase their goods through agents in England, France, America, and other countries, so that goods of nearly all descriptions can always be obtained in Landaaur.

At the eastern end of the Bazaar, the ascent of the Landaaur Hill commences. At the beginning of the rise there is a cluster of European residences which are let at more moderate rents than those further up the hill. At an early point in the ascent, the road up to the Landaaur Church branches off right and left. The left is the shorter way, but it is very steep; that to the right is the better road, with an easy ascent all the way up. When we arrive at the Church, it may be said we are in Landaaur proper. The large open space under the Church is

flanked by the Orderly-Room, the Cantonment Magistrate's *Katcheri*, and the Library. To the left, over a wooden bridge, is the commencement of the Landaaur Mall, a very pleasant walk or ride, passing between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cemeteries, and coming out by the Guard-Room. A sharp turn to the right will bring the visitors to what used to be called the Raquet Court, but now the Landaaur Theatre, where amateur theatricals and other entertainments are given. Further on up the same hill is the Sergeant's Mess, and still further on the open piece of ground above the Roman Catholic Chapel, from which, as has already been mentioned, a fine view of the snows may be obtained. This is one of the two highest points in Landaaur. Returning to the Guard-Room, and proceeding to the left, the road to *Lal Tiba* is reached. *Lal Tiba* is the other highest point in Landaaur. The maps do not give the altitude of the two particular points mentioned, but it cannot be less than 7,400 feet above sea level. *Lal Tiba* possesses the advantage of offering a splendid view of the Dun. From these points, and, indeed, from any point of Landaaur proper, the visitor looks down upon Masuri proper. Even the highest knoll of the Camel's back must be about 470 feet below *Lal Tiba*. Continuing on the same road under *Lal Tiba*, we reach the Landaaur Hospital, for the medical treatment of the soldiers, of course.

The number of private houses in Landaaur is 80, inclusive of Woodstock School and the Imperial (now "Oriental") Hotel. In addition to the above, there are 25 Government Bungalows, used as soldiers' barracks. Eight private houses are also rented for the accommodation of the soldiers.

The numbers of the different ranks of the military which find accommodation in these various quarters are as follow:—From 11th April to 15th November, annually; officers 7, men 226, women 23, children about 50—total 306. From 16th November to 10th April annually; officers 2, men 70, women 6, and about 15 children—total 93.

The Commandant, the Station Staff Officer, and the Chaplain hold their respective offices for two years only, and, at the expiration of that time, in each individual case, fresh officers are appointed. The remainder of the staff,—*i. e.*, the Medical officer, the Staff Sergeant-Major, the Quarter-Master Sergeant, and the Orderly-Room Sergeant, are practically permanent appointments. Changes, however, are not infrequent with regard to the medical officer.

The present Commandant of the Depôt is Lieut.-Col. J. P. Campbell, who should have vacated his appointment in March. He has been especially popular with all classes, and is succeeded by Colonel C. de N. O. Stockwell. The Station Staff Officer is Captain Richardson (40th) and the Revd. P. Nicolas, the Chaplain, who should have given up charge in December 1883. The other Staff Officers are:—Surgeon-Major Wilkes, Sergeant-Major W. J. Herbison, Quarter-Master Sergeant G. Stevenson, and Orderly-Room Sergeant J. F. de L. Evans.

The criminal jurisdiction of the Commanding Officer extends to the trial of persons for breaches of cantonment rules under Cantonments Act III of 1880.

A Chaukidari Tax is levied under the Chaukidari Act XX of 1856. A House Tax is leviable up to 5 per cent on actual rentals, half being payable by the landlord, and half by the tenant. For 1883, 4 per cent only has been levied.

As to sanitary arrangements, the Cantonment Committee arrange for the removal of all refuse, &c., daily from private houses, to the filth pits. No charge, other than those mentioned above, is made on this account against the landlords or tenants. The Cantonment is at all times in a very clean and sanitary condition, no less than three soldiers being employed during the season in a daily inspection of the Bazaars and private compounds, in order to see if they are kept clean, and that no refuse or filth is strewn about.

Landaaur is a popular sanitarium, and from its altitude is healthy and a most pleasant place to reside in.

For some years, a hotel has been established at 'Mullingar,' Landaur, during which time it has changed hands several times. First started as the 'Caledonian,' by Mr. MacFie; secondly, as the 'Imperial,' by Messrs. Porter and Zinck; it is now metamorphosed into the 'Oriental' by Mr. F. H. Treherne. It may be conceded to the writer to mention that Mr. Treherne's management of the 'Charleville' is a sufficient guarantee that the 'Oriental' will be well and successfully conducted.

ROUTES INTO THE INTERIOR.*

MASURI to *Naini Tal*—Fourteen marches, seven of which are through the Tehri Raja's country. The first march has always been considered as to Denauti where there is a rest-house built by the Raja, but it is sixteen miles, and it is best to make it in two, camping the first night at Jalki, 7 miles. The road is good, being a portion of the military highway between Landaur Depôt and Almorah, constructed by the Raja under European superintendence. It is on the range on which Masuri and Landaur are built, and runs sometimes on the ridge and at times on the hill-side, and from 6,400 to 7,500 feet above sea level. The next march is to Kondigala, 12 miles,

* I believe I have embodied in the text acknowledgments of the sources from which I have obtained information not known, or but imperfectly known, to myself. It would pain me to find I had omitted any. For the matter under this head, and under the head of "shooting grounds," as well as some general information, I am indebted to the late Mr. Frederic Wilson. While I was opportunely fortunate in obtaining his notes before he left Masuri for the interior, on his return from which he shortly after died, I was unfortunate enough to lose a much esteemed friend.

eight of which continue along the ridge and under Sirkandá Hill; and it then descends gradually, for some 2,000 feet, to camp where is another rest-house of the Raja's. The next march is to Tehri, 12 miles more, the residence of the Tehri Raja. It has no pretensions to a town, there being few people living in it but the Raja's followers, and there are a few shops. It is a very hot place from April to October, being very low on the Bhagarati branch of the Ganges at the confluence of the Billing River and probably about the hottest place in the Raja's territory. A substantial suspension bridge was laid across the Ganges here in 1858-59, made at the Government workshops, Rurki, but most of it was carried away in the great flood of September 1880. It has since been renewed. In former days one of the ricketty but picturesque grass rope bridges of the country served the purpose. A rest-house was built at the same time as the bridge just above it, but it is not taken care of, and is falling into a bad state. While marching on the ridge from Masuri, the villages are a long way below the road, and it is very troublesome to get supplies or coolies unless the traveller has one of the Raja's chaprasis. The usual march from Tehri is to Pau, a short one of eight miles. The next, over a low ridge, is to Malita, ten miles; and the next, to Sirinagar in British Garhwal. A little before reaching camp the Alaknanda river is crossed. Some young men and lads here often jump from the bridge into the roaring river below for the delectation of the traveller in the hope of *backshish*. The best of swimmers unused to mountain torrents might well hesitate to take the leap. The rest of the journey to Naini Tal is through British Garhwal.

MASURI to *Gangutri*.—This perhaps is the most important of the routes from the Sanatarium. Thirty years ago it was more patronized than it is now, for then Kashmir and Ladak and other parts of the Kashmir Rajas's territory were virtually closed to

European travellers. These now entice most of those who make summer trips in the hills. Nowhere, however, is grander scenery to be met with than round the cradle of the infant Ganges, and the traveller who camps near where the river issues from the great glacier, and spends a day in sight-seeing, walking some distance up the valley on the glacier itself, or on either side of it, will have seen all that is most majestic and awe-inspiring of glacial scenery. It cannot fail to make one feel the littleness of everything human. There are peaks in the Himalayas several thousand feet higher than those around Gangutri, which are about 22,000 and 22,500, while Kinchin-changa is near 30,000, but there are few places where all is so sublime and unearthly. The wisest way of travelling is with a small tent and as few *impedimenta* as possible, and by engaging about half the number of coolies required at Masuri for the whole trip and getting the rest from the villages from day to day. The great art of mountain travelling is to make everything quite comfortable with few loads.

This cannot be taught in writing. It comes of itself, or is intuitious. For one person eight or ten coolies should be ample, and will enable him to travel comfortably enough if nothing is taken but what is really useful. The marches from Masuri are :—

1. Fedi, 10 miles. This is the direct route on the old road. There is another which joins this at Dharasu, the 4th march, since the forest road has been made, which will be noticed in due course. For six miles the road is the one to Naini Tal and Almora along the ridge. It then leaves it abruptly and descends steeply into the *khud* for a mile to a small watercourse, and then descends gradually to the Fedi village along the hill-sides.

2. To Balu, 10 miles. The road descends further into the Aglar Valley and up it to camp. In this and the two following marches a dandi travels well enough, and a pony can be brought, but can only be ridden comfortably in a few places.

3. Lalauri, 8 miles. A gradual ascent of three miles to the head of the Aglar Valley. From the ridge on a clear morning a grand view of the snowy range is to be had. A steep descent to the camp and village.

4. Dharasu, 8 miles. A steep descent on leaving camp takes the traveller to a small stream, or rather two; the larger can be formidable in the rainy season, but ordinarily is insignificant. Then a slight ascent up the opposite hill-side around the spur and a gradual descent to the Ganges Valley, soon after reaching which the forest road is met and you go along it to camp.

It is necessary here to glance back at Masuri, from which place if the traveller wishes for a good rideable road, he must go on the Naini Tal and Almorah military road, till he strikes the forest road of the Bhagharati Valley half-way on the march from Kondagalli to Tehri and then come along the forest road to Dharasu. It is a little roundabout, for instead of four it is six marches.

5. Dhunda, 10 miles. Up the Ganges Valley the road almost level the whole way, running on the hill-side a little way above the river, and mostly through the scattered forests of pine and other trees and a good deal of the gigantic creeper of the Lower Himalayas and Terai or Duns. The inhabitants of Dhunda often leave the village for a year or two, harrassed, they say, beyond endurance, by having to supply coolies for travellers or officials of the Raja, there being no other village near to take a share as in most other places. There is a forest bungalow at Dharasu, but as the traveller is pretty sure to have a tent, it is not worthwhile going up the hill to it, a quarter of a mile from the river or nearly so.

6. Barrahat, 10 miles. Much the same as last march, but the latter portion mostly through cultivation. Below the village is one of the rude grass rope suspension bridges of this part of the Himalayas. The hill just above where the

bridge spans the river is steep and of a crumbling nature, and a big landslip has been formed which necessitates the forest road being carried a long distance up the hill. In the cold weather, a path is cut every year by the villagers across the landslip near the river, the path lasting till the rains set in. It saves half a mile of up-hill and down the other side. It is, however, sometimes rather trying to the nerves of any but good hill-walkers. There is another forest bungalow a mile above Barrahath Kotha close to the road.

Barrahath is somewhat of a sacred place where the pilgrims perform certain ceremonies on their way up to Gangutri. There are two or three temples. An old one surmounted by a trident popularly supposed to have fallen from the sky, and a new one built by the late Raja of Tehri, or rather the grandfather of the present Raja. It was surmounted by one of those large long spire-like brass or gilt ornaments seen on most Hindu temples. This was supposed by some of the Western Paharis to be of gold, and on one fine night was stolen and carried away. How disappointed the marauder must have been on finding it vulgar brass or gilt copper. The writer is not sure of which metal those things were made.

7. Moneri, 8 miles. Much as before, road pretty level and never very far from the river. Nothing interesting to be seen.

8. Bettari, 10 miles. The road being now so good and easy for any mode of travelling, the marches appear much shorter than of old, when there was a certain amount of up and down hill everywhere. A man might easily come from Masuri to Bettari in three days, and it is our eighth march. In fact 'Mountaineer' in his younger days often did it, having a few things appertaining to eating, drinking and sleeping carried with him, and this, too, before the forest road was made. Fishes are found in the Ganges up to this, but do not appear to ascend higher up the river. They are small, similar to those found in the smaller side streams which have no snow water.

No *mahsir* ever come up so far. Indeed it is a question if *mahsir* ever do come up the Bhagarati at all. One of the first forest officers, who was superintending the building of the forest bungalow at Dharasu and a bridge over the little stream below, said, he had caught some *mahsir* of 20 to 30lbs, but the late Mr. F. Wilson ('Mountaineer'), than whom no more experienced authority could be named, has never seen a *mahsir*, little or big, in the river. There is a forest bungalow at Bettari.

9. Dangalla, 12 miles. Before the forest road was made, this was two marches, the intermediate one being at Hilga, a mile or more up the hill-side on the right bank. The valley is now more confined, the hills more precipitous, and the old road left the river and went a long way up the hill to avoid the steep rocky places which were far too much for Pahari engineering. The forest avoids them by crossing the river to the left bank at a place below Suki village by a wire suspension bridge, and recrossing by another, four miles higher up at Kira. The river is again crossed at Dangalla. The traveller can camp on either side at pleasure, there is no village near camp, but a mile above on the right bank is Bengalli, and some miles from the river on the left bank is Huri. Dangalli was the place where the late Mr. F. Wilson was so nearly washed into the Ganges, as described in the *Himalaya Chronicle* of April 1880, in "Mountaineer's Farewell." Below Dangalla is a hot mineral spring said to be efficacious in cases of gout and rheumatism. The water is at a temperature of 144° and contains lime, sulphur, magnesia and soda.

10. Suki, 8; or Jalla, 10 miles. The former was the usual halting place, but it is better, as the march is so easy, to come on to Jalla, where is a small forest rest-house, as the next march is to Deralli, the last village up the valley. Above Dangalla there is a very narrow rocky precipitous gorge called

Khafar ghati, where the old road led over some very queer places. These have been avoided by again making wire suspension bridges to cross and recross the river. All the way from Dharasu the forest road has been pretty smooth and the trifling ascent scarcely moves it from what we call level in a hill path, except to avoid the landslip at Barrahath. On this march it has again to go up hill and this time for nearly two miles, and it is again to avoid a landslip to which the Barrahath one is a baby. A portion, but only a small portion, may be seen where the road goes round the top. From Jalla to Dangalla the Ganges has a very rapid fall, so that, though it is a good two miles pull up the hill below Suki to above the landslip, the descent to Jalla is gradual, and seems trifling in comparison. From Jalla, the river, which has been confined in a narrow gorge for 20 miles, opens out into a wide sandy channel. From here it turns also eastward, or rather now comes from the east, having been almost north and south, and you have entered the portals of the first great snowy range, though as yet you have seen little or no snow. On each hand, however, though back out of sight, are peaks 21,000 feet high. The monsoon comes up as far as this, and then seems to expend itself up the Sian Gad, a valley at right angles to the river at the turn, and running nearly north as the river-bed did before the turn. Above the turn it is often fine sunny weather, while it rains, day and night, at Suki only three or four miles off.

Two miles higher up is Harsil, the mountain home of the late Mr. F. Wilson. Here the rainfall of the year is only 15 to 20 inches. But we are forestalling, as this is in the march from Jalla to Deralli.

11. Deralli, 6 miles. At Harsil the river is crossed on one of the pahari lever wooden bridges. We are now in the heart of the deodar forests formerly leased from the Raja by Mr. Wilson, and for the last twenty years by Government. At

Deralli the traveller will leave heavy baggages, if any, taking supplies for, say eight days, if it is intended to visit the glacier, and three, if only the Gangutri temple. At the temple, however, there is nothing whatever to see, not even a good view of the snowy mountains, so near, these being visible in all their grandeur only when nearing the glacier. Deralli, looking from Masuri, is in a direct line behind the conical snowy peak called Siri Khanta. There is a queer-looking temple near, or rather, now, in the river, by the village apricot orchard, where the traveller's tent is usually pitched. It is the sole remaining one of several, tradition says 24, which formerly stood on the spot, and have been washed away by the encroachments of the river, the bed of which is rising at the rate of some inches every year. Like other eastern people, paharis have little idea of the value of time, and a day's halt may have to be made here to get things ready and shipshape for the onward journey.

12. Bhairamghatti, 9 miles. The road is through a fine deodar forest all the way, crossing the river again at Jangla, the termination of the forest road, where is a forest bungalow built of deodar planks. This forest road, called the Bhagaretti valley road, was begun by the Forest Department on taking a lease of the forests from the Raja in 1864. The projector thought it could be made in two years at an expenditure of some Rs. 60,000. A person, who knew the hills and hill-people better than he did, gave his opinion that such a road as was thought of would not be made in five years, nor for less than three lakhs of rupees. He was only laughed at, but the result shewed he was right. The road did take five years, and more than two lakhs were expended on it, and it was never finished. Had the project been fully carried out, it would probably have cost ten lakhs, and taken ten years to do it. From Jangla the road to Gangutri was formerly on the proper left bank of the river, and crossed at Bhairamghatti where the Tartar branch of

the Ganges, called the Jad Ganga, joins. For some two miles above the junction it runs into a narrow and deep gorge, too much for the Paharis to bridge, but the Forest Conservator, seeing a road from Jangla on the right bank would be shorter and better, ordered a wire suspension bridge to be made over the Jad Ganga. It was constructed by the Deputy Conservator, and though he was no engineer, the bridge is a triumph of engineering skill in more ways than one. The span is 300 feet, and the gorge from the bridge to the water, 400 feet, yet including cost of material, carriage from Calcutta to the spot and construction, it cost only some Rs. 6,000. Seen from the Nilang road a mile above, it appears like spider's threads. Bhairamghatti is rather a wild-looking place, the Ganges also here running through a deep narrow gorge, but there is no view of the snows.

13. Gangutri, 10 miles. Through deodar forest chiefly, a little distance from the river. The road formerly was a mere pahari track, but has been much improved. Seth . . . of Delhi gave Mr. Wilson Rs. 500 to lay out on the road from Jangla to Gangutri. It does not sound a large sum for fourteen miles, but it has made the roads safe and comparatively easy the whole way. There is little or nothing to see at Gangutri. The temple, though one of the most sacred places of Hindu pilgrimage, is a small unpretending structure, less pretending than many ordinary tombs one sees in the plains.

A few low rest-houses have been built near, from time to time, by pious Hindus. There is still very little to be seen of the snows, though during the whole of the last two marches, we have been travelling behind a good portion of the snowy range seen from Masuri or Landaur. The glacier is about sixteen miles higher up the valley. There is no proper path, and the traveller and his men pick the best they can find alongside the river. Three miles on the way the rocks come right down to the water on the right bank, and the river must be crossed at

some spot between Gangutri and this. In spring there is generally a snow bridge, but in autumn a bridge must be made. There are several places where the camp may be pitched. Some camp about five miles below the glacier, while others camp very near it, as fuel sufficient for the camp may be collected at no great distance below. The snowy peaks around are now very grand; adequate description would be impossible. As for those who have never seen the eternal snows, words give but a vague idea of what they are like.

GANGUTRI to *Jumnutri*.—Marches 1 and 2. The first two marches are back to Deralli about 20 miles.

3. To a place called Harra above Suki village, about 9 or 10 miles along the forest road, a couple of miles below Jalla, and then up the hill to camp near the birch forest.

4. Chinpula, 9 miles. A steep ascent of a couple of miles to crest of ridge above camp, from which is a good view of the North Bandarpunch glacier. Then a steep descent to a small stream (the Sona Gad) and two miles up another stream from the Bandarpunch glacier. The path then leaves the stream, and goes up the hill-side to camp. Some camp at the stream, but this makes the ascent next day a rather toilsome one, and it is best to camp a couple or three miles up the hill-side.

5. Biyah Udiar, 12 miles. First a long steep ascent to the crest of the Cheya Pass, 13,500 feet above sea-level. In spring and early summer the upper part of the march is often to be made on snow. From the crest of the pass there are two roads. One goes along the hill-side with a gradual ascent to Bamesar Pass, 15,000 feet. If there is much snow, and it is melting, the path is a rather ticklish one, it being easy to slip off it some hundred feet down the slope. When on the Bamesar Pass, the traveller is on the ridge running east from the Bandarpunch peaks, so conspicuous from the Masuri range, and

it would not be very difficult to ascend them from this point. From the pass a steep descent down the snow to a stream from the glacier and along it to camp, where is a good-sized cave, which gives its name to the place, Biyah Cave. The other, which is called the lower route, descends gradually from the Cheya ridge to Gadara, a summer pasture ground, and the camp is on it. It is a good place to find wild sheep, a snow bear, and snow pheasants. The next day a short march round the hill joins the upper road at Biyah Udiar.

6. Digdara, 12 miles. The road goes along by the stream down the valley for three miles or more; birch forests on each side, and then leaving it abruptly goes up hill again and along the ridge to camp. Then pass through the forest in which a good many Munal pheasants and a few musk-deer may be found.

7. Kharsalli, 10 miles. Along the ridge through forest for 5 or 6 miles, and then descends to the streams below the village.

8. Jamnutri may be visited from the camp at Kharsalli, or camp may be taken there. The Brahims have some chits which show that attempts have been made from this to scale the Bandarpunch peaks, though unsuccessfully. The starting place should be from the glacier on the north side, above camp at Chinpula. The peaks seem to be most accessible from this side, and it ought not to be a very difficult undertaking for a good hill-walker to reach the summit, which is about 21,000 feet above sea-level.

BEST SHOOTING GROUNDS IN THE INTERIOR.

The shooting on the route from Masuri to Gangutri is not now much. With a dog, a few Kolij pheasants and black partridges may be picked up every day along the road, but for other shooting, a halt must be made at likely spots. From Dangalla to below Suki the road runs under very good *tahr* ground, and at the Sian Gad valley above Jalla, and the Nila valley between Jalla and Deralli, there is good barral shooting.

About the glacier at Gangutri there is also good barral ground. There are also a few snow bears left in these places, and a fair sprinkling of musk-deer in all the forests from Suki upwards.



BARRAL (*Ovis, burrel, or wild sheep*).—There are a few, but very few, at the head of the Bhilling river above Gangi. In the Ganges valley they are first met with at the head of the Dinni river, which is crossed in the march from Betari to Dangalla, the 8th in route from Masuri to Gangutri. The place where the animals are generally to be found is on some summer pasture ground near a small lake, called Kirla. Huri village is the best place from which to visit this ground. On the right bank of the Ganges a few barral are occasionally found on the Kananli Hill between Dangalla and Suki, and Gidara on the lower route from the Cheya Pass (route from Gangutri to Jumnutri) is a pretty sure find. It is the head of the stream running under the south side of the Kananli Hill.

A few barral may be found near Suki (10th march in route) at the head of the Sona Gad, at Kundara or Mankchipatta, over the hill above the village. The Sona Gad just beyond Jalla is good ground, and the next Gad, the Nila valley, better still. There is no ground worth a visit then till nearing Gangutri, where the Rhadagira and Kedar Ganga valleys afford good sport, both are on the proper left bank of the Ganges, and to shoot over them a flying camp should be taken, or a bivouac made.

About the Gangutri glacier there is good barral ground, the surest find being the grassy hill-sides for two miles below the glacier on the right bank of the river.

Above Nilang all the way to the pass into Thibet are good barral grounds.

The rounded hills just on this side the pass about Pulimsanda being sure finds.

Barral are found also on the hills at the head of the Tans river, but are not so numerous as on the Ganges. There are a few also, but very few, about Jamnutri.

THAR are found on most of the rocky wooded hills of the middle regions, at the head of the Bhilling valley about Ganga, above Gavalli, Pinsura, and all the hills that are crossed when marching from the Bhilling to the Ganges. The Kananli Hill is very good ground, and some of the hills about Huri on the other side of the river. The Nisni and Kharsali on the road to Jamnutri is a well known place.

Above Datmir, Gangar and Osla on the Tans are good *thar* hills, and there is some good ground on the Rupin river.

JERAU (*Sambhar*).—The *sambhar* of the hills, when a good stag can be got, is a prize worth a dozen of the best in the Dun. The animals appear to be the same, but the antlers of those of the Dun are nothing compared to those of a good stag in the hill forests. There are so few left now that it is rarely a good pair of antlers can be met with. The best places are in Bangar, east of the Bhilling valley, the Bhilling valley itself, and the hills about Gwalli and Pinsurah.

MUSK-DEER.—A few on all the wooded hills above 7,000 feet. The heads of all the great streams are certain finds, the forests about Gangutri being best. The Jerau may be met with on nearly all the rocky wooded hills from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, but is nowhere numerous. Gural, or the Himalayan chamois, on all the grassy rocky hills which are not constantly disturbed, and the kakar (mantjak) in the coppices and scrubby jungles. Black bears have no particular habitation, being met with in all sorts of places from Masuri to the snowy range. Snow bears (*Ursusissabellus*) are found on all the barral grounds except those above Nilang.

OF GAME BIRDS.—There is some good chikor shooting in October on the grassy hills across the Aglar valley, north of Masuri, and a good many Koliij pheasants in the wooded ravines and coppices going from the Masuri ridge to the Aglar valley. The wooded hills above 7,000 feet all along under the snowy range are good for Munals and Kaklas pheasants, and on the barral grounds snow pheasants and snow partridges are generally to be found. Woodcocks are occasionally found near Masuri in the cold weather and breed on the higher wooded hills in the interior.

CHAPTER VII.

GARHWAL OR TEHRI.

As the *routes* which have been pointed out and the localities that have been mentioned in the immediately preceding pages are all, (excepting a few miles from Masuri to Jhabarket on the Tehri road), within the territory of the Tehri Raja, it may not be out of place to give a short abstract regarding that country as an *addenda* to what has already been written about *routes* to Naini Tal, Gangutri and Jamnutri.

 NATIVE GARHWAL.

Tehri is a Native State in political relationship with the Government of the North-Western Provinces, lying between Lat. $30^{\circ} 2'$ and $31^{\circ} 20'$ N., and between Long. $77^{\circ} 54'$ and $79^{\circ} 19'$ E. It extends over the south-western declivity of the Himalayas, and consists throughout of a vast range of mountains of enormous height, intermingled with several valleys, the drainage of the whole ultimately finding its way to the Ganges. The chief town is Tehri, by which appellation the State is sometimes mentioned. The Raja of Garhwal, Pratab Sah, is a Khettriya, of the Solar race. The early history of the dynasty is very obscure; but it appears that they exercised authority over the whole of Garhwal for many generations, paying however a small tribute to the Emperor of Delhi. In 1804 the Gurkhas overran the country, and expelled the Raja, but he was replaced by the British after the Nepal War of 1815, and that portion of his hereditary possessions which lay to the west of the Alaknanda river was restored to its old Raja;

the lands to the east, the Dehra Dun and the district of Garhwal being retained by the British Government. During the Mutiny of 1857, the Raja rendered valuable assistance to the Government. He died in 1859 without legitimate issue, and in accordance with the terms of the Treaty, the State lapsed to Government; but in consideration of the services of Sudar Shan Sah, his eldest illegitimate son, Bhowani Singh, was allowed to succeed. Bhowani Singh subsequently received a *sanad*, giving him the right of adoption. He was succeeded in 1875, by his eldest son, Pratab Sah, the present ruler, who was born about 1850. The Raja pays no tribute. The area of Native Garhwal is about 4180 square miles, the population in 1875 was estimated at 150,000, and the revenue at £8,000. The hills are generally very steep, and a large portion of the territory is covered with forests, which include valuable *deodar* tracts. These were leased to the British Government in 1864.

En Evant, writing to the *Pioneer* a letter, which appears in that journal of the 27th September 1883, gives some valuable information regarding this strange country, and therefore it is given here, omitting remarks that have given offence, and which appear to have been incorrect, as a very useful *addenda* to what has been previously written in "Routes" into the interior, and in the immediately preceding pages:—

This country appears to have been too utterly barbarous to have had a history, and probably its name from the Sanskrit word *gadul*, meaning crooked or humpbacked. It appears to have been governed by kings, whose capital was Srinuggur on the Alaknanda. The aborigines were probably some dark race, now Domes; then came Mongolian, Scythian, and Bryan. Some old forts are still to be seen in the country towards the head of the Billang river among other places, constructed of enormous square blocks of stones, which presuppose either a giant race, as the native themselves believe, or an extensive knowledge of hydraulics. The first historical fact, in our times,

at least, was the subjugation of the country by the Gurkhas, which reduced the last of its effete dynasty to the status of cringing pauperism at Moradabad. Fuller information of these events may be gleaned from the *Historical and Statistical Memoirs of Dehra*, published under Government authority by Mr. G. R. A. Williams, B. R., C. S. At page 177 he says: "At the termination of the Goorkha War, Sudarshan Shah was found lingering about Dehra in a state of abject poverty. His destitute condition claimed our sympathy, and although his apathy concerning the issue of the struggle left the British Government free of all engagements about the disposal of their conquests, they decided upon restoring to him his territories west of the Alaknanda." * * * *

"After the Goorkha war, Masuri rapidly rose in favour as a hill station, and as it rose in prosperity, enriched its sister city of Tehri, which had become a very respectable little hill town by 1859. Tehri Gurhwal is composed of the valleys of the Bhagirutty, Billung, and Jamna rivers. The Billung valley is seldom visited by Europeans, although the two former are much frequented. From the head of the Jamna a series of high passes lead into the Sutlej valley : the lowest and easiest of these is the Rupin. A Mr. Loraine Petre, C.S., ascended one of the Jamnutri peaks, considerably over 20,000 feet above sea-level, and observed some astonishing electric phenomena. With the exception of some ascents by the late Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ryall of the Survey, this has been the highest ascent made. As in many other parts of the Himalayas, there are hot springs at Jamnutri, and also some small lakes, which are not generally known. The Gurkhas occupied these places, as well as Bissahir, and seem to have respected the shrines. The shrine of Gangutri and the villages adjacent used formerly to belong to Bissahir ; the Gurkhas made over the villages for the support of the temple, and created a small ecclesiastical republic, like Andorra or San Marino." * * * *

By Nilang there is an easy road from the Bhagirote to Chuprang in Thibet. Here there is a Chinese ambah and garrison. The natives consider this fortress impregnable, as the Chinese have put some powerful loadstones into the walls ; so that when our soldiers go up against it, their steel guns will be pulled out of the soldiers' hands and hurled up against the walls of the fortress. Near Chuprang is Thuling, where there is a large monastery of Dugpas or Red-cap Lamas. Here is also an iron bridge over the Sutlej. A few marches further is Thok Jalung, famous for its goldfields, which are the richest in the world. A man will fill a basket full of earth, and after washing it will get a handful of gold. All attempts at extracting the gold are most severely punished by the Chinese ambahs. Nilang is inhabited by a race of men called Jads, who are a cross between Paharis and Bhutiyas. The village must be quite 14,000 feet above sea-level, and the only crop they can grow is barley. They have enormous numbers of goats and sheep. On these they bring rice from the low valleys, and exchange it in Thibet for salt. These men are great travellers, as also are the Bissaharis. The Nilang people have to pay taxes to the Tehri Raja, to the Bissahir Raja, and to the Thibet Government. In the same way all villages in Garhwal and Kamaun, on the Thibet frontier, have to pay taxes to the Thibet Government as well as to our officials at Almorah. The Nuti route and Nilang route both meet at Chuprang, and could be made passable for all arms of the service ; but by these routes we could not proceed into Thibet proper, for the tableland of Lake Manasarowar is 15,000 feet above sea-level, and owing to the extreme rarity of the air, even the inhabitants can scarcely breathe on this plateau. If our troops ever require to proceed to Lhassa, we must send them by Darjeeling and Sikkim. One of the greatest travellers of the Bhagaroti valley is a man called Mulla Ram. This man saved the lives of two of our native surveyors in Thibet. It would be a graceful act

on the part of Government if they bestowed some reward on Mulla Ram. The Paharis of Tehri Garhwal are a very fine race, with severer morals than the Kamaunis.

I do not know whether the attention of the Archæological Survey has ever been directed to Srinagar on the Alaknanda. It is a ruined and deserted-looking enough place now, but there is plenty of very beautiful carvings in the old palace. The heat in summer is extreme, and Srinagar can boast of the immense number and huge size of its scorpions. From Srinagar to Tehri is two marches, and another three marches brings the traveller to Masuri.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAKRATA.

AGAIN starting from Masuri, some account will now be given of the road to, and of the cantonment of, Chakrata, which is about 40 miles from Masuri over, and penetrating further, hill country. This road to Chakrata is part of the highway to Simla, which is about fifty miles from Chakrata. The road to Chakrata is, as a rule, always passable, except, of course, after a heavy fall of snow. During the rains of 1883, the road gave way in several places, and the Superintendent of the Dun issued a notice, warning travellers of its impassability; but now, of course, the damage has been repaired. The road all through is simply a bridle one, and practicable only for ponies, jampans, dandies, and for pedestrians. It would not be quite safe to ride any but a thoroughly steady animal, plenty of which may be obtained in Masuri. The traveller proceeds along the Simla road, the commencement of which may be easily found a little short of the entrance to the Happy Valley. About six miles down this road, the Kempti Falls are passed, and about five or six miles further down, the Jamna is crossed by means of a suspension bridge. To this point, it is all down-hill. From this river it is all up-hill to Lakwar, where there is a Dak Banglau, 14 or 15 miles from Masuri, where supplies of the usual type may be obtained, and where a *khansama* may be found. It is very desirable, however, for the traveller to provision himself from Masuri — a matter easily accomplished. Eight miles further on is Nagthat, where, also, there is a road Banglau (under the District Engineer, Dehra), but no

servants, and consequently no provisions—a fact which further illustrates the desirability of taking provisions from Masuri. Some travellers push on from Lakwar to Chakrata, a distance of twenty-two miles, in one day, and this may be done by starting very early in the morning. Nagthat is on the summit of a ridge, whence a fine view of the snows and surrounding country may be obtained. A good gun and fishing rod will be found handy on the road, the latter for throwing out a line into the Jumna for a fry, and the former for a shot at wild fowl, and probably a stray *gural*. At the time of writing a Dak Banglau was in course of construction at Shevalia, about half-way between Lakwar and Chakrata, and should be complete when this book is published—at all events by April or May (1884). This Banglau will divide the distance from Lakwar to Chakrata nicely. The road is continued from Chakrata to Simla, a distance of 111 miles, and this is the road over which Lord Lytton travelled from Simla to Masuri, 40 miles this side of Chakrata, a distance of 151 miles altogether, then into the Dun, over the Siwaliks into the plains, reaching the railway system at Saharanpur. This was in the cold weather of 1877, just previous to the proclamation of the Empire at Delhi on the 1st January 1878.

The other road to Chakrata runs from Saharanpur northward, and covers about 80 miles from Sind, Punjab and Delhi Railway, and about 60 miles from Dehra. Ekkas, palkis, and dulis may be obtained from either point. There are no dak ghari lines, but special arrangement may be made. There are Banglaus on the road, most of which belong to the P. W. D., and any traveller wishing to stay at any one of them would have to obtain the permission of the Executive Engineer, Chakrata. There is a road Banglau at Kalsia (14 miles), Badshah Bagh (28), Fattipur (40), one mile from the crossing of the Rampur Mandi or Rajghat road to Nahan from Dehra. There is a Dak Banglau at Kalsi (50), a road Banglau at Saiah (62), and a Dak

Banglau at Chakrata (78 miles by cart road or 72 by the mule road), the above figures being taken from the Saharanpur railway station. Arriving into the Western Dehra Dun, near Fathipur, the river Asan is crossed, and a neat bridge has been built over it within the last few years, and about eight or nine miles from the Asan, through the vicinity of the thickest tea-growing country in the Dehra Dun, the Jumna is crossed, by means of a handsome girder bridge. The writer has crossed it several times, as also the old wooden structure over which so many country carts have been wont to come to grief. The girder bridge is a lasting monument to the skill of the designer, and the execution of the work is faultless. From the Jamna, Chakrata is reached by a mountain cart road, and all the way from Saharanpur the broad highway is very little used except for ekkas, dulis, and country carts; indeed, the road is grass-grown from want of usage. This grand military road cost such a fabulous sum that the writer is afraid to hazard a statement. The main reason for incurring all the expense was to accommodate the military, but as a regiment generally remains at Chakrata for about two years, the practical use of the road is exercised on an average of about once a year. Chakrata itself is a military cantonment in Dehra Dun District, North-Western Provinces, Lat. $30^{\circ} 43' 0''$ N., Long. $77^{\circ} 34' 20''$ E. It stands upon the range of hills overlooking the valleys of the Jamna and the Tans, in the region known as Jaunsar Bawar. A small native town has gathered round the cantonment; population (1872) 1,279; according to census of 1881, 1882, *i.e.*, males 1,395, females 433. It was formed into a military station in May 1866, but no troops arrived there till April 1869. The regiment of the 1-23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, consisting of 1,000 British troops, was stationed here in 1881-82, but is now transferred to Dam-Dam, and another Regiment of the Northumberland Fusiliers (late the 5th Fusiliers) from Agra arrived at Chakrata on the 11th

March 1883. It is usual to leave the station vacant every alternate winter. The early announcement of next season's reliefs states that the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers are to go to Faruzpur, and will be replaced by the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade from Jhansi and Gwalior.

Besides the military men there are many Hindus and Mahomedans in the station, who are either natives of the place or have come there on business. The population, including the villagers and others, who live outside Chakrata, within two or three miles, are altogether estimated at about 3,000.

It has four or five Government Offices, *viz.*,—the Treasury Office, the Post Office, the Telegraph Office, Commissariat Office, Office of the Executive Engineer and the Forest Department. The head quarters of the Forest Department is at Deoban, one of the Kandah mountains, the height of which is 9,347 feet above the level of the sea. This place is six miles from Chakrata, between which and Deoban there are a number of small villages inhabited by the hill people. Polyandry is in full swing in this tract of country known as Jaunsar Bawar, a custom under which a whole family of brothers have but one wife. There are two Churches, one belonging to the Church of England and the other Roman Catholic Chapel (the school-room being used for divine services). The English Church is situated above the Parade ground, and the Roman Catholic Chapel above the Post Office. Evangelistic services are also held for Native Christians in the school-room in Sadar Bazaar, where Non-Christians, consisting of respectable Mahomedans, hill-people, and other Hindus, attend. It is under contemplation to build a Chapel for Native Christians as soon as funds are available, and the Baptist Missionary Society in London, whose aid has been applied for, make a yearly grant to the Chakrata Mission. This Mission is yet unconnected with any particular denomination or sect, and has been in existence since September 1879.

Two schools have been in existence : the one in connection with the Church of England is for the education of the children of European parentage ; and the other, established in connection with the Chakrata Evangelistic Mission, under the kind patronage of Colonel G. Wheeler, S. C., Magistrate, is for the well-being of the children of the native population, and is now aided by Government. The Evangelistic Mission has been managed by Mr. R. A. Shah of the Baptist Mission. There are also two dispensaries and two bazaars in the station.

There is a Botanical Garden below the Dak Banglau, and some two or three miles below and beyond this garden is a very beautiful place, called Dungle, where the Maimi Fair is held once a year. This fair is attended by thousands of hill-people and others. Not far from the Government Dak Banglau, and near the point of junction of the road to the Dak Banglau with the upper Chakrata road, there are two roads, leading one to Masuri, and the other, which meets the cart road on the bridge near Saiah, to Kalsi. Pokri is another place where a fair is held annually, and where hundreds of people assemble in honour of one of their deities. This fair is called by the Paharis, or mountaineers, *Bissu Mela*, and the distance being only about 8 miles from Chakrata, many people from that station visit the fair.

Chakrata is situated on a very pretty hill, surrounded by many others, and is considered one of the best sanitariums in India. The cantonment stands on heights, varying in different parts of the station from 6,900 to 2,400 feet. A very good view of the snows is obtainable from the cricket ground on the 'Tin' Barrack at Kaylana, and the whole scenery is most magnificent and picturesque.

The rhododendron tree grows in abundance in Chakrata, and reaches the height of from 50 to 60 feet. There is one rhododendron tree there which is said to measure fifteen feet in

girth, a foot from the ground. The deodar, a large specimen of fir, is found mostly on reaching the altitude of 7,000 feet.

Ferns abound, among which is the lovely "maiden hair," in plenty. Among the vegetables grown largely in this and the surrounding hills, are potatoes, pumpkins, cauliflowers, French beans, &c., &c.

There is a good Dak Banglau at Chakrata, which, however, is rather distant from the station, some $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles. There is a forwarding agent for Chakrata at Saharanpur. From Chakrata, towards Simla, there are two roads; one *viâ* Deoban, and the other *viâ* Jhadi. On the former there are only Forest Department Banglaus, *viz.*, at Deoban ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles or 7 from Chakrata Dak Banglau); Manali (about 16), Lokar (20), Katyan (26), at the summit of the Jakni Lena Pass; Maindroth (about 36), then the Zewni suspension bridge is crossed (40), beyond which we can give no account.

The road *viâ* Jhadi has a road Banglau at Jhadi (about 7 miles); a forest Banglau at Budyar (12), a road Banglau at Kawa Khera (21); then across Sangola wooden truss bridge (24). Beyond this the road has not been made, but there is a track passable for pedestrains and coolies with light loads, which runs up the Shala or Sharan valley and joins the other Simla road at Zewni bridge, below Piantra. This route saves about 30 miles as against the other road mentioned above, between Chakrata and Piantra. To the number of miles given above (except 7), add about 4 miles, as representing the distance from the Chakrata Dak Banglau to the commencement of the two Simla roads. The road Banglaus at Jhadi and Kawa Khera are in good order and furnished, but there is no crockery or cooking utensils. The District Engineer, Dehra, gives permission to use them, but, as a matter of fact, no one is refused admission.

The traveller to Simla arriving at Piantra by either route, will push on to Chipal (11), Patnarnala (21), Dhar or Godhana (7), Sainj (34), Tagu (42), and Simla (53).

CHAPTER IX.

HARDWAR.

THIS is the greatest pilgrim city in Northern India. It may be approached from Saharanpur through Rurki, the distance from the latter to Hardwar (Maiapur bridge) being about 19 miles in a north-easterly direction; from Saharanpur to Hardwar, *viâ* Rurki, is 39 miles. From Dehra, Hardwar is 31 miles, and is situated where the Ganges debouches through the Siwaliks. The first march is to Lachiwala, $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the first half through cultivated fields and tea gardens, and a little waste land, the rest through a *sal* forest. There is a small police *chauki*, a forest guard, and a camp ground. The next march is to Khansrau, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The river *Suswa* runs through the Eastern Dun. From Lachiwala, a couple of miles bring the traveller past the Markham Grant at Duiwala. The river has to be crossed just before reaching Khansrau. Some years ago the P. W. D. constructed a bridge of five or six arches over this stream, but it did not last long. One of the abutments was washed away, and the arches, with the exception of one, went down like a pack of cards. Some few miles further on the bed of the *Suswa* opens out, and, besides a couple of streamlets, the river has to be forded twice.

From Khansrau to Hardwar is 12 miles, mostly through forest till nearing the town, where there is a little cultivation. The road is fairly good for a kucha one in the cold weather and till the rains set in, but it is little used during the rains. It is, of course, rather rough in some places for a wheeled conveyance. The Dehra and Masuri people proposed a railway,

but seem now to be waiting for the Oudh and Rohilkund Company to make it, in continuation of a branch line they are constructing, between Rurki and Hardwar. It has, however, been more recently understood that the Oudh and Rohilkund Company do not intend to extend their system, in this direction, beyond Hardwar, and during the past cold season (1883-4) preliminary surveys have been made of a proposed "Dehra Dun Railway," and a company for its construction and working will soon be in the share market with every prospect of success. Little need be said about Hardwar itself—the great place of pilgrimage for devout Hindus of all castes and stations in life, from the wealthy Raja to the humble labourer. No wonder when the belief is that a dip in the sacred river Gangaji washes away all sin—a very comfortable doctrine for those who believe in it, and they number probably a tenth of the human race. And who is to say that a toilsome pilgrimage of, perhaps, hundreds of miles undertaken for such a purpose is not acceptable service? Hardwar is one single narrow street about half a mile long, with shops, temples and large houses for travellers on each side. The bathing ghat is at the upper end without any ornament, being merely a wide flight of steps down to the river. In former times, at the yearly fair on the 11th April (the first day of the Hindu month Bysakh), when hundreds of thousands of pilgrims are collected to bathe on this auspicious day, numbers used to be drowned every year, but now such are the good arrangements made by the police, that it is very rarely any accident happens. This is wonderful when we consider that one particular festival comes round once in 12 years, called the *Kambh mela*, when upwards of a million pilgrims may bathe during the day. The officiating Brahmins dwell chiefly at Kankhal, a town two miles lower down, and, as may be expected, are very wealthy, receiving all the offerings of the pilgrims made to Gangaji. On the death of a Hindu

chief, or any wealthy individual, after the body is burnt, if in a distant part of the country, some of the ashes and bones are brought to Hardwar to be thrown into the river at the bathing ghat, and are often accompanied by very valuable presents to the Brahmins, an elephant or jewels, besides cash. A mile below Hardwar at Maiapur are the headworks of the Ganges Canal. Every year something has to be done to keep the river in the proper channel, for the opening in the Siwalik hills, through which it passes into the plains, is nearly a mile wide, and it is always on the cards that the river, after any great flood, may all go to the wrong side and leave bathing *ghat* and canal dry, and Brahmins and Government lamenting.

Hardwar has an ancient history, as well as being the wonderful place of pilgrimage. It is in the Saharanpur District, North-Western Provinces; Lat. $29^{\circ} 57' 30''$ N., Long. $78^{\circ} 12' 52''$ E.; population (1872), 4,800. Situated on the right bank of the Ganges, at the foot of the Siwalik Hills. On the opposite shore rises the hill of *Chandi Pahar*, the summit of which is crowned by a temple, connected with those of Hardwar. The Ganges here divides into many shallow channels, intercepted by islands. The town is of great antiquity, and has borne many names. It was originally known as Kapila, or Gupila, from the sage Kapila, who passed his life in religious austerities at the spot still pointed out as Kapilasthana.

Hionen Thsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, in the 7th century A. D., visited a city, which he calls Mo-ya-co, and the remains of which still exist at Maiapur, a little to the south of the modern town. He describes the site as some $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, enclosing a dense population; and General Cunningham finds that the existing ruins strongly confirm his account. These ruins are thus described in the Reports of the *Archæological Survey*, vol. ii, p. 233:—"These traces extended from the bed of a torrent, which enters the

Ganges, near the modern temple of Sarovanath, to the old fort of Raja Ben, on the bank of the canal, a distance of 7,500 feet. The breadth is irregular, but it could not have been more than 3,000 feet at the south end; and at the north end, where the Siwalik hills approach the river, it must have been contracted to 1,000 feet. These dimensions give a circuit of 19,000 or rather more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Within these limits there are the ruins of an old fort, 750 feet square, attributed to Raja Ben, and several lofty mounds covered with broken bricks, of which the largest and most conspicuous is immediately above the canal bridge. There are also three old temples dedicated to Narayana-Sila, to Maya Devi and to Bhairava. The celebrated *ghat*, called the Pairi or "feet *ghat*," commonly called *Har-ki-Pairi*, is altogether outside these limits, being upwards of 2,000 feet to north-east of the Sarovanath temple. The antiquity of the place is undoubted, not only from the extensive foundations of large bricks which are everywhere visible, and the numerous fragments of ancient sculpture accumulated about the temples, but from the great variety of old coins similar to those of Sagh, which are found here every year. The temple of Narayana-Sila, or Narayana-bali, is made of bricks, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and is plastered on the outside. Collected around it are numerous squared stones and broken sculpture. One of the stones has belonged to the deeply carved, cusped roof of an old temple. Amongst the broken sculptures, I was able to identify only one small figure of Buddha, the ascetic, surrounded by smaller figures of ascetic attendants. The temple of Maya Devi is built entirely of stone; and from the remains of an inscription over the entrance doorway, I think it may be as old as the 10th or 11th century. The principal statue, which is called Maya Devi, is a three-headed and four-armed female in the act of killing a prostrate figure. In one of the hands I recognised the *chakra*, or

discus ; in another there was an object like a human head ; and in a third hand the *trisul*. This is certainly not the figure of Maya Devi, the mother of Buddha, nor is it exactly that of any Goddess with which I am acquainted. It corresponds best with the figures of Durga ; but if the name assigned to it is correct, the figure must be that of the Puranik Maya Devi, who, according to the Bhagavata, was the energy of the Supreme, and by her, whose name is Maya, the Lord made the universe. But the action of the figure is most decidedly opposed to this identification, and I am, therefore, inclined to assign the statue to Durga, the consort of Siva, to whom Vishnu gave his discus, and Siva his trident. This attribution is the more probable, as there is, close beside it, a squatted male figure with eight arms, which can only be Siva ; and on the outside of the temple there is a Lingam, and a statue of the bull, Nandi. There is also a fragment of a large female statue, which may possibly have been Maya Devi, but it was too imperfect for recognition. As there was nothing about the temple to give any clue to its identification, I can only conjecture that the original figure of Maya Devi must have been destroyed by the Muhammadans, and that the vacant temple was afterwards occupied by the votaries of Siva. Outside the modern temple of Sarovanath, I found a statue of Buddha seated in abstraction under the Bodhi tree, and accompanied by two standing and two flying figures. On the pedestal there was a wheel, with a lion on each side as supporters ; and as the figure was apparently naked, I concluded that it represents Adi Buddha, the first of the twenty-four Jain Hierarch."

If the first impressions of the writer of this guide-book can have any weight in support of the above, it may be mentioned that he, on a very recent visit to Hardwar (February 1884), pronounced the principal statue to be that of Kali, but the Hindus who were kindly eager to afford information, combatted

that assumption as well as that of the Chinese traveller. There certainly is a difficulty in identifying it as any known goddess, but the absence of the protruded tongue goes against the Kalidea. The Sarovanath temple is graced by many other idols, including the Mahadeo, Gangaji Khristna, Shibji, Hunaman, the whole dominated by Sarovanath the holy bull, sculptured in marble.

The name of Hardwar, or Hari-dwara, literally "Vishnu's Gate," seems to be of comparatively modern origin, as both Abu Rihan, and Rashid-ud-din mention only Ganga-dwara, or the Ganges Gorge (literally gate). Its earlier names, Mayura, or Maiapur, connect it with Sivaite worship, rather than with any form of Vishnu. Abul Fazl, in the time of Akbar, speaks of Maya, vulgarly Hari-dwara on the Ganges, being sacred ground for 36 miles in length. In the next reign, Ton Coryat visited the place, and described it as Hari-dwara, the capital of Siva. A dispute exists to this day between the followers of Siva and Vishnu as to which of these deities gave birth to the Ganges. The *Vishnu Purana* is cited by both, as it ascribes the Ganges to Vishnu, and the Alaknanda, or eastern branch of the Ganges, to Siva. The Sivaites argue that the proper name is Hara-dwara, Siva's Gate; the Vishnuites maintain that it is Hari-dwara, Vishnu's Gate. The truth is, that it was a scene of sacred rites long before either Sivaism or Vishnuism developed in their present forms. As the spot where the Ganges issues forth on its fertilizing career, Hardwar obtained the veneration of each of the great religions of India, and preserves the memorials alike of Buddhism, Sivaism and Vishnuism, and of rites perhaps earlier than any of them.

"The present town," says the Government Official Account of Saharanpur District, "and the ruined village of Maiapur, both lie on the right bank of the Ganges, at the southern base of the Siwalik range, through which, by a gorge or natural

breach, the river enters the plains. On the left is the *Chandi Pahar*, on the top of which is a temple connected with those in Hardwar itself. The river occupies the whole gorge, the width of which at its narrowest point is about one mile. Owing to its proximity to the hills and the great declivity to its bed, the Ganges here divides into several channels, intercepted by large islands, many of which are placed beyond the reach of high-flood water. One of these channels commences about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles above Hardwar, and flows by Hardwar, Maiapur, and Kankhal, rejoining the parent river a little below the last town. It is from a spot on this branch, between Maiapur and Kankhal, that the head waters of the great Ganges Canal are taken. Hardwar was visited in 1796 by Hardwick, who calls it a small place situated at the base of the hills. Raper describes it in 1808 as very inconsiderable, 'having only one street, about 15 feet in breadth and a furlong and-a-half in length. Most of the houses have the upper part of brick and the lower part of stone, which is of good quality.' "

The great object of attraction at the present day is the Hari-ke-Charan, or bathing ghat, with the adjoining temple of Ganga-Dwara. The Charan, or footmark of Vishnu, is imprinted on a stone let into the upper wall of the ghat, and forms an object of special reverence. Each pilgrim struggles to be the first to plunge into the pool, after the propitious moment has arrived, and stringent police regulations are required to prevent the crowd trampling one another to death and drowning each other under the sacred water. In 1819, 430 persons, including some sepoy's on guard, lost their lives by crushing in this manner; after which accident, Government constructed the present large ghat of sixty steps, 100 feet in width. The great assemblage of pilgrims takes place on the first day of the month of Bysakh, the commencement of the Hindu solar year (March—April), and the anniversary of the day upon which the Ganges first appeared upon earth.

Every twelfth year, the planet Jupiter being then in aquarius, a time of peculiar sanctity occurs, known as a *kambh mela*, and is attended by enormous concourses of people. The ordinary number of pilgrims at the annual fair amounts to 100,000 and at the *kambh mela* to 300,000. The total was formerly given in much larger figures. Hardwick, an eye-witness, estimated the pilgrims at 2½ millions, Raper at 2 millions. Riots and bloody fights were of common occurrence. In 1760, on the last day of bathing (10th April) the rival mobs of the Gosai and Bairagi sects had a long continued battle, in which the almost incredible number of 18,000 are said to have perished. In 1795, the sea-pilgrims slew 500 of the Gosais. From Hardwar the pilgrims often proceed to visit the Sivaite shrine at Kadernath and the temple of Badrinath in British Garhwal, worshipping on their way at the various *prayages*, or sacred confluences of two rivers. The Hardwar meeting also possesses considerable mercantile importance, being one of the principal horse fairs in Upper India. Commodities of all kinds find a ready sale; great attention has been paid to the police and sanitary arrangements of these fairs, which has now been regulated as effectually as a large concourse permits. The Ganges Canal draws its supply of waters from a branch channel close to Hardwar between Maiapur and Kankhal. A considerable through trade from Dehra Dun passes through the town. The local business is almost entirely confined to supplying the wants of pilgrims. The height above sea-level is 1,024 feet.

The town or bazaar of Hardwar proper is about three quarters of a mile in length. From the eastern bank of the river, under *Chandi Pahar*, the town, in connection with Maiapur and Kankal, can best be seen. At Karkari on the road to Dehra, the first object that strikes one's attention is the Bhim Goda, a handsome little temple, partly built into the sandy face of the Siwaliks. A pice, or more, to the *gosain log* will purchase

a flower to throw into the lap of Gangaji, and a circular spot of sandal wood paste on the forehead between the eyebrows. Stripes and more elaborate religious ornamentations of the forehead cost more. All along the river-side to Hardwar proper, caves are cut into the friable rocks, some ornamented with the semblances of temples, and some with no outward decorative art whatever. Herein the *gosain* lives and moves and has his being. At the *Har-ki-Pairi*, the entrance to the ghat is contracted, and no wonder that worshippers are crushed to death in the time of the *mela*. Within the *manda* at the head of the steps a bell is constantly being agitated, occasionally supplemented by what we English would call a kettle-drum, beaten by a *gosain*, whose false hair, scanty raiment, and skin ornamented with ashes, proclaim his venerated profession. He waxes rich and grows plump on the alms of thousands of devout worshippers at the shrine of *Vishnu* or *Siva*, whichever it may be. Two fair-looking lads are squatted on a platform at the holy gate, one relieving the monotony of his position by occasional attempts at playing on the flute, the other keeping time on a miserable little tom-tom; the bell, the kettle-drum, the flute, the tom-tom, and the general hubbub producing a frightful discord, too pronounced to be described, and too agonizing to be long endured by a delicately attuned ear. The goddess of *noise*, whatever her name be, reigns supreme, and one is glad to escape down the bazaar to the more bland and seductive solicitations of the bunniahs. The bazaar is a narrow street, widening, however, as it proceeds southward. Most of the merchandise smacks of the evidences of a pilgrim city. Besides the creature comforts of *atta*, sugar, fruits, and tobacco, there were the multifarious variety of bottles in glass, in which the pilgrims carry the water of the holy Ganges to the uttermost limits of Hindustan: the circular *tokris*, or bamboo baskets, in which this precious freight is deposited, two of which are fastened to a pole, also of bamboo, and swung with

devoted care on the shoulders of almost every male pilgrim one met, either going to or returning from the *Hari-ki-Pairi*; the money-changers, *bureaux* where you may, for a small piece of silver, buy quaint copper coins which are blunt parallelograms, the edges of which have been worn smooth by the friction of, probably, centuries; the flower vendors from whom the interminable lines of devotees procure floral offerings to throw on the rapidly flowing bosom of the sacred stream to propitiate the great fertiliser *Gangaji*; the bead merchants with their multiplicity of necklaces in every form of artistic ingenuity; the sacred thread of the Brahmin; the vendors of brass bells, cups and *bijoutrie* of every conceivable fashion and variety of workmanship; one and all being intended as mementoes of a visit to the holy shrine. The monkeys are almost as numerous as the human population, and move about in the streets and on the house-tops with that audacity which is born of freedom and long immunity from danger. It is a mistake to consider that pilgrimages are made during the April *mela* only. All the year round, the roads are lined with batches of pilgrims, mostly passing through wealthy Khankal and Maiapur. As they bend their footsteps homewards, the joy of having accomplished their sacred mission bursts forth in praises thus literally translated: "Henceforth no more pain, no more sickness; all will be well in future; *Gungaji-ki-jai*; *Mahadeo Bomm*," the last word being delivered with an emphasis which seems to be enjoyed with exquisite relish by the Hindu believer as he commences his weary return march, with the precious treasure of the holy *pani* dangling from the bamboo slung across his shoulder.

CHAPTER X.

RURKI.

Of course, those who have occasion to visit Rurki direct from the plains will find it most accessible from Saharanpur, from which place it is distant about 30 miles by the *packa* road. Proceeding along the trunk road to a *dâk ghari* stage, called Chatmalpur, 14 miles, about a mile short of Fathipur, the road to Rurki branches off towards the east.

But for the tourist, who comes from the hills, the station is much more pleasantly approachable *viâ* the Eastern Dehra Dun and Hardwar, from which latter it is distant about 20 miles, along the banks of the Ganges Canal, Rurki being the headquarters of the Canal department.

The Oudh and Rohilkund Railway Company authorities are constructing a railway from Moradabad to Saharanpur *viâ* Rurki, and also a branch to Hardwar. When complete, this line will divert a good deal of the traffic *viâ* Ghaziabad from some convenient point, either through Aligarh northwards, or from Benares, throughout the whole of the Oudh and Rohilkund system.

Turning back to the road from the hills to Hardwar *viâ* Dehra Dun, the way to Rurki will be found infinitely interesting and picturesque. The river Ganges, rising among the snows of Gangutri, and flowing within the interior of the Himalayas over a rocky bed, and between precipitous cliffs, leaves its mountain channel above Hardwar, and at that point breaks through the Siwalik hills as a pure rapid and plentiful stream flowing over a bed of great stones, and separating into several branches, one of which passes the Pairi-ghat, the most sacred of the bathing

places of the Hindus. The main branch turns off to the eastward a little, and flowing past Kankhal, receives again immediately below that town the Pairi branch. It is through this latter channel that the supply for the canal is brought to a place, called Maiapur, where the regular excavation commences, and where a very extensive and complete series of works have been constructed for regulating the admission of water into the canal bed, and it is from Hardwar to Rurki, and the provision for passing the Solani river, close to Rurki, that the greatest engineering difficulties of the canal had to be encountered, and at a fabulous expense. At present, (March 1884), a huge dam is being made for the purpose of diverting the course of the stream during the construction of a new Regulator, the present one, which also forms the Maiapur bridge, being faulty, inasmuch as it gets clogged by the solid *debris* which floats down the river. The new Regulator will remedy this defect, and, just now, a small army of laborers are busily engaged on the work.

From Maiapur, the traveller will find excellent walking, riding, or driving, on the banks of the canal. All along the *route*, there are to be noticed marvellous examples of engineering science. About two miles from Maiapur is the Khankal bridge, and a mile and-a-half further on, the Jawalapur bridge. Near the five mile stone is the Rampur super-passage and falls, and here the Rani Rao runs over the canal. From this point the road leaves the main canal and skirts a boat channel, which again flows into the canal at the Putri super-passage, just short of the ten-mile stone, after passing the Putri Rao, which also runs above the canal. By keeping to the boat channel we miss the Bahadurabad and Selimpur falls. We next come upon important works at Dhanauri bridge. At the Dhanauri bridge the canal receives the water of the Ratmu Rao, the excess of water, during the rains, being let off by opening gates under a side dam across the Rao. About 300 or 400 yards beyond is the Dhanauri Regulator. Beyond, a little past

the 14-mile stone, is the bridge which passes traffic into *Piran Kalia* and the *Pir-ke-makhan*, a sacred place where a large Mahomedan *mela* is held every year. The crowning difficulty had to be surmounted by running the canal water over the Solani river and valley by means of a leviathan aqueduct for some three miles into Rurki, which aqueduct will stand as a monument of the engineering skill of the designer. Each end of the aqueduct is marked by the effigies of two Brobdignagian Lions. The writer has no desire to write disrespectfully of the British Lion, in any shape or form. At the same time, he would not like to risk his reputation, as an art critic, by stating that the lions, which keep watch and ward at each end of the Rurki aqueduct, are equal to those which crouch at the base of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, nor will he incur the responsibility of proclaiming them to be wonderful examples of high art. If colossal proportions constituted the soul of art, the writer would be prepared to back the Rurki lions against the world. On approaching near them, one is almost appalled by their amazing prominence, and one is almost possessed by the fear created by the idea, that they might, like Galatea, descend from their pedestals and become an inconvenient reality. Whatever may be said of the Rurki lions, they form most impressive ornaments of one of the grandest pieces of engineering ever accomplished in this or any other country.

But little has been written about Rurki, the Imperial Gazetteer being exceedingly meagre in detail, and strikingly marked in the poverty of its information. "A short account of the Ganges Canal, with a description of some of the principal works," published in pamphlet form, and printed at the Thomason College Press at Rurki, supplies a good deal of useful information. This is a pamphlet, however, which is not likely to have had an extensive circulation, except among engineers and people interested in the Ganges Canal, and the writer makes no apology for hereunder making ample use of it.

Having taken the reader to Rurki, by whichever route the circumstances of his necessities or choice may dictate, the writer will give such information about Rurki itself as his researches enable him as well as from the experiences of a hasty personal visit, during which he received much information and kind attention from Mr. G. T. Sparke, of the Thomason College.

Rurki gives its name to the *Tashil* in which it is situated, in the Saharanpur district, N.W.P., at the foot of the Siwalik hills, along the western bank of the Ganges, and which *Tashil* is watered by the Ganges Canal, and, in area, is 789 square miles, of which, probably, about half is under cultivation. The exact statistical returns of the most recent dates, both of the *Tashil* and Rurki itself, have not, owing to difficulties, been obtained, but in round numbers the population of the *Tashil* may be taken at 250,000; the land-revenue at Rs. 30,000; total Government revenue Rs. 33,000; rental paid by cultivators, about Rs. 46,000. Rurki station itself is in latitude $29^{\circ} 52' 25''$ N., longitude $77^{\circ} 55' 40''$ E. For the abovementioned reason the exact population, as shown by the most recent census, cannot be given here but in 1872 it is set down at 10,778, consisting of 6,925 Hindus, 3,551 Muhammadans, and 302 Christians. The station stands on an elevated ridge, overlooking the bed of the Solani river. Before the commencement of the Ganges Canal works, it was a mere mud built village on the banks of the Solani, but is now a flourishing town with broad metalled roadways, meeting at right angles, and lined with excellent shops. The Ganges Canal passes eastward of the town, between raised embankments. The Canal has been so great a success that it has been raised two feet in supply since it was opened.

Rurki is now very healthy, and possesses the advantage of being near the hills, and in clear weather a fine view of the snows may be obtained. It is a desirable location for pensioners, who do not care to reside in the hills. There are a few things worthy of a moment's notice in passing. The great mass of

building occupying the highland on the right of the Canal, and even stretching down nearly to the level of the valley of the Solani, are the Rurki Workshops, or, as they might, more properly, from their magnitude and the nature of their contents be called, the Factory. The high chimneys, rising above the enclosure and pouring out volumes of dense smoke, indicate the nature of the power by which movement is given to the machinery within. A steam engine is constantly at work, driving saw mills, planing machines, punching machines and lathes, and such other pieces of mechanism as are required for the varied demands of the works. Suites of rooms are filled as with a forest of shafts and bands, and during working hours, the presiding spirit is one of active energy and sustained effort. Outside the machine shops, but within the workshop walls, the busy groups of blacksmiths and carpenters carry on their tasks ; numerous forges are blazing, and the din of many hammers is heard, while the quieter work in wood goes on with equal, though less noisy, vigour. The front building with its clock and tower and sonorous bell is the Model Room, where some beautiful pieces of intricate and delicate work may be examined, in steam, pile-engines, iron roofs, bridges, &c., as proofs of the intelligent dexterity at which the Rurki workmen have arrived. On the lower levels, buildings for an iron-foundry, a mathematical instrument shop, store and show rooms, are complete, and the factory is competent to supply many most important wants both for the public service and the general community.

One grand object which Government has had in view in organising this establishment, is that it should act as a school of industry for the native workmen, in whom we have an educational material to work with, at once plastic, impressionable, industrious, and skilful in manual labour. When such a material is moulded by minds highly trained and acting upon it with combined kindness, patience and vigour, the results already attained prove how much more is yet to be done. There

are old habits and old prepossessions, old methods and old means to be contended with, but these have in some measure even now melted away beneath the influence of European science, wisely and considerately displayed, and it is difficult to over-estimate the extent to which such progress may be stimulated hereafter.

Such is the machinery at work for the improvement of the working artisan. On the opposite side of the station, and occupying the crest of a gentle eminence, there rises another mass of buildings designed in excellent architectural taste, and imposing in its extent and general effect. This is the new "Thomason College of Civil Engineering." Within its walls are being educated various classes of public servants to whose efficiency high mental training is essential. Commissioned officers and soldiers, pupils of the European seminaries, of the Government Colleges and of the humble village schools, are all gathered together, and each class is receiving the instruction suited to its future destination. There are a library, a museum, an observatory, a printing press department, copper-engraving, wood-cutting, and lithography, and the educational machinery of the college is as complete as that of similar establishments in Europe. The Thomason Civil Engineering College has a variety of classes. There are the Engineer classes :—(European and Native). Upper subordinate class—Second Grade ; upper subordinate class—Third Grade ; Lower subordinate class—civil. Circulars containing full information of the qualifications necessary for entering the College, the formalities to be observed, and every detail regarding subjects of study, examinations, and accommodation, may be obtained on application to the Principal of the College, Lieut.-Col. A. M. Brandreth, R.E.

There are also a church, dispensary, police-station, post office, *tahsils*, mission school of Society for the Propagation of the Gospel ; also an excellent Dâk Banglau.

Rurki, too, is a military cantonment. It is at present garrisoned by the Suffolk Regiment (formerly 1st Batt., 12th Foot) with a wing at Delhi. Rurki is also the head-quarters of the Corps of Bengal Sappers and Miners, the 1st and 2nd companies only being at present at Rurki. The 3rd and 8th companies are at Peshawur, the 6th at Rawal Pindi, and the 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th and 10th being in the Bolan Pass. Of course, it is a native regiment, and is commanded by Lieut.-Col. E. T. Thackeray, R.E., V.C. There are nine staff officers, one medical officer, twenty-four attached officers, to all the different companies at all stations, where there are detachments. The establishment given in the Bengal Army List runs as follows :—

—10 Companies, *viz* :—1 Depôt—1 Field Telegraph—2 Pontoon—and 6 General Service Companies—Commandant—2nd-in-Command and Adjutant—Superintendent of Park and Field Train—Interpreter and Quartermaster—Superintendent of Instruction—Instructor of Army Signalling and Telegraphy—4 Doing Duty Officers—1 Medical Officer—1 Serjeant Major—1 Quartermaster Serjeant—1st Class Serjeant Assistant Instructor of Military Engineering—1st Class Serjeant Assistant Instructor in Army Signalling and Telegraphy—20 Serjeants—20 Corporals—20 Second Corporals—2 Hospital Assistants—10 Subadars—10 Jemadars—40 Havildars—80 Naicks—20 Buglers—and 1,000 Privates, making a total of 1,160 Natives of all ranks.

CHAPTER XI.

DEHRA DUN.

The main information regarding this most interesting valley is contained in the "Historical and Statistical Memoir of the Doon" by Mr. G. R. C. Williams, B.A., of the Bengal Civil Service, and printed at the Thomason Civil Engineering Press at Rurki, in 1874. The work displays wonderful industry, especially under difficulties which the author explains in his preface. The work, however, is exceedingly popular among all who take any interest in the Dehra Dun. A book so exhaustive in the treatment of its subject comprising "descriptive and general," "historical," and "statistical and miscellaneous," occupying 332 pages of royal octavo size, with appendices of 107 pages more, required a good deal of "boiling down" in accomplishing the object of a comparatively small guide book like the present one. Dr. W. W. Hunter, to whom the writer is indebted for having, in Calcutta, courteously placed the general "Imperial Gazetteer" at his service, told the writer, that the Gazetteer's account of the Dehra Dun was compiled from Mr. Williams' book published in 1874. That being so, the statistical account of the valley is mainly derived from the "Gazetteer," figures being brought down to the latest possible date. As the "Gazetteer" "boiled down" the "Memoir" of Dehra Dun, a book of 332 pages royal octavo, with 107 pages of appendices in small type, so the present writer puts the "Gazetteer" through the literary smelting pot with the one hand, and expands his information with the other, amplifying and condensing wherever it may be desirable. A very large proportion of the matter is purely original and derived from personal experience.

Dehra Dun is a British District in the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-Western Provinces, lying between $29^{\circ} 57'$ and $30^{\circ} 59'$ lat., and between $77^{\circ} 37' 15''$ and $78^{\circ} 22' 45''$ E. long., with an area of 1,021 square miles, and a population (1872) of 116,945 persons. Later statistics on the subject of the population will be given hereafter. Dehra Dun forms the Northern District of the Mirath (Meerut) Division. It is bounded on the north by Independent Garhwal, on the west by Sirmur and Amballa (Umballa) District, on the south by Saharanpur, and on the east by British and Independent Garhwal. The administrative head-quarters are at the town of Dehra.

As to its physical aspects the district of Dehra Dun consists of two distinct portions—the double valley of Dehra Proper, and the outlying mountain tract of Jaunsar Bawar. It projects northward from the alluvial uplands of the Doab, like an irregular triangle, toward the sources of the Jumna (Jamuna) and the main range of the Himalayas. To the south, the Siwalik hills, a mass of Himalayan *debris*, shut off the District from the level and fertile plain below. Between these hills and the great mountain chain, whose farthest outliers they form, lie the two valleys known as the Eastern and Western Duns; the former sloping down toward the stream of the Ganges, while the latter descends by wooded undulations to the bed of its principal confluent, the Jumna (Jamuna). The scenery of these mountain-dales can hardly be surpassed for picturesque beauty even among the lovely slopes of the massive chain to which they belong. The perennial streams nourish a fresh and luxuriant vegetation. Whilst the romantic hills to the south, and the sterner mountains on the north, give an exquisite variety to the landscape. A connecting ridge, which runs from north to south between the two systems, forms the watershed of the great rivers, and divides the Eastern from the Western Dun. The Ganges, passing between this district and Garhwal, pours rapidly over beds of boulder, through several

channels, encircling jungle-clad islets, and debouches at length upon the plains at Hardwar. The Jamna sweeps round the whole south-western boundary, and reaches the level upland near Badshah Mahal, in the Saharanpur District, an ancient hunting seat of the Delhi Emperors. Their tributaries have little importance, except for artificial irrigation. When the district first passed under British rule, remains of ancient dams, tanks, and canals studded its surface; but these works had fallen completely out of use during the anarchic period of Sikh and Gurkha incursions. Dun channels, or the construction of others, and a number of diminutive but valuable irrigation canals now traverse both valleys in every direction, spreading cultivation over all available portions of their rugged surface. North of the Dun Proper, the massive block of mountains known as Jaunsar Bawar fills in the space between the valleys of the Tons on the west and the Jamna on the east and south. The latter river, bending sharply westward from the Garhwal boundary, divides this northern tract from the Dun, and unites with its tributary the Tons near the Sirmur frontier. Jaunsar Bawar consists of a confused mass of rocks, evidently upheaved by volcanic action. Forests of deodar, oak, and fir still clothe large spaces on the hill-sides; but cultivation can only be carried on by means of terraces cut along the mountain slopes, and artificially irrigated by dams upon the numerous minor streams. The wild elephant ranges over the Siwalik chain; while tigers, leopards, sloth, bears, spotted or other deer, and monkeys abound in the remoter jungles.

The history of the Dehra Dun, the earlier part of which rests on the uncertain basis of mere tradition, tells us that in the earliest ages of Hindu legend, Dehra Dun formed part of the mythical region known as Kedarkund, the abode of the great God Siva, whose sovereignty is still commemorated in the name of the Siwalik hills. Many generations later, according to the most ancient myths of the Aryan settlers,

the valley became bound up with the two great epics of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. Hither came Rama and his brother to do penance for the death of the Brahman demon-king Ravana; and here sojourned the five Pandava brethren, on their way to the inner recesses of the snowy range, where they finally immolated themselves upon the sacred peak of Maha Panth. Another memorable legend connects the origin of the little river Suswa with the prayers of 60,000 pigmy Brahmans, whom Indra, the rain-god, had laughed to scorn when he saw them vainly endeavouring to cross the vast lake formed by a cow's footprint filled with water. The indignant pigmies set to work, by means of penance and mortifications, to create a second Indra, who should supersede the reigning god; and when their sweat had collected into the existing river, the irreverent deity, alarmed at the surprising effect of their devotions, appeased their wrath through the good offices of Brahma. Traditions of a snake, Bamun, who became lord of the Dun on the summit of the Nagsidh Hill seem to point towards a period of Naga supremacy. The famous Kalsi stone, near Haripur, on the right bank of the Jamna, inscribed with an edict of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka, may mark the ancient boundary between India and the Chinese Empire. It consists of a large quartz boulder, standing on a ledge which overhangs, or did once overhang, the river, and is covered with the figure of an elephant, besides an inscription in the ordinary character of the period. Hionen Theang does not mention any cities which can be identified as lying within the present district; and tradition asserts that it remained without inhabitants until the 11th century, when a passing caravan of Banjaras, struck with the beauty of the country, permanently settled on the spot. Authentic history, however, knows nothing of Dehra Dun till the 17th century, when it formed a portion of the Garhwal Kingdom. The town of Dehra owes its origin to the heretical Sikh Guru, Ram Rai,

a Hindu Anti-Pope, who was driven from the Punjab and the Sikh apostolate by doubts as to the legitimacy of his birth, and obtained recommendations from the Emperor Aurangzeb to the Rajah of Garhwal. His presence in the Dun shortly attracted numerous devotees, and the village of Gurudwara, or Dehra, grew up around the saint's abode. Raja Fateh Shah endowed his temple, a curious building of Muhammadan architecture, with the revenue of three estates. The Guru possessed the singular and miraculous power of dying-at-will, and returning to life after a concerted interval ; but on one occasion, having mistaken his reckoning, he never revived, and the bed on which he died still forms a particular object of reverence to the devout worshippers at his cenotaph. Monuments of earlier date, erected by one Rani Karnavati, still exist at Nawada. Fateh Shah died soon after the arrival of Ram Rai, and was succeeded (1699) by his infant grandson, Partab Shah, whose reign extended over the greater part of a century. But the flourishing condition of his domain soon attracted the attention of Najib Daula, Governor of Saharanpur, who crossed the Siwaliks, with a Rohilla army, in 1757, and occupied the Dun without serious opposition. Under Najib Khan's benevolent and enlightened administration, the District rose to an unexampled degree of wealth and prosperity. Canals and wells irrigated the mountain sides ; Muhammadan colonists brought capital to develop the latent resources of the soil, and mangoe topes, still standing amid apparently primeval forests, bear witness even now to the flourishing agriculture of this happy period. But Najib's death in 1770 put an end to the sudden prosperity of the Dun. Henceforth a perpetual inundation of Rajputs, Gujars, Sikhs, and Gurkhas swept over the valley, till the once fertile garden degenerated again into a barren waste. Four Rajas followed one another on the throne ; but the real masters were the turbulent tribes, on every side, who levied constant blackmail from the unfortunate cultivators. Mean-

while, the Gurkhas, a race of mixed Nepali origin, were advancing westward, and reached at last the territories of Garhwal. In 1803, Raja Parduman Shah fled before them from Srinagar into the Dun, and thence to Saharanpur, while the savage Gurkha host overran the whole valley unopposed. Their occupation of Dehra Dun coincided in time with the British entry into Saharanpur, and the great earthquake of 1803 proved the miraculous harbinger of either event. The Gurkhas ruled their new acquisition with a rod of iron, so that the District threatened to become an absolute desert. The few remaining inhabitants emigrated elsewhere, and cultivation began rapidly to disappear. Under the severe fiscal arrangements of the Gurkha Governors, slavery increased with frightful rapidity, every defaulter being condemned to life-long bondage, and slaves being far cheaper in the market than horses or camels. From this unhappy condition, the advent of British rule rescued the feeble and degraded people. The constant aggressions of the Gurkhas against our frontier compelled the Government to declare war in November 1814. Dehra was immediately occupied, while our forces laid siege to the strong hill fortress of Kalanga, which fell after a gallant defence, with great loss to the besieging party. There were two unsuccessful assaults, in the first of which (31st October, 1814) Gillespie and four other officers were killed, together with 27 non-commissioned officers and men. Officers wounded 15, and 213 non-commissioned and men. After nearly a month's unexplainable delay, the Kalanga Fort was again stormed, the attack being led by Major Ingleby of the 53rd, whose men would not, as in the former assault, fight; no one fled; but none went forward; they stood to be slaughtered." A second repulse was sustained, and Captain Campbell, and three other officers, and thirty-three non-commissioned officers and men. There were wounded seven officers, and 636 men wounded or missing. Three days after, however, after a well sustained bombardment, the survivors of the garrison, reduced to about

a Hindu Anti-Pope, who was driven from the Punjab and the Sikh apostolate by doubts as to the legitimacy of his birth, and obtained recommendations from the Emperor Aurangzeb to the Rajah of Garhwal. His presence in the Dun shortly attracted numerous devotees, and the village of Gurudwara, or Dehra, grew up around the saint's abode. Raja Fateh Shah endowed his temple, a curious building of Muhammadan architecture, with the revenue of three estates. The Guru possessed the singular and miraculous power of dying-at-will, and returning to life after a concerted interval ; but on one occasion, having mistaken his reckoning, he never revived, and the bed on which he died still forms a particular object of reverence to the devout worshippers at his cenotaph. Monuments of earlier date, erected by one Raní Karnavati, still exist at Nawada. Fateh Shah died soon after the arrival of Ram Rai, and was succeeded (1699) by his infant grandson, Partab Shah, whose reign extended over the greater part of a century. But the flourishing condition of his domain soon attracted the attention of Najib Daula, Governor of Saharanpur, who crossed the Siwaliks, with a Rohilla army, in 1757, and occupied the Dun without serious opposition. Under Najib Khan's benevolent and enlightened administration, the District rose to an unexampled degree of wealth and prosperity. Canals and wells irrigated the mountain sides ; Muhammadan colonists brought capital to develop the latent resources of the soil, and mangoe topes, still standing amid apparently primeval forests, bear witness even now to the flourishing agriculture of this happy period. But Najib's death in 1770 put an end to the sudden prosperity of the Dun. Henceforth a perpetual inundation of Rajputs, Gujars, Sikhs, and Gurkhas swept over the valley, till the once fertile garden degenerated again into a barren waste. Four Rajas followed one another on the throne ; but the real masters were the turbulent tribes, on every side, who levied constant blackmail from the unfortunate cultivators. Mean-

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70, evacuated the fort, by cutting their way through the besiegers' lines. The want of water from the spring, *nala pani*, which still supplies Dehra with sweet water, had much to do with the evacuation of the place. The remnant of its brave garrison entered the service of Ranjit Singh, and afterwards died to a man in battle with the Afghans. A Resolution of Government, dated 17th November 1815, ordered the annexation of our new possession to Saharanpur; while the Gurkhas, by a treaty drawn up in the succeeding month, formally ceded the country to our authorities. The organization on a British model proceeded rapidly; and in spite of an ineffectual rising of the disaffected Gujars and other predatory classes, led by a bandit, named Kalwa, in 1824, peace was never again seriously disturbed. Under the energy and perseverance of its first English officials, the Dun rapidly recovered its prosperity. Roads and canals were constructed, cultivation spread over the waste lands, and the people themselves, awaking from their previous apathy, began to acquire habits of industry and self-reliance. Jaunsar Bawar, historically an integral portion of Sirmur, had been conquered in the same campaign as the Dun; but was at first erected into a separate charge, under a Commissioner subordinate to the Resident at Delhi. In 1829, however, it was incorporated with the present District, of which it has ever since formed a part. The events of 1857 produced little effect in this remote dependency; cut off by the Siwaliks from direct contact with the centres of disaffection in the Doab or the Delhi Division, and though a party of Jalandhar insurgents, 600 strong, crossed the Jamna into Dehra Dun, they traversed the district without stopping, and never came into collision with the pursuing troops.

As to the population of the Dehra Dun District, it is probable that the number of the inhabitants has more than trebled since the introduction of British rule. The first regular census,

however, took place as lately as 1865, and it returned a total population of 102,181. In 1872, the numbers had risen to 116,945, showing an increase of 14,114 persons, 13·7 per cent. The latter enumeration extended over an area of 1,060 square miles, of which only 138 were cultivated. The population of 116,945 persons was distributed among 965 villages or townships, inhabiting an aggregate of 24,757 houses. These figures yield the following averages:—Persons per square mile, 114; villages or townships per square mile, 0·9; houses per square mile, 24; persons per village, 121; persons per house, 4·6. Classified according to sex there were, exclusive of Non-Asiatics—males, 68,044; females, 47,667; proportion of males, 58·8 per cent. The disparity between the sexes may be probably attributed to the number of recent immigrants, amongst whom men naturally predominate. Classified according to age, there were, with the like omission, under 12 years, males, 17,829; females, 17,516; total, 33,745, or 34·23 per cent. The total population of the Dehra Dun, according to the census of 1881, long since Mr. Williams' Book, or the Imperial Gazetteer, concerning this district, appeared, was for the Dun Proper, 98,953; Jaunsar Bawar, 45,117; total, 144,070. This census showed a marked improvement, if the principle in Political Economy that population is the wealth of a country is accepted. Classified according to sex there were, in 1881, exclusive of Non-Asiatics, males, 83,279; females, 59,500. According to age, there were, with like omissions, under 12 years, males, 26,250; females, 22,727; total, 48,977. As regards the religious distinctions of the people, the Hindoos numbered, in 1872, 102,814, or 89·3 per cent; while the Muhammadans were returned at 12,420, or 10·7 per cent. The District also contained a resident European population of 1,061, besides 190 of mixed race and 460 native Christians.

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race, 295; Europeans, 1,291; and native Christians, 734—total, 144,070. The leading castes comprised in 1872, the Brahmans (10,279) and Rajputs (33,125), each of which has two broad subdivisions into the mountain and the lowland clans. The latter regard themselves as vastly superior to their hill brethren, and lose caste by intermarriage with them. The highland Brahmans will eat any kind of meat except beef. The Gujar immigrants, plunderers of the last century, still retain several villages. Among the lower castes, the Mehras and Dhums possess the greatest interest, as being the probable representatives of the aborigines before the tide of Aryan immigration had set in. The Mehras inhabit the remote portions of the Eastern Dun, inferior both in physique and intelligence, and timidly averse to intercourse with strangers. The Dhums have dingy black skins and woolly hair; they form the servile class, only just emancipated from actual slavery under British rule, and still retaining many traces of their ancient status. Most of the Mahammadans are mere chance visitors from the plains. They have secured few proselytes, except among the wretched Dhums, and even these prefer Christianity to Islam. The district contained only one town in 1872, whose population exceeded 5,000, namely, DEHRA, with 7,316 inhabitants. The sanitariums of MASURI (MUSSOORIE) and LANDAUR, now united into a single town, contain a large number of permanent residents, and attract many visitors from the plains during the hot season. KALSI, the ancient mart of Jaunsar Bawar, has now sunk to the position of a country village; while the cantonment of CHAKRATA, high among the mountains, has succeeded to local importance as the modern capital of the tract. The language in ordinary use consists of a very corrupt dialect of Hindi.

So far as agriculture is concerned, out of a total area of 1,160 square miles, only 138 were cultivated in 1872. Tillage is chiefly confined to the valleys, or to terraces on the mountain

slopes, artificially irrigated by dams and canals. The agricultural year follows the same seasons as those which prevail in the Doab. The *kharif*, or autumn harvest, consists chiefly of rice, the inferior kinds of which can be grown in land entirely dependent on the rainfall for its watersupply. Joar, til, and sugarcane form supplementary autumn crops. The *rabi*, or spring harvest, falls far short of the *kharif* in quantity. Its staples comprise wheat and barley, with very few inferior grains. The District produces no surplus for exportation, and since the hill stations of Masuri and Chakrata have risen into importance, a considerable amount of food stuff is annually imported for their supply. On the other hand, Dehra Dun now raises tea and rice for exportation to the plains, while timber and other forest produce turn the balance of trade in its favor. Government has endeavoured to promote the reclamation of the waste lands which abound in all parts of the District, by means of grants to European capitalists, but hitherto little success has attended these enterprises. The various agricultural staples cover the following estimated areas:—Wheat, 12,890 acres ; barley, 5,228 acres ; rice, 13,743 acres ; mandwa, 6,412 acres. The average outturn of wheat per acre may be set down at 11 cwts., valued at £1 5s. ; and that of barley at 15 cwts., valued at £1 1s. Nearly one-fourth of the land is held by tenants with rights of occupancy. In the Dun Proper, the peasantry have not yet extricated themselves from a condition of indebtedness to the village banker ; but in Jaunsar Bawar, they occupy a comparatively enviable position, free from debt, and usually cultivating their own little farms themselves. On the tea plantations, labour obtains excellent wages, which prove quite sufficient to attract Afghans and other foreigners into competition with natives of the Dun. In 1872, ordinary field labourers received 3d. per diem. Famine has never occurred within the historical period ; and it is believed that, among a people so favourably situated as regards the demand for labour, its future occurrence may be considered a

very remote contingency. The average prices of food stuffs for the ten years, ending 1870, ruled as follows :—Common rice, 12 seers per rupee, or 9s. 4d. per cwt. ; best rice, 9 seers per rupee, or 12s. 5d. per cwt. ; wheat, 17 seers per rupee, or 6s. 7d. per cwt. ; barley, 25 seers per rupee, or 4s. 6d. per cwt.

In relation to commerce and trade, the traffic of Dehra Dun has two main channels, leading from their valley to the plains and to the hills, respectively. The exports towards the low lands include timber, bamboo, lime, charcoal, rice, and above all tea. The total annual value of the latter article raised within the District is estimated at £20,000. Some of it has even found its way, through Afghanistan, to the Russian army in Central Asia. In return, the Dun imports from the plains hardware, cotton, cloth, blankets, salt, sugar, grain, tobacco, fruits and spices. All these articles pass on also to the hills ; while the return trade consists of rice, ginger, turmeric, red pepper, honey, wax, lac, gum, resin, and other forest produce. No manufacturers of more than local importance exist. The mode of carriage is confined to bullock carts, and the carrying trade remains chiefly in the hands of Banjaras. The District has only one bridged and metalled road, from Asaruri to Rajpur, along which goes the traffic from the plains through the Mohan Pass, pierced by a causeway, seven miles long. Fair second class roads connect the other centres of populations with the principal passes of the Himalayas or the Siwaliks. The hill stations, however, can only be reached by means of horse paths.

The administration of the Dehra Dun District comprises three covenanted officers, the chief of whom bears the title of Superintendent, with the powers of Magistrate and Collector. There is also an Assistant Superintendent, and a Sub-Judge, who is also the Small Cause Court Judge. The total revenue raised in Dehra Dun during the financial year 1874-75 was returned at £6,308, of which sum £5,797 was

due to the land-tax. The number of policemen of all kinds in the same year amounted to 279, being at the rate of one constable to every 3·6 square miles of area and every 419 persons. The District Jail at Dehra Dun contained a daily average of 304 inmates in 1875, of whom 297 were male, and 7 female. In education the District still remains very backward. In 1875-76, the number of schools was returned at 32, with an aggregate roll of 7,196 pupils, giving an average of one school to every 31·87 square miles, and 102 scholars per thousand of the population. The America Mission at Dehra, established in 1853, has taken a deep interest in educational matters, and maintains a female school and girls' orphanage. For fiscal and administrative purposes, the District is subdivided into two *tahsils* and three *parganas*. Municipalities have been established at Dehra and Masuri. In 1875-76 their joint revenue amounted to £3542; from taxes, £2,062, or 2s. 1d. per head of the population (19,445) within municipal limits. During the season, however, the visitors who flock to Masuri greatly disturb the apparent incidence of taxation. The latest returns of income and expenditure of the Masuri municipality have been given under the proper head.

Extremes of heat and cold are unknown in the Dehra Dun. The proximity of the Himalayas cools the atmosphere. Not like Bengal, the warm blasts from the plains do not reach so far among the mountain valleys, while the heavy summer monsoons bring abundant showers, and even in May or June occasional rainfall refreshes the country. The temperature generally fluctuates between 37° and 101°, but at the sanitarium of Masuri, 6,000 feet above sea-level, the thermometer has a range from 27° to 80°. Earthquakes occasionally occur, but seldom cause serious damage. The total number of deaths recorded in the District in 1875 amounted to 2,786, being at the rate of 23·82 per 1000 of the population. During the same year, the Government Charitable Dispensary at Dehra

gave relief to 19,676 outdoor, and 649 indoor, patients. This rate should be considered in connection with the fact that many sick persons go up to Masuri with disease and death staring them in the face.

The want of an Asylum for the lepers going about begging in the streets of Dehra and Masuri had been long felt. A proposal was accordingly made by Mr. H. G. Ross for its establishment in the year 1872, and representation was subsequently made to Government for a grant-in-aid, strongly supported by the Commissioner of Meerut Division and the Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals and Dispensaries, N. W. P., but Government refused to entertain the proposal. Dr. MacLaren, Civil-Surgeon of Dehra, however, succeeded in collecting by private subscriptions a sum of money sufficient to build a house on a small scale for the accommodation of the lepers, and to provide, though scantily, for their general wants.

The Institution was opened in 1879, and was continued under Dr. MacLaren's management, supported *solely by private and municipal contributions*. The fact that, at the end of 1882, the Financial Report discovered a balance in favor of the Institution of Rs. 23,110-8-10 shows the present position of the Institution. It should be mentioned that, on the cash account for 1883, there is a debit for a Government grant of Rs. 1,500 for 1883-84, which shows that Government have recognized the value of such a charity. The balance in favor of the Institution in closing the accounts for 1883 was found to be Rs. 24,712-11-6, and the general economy and management of the Asylum has improved. Dr. MacLaren, the mainspring of the establishment, is lost to it, on account of his furlough for a time; his successor will please all if he maintains an institution which obscures from view those sickening sights to which residents of the hills north of Dehra, and Dehra itself, were painfully afflicted.

The Asylum is situated outside the town of Dehra, about

a mile south of the cemetery. The building is a *kacha-paka* one, and is divided into two symmetrical parts, each having five wards for the *separate* accommodation of the males and the females. The average population since the opening of the Asylum has been : men, 43 ; women, 21 ; and children, 7. But the mode of making up the average figures for 1883 does not give the general average from May 1879. For 1883 the average was : male, 39·10 ; female, 19·54. Averages, however, are of small consequence in the face of the fact that the Asylum removes a source of annoyance to travellers, which was most objectionable, and, at times, simply disgusting to delicate susceptibilities. The sexes are kept distinctly apart, and only a single birth has occurred in the Asylum.

DEHRA.—As to the town of Dehra itself, the urban population has generally been in a backward condition, but the town itself probably contributes over 8,000 souls. Dehra town is situated in lat. 30° 18' 58", long. 78° 4' 27", at an elevation of more than 2,300 feet above the level of the sea on the road from the plains to the hills, and, being the capital, distinguishes this tract as Dehra Dun, the Valley of Dehra. As before mentioned, the foundation of Dehra town is commonly ascribed to Guru Ram Rai. His temple is the only edifice in the place with any pretensions to architectural beauty. In the native city, which lies south of the European station, there are, besides a first class police station, a *tashili*, a small jail, a *tashili* school, and a Government school for girls, both thinly attended. The American Mission almost wholly monopolizes the educational work of the district. The station contains a fixed Anglo-Indian population of about 400 persons, being one of the largest in the North-West Provinces. Many settle down in the district, spending the *worse* period of the year at Masuri or Landaur. To the west of it are the cantonments of the 2nd Gurkha Rifles, or Sirmur Battalion. In the hot months and during the rains,

it is the head-quarters of the Viceroy's bodyguard. The Viceroy's private stud also avoids the heat of the plains by leading an easy life at Dehra, some members of the turf also find accommodation for their horses, there being several training stables. A Church (St. Thomas) exists on the Rajpur road in the European quarter, and in the cold months is well filled for divine service, and forms a great convenience to the residents who are members of the Anglican persuasion, in addition to Roman Catholic and Presbyterian places of worship, the former in connection with the Masuri convent, the latter with the American Mission. The Dispensary, a most deserving charitable institution, relieves about nine to ten thousand annually. Dehra has a municipality which has done but little good, except to name the roads, which is a great boon to strangers. It is the head-quarters of the great Trigonometrical Survey, as also of the administrative district staff. The station itself is one of no small importance, and it is certainly the prettiest, and perhaps the healthiest in these provinces. It is celebrated for its gardens, and especially for its roses. There is a splendid race-course there, and from its proximity to the hills, Dehra is a most enjoyable place to live in, and while many Dehraiters go to Masuri in the hot months, there are more who remain behind; the climate, except occasionally in rare cases, by no means trying or uncomfortable. Retired military officers and Government pensioners find an enjoyable home there, while the whole of the hill scenery, on every side, is simply charming.

THE EASTERN DUN.—The cultivation of this line of country from Dehra to Hardwar, a distance of some 31 miles, is far inferior to that of the Western Dun, dense jungle or long grass rising at some places ten or fifteen feet high. It is extremely malarious in the autumnal months, so much so, that a single night in September would be very risky to any European, and probably result in jungle fever. Up to a few years ago, it

was a first-rate shooting country, being full of sambhar, chital, and parah, with a fair sprinkling of tigers and leopards ; but it has been so much shot over during the last few years, that game is now getting very scarce. It is a thousand pities something was not done twenty years ago in the way of preserving game. Instead of this, we had a forest officer who used to boast of having killed his twenty or thirty chital a day, chiefly, of course, does. The fishing in the Ganges was always first-class, but the best place, the deep pool of Raiwala, is said to have been a good deal spoilt by the great flood of September 1880. A few years ago, it was not unusual for a fisherman to land his half dozen mahsir in a day, from twenty to sixty pounds each, when the water was a little discoloured after rain. The Suswa and Song, two streams that drain the Eastern Dun and fall into the Ganges, six and eight miles above Hardwar, are full of young mahsir, and are frequented by fishermen, when the monsters, in the Ganges itself, are not in a taking humour, and this, contrary to the rule laid down in the "The Rod in India," is generally the case when the water is quite clear. A couple of miles from Lachiwala, the road enters the Markham Grant, an estate of some 7,000 acres, which does not seem to have flourished yet, cotton, indigo, and rhea fibre having been tried and given up, and tea is now being cultivated. Khansrau was a famous place for sportsmen. Probably, more tigers have been brought into it than to any other camp ground in India, and the same may be said of four-footed small game. Something has been done to reclaim the Eastern Dun. Villagers have been encouraged to settle, and some places have been made for them. A European family, even, sometime ago, were induced to settle near the Ganges, about half way between Hardwar and Rickkikesh, (a subordinate place of pilgrimage where the river debouches from the Himalayas), at a spot they named the "Endeavour Farm," but all the family went down before the deadly malaria. The game does not seem to be worth the candle.

After half a century the few villages are miserable places, and the inhabitants, to look at, just as miserable, and nothing seems to improve. It would be better, perhaps, to leave it just as it is, and not sacrifice more life by attempting to cultivate, unless a fabulously expensive system of drainage can be brought to bear on its reclamation. Wild as it is, it has its uses. It has more than once saved a great portion of the cattle of the upper portion of the North-West Provinces, where, owing to severe drought, no grazing was left in the plains, and will probably do so again.

THE WESTERN DUN.—The Western Dun presents a very different state of things. Cultivation has made wonderful progress, smiling fields and numerous tea gardens present a much more cheerful condition. As the remainder of this book is founded entirely on the writer's own experiences, it will be convenient to drop the expression "the writer," and to use the personal pronoun "I." Having been over the ground so many times, I claim to be some authority on the subject of the Western Dun, especially as most of my visits have been made for the purposes of enquiry. The journey indicated hereunder was made in 1880, in the capacity of "Special" on the occasion of the Viceroy's trip from Simla, through Nahan, and on through the Western Dun—an occasion, it will be admitted, offering special opportunities for gaining information. The Western Dun and Sirmur were also visited by me in the last cold season (1883-4,) as well as the Eastern Dun, Hardwar Rurki, &c.

On this occasion, then, let us start from *Rajpur*. The good road between Rajpur and Dehra, though enlivened by the bugles of the *dâk ghariwans*, which proclaim the fact that some body is going from *Masuri* to the plains, or *vice versa*, is only a commonplace matter, nor is it necessary to dwell upon the every-day features of the Dehra bazaar with its lazy pariah-dogs

listlessly dozing their weary mangy lives out in the middle of the sun-baked, dusty roads, some of them with their tails cut short by a passing wheel; or to notice the halt and blind of their outcast race who value their wretched lives so recklessly as to be a little too late to get out of the way of the traffic of the Queen's highway. Nor, excepting for the pretty tea-gardens on either side, for a few miles out, is the earlier part of the journey worthy of much note beyond the heat which a horseman experiences by the time he approaches *Jajra*, a village about fifteen miles from Rajpur, where custom has rendered it usual to rest your horse and to stretch your own legs, while partaking of a late breakfast or an early tiffin, under the ample shade of a peepul-tree, which, however, the wayfarer has recently been deprived of. One cannot but be struck with the cultivation of the land on either side of the road and the many branches of the Dun canal system which bifurcate the highway and gurgle and ripple in muffled whispers of its fertilising powers. Beyond *Jajra*, it is indeed a hot, dusty ride, relieved by the small mercy of a mile or two of forest glade, into a pretty village called Sahispur, where civilization has placed a post office, the Hindu religion a handsome temple, the thirstiness of wayfarers a well of sweet, cool water, and the naughtiness of the people a police station. Here, too, is a splendid encamping ground beneath a battalion of mangoe trees, and there, after a ride from 25 to 27 miles, I was glad to find a horse and trap to wheel me some few miles further on, and a little off the road, to the estate of one of the largest and most intelligent tea-planters of the Dun, whose seductive invitation to halt a day or two, *en route*, could not be resisted.

He was one of the pioneers of tea cultivation in the Dehra valley, and having invested his capital, and laid out his spare income in this main object of tea culture, he has, through many vicissitudes, fruitful of valuable experience, weathered the

storms of bad, disheartening years, when the damming up of old markets has brought crushing disaster to many a weaker energy. It is no digression, in writing of a country in which our rulers take so much interest, to mention prominently the agricultural speculations which have required so much capital and which have undergone so many fluctuations. Pea-fowl crossed, and I heard the call of the black partridge. The hospitality of my friend, the tea-planter, reminded me of the traditions of former days regarding the indigo-planters of Tirhoot, with wild duck, quail, hare, and venison for dinner, the best of English beer, together with some fine old whiskey imported in cask, with the fragrant cheroot or pipe according as fancy dictated. Talking of sport, the rooms were crowded with evidences of the abundance of big game in the neighbourhood. Thirty-six pairs of antlers were appended to the walls, some of them the gerau or elk, besides tiger skins, the original possessors of which were all shot on the estate. I was, of course, shown over the tea gardens on this estate, which had wonderfully expanded since I visited it six years before. I was struck with the small size of the bushes, but was assured that, without very severe pruning, the China plant gives but little leaf. I saw also a few Cachar tea plants, and was struck with amazement with the large size of the leaf, the shrub itself growing naturally very high, and kept down by pruning to about four feet. I tasted the tea, and it was delicious. The tea made from the China plant, that is green tea, had hitherto found a market in Central Asia, packed in bags. Time was when orders were received from Holy Bokhara, and traders came to the doors of the planters, gave them good prices, and themselves took the green tea away. But from the time of our occupation of Quetta, bad times came upon the planters, and losses were made both of heart and money. The prospect of the Dun teas depend much upon the opening up of the Central Asian market. Still the gardens work, and hope costs nothing. As

regards tea cultivation generally, it is impossible for a stranger not to be struck by the amount of good done, and having visited this one large garden, and where I could also learn the doings of others, I found 250 women and children plucking leaf, and was assured that a month before many of them were earning eight, twelve, and even twenty annas a day, and this in a country where, formerly, the sight of a rupee, or even a copper pice, was hardly known. Within a couple of miles or less, I saw a church, wherein a native padri preaches. I was assured that any sickness now was attributable to the cultivation of rice, and the drinking of the canal water. The injunctions of my host were most emphatic not to drink the canal water, or to indulge in a draught from the *naddis* I might have to cross in my progress onwards. Regarding tea prospects, I certainly did not find the tea-planters in any way despondent. Efforts were, some years ago, made to cultivate the mulberry tree, and schemes for sericulture were pushed before the eyes of speculators, but most of the planters do not look with favourable eyes on silk, mainly because the present want of indigenious or residential labour renders it impossible that it can serve two industries; and the plucking of the early flushes of tea is simultaneous with the plucking of the mulberry leaf for the worm. There have been great difficulties attending immigrated labour, but during the last few years it has developed considerably, including women and children, running, it may be said, with the famines in the North-West Provinces. To instance the expansion of the tea industry, a bird's-eye view of the gardens then around me, I could see 1,000 acres, much of it planted since I visited the same estate six years before, and all rapidly advancing to maturity. Our host, too, surprised me by the information that eight annas a pound would render a fair return, and that even six annas would clear the expenses. Cereals cannot, it appears, be grown to a profit in the Dun by Europeans. The native cultivators may make it pay by sending

out their own women and children to do the work that Europeans would have to pay for; and, moreover, the expenses of cultivation are considerably enhanced by the difficulty of keeping down the growth of the sun or *kans* grass, which can only be extirpated by deep hoeing for a long term of years.

My friend is a great enemy to the canals, and never takes a drop of their waters. He maintains that the tea-plant abhors the canal water, which is melted snow, containing lime, which is not good for the plant. His gardens seem to support his theory, and I am told that many of the planters are coming to his way of thinking. The canal-water cakes and hardens the soil, and once taken it is hard to leave off, as the ground becomes eager for moisture. Besides, the canal authorities do not, as a rule, distribute the water judiciously, and cannot disperse it to all at times when it is most wanted, while floods of it can be had when it is not required. For instance, during one year, (1880 I think,) from the 26th June, or thereabouts, to 16th October, certain villages had no canal water given to them, while it was urgently wanted in the long drought in August, and the rice corps were only saved by the heavy showers which fell about the 18th, 19th, and 20th September. Yet, it will scarcely be believed, the cultivators were measured up and charged canal dues just as though they got the water. As an instance of the abundance and variety of sport, I may mention that the son of our worthy host started, the day before I left, on a short fishing expedition, leaving about noon. He had some miles to go to his camp previously to pushing down stream in his boat, but shortly after dinner, which takes place soon after sundown (a convenient hour for the planter), a servant brought in a five-pounder *mahsir*, with the news that four others of the same calibre had been sent elsewhere, one for me at Rampore Mandi, though I never had the pleasure of seeing it.

Well, I left my kind and hospitable friend before daybreak

the next morning to proceed on my journey, my horse having been sent on ahead to the Jamna the day before. I drove through my friend's estate some few miles, through acres and acres of tea, and reached the road, a *kutchra* one, just as the sun peeped over the eastern spurs which reach down to sacred Hardwar on the Ganges, at the opposite extremity of the Dehra Dun, some more than fifty miles away. With the horse's head turned due west and gazing on our long shadows thrown ahead by the just risen sun, after crossing the great imperial road leading to Chakrata from Saharanpur, we at last come upon the banks of the *Jamna*, where there is the only ferry across that river in the district. My servant had engaged an *ekka* at Dehra for my bag and baggage, but some occult phenomenon had probably disintegrated that elegant vehicle, horse, driver, and all, during my stay with my friend the planter, for on the eve of my move forward it was nowhere to be seen. Luckily my servant had overpaid the man in advance, so that it was not upon my conscience that I owed the man anything. A couple of tats were obtained in the neighbouring village for a consideration, which included a solemn promise of not giving way to that psychic force which might involve another case of disintegration, and that my bag and baggage should be safely landed at Nahan and back the sixty miles to Dehra. I found the tats peacefully grazing, within the mangoe tope at Nahan, where my camp was pitched, looking as little likely to follow the example of eccentric brooches as anything I can think of. The *ekka*, however, was a swifter mode of transmitting my belongings, and on the banks of the sacred Jamna, and afterwards, I frequently found myself in the position of a celebrated General in being obliged to wait for my commissariat and transport departments. And now having come to the *ultima thule* of the Dehra Dun, and very nearly that of the North-Western Provinces, while sitting on the eastern bank of the Jamna waiting for the lazy ferry boat, which has to be

towed up stream and dodged down to the platform at my feet, a bird's-eye view of one of the most picturesque bits of country in the whole of India, if not of the whole world, might be taken, but further elaborate description here is unnecessary, being already given in the preceding pages.

It would be somewhat anomalous to close any notice of Dehra Dun without more special mention of its tea industry. It has increased with surprising rapidity during the last twelve years. For some few years before 1880, the Dun planters, as also those of Kumaon and the Kangra Valley, had had to face a string of circumstances running against them. These untoward circumstances had dated from our occupation of Quetta, which rendered Amir Shir Ali suspicious, and the consequence was the closing of the Central Asian Market. Orders for tea had, as before mentioned, previously come from Bokhara, and buyers come to the doors of the planter's factories, gave them good prices, and took the tea away in their own bags. The initiation of a new policy, under Lord Ripon, revived the Central Asia trade, which indicated a confidence in our being able to keep communications open. The hopes of the planters were proportionately raised. A few years before they were losing heart and desponding. But it came to pass that the Russian authorities handicapped Indian teas in favour of the China product, by inflicting on the former a heavier tax, or disproportionate transit dues. Whatever the imposition may be called, it ran the Northern Indian teas again out of the Central Asian market. There *was* some talk of the Russian authorities having promised to equalise these dues, but the Russians are rather bad hands at keeping promises. Let us, however, hope that better times will come. It may be mentioned, as an illustration of the hopefulness of men who have taken to tea culture, that on a second visit to a plantation in the Western Dun, the writer could look over 1,000 acres of tea, a good share planted since a former visit six years previously.

The pioneers of tea cultivation had a hard time of it. In 1848, nearly 54,000 acres of culturable land were lying in waste, a few grants had been made ten years before to favored individuals, many of them Government officials, but failure resulted from numerous causes, such as unwieldy grants, deaths of cultivators from malaria, ignorance of the grantees, and hopes of great things from Government. But, alas! Government officials were prohibited holding land by the Home Government, and there was a panic, many Civilians selling their interests for almost anything offered. Immediately after that however, the rules were relaxed, and even Civilians have cultivated the resources of the Dun to a profit. The grants, too, under Lord Canning's rules, helped European enterprise by allowing the purchase of estates in fee-simple. The idea of colonizing the Dun by Europeans has exploded, but the settlement of the Dun by Europeans with energy, capital, and experience is a positive necessity to its development. Europeans in the Dun are now healthy and strong, capable of going about in the sun at all hours. The proposed railway into the Dun would, of course, give a fillip to all Dun industries; and although no railway scheme is expected to jump into a dividend-paying concern at one bound, there is little doubt that the line would pay. But even, that has dropped into the limbo of the future, although an attempt is now being made to prospect a short railway from Hardwar to which a line is being made by the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway authorities, but the local support is so languid and lukewarm, that some time may elapse before the scheme ripens.

CHAPTER XII.

SIRMUR.

The ferry boat at Rampur Mandi Ghat is equal to whatever might fairly be expected of any respectable contrivance for transporting one's belongings across a stream. It is equal to taking on board not only man and beast, but carriages of all sorts. The disintegration and disappearance of my *ekka* had deprived me of the pleasure of testing its merits in this last respect on my first visit, but on my second, *ekka*, *tat*, pony, all went across easily in company with other passengers' *tats* and belongings ; but it was on the first occasion more than equal to the strain of taking across five *tats*, three of them being attached to my own personal transport and commissariat departments. There is a bridge some miles further up stream towards Kalsi, and while waiting for the boat, my mind wandered into an involuntary comparison between the relative merits of bridges and ferries as means of transport. The result ran all in favour of bridges. I possess, in fact, a weakness for bridges in preference to ferries. It may be bad taste of mine, but I cannot help it. The stream runs fast at this point, and experience has convinced the boatmen that it is desirable to tow the boat some three hundred yards up stream, and then dodge it obliquely across to the platform on which the passenger is eagerly and impatiently waiting for the result of this sapient process. Then the boat has to be towed similarly up stream on your side of the river, and again pulled "slandindicularly" to the landing stage below on the other side. Yes, I am quite

sure I prefer bridges to ferries. Here, then, we have parted with British territory, and planted our foot on a foreign soil. A pretty Hindu temple attracted my attention within a pretty grove. I visited it. A tall *jogi*, who did not seem to be in the best of health, and who, from the sound of his voice, seemed to have contracted the habit of catching a good many colds one on the top of the other, willingly showed me the inside of the sacred building. As he was clothed in the ample costume of Adam before the affair of the apple, I suggested to my butler that the colds had accumulated on that account. But he attributed it to the smoking of *bhang*, an abundance of which was growing hard by. I suppose the consumption of *bhang* induces a holy *jogi*-like frame of mind. There were two other *jogis* inside the '*manda*,' one of whom, from his appearance, seemed also to be a *bhangist*. But the other was in good condition, being as plump as a partridge, though not quite so wholesome. Notwithstanding his corpulence he was evidently castigating the flesh by rehearsing the *role* of Job. He must have had something on his mind, or perhaps thought he was getting too fat for a properly-conducted *jogi*, and was training down in sack-cloth and ashes. As to the sack-cloth, I would not like to take the responsibility of saying there was much of it, but I can answer for the wealth of ashes. A little distance ahead is a dak bungalow belonging to the Raja and dedicated to the convenience of travellers. One should never look a gift horse in the mouth, but if I were to say there was any furniture there worth speaking of, future wayfarers might entertain doubts regarding my general veracity. I sat in the verandah on the only chair that would bear the strain of my weight, and partook of a frugal breakfast of sandwiches and milk.

The road from Rampur Mandi to Mazra is ten miles (so they say, but in the absence of mile-stones natives are not particular to a mile or two), through one of the greatest wildernesses of jungle it has been my lot to witness. For miles there was

nothing on either side of one but the high *kans* grass and further on after crossing the *Batha naddi* the *punni* grass relieved, in this latter case, by a few stunted trees. No wonder that this neighbourhood is a real zoological garden of wild animals. Tigers and other wild beasts abound in the adjacent low spurs of the Himalayas. During the day they retreat up into the higher hills, coming down, during the night, to the lower forest hills, and into the jungle grass for their prey, and woe be to the bullock that strays out of the herd and cannot be found. Of course, when they are allured by what is called a 'kill,' they come back to the spot again and again, and thus give opportunities to the sportsman. On arriving at Mazra, on the occasion of my first visit, I found great preparations were being made in anticipation of the Viceroy's visit. There is a spacious dak bungalow here, and it was in the throes of repair. It had already received a new outer garment of thatch, and the whitewashers were at it hard and strong. Behind in the well-grassed compound, twelve spacious tents were pitched for the Viceroy and suite. Mazra is by no means a contemptible roadside village, for it positively has a street with twenty-two shops, eleven on either side of the road. These shops have handsome masonry pillars, and were being subjected to the influence of the general eyewash. There is a *tehsil* and a polite *tehsildar*, and fifteen policemen to watch the district and bring evil-doers before the *tehsildar*, who orders small criminals so many stripes with the rattan, and the big ones he sends on to Nahan gaol. The Raja had been down inspecting the eyewash, and left on the morning of my arrival. Being touched up with the sun a little, I thought it prudent to make a substantial halt at Mazra, and occupied one of the tents for a day and a half and two nights. The evening before I left, I took a rifle and wandered through the thick jungle, some two miles to the hills on the Himalaya side. I saw the marks of deer, and, later on, heard them, but came upon nothing ferocious, although I went up

into the wooded knolls which divided the mountains from the valley. Hearing deer just at the time of twilight caused a long watch and waiting, and led to my being benighted, though I had two men to pilot me through that horrid jungle. Peafowl and partridge were in abundance, and my servant saw a monster python. I had no shot gun and did not like the idea of shooting a peacock, even, with a rifle ball. While on the subject of Mazra, I would like to quote a passage from one of my letters to a Daily Paper, not so much for the sake of giving information, as to demonstrate an important inference. The description applies to that bitterly raw and damp morning, at Mazra, of the day Lord Ripon knocked over the tiger or tigers.

“The nights are cold and damp on the marshy soil of the Kadir Dun, and many a tent contained men who, accustomed to the greater protection of bricks and mortar, felt their bedding barely proof against the penetrating moisture of the low lying valley. Therefore it was by no means improbable that the bugles, which sounded their brazen notes over the Mazra encampment, were welcomed as the heralds of approaching dawn. Troops of horses were neighing discordantly at their pickets, and soon the bustle and activity of camp life in the early morn became manifest, and the hum and clangour of the whole field of canvas showed that something important was astir. An army of 2,000 beaters sat shivering as all cast longing eyes towards the spot where the sun was to rise. Huddled together, cramped and rheumatized, they prayed for the sun to come to warm and distribute the blood which had shrunk into the covered alleys and byeways of the human system, and thaw cramped nerves and frozen muscles. The weird looking appearance of the scene, in the dark half hour before dawn, was intensified by the lurid light of the camp fires and the omnipresent *chulas*, the mingling smoke of which rose lazily through the moist and foggy atmosphere awaiting dispersion by the coming sun. At early dawn, the whole camp was alive, how-

dahed elephants creeping noiselessly hither and thither, and groups of men meeting in solemn conclave discussing the prospective sport of the day.”

The inference is that it was at Mazra where Lord Ripon caught that dangerous fever, which developed itself in Bombay, and which was well nigh pressing him from the pedestal of his exalted office. The same gentleman in the Western Dun, whom I have so freely mentioned, told the writer, as he was making his way into Sirmur, that Lord Ripon was all too soon in spending nights in the Kadir Dun, and no one could possibly be a better authority than my friend who was not only once Superintendent of the Dun, but has resided for a long series of years in the neighbourhood. On the next morning to Kolr, the next stage, about eight to ten miles, walking the whole way. The latter part of this walk was more pleasant, being through a little forest land. Kolr is a lovely spot, but space forbids my again launching out into the descriptive. From Kolr to the foot of the Nahan hills is one delicious ride through forests covered with *sal*, and now and then the Markanda *naddi* gave some pretty scenic effects. The road from the Markanda *naddi* up to Nahan was one of the best tonga roads I have ever travelled on. Of course, it was in superb order, and the ride up was a treat one seldom experiences. The winding broad road was amply overshadowed by the ever present *sal*, and I got to my journey's end just at the wane of daylight.

It may be of some interest to readers if I give, as graphically as I can, some information regarding Sirmur—information that could not easily be obtained without the opportunities of some days' local enquiry. Ruled with an easy hand by an intelligent man, this picturesque State discovers political features worthy of some consideration. The State occupies an area of 500,000 square acres or 1,000 square miles nestled simply under the great Himalayan system, which forms, reputedly, the backbone of the globe. With a population of 112,371 the villages

numbering 2,326, must necessarily give an average of about 50 to a village. The acreage of cultivated land is absurdly scanty, and consequently the revenue is limited. Two lakhs and ten thousand per annum is a poor income from so favourably situated a domain, and although the Raja from various sources, private and otherwise, possesses a lever which raises his aggregate income to three lakhs and a half, it is, comparatively speaking, a small revenue from which to pay all the claims on the State, including the heavy privy purse required to maintain the dignity of an ancient Rajput house. Nearly the whole of the dominions of the Raja of Sirmur is one vast forest, the open valleys a dense jungle of high grass, and the consequence is, that instead of thousands upon thousands of happy and contented villagers, the land is given up to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. It is useless to dwell on the short-sightedness of a policy so manifestly opposed to every principle of political economy. Timber might pay a contractor: it never paid a nation. If population is the wealth of a country, it is useless to ask it to feed on timber. The earnings of a prolific population pay the most to a State in a hundred ways. But a man of intelligence like the Raja might be brought to recognize the fact that with land-cultivation gradually opened out, the revenues would gradually increase, and agricultural immigrants would increase and multiply, and an increased population would prove a source of wealth to the State. The contrast on either side the Jamna tells its own tale in this respect. On one side the cultivation is rapidly extending; on the other hand the few patches of cultivated soil look all the more wretched by the contrast. The Kadir Dun and the lower hills are unsurpassed for opportunities of tea cultivation, and with proper encouragement speculators might be glad to pay a fair revenue on fair conditions. I hear however that the Raja is going to cut a canal through the Kadir Dun, which will go far to reclaim that barren waste. But large funds will be wanted for

the purpose, and it may be a long time before the canal idea becomes a reality.

The aspect of Nahan from the other or Simla road is very picturesque, the more important buildings standing out in bold relief on the crest of the hill. At the *katcheri* the altitude is 3,180 feet above the level of the sea. Punkahs are acceptable in the hot months, though the climate is generally healthy. On the occasion of my first visit, I was fortunate enough to be the guest of Colonel Whiting, the commandant of the small military belongings of the Raja, but slept in my small camp hard by. From his compound there is an excellent view of the city or bazaar. On the left or to the east is the Raja's palace, on the right or west is a temple. Immediately at one's feet is a large tank. To the south the large house of a banker. This area is small, but even this is not filled with houses, the centre being sparsely built upon. As the population is only 5,253, the area is ample, and the dwellings by no means crowded. The main street, curving like a semi-circle, is very narrow, but is barrel-shaped and excellently paved with good solid stone, a fact which accounts for its extremely cleanly appearance. One favourable feature is that the inhabitants look contented and happy, and that is saying a good deal. So much for the bazaar. The original groundwork of the present palace was built some three or four hundred years ago, but being added to from time to time it is now a commodious aggregation of buildings. On the east of the palace is a very spacious parade ground where the troops drill. It is a wonderful plateau for a hill station. The road from Dagshai and Simla runs into it at the northern side, while the road to the villages and the plains begins at the southern face, where also are situated the dispensary and the dak bungalow. The eastern side is fully occupied by the Raja's private stables. On the west of the parade-ground a new building is springing up. This building, when finished, will contain the

Raja's Darbar Hall, and will be by far the finest building in Nahan, and is designed in the Venetian style of architecture. A road leads from either end of the stable eastward, one passing the foundry, the other the ruins of what was the cavalry guardroom and stables. These roads converge into a small square beyond the foundry buildings ; then runs what is called the circular road round the hill in front, and up that hill leads us past the record office to the *katcheri*. The *katcheri* is a very pretty *pucka* bungalow in the Calcutta villa style. To the north of this, some little distance away, a large brick-building in the Italian style peeps out from a spur of fir-trees. Great efforts were made to complete the building in time to place it at the disposal of Lord Ripon, but the idea had to be abandoned in the face of other matters which demanded attention. It is now, however, not only finished but furnished, and Sir C. Aitchison, the Lieutenant Governor of the Panjab, on a recent visit to Nahan, was the first to occupy it. It is now used by the Raja as a private residence. The view from the *katcheri* is simply splendid. To the south the grand panorama of the plains of Saharanpur and Umballa, fronted by two low ranges of hills richly covered with *sal* timber, and in the valley below it the Markanda river picturesquely winds its way out of the Kadir Valley. To the north the Himalayas and a long view of the road from Simla.

Only very recently, the Raja has constructed and set to work some excellent Flour Mills, which do and will supply all Nahan with excellent meal and flour. These Mills stand on the top of a small hill, at the foot of which there is a large artificial tank. From this tank, one passes through gardens to the city. A short time ago, this place was covered with dirty huts, which the Raja purchased and had cleared away. The space thus obtained has been converted into a public garden. Of course, a garden cannot be created in a day, for though walks may be cut, tanks dug, trees and shrubs will not grow up in a night ; but in a

few years when the shrubs shall have grown up, the garden will be very fine, as the situation is good, and thus what was the worse part of Nahan will have been turned into a favorite resort both of Europeans and Natives.

At the entrance to the ample parade ground, at its southern side, the Lytton Memorial Arch, which has a long time been under construction, is fast nearing completion, and promises to be a handsome structure.

The old cantonments in Nahan itself have been done away with, and about twelve months ago military took up quarters in new cantonments at Shamshirpur, which is situated on several hills on the westward side of Nahan, while their numerous neat white-washed and thatched cottages, their winding roads, and green foliage, give the place a picturesque appearance. The purity of the air and water, and the cleanly condition in which the new cantonments are kept, have no doubt rendered them healthy, not a death having occurred since they were occupied. Grass, too, for horses grows in abundance. The new roads which intersect these new cantonments are kept in excellent order, the main road round it opening out views to the west which are worth the trouble of going to see. From the western promontory, the eye may feast on a landscape of infinite variety. To the south, are the continuation of the Lower or Western Sewaliks, which droop into the bed of the Markanda, and struggle to reassert themselves in a north-westerly direction from a prominent hill, standing alone, called the *Lai ka Tiba*. To the westward of this hill is the important village called Talakpur, where there is a shrine where pilgrims from all parts of the Panjab come to worship. Immediately beneath one's feet meanders the *Saláni naddi*. Further to the west beyond *Lai ka Tiba* is a long chain of rough hilly ground surmounted by sharp peaks, where the Sewaliks gradually fade into the plains, the characteristic of the soil being of that exceedingly friable nature which predomi-

nates in the greater part of those hills. Here they have more the appearance of huge ravines than hills, with their surfaces brown and bare from want of vegetation. Immediately under *Lai-ka-Tiba* is a *cul de sac* of high cultivation, in the midst of which is the shrine before mentioned. A small copper-coin is the fee levied on worshippers by the Raja. Beyond, to the south-west and west, lie the fertile plains of the Ambala District, running eastward to the Jamna and westward across the main road to Simla. A glance to the left, over the Sewaliks to the south-east, a part of the Saharanpur District comes into view; while a turn round towards the north will bring the forest-clad hills of the Raja into prominence, and north-west the heights which dominate Dagshai and other sanitarium to Simla. In the morning of a clear day is the best time for a view from this point. On the eastern side of the cantonments quite a panorama of the town and station can be commanded.

I think no account of Sirmur would be complete without mentioning matters of a drier character which must prove interesting to various sections of my readers.

As the driest on the short list, I will begin with the Nahan Iron Works, and at once plunge *in medias res*. As iron cannot be made without iron ore, and as iron ore cannot be obtained in a country where there are no iron ore mining operations, I may inform you at once that the Nahan Raja possesses the advantage of an iron mine within his territory at a place called Chaita, situated about twenty-four miles from Nahan, on the other side of the river Giri. The mines are capable of producing magnetic iron ore in large quantities. As a blast ore its exceptionally high contents of metallic iron, and its freedom from noxious elements, such as sulphur and phosphorus, render it a most desirable mineral for smelting. With charcoal as a fuel it will yield a very superior pig iron. It is well known among experts as one of the richest iron ores in existence, and superior to any other of the magnetic ores known in the

English market. These mines are being worked, and supply the Nahan iron smelting furnaces. I saw a lot of the ore in the yard of the workshops. One piece, taken up haphazard and exceptionally heavy, I was told, contained 75 per cent. of iron. In the foundry yard a bridge was fixed up, as it is intended to cross the Giri. With the exception of the roadway and parapet railing, it is composed entirely of wrought and cast iron. It has a clear span of 100 feet, and is five feet wide between the parapets. It is constructed on what is technically called the trussed beamed principle, and in America would be called a "bridge girder" according to Fink's system. Bridges of this sort have a light appearance, and are exceedingly strong for the amount of iron used. Well, this bridge, destined to span the Giri, is to remove a serious difficulty in the way of carriage of this excellent ore to the smelting furnace. Even now the iron ore has to be carried by mules from Chaita, but the bridge, as will be seen, has been taken to pieces, and transported to the spot where it eventually has to be fixed, and a road for wheeled traffic has been roughly surveyed, and, when the road is constructed, the transport of the ore from Chaita to Nahan, twenty four miles, will be a comparatively easy matter. It will be seen hereafter that I subsequently visited these mines or quarries. The road will cost Rs. 50,000. It is to be hoped that the bridge will not rust away before the road is made, and it be fixed in its proper place.

About six miles from the Rainka Lake there is an unworked copper mine, which contains first class copper ore of the most common sulphide used in smelting works. Copper pyrites yield a copper varying in purity according to the quantity and quality of the associates. Without going into technicalities showing the technical formula of this common ore, it may be said that the largest amount of copper in the world is manufactured from the kind found in Sirmur; that produced in Norway, Sweden, and Dillenburg as well, being of excellent quality.

It is a pity that a treasure like this, existing about eighteen or twenty miles from Nahan, should go unutilized, and that such an excellent field for enterprise should lie fallow from want of working. A road for wheeled traffic could be made by taking advantage of the present bridle way, with necessary diversions at several points. Of course there is the irrepressible Giri to be encountered, but I imagine there are some points, without going much out of the way, where a ferry could be instituted, and the expenses of a bridge saved at starting. I think, supposing the Raja consented to such a project, a public company on the limited liability principle might be floated to work this rich ore. The Raja would, of course, enjoy his royalty, would in all probability become a large shareholder, and the ore could be smelted at Nahan, under terms, which might be satisfactory to all parties. For the satisfaction of capitalists, a preliminary investigation should be made by a gentleman from the Geological Survey Department, a qualified mining Engineer, and a general Engineer, each of whom should furnish a report, the last mentioned to report on the access by road to the mines. The smelting process would produce a commodity in great demand, and make a good return to shareholders, especially when railways shall facilitate the carriage of the material. At present, the copper would have either to be railed at Umbala, or be sent through the Kadir and Dehra Duns, where a railway would, sooner or later, offer its undoubted advantages.

The engine that has, up to the present time, been driving the machinery of the works, was made at Nahan entirely by natives. It is a horizontal high-pressure steam engine of twelve nominal horse-power, the cylinder being ten inches in diameter and eighteen inches stroke, fitted with an ordinary slide valve, with an expansion valve at the back, regulated with a right and left hand-screw and hand-wheel. The engine has been working since 1877, and has never given any trouble. Of course,

the real maker of the engine is Mr. Jones, the Superintendent of the Works, now Superintending Engineer, Sirmur State.

The blast furnace then in course of construction is forty feet high from the level of the hearth to the charging plate, the diameter of the inner part being forty feet. It is expected to run fifty tons of hot blast pig iron per week. There are two blast heating stoves attached, which are of the cast iron pipe construction and raise the temperature of the blast 700 degree Fahrenheit. There are some very heavy pieces of iron work used in the construction of the furnace, which have all been cast in the Nahan foundry. Steam is supplied by three boilers of the Lancashire type, six feet in diameter, twenty feet long, with two flues, two feet two inches in diameter, traversed by ten Galloway tubes. The furnace being fitted with a cup-and-cone charger, the whole of the gases given off at the top of the furnace are collected and used for feeding the boiler fires. It is hoped that this blast furnace will be in working order next year. It must be remembered that Mr. Jones was absent for some time, and everything has been at a stand-still.

Turning now to the immense new blowing engines. These are of the horizontal direct-acting high-pressure type of the highest character, constructed by the Uskside Company, from the designs of Mr. F. R. Jones. There are two engines, coupled at right angles to one crank shaft, on which is a fly wheel running between them. The steam cylinders are twenty inches in diameter fitted with steam jackets and expansion valves. The blowing cylinders are thirty-six inches in diameter, and the stroke of both steam and blowing cylinders is three feet. It may be added that every modern mechanical appliance has been studiously considered in every part of the design and construction of this huge machine, which was first set in motion by Lord Ripon without a hitch, or a single moment's delay. The furnace, however, is still unfinished

and the engine inactive. It is a pity both cannot be put into working order, after so much money has been laid out on them.

The ordinary establishment is about two hundred men engaged at the works, but it is the intention of the Raja, when once the furnace is completed and in proper working order, to erect the necessary furnaces, rolls, and other machinery required to convert crude or pig iron into malleable or wrought iron. When this portion of the works is completed, and the whole establishment at work, there will be from 800 to 1,000 men employed. It cannot be said that, under present conditions, the foundry pays its way, because the demand for pig iron is limited, but there is scarcely any limit to the demand for wrought iron, and when the necessary apparatus and machinery are complete, the turning out of the wrought iron may form the lever which may raise the Nahan Iron Works into a paying speculation. I need hardly say that the above particulars are from notes taken from Mr. Jones's explanations. If I were inclined to make an apology for entering into these dry details, which to many may not be interesting, I have thought it would be a useful proceeding to place on record what practical and mechanical engineering is doing on the Himalayas by an enterprising and intelligent native chieftain. Such expensive works as these, however, are too weighty for the finances of so small a State, and entire completion may be further delayed.

It may not be generally known that the old capital of Sirmur was destroyed by an earthquake, or other irruption of nature, some 700 years ago, being twenty-four miles from Nahan and eight miles from Mazra, on the west bank of the river Giri. Here the river runs into the form of a lake, one and-a-half miles in circumference. The ancient city of Sirmur was totally destroyed, with the whole of its inhabitants, leaving, so far as can be found, no record of the State, or any account of the then ruling family. As on a third excursion, I visited the old

city of Sirmur, which means a crowned-head, I shall have more to say about this hereafter.

It may also be interesting to learn that the ancestors of the present Raja are not indigenious to the soil of Sirmur, but originally came from an ancient Rajput stock, the Jaisalmer family in Rajputana, some account of which is given by Colonel Todd, a former Political Agent, in his history of Rajputana. Tradition has it that the founder of the present Sirmur line of rajas was on a pilgrimage to Hardwar with his wife, who was in an interesting condition. Hearing of the catastrophe which immolated, with the whole population of the city of Sirmur, every member of the ancient dynasty, he had a keen eye to the future, and sent his wife into the Sirmur territory and established a Jaisalmer Raj; and it is worthy of note that the descent from the first Rajput raja of the Jaisalmer stock, 700 years ago, has followed from father to son in one continuous line of ancestry. After much moving about, the reigning family fixed upon Nahan as their capital.

In 1803, the country was taken by the Goorkhas, who were, after some severe fighting, to which a little English graveyard at Nahan bears sad testimony, expelled by the British under Sir David Ochterlony in 1815, and the territory was handed over to the Maharaja Koorum Prekash, the ruling prince of that time, with the exception of the fort of Muri, given to the Masalman Sardar of that place for good services against the enemy; the Kadir Dun (which, however, was subsequently restored by the British Government, in 1833), a tract of hill country to the north of the river Giri, made over to the Raja of Kunthal; and the parganas of Jaunsar-Bawar, in the Dehra Dun, annexed to the British Dominions. The present Raja Shamshir Prakas, K.C.S.I., was born about 1843. He receives a salute of eleven guns, and maintains a small force of drilled sepoy, numbering 55 Cavalry, 300 Infantry, 35 Bandsmen, 10 field guns and 20 Artillerymen. There is also a police

force of 125 men, under the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. S. S. Whiting, also 200 foresters, under Kaur Debi Sing. The forests are managed under the same system as those in British territory, and are a source of considerable income to His Highness. The Pinjor valley belonged formerly to the Rajas of Sirmur, and the territory once extended to Hardwar, which was taken from them by the Ghurkas in 1803. The relations of the Chief with the British Government are defined in a *sanad*, dated 21st September 1815, under which he is required to consult the Superintendent of Hill States in all matters connected with the management of the State, and to furnish a contingent to the British forces when called upon. Sentences of death require the confirmation of the Superintendent and the Commissioner of Umballa, but all other punishments are awarded by the Raja on his own authority.

The palace is a very commodious aggregation of buildings, as already mentioned. The original building has been considerably added to, from time to time, and therefore it is vain to look for any uniform style of architecture. The Raja has two sons, *viz.*, Surinder Bickram Sing, heir-apparent, and Bir Bickram Sing, Kanwar, both lads in 1880. When first I arrived at Nahan, the Raja had gone to the margin of his dominions to escort the Marquis of Ripon to Nahan; but his sons invited me to an interview within the palace. I found they were very intelligent boys, and seemed to have had an excellent training, though an English tutor might have added to their accomplishments. Now, they have entered the portals of manhood (1884). Recently, the eldest son married a daughter of the exiled Raja of Suket, named Rudar Sen, the reigning Raja being the son of Rudar Sen, by name Dushtnikandan Sen, and consequently the brother of the bride of Surinder Bickram Sing, of Nahan. The Private Secretary of the Raja was Pundit Kishen Lal, who speaks English idiomatically. He still holds the same important office. There are only three male Europeans

in Nahan, and three European ladies. The gentlemen are Colonel Whiting, the Commandant of the Raja's military forces, Mr. F. R. Jones, Superintending Engineer of the State, and Mr. S. S. Whiting, Assistant Superintendent of Police. Mr. Pearsall, the Medical officer, died in November last, and the vacancy has not yet been filled up.

INTERIOR OF SIRMUR.

My second visit to Sirmur was of a much more eventful character. Having reached Nahan by precisely the same route as before, my friend Mr. F. R. Jones, who was then in charge of the Nahan Iron Works, and is now, as I said before, Superintending Engineer, Sirmur State, and myself, according to pre-arrangement, started at 6-30 A.M., one Sunday morning, for the interior. Our following consisted of a mule train of six mules, nine coolies, two tents, with tentsmen, chaprassies, together with transport arrangements, and a Commissariat Department. Proceeding two or three miles up the Simla road, we debouched into a steep and rugged path, and got to Jamta, almost within a stone's throw of the Jatak hill—a place historical in the annals of Sirmur. It was here the great fight took place between the British forces and the Ghurkas. We made only a short halt at Jamta, but proceeded on our way, the amazing size of the *cacti* striking me with surprise. We somehow got out of the right track, and in answer to our calls, the villagers responded, and put us into the proper way. The road was very bad to Panjal, our breakfasting stage, the time occupied in reaching being much more than was expected. I need not say breakfast was enjoyed with great gusto, and we rested an hour and a half. Further on, we came upon an excruciatingly bad road, having to descend boulder stones, higher than a dining table, and flanked by bewitching precipices of any number of feet drop. This entailed on me a considerable amount of pedestrian exercise. To ride a pony over some of these places would have been rashness

itself. At length we got to the Jalal *naddi*, about a mile from the spot where it runs into the Giri river, at a place named Dadao, and here we found our tents nearly ready on a pretty encamping ground, called Satibag, at the confluence of the two rivers. Had a late dinner, sat before a huge camp fire, hot whiskey and water, and to bed. We were up early enough to see the sun rise, and tried to find some game, but were unsuccessful. We found in the early morning what a charming spot this was. Of course we were surrounded by hills, but to the east, where the sun rose, the scene was most striking. In the foreground was the broad river bed, through which the united streams passed. Where the hills converged, there was a gap, and within this gap the sun rose. The effect of this, in connection with the general surroundings, can scarcely be described.

Our object in taking this route was to visit the Rainka lake about a mile, or mile and a half, from our camp. Many had looked with doubt on statements regarding the existence of this lake. To visit the Rainka lake involved the necessity of fording the Giri, by no means a contemptible performance, as we found, further west, later on. We had no difficulty in finding the lake, but it was one huge jungle. First we came upon a smaller lake called Purs Ram, about three quarters of a mile to a mile in circumference. There was nothing remarkable about this, except that its surface was completely covered with ducks of all sorts and sizes. The Rainka lake is oval in shape, and about three miles in circumference. It is a sacred place, and in the month of November, a great *mela* is held there, notwithstanding the difficulties of its approach. We saw ample evidence of a *mela* having been held there just before our visit, in the shape of three circular swings (*Hindola*). They say the *mela* brings about two thousand a day for about four days; there are also bathing *ghats*, and a small *serai*. We then came upon a Hindoo temple occupied by two *jogis*. We then proceeded to circumambulate the lake, and excepting at one or two

places, we could only get peeps at the water. The lake runs nearly south-west to north-east, and when we got to the North-east end, we could go no further on account of the dense jungle on the other side. We amused ourselves by pitching stones at the ducks, with which this part of the lake swarmed. We heard the growl of a bear or two, but they were considerate, and let us alone. Returning, we sat on the steps of a small *ghat*, and pitched stones at the fish. When I say the surface of the lake swarmed with ducks, it is as nothing against the fact that these fish occupied the body of the lake in myriads. This may be accounted for by the fact that the fish are sacred, and not one is ever taken out of the lake. The name of the fish is *laonshi*, and can scarcely be said to look wholesome, being unprepossessing in shape and color (brown). I should think the average weight would be about six pounds. We returned past the temple where we discovered a young *jogi* cooking *chapatis*, which was presumptive evidence of the fact that here at least asceticism was not carried to the length of starvation. Another *jogi*, evidently the one to whom the privileges of the temple belonged, made his appearance, well and cleanly clothed. We addressed him, but he shook his head and pointed to his lips, and certainly a more benign or kindly smile I never saw illumine the countenance of human being. We are told by our jamadar muleteer that this *jogi* had sworn not to speak for five years, and that only two years of the time had expired! We made our way camp-wards, again forded the Giri and got to camp. As the spot (Satibag) was so charming, we made up our minds to stay another day at Dadao. The next morning we struck tents, and started for up-river at 9 A. M., and when I say we had to ford the Giri seven times that day, the reader will quite understand that we had a pretty time of it. I should premise that the Giri has an enormously rapid flow. I should here mention that although the fish in the Rainka lake are sacred, no such sanctity confers immunity on the fish in the

Giri, in which there is very good fishing to be got. At our third ford, the river passed over a very uneven bed, over natural weirs, and the roar of the water was deafening. It is a difficult matter to steer a pony over a rough river-bottom, and avoid boulders which one cannot see. A poor coolie, carrying a great part of our provisions, fell, and our commissariat fell into the river! Tins of tea, sugar, onions, potatoes, two native *lotas*, all our knives, forks, spoons, some crockery, all went floating gaily down the stream. Of course, there was a scene of wild excitement. Some half a dozen men who had not crossed, ran down stream as hard as they could split, and plunged and waded into the river, and recovered some saturated tea and sugar, as well as eggs, potatoes, onions, &c. But, alas, our crockery and plated ware! Some of the men promised to recover as much as possible if we uttered the magic word *backshish*. I forget about the plates, but they recovered every article of the plated, ware, except one. Of course their weight caused them to sink at once. The thermometer of our spirits consequently went up several degrees. The fourth ford, although narrow, was rather too deep to be comfortable, being up to armpits in wading. We were nearly an hour and a half in getting everybody and everything across. The coolies went alongside the mules, lifting their *palans* upon their heads to save them from immersion, but the mules left their loads on the heads of the coolies, and came to land. The bed of the fifth crossing was very stony, and our ponies occasionally stood upon boulders high enough to be almost out of the water. Of course we could rarely keep our legs and feet clear of the water. The remaining fords were easier going, and having crossed a small *naddi*, called *Jogar*, we got upon a wide expanse of the river bed. I spent a stupid half hour in following up a duck, as provisions of that kind had run out; the only result was that I had to hurry on to catch up my party. The duck was too wily for me; every near approach caused him to

take wing and place considerable distance between us. At this point further progress on the banks of the Giri was barred, the river being hemmed in by two rocky hills, forming a narrow gorge through which the river seethed, and foamed in one great roaring torrent. We, therefore, had to make a steep ascent, and cut across country to Maitu, where we ate some boiled eggs, I think, and got some milk from the village. Here we were advised to remain, but my obstinacy in desiring to push on, was the cause of all my griefs thereafter. After that we made another ascent to Lohara, and then the usual up-and-down hill travelling to Redeli. The view was very pretty towards Singra village, and a high hill towards the north was crowned by the building of the Palvi *teshil*, our destination. But the day was gradually darkening, and we had to descend a precipitous road. At the foot of this hill the day had almost faded into night, and there was that awful climb to the *teshil*. My friend had gone ahead; and by this time I was left entirely alone, not even having a servant with me. The night was dark, and I had soon to dismount and trust to my own feet. Once I must have got out of the right track, for I came straight in front of the door of a villager's hut. The villager put me right, and on I groped my way, having, of course, to lead my pony. I had been howling for relief, but none came. At last I thought I heard the hum of voices, high up upon the hill. I shouted with all my might, and soon I saw a light coming towards me. Presently a *chaukidar* reached me, much to my delight. I may as well mention here the peculiar nature of the *flambeau* he carried. It was a bundle of *Behal* (*Beyl*) stems, about the size of small reeds, which, with the most simple preparation, lights like gas and causes a great flare. The leaves are eaten by cattle, the bark makes strong rope which improves in strength by immersion in water, contrary to the rule obtaining with other rope-making material. I need not say I reached the *teshil* where I found

my friend sitting before a bonfire ; the altitude of the *teshil* being considerable, it was bitterly cold, a fact in no way modified by a cutting breeze. Most of our belongings were behind us. The most direful reports came in as to the fate of all the people below, and we gave way to some gloomy forebodings regarding the remainder of the coolies and all our baggage mules. One coolie came in quite exhausted ; he had fallen several times, and he was the bearer of our cooking utensils. A second coolie turned up with tent poles, his arm covered with clotted blood, and he continued the report of certain disasters below. Another coolie shortly came in with the *tokri* which contained our only and unopened bottle of whiskey, and a few *bottles* of beer. It was amusing to observe his triumphant aspect, and his arrival raised our hopes and brightened up our spirits. Another came, led by torch-light, making a great rush into camp, hastened probably by the fact that, according to his own account, he had heard a bear close to him. The mules arrived one by one, coolies being sent down the hill to pick up their loads ; afterwards there was a clear report *all in*. Then ensued a scene of bustle and excitement to get our tents pitched. The glare of the torches and camp fire, the shouting of the coolies, the neighing of ponies, presented a kind of pandemonium. At last, about half-past nine, we got to bed. The next morning (Wednesday) we were up long before the sun crept up between the *Brahmat Tiba* and the *Turiag Tiba*. We ascended the latter, where we obtained a good view of the Chur range, looking close at hand, and now slightly tipped with snow from the November fall. We could not get a sight of a bird ; it was too cold there. We succeeded, however, in getting a sheep, the delicious parts of which we had for breakfast. We were paid a visit by the *teshildar* and his subordinates, who showed us marked attention. They strike a gong at the Palvi *teshil*, and the time is measured by a peculiar contrivance which I have seen at other places. A conical copper basin, about six

inches in diameter and four inches deep, with a small hole at the bottom, is placed into a tub of water, and the water percolates gradually through the hole, filling the basin to sinking point hourly—so they say. We made a move about 11-30, as our next march was a short one, the train going off in detachments, to our next stage. It was a terrible road, being in bad repair, and excruciatingly precipitous. Having reached the bottom of the hill, we got into a level narrow pathway, but here we met with another obstacle ; a small landslip had blocked the path. There was nothing for it but to dig a new path ; then again down hill, across the Palar *naddi* twice. We gave Sewo the go-by and pushed on to another village called Sewong, to reach which we had again to cross the irrepressible Giri. We did the distance in four hours exactly, dined off chops and curry and rice, the usual camp fire, the usual hot peg, and off to bed about 8 P.M. I heard *kakar* during the night, and rose at 6 A.M., and went out for an hour with the rifle and a coolie. Sighted a couple of deer, but they were too shy to be got at. When I returned to the village, the camp was struck and almost every thing packed, so I had to put up with two small biscuits and a cup of tea, eked out by some milk in a whiskey bottle, until we arrived at Chaita, but subsequently found human nature would scarcely stand a long march on such slender fare. We left Sewong at 9-30 A.M. (2nd December), the road being good through jungle and forest ; but the Giri had again to be crossed three times. We had now struck the regular road from Nahan to the Chaita iron mines. Before we took the third ford, we improvised a breakfast of some sort, and before we crossed, our *dak-wala* turned up, and we sat and explored our letters and newspapers while the whole of our baggage was being transported across the river. At last, we ourselves forded. On the other side was very nasty landing, with a steep bank, and snag stones jutting out in all directions. It was here I came to grief. My pony, in attempting to ascend, slithered

back into the stream, with the necessary consequence that I went bodily into the water. I clutched at a huge boulder some yards from the bank, and managed to keep one arm dry. I was rescued by a stalwart fellow, who carried me on shore. A change of clothes was out of the question, and I had to walk myself dry, without the slightest harmful consequence. One's clothes soon dry in walking. We had a good level road to Anna, where the Raja has a range of mule sheds, and where iron ore is stacked. A short distance beyond we crossed the Nait *naddi*, which brought us within "measurable distance" of the iron mines. Just at this point we were overtaken by a mineralogical surveyor, whom we had been expecting. I should here mention that at the Palvi *tshil*, news of this gentleman's arrival in Nahan had reached us, and the Raja was desirous that his engineer should meet him; otherwise we had intended to push on to some lead mines beyond *Singra* towards Chakrata. Our chaprassie had not carefully kept watch, and permitted us to go on two miles beyond the village of Mangan, where our camp was to be pitched. We all three sat down in the night time in one of our tents, the inevitable hot peg not being forgotten. On our visit to the iron mine, there could not be the slightest doubt that iron ore of a superior character prevailed. It can scarcely be called a mine; it is a quarry, standing out bare at the side of the hill; and it is blasted, not mined. At Chaita, too, is the Raja's most penal of penal settlements, and a more miserable looking lot of human beings I never saw than the convicts who are sentenced to pass their time in this wretched desolate place. No doubt, they are sent there to do the quarrying. On coming out, our mineralogical friend came to similar grief as myself by meeting with a good ducking, in consequence of his *chaprasi*, who was carrying him across the Nait *naddi*, letting him drop. Well, we all returned to our camp at Mangan, previously taking breakfast kindly provided by our mineralogical friend, on an open piece

of ground, two miles from camp. On returning, I lagged behind to see if I could find any use for my gun, and, wonderful sport, shot a pheasant. The next morning (Sunday) we shook the dust of Mangan from our feet, and at 9-30 proceeded on our homeward journey, leaving the representative of the mineralogical survey behind us. We soon reached the spot of my disaster, but crossed this time on a man's shoulders, supported on either side by two other coolies. I might remark that, just before this, we visited the spot on the *Giri* where my friend's girder bridge was to be fixed. The girder bridge, the fruit of my friend's skill, was then standing in the iron foundry yard at Nahan. Now it lies at the spot indicated, ready to be fixed. Our route now lay direct for Nahan by the regular road, *viâ* Paniali, which suddenly burst upon our view like magic. A cascade of tremendous depth, over a precipice skirting the village, could have had no less a fall than 500 feet, straight as a line and completely perpendicular, and looked like an elongated bar of silver. I had never seen anything to equal this. It was, in fact, the offshoot of a small mill-stream, but the effect was wonderfully striking. The scenery here, too, was rich, including the Chur range, which had gathered more snow since we last saw it. Sitting upon a knoll above our camp, before day-break the next morning, overlooking the valley of the *Giri*, it was most interesting to watch the effect created by the rising luminary. The prominent points blushing in sunlight, leaving the hollows in shade. Not only that, but the upper tips and halves of trees received the glow, while the lower parts were cut into shade by what may be called the sun-line. But we must turn our faces toward Nahan. Some of our poor coolies, during the next stage, got "knocked up," and were willing to give their pay to village coolies to take their loads. One poor little fellow, a *brahmin*, took sick at *Paniali*, and had to be carried. We had had a long trying round, and exhaustion was not to be wondered at. It was well enough for

us who had to carry no loads, and could ride our ponies whenever we liked. Our next village was Maipur, to which there was a good up and down road all the way, but we did not encamp there, but pushed on towards Nahan, and here we again returned to the land of *Cacti* and *Chir*. Space will not permit of descriptions of every resting place, but Maipore, where we rested for a time, is a very pretty spot at the foot of which runs the Jalal *naddi*, which afterwards, of course, we had to cross. It was a long march to Jamta, a place which I mentioned at the outset, but here we had again to encamp, within four or five miles of Nahan. The village itself is a wretched hole, and in the morning we were glad to get upon the road, where the white buildings of Nahan seemed to offer a welcome, and which we reached during the forenoon.

THE CHUR.

The Sirmur territory is dominated by the Chur range, distant, as the crow flies, about 25 miles from Nahan, but, of course, very much more by any one of the roads leading to it. The highest peak is about 12,000 feet above sea-level. It is a prominent feature in almost every part of Sirmur, and can plainly be seen in the direction of the north-west from Masuri and Landaur. I regret that I have, at present, had no opportunities of paying a visit to this well-known mountain, although I was close under when at Chaita. I was fortunate enough, however, while at Nahan, so recently as February last, to obtain the sight of a book written by Vigne, a well-known explorer of mountainous country, and as the account of his travels into Kashmir, &c., and of that part of the Himalayas under review, was published so long ago as 1842, it is doubtless out of print. Naturally, the book was too precious to be spared to me, and I therefore had to content myself with making a few extracts.

The following is an account of Vigne's visit to the Chur :

“The rains lasted till the middle of September, and I at length listened with pleasure to the low and continued muttering of the thunder which always portends their exhaustion, and gave assurance of release from them and the possibility of travelling without further interruption. I started across the mountains for Musuri, which, I need scarcely remark, is also a Bengal sanatorium. On the way Mr. Lee Warner, my companion, and myself received an invitation from Major Everest, Surveyor-General of India, at that time on the *Chur*, conducting the grand trigonometrical survey, and of whose hospitality I shall ever retain a grateful recollection. The *Chur* is one of the noblest second-rate mountains in the world ; its height is upwards of 12,500 feet ; its sides are clothed with a dark and dense pine forest, many of the trees of which are immensely large, both in girth and height. Almost every animal that is found, either in the plains or mountains adjoining them, is, no doubt, an inhabitant of its immense, and gloomy jungles.

“After winding our way through this jungle, by the steep and somewhat difficult path which led towards the summit, we found we had surmounted the limit of forest (11,500 feet) and emerged upon some rocky scenery and a beautiful park, whose soft and extensive lawns were thickly covered by a carpet of wild strawberry, or potentillas. The camp of our host was pitched as near as possible on the very top, and our chief object was to keep ourselves warm. The tent in which we dined was furnished with a lighted stove, and the entrance carefully closed against air, whilst we drunk our wine and talked to a late hour above the clouds. On the huge granite rocks that formed the very apex of the mountain, the labourers in attendance had formed a platform of loose stones, purposely carried thither, and in the centre of it they planted a mast as a mark for the survey. Several that they had previously raised on other summits were visible only by the aid of the theodolite ; and a powerful helio-

trope (in use at Saharunpore plains) might, it was supposed, have reflected the sun's rays towards us from a distance of sixty miles.

“ I can never forget the glorious view of the snowy range, some sixty or seventy miles from us, in a straight line from this spot, as the morning broke over the sacred peaks of Jamnutri and Gangutri ; the latter being still further removed from us to the eastward.

“The entire range of the Himalaya, upon whose most elevated pinnacles (20—25,000 feet) the rose-colored light seemed to pause before it ventured into the yet gloomy atmosphere to the southward of it, was extended from west to east as far as the eye could reach, rearing itself high and magnificently above the upper surface of the dense strata of clouds that covered the great valleys at its base, like the turbulent billows of an inland sea. Into these were projected a number of black promontories, formed by the pine-covered ridges of the intervening mountains, and which again were partially hidden, or occasionally insulated, by the detached and slowly moving masses of mist that sometimes rolled over them, and descended their sides with a regularity resembling that of a flood.

“ It was worth a fever and a journey from Bombay to see the sun topping the summits of Bunder Puch (the monkey's tail). The chilled and frosty air become instantly and perceptibly warmer, as he appeared in the heavens above them, and the smoky sameness of all around and beneath was succeeded by the natural hues of daylight, combined with the utmost grandeur and distinctness of outline. The rich, tawny, autumnal colour that overspread the immediate foreground, was finely contrasted with the grey granite rocks with which it was strewn, the ledges of the same formation by which it was intersected and the dark verdure and bleached trunks of the fir-trees on the limit of forest that girdled round the shoulders of the mountain, some hundreds of feet below us. Some of

the Bungalows at the eastern end of Simla, twenty-six miles distant, were plainly to be seen with the naked eye, and the village of Serai, from which we had ascended, was only discernible as a speck, with its patches of red and yellow *Batu* on the hill-sides at a depth of three thousand feet beneath us. To the southward, the view was of a different character, but its boundless extent was a compensation for its inferior grandeur. Near the base of the mountain but hidden from us was the large village of Nahan, not far from whence were discovered the fossil remains (and the *sivatherium* amongst them), which have been given to the scientific world by the united labours of Dr. Falconer and Captain Cautley.

“The snug and beautiful undulations of the Dehra Dhun not perceptible on account of the distance; and the low hills of conglomerate, known by the name of the Sivalick range, by which the Dhun is separated from the spurs of the Himalaya, seemed to be of pigmy heights, although the highest of them, close to the Timli pass, and thirty-six miles distant, which had been selected as a station by the officers of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey and on which glistened another heliotrope, is more than two thousand feet above the sea. Town after town, mere inequalities on the surface of the plains, were pointed out to me in succession; and the Minars of Imperial Delhi or at least its locality, are, I was told, though I could not then discern them, sometimes visible on the horizon from the summit of the Chur.”

Vigne's visit to the Chur was made from Sarai, a village a few marches from Chakrata on the Simla road, and, no doubt, the best ascent can be made from that direction. Ascents can be made from the south on the Simla road from Nahan, most easily from Saran, a day's ride only from the capital of Sirmur, the boundary of which State is on the summit of the Chur.

A propos to Vigne's book, the custom of polyandry which I have mentioned as prevailing over this line of country, although

with many and important exceptions, is thus mentioned :—“Amongst some of the natives of the Alpine Bengal, a custom, it is well-known, prevails of one woman being married to a whole family of brothers. My classical companions pointed out to me the following passage of Cæsar’s Commentaries, shewing that a similar custom existed amongst the ancient Britons :—“Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus, et parentes cum liberis. Sed si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi, a quibus primúm virgines quœque ductœ sunt.”—*Cæsar: de Bello Gallico*, Lib. V, Cap. XIV.

JAITAK.

Jaitak is a peak, or rather two peaks, to the north of Nahan, about six or seven miles distant, and approachable from the Simla road, from which, after a ride or walk of about three miles, the path runs up the steep hill-sides which are exceedingly rough, and, except on foot, is in some places rather dangerous, huge boulders flanking precipitous *khads*, any possible drop over which might as well be prevented by taking to one’s feet. This is also the Chaita road so far as Jamta, and the way to Rainka Lake passed immediately under Jaitak. In January last, I made the chance acquaintance at Nahan of a surgeon-major in the army medical department, whose taste for expeditions was identical with my own—a fact which induced us to take long walks in company, concluding with an excursion to Jaitak, which marks the site from which, after a stubborn resistance, the Ghurkas were expelled from these parts in 1815. I have already mentioned the disastrous siege and storming of the Kalanga Fort at Dehra in October and November 1814. After the evacuation of Kalanga, Balbhad, the leader of the valourous Ghurkas, took another stand at Jauntgarh, another hill fortress in Jaunsar Bawar, and repulsed another attack, under

Major Baldock, leaving a small garrison and proceeding across the Jamna with the bulk of his forces, fell back on Jaitak, and there made a desperate stand, and defied all our attempts to take it. The British force posted their guns upon a lower hill above Jamta temple, and to the west of Jaitak. Shot rained upon and about the fortress, and to this day, the rain frequently washes up, as it may be termed, to the surface of the ground, the cannon balls and shells, and a large number of grave-mounds mark the burying places of the dead. As before mentioned, the little graveyard at Nahan contains the remains of most of the British officers who fell at Jaitak. The Ghurkas were never driven out of it in fight, but they began to realize the truth that the British must prove too strong for them, and surrendered the fort which they evacuated with other strongholds between the Kali and the Sutlej, by convention, on the 15th May 1815.

It is an easy matter leisurely to reach the top of the hill from Nahan by the road straight beyond Jamta temple, in two hours and-a-half, and much quicker, even, if haste should be desirable. But from the road nearest the hill Jaitak is least to be seen, and the excursionist, unless enquiry be made, may considerably overshoot the mark. In fact, the worthy doctor and myself in returning from the hill, struck the road further toward home than that from which we ascended. The summit is divided into two conical peaks, on the northernmost of which still remains a portion of the rude black stone wall of the fortress, the southernmost one presents less prominent evidences of fortification, but there is little doubt that both were similarly protected at the sanguinary period about which I am writing. It occupies only a couple of minutes to go from point to point over a dip between the two.

It requires the pen of a greater adept in word-painting than I am, to adequately describe the grandeur of the view which is commanded from double-crowned Jaitak. From the northern apex the eye takes in the whole southern face of the Himalayas,

and although the charm of the scene is not amplified by the magnificent snows, a panorama, rich in the plenitude of its resplendent beauty, cannot fail to delight the hearts of those who are pilgrims to the shrine of Mother Nature, who rewards her devotees by unstinting displays of her never-ending but ever-varying charms. For west to north the rugged prominences of Jaunsar Bawar, flanked by the Masuri range, including that great mountain-swell Badraj, round and round to the lands of Mir Ghari, on the Ghagar, near Kalka, the whole forming a colossal amphitheatre of wild mountain scenery, including the hill villages with their green patches of cultivation, nestling on the southern bosoms of the huge acclivities. The grand centre-piece is the great forest-clad Chur, to the north, with its brown and bare lieutenants to the right and left, flanked by Garhwal and the Dehra Dun in the east to the plains of Ambala on the west.

On the summit of the southern peak, which looks towards Nahan, over the Siwaliks to the plains, the vision can take in the whole of this majestic circle of scenery, except the nearer and lower hills to the north, which are slightly obscured by the northern eminence. Descending a few yards down the brow of our southern standpoint, the scene is changed to radiant loveliness as though transformed by a magician's wand. Variety meets the eye at every glance, and when the atmosphere is clear the limits of the view reach the horizon on the plains of Ambala and Saharanpur, flanked by Duns on either side. Humbling the vision to the contemplation of nearer objects, eastward we observe the broad and rapidly flowing Jamna, describing that huge bend with which it cuts through the western Sewaliks, and afterwards, as with a broad silver line, divides the Saharanpur and Ambala districts. Then the gaze cannot fail to rest on the westernly extremity of the Sewaliks, to the vicinity of Kalliam, with the pretty *Lai ka Tiba*, and the huge ravine-like hillocks further westward. Lowering the sight to a

nearer and more modest detail, that portion of the Kiarda Dun, through which the tardy Markanda creeps, may be observed Nahan, of which here we get the best view, with its excellent roads and numerous houses, extending to two or three miles from east to west, on the special spur chosen for its site, with its pine-clad northern slopes. The immediate fore-ground immediately below one's feet, are two lower peaks, and right and left are the slate-covered buildings of the villages with their terraced slopes of cultivated land. Take it for all-in-all, the whole forms a scene that can scarcely be surpassed, notwithstanding the disadvantage which resides in the fact that the jealous hills to the north forms a *parda* which closes to view the majestic grandeur of the snowy range.

OLD SIRMUR CITY.

My third excursion into Sirmur was in fulfilment of a promise made to Mr. Jones to meet him at Mazra, at a given time during the Christmas holidays, following my second visit. Spending Christmas six miles only from the Jamna at Rajghat or Rampur Mandi, the journey was easy enough, and I arrived at the Mazra Travellers' *Banglau* about noon, and a half an hour afterwards Mr. Jones also entered into the compound. Our object was to visit the old and ruined city of Sirmur, the ancient capital. The place was equi-distant from Rampur, Mandi and Mazra, about eight or nine miles. It was far from an enjoyable excursion. First, we had to pass over some cultivated land, then pushed through the high jungle grass higher than double the height of a man on horseback, then came the river Batha, which is easily crossed, then over more cultivated land through a village which led us to awkward ravines, which compelled us to dismount. Most of the remainder of the journey was mostly through forest land, and over rough roads. Verb: Sap: Never ask any native the distance to any place, only the direction, for the information he will give you

will be most disheartening. When we thought we had our noses close to old Sirmur, we were told it was three or four *kos*, which was certainly found a considerable exaggeration by Englishman who generally calculate that one *kos* means about two miles. In Sirmur, however, a *kos*—that is to say, a *katcha kos*—is about one and a quarter mile. My friend had kept pretty well ahead of me, he being a light weight, which I was not. Sitting on a bank, in a forest, my companion had evidently made up his mind to pay his respects to the tiffin basket; but I did not hanker after the flesh-pots, and walked on, considering from experience that the fleeter pony would soon restore me to companionship. I, on due enquiry from natives, found the old city where I met Colonel ———, who fills an important position on the Commander-in-chief's staff. There really was nothing worth the trouble of going over eight miles of bad road to see. There was a Buddhist temple cracked and dilapidated, and which threatened every moment to prostrate its stonework, in a recumbent position, on mother earth, after centuries of struggling to maintain its perpendicular. Buddhist figures, sculptured on stone, bearing evidence of cycles of wear and tear, graced the open doorway. One of these figures had given up sustaining its perpendicular as a bad job, and had, a century or two ago, probably, embraced the cool ground, seeking rest until the final trump shall come. Moreover, Buddhist devices on stone lay scattered all about, showing that they had formerly adorned a palace, a mansion or a temple. The jungle was so thick that only the most ardent archæologist would entertain a wholesale scratching by penetrating its dense thickets. Underneath, hidden from view, was the ever-present Giri with the same boom of rushing waters down deep below. Colonel ——— assured me there was really nothing to see beyond the point where I met him, and I returned with him, his servants, his two elephants, and his splendid dogs. By this time, I had become rather anxious about my missing

companion, but as we were getting out of this dismal looking place into the more open country, he turned up, and in the most accommodating manner said, never mind, he would visit old Sirmur, not a mile off, another time, and returned with the Colonel and myself. The Colonel soon left us by striking into the path to Rampur Mandi, and we returned to Mazra, where we arrived before dark, without congratulating ourselves much on our expedition to the city of old Sirmur.

I will finish this little book with what I can recollect of a tradition which seeks to account for the total destruction of the ancient city of Sirmur, which 700 years ago, immolated every human being within its ruins. Plain matter of fact people would, most likely, come to the conclusion that the old Sirmur came to be wiped off the state of royal cities by a similar disaster, though in a more exaggerated form, to that which, a few years ago, befell Naini Tal. The fact that under the site of the old city the Giri widens, and runs into some resemblance of a lake, a mile and-a-half in circumference, goes, in some measure, to bear witness that the calamity was the effect of an overwhelming landslip, which formed the fathomless sepulchre of the whole population. It seems reasonable to conclude that the fallen *debris* for some time blocked the Giri, laying back its waters and forming what has been described as resembling a lake. No fallen *debris* could long resist the rapid flow of the river, which must have cut its way through the obstruction, and covered the widened bed created by the catastrophe. History, nor tradition, describes the phenomena which immolated every inhabitant; but tradition, however unreliable, describes the cause which led to this awful tragedy.

This is what tradition says: Once upon a time, when old Sirmur was flourishing, a *natch* girl, presumedly of the mountebank sort, visited Sirmur, and, no doubt, had been showing off some wondrous feats. The Raja of the period of the old dynasty challenged the woman to walk safely over the Giri,

at old Sirmur, on a rope, and offered her half his kingdom if she successfully accomplished the feat. The woman accepted the challenge. We can but guess what was the kind of rope that was stretched across the broad river, and only surmise that it was somewhat after the manner of the tight rope so familiar to our youth in travelling circuses, excepting that it could have no central support in the river itself, the weight of the performer would cause a considerable slackening of the rope in the centre. Of course, we may also help tradition by supposing that all Sirmur, together with the population, far and near, was there to see. When commencing her perilous task, she vowed that if anything happened to her which rendered her a sacrifice to the Rájá's treachery, a curse would fall upon the city of Sirmur, which would be engulfed by an overwhelming natural catastrophe and exterminate every living being in the place. Seeing that the woman was crossing safely, some of the Rajas people cut the rope, the woman fell into the Giri, and was drowned. We may be permitted again to assist tradition by hazarding the hypothesis that the then Raja was not an innocent factor in this gigantic piece of perfidy. However that may be, tradition does not return us the compliment of helping us much in estimating the time that elapsed between the prophesy of this great calamity and its fulfilment; but that the annihilation did come, whether from the cause assigned by tradition or not, there is ample evidence existing at the site of the old city and in the real history of the Sirmur State.

FINIS.

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