

A GENTLE RAMBLE
ABOUT KASHMIR.

→ 1896. ←

DRY-AS-DUST.

(R. C. T.)

Col R. C. Temple
— C. I. E.

Pub? first in the "Pioneer"

Privately Printed.

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India

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ABOUT KASHMIR.

❧ 1896. ❧

Dedicated to

Brighteyes.

A. F. T.

By

Dry-as-dust.

R. C. T.

Privately Printed.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

À GENTLE RAMBLE ABOUT KASHMIR.

THERE were two of us—Dryasdust and Brighteyes. Dryasdust had married Brighteyes, because she was Brighteyes, and Brighteyes had married Dryasdust because he was Dryasdust. Dryasdust was learned in things ancient and uninteresting : Brighteyes was learned in other things. So they suited each other exactly on the principle of “ Jack Sprat could eat no fat ” ; and Brighteyes was not so old as Dryasdust—not half as old, according to Brighteyes. And now the reader knows all that is necessary about the two who made a gentle tramp about Kashmir.

They went to Kashmir for a holiday and with a fixed determination to see as much as was pleasant and easy, and to eschew the stock guide-book sights written up and glorified for the benefit of the rush about tourist—the unfortunate who is so often made to feel that he is a Goth because he cannot admire what is not admirable.

After the regulation dâk journey through the Jhelam Valley route to Baramula in rather wet and doubtful weather in September—the season when the book sand authorities say it should be clear and fine—they arrived at the bungalow there, and the first thing that struck them

was the glorious absence of all business-like arrangements for showing the traveller how to proceed further. This is truly Indian. No one makes it his business or interest to foster the traveller to Kashmir—a veritable goose that lays golden eggs for the populace. Despite “agencies” and other facilities offered for a consideration, that valuable animal may look after itself.

After the usual rousing up of a sleepy khansamah and a few powerful expressions addressed in several vernaculars to various lack-a-daisical individuals prowling round the place, Dryasdust discovered that there was an “Agenti” not far off, but before reaching it, news of our arrival had reached the river bank, and various dirty individuals proffered services in the matter of house-boats, dungas, “very good Kashmir work, pure silver,” and so on. Among them were men who opened leather covers containing an enormous quantity of chits, and one letter addressed to some sahib. Of these one Ramzana, called also Ramjam, and Ramjohn, according to his chits,—such is the beauty of “sensible” unsystematic spelling—produced with some difficulty out of his particular cover a letter for Dryasdust. Then did joy spread over the face of Bright-eyes, for did she not now know that servants, tents, boats, and the other requisites of civilization were at hand?

In due course then the travellers were introduced to a dunga, a “cook-boat” and a shikara. There appears to be a registration of boats nowadays, so far have the arts of civilization spread to Kashmir, for the “cook-boat” was marked “K. B. 28” which Dryasdust pointed out was a

further evidence of the spread of knowledge in the Valley, as the initials clearly stood for "Kuk-Bot"—good Hunterian for the ordinary English, or more correctly Anglo-Indian, phrase.

"What nonsense you talk?" said Brighteyes, "it merely means that the man can't spell. You scientific people have always far-fetched reasons for everything."

It is necessary to explain here that this veracious account is being written by Dryasdust with the interference—he begs pardon,—the help of Brighteyes.

"Look here" says Brighteyes, "what's the use of your writing *dunga* and *shikara* for people in the plains, and spelling *dunga* with a *u*? How are people to know that *dunga* is pronounced *doonga* and that means a boat in which you can sleep and live, and that a *shikara* is a light canoe to help people on shore, unless you tell them so?"

"Well it's all right now, for you have told them at any rate, my dear!"

Arrived at the shore and the boats, there presented themselves the crews thereof and servants provided for us by AA's agency. Firstly, there was K. B., the cook, an asthmatic old gentleman, who politely excused his shortness of breath by saying it was due to *hazur ke kauf*. He proved nevertheless a wonderfully good cook and a great traveller, who had been to Yarkand, Gilgit, Ladakh, Skardo, etc. Just the very man for tent or river, had he not been, as we ultimately discovered, an absolutely untrustworthy old scoundrel, useful only so long as he was not

watched and was allowed to pilfer to his heart's content. Then there was a Kashmiri "bheestie" anxious to be *masalchi* and general servant as well, provided we would certify to that effect. He already had a chit as a first rate and valuable syce! The boat's crews consisted as usual of a family, the head of which was an energetic old gentleman named Makadu.

"Now that is nonsense, Dryasdust. His name is Muckloo. Everybody calls him so."

"Very well, my dear. It shall be so, as we are writing for the public. But the word is Makadu with epenthetic *a* and a *d* with a dot under it, and the *u* corresponds to *jī* and is a respectful termination."

"Apathetic rubbish—you just write Muckloo like a Christian."

Well, strong energetic old Muckloo, or Makad Kola of boat No. 32, to give his full name and designation, was also a mighty fisherman with chits dating back to 1865, and among them was a unique one observing, "I regret to say that with a crooked wire and an old rag he managed to catch more and larger fish than I could with all my complete tackle." But a point of greater importance was that he was a quiet old man himself and had brought up his family, especially the ladies, to be so likewise—a fact to be appreciated in Kashmir. His sons were Ramzana and Subhana. Ramzana was a good shikari and fisherman who had been all over the Valley and surrounding mountains, chiefly with Mullin Sahib, a generic term with him,

as we discovered. He was the show man of the party and kept us in fish and fowls. The former he netted and speared, and the latter he shot with two wonderful old local guns. Subhana, Shah Ban according to one chit, was an ill-clad boy with a wall-eye, able, however, to haul our heavy boat along, and a quick pupil of his elder brother : a capital hand at spearing fish for instance. An old woman, Muckloo's wife, did the steering, and a girl of sixteen, strong, lithe, and very dirty, his daughter, completed the crew. In the K. B. was his nephew, his wife, and a dear little light-haired girl of three, who copied her mother and aunt in all they did : with a little paddle in the boat and a miniature pestle for husking rice. The time she kept in these performances was quite remarkable in so small a child.

Once in the dunga, Brighteyes was within the range of her peculiar knowledge and spent a happy hour—useful she called it—in unpacking and sorting stores and interviewing the cook. Meanwhile in her own imperious way she ordered an immediate start for Kashmir, disregarding the situation of Baramula and the obviously imminent storm.

“ Baramula, the modern name, my dear, is to be found in so old a writer as Al Beruni, and is derived from Varahamula through the local form Varamul.”

“ O bother, I can't listen to all that *now*, Dryasdust.”

As in duty bound, Muckloo started without a word, and having proceeded 100 yards calmly tied up again for

an hour or so to weather the strong storm of bitterly cold wind and rain that struck us and brought the first snow of the year on the mountains of Apharwat and Kajnag in our neighbourhood. This was our welcome to Kashmir!

“A nasty, wet, cold country, as bad as England,” remarked Brighteyes. “I can’t think how people can rave about it. As for the beauty I can’t see anything.”

In an hour or so the storm passed off and a fresh start was made on a fine cold evening, the new snow showing up well on the hills to the south and the evening sun giving fine glimpses of Haramukh and the other well known peaks to the north. Brighteyes now began to change her opinion as to the scenery, while Dryasdust puzzled old Muckloo by cunning questions as to the mountains, till he mixed up Kajnag with Apharwat and Pir Pantsal with Gulmarg.

“There’s Gulmarg up above Baramula.”

“Nonsense, Dryasdust, Gulmarg I know, is close to Srinagar. Mrs. Smith told me so.”

“Yes, my dear, quite near enough for ladies’ geography.”

Naturally only a short distance was achieved that evening and the boats were tied upon the right bank near the village of Shakloh, by which was a large orchard of apples and pears. The servants very soon spotted a tree of tasty crabs, chilled by the evening storm and very welcome to

the palates of people heated by an Indian summer. So much were they appreciated by Brighteyes that she found out that they were named *trel* by the natives and called for *trel* on all subsequent available occasions.

The next morning was as delightfully grey and dull as the most approved English weather. No sky anywhere and clouds about the mountains. "None of your beastly blue sky here" as the old Indian remarked when approaching Southampton on a characteristic English day. One has no idea how beautiful Kashmir can be on a real dull day until one has tried it. We had to try it pretty often, as it turned out. It would require on such occasions no effort to imagine oneself in England on a drizzling morning were it not for one's habitation. A *dunga* is distinctly not a place to spend a happy cold wet day in: a doing duty dining—drawing room six feet by eight blocked by two chairs, a table, sundry boxes and articles of the dinner-table, rugs, cloaks and great coats and there you are for space. Add to this a bedroom consisting of two camp beds with space to walk between them if you go carefully sideways, a united bath and dressing room, pitch dark and five feet square, and a wide assortment of draughts from many many chinks, and you have the comforts of a "capacious *dunga*" in a nutshell. Bed is the happiest place in such an abode on a wet day, if well provided with rugs and blankets—not otherwise!

About 11 A.M., we reached Sopor, and it rained steadily and slowly and fully for the rest of the day. We enjoyed ourselves greatly, and Brighteyes caught, what always

improves her, temper and all, a good healthy English cold. The great excitement of the afternoon were eight ducks bought by the cook and chased cheerily and persistently by our entire following through the rain till they were finally confined, complaining, under the boards of the K. B.

“ Sopor stands for Surapura. Sura was—”

“ Now, Dryasdust, no one feels the least interested in that. So you can leave all that out.”

“ Very well : it doesn't much matter this time. For that is not new information you know. It was started by Vigne, who has been copied by all the guide books and happens to be as usual incorrect.”

From Sopor which really represents Suyapura, after the architect of Avantivarma in, say, the last quarter of the 9th century A. D., we started about 5 P.M. for Ningal on “ hamare bare Ular,” as the boatmen put it. At Ningal were two other unhappy boatloads waiting for the crossing of the Ular Lake at 4 A.M. the orthodox time. For 4 A.M. read 6 A.M., but all the guide-books say four, because the boatmen say four, and don't mean it. It takes two to three or four hours to cross the lake, so that one arrives at Hajan about 9 A.M. After this the lake is liable to high winds once in a way and to waves a whole foot high which so terrify the boatmen that they terrify the “ sahib log,” and no prudent person thinks of starting later. So everybody says, but we crossed on a dark and stormy morning close to the singhara weeds, so as to run into them for shelter from the great waves, should they arise, and when

we got to Hajan found a sahib and a boat quietly starting the other way !

Muckloo showed much wisdom of the serpent at Ningal. He ran the boat up outside all the others on to a dry spit of sand, so that the servants might get dinner for us in comfort, and then with some humour, observing that the place was exposed should a wind arise, calmly went inside the other boats amongst mud for complete shelter. The boatloads behaved in true British fashion and kept severely apart, never showing themselves each to the other. It turned out afterwards that Dryasdust was well acquainted with the contents of the other two boats !

At this point Muckloo and Ramzana became loquacious on the subject of " hamare bare Ular ! " .

" You know I ought to write it Valar, Brighteyes. "

" Why ? "

" Because Pandit Grierson and Pandit Stein say that is correct, and Sir Richard Temple writes Walar, *w* and *v* being legitimate interchanges according to the laws of Kashmiri ! "

" How do they know ? "

" Well, really, you know, they are pandits and pandits—"

" Do the people call it Valar and Walar ? "

“ Oh, dear, no ! ”

“ Then just you write what the Kashmiris say and bother the pandits.”

So to stick to the local modern pronunciation Muckloo gave a graphic account of an incident in his youth of a certain Mullin Sahib of the period who was shooting in Kashmir and was a great strong man and Bahadur. He insisted on coming in the afternoon and beat his unfortunate manjhis with a horsewhip—manjhi in Kashmir means any man in a boat, not the cox as elsewhere—till they agreed to go. Six manjhis went off in the dunga and the Sahib and one manjhi in a shikara. When Muckloo's Sahib saw this he wanted to go too, but Muckloo put up his two hands and begged off, saying he could get to Hajan quite as soon as “ Mullin Sahib ” if allowed to start at the regulation hour of four to six next morning, and the Sahib agreed. It was a fine afternoon, and there was only a little cloud on the Baramula side, but when “ Mullin Sahib ” had gone about a *kos*, a wind suddenly sprung up—“ kuchh thikana nahin, Gharibparwar,” and Muckloo and his Sahib—the Sahib with a *durbin*—looked on and saw Mullin Sahib's boat go over. The Sahib caught the boat and climbed on to it, but the manjhi failed and was drowned. All the matting and superstructure of the dunga were ripped away, and Mullin Sahib's property mostly went overboard. About 5 P.M. the storm abated and Muckloo and a lot of other manjhis went to the rescue and reached Mullin Sahib about 7 P.M. He was a strong man—“ bahut mota tagra ” and had stuck to the boat although repeatedly

washed over by the waves. But when reached he could not speak, and was rigid by the time they got him ashore. Muckloo's Sahib forced his teeth open with a fork and poured brandy down his throat and he was put into hot water and rubbed down till he recovered after some hours. Then the Resident heard of it and gave an order that no boat was to cross in the afternoon for ever and a day! Ramzana, not knowing that Muckloo had told the tale, recounted it all over again to Dryasdust with the embellishments that it had happened before he was born, that three manjhis were drowned, and he would have added the sahib also, if Dryasdust had not gently corrected him, and that the dunga "dub gaya" and that 100 manjhis went to the rescue. This story, no doubt, is repeated at Sopor at every stay for the benefit of the newly arrived.

Ramzana is an expert fisherman and a good shot "sitting," and told a beautiful story regarding the fish in the Ular Lake. Dryasdust was explaining to him that he had assisted at the capture of a shark which weighed 540 lbs. and was eleven feet or more long. Now one can't expect a fisherman-shikari and a Kashmiri to be capped for a story. So with a grave face Ramzana explained that "Muckloo ka bap, mere bap ka bap" had once seen in the Ular a fish 25 to 30 yards long with a mouth 2 to 5 yards wide coming at him, and did not attempt to catch it for fear it might eat him up. "Omne ferme captum pro magnifico," is the motto of every fisherman in the world as all know. "But what I like about the Kashmiri," said Justasdry Dryasdust's friend of whom more anon—"is that he lies so cleverly

that it is a pleasure to hear him. Your plains liar is a mere bungler."

Muckloo was no admirer of Larnas Sahib as it turned out and much bemoaned the rise in prices of food and timber since that gentleman's "settlement." He also bewailed the woes of the manufacturers of Srinagar, consequent on the new rules and new ideas of late introduced in the country by the steps taken to benefit the agriculturists, which he called letting out the land produce to contract! This drew forth the active sympathy of Brighteyes.

"I call it a great shame to make the prices so high that the boatmen and shawl-makers can't live, and besides if they have to pay such a lot for their rice and their wood how are they to make those beautiful puttees and pashminas and copper and silver for so little as they do now? The Raja ought to fix the price and keep it low as before."

"How about the agriculturists?"

"Oh, bother the agriculturists. They can always live. Why all they have to do is to plough the land and work, and there is their food for them! I call it cheating that they should charge such a lot."

"But then it is against British policy to fix prices anywhere!"

"Now, that is just like a man! Because one man gets taken in and allows the agriculturist to humbug and cheat and charge what he likes all you other men say he was quite right. I don't believe you think he was right at all."

“ But Superior Wisdom was delighted and covered him with glory and made him a C. I. E. And besides he wrote a big book, and said in it how cleverly it was done, and what a lot of good it was all going to do.”

“ Now when you get talking about Superior Wisdom I know you are always laughing, and I won't be laughed at.”

“ Really, hush. You know Superior Wisdom has a Secretariat, and the Secretariat is never wrong. Why one of the most interesting things I know is to see the Secretariat in a real hole and note the neat way in which they will prove to their satisfaction that if anyone was wrong it was certainly not Superior Wisdom.”

“ But that does not prove that this settlement business was right, you know.”

“ That's the beauty of it. We shall all be dead and buried, Superior Wisdom and all, before anything can be proved about it. That's what I call so interesting. You see it lies this way. Kashmir is a country situated among the mountains a long way from any outside market, and its chief produce, agricultural or manufactured, can only be exported at great expense. This means that its agricultural produce can never be exported at all because by the time it reaches the plains it cannot compete with plains produce, even if it was good enough which it is not. So that practically all that the fields and woods produce must be sold in the country. Here you have one side of the problem. On the other side if the manufactures are to compete with plains manufactures they must be made

in Kashmir very cheaply in order to cover the great cost of carriage to the plains, and they cannot be made cheaply unless the price of food and necessaries is very cheap. So here is a fix : if produce is very cheap the agriculturist has a bad time. If produce is expensive then the manufacturer has a bad time. And Superior Wisdom is forced to foster the one or the other, and the trouble is that the agriculturists and manufacturers of the country are six of one and half a dozen of the other. And then the question is which will produce the most revenue to the state, and that is, under which of the two arrangements will the country most prosper ! The native rulers fostered the manufacturers at the expense of the agriculturists, and the British are fostering the agriculturists."

"What, against the manufacturers ?"

"Hush, Brighteyes, Fancy Superior Wisdom thinking of such a thing !"

"But Superior Wisdom as you call it will ruin the country all the same."

"That's just what no one alive will ever be able to say, and that's what makes it all so interesting."

"I don't think so at all. What Government ought to do is to make things cheap for the manufacturer and give the agriculturists good high prices and then it would be all right."

"No doubt, my dear, that is exactly what it would like to do."

"Then why doesn't it ?"

“ Well, my dear, we are going to camp soon, and then no doubt you will have an opportunity of bestowing your sweet sympathy on the other side.”

Arrived at Hajan after much caution over a perfectly smooth lake we went quietly on to Sambal where we stopped to spend the night in the dunga beneath a fine grove of chenars, under one tree of which Dryasdust was delighted to find a fine ling and other ancient stones being worshipped by some pandits—pandit in Kashmir being any Hindu. He was told, moreover—that it was now forbidden to camp there because a “ Liftan Sahib,” had happened to be encamped at the spot when the Maharaja passed and wanted “ room.” This the true Briton promptly refused, whereupon the Resident, when he heard of it, put up a notice forbidding any encampment there for the future. Another instance of the fostering care of the Resident, if true, but it must be said that we couldn't find the notice. The evening was fine and clear, and there was a good view of the snows to the South both by sunset and moonlight, the moon being about full. It turned out to be the only one we got for three weeks! For such can the weather be in Kashmir during the fine months of late September and October! Travellers, beware!

Next morning we started for Manasbal with a hop over the primitive lock on the canal thereto which was interesting to us and annoying no doubt to certain lime boats waiting to come down as they would, so we were told, have in consequence of our monopoly of the water let out to wait six hours more before there would be water enough

for them to come down in. In the canal we had a fine opportunity of witnessing Ramzana's skill in spearing fish and afterwards in netting a sort of sardine or whitebait with a net so peculiar that Dryasdust, wise in such things, took away a specimen for those "horrid museums" 'as Brighteyes calls them—horrid because Dryasdust sometimes, when he is allowed and by stealth, spends a little money on them.

At Manasbal the fakir and his two-penny half-penny cave were duly visited, and the ridge between the lake and the Sind Valley also duly surmounted—this latter to Brighteyes' wrath. "It is so steep and rough," she said, and the view was not worth looking at in consequence. However, Srinagar and Haraparbat, etc., were distinctly visible, but the snows to the south were clouded over a good deal, and so despite the recent "first" fall there was not much to be seen. In the evening, not liking the north end of the lake as a dunga anchorage, we walked round it as far as the old Mughal garden—not much garden now—sending the boats by water, after an exciting chase after the ducks, in which Dryasdust joined with the unwonted zest of a two-year-old to Brighteyes' unlimited delight. The garden anchorage is altogether cleaner than the regulation one, and the situation no doubt the finest on the Lake, for the Mughal seldom made mistakes in such matters. That night it rained a bit and also blew somewhat, which made it very cold.

The modern Kashmiri fakir, probably as a result of the Sahib Log, is threatening to become an hereditary

institution. There are two at Manasbal, one in the garden to the north and one in the old Mughal garden. Both are institutions of yesterday started apparently this wise. A certain Masulman starts a place in which to do 'tapsi' and forms an 'asthan' and is called a 'rikhi.' He dies in the course of time, having lived on the public and started a family in the interval—in one well known case having lent money all his life and married three wives! In both cases at Manasbal the original fakirs are dead, and their sons beg in their stead. A part of the process is to present dalis to Sahibs (ours by the way contained the last peaches of the year) and get a present. The existing men, quite young, presented us with one only, but Dryasdust was told by Ramzana in an appreciative tone that the late incumbents came three or four times a day to visit the Sahibs. Dryasdust preferred the present practice!

“What's this you have written, Dryasdust, about 'tapsi' and 'asthan' and 'rikhi?'”

“Don't trouble your bright eyes about those words, my dear. They are for the sole benefit of other Dryasdusts who will learn, therefrom, the value of the Muhammadanism of the fakirs in question.”

“We forgot to look for the “temple” on the margin of the lake, and as it is only a model, after old Buddhist custom, six feet square and mostly now immersed in water, it is not a conspicuous object, nor particularly interesting either, unless one believes in the submerged courtyard theory after Cunningham and other wise men.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Well, these people say that the ancient Kashmiris worshipped water snakes or nags, and hence, in order to give their objects of worship an opportunity of dwelling in their sacred places, they flooded the courtyards thereof. The theory got started over the flooded courtyard of the Pandrenthan Temple, and supported by this one, and it is the fashion to believe in it.”

“That means, I suppose, that you don’t?”

“Well, you see, there are difficulties. It must have been very difficult, for instance, to have flooded Martand, and no one has found the aqueduct used for the purpose; and as for Kother, I will show it you, and you can see for yourself if it could ever have been flooded, and then there are the temples at Bumazu and Payech; and last but not least water has never been sacred in Kashmir, except as a spring.”

“Why do you always dispute what’s in books? Don’t you think it would be much nicer just to believe and have done with it?”

“Brighteyes, Brighteyes—what can be the use of studying all one’s life and becoming a recognized Dryasdust if you cannot prove that every Dryasdust that has gone before you in your own line was an ass?”

Next morning dawned fine, but with an ominous haze and clouds to the west, but we nevertheless spent a pleasant cool day up the river past. Shadipur and its

chenar island (*vide* every guide book) and the exceedingly ugly though useful bridge over the Nuru Canal, till Haraparat and the Takht-i-Sulaiman appeared in many varieties of aspect as the river wound its way towards them.

Pace Brighteyes and the guidebooks it must be said here that Shadipur does not mean, "marriage on the waters," but is really Shahabuddinpur, after a Sultan of the 14th century A.D. It is a very old site, and is the Prayaga of ancient Kashmir.

We had unfortunately to anchor for the night below the city after all, along a shore odorous with a variety of evil smells close to some market gardens and opposite brickfields, where some exceedingly bad pila bricks are turned out in the most primitive of kilns. Brick-making is an art still in its infancy in Kashmir, as both the kilns and the buildings show—the outturn is badly moulded, badly sized, and badly burnt. The market gardens are very extensive and meant for the supply of the city. As many varieties of vegetables grow in Kashmir the inhabitants are adepts at cooking them. Our boatmen purchased (let us hope) some of the outside leaves of a coarse cabbage and cooked them in a "smelly" but no doubt effectual way. They thrust them into a *ghara* (or chatty) until it was full, poured water over them, filling up the *ghara*, boiled until the leaves were quite soft, and immersed the result in mustard oil and cooked again. The process is doubtless good for the cabbage, but it is bad for the eyes and lungs of anyone in the neighbourhood, as Dryasdust discovered when washing his hands in the dunga bath

dressing room, which is divided from the crew's kitchen by a mat!

En route we saw and heard two characteristically Kashmir sights and sounds. As we approached a village there was very loud evidence of a woman in a rage; presently a man joined in; then one or two more women joined and then more men, until there was a Babel hardly to be equalled by a pack of pariahs barking at night in a Kashmiri village, which is really saying a good deal. As we passed the village the sounds ended in blows between two very violent men, and finally they rolled over each other, and we saw one pommelling the other, amid a fine uproar—the whole female population apparently bewailing the fate of the man beneath. Brighteyes hates oppression and was most sympathetic, and was much incensed with Dryasdust, because he looked on and smoked and offered to bet that no one was hurt. He pointed out that not a member of the dunga crew offered in any way to interfere.

“Let's ask Muckloo what it's all about,” said he.

That authority replied that the man who had the worst of it was a well-known trader on the river in village wants and that the row was about a difference of opinion as to the price of something the old woman who began it wanted to buy. By this time there was observed a great anxiety on the part of all concerned to run away and look as if they had been tending cattle or tilling the fields all the while, the trader remaining on the ground surrounded by his howling womenkind. Presently he got up and ran to a boat and paddled across the river, followed by others. It appeared

he had espied a sahib and came running up to Dryasdust to demand justice. Those after him now tried to dissuade him from doing what he wanted, *viz.*, to go to the police and say that fifteen men had set on him and beat him! Dryasdust, seeing he had been right as to the amount of personal injury done which was none at all, thought it best to settle the matter by saying that the man should be allowed to fetch the police. He went off triumphant. Muckloo explained that this would give much trouble to the village and all round, as both sides would have to pay a lot before any decision would be come to. This was probably just as well in this case.

The other row we saw was a matrimonial dispute between a boatman and his wife. They had taken passengers from Shadipur to Srinagar and followed us. He poled and she steered. It appears that she did this badly and hence bad language from her lord and master finally blows. Without any exaggeration for two solid hours that woman, refusing to do any more work, screamed, howled, shrieked and used language to her husband. It was astonishing that she could keep it up so long. He went steadily on poling up the boat as best he could by himself and as he had no breath to speak with, he contented himself with an occasional whack as opportunity offered. The passengers did nothing and appeared not to mind. By degrees the woman quieted down and by evening, having landed his passengers the man managed to do a little ferrying, both parties explaining the situation to the fresh passengers. Next morning he passed us again with a broad grin and

informed Dryasdust, in reply to a question, that his wife was quite *gharib* again. She hid herself under the awning.

The evening was threatening, and at about 10 P.M., there was a heavy blow and much rain, but the dunga was quite watertight and the tar awnings resisted the wind to perfection. Our experience was very different from Mrs. Barrow's as detailed in *Kashmir en Famille* under similar circumstances. Indeed, neither on this occasion, nor at Baramula, nor subsequently in Srinagar in most inclement weather, did we experience any leakage or flapping of awnings. The dunga proved a good wet-weather boat. The night was very cold, but the rain disposed of the evil smells to our delight. The dunga is a draughty habitation in any kind of breeze, but, on the whole, much warmer, when shut down than one would expect. In the winter Muckloo told us that he puts up double awnings—all of mat—and no doubt makes his abode stuffy enough to please any man of the hills. These boatmen do for themselves in many directions, make their own mats and ropes, husk their own rice, weave their own nets, and to some extent construct their own boats. They are quick at learning the requirements of domestic service, and some are good shikaris.

The morning broke cold and grey and cloudy,—all the upper hills being invisible. And thus we had to thread our way through the picturesque City of Srinagar, seeing the river at its worst and reaching an anchorage at the Munshi Bagh in a chill shower, to the disgust especially of Brighteyes. Arrangements were made as early as possible

for a dandi for Brighteyes' visit to the Takht-i-Sulaiman to see the view therefrom, about which all the books rave so greatly—but she did not go next day nor for the week following, because at no time of any day would it have been possible to get a view of any sort. We were buoyed up by hope all the time, because it was about October and every one, black, *gandam rang*, and white, told us it never rained by any chance for more than a day or so at that season. It was cold, very, very cold, for an inhabitant of the plains. “So bracing,” said Brighteyes; “bad for the liver,” growled Dryasdust.

Two days were spent in Srinagar itself; two unhappy days, on the whole, it must be said. The books, all following each other, from Vigne downwards, derive Srinagar from Suryanagar, the City of the Sun.

Just like the idiots who hanker after local colour and cheap knowledge, Vigne made a huge mistake here. It is one of the worst of many others, for his foible was derivation for which he had not sufficient knowledge, and his date too early for him to have much chance of being right. But every would-be learned writer who has followed him has adopted his plausible shots, right or wrong. You see it looks so learned to talk about Suryanagar, Vijayavihara, and Hara Parbat, “the Green Hill” and so on. Now there is this Srinagar which was never anything, but what it is now, simple Srinagar, and no more the City of the Sun than the City of the Moon.

“It is certainly not much like a City of the Sun just now,” remarked Brighteyes.

“Then there is Haramukh, which is Haramukuta, the Crown of Hara or Siva, and has nothing to do with a Green Face”! So Hara Parbat, or Hari Parbat as so many will have it, is the Hill of Sarika—the goddess. In this case the first *a* is long and the second epenthetic. Then we have Bijbihara, a beautiful instance. Here the modern word is Vijabrur. Vigne made Bijbihara out of the Panjabi pronunciation Bijbiari, and there you are. Bij is, of course, Bija, and therefore Vija, and Vija is Vijaya. Bihara is, of course, Vihara. What more do you want? Vijaya-Vihara, “the Monastery of Victory.” Beautiful, isn’t it? But the word happens to be Vijayesvara (Siva).”

“But the boatmen do say Bijbihara, you know.”

“Because that is the English name. They would call it anything they thought Sahibs would understand.”

“I do wish you would tell me what you mean by apathetic *a*.”

“My dear, an epenthetic vowel is like Brighteyes when she is haughty.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, an epenthetic vowel is more heard than seen.”

“I call that horrid, and I won’t be called small. I am just as tall as Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown and any other woman I know. And don’t let me hear anything more of apathetic vowels either.”

We were visited in due course by the redoubtable Babu Amarnath and presented with a copy of the rules for visitors and residents "issued under the authority of the Government of India by the Resident in Kashmir." It is quite wonderful what a lot of things an Englishman may not do in Kashmir which a Kashmiri may do in British territory. The Happy Valley is a land hedged round with rules in a truly paternal manner, which read sometimes as if they were intended to protect the country and its people against the visitor—the protection *vice versa* not being always so apparent: *e.g.*, rule 23 says:—

"All persons are required to settle all accounts before they leave Kashmir, and are responsible that the debts of their servants are similarly discharged."

And rule 24 says:—"Complaints of the nature of civil suits against subjects of His Highness the Maharaja can only be taken cognisance of by the States Court."

Therefore the visitor is obliged to settle, not only claims against himself, but those against his servants also, before he leaves; and as the visitor is usually bound to time as regards his stay, it is clear that the result will be in favour generally of the other party, rightly or wrongly. But *per contra* the visitor's claims against Kashmiris must be tried by a local Court, whatever the urgency of his departure. The rules mean really that claims against the visitor must be settled before departure, but his claims against inhabitants after. This is "heads I win and tails you lose" with a vengeance in favour of the Kashmiris.

But the cream of the rules lies in Nos. XI and XIII of Dhanjebhoy and Sons, the carriers, which run thus :—

“ XI. The Imperial Carrying Company give public notice that they will not be responsible for any injury or the result of any injury to the person of passengers travelling by their service between Rawalpindi and Srinagar, or to loss or damage of his property conveyed hereby from any cause whatever.”

“ XIII. All goods and parcels are carried by the Company at owner’s risk.”

Further in the “ Kashmir Section ” of the route everything, rates and all, are advertised at “ travellers’ risk.” This does not of course apply to the “ Rawalpindi Section ” in British territory.

These rules are naturally all very well as Company bye laws (*vide* those of any S. N. Company) to be taken for what they may be worth, and set aside by the first Court before which they may be pleaded as being *ultra vires* and unreasonable. But it is quite another thing when they are solemnly signed by a “ Resident ” as Rules of the Government of India. Dhanjebhoy and Co. may thus take your money and break your leg through the careless driving of their own servant, or destroy your baggage from the same cause, or through supplying a wild, untamed animal or a rickety wheel, scot free. Happy Company ! There must have been a certain amount of laughing in the sleeve when the rules were passed.

“ I call these rules ridiculously unfair. I wonder anyone ever comes to such a country ! ” exclaimed Brighteyes.

“ I don't think we need be much alarmed, my dear. Mankind is usually better than its laws, ” was the reply. “ Remember all the regulations we found about customs and the use of stages in the bungalows along the Baramula route. They did not affect us much, did they ? ”

Now for a visitor's complaint. ‘ Srinagar ’ says one guide-book, ‘ is the favoured spot of the traveller. The most delightful spot of all. ’ ‘ Don't go near it, ’ says another book, ‘ and if you must, don't stay longer than you can help. ’ There is a great deal in this last advice. The unfortunate traveller is pestered from the moment he arrives till his departure by every kind of itinerant river trader. Twenty barbers want to shave him or cut his hair every day. People want to supply him with boots and shoes and clothes and baskets and pots and pans. Then there is the silver man and the copper man, the curiosity man, the felt man, the carpet man and the curtain man, the shawl man, the jam man and the carving man. And they all have boats, and all day long in all weathers they lie alongside your dunga or house boat as near as they dare and salaam whenever they see you.

“ It's all the ladies' fault, you know, Brighteyes. I met Captain Bachelor just now, who knows the place well and says that until the Baramula road was opened to tongas and ladies flocked to the Valley, this pedlaring nuisance was infinitesimal. ”

“ I don't believe it. Besides, he is only a bachelor and what can he know? And then you know it *is* nice sometimes to have all the pretty things spread out, when one has nothing better to do.”

“ Well, I wish that the grand-motherly Government which protects the people so much against us might protect us a little in this matter and regulate the pedlars.”

There are two peculiarities about these pedlars. They are all called Subhana or Ramzana or Mahamdu or Lassu, and they each and all ask you to remember their names and personalities. Also they sell their copper ware elaborately worked up so cheaply that the price is a wonder considering, as we were told, that the copper has to be imported. One explanation of the phenomenon given us by an experienced man was that the copper is imported as return freight by the mule and donkey carriers for next door to nothing. As to the antiquities and curiosities say I, Dryasdust, with a quarter of a century's experience, “ unlearned visitors, beware.”

Just as in Srinagar the boat pedlar is a nuisance, so is the shikari outside it. Every village in the country seems to possess a shikari out of employ. They pestered Dryasdust, for instance, to see their chits in the most unexpected places: on the top of the deserted karewa or hill plateau which is known as Sakkadar, near Bijbihara, the site of the ancient Chakradhara, for instance.

Chit hunting is another trouble to the visitor. The natives have the profoundest belief in them, and demand

them in all sorts of ways. Some keep books for no other purpose than to have travellers' names written in them. One funny old mukaddam or headman at the remote village of Khapura had a choice collection, and was not happy till Dryasdust added to the number. Every sort of man dealing with sahibs in the capital and on the river possesses them by the dozen and worries till he gets one out of every one to whom he sells anything or for whom he performs any kind of service.

Despite its rules and civilization, Srinagar is an exceedingly difficult place in which to ascertain anything. The visitor is supposed to be omniscient and to know, as well as an old resident, where every one lives and how one is to get about, and must be in fact prepared to do for himself entirely.

The guide-books tell you that fashions in dress have not penetrated to Kashmir. That is hardly the case as regards the man-kind there. It is true that "jungly" clothes only are supposed to be worn, but then they must be jungly clothes and not any old clothes one happens to have. In the first place, it is correct to dress as much as possible in the style of a man who "goes on foot on a horse" as Muckloo, the boatman expressed it (*paidal jate hain ghore ke upar, gharib-parwar*) *Item*: Check stockings made in Srinagar, the fashions in checks being newer than those in the plains! *Item*: Knee straps. *Item*: Puttu suits in the newest patterns, knickers and waistcoat and coat. The advantages of this custom are that the articles are cheap, the correct wear in Kashmir, and then you can

swagger in them in the cantonment below before other "fatty men on horse," as Punch has it. Poor old Dryasdust, not wishing to incur expense, in elsewhere to him useless clothing during a short tour in the country and wearing merely the warm clothing by him, found himself the victim of audible male remarks of an uncomplimentary nature for being so well dressed! By the way some young men in other respects leave their manners behind them when in the Valley and have been seen in more than undress in their dungas by ladies who have happened to pass. Dryasdust remarked on one such occasion that the advice he once heard a Colonel give his young officers would bear repeating in Kashmir:—"Behave everywhere as you would in your father's drawing-room."

After spending two cold unpleasant days in the Munshi Bagh, we went *via* the Chenar Bagh and the Dal-darwaza into the Dal Lake to visit in the first place Justasdry, Dryasdust's friend at Gupkar, and after anchoring by mistake opposite the Jam King's villa, discovered him at last.

The view from the Baradari, in which Justasdry was putting up, overlooks the whole lake and on a fine day it must be a beautiful one, that is, as regards the distances, for, to say the truth the foreground in a Kashmir autumn, bar the fading fruit-tree leaves is about as fine as that in the plains when the crops are off the ground and the verdure is parched! *Verb. sap.*

Gupkar is close to the Pari Mahal—that fraud in buildings. Indeed, to speak truth without hyperbole, the

Mughal and Pathan remains in Kashmir, as repaired by the modern local architect, are but sorry structures and none of them for themselves worth visiting. Poor imitations of similar constructions of the Mughal times in the plains, they have been neglected and despoiled for a couple of centuries and then repaired in mud and plaster in the worst of taste and of utilitarian style. Fountains no longer play, watercourses are ruined and dry, the "gardens" are untidy jumbles of vegetables, flowers and fruit-trees. Such of the trees planted by the old rulers as still remain are frequently very fine indeed and their alignment shows great taste in procuring the best views and vistas, but everything else is disappointing and would, if elsewhere, be described by travellers as inferior. But it would seem that the glamour cast over the minds of writers on Kashmir by its climate, its snow views, its wild hill scenery, its landscape as seen from the hills, and their grateful surprise at finding a land under European climatic conditions, with the familiar spring foliage and autumn tints, so close to the burning plains of India, have induced them to describe as exquisite and superbly beautiful, spots that in strict sobriety are very far from being so. Then again some of the authors have gone through the country *en prince* and written books about it with illustrations, and have seen it from quite a different point of view to the ordinary visitor. Shown everything under the best conditions, eased of the troubles generally caused by travelling in a half civilized country, the water specially turned on to the dry garden courses for them, the fountains made to play, the restorer-tortured old buildings illuminated by

night,—to them everything is *couleur de rose* and delightful. If the average traveller expects to find the Shalamar gardens near Srinagar anything like the pictures drawn in some books, he will be woefully disappointed. In place of a cascade he will find ruined dry steps, the water round the summer-house a dry bed with ugly plastered fountain heads at intervals, the pretty green roof—in autumn—a dirty structure of birch-bark (*bhojpatta*) covered with brown mud, the garden a rather more than usual muddle—at the same season—of untidy beds of decaying and drying vegetation. And as for the background; by a little artistic licence, one hill is shown, in one picture we know, as snow-clad, while the other is dark and without snow. The traveller will never see it thus, for both hills, being of the same height and belonging to the same range, would either be both snow-clad or both without snow at any given time of the year. Similarly in a picture we wot of, professing to express Martand, the snows shown through the arches are in fact shut out by near verdure-clad hills from the point of view taken. There can be no objection to pretty enthusiastic descriptions, interspersed with prettier drawings adding to the natural beauty of the scene by artists' licence, as something pleasant to read and look at, as one reads a novel; but if the would-be traveller in Kashmir permits himself to be guided by such in his expectations, there is much disappointment before him.

Spending the evening in Justasdry's verandah; and having a little tea and fruit and much conversation on the antiquities of the surrounding country,—exceedingly in-

teresting to the versed in such things, for Kashmir topography is much now what it was in the Middle Ages before Mughal times—we retired to the dunga for the night.

“ I like these grey days if one has not too much of them ” said Justasdry.

“ We have had too much already, ” said Brighteyes.

“ Oh, but it must clear up in a day or so. It will be quite fine to-morrow, you'll see.”

So said everyone ; but it did not clear up, and it did not become fine in a day or so.

“ Never mind the weather, ” said Brighteyes, “ we have had a tart of quinces which I picked myself, and you can't do that every day in India.”

Next morning we sent the boats round to the Nishat Bagh, in which the trees are still very fine and from which is to be got perhaps the best view of the Dal, while we went on foot with Justasdry by a road through the village of Brin, the site of the ancient sacred spring of Bhima Devi. The road was under repair and the intention of the makers was good, for they wished to fill up the hollows by making cuttings in the higher parts of it. But the process was peculiar. About four men at a time were employed, who cut huge gaps into the rising grounds right across the roadway and left them *in statu quo* till it may be supposed some one in authority should come round and kick up a row. It is to be hoped for the sake of traffic that this happened often.

En route we passed the Jam Factory, where we ascertained that the people in charge were allowed to sell nothing, not even samples. This struck us as not very business-like. Evidently the commercial value of enquiries is not appreciated in Kashmir.

Arrived at the Nishat Bagh, Dryasdust and Justasdry had a long and profitable talk on subjects Kashmirian, ancient and modern, the latter being much experienced in such thing and giving Dryasdust practical advice as to touring gently round to places of beauty and antiquarian interest. Meanwhile Brighteyes saw to the edibles necessary for the party with a success that drew from Justasdry the remark that he had no idea that things could be made so nice in camp.

“That comes of being a bachelor,” was the lady’s retort.

Parting with Justasdry and armed with special books, maps and notes for future wanderings, Brighteyes and Dryasdust proceeded next day up the Dal under a bridge on the Kazisut to Shalibagh, as the natives call the Shalamar Gardens. On the way were passed the well-known floating gardens, at that season mere collections of staked weeds; and then was threaded the long uninteresting canal which forms the approach to the Shalamar. “These floating gardens may be interesting and wonderful but they are hideous, I think,” said Brighteyes, “and they spoil the Lake.”

Poor Brighteyes’ cold had now reached the stage of making her invisible, and so Dryasdust had to walk the

round of the Shalamar Gardens by himself, involving him in a little tiff with the cheeky *malis* there, and then further progress was made to the Nasib Bagh, by far the best camping ground on the lake border with its fine grove of chenars.

Taking advantage of a little sunlight, Dryasdust proceeded to walk over to Vichar Nag, near the suburb of Nanshahra, where there is a kind of Via Appia for Mughal and Pathan Srinagar. The Nag he found to consist of a tank amidst magnificent chenars with a few *purane pattar*, broken carved stones, rifled from some ancient temple by the Hindus for preservation from contamination, and not through iconoclastic zeal under Muhammadan rule as the guide-books will have it. He then asked if there was any *mandir* about and was directed to a ruined structure about a mile distant called Domath. This turned out to be no *mandir* at all but a ruined, probably a despoiled, Muhammadan tomb raised upon an old-time Hindu stone plinth. It had no architectural pretensions. It being then too late to proceed to the tombs at Nanshahra, Dryasdust proceeded in the dusk direct home across country. This the traveller should be warned is a dangerous thing to do in Kashmir. One comes across unexpected nallas and swamps at all sorts of turns and the short cut home is apt to prove a dirty long way round. So Dryasdust found it on this occasion.

There was a bit of a squall that night and the morning broke cold and unpromising, and so the dunga was ordered to the Munshi Bagh, leaving the Nasib Bagh in possession

of a party of Babus and a bride and bridegroom. These last it is to be presumed were superior to the exigencies of weather. While passing the temple of Maharaja Ranbir Singh and the suburb of Renavar, a bitterly cold wind sprang up with some rain, which followed us to the Chenar Bagh, and during a dark and unpleasant evening we came to an anchorage in the Munshi Bagh. Meanwhile the river had risen some two feet. That night it rained and blew, and blew and rained, and the morning found the river in flood. Amidst lowering clouds, biting winds, and constant showers the next two days were passed: the river rising all the while. It couldn't last we were told by every one, but it did. On the third day there were glimpses of the fine snows that had during the bad weather covered the hills even close to Srinagar; and on the fourth day, which was still cloudy, cold and showery, but with a healthier look in the sky, we determined to start for our tour eastwards. So far we had had no chance of camping and the Takht-i-Sulaiman had to be left unascended.

During these days in Srinagar began our first troubles with the locally hired servants. The mehtar and dhobi wanted higher pay, warm clothing, *rasad*, etc., in total disregard of the terms of their engagements and the recognized customs of the country. This trying it on seems to be an annoyance inseparable from travel in Kashmir. The dhobi also tried to play the fool with the washing, and did succeed in some destruction. It must be assumed in these parts that the sahib's clothes are meant to be torn to pieces

and not to be worn ! Then the masalchi had a " sick baby," and went the day after he had been paid up. So after frightening the dhobi and the mehtar and procuring a new masalchi, we got fairly started. The operations above-mentioned were necessary, but to those on pleasure bent and in want of rest they are exceedingly unpleasant. Here is a chance for the paternal instincts of the Resident. As he so protects the native against the sahib, he might use his inventive genius in a few summary regulations, making life unpleasant for natives who take sahib-log's service and deliberately misbehave and break their contracts.

The move up-country began by a pleasant but cold walk along the river bank, while the dunga was being poled and hauled along under a heavily-clouded sky to Pandrenthan (Puranadhisthana) and past the whirlpool at Zernag, where the Jhelam, or part of it, is supposed to disappear into the earth to appear again at Dubgam near Baramula. After visiting the oft-described temple with its flooded court and boat, we proceeded as before to Pampar coming to an anchorage above the bridge. By the way, the famous picturesque appearance of most of the Kashmir bridges has now disappeared, as their rebuilding since the flood of 1893 has been effected in a more modern but less extravagant and artistic style than of old.

The situation of this old town, looking down the river, is very fine, with its background of mountains, the furthest of them being snow-clad when we saw them—or rather glimpses of them—through the most annoying masses of vapour and cloud. The bad weather was improv-

ing evidently, but there were still a great quantity of cloud about all day everywhere.

In the morning Dryasdust went down into the town to see the temple, but assuming that he was shown the right place, he found rather less remains than usual at the "interesting spots" in Kashmir. The *asthan* or *masjid* proved, however, a fine one and the people civil. Dryasdust climbed to the top up into the upper chamber, a dangerous kind of place of rotten beams and planking, broken windows, and heaps of *bhojpatta*, which had been used in repairing the roof. The lattice work of the windows was fine, and being among other things a bit of a draftsman, interested in architecture and ornament, Dryasdust took a rough copy of the fine, and out of Kashmir uncommon, geometrical pattern in the chief lattices, in the midst of a dirty, but respectful crowd. The pattern is, however, to be found repeated after a fashion in much present work in Kashmir. The geometrical interest in it is that its measure is one and a half by one to each "square," giving the general result a peculiarly artistic effect. The date of the window is by local tradition said to be of Makhdum Shah, and therefore of the 14th century, A. D. The summit umbrella and bell ornaments of the Kashmir *asthans*, so like those of Burmese pagodas, have been noticed by writers on Kashmir, but Dryasdust found in the streets of Pampar an institution that might have been taken straight from that of any up-country town in Burma. It was different in form but apparently the same in purpose. It was a mud structure some four

feet high surrounding a deep jar or *ghara* fitted with an ingenious cork. Dryasdust was told that it was used for cold spring drinking water in hot weather.

After passing through the miserable unsavoury streets of the village, rather than town, bearing, according to the guide-books, the remains of the fine sounding name of Padmapura or Lotus Town, Dryasdust reached Brighteyes and the beat in due course.

Brighteyes was now wide awake, and when told of Dryasdust's adventures remarked that half the fame of the Kashmir place was due to their names the Fairy Palace, the Abodes of Love, the Lotus Town. 'Amen' said Dryasdust, 'only Padmapura does not mean Lotus Town but the town of Padma, its founder.'

Our specious old cook had told us that the Pampar *roti*, or large biscuits made of flour and eggs and a speciality of the place, were hard and uneatable, whatever the books might say, so no stock was laid in. Dryasdust, however, procured a few in his wanderings and they proved quite as good as Mrs. Barrow says they are; much better than the bread that the cook made in camp, though we know he could bake well enough. What the old rascal wanted and got was a stock of *maida* or better, tinned flour, for his own use.

During the day it cleared up overhead but not on the surrounding hills, and we found it rather hot walking in the sun. The famous saffron fields on the karewas *en route* were still out of flower and uninteresting. The flowering time is quite late in October.

It was well on in the afternoon before we reached Vantpur, as the modern remains of Avantipura are called, through which we walked, noticing the extent and duly examining the fine remnants of the old Hindu temples of Avantisvami and Avantesvara and the site of Bishop Cowie's diggings in search of antiquities. By the way, there may be found in modern Kashmir one explanation of the "cup marks" on which so much speculative writing has been spent. Here at Vantpur many old stones have been indented for treading clothes to clean them—why not in olden prehistoric times also? In lands inhabited by Malay people Dryasdust has found and collected blocks of wood marked over with the so-called phallic worship cup on which the marks had been made simply for extracting coconut oil.

From the site of Avantipura there is a fine reach of the river looking up stream, exemplifying once more the ancient delight in grand situations for towns and shrines. It is very characteristic of countries further east, especially of Burma, and apparently so of Kashmir also. After leaving Vantpur we went on so long as daylight lasted, and came to anchor at a village named Fattedhkhanpur well situated on the left bank in a clear amphitheatre of fine hills amid the spurs of Wastarwan. They looked remarkably well by the evening light, and even by starlight later on.

The chief inhabitant of the place, so far as we were concerned, was the blind guardian of a riverside asthan, who had to be led away firmly but kindly by Ramzana, so importunate was he for alms.

The next day gave us a better view of the Valley and its surroundings than we had yet had, but clouds still hung so much over the snowy heights all round as to give no more than a mere idea of them. As the day wore on it got clearer, and that evening was the first on which we had a clear view of the fine snows that had fallen all about us during the late bad weather.

We walked along the banks as usual so far as it was pleasant and not too hot, for the Kashmir sun in autumn is always very hot, and found that whenever the river turned hill-wards in its many windings the scenery was always picturesque and sometimes fine. Some of the villages *en route* were exceedingly picturesque, Kakapur, for instance. This place is Karkarpur on the maps and in the guide-books—all following a mistake of Vigne's making.

The river was followed as far as the Karewa, on which are situated, or ought to be situated, the remains of the ancient Chakradhara, now known as Sakkadar. Dryasdust insisted in stopping to ascend the hill. Bright-eyes positively refused. But fortunately she met a female friend coming down the river in a *dunga*, and after some hailing and mutual recognition Dryasdust left the pair for a happy chatter, while he climbed up to the site and found nothing, not even the ditch which to antiquaries is supposed to prove the fact of the sack and destruction of the old town as described in the *Rajatarangini*. He was not even successful in collecting any of the old coins *matti ke paisa*—known to be procurable at times in the neighbouring hamlet. He was told that a year or so

before a sahib had cleared the village of them and suspected that his friend Justasdry was the sahib. What he did find was a shikari with chits and valuble promises of barasingha if Dryasdust would only walk over the hills with him back to Pampar. So he revenged himself with describing when he got down all the things he ought to have seen. One advantage, however, of climbing this hill is that an exceedingly fine view of the Valley is obtainable and the forward journey to Bijbihara, Islamabad and Martand is laid out like a map before the traveller.

As soon as Brighteyes had torn herself away from her friend the journey was continued to Bijbihara, the approach to which is no doubt very fine indeed. The old trees growing in the foundations of the bridge are still there, though the picturesque old structure is now represented by one much modernised. The town is most picturesquely situated, with streets climbing up from the riverside, the steps down to which are a jumble of old stones rifled from the ancient temples of Vijayesvara (not Vijayavihara as the books will have it) thrown about and misused in a manner quite disheartening to the antiquary.

We had tea in the old Mughal garden near the nasty new structure built as a rest house for the Maharaja, but the garden itself is grandly planned, and its remains contain perhaps some of the finest chenars in Kashmir. The views of the hills to the north and east are exceedingly fine and must have much pleased the old designers, for the garden was so

planned as to contain a series of avenues from a central baradari giving eight distinct vistas of the hill. Both Dryasdust and Brighteyes agreed that it was the pleasantest place they had so far seen.

After tea it was decided to push on to Kanabal, the port of Islamabad, that evening, and a most pleasant evening it proved. The hill above Islamabad was clearly visible from the banks of the river, and so was the Karewa of Martand. As the evening advanced all the clouds lifted, till the sky was perfectly clear, and just at sunset one of the finest views we had yet seen, or indeed saw in all our stay, presented itself. The snows all round were quite distinct and the colours on the hills to the north and east in the evening sun very beautiful, the sunlight striking the Islamabad hill and the rugged sides of the Karewa of Martand with an exceedingly brilliant effect.

Now we were advised to do this part of the route by night as uninteresting, and such, too, is the impression one would get from the guide-books, but so far as we were concerned we thought ourselves most fortunate in having followed our own instincts. The approach to Kanabal—or Kumble as the ladies will have it—on a fine evening by river is a sight to be remembered.

It was quite dark before we reached the bridge, through the piers of which the water rushes like a mill sluice suggestive of dangerous navigation. The whole

river was as full of boats as the Thames at London, but after much language and careful poling Muckloo and his crew got us through to a safe and quiet anchorage above all the boats.

“Well, I must say,” remarked Brighteyes in the evening, “it is nice to be able to pick blackberries as one walks along like we did to-day.”

The morning was a great time of bustle, and Brighteyes was as busy as possible, and as happy as every true woman should be, in unpacking and packing and bundobusting generally for the coming tour of love in a tent! Maenwhile Dryasdust, who has no experience of the niceties of such matters, examined Kanabal, interviewed Lassu, the famous Kotwal of Islamabad, procured coolies for that day's journey to Bawan, for nothing would induce Brighteyes to refrain from starting by land at once, and finally discovered three things of great interest to him:—*Item*: a drinking cup or ladle used for tea, as like as two peas to the cocoanut ladle familiar all over Burma and Malayland, where it consists of a stick driven through a nut, the cup thus formed being used sideways like the European soup spoon. The Kashmiri imitation in wood is wonderfully exact and therefore curious. Dryasdust became the proud possessor of one for one anna. *Item*: a squirt of ingenious local make. *Item*, a story about the hill above Islamabad. He was told that when Sikandar Butshikast was sitting on top of the hill in the evening he saw the Martand Temple glittering in sunlight. It was then very grand and painted all blue and white!! The

great King thereupon remarked that it was as great as himself. Heaven disapproved of such an idea and sent fire down at once and caused the destruction now apparent.

“Where is a pretty way of putting it,” as Dryasdust remarked to Brighteyes afterwards, as soon as her mind was sufficiently relieved of the duties of the day to think of things other than camping requirements.

It was twelve o'clock before Brighteyes declared everything ready for packing, and then, amid much noise and disputing, the loads were made up and decided on, with Lassu's active assistance: ten coolies, four ponies, and four dandiwalas for the memsahib. As one pony equals two coolies, the standard thereafter was eighteen coolies and four bearers. This was an important point, for “the load” once established is in Kashmir, as elsewhere, wherever that worst of carriers, the coolie, is in vogue, “the load” at every stage. So Lassu's good offices were of consequence, and Dryasdust added his enconium in pencil,—this was an error, as he afterwards discovered, to the “13,000” others in Lassu's wonderful collection. This testimonial collecting is a perfect nuisance on the usual line of march in Kashmir, “chits” often having to be given for peace sake for no services at all, and being often kept in books which have become hereditary. Some of these books contain many famous signatures of the last 40 years or more. In Lassu's collection Dryasdust found his own father's signature entered 37 years before. The traveller must not think he will avoid giving a testimonial to the unfortunate by having “no paper, ink, pen or pencil with me,” for the seeker will

at once produce all these necessaries. It is a blessing, however, to think that any kind of nonsense satisfies, if one is inclined to revenge oneself. In the more civilized parts of the route the testimonial hunter will expect to be paid for troubling you. He should be firmly disappointed in this.

Escorted by Lassu and his friends, as in duty bound, and by Muckloo and his crew, also as in duty bound, we made a fair start for Bawan viâ Islamabad. The escort saw us as far as the road out of the village, salaamed and departed. This, by the way, is a valuable custom of the headmen of Kashmir. They will see you to the clear road onwards and then salaam : when extra civil and obliging they will voluntarily walk miles with you and show you over passes.

Progress was always made thus :—Dryasdust on foot, Brighteyes in a dandy, the latter walking when the road was good and the sun not too hot. As the road is seldom good in Kashmir and the sun always hot the amount of walking done can be left to the imagination. It was a hot dusty afternoon walk of seven miles to Bawan along the foot of the Martand Karewa through Islamabad, but one pleasant cool spot with a rough Hindu asthan and a spring was met with *en route*, and the gurgling stream along most of the road side issuing from the great springs at Bawan was pretty and every now and then afforded spots of much pleasantness.

Arrived at Bawan and in the shade of the trees, Brighteyes got out and walked a short way. “ I do so like

this marching. It is so delightfully easy. I had no idea it was like this."

"Wait, my dear, before you are confirmed in your opinion until you have done seven miles on a bright Kashmir afternoon," remarked poor perspiring Dryasdust.

The road took the party through the streets of Islamabad and past the well-known springs and the place where it is the correct thing to feed the fish. Close by this last, under a huge chenar, was an ill-looking youth of obviously low type of mind doing *tapsi* and calling himself a Brahmachari. He was surrounded by respectable and intelligent pandits who treated him with the greatest respect. It was rather a pitiful sight. Dryasdust ascertained that the youth had been at this mode of life only about three years and had arrived at Islamabad, *i.e.*, at the Anat Nag (Anantanaga) itself, only about a week.

After duly feeding the fish we passed on through the town and discovered two things which were harrowing to the economic feelings of Brighteyes: one the maker of the Islamabad worked cloths and the other the maker of the Islamabad ornamental lamps. Now Brighteyes had purchased specimens of the former at Kanabal and of the latter at Srinagar. At the spot of manufacture they were much cheaper:—"Quite horrid!"

The first thing we saw at Bawan was a noisy shouting crowd of well-dressed men sitting in a circle, one being obviously the leader. Every now and then one of them would stand up and address the others.

“Now this must be a *panchayat*,” said Dryasdust to Brighteyes. “How interesting! And that man standing there must be the complainant or a witness. Let’s go and see.”

He became so enthusiastic that Brighteyes became interested too and both went up to the crowd, whereupon the leader got up and *huzured* and *jawabed* and explained that he was only the *zaildar* collecting coolies for the Resident’s camp in case it came that way, and that the remaining gentlemen were *mukadams* of the neighbouring villages responsible for carriage arrangements. They continued to bellow and swear over it for about two hours, after which it is to be hoped they arrived at some conclusion.

The camp was pitched under glorious chenars and right amidst the roar of the many streams issuing from the powerful spring which has made the place famous. It is a peculiarly pleasant spot. The camp consisted of a Swiss cottage tent, a Cabul tent, a cooking tent, a servant’s pal and a tent meant for Dryasdust’s bath-room. It was all hired. The last-mentioned tent turned out to be useless, for when pitched high enough to stand up the bath was in the open air and when pitched low enough to keep the wind out and ensure decency, Dryasdust could not get into it except when doubled up. This arrangement did not please him. The Swiss cottage had a character of its own, which it took us a week to master. Its bathing arrangements were a marvel of draughtiness and as it had to be used in late

autumn at heights up to 9,000 and 10,000 feet, they were not exactly advantageous. Then again it had a habit of shedding parts of itself when the ropes were stretched tightly. Altogether it was calculated to fall down in the rain and to come to pieces in a high wind. However, by dint of study of its peculiarities, and a crafty use of stones and safety pins we managed to make it fairly comfortable and warm.

“I see how the land lies,” remarked Dryasdust. If you want to do the thing cheap, hire your camp. “If you want to be safe and comfortable, buy your camp new.”

The cook carefully pitched his tent and apparatus across a stream crossed by a rickety bridge, an arrangement calculated to destroy the dinner and the crockery on the very first night in camp which happened to be pitch dark. This caused a considerable difference between him and Dryasdust.

In the cool of the evening Dryasdust and Brighteyes started off to see the sights of Bumazu near at hand, guided thereto by a fine young man who explained that he was the representative of the lambardar or makaddam engaged to look after strangers.

Bumazu seems to be a *mahalla* of Bawan village, and the first place to see is a narrow natural cave in the hill side, which runs in some little distance. In a side passage to the left from the entrance is a chamber in which are the remains of a grave containing some bones. These are

said to be the remains of a hermit who here did *tapsi*. Whether this worthy was a Hindu or Musalman, the guide did not know, but he lived "in the days before, about 300—500 years ago." He also told us it was a custom to lay money on the grave. We did not take the hint.

Along the hill-side and at the present ground level are a series of square chambers cut out of the rock. The guide said that some thought them to be shops "of the days before" and others that they were caused by the quarrying of stones for the old buildings near Bawan. "They appear to me more like ascetics' cells connected with the old holy places hereabouts than anything else," remarked Dryasdust.

Passing the cave and "shops" we went on to the Bumazu shrine or asthan. This is a curious place, as it is evidently an old Hindu temple of the regular Kashmir pattern plastered over to look like a Muhammadan shrine. Near it is a smaller temple pretty much left to itself and foundations of other similar buildings. Hard by at some height up the hill side is a small temple built up in an artificial or perhaps natural cave with a doorway and facade cut in temple form. The temple now contains merely a picture for votive water and flowers, and outside it is an old linga and yoni, and an image of Vishnu. We were told that it is occasionally visited by Hindus. Outside it is a modern wooden gallery from which is obtained a fine view of Kashmir and of the Lidar Valley, the large building of Aishmakam in the latter being clearly visible.

The story of the place, as locally told, is that one Bhum Rikhi did *tapsi* in the cave temple, and was a very holy man and powerful Hindu saint, but Shekh Nuruddin came from Chrar and converted him to Islam. Bhum Rikhi thereupon turned his temple in the open into a ziarat and was finally buried there. We went into the crypt to see the tomb—a village imitation of the crypt tombs of India. His Musalman name was Bamuddin. The small Hindu temple close by was the chamber in which dwelt his Khalifa Ruknuddin. *Khalifa* oddly enough in Kashmir means *murid*, i.e., disciple.

We were also told that Nuruddin similarly converted Zaina Rikhi of Aishmakam who became the Zaina Shah of that great place of pilgrimage.

After listening to these tales we returned to our camp and finally went to our rest to the murmur of the many streams around us and the barking of Kashmiri dogs. Heavens! How a Kashmiri dog can bark at night!

We were awakened in the morning by a sound of many voices apparently in loud altercation, but on getting up Dryasdust discovered all the hullabaloo to be caused by a party of local Sikhs sitting in a circle and arguing out a marriage settlement. The amusement had gone on, he was told, every morning for about four days past. The final agreement seemed still a long way off, judging by the tone of the argument.

A start was duly made for Martand and Achibal, a march over a Karewa of about eight miles. Before leaving

Bawan, however, the spring was visited and the fish fed. The spring is well known and is a favourite place, we were told, for the Hindus of the Valley to perform *shraddh* at, throwing the *pindas* necessary for the occasion into the fish basin.

A certain Pandit of the place—we were told that there were 50 houses of them there, living on the *shraddh* and other ceremonies of the Hindus, that being their *kheti*, in the words of our guide—who has no official concern with visitors now has nevertheless a book with many famous signatures in it, going back to 1853. Dryasdust found his father's name under date 1859, and duly added his own, but was surprised when the owner of the book wanted to be paid for procuring the signature. The East is a curious inversion of the West in many ways. Here is one. The autograph hunter of the West pays for his hobby, but he of the East expects payment for giving you a chance of adding to his collection. The autograph nuisance of Europe might here learn a lesson; the begging letter might run thus—"Sir, I beg to inform you that I have in my book the autographs of Her Majesty, of Mr. Gladstone, and of Lord Salisbury. For the trifling sum of five pounds I am willing to give you the opportunity of adding your esteemed signature immediately after any of the above you may fix upon. Kindly inform me by return of post if you are willing to accept this handsome offer, which remains open only for three days from date."

Dismissing the Pandit disappointed, we duly reached Martand in company with the guide of the previous evening.

As a good Musalman he knew nothing of the world-famous ruin, but all about the tumble-down untidy little shrine of Hurat-Murat next door—the Harut-Marut of von Hugel. This he insisted on showing us first. Hurat and Murat appear to have been local Musalman saints of days gone by, whose rickety asthan is now a place for procuring sons. Vows are made there, and whenever the desired result occurs, a votive rag in the shape of a bit of shawl fringe is tied into the window of the shrine. Prayer must be successful at this shrine, judging by the number of such rags. The guide told us that there was not the least objection to taking away some, if we wished, and Dryasdust was soon the happy possessor of one or two for the museums.

“ *This* has cost nothing at any rate,” remarked Brighteyes with satisfaction.

Martand was duly inspected and admired, the points being explained to Brighteyes, and then Dryasdust at the guide’s special request, wrote down all that he had told us about Bawan and its surroundings in the guide’s book—“ It will so simplify matters for those who don’t understand my speech,” remarked the poor man.

After this began the march across the great Karewa on a very fine cloudless day, showing the well-known view therefrom in all its beauty. *En route* Brighteyes became interested in her dandibearers and began questioning them about themselves with a fluency and audacity of grammar all her own. Dryasdust listened and found them to be cultivators, and that they expressed unmeasured praise of

Mr. Lawrence and his settlement. It is clear that in the time to come that gentleman's name will be handed down to posterity in many a hamlet of these hills with peculiar veneration. What, however, these people entirely disapproved of was the Forest Department as worked by its understrappers. The complaint was that they were allowed by the Forest Rules to take what dry wood they liked, but not the green. Here was the trouble. Unless they feed the understrappers and watchers they were run in for taking green wood when they had only taken dry. Of course this must be taken for what it is worth.

Climbing down the steep edge of the Karewa into the valley of the Arpat we crossed that gurgling stream across an extremely pleasant bed, and there saw for the first time the pretty little white pink which grows singly in many places. We also found mushrooms, to Brighteye's delight. By degrees we reached the water from the great Achibal spring and then that famous place itself by about midday.

Dryasdust wandered about the wonderful springs of the place, while Brighteyes had it out with the look, to that untrustworthy menial's disgust. Later as the sun was setting, the pair, under the guidance of the good genius of the place, Samad Khan the mali, explored the hill above the spring till Samad Khan explained that the *janawars*, *i.e.*, bears, would come and eat up Brighteyes, which soon sent her down again. Samad Khan, whose daughter had married Lassu, the Kotwal's son, has a deservedly good reputation as an invaluable assistance to the visitor, and has in addition a most valuable detailed knowledge of routes and

marches all over the valley and its surrounding hills. Intending visitors kindly note ! He has also a great assortment of good fruit from grafts supplied by Mrs. Lawrence, and water-cress, which is a delightful surprise to the Anglo-Indian. He will do anything in his power, including the cashing of cheques, by the laborious process of sending a man into Srinigar with the alarming document and fetching up the change !

The night was passed in the " bungalow " at Achibal, to the voluble murmur of the many Achibal rivulets. By " bungalow " *scil.* A row of mud godowns with broken windows, and doubtful doors, and amazing bathing arrangements. But it is all well meant.

Next morning we started, via Kother for Kharpura on the road to Naubug (Nowboog) over the Dhar Pass, 8,146 ft., a distant of ten miles. The day began inauspiciously by a little revenge of the cook, who had gone off ahead without providing any *chota haziri* or food for the road, though he knew that his master had a big climb in front of him and a long march on foot. Now Dryasdust, though mild in manners, has not a reputation among his acquaintance for mildness of action, nor is he given to standing impertinence of this kind. Indeed, it is a well-known mistake to let an Oriental do such things with impunity ; and coupled with the trouble given to Brighteyes the day before and the fact that the future marches were to be into out-of-the way places by unusual directions, it did not appear safe to let the cook have his own way and seem to be master. So Dryasdust procured the services of

one Sangar Chand, a policeman resplendent in a red waist-coat and a pair of handcuffs, to accompany him to Khar-pura and frighten the cook. This Sansar Chand was the most profoundly ignorant man imaginable. Indeed, it seems to be a speciality of the Kashmiri police to know nothing of the country or its contents. We found this to be the case on several occasions. In London, if you want to learn the road ask a policeman: in Kashmir don't; the first villager will know it better.

Climbing round the base of the hill above Achibal we proceeded to Kother, the ancient Kapatesvara, with an interesting legend supported by the Rajatarangini of a foundation by the famous Raja Bhoj of Alwar. There is a *purohit* attached to the place who is said to know the legend, but unfortunately he was absent when we visited the place, and poor Dryasdust had to be content to learn nothing from the Musalman yokels about beyond that the Hindus did look on it as a sacred place and had a *mala* there.

Kother is off the road, about a mile up a very attractive gorge, and consists now of a small village with a spring, near which is the ancient temple of Kashmir pattern, minus any attempt at a courtyard, nor is it possible to see how the submergence theory could be applied to it as the temple is built *above* the spring on the hill side.

The place delighted Brighteyes on account of its rural beauty and the presence of walnut trees under which the nuts could be gathered. We frequently knocked walnuts

off the trees later on in the hills. Passing along pleasant downs and country roads lined with bramble hedges and through apricot, apple, pear and mulberry orchards, past bubbling brooks sheltered by huge walnut trees in which was espied mistletoe, to the great glee of Brighteyes—"Such fun for Christmas in our house below"—we gradually wound our way up to the Dhar Pass along a fair road, except at the top, where it was too rough for a dandi. So Brighteyes had to climb a little there. On the top, on a grassy down, there was a splendid view of the Kashmir Valley under a cloudless sky. Also on the very top was the "bungalow!" *i.e.*, a wooden shanty with windows and a chimney, built by "Pret Sahib" for his wife. This sahib seems to have come there to work the iron about Kother for the State, but we gathered that the State did not require his services, for, according to the coolies, his *kam band ho gia* and he departed. Over the Pass, among high hills tumbled together above a very deep gorge, was espied a village, which weary and hungry Dryasdust assumed to be his good, Kharpura. But in this he was disappointed, for it turned out to be Pansgam (Panigama on the maps) and he had a rough and tumble trudge over and round the hills before he espied the tall popular grove which marks the Kharpura halting place.

This grove is a remarkable object in the general view and is situated about half a mile from the village. It is an old one evidently and situated round a small spring on the hill side. In its midst are the remains of an asthan, where the great Srinagar saint, Makhdum Shab, is said to have

stayed two years before he migrated to the Hara Parbat at Srinagar.

Kukarnag is not a large village. It consists of one house, a dirty family, a farmyard of cattle, fowls and ducks and two noisy snarling dogs, which can bark, as we discovered. Supplies come from the neighbouring villages of Bidar (or Birar) and Vindu, both a mile or so distant. The mukaddam of this last seems to be responsible for them.

At this place we found the real headman of Larnu, the last halt, a handsome old man. He was *en route* for Vernag to look after his quota of men for the Raja's camp.

"It strikes me we shall get no coolies here," said Dryasdust, so the former men were stuck to by the simple process of not being paid. The men did not seem to mind in the least, and curled up to sleep and bivouac for the night, but the Larnu mukaddam was anxious to get them paid and into his possession again.

"When I see the new coolies your men shall be paid off," said the inexorable Dryasdust.

As we saw no new coolies the same men were taken on to Vernag the next day, and this caused a little difference between Dryasdust and the local mukaddam.

Said Dryasdust: "This is not fair. Your men do nothing, so the Larnu men have a double march to do," said he.

“The Raja has all my men—how can I give to you?”

Now there was some truth in this, no doubt, but there were men available nevertheless, and so Dryasdust said to the old gentleman he would enquire of the Raja at Vernag. This had an awful effect on the mukaddam who laid his turban at Dryasdust's feet, and begged forgiveness with tears. But Dryasdust was obdurate and marched on indignant.

Walking down the tracks which pass for roads in the mountains round Kashmir is not a safe proceeding in the ordinary European boot, so it is usual to adopt the local sandal or *chapli* with leather sock. But the foot has to become accustomed to this as to all other foot gear. The sole accustomed to the support of thick boots gets soon wearied at first, with nothing under it, but the pliant *chapli*, and hence it is not a pleasant thing for a European to walk distances in on the flat. Again it is shod with heavy star-shaped nails, which find out soft places in the foot above, and the loose heel will create large blisters. Dryasdust developed about this period some large and painful specimens which made marching a trial.

Before starting for Vernag, Dryasdust carefully explained that he wished to be taken viâ Bidar and Naru. At Bidar are some old steles dear to the antiquary's heart; and at Naru, the ancient Arddhanaresvara, is a temple worth visiting. So the journey was made down the Bringh Valley for a mile or so to a turn into the pretty

secluded valley of Naru. Taken up with the scenery and the climbing, Dryasdust hardly noticed the trend of the road, but presently it occurred to him to ask where Naru and Bidar were.

“ Oh, they are away behind down in the valley.”

“ But I told you I wanted to go through them.”

“ If the sahib wishes to go we can take him back there. But what is the use? This is the directest way for Vernag!”

Now though a blistered foot with a prospect of a heavy climb over the hills between Kukarnag and Verag combined with a disappointment is not calculated to improve the temper, what arguments can avail with an idiot of a yokel? And while Dryasdust stood irresolute there came along the way a civil-spoken man who introduced himself as Rahman Naruwala, “ of whom no doubt the sahib had heard.” It appears he is of fame thereabouts as a shikari, and Dryasdust asked him where the temple was.

“ Just down there. I'll show huzur,” and so he did, a beastly little Hindu shrine restored in mud and plaster over some old stones by some enthusiast! Around this was a dirty courtyard amid some rather fine trees where Mrs. This and Mrs. That had camped for weeks, while their husbands shikared in the neighbourhood. One hopes they enjoyed themselves. This place was not Naru but Naranpuri.

So Naru was never visited, and poor Dryasdust had to make the big mount over the hill to the south of Shail Nag footsore and cross. On the top, however, is a fine, but not grand, view of the Sandrin Valley, with the trees of Vernag in the distance. The climb down to Panchu is rough and steep, after passing that picturesque and shady village, the Sandrin River is crossed and Vernag reached,—perhaps the most disappointing place in all Kashmir.

So much has been written about this spot and its extraordinary beauty and so much poetry has been made out of what the Emperor Jahangir thought of it that the surprise at the reality is very great.

There are magnificent foundations remaining ; there is an interesting structure round the great spring, and there are inscriptions in Persian of much interest, dated 1029 A. H., and the waters from the spring flow finely, and the deodar clad hill from which the spring issues is a good specimen. But the gardens are gone, the baradaris are repaired in horrid mud and plaster, and the main structure has been restored by the Dogras in the tamest and ugliest style of utility. The scene in Jahangir's days may have been beautiful : it is in plain truth not so now.

We stayed there a day to recruit after the continuous marching, pitching our tent in the garden and using a baradari as a place to eat and write in. The bungalow is an adaptation of the native buildings, and is not a very desirable place for Europeans. We found it occupied by a

cheerful party of Babus from Lahore in semi-European dress and non-purdashin wives. Each (wives and all) had an alpenstock carried by a servant who followed him with seven over his shoulder, like a caddy with a bundle of golf stick!

There is a pandit attached to the spring who is starting a visitors' book to certify that he performs his duties and feeds the fish well! This is an interesting development of the chit-collecting craze. He also reads the inscriptions for enterprising travellers, *i. e.*, he knows the Persian verses by heart and rattles them off, stopping at the wrong place, as Dryasdust found out. He seemed much astonished that Dryasdust should know the Imperial succession of the rulers that made Kashmir famous, which is more than he and his entourage did. There is, of course, also a chaukidar who requires to be fed, but he did his duty so well for us that the dogs in the night made free with all the butter in the tents to the damage of the *chota hazari*. This worthy guardian seemed to think this natural, and merely remarked:—" Beshaka, two or three dogs came in the night!"

At Vernag we found the Larnu lambardars present, and delighted that their coolies were no longer required by the Raja, and also our friend of Kuka Nag, who prayed and besought Dryasdust, till he agreed not to report him. This is the Kashmiri all over with regard to strangers. He will be as impertinently indifferent and callous as possible and dilatory to extreme aggravation, and then, when he perceives that retribution is really going to follow on his

conduct, he will beg and pray and howl for forgiveness with a persistence almost as annoying as his previous offence.

During our stay at Vernag the fine cloudless weather luckily changed for the day only. It was there cloudy, with violent gusts of wind, and some rain, and bitterly cold while these lasted. All this appeared to be caused by the swirl of a storm over the Mather and Marbal heights.

On arrival the cook was duly brought to his senses with the help of Sansar Chand, the policeman, and the evening was spent in wandering about in search of tasty crabs from the neighbouring apple trees.

The night was very cold and breezy and the tent from being imperfectly fastened down was not a warm place to sleep in! Moreover Dryasdust was awakened by something sniffing close to him; the presence of a deep nullah alongside the tents enclosed in dense scrub jungle suggested bears, but he "shooed" it off and went to sleep again. Later on, however, a second animal touched his harm and began scratching at the canvas. This required treatment, so he wakened up the camp to know where the chaukidar was, which caused that sleepy guardian to awake, and then there was no more trouble. After this night the tent was always securely fastened down all round with the aid of the large stones to be found anywhere in Kashmir, and so became not only warmer, but safe from the intrusion of dogs and other animals.

The chaukidar is an institution in Kashmir camping and always presents himself in the morning for bakshish,

and in "civilized" places for a chit. His duty at night is to sit crouched up as near as possible to the camp fire and go to sleep. In this he is often aided by the coolies collected for the following day's portorage.

Kharpura is a primitive hill village, and the mukadam or headman thereof was also chaukidar and in addition cheerfully carried a load to Larnu in Naubug as a coolie. But he had nevertheless a collection of chits tied up in his clothes, to which Dryasdust added one testifying to the various capacities in which he was willing to act.

The next day's march was a short one of five miles into the Naubug Valley. We were taken down into the bed of the nallah below Kharpura, and then a steep climb and along cultivated downs, still climbing all the way as far as Nat Sangar village (Nar Sugur on the maps), which is situated, so far as we could judge, a good deal higher than the Dhar Pass, say at 9,000 feet. From the top of the pass, or saddle, near this village is a very fine view forwards of the snows about Margan and Hoksar to the left and about Mather to the right: while backwards is seen the snowy range of the Pir Pantsal about Dedami. On the whole the view from this spot is well worth seeing.

At Nat Saugar, while resting on the top of the hill, we procured some fresh monkey nuts from trees about the hill sides. From this point downwards into the fine Naubug Valley is a steepish but pleasant descent, past sheep grounds and villages and along the banks of a

swift, cold and rippling stream to Larnu, a large village boasting a police station and a camping ground in a walnut grove.

Here was observed that the crows had some use for the green bitter pod round the walnuts, for they sat on the trees and carefully ripped it off, dropping the nuts at one's feet and making off to some distance with the pods. This, it will be observed, is a habit useful both to man and the bird.

The air was crisp and cold at Larnu, which is probably situated at a considerable height, and there was a good deal of snow among the deodars on the hill sides immediately above us.

Here the bheestie got violent fever, from a chill probably, which frightened him a great deal, and he had to be carried on a pony for the two subsequent marches, after which he recovered and became quite cheerful.

We had a little difficulty as to porterage. It appeared that one of the Maharaja's brothers was going to Jammu, and as far as we could ascertain, a very large number of coolies were being collected for him at Vernag on the chance by the local officials. As a matter of fact he used the Baramula route, but we were troubled here and elsewhere by the fact of his moving at all. However, a letter addressed to the "Thekadar" by Dryasdust produced all the men necessary. Apparently all that officials wanted was some authority to show as an excuse for not producing quite all the coolies required of him by the higher officials at Vernag.

Before proceeding further Dryasdust had a long confab with the local notabilities as to the onward route. In his rough sketch the next march down was Sundbrari, 8 miles, and then Naru beyond Kukar Nag, 6 miles, but time was pressing and he wanted to divert to Kukar Nag direct. Hence the rub. There were two routes, one over the hills via Sop (Soap) and one along the Bringh River via Vailu (Wyl on the maps) and Wangan. At Wangan the roads diverted, that to the left went to Sundbrari (Soondbrar) and that to the right to Kukar Nag. Every one said that Sundbrari was only 8 miles off, but that Kukar Nag was a full march, *i.e.*, 14 miles or over.

“But the map shows it to be about the same distance as Sundbrari.”

“Then, huzur, the map has no doubt made a mistake,” was the prompt answer.

However, except as to place-names, the famous survey maps of the Mutiny period are remarkably good, though not always easy to read, and the traveller by across country roads should never be without them, or he will be misled as to distances for an obvious reason:—the further the cooly can make out the distance to be the more he is paid. Of course if one goes on foot all the way as Dryasdust did, the best check is time. Thus if one can accomplish a march in three hours at say two or two and half miles per hour up and down the necessary climbs in the hills it is obvious that one has not been a full march.

The route chosen was that via Vailu, and the Bringh and a fine route it proved. But one mistake was made. The order of march always was:—The Cook and kitchen servants with every tent except the sleeping tent some two hours on ahead, then Dryasdust, Brighteyes and the dandy, then the sleeping tent and final baggage and the table servants in the rear. It was essential, therefore, to have a Hindustani-speaking man with the dani. This march we had not one, and the result was that we could learn nothing *en route*, and they put the dandy down when we wanted it up and had other little vagaries of a like nature.

The route lay along the Naubug Valley to its junction with the Bringh Valley with a very fine view of snows close at hand near Kritti and a good gorge by Dinpur. Past this one suddenly opens on to the rushing Bingh with a very fine view upwards of the snowy heights of Mather and the hill leading to the Marbal Pass into Kishtiwari, and afterward into the Kashmir Valley. By degrees one reaches the river side and to the sound of rushing water close at hand we had a pleasant little picnic breakfast under some walnut trees.

By this time the oft-praised autumn tints of Kashmir were becoming fully developed, and on the great hills around us were interspersed with the deep green of the deodars with a peculiarly rich and varied effect. Pears, apples, walnuts and mulberries turn all shades of yellow and apricots a deep rich red and sometimes crimson,

Crossing the Bringh at Wangan and looking up the beautifully wooded valley, which secluded Sundbrari has all to itself, we began to regret that we had not stuck to the original plan. But the main portion of the camp was already at Kukar Nag, and so there was no diverting from the changed plan now. So down to Kukar Nag we trudged along a line of uninteresting paddy fields, and through a wildish valley of no interest or beauty.

Kukar Nag itself is a beautiful low-lying spot beside a collection of very powerful springs which start into a tumbling river all at once, just as an Achibal. Beside this we camped to the sound of the rushing water in a nice little orchard. On the hill side just above the spring is a road leading from Vernag over the hills up the Bringh Valley, and close to the spring on a knoll over which the road passes is to be had a superb view of the Kashmir Valley, in the setting sun as we saw it.

Now Dryasdust is not in his first youth by any means and has been a wanderer in many lands, and he admitted to Brighteyes that the picture before them was as beautiful as any he had seen. As for Brighteyes she was in all the transports due to youth and appreciation of the beautiful.

On the second night of our stay our good friend Samad Khan, of Achibal, turned up with the proceeds of the cheque we had given him to cash. His story was interesting and instructive as regards the ways of this primitive people. It appeared he had not endorsed the cheque, which was to order, so the Bank would not cash it. But his emissary was equal to the occasion, for he

procured Samad Khan's name on the back by paying a munshi two annas to put it there and then getting it cashed by a friendly merchant of Srinagar. All this was told us in perfect innocence and our worthy friend was grateful on its being explained to him how he should deal with cheques in future.

Leaving Vernag we proceeded some four miles down the not very interesting Sandrin Valley as far as Khuttur Hillar, where we turned into an exceedingly pretty little valley and gorge *en route* for Rozlu, six miles. After a stiffish but interesting climb the intervening hill was surmounted and on the top we found ourselves face to face with the fine snow-covered mountain Sunder Nar (Sundar Top on the maps, 12,741 feet) across the Rozlu Valley, the village itself lying on the far side just at the foot of Sundar Nar.

The Rozlu Valley is considerably open to the Kashmir Valley and near the village are fine views to be got of it. The walk across, however, is fatiguing and rough and tumble over several deep streams with steep hills between them.

Rozlu itself is beautifully situated, and one of the best pictures we saw on the march was the extremely picturesque village street backed by the deodar-clad and snowy-topped Sunda Nar. It does not belong, we were told to Kashmir, but to the Udhampur district of Jammu, and a curious old fossil we met greatly lamented its exclusion from the beneficent operations of "Larnas

Sahib." He lived in a good house newly built which he explained belonged to a son, and on which that son had spent all he had and so was not so well off as he appeared to be. He had a dear little grand-daughter of about seven, who was learning to read the *Umm Sipara*, that being sufficient learning for a girl, but her brother and some six or seven other boys were learning the whole Quran. Dryasdust inspected the school which was conducted by a Maulavi under a walnut tree, the children sitting round him in a circle each with a copy of the Quran on a desk in front of him. About every half hour or so they bellowed out their lesson in chorus in the true Indian fashion. There were several lesson books with the Maulavi in Arabic and Persian, and he employed his own time in studying a Persian law-book. He was not an adept at reading *chikasta* writing, for Dryasdust tried him on a *parwana* and after stammering at it for some time he said he could not make it out because it was chiefly in Urdu!

We had great difficulty as to coolies at Rozlu, chiefly owing to the carelessness of the local chaukidar and the small influence he seemed to possess over the inhabitants of the village; and so it was 9 A.M. on the next morning before we got started. As we had a restless night owing to the dogs of Rozlu, tempers were proportionately short.

The evening previous to the start, after an exciting discovery of several medlar trees, there was a great comfort as to the onward route. Dryasdust had marked it down

“to Hanspur in Narwao to the Veshau (ancient Visoka), 10 miles.”

“That march means from the sunrise to sunset with several steep ascents,” said local authority, with confidence.

Local authority for private reasons relating to payment by results, is apt to exaggerate distance, so there was a close examination of maps on which, however, no road was marked between Rozlu and Hanspur, but many steep hills were. The route was at last traced village by village : Rozlu to Bringhiar (Bringhin on the maps) thence to a Akhal, thence to Malwan, thence to Banmol, thence to Kulh (Kooli on the maps) thence to Hanjipur (Hanspur on the maps, Hanzpur Kashmiri pronunciation); and fortunately not liking the evident ascents and descents Dryasdust abridged the march to Kulh, which he was assured was an *achcha pind* with plenty of supplies, and which he calculated to be about eight miles off. Even this we never reached the next day, as it turned out, wandering over the pathways about the jungle of hills in this region.

The following march was a series of mishaps, beginning with a late start and much consequent noise. Dryasdust also was not well, which circumstance did not conduce to a successful tramp up and down lofty hills and along stony stream beds by way of roads. But at last we parted with the shouting school and picturesque street of Rozlu and tackled the steep ascent just above it, from the top of which was a fine view of both the Rozlu and Bringiar Valleys, overlooked by great Sundar Nar

closely. Trudging along painfully Dryasdust next got through the series of short but aggravating climbs between Bringiar and Akhal villages, which last is situated in a largish enclosed valley in the lower hills, showing but a small opening into the Kashmir Valley. Topping the last rise we began to descend apparently into the Akhal Valley, but presently got into a path in a thick monkey-nut scrub, pretty enough in itself, but which evidently did not descend. Finally this took us out on to a knoll high above the valley and overlooking Malwan Village, to which was a very rough descent.

We were pointed out Banmol, and asked where Kulh was :—

“ Oh, over that next *charhai*, *aur kya* ? ” was the reply.

Now the next *charhai* was, over the high Zerdand (? Jondan, 7713 feet on the map) Ridge by a steep zigzag ascent, at least 1,000 feet, if not more, above the valley. Dryasdust had physical difficulties to contend with for four hours and was, moreover, footsore, and flatly rebelled at this last misfortune. The road hitherto had also been bad and bumpy which gave Brighteyes a headache, and so it was decided to cut the march short at Banmol at the foot of the Zerdand ascent.

But this was easier said than done. The cook and all the tents but one and practically all our food had gone on two hours and more ahead of us, and his party was now here to be seen, not even on the path up the Zerdand

Ridge. But we espied our own tent and its accompaniment down in the valley, and shouted to some of the carriers to stop, while we climbed down to them and found the rest near enough to stop them before they commenced the ascent. At Malwan we met a cheerful shikari belonging to Colonel "Billik Sahib," who said he had seen no tents or equipage pass that way: "they had probably gone by the Akhal route": which was not encouraging. "But sahib can have breakfast at Banmol and then climb the hill to Kulh." This, however, was exactly what the Sahib did not intend doing.

Grumbling and growling we made our way across to Banmol and then pitched our tent in a pleasant walnut orchard and got some tea and ate the remains of the food taken with us, sending a couple of coolies to recall the advance party, as we were told that Kulh was not far from the other side of the pass. This was at 2 P.M., and after waiting an hour or so the messenger returned, calmly saying that the rest were on the other side! This meant, of course, that he had not been to see. After some strong persuasion another and a more trustworthy messenger was sent who returned with the advance party about 6 P.M. Meanwhile we had spent a cold, cloudy, windy, and hungry afternoon in uncertainty as to our dinner and comforts for the night!

The first messenger had given no end of trouble all round, for had he really gone up the hill he would have found the advance party resting and waiting to see if we intended coming, but when his various enormities were

brought to his notice he took it quite calmly and seemed to expect that his conduct and deceit should be looked upon as natural and usual in the circumstances. The most disappointing fact about the Kashmiri is that it does not disconcert him to be discovered in deception. He seems to look upon deception as the natural course of conduct and detection as nothing to be ashamed of—merely a misfortune that all are liable to. The second messenger also behaved in a characteristically Kashmiri manner. This people has a powerful voice, as one soon discovers, and he used his to good effect. Standing on the top of the Pass, he shouted down his message to the village several hundred feet below and fetched up our party which was camped there. It never occurred to anyone that he should go down and deliver his message. Thus it was in the end that we got our dinner as usual.

Uncouth and unwilling as the Rozlu people had proved, those of Banmol were as conspicuously the reverse. A fine old mukaddam and a lively chaukidar soon appeared, very pleased to see us, and as civil as possible, with offers of everything that the village could produce excellent pears for instance, good walnuts and nice fresh milk and butter. The mukaddam said that only few Englishmen came his way, but that Larnas Sahib had so benefitted his village by his settlement that anything in his power was at the disposal of the Sahibs. As everybody had been tired out with the day's proceedings we proclaimed a halt for the next day and took it easy.

The evening was fine with some glorious views of the mountains across Kashmir and of the nearer slopes of

Sundar Nar, but the following day showed doubtful weather, and in the afternoon we had the benefit of the swirl of a storm up in the heights, which meant a biting wind for us and the probable overthrow of our flimsy camp. It blew down walnuts in dozens, however, and it was a novel occupation to gather the windfalls. In the evening we wandered about and Dryasdust introduced Brighteyes to the mysteries of the Scriptural occupation of treading out the corn still practised in these primitive hills. She was also delighted to find May trees about the place, and haws, sloes and bilberries in the hedges.

The next morning broke fine and clear, and with it we tackled the climb over the Zerdand Ridge, getting fine views as we went up. In the freshness of the morning we did not find it difficult or particularly fatiguing. At the foot of the zigzag is a spring with a little reservoir made round it, giving it issue through a carved stone gargoyle-like spout, and near it is a *bara dargae*, i.e., a fenced in rock with the impression of a foot on it. Lower down the hill in the jungle is a similar impression of a hand. These are nowadays called the marks of the ubiquitous Nuruddin of Chrar, and very holy places indeed, in local estimation. Brighteyes' bearers carefully removed the autumn leaves off the footprint and saluted it. "Larnas Sahib has been here and written down all about it," they told us, and it seemed to give them great pleasure to find anybody interested in it. In this and similar cases we are, no doubt, however, on very ancient soil, as the probabilities are that the Muhammadan has merely discovered and

adopted some ancient place of Hindu worship. Arrived at the top of the Zerdand Hills we burst upon a magnificent view—something quite startling in its grandeur and width. Behind us lay the valley of Kashmir with all its northern and eastern snows in the distance, across the nearer valleys and hills in which lay Banmol and Akhal; to the left rose Sundar Nar in his grandeur close by; in front was great Dedami (14,952 ft.) and the Pir Pantsal Range, closed in fresh snow and just across the pretty picturesque Valley of the Tanao with the village of Kulh at our feet; and to the right the Pir Pantzal snows stretched away to the west as far as Apharwat above Gulmarg and Kaj Nag beyond Baramula. Only the western snows of Khagan were shut out by a high knoll at the end of the ridge, on which we were told that Colonel “Bispat Sahib” had ten years before built a bungalow, *i.e.*, hut.

Enjoying the view and the keen air on the hill-top for a while, we descended sharply down a rough path to Kulh, a pleasant, shady and extensive village, in which we sat down to an *al fresco* meal beside a pretty little rippling spring. Here to our surprise turned up the mukaddam and chaukidar of Banmol with pears and apples, out of sheer good nature and just to see us safely over the climb, for these people think nothing of a walk over several hundred feet or so and back again.

Parting with our friends and trudging along a pleasant valley in the midst of splendid scenery and crossing the Tanao, we made our way to Hanjipur. The river was forded: Brighteyes in her dandi and

Dryasdust pickaback of a stalwart Kashmiri. The way was long into Hanjipur, which was not reached till quite 2 P.M. *En route* Dryasdust amused himself by frightening a little herd girl out of her seven senses by the simple process of saying bo to a goose across a hedge. By the way, it is still the fashion in all these hills for girls of all sizes from sixteen to five to bolt at the sight of a sahib. The grown women will face them and so will the little tots too small to be frightened, but at the intermediate ages there is the greatest terror. It is quite funny to watch a dirty little girl driving with loud objurgations and many sounding blows a herd of long horned cattle big enough to frighten a British Brighteyes into screams and clinging terror, suddenly look up and behold the calm visage of a sahib gazing at her. She will stare open-eyed for a moment, stand irresolute and then bolt as fast as her little legs will carry her, leaving her charges to wander at will and do all the mischief they please. She will stay absent, too, until the dangerous wild beast of a sahib that has terrified her has departed.

The big village of Hanjipur was reached at last and the camp pitched, not at the regular camping ground, but in a garden on the side of the little hills above the village. The usual place is low and viewless and too close to the village, whereas at the spot chosen there is a good view across the Kashmir Valley and an enchanting one of the snows of Dedami, and the Pir Pantsal and up the Tanao Valley. It was the prettiest camp we had, and also the coldest, for a wind sprang up off the snows which sent a shiver through every one.

At Hanjipur we invested in a bag of 3,000 walnuts, all fresh, for mixing is an act that has not yet reached the mountains; and Dryasdust in a *wurru* or rest, on which the Kashmiri coolie rests his kilta or basket on his back when carrying a load.

Having done the whole distance on foot, Dryasdust is of opinion that the march from Rozlu to Hanjipur is quite 18 miles over the hills, though it is not far on the map. It is all ten hours' walking, and he would advise pedestrians to divide the march, as he did, if they would seek comfort and amusement, viz., Rozlu to Banmol, Banmol to Hanjipur. A break at Kulh will render the journey still pleasanter.

There was a difficulty at Hanjipur about coolies, due apparently to the independence of the villagers of the local authorities. This was there said to be due to the Settlement, since which 'wind had got' (*hawa a gaya*) into the peasant's heads and made them cheeky. However, with the assistance of the police we got off after some trouble and made a start for Sedau, via the Arabal Falls over the Veshau, shown as an easy march of eight miles. It did not prove so, to Dryasdust's disgust, because Sedau is the ancient Sidapatta and he wanted to go there.

The march from Hanjipur to the Arabal Falls lies between the Veshau and the foot of the Pantsal Range, and was not very interesting after what had been passed, though as a first march it might prove so, for the views over Kashmir are extensive and many snows are to be seen. A

somewhat monotonous fatiguing walk of eight miles past a shrine to one Kaimuddin, a local saint, the village of Wuttu (of which more anon), and a straggle of gujar's huts called Khazmabal brought us to the point where the Veshau issues from the hills in a deep gorge and the Arabal Falls. Here we were told that the bridge on the direct Sedau road had been removed by the Tahsildar 15 days previously because it was in a bad condition ! We learnt nothing of this at Hanjipur, and it turned out also that not one man with us from that village had ever been that way before ! It is clearly not necessary in Kashmir to give notice of so unimportant a matter as the removal of a bridge !

Enquiry shewed that the river was fordable at the bridge site, but that it had large boulders at the bottom and deep holes, and so the gujars would not undertake to carry Brighteyes' dandy across. The only other near way over was to go up the gorge of Arabal about two miles to another bridge, and then follow a path through the deodars up a steepish hill and down it to Sedau, about six miles distant by this route. This Dryasdust flatly refused to essay. So we had breakfast or rather lunch about one P.M., at the entrance to the gorge and made up our minds to go back to Wuttu where there is a bridge, four miles.

Before doing this we went into the Arabal gorge as far as a view of the upper bridge. The path was narrow and in places slippery, and the precipices into the gorge high and perpendicular, but the scene was very beautiful. Beautiful indeed it would have been anywhere, and it was

certainly the best we saw in Kashmir. In front is the snow field of the Pir Pantsal, and winding right up into it is an exquisitely wooded gorge, through which tumbles and rushes the Veshau over a series of falls. Over the bridge as we watched ran some large animal of the fox type.

Leaving the falls with regret we journeyed wearily back to Wuttu, which we reached in the evening.

This change of march involved a good deal of change in the programme, which was to proceed to Sedau and thence through the forest to Harapur (or Herpur, Haripur on the maps): the ancient Surapura on the Rembiara in the route to the Pir Pantsal Pass, thence to Shapiyan on the way back to our boat on the Jhelam. Whereas now that Shapiyan was only seven miles from Wuttu on a direct route over a bridge we determined to give up the Sedau-Haripur trip. We thus lost an interesting part of our tour, but we gained two days which was a consideration, and very lucky as it turned out as regards the weather.

At the Arabal Falls we met two enterprising native photographers from Srinagar, who had been up the gorge some distance and were grateful for indications of good views, which we gave them. The Kashmiri is great at what he calls *sail* (*sayyir*) and one who was thus wandering for pleasure has met at Vernag, but *sail* is an offence in an Englishman! Dryasdust overheard a conversation about himself at Rozlu:—"What has he come for? shikar?" "Oh no, only *sail*?" in a tone of contempt. At Wuttu—

a flourishing village—we encamped in an apple orchard in a good place for a camp, and then began trouble. The chaukidar was absent, it seemed on duty somewhere, and the makaddam, a noisy old man, had no authority over the independent and vociferating villagers. As it was clear we could get no coolies there for the next day, Dryasdust decided to take on those we had already, but the villagers refused them food even on payment. This took Dryasdust into the village, and his presence secured the food which he saw was duly paid for.

While he was settling this little matter, up turned a gentleman in a fur-lined coat, who explained that he was the jagirdar of the neighbourhood and gave Dryasdust a new view of the Lawrence Settlement. He complained bitterly, and so did all the village authorities, of the uppishness of the peasants since the Settlement, and confessed he had no longer any authority. He said that their rights had been so thrust down their throats by the Settlement Officers as to bring wind into their heads and make them think themselves above obligations. That there is a certain amount of truth in this is beyond dispute. The time-honoured obligation to provide supplies to travellers and transport in the shape of coolies will no doubt be less and less recognized by the peasantry every year, but meanwhile no effort is being made to provide any substitute for these facilities, and every year greater difficulty in moving about may be expected. No doubt the matter will settle itself in time and pack animals or roads with the accompanying carts will supersede the

coolies, but in the interval one may safely prophesy an unpleasant time for the traveller.

Dryasdust did not approve of the trouble he had had at Wuttu and told the people so, but this had an unexpected and unpleasant effect, for the whole way to Shapiyan where there is a police station, was he begged and besought with the prayers and entreaties of the jagirdar, the mukaddam and the chaukidar of Wuttu to do *insaf* (justice), *i.e.*, let them off. But he was obdurate and with the persistence of the Kashmiri these people not only walked all the way with him, but sat outside his tent door at the Shapiyan camp for the rest of the day, beseeching him to write them a *razinama*, but he didn't in the interests of future travellers. There is nothing apparently that the Kashmiri seems to hate so much as police intervention, and visitors may note this as a powerful weapon in their hands.

The road to Shapiyan from Wuttu, once the stoney Veshau is crossed, across the Karewa is replete on a fine day with glorious views, for the whole valley is visible, which is not the case at Srinagar and other places belauded for the views they afford; but the enjoyment of the prospect was considerably marred for us by our companions. One cannot observe with comfort when a wailing, supplicant stands before one at each turn. Really, it is doubtful which is the hardest to bear—a Kashmiri's insolence or his subsequent loud repentance.

The camping ground at Shapiyan is limited and not in itself very desirable, but there is a beautiful view from

it towards Haripur and the Pir Pantsal Pass, and there are fine chenars about a pretty rippling stream alongside. In the autumn the chenars turn a lovely russet red and form a most striking feature in the landscape—almost every tree is in itself a picture.

At Shapiyan a cooly was sent for the police who returned saying that the Inspector and gone to Kulgam. This naturally did not satisfy Dryasdust, who observed that there must be more than one man at the station, and so he sent a servant who duly returned with a police officer, whereupon the cooly calmly confessed that he had not been to the station at all! The police were very civil and duly took down the complaint about Wuttu to the great sorrow of our companions of the march, who were not prevailed upon to depart until the evening actually set in.

The chaukidar at Shapiyan was inclined to be lordly and swaggering until the police appeared, when he became excessively humble and subservient and so everything that was wanted was forthcoming.

Dryasdust had frequently lamented the absence of a hill like the Takut-i-Sulaiman at Srinagar rising about 1,000 ft. in the middle of the valley, for it was obvious that from such an eminence an all-round view could be obtained of the mountain-locked valley such as is impossible from the Takht. At Shapiyan, however, is such a hill—not quite high enough but still sufficiently high to

afford a magnificent general view. It is called Lahatur (shown as 7,049 ft. in the Survey map), and is about a mile and a half from the camping ground, but is reached by some rather rough walking: the climb up is easy work. In the evening accordingly Dryasdust and Bright-eyes essayed the climb and were well rewarded. The view from the top is really very fine at sunset. The whole of the mountains except those about Khagan to the west, hidden by the Tayil Hill, are well in evidence: from Kahura and Haramuku on the extreme N.W. past the heights of the Upper Sindh Valley, Kulahoi, Shishanag on the north and Margan and Hoksar to Mathar, Sundar Nar and Dedami on the east, and thence past Banihal and the Pir Pantsal on the south to Naba Pir, Tutakuti, Toshamaidan, Agharwat and Kajrag on the extreme S. W. We marked nearly all the places we had visited; the Wular Lake, Manasbal, Srinagar and the course of the Jhelam past Pampar, Avantipur, Bijbihara and Islamabad. Martand itself was visible in the evening sun, and so also were the hills above Achibal: thence we marked the Bringham Valley and the hills about Hanjipur and our late march along the hills to the beautiful Arabal Falls: thence onward we marked the sun setting behind the gorge of the Pir Pantsal Pass above Aliabad Sarai to Gulmarg and the gorge of Baramula until the Tayil Hill just interfered with our further view. It is noteworthy that the sun through the Pir Pantsal Pass strikes Martand and its karewa at this season (late October) for some time after the rest of the valley is in gloom, rendering the famous temple quite visible at this distance.

After enjoying this splendid view we descended and reached our camp just as it got dark, when a bitter wind sprung up and we were glad to be inside our little tents for warmth.

There was a little difficulty about the next march, for Dryasdust wanted to see the Payech temple and then to join the boats at Kakapur. This involved a march across country out of the usual route and the police were as usual quite ignorant of the way. Finally, after much confab, it was decided to cross the Rembiara at Shapiyan and then proceeded via Aglar and Saidpur (a village of Sikhs) to Tahap (Tap on the maps) near the karewa under which Payech (properly Payir) is situated.

Accordingly next morning we made a start with a set of coolies who had never been this way before. However, we nevertheless all duly arrived. We made a long skew crossing over the Rembiara, in which was not much water, but an enormous quantity of rough stones and boulders. The chenars and their beautiful colours were now and onwards the chief feature of the landscape. The road or rather line of paths took us past the shrine of Sheikh Bahauddin Ganjbakhsh at Shapiyan, a saint who has a brother with a shrine at Kulgam, and then near Taleap, past a coppice in which was a railing round a stone that looked like a Musalman grave, but was, we were told, a resting-place of one Sayyid Mirrak Mir Shah from the Punjab, who, so it was said, has a shrine at Srinagar.

“There were so many Sayyids in the Punjab that they used to come up into Kashmir to get a living,” said the headman of Tahap, our informant, and for the rest all he knew was that his forefathers had said that the coppice was the Sayyid’s resting-place for a year or so, and was therefore holy.

As to the march it may be best described as round and round the blackberry bush. It was very slow, for Bright-eyes insisted on stopping at all the bushes we met, and they were many, and tearing her dress and hands in picking at these delights. In the evening the pair took a bowl and had a great pick near Tahap until they filled the bowl. Next day they enjoyed a capital stew of blackberries with custard, as good as anything of the kind at the countryside in England.

It gradually clouded over all day until the evening fell dark and lowering, with an obvious farewell to our fine weather. The camping ground at Tahap was close to the village, and not a healthy one. But the people were quite unaccustomed to visitors and were very civil. Indeed all along we were stared at as something very strange.

The morning broke cold and dark, with a very bitter wind and a little sprinkle of rain, but we pushed on nevertheless. In a short time we reached Payech and examined the temple made so famous by writers. Exceedingly interesting to the initiated, it is, nevertheless, a poor little ruin for the ordinary visitor to gaze on. Leaving Payech we went on to Nado or Naru, where we had breakfast

under five splendid chenars, the largest of such Dryasdust paced: 16 paces, or say 40 feet round the base! Thence the last of our marches was made in a bitter biting wind from the west to Kakapur, where, after examining some remains of an ancient temple, we met Muckloo and Wall-eye and the little salaaming baby and the rest of our crew. Just as we arrived, the Resident's great unwieldy house-boat passed on its way down the river accompanied by quite a crowd of smaller fry. It looked warm and comfortable in the cold wind.

It took a couple of hours to get things on board, and then we dropped quietly down in the afternoon to Pampar, in a wind so cold that nothing could be done in it, which Brighteyes said made Dryasdust as cross as two sticks. We anchored at Pampar at our former anchorage above the bridge, and bad and view-destroying as had been the weather on the way up it was worse on the way down, which was a great disappointment. We, however, invested in 64 large Pampar *rotis*, baked biscuits made of flour and butter, for two rupees, and these lasted fresh and eatable many days thereafter, even after we had left Kashmir.

The morning broke cloudy, with no view, but we started down the river for the Ram Munshi Bagh just above Srinagar. Sending the boat down the river alone we landed and walked on the banks, crossing the kadal or bridge of Pampar, and through that dirty town past the old Hindu remains to the chenar garden below them, then in magnificent autumn foliage; and then to the

karewa on which grows the saffron so much remarked by travellers but seen in bloom by few. We, however, found the fields in full bloom. The plant is grown in large quantities in little beds or parterres, of which a number are made up together. It is a spiky little insignificant crocus with large flowers of a crude aniline mauve bearing red and yellow stamens. It is from these stamens only that the two famous saffron dyes are made. The effect of the plants grown together over many acres is peculiar on the landscape, but not beautiful. The beds are very carefully watched by the *malik* (? farmer) and his men, and the regulations as to the removal of the plants are severe and comprehensive. We were generously offered two or three if we wished, but the colours did not attract us and we declined to remove any.

The walk through the saffron beds took us to Pandu Chak and its quarries and ancient bridge remains; and there, after a good deal of waiting for it, we joined the boat which had had to traverse the great bends of the river hereabouts, and proceeded to Pandrenthan, or Pandyan, as the boatmen call it, for tea. The old temple was again visited, in the boat, by Dryasdust, whose bulky form nearly swamped the wretched little skiff by which the temple was to be reached.

In sober truth the laudation bestowed on the interior roof by writers on Kashmir is not deserved. It is just an ordinary Hindoo roof of old form with the lotus and wheel in the centre and with angels in the corners, such as are

known all over (Buddhist) Burma to the present day as *lu-byans* (flying-men).

From Pandrenthan we walked across all the bends of the river, except the last, while the boats again went round. At the last bend we joined them and reached Ram Munshi Bagh in the evening, when we sat down to master the contents of a huge mail.

En route we observed the curious, but not altogether in Kashmir rare, process of swimming cattle across the river. If grazing is insufficient on one side, the village cattle are just driven into the water and made to swim across, and in the evening made to swim back again. They know exactly what to do from experience.

In the evening the weather changed for the worse, and was windy, wet and dark, and bitterly cold. The Ram Munshi Bagh reach, however, directly faces the gap at Gupkar between the Takht-i-Sulaiman and the hills round the Dal Lake, and the effect of the heavy storm clouds up in the heights lowering over the gap was very grand, though sombre.

That night we were much disturbed by a village cat which came after the butter; this it managed to absolutely lick up. In the boat a rug belonging to Brighteyes had had a hole eaten into it on a previous occasion, which caused us to procure a rat-trap, machine for catching the rats, as it appeared in our accounts. This was of some service, though it did not prevent a hole being eaten into Brighteyes' most serviceable skirt in camp at Rozlu by a

small mouse, which met its reward by being accidentally rolled up and squashed in the tent matting in the morning. It is almost impossible to keep mice and rats out of a dunga, as they come on to the boat from the bank when moored, or out of tents when encamped near villages. Visitors must expect damage to rugs, dresses, etc. If food is kept at night in dungas, or tents, annoyance from cats and dogs must further be looked for.

Thus it was that we reached Srinigar in even worse weather than on the previous occasions, and there was less hope than ever of ascending the Takht with any prospect of seeing the celebrated view therefrom.

The morning was cold and wet, and our tempers were not improved by finding that the cook had taken the opportunity of going off home without providing any food. We nevertheless dropped down the stream to our old moorings in the Munsh Bagh, which we reached in a bleak drizzle of rain. The cook promptly turned up as soon as we were moored, and said he had gone for mutton and eggs, though they were not with him. It was a good instance of the ready lying of the Kashmiri, but we had had enough of him, and so Dryasdust informed him that what he most wished was to see and hear of him no more. This was easier said than effected, for he continued to worry, till we left the place, with bogus bills and petitions for settlement of claims not due.

Though we could not ascend the Takht, the weather was at times clear enough to get about a bit, and we visited

the New Market in a shikara. This is worth doing, especially by those who are not old residents in the East: the scene is everywhere picturesque, the people polite, and the interiors of the native shops very interesting. There are smells of course and bad smells too, but then these are not confined to the picturesque quarters of India. Fecklessness and the artistic temperament are concomitant characteristics all the world over, and wherever these exist dirt and squalor must exist also.

We happened to go down the river to the native town on a literally auspicious day, for it happened to be one fixed upon by the pandits as lucky for marriages, and procession after procession did we see going down the river in big boats. The women on the banks were wearing exceedingly bright dresses: red, crimson, saffron, purple, green and a deep rich blue were the prevailing colours chosen, with a peculiarly artistic effect. The boys, who were being married, were dressed, of course, in many colours, and each was crowned with a turban having an aigrette of feathers, very like in appearance to the pictures of the prince in Oriental illustrated fairy tales.

We observed several Kashmiri characteristics on the way. One was the complete absorption of the individual in his own business; *e.g.*, in the middle of a Hindu marriage crowd a couple of Mussalman boatwomen might be observed husking corn as usual on the bank without even a glance at the scene around. The proceedings of the unbelievers did not interest them. Another was the belief in the evil eye: as one bridegroom passed another,

each was carefully covered from the view of the other. On the other hand Dryasdust observed that the evil eye splash always to be found in all genuine Panjabi art work is absent from that of Kashmir.

The marriage procession proceedings at Srinagar seem to be to make the bridegroom ride on a led horse to the river bank amid a crowd of friends and then to go in a very crowded boat down the river. Our Mussalman boatmen professed great contempt for the auspicious day of the Hindus: "*Pandit log din dekhte, hazur*, but we celebrate our marriages *jab tayar hai*."

The days at Srinagar had mostly to be spent in getting through business and interviewing the art-product nuisance and endless bargaining. One dealer is worthy of preservation in print. Dyasdust met a meek-looking man, who accosted him with "Salam Sahib, I am Suffering Moses," and insisted in presenting him with his card:—

M. N. Sufder Mugal
 Sufren Moses
 Paper Machi Maker
 Wood curving
 No. 1st Srinagar Kashmir.

This worthy takes his nickname quite seriously, without the least suspicion of chaff in the wag who originally perverted his real name to suit his appearance.

Having torn her serviceable skirt over the blackberries till it was really too disgraceful even for the jungle, Brighteyes patronised local talent in pattu (potto seems to

be the Kashmir pronunciation). Now the Kashmir tailor does not possess such a thing as a cheval-glass, nor can one be well carried in a dunga or tent, so Dryasdust was called in to do looking-glass as regards the back of the dress when tried on: not that he was of much use in that capacity. But though he does not pretend to be an adept at 'fit,' he is by intuition a philologist, and sat down with much interest to learn something of Indian tailorese, while the patient tailor, with a calmness, induced by long experience of memsahibs, endured the many criticisms of his work.

The following gems were culled from the conversation Dryasdust listened to:—

“Aj kal to fashion open hai, memsahib, main picture diklaunga.”

“That is all very well, but ham gather aur pichhe mangta, and the hem altogether khrab hai.”

“Achchha, memsahib, main chhota hem bunaunga, aur sab round men false hem lagaunga.”

“Revers (with French pronunciation) chhahiye? main revers lagaunga sleeve tak jaisa picture men lik ha hai.”

“All right, but I don't want sleeve puff ke mafik, and then look here ham box-pleat mangta but tum gather kia.”

“Now look here, darzi, tum full-breadth ne kia side men, and back barabar off the ground ne, and here itna

broad ne mangta. And the darts achha shape ne and armhole ke nichu. 'Tumhara kam bara jasti khrab.'

"Ah," said Dryasdust to himself, "it is something to have learnt this much."

Our boat was tied up to some steps not far from the church, and on Sunday several ladies and shikaras were tied up alongside of us. When church was over we heard a girlish voice outside :—

"Oh, mother, just listen to him airing his English. 'May God bless you!' do give him something."

And then—

"Isn't it funny—he says, 'May God bless you' and then 'thank you' before he gets anything."

"He" turned out to be our gentle, patient, hard-working Walleye turning his modicum of English to account in true national fashion.

The Further Eastern characteristics of the Kashmiris have already been noticed. Here is another one, most un-Indian. The men carry their loads on the back, the women on their heads. This is the practice all over the Far East, and in Burma gaung-ywe, *i.e.*, head-carrier, is a synonym for a coolie-woman.

There is one horrid thing in Srinagar which is wholly European. Attached to the pretty but rather flimsy church lately erected there is the tinklingest, most aggravating bell that was ever invented to torture human ears.

It is beaten, not rung, by a native squatted on the ground, who beats it twice and then stops, and then twice with a stop, and soon in the most monotonous irritating manner imaginable. It is far more suggestive of a cheap funeral than a call to church, and it is characteristic of the most *kacha* of places. Indeed, everything in the land is *kacha*—the houses, the dress, the boats, the domestic arrangements, the administration—everything. Lady visitors must be prepared to forego all the usual delicacies and proprieties of every day domestic life and to ignore sights and sounds which would not be tolerated anywhere else.

Up to the very end it was wet, cold and cloudy, and we finally left the city in a drizzle of rain and biting wind, just as we had first entered it, passing down through the native town by the river. Bleak though it was, one touch of the autumn tints was unusually brilliant. Just in front of Jahangir's shop is a little collection of fine trees, chenars, apples, poplars and willows. First there came, going down the river, the willows, a bright olive green, then the apples, a brilliant yellow, one chenar, a deep crimson, one a russet red, one still mostly dark green, and then the poplars of mixed pale yellow and green leaves. The colouring was as brilliant as a bed of flowers, and both Dryasdust and Brighteyes agreed that it was the brightest bit of autumn colouring they had seen anywhere.

All through the City did Brighteyes have a grand bargaining with the silver man, the copper man and the cloth man. She did not want more of the "silly old

town," and bargaining for the last remaining treasures she had set her heart on was much more to her simple taste. She came off triumphantly with her treasures, but as to the best of the bargain Dryasdust had his doubts when it was all explained to him.

Bleak, wet and cold was the first part of the journey, but towards sunset it had the grace to clear up a bit and there were some pretty views down the river. Thus it was that we never ascended the Takht-i-Sulaiman and never saw Srinagar in its beauty, though we had spent about 14 days in its neighbourhood altogether!

Anchoring for the night some few miles below the town we proceeded, on a very cold and somewhat cloudy day, as far as the Wular Lake, which we reached at sundown. The weather was clearly mending, and we had some fine effects as we proceeded; and something, indeed, of the beauty of Western Kashmir. Our last day was spent in crossing the Wular Lake, and the journey down stream to Baramula on a most glorious November day. Some clouds about, it is true, and a local storm of snow over Kaj Nag, and behind Apharwat over the hills above Uri, but the whole panorama of the Wular, the Lolab, and Western and Southern Kashmir in all its glory. Fine weather had apparently once more set in, and had we had the time we might yet have seen famous views from the Takht. Such is luck! However, it is pleasant to look back on the fact that the last day of all was as fine as could have been wished—fresh, beautiful, and delightful.

[KASHMIR] A Gentle Ramble about Kashmir, 1896. Dedicated to Brighteyes. A.F.T.
By Dry-as-Dust. R.C.T. Privately Printed, n.d. [ca. 1897]

First separate edition, 8vo, [2] & 96pp., fine copy in orig. pink printed
wrappers. An account of a wedding trip in the Himalayas. The author is
identified on the front cover in an unknown hand as Col. R.C. Temple. An
additional note states "Pub'd. first in the "Pioneer" Allahabad, India."
Undoubtedly printed in an extremely limited quantity and possibly the author's
own copy. Not in NUC.

Temple 1850-1931

married Agnes Fanny 1880

1896 returned to Andamans (where
he was married)