

THE  
ADVENTURES OF A LADY  
IN  
TARTARY, THIBET, CHINA, & KASHMIR;

THROUGH

PORTIONS OF TERRITORY NEVER BEFORE VISITED BY EUROPEAN.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY FROM

THE PUNJAB TO BOMBAY OVERLAND,

VIA THE FAMOUS CAVES OF AJUNTA AND ELLORA.

ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF THE MAHARLESHWUR AND NEILGHERRY MOUNTAINS,  
THE SANATORIA OF THE BOMBAY AND MADRAS PRESIDENCIES.

BY

MRS. HERVEY.

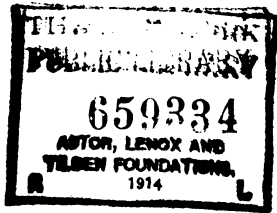
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ROY WEN  
J. L. W.  
W. A. S.

# ADVENTURES OF A LADY,

IN

TARTARY, THIBET, CHINA, &c.

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## DEENANUGGER.

1851—*April 3 and 4.*—Nearly a month has now elapsed since I re-commenced my travels, and I had fully intended to have kept my “Journal” as usual. At first I delayed on account of the sameness there must have appeared, from the fact of my way lying through a country I had before traversed, and described at length. Just as I was entering on new ground, I was suddenly and unexpectedly incapacitated from all labour, by meeting with a severe accident, from the effects of which I am still suffering. I was riding along at a sharp canter, after dark one evening, when my steed fell into a

deep hole, and after vainly trying to save him, I was precipitated violently to the ground, which being particularly hard, I was very much hurt. I fell on my shoulder, and not only severely contused it, but fractured a bone, to my sorrow. I suppose it is my restless spirit which prevents the wretched bone uniting, and the consequences are disagreeable. To this day, I have never recovered the use of my left arm.

Poor me, I do not like "coming to grief" in this unpleasant manner.

I shall now endeavour to refresh my memory, and write a retrospective account of the last three or four weeks, as it is the only way of chronicling my journey.

I left Julundhur on the evening of the 10th of March, and drove to Kurtarpore city, where I remained till 6 o'clock P.M. the following day. I was ill the whole of the 11th, and I delayed my departure from Kurtarpore to the last moment, so it was near ten o'clock before I reached Hoshyârpore cantonments, twenty-seven miles distant from the Kurtarpore Bâruh Durrie. Fortunately it was a bright moonlight night.

Oh! how tired I was! I thought I should never reach the tents, which had been pitched



for me at Hoshyârpore. The prospective camp appeared an *Ignis Fatuus*, and even after I reached the cantonments, I seemed to have interminable additional miles to go over! Everything has an end, and so had this weary journey. Fatigue and illness made the way appear twice as long and weary.

Hoshyârpore is one of the prettiest stations I have seen in India, and the civil lines are wooded with clumps of fine trees, more like a gentleman's park in England, than anything one is in the habit of seeing in this monotonous country, in the shape of a "Station." All the Cantonment and "*civil*"\* roads, I observed, were tastefully hedged with regular rows of the prickly pear.

Not far from the Station, the road divides. The broad, straight one, leads to the city of Hoshyârpore, and would take a traveller a mile or two out of his way, if the Station were his destination. To the latter, the direct route is the less decided road on the right hand. I mentioned all this, the last time I passed through Hoshyârpore, but the repetition here will not do any harm.

\* Roads belonging to the "Civil Lines," or that section of the station appropriated to civilians, apart from the military lines.

I left Hoshyârpore on the morning of the 12th, and rode to Am-ke-Bâgh, two marches (distance 14 coss, or 21 miles), and reached my camp in time for breakfast.

Having fully described this road before, I need not say much now. The hills are entered within four or five miles of Hoshyârpore, and the road is in some places steep. The last three or four miles to Am-ke-Bâgh is across a broad plain; the road is perfectly level, and luxuriant fields of cultivation surround it on every side. This plain is, *de facto*, a lovely valley, for hills environ it completely. The scenery is charming, indeed, and, when gazed upon for the first time, quite entrances the eye. Even I was delighted with a view, which, though so familiar to me, was ever lovely.

The intervening march between Hoshyârpore and Am-ke-Bâgh is Nâree; and this small village is exactly half-way.

Am-ke-Bâgh is, as its name purports, a garden of mangoes; and my little camp was pitched in a fine tope of mangoe trees. There was plenty of shade for the four tents I found pitched on my arrival, and also shelter in abundance for the servants and horses.

After breakfast, I sent on my advance-camp to Kullo-ka-Huttie, the next march, where

I purposed proceeding in the cool of the evening.

I did not leave Am-ke-Bâgh till after the daylight had entirely vanished; and the uncertain lustre of the moon, obscured by clouds, was the only thing I had to trust to. For a few miles it was very pleasant; the weather was cool, and the country wild and picturesque. But I had not proceeded more than four miles at most, before the aspect of the heavens became more threatening each minute. Passing a water-mill, I enlisted a guide in my service, *vi et armis*; and it was fortunate I did so. The path wound for eight miles along a half-dried-up watercourse, between two ridges of hills, wooded by low shrubs. The latter four miles (from Râjpoora to Kulloo-ka-Huttie) led over a stony wooded hill. The ascent and descent consisted of a bad, steep road. Kulloo-ka-Huttie is situated near the foot of the descent, and commands a fine view. All requisite supplies are procurable.

I never made a more fatiguing journey than I did that night. Almost immediately after I had taken the guide, the long-threatening black clouds burst in terrific claps of thunder, preceded by the most awful flashes of forked lightning I ever had the misery to see. As we neared Râjpoora, rain

began to fall ; but I was persuaded to go on to my camp, four miles further. We had not gone far up the hill before the rain fell in a perfect deluge, and my light summer clothing was in a minute drenched with wet. The night was so dark that we stumbled at every step, and I could hardly manage my frightened horse. The only light we had to guide us was the vivid lightning, which was absolutely appalling. Though it showed the path, it almost blinded us after it ceased to play ; and the thunder rattled incessantly, with the usual awful sound, when the storm appears immediately overhead. I was never before so absolutely *exposed* to such a pitiless and really terrific storm ; but for my good and willing guide, Heaven knows how I should ever have reached my camp. And the poor man was really one of the most willing fellows I ever saw. He ran along, over stones and through mud, as fast as he could, my horse trotting at his heels the whole way. Thank God, I reached safely at last, though cold, ill, terrified, and benumbed.

Lightning is one of the very few things I am afraid of. A childish dread of it is a weakness I have most hopelessly and vainly sought to vanquish. It must be *inherent*, because no efforts can make me less foolish, and, in spite of any amount



of previous resolutions, a flash of lightning terrifies me out of my seventeen senses, and I am, in a thunder-storm, the veriest coward living. When it is fairly passed, oh! how brave I am again!

However, such a fearful storm as the one I was exposed to the night I journeyed over rugged mountain roads by night, was enough to appal a stouter heart.

I located myself for the night in a hut at Kulloo-ka-Huttie, the tents being soaking wet. By midnight, the storm passed over, and the moon once more brightened the darkness. I sent my advance camp on to Jwâla Mōōkhi, and in the morning started myself.

Kulloo-ka-Huttie is twelve miles from Am-ke-Bâgh, according to my calculation (some people make it much more).

On the 13th, I reached Jwâla Mōōkhi (the next march), distance from Kulloo-ka-Huttie eight coss, or twelve miles, about 9 o'clock a.m., and found my camp pitched at the Bâruh Durrie, a very nice house, situated in a Bâgh, about a mile (or less) distant from the famous Temple of Jwâla Mōōkhi. It was delightfully cool and pleasant all day in this Bâruh Durrie.

The march from Kulloo-ka-Huttie to Jwâla

Mōōkhi is a very beautiful one; hill and dale are blended in wild beauty, and the whole country smiles in most attractive and refreshing verdure. Though I described this march, and Jwâla Mōōkhi likewise, last year, I shall amuse myself by a little recapitulation now.

After descending for a short distance, we came to a stony hill, and a tolerably good path led to the summit. Here I was delighted to find a mile of table land. We also had a glorious view of the snowy hills in the distance from the top of this eminence. All the surrounding hills are beautifully wooded, and in the valleys and plain lands, cultivation is very rich.

About half way we came to the Beâs River (here called Beah), and crossed it in a boat. After a little ascent and descent, we had nearly level ground the rest of the way to Jwâla Mōōkhi. We passed many villages en route.

Jwâla Mōōkhi is a far-famed place of pilgrimage. The town is named Jwâla Mōōkhi from the famous temple, where fire perpetually issues from fissures in the rocks. "Jwâla" signifies "flame," and "Mōōkhi" "mouth." The temple is also called "Jwâla-Jee." The latter word means "master," or "lord," and is a term of respect very common among the natives.

I paid a second visit to the famous temple, and scarcely wonder that the superstitious and ignorant natives attribute to divine agency the flames thus spontaneously issuing from rocks, which seem exactly the counterpart of a myriad others.

Having entered into a full detail of the whole place before, I will only say a few words.

Jwâla Mōōkhi is a large village, quite considerable enough to be termed a town. The streets are narrow, and paved with stone, in broad steps, because, the town being built on the slope of a hill, of course the streets are nowhere level. The houses are solidly constructed, almost entirely of stone, and are built of two (or more) stories in height.

The temple is situated nearly at the top of the slope; and a hill rises immediately above the town, some eight hundred or a thousand feet high.

I saw a great many Fakirs cruising about Jwâla Mōōkhi and its environs. They were most disgusting looking objects. Most of them were nearly devoid of all clothing, and they were besmeared with paint, and covered with ashes.

Being a place of Hindoo pilgrimage, thousands of

people swarm here to worship at this sacred temple.

The principal building is surmounted by a gilt cupola. Two richly gilt tigers lie on a pedestal, which faces the portico of the temple, where two huge bells (of monstrous dimensions) are suspended, and make a hideous booming sound, with ceaseless assiduity.

I never witnessed such extraordinary phenomena as these spontaneous flames present. The fire is of a pale red colour, and appears to yield but little heat. Of course this phenomenon must arise from the presence of gas in the rocks.

I breakfasted at Rânee Tâl (the march succeeding Jwâla Mōōkhi), on the morning of the 14th, and went on to Kōt Kangra in the evening. Rânee Tâl is about eight coss, or twelve miles from Jwâla Mōōkhi. Some people call it more, but that is absurd. I remember last year putting that march down as only ten miles, and most certainly by adding two more I give the utmost distance. About half way, a river (of some obscure Heathen cognomen) is crossed by a fine Puckha (stone-built) bridge. The road is level nearly the whole way, and often consists of the prettiest English-looking lanes, very different from Indian roads and paths. Cultivation is very rich and

extended, and nothing meets the eye but refreshing green fields, and hills verdant with shrubs, or wooded with trees.

Close to Rânee Tâl (just before the last ascent to the village), there is a road on the left hand, which leads to Noorpore cantonment. Near this spot I observed a Dâk Bungalow in progress of erection.

Kõt Kangra is about six coss, or nine miles, beyond Rânee Tâl. The road is in some places bad and steep, but the rest of the way is level. Close to Rânee Tâl there is a steep descent to some river, and then a long ascent. The name of the river I could not distinctly make out, and I have not my former journal by me, to refer to at present; so I shall not hazard a christening of my own. I forded this river with ease, but I noticed that a bridge is building, and a better road in due progress.

About a mile from Kõt Kangra the road divides; the lower one leads direct to the fort, and the upper path, to the right, goes to Bohun, a village adjoining Kangra, and very much cooler. There is a Bâruh Durrie there also.

I took the former road, having desired my servants to go to the small encamping-ground near the fort. Besides, the evening had closed in, and I knew this road the best.

At the foot of this descent, I forded the river, which washes the base of the hill on which Kangra fort is situated. I could not find any Puhâririyas\* to carry me over, as I did last year; but, luckily, one of my Chuprassies was waiting my arrival. He took my horse across, and I walked over the stepping-stones. However, as they were covered with water, I was obliged, in a rustic manner, to take off my shoes and stockings.

The steep, stone-paved ascent to the encamping ground quite fatigued me, as riding after dark, on such a road, was of course out of the question. I found my tents pitched, and dinner ready, so I quickly forgot my fatigues.

I had an attack of ague this evening, probably from getting my feet wet, and continued ill for several hours.

The following morning I went to see the fort. I described it last year. It is a large, rambling place, and, from its position, would doubtless be impregnable if attacked by any native force.

A wing of the 20th Native Infantry is cantoned here, and I saw the Sepoys on parade. The headquarters of this regiment are stationed at Noor-pore.

\* Mountaineers (from "Puhâr," Mountain.

On the evening of the 15th, I rode to Dhurmsala, having sent on my advance camp. I was happy to see new roads making, and one terrible hill was avoided, to my great delight. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I had a pleasant canter the greater part of this march.

Dhurmsala is eight or nine miles distant from Kangra. One or two streams are forded *en route*, which are rather formidable after heavy rain, as I found last year. The road is very prettily varied, and the hedge rows are deliciously fragrant when the wild roses and eglantines burst into blossom, and perfume the air for miles.

The Ghoorka corps is cantoned at Dhurmsala, and their commandant (Major Ferris) lives at Bhâgsoo, four miles further on. Dhurmsala is probably 1500 or 2000 feet above Kōt Kangra; the latter scarcely averages in elevation above the level of the sea, 2000 feet.

Kangra is situated so completely in a basin as it were, entirely hemmed in by rocks, which reflect great heat, and the elevation of the place is so trifling, that as early as April I found the heat quite intolerable last year. Dhurmsala is cooler, and Bhâgsoo still more so.

I went to see the latter place on the morning of the 16th. It is situated close to hills capped

with snow, in fact immediately at the base of this range. I discovered last August that this snow was *not* perpetual. It had nearly (if not entirely) melted away after the rains, when I passed through this part of the country on my return from Kashmir. At this season of the year, the mountains in question look so icy white one would fancy that they belonged to the great snowy belt.

I saw three houses at Bhâgsoo. A fine rhododendron forest covers the hill along which the road winds, and many of the trees were glowing with the bright scarlet flowers.

The old path from Dhurmsala to Bhâgsoo is very bad and stony, but a good and tolerably broad road is half completed, and will be an immense improvement.

Bhâgsoo is about four miles from Dhurmsala, a steep ascent the whole way.

I had sent on my camp to Noorpore, and started myself on the evening of the 17th, a little before sunset. I thought (from what I had been told last year) that the distance was only two short marches, about eighteen miles, and I fancied I could easily reach it by dinner-time on the 17th!

The distance is about thirty-eight miles, a hor-



rible road, so of course I was miserably mistaken, and even had I not encountered any accident, could never have reached Noorpore that night.

We lost the road soon after dusk, and had numberless troubles before we could reach it again. Every hut we entered, in the hopes of securing a guide, seemed populated solely by women, and whole villages appeared destitute of a single specimen of the genus man! The women volubly declared that there were no men, and as we were unsuccessful in every effort we made to see one, we were almost in despair. I say "we," because, as it providentially happened, I was not alone; Mr. W—— was riding with me.

At last, to our great surprise and delight, two volunteers suddenly appeared, and took us to the road. We had been steadily going to Rihloo before. Mr. W. had (on my discovering this) endeavoured to chastise the guide we had at the time, and who was evidently purposely misleading us, but the wretched man rushed down a steep *khud*, and in the darkness was soon invisible! Thus we had been "left lamenting," and nearly came to grief in rice-fields and women-villages.

Our good volunteer guides left us, when we were close to Shahpore, the first march from Bhâgsoo, (or Kangra, or Dhurmsala,) and having

forded a shallow river at this spot, we ascended a little way, and coming to level ground, tried a sharp canter, to make up for lost time. It was my *last* canter, verily, for I have been unable to mount a horse since !

Brigadier Wheler was encamped at Shahpore, and just opposite the large camp, my horse fell into a deep hole. I tried to save him, but ended by being thrown violently on the hard ground, falling with desperate force on my left shoulder and side.

Afraid of seeing an inquisitive crowd collect round me, I forced myself up, and Mr. W—— helped me to walk. But I had not gone twenty yards before I fell down by the side of the road, deadly sick and faint, from the great pain I endured.

After spending two hours here, I was taken on to Noorpore on a bed. I must here pay my tribute of thanks, to the kindness and consideration of Mr. Hamilton, a friend of Mr. W——'s in the Brigadier's camp, who gave me up his tent, and was most kind in every way. I was in great pain, and could not thank him at the time.

Day broke before I reached Kōtla, the second march, as I was obliged to be carried very slowly. Mr. W—— rode on from this stage, to consult

the doctor at Noorpore, I was suffering such tortures then. After various delays, I arrived at 2 P.M., at Noorpore.

Besides a severe contusion, one of the bones was broken, and not only have I suffered constant pain up to this very day, but I cannot make the slightest use of my left arm, or even hand.

I cannot even sit up long, and work continuously with even my right arm. I have been writing these "retrospective" sheets at long intervals, since the morning, and yet I have accomplished this portion of my task, with greater pain and difficulty than I care to acknowledge. Though "never say die," is a good motto, I *cannot* write much more to-day.

Noorpore is three marches from Kangra or Dhurmsala; viz.:—

- |                     |            |                 |
|---------------------|------------|-----------------|
| 1st. Shahpore . . . | (13) . . . | thirteen miles. |
| 2nd. Kōtla . . .    | (10) . . . | ten miles.      |
| 3rd. Noorpore . . . | (15) . . . | fifteen miles.  |

The road consists of ascents and descents, in painful ceaselessness; and the rivers and streams to be forded are legion. But the scenery is beautiful; the hills are wild and wooded, and the snow-capped hills to the right seem invitingly near.

Noorpore is a large city, boasting of a pictu-

resque-looking fort, situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a hill. This spur commands a fine view, and is situated on the confines of the plains, only two or three hundred feet above. The officers of the 20th N. I., stationed here, live in the fort.

My camp was pitched in a pretty Bâgh, quite in the plain country, just below Noorpore.

Many of the Kashmirian shawl weavers have migrated here, and large shawl manufactories thrive at Noorpore. The population consists almost entirely of Kashmirians; but they appeared to be all dirty, ugly, and *deteriorated*.

I only remained at Noorpore a few days, and then proceeded in a dhoolie, towards Jummoo, starting at two o'clock, a.m., on the 22nd. Travelling, even in a recumbent position, gave me great pain, and often my shoulder felt very much inflamed. However, I persevered, having determined to reach Jummoo.

At sunrise, I arrived at Puthânkote. The distance is fifteen miles, and the road is perfectly level, running along near the foot of the lower hills. There is a large fort at Puthânkote, and I fancy it was once a place of importance.

Having sent on my Chuprassie, we found bearers waiting, and the dhoolies were not even set down

for a moment at Puthânkote. We proceeded to the next stage, Kuttooa, about eleven or twelve miles distant; and long before we reached that village, the sun had become cruelly hot. About a mile before getting to Kuttooa, we had to cross the Râvee at Behree-ka-Puttun, by ferry-boats.

All the country on this side the river, is Goolâb Singh's Illâka or District, and the authorities of Kuttooa were delightfully zealous.

The country between Puthânkote and Kuttooa is perfectly level, and very pretty of the kind. The road is very tolerable (occasionally stony), and runs along, not more than two or three miles from the base of the lower hills. There is a very fine view of the snowy range, the whole of this march.

The heat was so great, that I gladly availed myself of the tent, put most kindly and charitably at my disposal, by Mr. Talbot, who was in Camp at Kuttooa. I did not see him, for my arm and head burned equally, from a degree of inflammation brought on by the terrific heat, and I was too ill to see any one. However, his kindness I appreciated, as I ought.

An hour before sun-set, I proceeded to Jesrota. The direct route to Jummoo, is from Kuttooa to Hurmundur, thence to Junghee, &c. This is the

shortest route, and the path is, I am told, level the whole way. However, I wished to see Jesrota, where Goolâb Singh has a fine palace.

The road was level, but very undecided the first two-thirds of the way. The hills flanked it on the right hand, and a vast expanse of bright green\* stretches, as far as the eye can see, to the left. At sunset we had a glorious view of the Snowy Range, and I longed to be travelling in those cold regions once more!

The latter part of the march to Jesrota, is wild and hilly, and the road, by night, appeared very difficult.

The river Oju, or Ojoo,† washes the hill on which Jesrota is situated. We forded it, and I thought we should never get across its broad bed. The water rushes with considerable noise, and it is not everywhere fordable.

We were encamped near a very fine building, a kind of Bâruh Durrie, belonging, not long ago, to one of the "Singhs," who have perished.

The next day, we went over Goolâb Singh's

\* I was told that that beautiful "green," is a vast *swamp*!

† In the map which accompanies Baron Hügel's work, (and which I noticed before,) the Oju river is erroneously represented as flowing at some distance from Jesrota. This is one of the many errors I have noticed in that map.

Mâhul or Palace. The guard, at the gate, played "God save the Queen," as we walked in, and the sentry saluted us with his sword in its sheath!

This famous palace is a fine building, but boasts of no gorgeous apartments, nor the favourite "Sheesh Mâhul" or Glass Palace. There is a beautiful view of the plains from the windows of the palace, and the river Ojoo flows along, in a broad stony bed, immediately below Jesrota.

With the usual bad taste of natives, they keep mules and donkeys tied up in the entrance hall of the Royal Mâhul, and I did not particularly like stepping across such a littered and dirty place.

Jesrota is rather a large town; the streets are confined, and the houses are paltry, but the situation is very picturesque. The plains extend in front, and high hills rise immediately behind. The range of the Peer Punjâl, clad in its snowy garb, appears quite close.

On the evening of the 24th, we left Jesrota for Samba, two marches (about twenty-four miles). Junghee, the intervening stage, being half-way.

The road throughout these two marches is at first level, and then winds through low hills, in a wild manner.

In coming to Samba, we again left the direct

road, which from Junghee goes straight to Kherie Pullie, and is nearly level.

Samba is a considerable village, and all this country pertains to the Maha Râjah, Goolâb Singh.

I was taken suddenly ill during the night, and we were delayed some time at Jungee. The heat and forced marches had knocked me up.

The evening of the 24th we proceeded to Kherie Pullie, about twelve miles of tolerably level road, and on the morning of the 25th, Jummoo was attained—a further distance of twelve or fourteen miles. Some of the natives say it is eight coss, others insist upon its being ten.

Jummoo is Goolâb Singh's former capital. It is a large town, built on a hill, about two hundred feet above the river Tohi, which flows immediately below. The Khila, or Fort of Jummoo, is on a hill opposite the city, and the Tohi flows between.

The road from Kherie Pullie to Jummoo is level, though often very stony, till the river is reached. All about the neighbourhood of the Tohi there is a jungle, and the appearance of the country is very desolate.

Jummoo has a very pretty effect in the approach



from the opposite side of the river, and the fort looked new and solid, though probably it might, for aught I know, be levelled in an hour.

It is quite possible to ford the Tohi, but, as we found boats ready to take us across, I preferred the ferry. From this spot to the town, the ascent is steep and stony. A huge stone gateway leads into Jummoo.

I found my camp and servants at the Bâruh Durrie—a small house, containing one room and numberless verandahs.

Goolâb Singh was at Jummoo, and treated us with every civility. I spent two days at Jummoo, and went all over the place to see it well, but no one is permitted to enter the fort.

I promised to see Goolab Singh, when Mr. W—— went, but I was taken modest at the eleventh hour! His Highness expressed himself much disappointed, and told Mr. W—— that I always did the same last year in Kashmir! (If I hate going to see big people, I do not see why I should be obliged to go.)

Judging from the exterior, the Royal Mâhul, at Jummoo, is a very extensive one, and tolerably handsome. The streets of the city are narrow, and not much cleaner than the ordinary run of native towns.

There seem to be a fine race in these hills ; tall, stalwart men. The *lack* of beauty among the women is equally striking.

I think Jummo is very prettily situated, and commands a fine view of hill and plain, but I was much disappointed in the general appearance of the town, when closely viewed interiorly.

On the 27th, both Mr. C—— and Mr. W—— accompanied me to Rihârsi, Goolab Singh's famous and favourite strong-hold. He is supposed to keep his treasure and a quantity of arms and ammunition in the fort at this place, the former being reported to be buried many fathoms deep. He never allows any one to enter the fort, and it is also believed that he is very strongly averse to Europeans even visiting the town.

Totally indifferent to this, (or perhaps the more desirous to go,) I started early on the 27th, every one exclaiming against the foolish idea I had of reaching Rihârsi that night.

The distance is twenty coss, or from thirty to forty miles, and the road on the whole is atrocious.

After descending to the bed of a river,\* the way,

\* This stream is large in the rains. It issues from the Chundra-Bhâga, some distance above Tunda Pânee, or about

for four or five miles, lies principally along its stony banks.

Dunga is a small village to the right of the road, about seven miles and a half from Jummoo. We breakfasted at this place, and waited till 2, p.m., in the hope of fresh Coolies. None arrived by that hour, and we started. A reinforcement overtook us, however, before we had gone far; and we were not long in reaching Tunda Pânee, four miles and a half beyond Dunga. So far, the road consisted of stony watercourses, and great defiles. The heat was terrific. We did not halt at Tunda Pânee, as my old Chuprassie was awaiting my arrival, with fresh Coolies.

From Tunda Pânee to Riharsi is a distance of eighteen miles. The path is, on the whole, rugged, hilly, and, in some places, very steep. We came to one hill, where I deserted the dhoolie, as the clumsy Coolies were stumbling at every step, and as the darkness was visible, I preferred my feet.

About eight or nine miles from Riharsi, we saw

twelve or fourteen coss from Jummoo. A Sepoy informed me that this river emptied itself into the Tohi, after a short course of not more than fifteen coss. This is probable, but I cannot vouch for the statement.

the Chundra-Bhâga, and our course lay along its banks the greater part of the remaining nine miles.

Sugar-cane seems very abundant about Khandah, a village nearly half-way between Tunda Pânee and Riharsi. The cultivation throughout the country we passed through, was very uncertain and fluctuating; some tracts of land richly cultivated, and others overgrown with jungle.

The "Prickly Thorn" is most distressing along this march, and often most painfully and closely flanked the narrow, rugged path, tearing everything, and making sad havoc of the curtains of my dhoolie.

It was midnight before we reached Riharsi and dinner. My companions were 'horribly *cranky* at the delay, and went on saying, in recitative :

"Did I not tell you,  
Did I not advise you,  
Did we not entreat you,  
Not to undertake this rash trip ;"

and so on. I laughed at them both; sent them to enjoy the verandah, as they best could, and, shutting myself up in the only room, fell asleep, like a *Pucka*\* philosopher.

Riharsi is only sixty coss from Kashmir. The Peer Punjâl, and its glittering snowy heights, rise majestically above the mountains which tower

\* To be translated, *Genuine*!

above Riharsi, to the north and north-west of that town.

Mountains rise above mountains all round the pretty little fort, which is situated on a hill commanding the town. The Chundra-Bhâga flows not far below, and many mountain torrents, tributaries of the big "Duriyâ,"\* water each separate valley, and vary the perpetual hills.

About a couple of miles from Riharsi, there is a charming view of the picturesque miniature fort, and the gigantic heights covered with eternal snow, not far beyond. I not only accomplished my self-set task of reaching Riharsi in less than twenty-four hours, but I returned to Jummoo by ten o'clock P. M. on the 28th.

Goolâb Singh has a palace at Riharsi, a large, and rather fine building. The town is not large, but a Wuzeer† is kept there, on account of its importance.

The last ascent to Riharsi is steep, and paved with stone steps. There is a green plain, about a quarter of a mile square, below the fort, and opposite the Mâhul, or Palace.

I observed some plaintain trees close to Riharsi,

\* River.

† Prime Minister.

which argues no great elevation ; however, it is situated in the heart of mountains.

On the 29th, I left Jummoo, and proceeded *dúk* or post, to Deenanugger (this place). I arrived here on the 31st, having had a terrible journey, from the effects of which I have never recovered. Travelling in the daytime, at this season of the year, is annihilating work, and I have had a good deal of fever since. We added to the weary journey by coming all out of our way. The wretched Moonshee, sent by the Maha Râjah to wait on us at Jummoo, gave us the wrong marches. I will presently subjoin the route we came, when I shall give a summary of the whole of my late marches.

I have been two days writing these retrospective sheets. My arm has given me such exquisite pain, that the task has been a painful one, and I feel how badly I have acquitted myself. *Que faire ?*

I shall add a few remarks on Deenanugger to-morrow, and give my whole route in a regular form. I cannot write another line to-day. Before returning to the hills, I must have some medical assistance for my shoulder.

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## NAINA KOT.

*Distance from Deenanugger, fourteen miles.*

*April 5.*—There is not much to say about Deenanugger, though it was a favourite summer resort of Runjeet Singh's. There are three Bâruh Durries outside the city walls, and the city is tolerably extensive, though the streets are narrow and dirty.

The principal thing, however, which people come to see, is a magnificent *Tope*\* of trees, which extends over a very large space of ground, and the canal which flows through, and adds coolness to the shade. The Bâruh Durries are principally built in this *tope*; and though the current of air is confined, not a ray of sun can easily pierce through the dense foliage.

There is a jungle, or wilderness, immediately beyond, and wolves abound in frightful numbers throughout this wild track. In broad day-light, a wolf attacked a native, on the confines of this jungle, and seized him by the throat; the poor man was brought into the *tope* on a *charpoy*,† yesterday, in a dying state. Deenanugger is said to be very cool in the hot weather, but immediately after the first fall of the rains, the malaria is so deadly, it is certain death to any European who is exposed

\* Grove.

† Bed.

to it; and even in the city, fevers are so prevalent, that all who can, hurry away during the sickly season.

This place, Nâina Kōt, is the first march on the Seâlkōte road. It is about fourteen miles from Deenanugger, crossing the river Râvee at the tenth or eleventh mile, by boats. A bridge is in process of construction, and a new broad road is nearly completed, which will ultimately be carried on to Seâlkōte, with *puckha* (or stone built) bridges, &c. There is a village here, about a hundred yards to the right of the main-road.

The annexed is the route I have followed since I left Julūndhur, on the 10th ultimo.

From Julūndhur cantonments, to

No. of marches.	Miles.
1. Kurtapore City	10
2. Adampore	12
3. Hoshyârpore cantonments	15
4. Nâree	10½
5. Am-ke-Bâgh	10½
6. Kulloo-ka-Huttie	12
7. Jwâla-Mōōkhi, or Jwâla-Jee	12
8. Rânee-Tâl	12
9. Kōt Kangra	9
10. Dhurmsâla	9
11. Shahpore	13



12.	Kōtla	10
13.	Noorpore cantonments	15
14.	Pathânkote	15
15.	Kuttooa	12
16.	Jesrota	10½
17.	Chunghee	11
18.	Samba	11
19.	Kherie Pullie	12
20.	Jummoo City	12
21.	Dunga	7½
22.	Khandah	13
23.	Riharsi	10
24.	Khandah	10
25.	Dunga	13
26.	Jummoo City	7½
27.	Bishnah	10
28.	Nungah	10
29.	Aulgurh	12
30.	Balâkhi Cheek	12
31.	Nâina Kōt	9
32.	Deenanugger	14

Total 32 marches. Total distance, 361½ miles.

N.B.—I made repeated forced marches, and also several halts, but in the above route I have put down ordinary marches.

I am going to Kurtârpore (dâk) now, on account of my unfortunate arm, which unconditionally declines to recover, and as it gives me great pain,

I fear the broken bone cannot have joined. I dread the prospect of being a cripple for life! It is a miserable feeling, even for a month, being utterly unable to use one arm; it makes me feel helpless and unhappy, and the sensation of dependance is extremely unpleasant to me. I like to be able to do *everything* for myself, and now I am scarcely able to do the simplest thing. I become so restless that I add to the pain, which is bad enough when I am quite at rest.

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### BUTTALLA.

*Distance from Nâina Kot, twenty coss.*

April 6.—I arrived here this morning. The distance is twenty coss, about five and twenty miles. The coss here are very short. The intermediate march is Kalanōr (half-way), a tolerably large, walled town.

The road as far as Kalanōr is very uncertain, and goes through a wild, bare country, but the latter half consists of a good broad road, with extensive fields of cultivation on every side. I believe this will be carried on the whole way, and

it will be a great convenience to travellers, especially those who journey by night.

There is a fine forest of trees surrounding Buttalla, and as the dhoolie approached it had a very pretty effect.

There are two Bâruh Durries here, one occupied by the resident civilians, a very handsome large building ; the other a Mâhul situated in the centre of a large tank, and only approached by water. There is a tiny boat on the tank.

Buttalla is a walled town, and the streets are narrow, though passably clean. They are paved after the model of Umritsir and Lahore, with bricks, built in sideways. There is a dismantled fort within the walls, and several large Mâhuls, and fine houses belonging to the great men of the olden rule.

A Seikh ran up, as I rode slowly through the town, and gave me some very sweet roses. Though I had only one hand, I accepted the fragrant present, much amused at the man's civility.

Buttalla is a pretty place, and the trees, which completely environ the neighbourhood, contribute to its beauty, though probably in the rains they promote malaria.

Mr. W—— came here to see me to-day, and

escorted me all over the "lions" of the place. There is no European living at Buttalla now; the civilians being all scattered about the district.

I go on this evening to Kurtârpore, to have my shoulder examined by a doctor. That wretched accident has given me immense trouble. I long to be in a more genial climate. The heat in tents is becoming unbearable.

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### KURTARPORE.

*Distance from Buttalla twenty coss.*

10th April, 1851. *Thursday.*—I arrived here three days ago, having travelled by night dâk. The distance is twenty coss, or about thirty miles, perhaps less. Mr. W—— rode on, and Ghaussie came on a camel. I sent all my camp to Baba Nânuk-ka-Dera, and Zuffurwâl.

I have had the pleasing intelligence imparted to me here, that I shall not be able to use my crippled arm for six weeks more! Dr. Peskett, who kindly attended me, has the reputation of being a clever medical man, and he is very kind indeed. I like very much the little I have seen of him.

I leave Kurtârpore to-day, and proceed to Seâlkôte, via Buttalla and Baba Nanuk. I have had more than enough of dâk travelling, and now I shall try *elephants*! I have daily cause to lament not being able to ride, and I see but faint prospects of my being able to accomplish much in that way for centuries yet.

Kurtârpore is about two marches from Buttalla. There is no regular road, except by Sri-Govindpore, (which is out of the way,) and there are so many cart-tracks in every direction, that it is more easy to lose the road, than find it again.

The Râvee is crossed by boats at fifteen coss from Buttalla, at Chukkoo Ghât, or Puttun.\* There is an arm of the river to be forded first, and after rain, this is deep, and a boat is indispensable.

Between Chuckkoo Ghat and Kurtârpore, there are two or three Nullahs, which are deep after heavy rain. The village of Nahâlgurh is passed, about three coss from the "Puttun," and Tulwundee is about half-way from the river to cantonments. In my opinion the "coss" in this part of the country, are merely miles, or a mile and a quarter.

\* "Puttun" is the word in the Punjaûbi language for the place where a river is crossed by a bridge or ferry.

## BUTTALLA.

*Distance twenty coss.*

11th April, 1851. *Friday.*—Arrived here on an elephant, a couple of hours ago. I have described the road before, and besides the heat is too great to write much. The largest tent is unbearable now.

I am halting merely during the hottest hours of the day. After tiffin I shall proceed to Baba Nânuk on the elephant.

I saw the former field of battle at Rungul-Nungul, a town five coss from Buttalla, and gazed with interest on the fort, which had been levelled by our army only a few years ago. I could hardly fancy I was careering through a country, which not long since, it would have been nearly certain death to traverse unarmed; when each villager and wayfarer one met on the way, would not have scrupled to cut to pieces every European traveller. Now, what a “change has come over the spirit” of the country!

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## BABA NANUK-KA-DERA.\*

*Distance twelve miles.*

12th April, 1851. *Saturday*.—I arrived here about one o'clock, a.m. The distance is twelve coss, probably about fifteen (some say eighteen) miles. There is a good broad road the whole way.

I have just been over the town, and have paid a visit to the famous temple, sacred to the memory of "Baba Nānuk."

The streets of the town are narrow and dirty. They are so very confined that I was obliged, more than once, to get off the elephant, fearing to be crushed into a pancake. The gates to the town-walls are so very low that the Howdah could not pass through; and the elephant, with the "*Guddee*"† on, slightly grazed the roof of the gateway (of course I dismounted first).

The temple is worth seeing. The gilded dome

\* "Dera" signifies a dwelling, a tent, &c. "Baba Nānuk" was the first Sikh Gōōroo, the High-priest and Spiritual Guide and Preceptor of the Seikhs. He was the founder of their religion, and the "Grunth," or Sacred Writings, was compiled by him.

† A "*Guddee*" is a pad, or large cushion, often used instead of a *Howdah*, or the regular paraphernalia put on the backs of the elephants. The *Howdah* consists of two or more benches, for seats, surrounded by railings or planks of painted wood, a gorgeous canopy generally sheltering the seats from sun and rain.

glitters in the distance, and can be seen far off. We were all obliged to take off our shoes before we were permitted to pass the sacred threshold. This is a ceremony I have always objected to; but I did not like to miss seeing the interior of the Temple, or to create anything like a disturbance, by violating their religious prejudices. There is a sort of throne inside, and a Chowrie lies on the velvet cushions. Here "Baba Nânuk" is supposed (in spirit!) to recline. The "Grunth" also lies on the soft pillows.

There are also marble idols, and the slab in front of the centre edifice is of marble. The doors are of massive silver, elaborately carved. The whole structure is surrounded by a square courtyard, paved with flag-stones; and a high wall environs the sacred spot. There are some trees within the enclosure, and in front of one of the entrances there is a holy well, or reservoir of water.

There was a fair to-day, and all the Seikh population were gaily attired in apparel of bright hues, yellow and red prevailing. We had some difficulty in threading our way through the crowd of sable worshippers.

"Baba Nânuk" is a very holy personage among the Seikhs, and this town is the reputed place of his birth. All his descendants are supposed to be



here, in a sort of colony. This family is considered so holy, that the daughters (not being permitted to intermarry) are stifled at their birth, as it would be considered highly derogatory to a female descendant of Baba Nānuk to marry into any other family. The male posterity form the highest alliances\* they can, and they are supposed to ennoble any woman they marry, as they have the power to raise their wives to their own rank. This is the system formerly carried on among the descendants of this great Seikh Gōōroo; but whether the female posterity are still killed, I do not know. The practice may be carried on *à l'insu*.

I shall breakfast at Koonjur, a village about five coss distant, and probably dine there likewise. In the evening, I shall proceed to Seâlkōte.

The river Râvee is crossed by ferry-boats, about a mile from this town; so it will be late before we reach Koonjur, for there is invariably a sad delay in crossing these rivers.

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SEALKOTE. (CANTONMENTS.)

*Distance from Baba Nānuk-ka-Dera, thirty coss.*

13th April, 1851. *Sunday*.—I arrived here about nine o'clock, a.m., and even at this early

\* They marry Khutrānees, a very high caste among the Hindoos,—in fact, *sable aristocrats*.

hour I found the sun very powerful. I have been fortunate in securing a small house here; for in this *Tartarean* weather tents are very trying.

I breakfasted and dined at Koonjur, which is about five short coss from Buttalla. There was great delay in crossing the Râvee. One elephant went very peacefully into the boat, though the latter swung to and fro with his weight. The other, on which I was perched in a Howdah, went in after some coquetting at the edge, but almost immediately turned round, risking the swamping of the boat, and the Mahoût\* had no power to guide him. I was sufficiently alarmed to feel glad of the escape back to *terra firma*, and resolved to make no further rash essays. I dismounted, and ordering the Howdah, &c., to be taken off, and the obstreperous elephant swam across, I went into the boat which contained the quieter animal, and reached the opposite shore in safety, though the boat was full of water, and alarmingly sunk in the river by the immense weight of the freight it was conveying.

I rode to Koonjur, as the sun was perfectly overpowering; and though my arm gave me exquisite torture when I cantered, I was a very short time in annihilating these four coss.

\* The title of all elephant-drivers.

The road is at present bad, and at night would be impossible to find without a guide. There is a mullah, or small river, just below the village of Koonjur. I observed a rather fine building within the walls of the town, which I was told, belonged to some "Dewân," (or Prime Minister;) whose—*Dieu sait!*

In the evening I proceeded to Turgah on horseback; a mere cart-track by way of a road. I was obliged to go from village to village, and made repeated teasing mistakes. Fortunately there was a bright moon, and I did not come to grief. Besides, my servants were all on the road, and a Chuprassie accompanied me. The distance from Khoonjur to Turgah is seven coss. It will be a great blessing when a good broad road is made along this route. "*Mooning*" by day or night is unpleasant decidedly, and I never found *any* escort amusing enough to make losing the way agreeable; while, to wander hopelessly all alone, would have been one of the trials beyond Job's patience.

At Turgah I found two elephants, and proceeded to Zufferwâl, three coss of good road. About half a mile from Turgah we got into the Deenanugger route, which has been newly made. I did not halt at Zufferwâl, but careered steadily on, till I arrived here.

Zufferwâl is fifteen coss, or two marches from Seâlkôte, the intermediate one being Char, nearly half-way. All the country between Baba Nânuk and Seâlkôte is a dead level, and not very interesting (except to those dear amiable philanthropists who prefer rich wheat or barley fields to wilder and more varied scenery). One redeeming point was the beautiful view of the hills and snowy mountains beyond, which is distinctly seen on the right hand, all throughout this road.

The heat is great now during the middle of the day, the thermometer standing at 82° at noon, inside the house.

In entering the cantonments of Seâlkôte, we left the city to the south, and the fort, immediately beyond the precincts of the city, had a very pretty effect in the distance.

As yet I have of course seen nothing of Seâlkôte\*, but the glimpse I had of it (before I reached this house) this morning, was not very picturesque. There was an *unfledged* appearance about it altogether; houses, roads, bazaars, everything. *Since* my arrival here, I have come to the conclusion that Seâlkôte is famous for one thing—fleas.

23rd April, 1851. *Wednesday*.—I have been here ten days, having been delayed by the non-

\* I allude to the cantonments.

arrival of my Jummo baggage, and by rainy weather. However, last night my camp started once more, and one-half is gone to Bhimber, while the advance portions I have sent to Rajōurie, four marches further on. I start myself to-morrow evening, and Mr. C—— is to escort me a little way. We are to go viâ Wuzzeerabad and Guzrât, and not the direct route to Bhimber,\* as I am anxious to see those cities before I leave this part of the country, probably for ever. I have seen everything there is to be seen here, and before I close this day's "journal" I will give a short account of this embryo cantonment.

The fort is worth seeing, and there is a fine view from one side, where chambers have been built above the parapets. The fort belongs to Râjah Têj Singh, though a government treasury is kept within the walls, and a guard of our sepoy is regularly stationed there, commanded by a European commissioned officer. There are

\* The direct route from Seâlkôte to Bhimber is as follows :

Seâlkôte to Kulloowâl Ghât . . .	(11) eleven miles.
	Cross the river Chenâb
	at this Ghât or ferry.
Kulloowâl Ghat to Jelapoor . . .	(7) seven miles.
Jelapoor to Wârung . . . . .	(11) eleven miles.
Warung to Bhimber . . . . .	(10) ten miles.
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	(39) thirty-nine miles.

traces of a deep moat, and brick fortifications outside the walls of this fort.

The Thakoor-Dwâra, a Hindoo temple, lately built by Tėj Singh, looks very pretty, rising conspicuously above all the surrounding buildings. I observed this temple, as we were entering Seâlkôte (from Zuffurwâl,) when we were eight or nine miles distant from the city; the lofty spire glitters in the sun, and seems quite near, though miles intervene.

There is another Hindoo temple, which I went to see. It is not in the city, but prettily situated, all encircled by trees, at a little distance from the confined purlieus of the town. As we approached the enclosure in which this temple stood, I had great difficulty in catching a transient glimpse of the building, the thickly clustering foliage of the surrounding trees, almost entirely hiding it from the most partial view.

The name of this mosque or temple, is Baba Nânuk-ka-Bèr. The latter word signifies a particular kind of tree, and "Baba Nânuk" is the same great Sikh Gōōroo, before alluded to. The attendant priests showed me the holy tree, which grows close to the temple, and under the shade of its sacred foliage, Baba Nânuk (they say) used daily to rest. They assert that this "Bèr" is five hundred and seventy-five years old! The dome is

gilt, and the walls are covered with paintings, and Baba NânuK, with his venerable grey beard, is drawn repeatedly, always seated under the holy tree, which has christened the temple.

There is a small court in front of the building, paved with marble. I walked across, and when they objected to shoes on hallowed ground, I pointed to mine, which were worked in worsted, and so I was allowed unmolested to examine the edifice more nearly. I felicitated myself on my ingenuity, in concealing from these superstitious geese, the only part of the shoes which *did* touch their soi-disant sacred ground,—the *leather* soles of my worsted slippers! I laughed in my sleeve at their folly, but was kind enough not to undeceive them.

There was a priest inside the temple, reading out of the Grunth, and several devout Sikhs formed his congregation. I observed numberless pictures of my old friend “Krishen,”\* on the walls of the “Mundur,”†—the handsome blue god is never forgotten by the Hindoos.

There were many fine trees in the enclosure, and the “Bèr” was the most insignificant, notwithstanding its great antiquity and sanctity.

\* Or “Krishna,” the handsome *Lothario* of the heavenly host, in the Hindoo mythology. I am sorry to observe he is the favourite of the deities.

† “Mundur” signifies temple.

After we had seen this temple, we walked down a pretty wooded lane, and visited some Mussulman tombs.

In the lane I saw a Sikh sitting on the ground, with the Grunth open before him. He was reciting passages of it, in a monotonous tone, and on our stopping to ask the aged devotee how long he had steadily read the Grunth in the same spot, he told us, "*five years,*" and without adding another word, the old man recommenced his recitations, totally heedless of the presence of strangers.

There are two or three native gardens in the immediate vicinity of the city, and the Mahoût took us to see them.

Though the neighbourhood of the city is pretty, and well wooded with fine trees, the spot on which the cantonment is building is, on the whole, bare and ugly, and scarcely a tree to be seen.

There is but little to say of the cantonment of Seâlkôte. It is in an unfinished state, and, probably will not be completed for five years to come. It will be a large station; but, at present, its straggling, irregular appearance bears an air of desolation with it.

The best thing here, is the beautiful and uninterrupted view of the Snowy Range. As the crow flies, the intervening distance cannot be more than forty miles; and, on a clear day, the scene is



charming. Jummoo\* is distinctly seen, a little to the right, when neither clouds nor dust obstruct the view.

My arm still hangs uselessly at my side; and, were I despondently inclined, I should begin to fear that I should never recover the use of it. It pains me less, but I cannot raise it enough to put it even into a sleeve, and I dare not attempt to use it in any way. The torture consequent on any forgetfulness in this, very soon reminds me of my helplessness. However, I contrive to ride a mile or two every morning, in hopes of better times.

After two days of great heat—the thermometer ranging from 78° to 82° Fâhrenheit,—rain fell, and the climate was charming all day. The thermometer for six days ranged, between sunrise and sunset, from 72° to 75° Fâhrenheit. The wind was cool and balmy, and I could not fancy that I was in the plains in the fiery month of April. I remember, in Bundelcund, my brother George and I used to have *tatties*† up, from the 10th of March; and there, in April, the hot winds blew a perfect

\* Jummoo is twenty-six miles distant from Seâlkote. The names of the stages are—

1st.	Seâlkote to Thâo, a large village . . .	13 miles	} Road } good.
2nd.	Thâo to Jummoo . . . . .	13 „	

† “Tatties” are doors of *kus-kus*, (a sweet-scented grass,) which are put up in India over the open door-ways, on the

simoom, night and day. I am told that dust storms and hot winds make their appearance here next month. Well! it will matter little to me; I shall be freezing in the far Himalayas.

I have a vivid remembrance of the dust storms in Bundelcund, when, at *mid-day*, it became suddenly darker than the darkest starless, moonless night; and when dust, inches thick, covered food and raiment alike. Heaven forefend it should ever be my fate to be thus "dusted" again! The memory is quite enough, verily!

I see no pretty women here, who "waste their sweetness on the *dusty* air." They are all, apparently, ugly enough; and, from all I hear, stupid enough to match the dust-storms well.

*24th April, 1851, Thursday.*—This is my last day at Seâlkôte. I am going elephant *dâk* to the city of Wuzzeerabad this evening. Mr. C—— is going to ride there. The weather is much hotter to-day. The thermometer stands now, at noon, at 82° Fâht.

sides of the house exposed to the blasts of the dry, scorching hot winds which prevail all over Hindostan for three or four months of the year. These *Tatties* are kept all day, and frequently all night soakingly wet, and the wind blows into the house cold and fragrant.

## WUZZEERABAD. (CITY.)

*Distance\* thirty-two and a quarter miles.*

25th April, 1851. Friday.—I arrived here about two o'clock, a. m., and was much disgusted to see the sort of place which did duty for a Dâk Bungalow. It was of the genus "Serai," and even *more* filthy than the ordinary run of those native *hotels*! This miserable domicile consisted of a set of dirty, uncarpeted rooms over the worst gateway of the city. Servants are kept here, and for this wretched accommodation one has to pay the same as at Christian Dâk Bungalows.

I hesitated to put my bedding on the questionable-looking bedstead, fearing to have "lively" rezaïs, and frisky blankets, afterwards. However, fatigue prevailed, and I lay down hoping to sleep the little remainder of the night, if not in comfort, at least from sheer exhaustion. Vain hope in

\* The marches are, first, from Seâlkôte to

	Miles.	Fur.
1. Sumriâl . . . . .	11	4
2. Sodra . . . . .	10	1
3. Wuzzeerabad . . . . .	10	5
	32	2

Total distance, thirty-two miles two furlongs.

such a place! The morning dawned, and I had not once closed my eyes; fleas, mosquitoes, and other still more disagreeable visitors, effectually banished anything so sweet as sound sleep. I was only too glad to rise, and have a refreshing bath. I am now going to see the city, and then drive on to Cantonments, where I shall spend the day.

*Two o'clock p.m.*—I write this from the Cantonment of Wuzzeerabad. What a very desolate-looking place; a dead level, and trees at a woful premium. The houses look like miserable native mud-huts, and the heat and dust are unbearable in such hovels.

The interior is better than the exterior of the house I am located in, and my young host, though a stranger to me, is very kind. I have not seen him yet, but I am delighted to be anywhere rather than at that mock Dâk Bungalow over a city gateway.

The heat is perfectly overpowering, and the wind blows a regular simoom, the dust rising in suffocating clouds at every blast. Oh, how glad I am at the knowledge that such misery is not to last long for me. I shall "*poojah kurro*"\* to the soft cool breezes of the beautiful Himalayas,

\* Worship.

and make them a profound Salaam, directly I can inhale them once more !

The Cantonment of Wuzzeerabad is seven miles distant from the city. A broad straight road runs between the two. The city is not large, but is moderately clean, and the streets are paved and broader than in most native towns. The Lahore gate is rather handsome, and has a fine effect at a little distance.

There is a peculiar manufacture in floss silk carried on in the city, and the slippers and pen-and-ink holders are very pretty.

We went to see General Avitabilé's house and garden, situated immediately outside one of the city gates. The garden is like most Indian gardens, and is nothing very remarkable. The house is a fine one, *polystoried*, and built in the native style of "Mâhuls." The walls of the rooms and halls are covered with paintings, most of them illustrative of Hindoo mythology. There is a pretty view from the roof, and I saw the Chenâb about a mile off, flowing along in a broad stream. The surrounding country is richly cultivated, and a nullah waters the land immediately below the city. This nullah comes all the way from Seâlkôte, and from an inconsiderable streamlet, swells into a broad volume of water here. Along the

banks of this nullah, I observed a fine range of willow trees, in double and treble rows. This is a favourite place for picnics, and I am told they are held even now in its thick shade. I should say that all people who take pleasure in frequenting such meetings at this time of the year, in this torrid zone, ought to be regarded as salamanders, or persons of unsound mind. Were I Mâlik of the district, I should at once order a *de Lunatico inquirendo* on all such maniacs, male and female. Then shave their heads, and put on straight waistcoats without delay. For what but lunatics can they be who find amusement in roasting alive by sun-fire?

I drive to Wuzzeerabad city this evening, and then go dâk to Guzrât. From Guzrât I go on the elephant to Bhimber, which place I hope to reach, D. V., by breakfast time to-morrow morning. Mr. C—— is to come with me in his palanquin as far as he can, and then I shall be alone again.

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### BHIMBER.

*Distance\* forty-four and a half miles.*

*April 26th, 1851. Saturday.--After many troubles*

\* The marches are, first, from Wuzzeerabad Cantonments to—

and accidents, we arrived here at nine or ten o'clock this morning. The sun was blazing with fearful power, and struck painfully on my head, even through a thick wadded umbrella. I was very glad indeed to reach the house here, which Goolâb Singh is said to have erected for the special accommodation of English travellers. This house, though only a mud, low-roofed building, is infinitely cooler than the best house at Wuzzeerabad.

Bhimber is situated at the foot of the lower range of hills. It is so surrounded by low ridges as to be imperceptible till quite close. While suffering purgatory on the elephant this morning, I began to look on Bhimber as an illusion, as a will-o'-the-wisp, rapidly leading me on to brain fever. Mile after mile wearily passed by, and I could not see Bhimber, and when we actually

	Miles.	Fur.	
1. Wuzzeerabad City . . . .	7	0	
2. Goojrât . . . . .	7	4	
3. Dowlutnuggur . . . . .	11	0	} A large town, good road.
4. Kōtla . . . . .	8	0	
5. Bhimber . . . . .	11	0	} road stony for the last halfway.
Total distance . . . . .	44	4	

reached the lower range of hills without perceiving any semblance of the town, I began to feel desperate. But everything has an end, as I before remarked. A turn round a hilly corner, and my white tents smiled on me, at fifty yards distance!

I have given the real distance from Wuzzeerabad city to Bhimber, in a note, and the proper marches, &c., and I only wish *we* had been lucky enough to find this road. I got on very well to Guzrât, crossing the Chenâb, and a legion of nullahs, in the palanquin—Guzrât, the famous field of battle, where our conquering army (saith tradition), were *supposed* to retrieve by a bloodless victory—the bloody defeat of Chilliânwalla.

I passed the City of Guzrât on the elephant, and the walls seemed high and strong. I could not see much by torch-light, and, perchance, what I took for the walls of the city, were the ramparts of the fort. Guzrât is eight miles from Wuzzeerabad city, and the Chenâb is ferried at two miles from the latter.

The country between Guzrât and Bhimber is flat and uninteresting. We lost the road, and near daybreak found ourselves at Kawaspore, the first march to Jhelum. Had I not enquired, I should now be at Jhelum! The Mahou't of the



elephant, like all natives, was stupidly plodding on, and never thinking of asking the road. "Alphonso the Brave" was no where in sight, he and his palky bearers having equally fallen asleep by the road-side, miles before!

From Kawaspore we went across country to Bhimber, guided by a slow, apathetic villager. No wonder we were so long in arriving here, after making a *détour* of ten or fifteen miles.

I hear that it is not safe taking camels beyond Bhimber. Elephants are said to go all the way to Kashmir.

Bhimber is a small town, and the surrounding scenery is in no way striking.

There is a large place something like a fort here, which the people say, is merely the dwelling-place of the local authorities. The Thanadâr told us that there was *no* fort here, which I am rather surprised at.

Jhelum cantonments are said to be twelve coss distant. I have sent "Phoenix" to my brother George, that his feet may be well shod. That horse is too fresh to be safe in the hills, I fear.

In the cool of the evening I am going on to Shahabad Serai, the next march. Mr. C—— will escort me so far, and I mean to ride the whole way. My broken arm is getting on very slowly.

## SHAHABAD SERAI.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

27th April, 1851. *Sunday.*—We only reached this place at two o'clock, a. m., having been upwards of five weary hours on the way. The distance is six coss, about nine miles, but I seldom travelled over a more fatiguing style of road.

The day closed in before we had gone a mile. There is a small river, very easily forded, which flows immediately below the town of Bhimber. The coolies told us, that this stream had no particular name, they vaguely called it, the "Bhimber-ka-Nuddee."\* We had to cross and re-cross this river a painful number of times, and the stony path, which was the only apology for a road all throughout this march, was ceaselessly intersected by streams of all sorts. At one coss, we came to what is called the "Bhimber Pass," a steep ascent and corresponding descent, stony and rugged, which extends to within a mile of this encamping ground.

This road would be fatiguing by day, but by torch-light it was very bad. I was riding

\* The River of Bhimber.

“Pickle,” and the unfortunate animal trembled in every limb, as he carried me over the rugged or precipitous places. He is at present totally unaccustomed to the hills, and goes unsafely for a rider, who can only boast of *one* sound arm!

At the top of the ascent, about two-thirds of the way, there are huts,\* and one or two shops. We procured some pine torches here, as our *masáls*† were nearly expended.

I like the fragrant smell of the fir-wood, for it reminds me of a few of the happiest days of my life. And to me, it will always smell sweetly, though the memory of those days, as of all past bliss, is not one of *unmixed* happiness; for there is the sad feeling that they are fled for ever. How instinctively we hug these painful—pleasing memories, thus roused by external agents! And so I shall ever prefer the fir tree, to all the other trees of the forest,—to the end of my sentient existence.

*Thermometer at sunrise 72°; noon, 78°; sunset, 77°.*

28th April, 1851. Monday.—I have halted today, as Mr. C—— must return, and I shall go on

\* These “Huts” are Gooláb Singh’s “Chowkies.”

† “*Masáls*” are torches used in the plains of India; they are made of rags thickly wound round long sticks, and saturated with oil, of which a supply is carried by the torch-bearers.

towards Kashmir, when he careers to the dusty plains.

I went out walking last evening. There is nothing very pretty about this place. It is surrounded by low hills, partially wooded, principally with shrubs. There is a good deal of cultivation, and the ripe state of the wheat and barley, at this date of the year, evinces the high temperature of the neighbourhood. In a tent the heat is very great, but there is a house here, which proves a great accommodation to travellers. In this place the thermometer stood to-day at 72° at sunrise, and 78° at noon. After that we had a tiny storm, and the weather became delightfully cool and balmy after the rain fell.

We passed a great many firs on the Bhimber Pass. I do not know the height of that hill, but the presence of the above-mentioned tree, argues it to be *above* 3,000 feet at least.

There were four gentlemen here when we arrived, but I did not see them; indeed they had all gone on to the next march before I left my tent. Mr. C—— was sleeping in the house they were in, and one of the party went up to his bed, and shook him well, calling him “the Squire.” As they were no acquaintances of his, he did not think it *necessary* to awake.

## NOUASHEHRA

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

29th April, 1851. Tuesday.—I came on (by dhoolie) last night. The day had scarcely broke when I arrived here. I am only waiting for fresh coolies, and a cup of tea, before I go on.

This march is six coss, or about nine miles, in distance. As I came in the dark, I do not know much about the road, but I believe it was a good one for these parts. The coolies were four or five hours *en route*; but these people are so stupid in carrying a dhoolie, that their rate of walking is no criterion of distance.

The first coss was a rather steep ascent, and the second a similar descent, the path very stony. The remaining four coss consisted of comparatively level ground, with one or two bad places. I have no doubt that a good rider on a good pony, might with ease accomplish this march in a couple of hours, that is to say, if he lost no practicable ground for cantering or trotting.

This is a pretty place, and the house generally occupied by English travellers is situated in a garden. The town of Nouashēhra is a quarter of

a mile beyond, on the road to the next march. There is a gate in the town, but not much else to distinguish it from a village.

The Thanadâr of this place is a very civil functionary, and I find no difficulty in moving on without delay to the next stage.

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### CHINGUS, or CHUNGUS-SERAI.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

*Same day, 2 o'clock, p.m.*—Thermometer at noon, 79°. I arrived here about 9 o'clock a.m., having been three hours and a half on the road. I rode all but the last coss, when I went into the dhoolie, as the sun was very powerful.

The road is in some places very rugged, but these stony ascents and descents are short, and the rest of the way is quite fit for riding at a trot or canter. A person mounted on a Ghōont, and not troubled with any great amount of nervousness, could ride this march in a couple of hours. The road runs along the banks of the Tohi River, sometimes close to the shore, and sometimes one or two hundred yards removed, either above the stream, or to the left of it.

There are two roads from Nouashēhra to Chingus, a lower and an upper one. I went by

the former, as I was told that the latter was only fit for people on foot. We followed the right bank of the Tohi, till within a mile of this place, where we forded the river, and as far as this, our course has been along the left bank. The stream was neither rapid nor deep. I observed that the water never rose higher than six inches above the knees of the coolies.

I would recommend no one to halt at this place. A dirty cattle-shed is the only house here, and coolies or supplies are equally difficult to procure. This cow-shed (inside which I am seated,) is dirty and hot. The Tohi flows within a few yards, and is considerably deeper at this spot. On the hill, right opposite, there is a large ruined Serâï, and one or two Bunniah's shops, but no Thanadâr or Kardâr is any where in this neighbourhood. I saw a quantity of baggage lying near this hut, belonging to some gentleman, who went on this morning to Rajoûrie, and the servants are in despair about coolies. I would advise all travellers to go direct from Nouashêhra to Rajoûrie, making up their minds before starting, for a fatiguing long march, as the less of two evils.

This "Tohi" is not the same river as the Tohi which flows below Jummo. In Baron Hûgel's

travels, there is a note by the editor to the following effect:—

“The Taúhi, or Tohi, rises in the Ratan Punjál Mountains, flows by Rajaor, and joins the Chenâb above Wazirabad.”

This note is given under the Baron's description of the Tohi by Jummo, and is totally erroneous. In fact the writer has confounded the two rivers, and made *two distinct* streams one and the same. Had he considered for a moment, he could not have perpetrated such a grave geographical error, for the Chenâb *divides* the two rivers Tohi, and they flow into the Chenâb from *different* sides.

The Jummo river rises in high mountains, immediately above the Hindoo place of pilgrimage, called Soodh Mahadéo, thirty-two coss from Jummo, to the north-east of Rihârsi. It flows by Badumpore and Chinainee, (or Chenine,) the former eighteen coss from Jummo, and the latter seven coss further on, or the same distance from Soodh-Mahadéo. Its course takes it immediately below Jummo, and after that, it has a further course of some ten or twelve coss, when it empties itself into the Chenâb, about six coss from Seâlkôte, below the village of Tuhōt, or Toob, north-east of Seâlkôte.



The namesake of this river, or Tohi the II, rises in the Ruttun Punjâl mountains, on the road from Tannah to Burrungulla, about twelve coss from Rajoûrie.\* It flows by Nouashêhra, and then turning off to the south-south-east, passes within half a coss of the fortified town of Monâvor, and two or three coss beyond, falls into the Chenâb, near Koorie, a village on the banks of the river. Some of the natives call this stream the "Malkâni Tohi," to distinguish it from the other river by Jummo.

At noon to-day, the thermometer showed 79° in this beautiful cattle shed.

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### RAJAORA, or RAJOURIE.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

30th April, 1851. *Wednesday.*—Thermometer at sunrise 66°; noon, 73°; sunset, 73°.—I arrived here about midnight, having suffered several mishaps on the road, which delayed me two or three hours at least.

The road is in some points rugged, and there are one or two bad ascents and descents, but two

\* Rajoûrie is one march from this place, (Chingus, or Chungus Serâi.)

thirds of the way are very tolerable, and I would undertake to accomplish this march on a good hill-pony, in two hours and a half.

About a mile from Chungus, we forded the Tohi, the water reached some eight or ten inches above the knees of the coolies. Till we arrived about half-way, our road lay along the right bank of the river. At this place, the coolies crossed over to the left bank, why I do not know, because before we had gone a couple of hundred yards, we were forced to recross to the right bank. That it is unnecessary I know, because half the coolies and servants kept to the right bank the whole time, and the path, though rugged, was quite passable. As the water is rather deep, I should recommend every one to keep to the right bank, and follow the path on that side.

I wish I had done this, for as I was riding, I was a good deal wet in this double fording. One of the coolies let fall the bundle he was carrying, and everything in it was soaked. When we reached the other side, I stopped to see if the contents had been injured, as my thermometer and looking-glass were in this unfortunate package. While I dismounted and was examining everything, the sapient coolies walked off with my

dhoolie, before I was aware that they were gone. The "shades of evening closed around us," and the few people I had with me, did not know the road. The night became pitch dark, and we had no torches, nothing to guide us. After stumbling in the dark for a hundred yards, I refused to go further. My *Dhobie* (or washerman) spread a blanket for me, and I lay down, while some of my people went to look for a village, where torches might be procured. I was cold and sleepy, and spent a disagreeable hour by the river-side, before the welcome glare of many torches reinspired us all.

For the guidance of other travellers, I may as well say, that there are two roads from the half-way, or the beginning of the fourth coss, an upper and a lower one. The former we went, and found it very tolerable, but most of my servants were taken the lower path, and they said it was bad, and constantly going through water.

I found my dhoolie about a coss and a half from Rajoûrie, where the above two roads join. Having administered a desperate scolding, I went into the conveyance, and was carried the rest of the way.

About a mile from this place, several sepoy, servants, and torch-bearers met us. They had been sent by Ghaussie, who was alarmed at my prolonged absence. We had to ford the Tohi

once more, about a quarter of a mile from my camp here.

Rajourie or Rajâora, is a large town, situated on the side of a hill, on the right bank of the Tohi. The garden where English travellers encamp, is situated on the left bank, and is on a hill directly opposite the town. There is a Bâruh Durrie in this garden, and canals of water flow through the shaded walks, and give coolness and freshness to the place.

Last night, the thermometer stood at  $60^{\circ}$  in my tent. It was very cold. In the Bâruh Durrie, at noon to-day, the thermometer stood at  $73^{\circ}$ .

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### RAJOURIE.

*May 1st, 1851. Thursday.*—Thermometer at sunrise,  $65^{\circ}$ ; noon,  $73^{\circ}$ ; sunset,  $73^{\circ}$ , Fâhrenheit.

I have halted here to get my baggage repaired, and all my letters written before I get entirely out of the way of dâks.

I took a walk yesterday evening. I saw two or three regiments\* of Goolâb Singh's soldiers encamped close by. Though people at Bhimber

\* Marching from Jummoo to Kashmir.

said that camels did not go by this route to Kashmir, I saw nearly a hundred on the road this evening, close to this place.

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### RAJOURIE.

*May 2nd, 1851. Friday.*—Thermometer at sunrise,  $65^{\circ}$ ; noon,  $78^{\circ}$ ; sunset,  $78^{\circ}$ , Fâhrenheit.

It is much hotter to-day, and at noon the thermometer showed  $78^{\circ}$ , which is an increase of  $5^{\circ}$  since yesterday, though it has been standing in the same spot of the same room. There are no doors to this Bâruh Durrie, and that certainly adds to the heat. The morning temperature was taken in the large tent I slept in. When I first got up, a little before daybreak, the thermometer was nearly two degrees lower, and I felt very cold. What a difference between the temperature at night, and during the middle of the day. I doubt if this can be healthy.

Rajouïrie is famous for its fever, and general insalubrity during the rainy season, and for months afterwards, but at present I do not hear of any particular sickness.

I took a solitary ride yesterday evening. The town of Rajouïrie looks large in the distance, and its situation and general appearance are certainly

picturesque and striking from this side. Much more so, indeed, than when viewed closely. Then "familiarity breeds the contempt," which one cannot help feeling for the majority of the so-called "towns" and "cities" of the East.

I rode over the town of Rajoūrie this morning. The interior by no means fulfils the promise held out in the attractive appearance of the exterior, as viewed from the opposite height. The streets are narrow, and irregularly paved with stone; the houses have a bare, unfinished aspect, and are rudely constructed of unhewn stones and mud. The palace of the last Rājah is in ruins, and quite unworthy of notice. There is a small Bāgh still kept up in its immediate neighbourhood, but there is nothing "royal" in the spot. A few crumbling ruins still mark out the site of the former fort. However, the town is a large one for the mountains, and workmen of various descriptions are to be found within its walls.

As the Tohi flows between the hill where my camp is pitched and the eminence on which Rajoūrie stands, I had to ford the river. In some places the water nearly reaches the waist, and the natives told me that in the rains, there is no passage for days together, and all communication is consequently cut off by this route as long

as heavy rain falls. I do not much like riding through these rivers. The stony bottom makes the horse stumble about, and the rapid current causing him to (apparently at least) swing to and fro, has the effect of making my head quite dizzy. I have been more than once very nearly drowned, and feel rather nervous in consequence, even when there is probably no real danger.

I took a long ride this morning, after returning from my inspection of the city. I nearly came to grief by an untoward accident. I was mounted on a pony, which was "*kánee*."\* This animal has good paces, and knows how to gallop. In fact she has but *one* fault, and that "one" nearly did me a serious injury this morning. The little vixen has an inveterate habit of *shying*, probably from having but one eye. I was galloping along at my usual reckless pace, when she shied at a plough, so suddenly and violently that my saddle (which had been too loosely put on) turned completely over, down the *right* side, and as I never leave my saddle (ahem!) I went with it, stirrup and all. Fortunately I did not lose my presence of mind, though I was hanging on the topsy-turvy saddle, on the *wrong* side, close by the brink of a precipice. I disengaged myself

\* One-eyed.

cautiously, and with the exception of painfully wrenching my broken arm, I suffered no injury whatever. I do not know what harm has been done to that luckless left shoulder, but it aches so badly now that I cannot raise it from my side, and I have been in great pain all day. *Maudite Borgnesse ! oh, que je te relance\* cette funeste chute !*

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### RAJOURIE.

*Thermometer 66° at sunrise, 78° at noon, 80° at sunset.*

3rd May, 1851. *Saturday*.—The whole of the above heights of the temperature have been taken in the Bâruh Durrie. In the early morning my tents were doubtless colder, probably the temperature exhibited there would have been 64° or 65°. During the day, even in the thick shade of the trees, the tents are like ovens.

I have had a couple more rides on the *Kânee*, but I feel now so insecure I shall give her up.

Rajourie is entirely surrounded by hills, some merely covered with grass, others prettily wooded.

\* The literal meaning of this word "*relancer*," is, to rouse ; but it is also used idiomatically, and corresponds to the English idiom of "giving one a Roland for his Oliver."



On this side there is a cultivated tract of half-level ground, along which is the only cantering ground I can find.

I am told by the Kardâr, and several respectable natives here, that the Peer Punjâl \* is not yet open, for horses or baggage, as the snow lies very deep on the pass. There is a road by "Pōōnch," over the Bâra Moolla Pass, which is said to be more practicable. I shall wait to hear what success the gentlemen who have preceded me have had. The route *viâ* Pōōnch is at least forty miles round, I hear, so I shall avoid it if I can.

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### THUNNAH, OR TANNAH.

*Distance seven coss, or ten and a half miles.*

6th May, 1851. *Tuesday*.—After great difficulty in procuring coolies, on account of an arrival of seven Philistines (in the shape of English travellers), and the numbers of Goolâb Singh's sepoy

\* "Peer" means a saint, or chief of any religious body. The Hill-men, however, apply the term "Peer" to any high mountain. There is a legend attached to the Peer Punjâl, and the origin of the name is thus accounted for. A Peer, or saint, lived and died on this pass, which bears his name. His tomb is pointed out on the summit, and no devout Mussulman passes the spot unheedingly by.

and regiments marching, I got off at last, about midnight. I went in my dhoolie, and slept nearly two-thirds of the way, I believe, so I cannot say much on the subject of the road, except that we had to ford a river at a little distance from Rajourie. I am told that the greater part of the road is unexceptionable, and quite fit for cantering.

There is a house here, and I am very glad that I am not condemned to tents. The heat is great enough, even with the shelter of mud walls.

The seven Philistines have arrived *here!* I hope they like their tents, and feel very comfortable, though I know they wish me at Nova Zembla. Really this flight of *Locusts* is very disagreeable.

I am going to Goondee now. Anything to get as soon as possible out of this heat.

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### GOONDEE.

*Distance seven coss, or ten and a half miles.*

7th May, 1851. *Wednesday.*—Arrived here after many troubles (consequent on losing the road, after dark), at eleven o'clock last night.

The road is at first a steep ascent of a couple of coss, and a ditto descent, rugged path the whole

way, though I managed to ride the greater part of the march. This Ghât is beautifully wooded, and the grassy banks are covered with many sweet wild flowers. I was quite enchanted with the beauty of this march. The trees are really magnificent, and crown the hills on all sides, thickly wooding every height. The name of the particular mountain we scaled, is the "Neelee Dhérie." This little piece of information was given me by my torch-bearer. I hope it is correct.

When we reached the foot of the descent, the path wound through a jungly piece of level ground, along the banks of a roaring torrent, till within a mile of the village of Goondee, where we crossed the river by a villainous *sanga*, alias a wooden bridge, of course without rails of any sort, and the construction of the said "*Pool*"\* was (as usual in the benighted hills) after the fashions prevalent in Noah's time.

But I am not a cockney traveller like some I could mention, and went bravely over, carried by Puhârrie ! †

Now let me caution all enterprising travellers, not to do as I did, and cross the river. Let them

\* Bridge.

† N.B.—A victim *comme à l'ordinaire*.

keep steadily to the left bank, and go direct to the "Châonie"\* of Goondee, and not the village. In the first place, they thus avoid two bridges, and in the second, the lucky people who follow this timely advice, are saved a heap of useless vexation of spirit. The ascent to the *village* of Goondee is very steep, very bad, and very unnecessary. I have now to re-cross the river by a second bridge, and proceed to the Châonie. Neither coolies nor supplies are procurable here.

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### GOONDEE CHAONIE.

*Distance one coss, or one-and-a-half mile.*

8th May, 1851. *Thursday*.—I moved over here yesterday afternoon. I have had fever and ague, and do not feel very well. This morning the thermometer was 66° in the Thâkoor Dwâra I occupied yesterday, and when I put the instrument outside, it fell 12°. At sunrise it was about 55°.

There has been great difficulty in procuring coolies, on account (so it is alleged) of the royal regiments at present passing this way to

\* "Châonie," signifies much the same as Cantonment: Goolâb Singh's Sipâhis are stationed here.

Kashmir. There is no house here, except a Thâkoor Dwâra, or Temple, which the Kârdar voluntarily gave up for my use, my tents being still behind.

I have been trying to find out the name of the river I have lately crossed twice, but no one appears to know it. I asked one man, and he said it was the "Sourân;" three minutes after, just in fun, I enquired gravely, if it might not be the Tohi, and my sapient cicerone, said "*it was the Tohi.*" He ended by giving the stream a third cognomen, and then I gave it up in despair.

I proceed now to the next march, which is ten coss distant. The sun rose long ago, so I shall be annihilated before I can reach my destination.

This place is between one and two miles from the village.

Yesterday, we passed Bufiâge, at four and a-half coss from Thunnah. Many people make that a march of itself, but it is on the *left* bank of that river minus a name,\* and is out of the direct road.

\* *Three* names being in fact none!

## POONCH.

*Distance nine coss, or fourteen miles.*

9th May, 1851. Friday.—I arrived here yesterday by a little after ten o'clock, a.m. The sun was fearfully hot, and the elevation of this town must be very trifling,—not more than three or four thousand feet, if so much.

After leaving the Châonie yesterday, I lost my way, but fortunately found it again very soon. Almost immediately after quitting the encamping ground, the river is crossed by a *sanga*. After this, the path lies along a beautiful valley, and I enjoyed an inspiring gallop over grassy paths, and along lovely lanes, edged by eglantines and wild roses in full bloom, impregnating the air with well remembered fragrance.

The road lies along the right bank of the river till it is once more crossed by two wooden bridges, about three coss from this.

Under the shade of some fine trees I halted half an hour here, and a villager gave me some buttermilk, and a piece of his *chupattie*. The latter was quite different from most of its kind, and I found it *clean*, and very tolerable in flavour.

The last three coss are still in a valley, and the road is a very gentle descent the whole way to this town. There was no longer any beautiful shade to keep the burning rays of the sun from my head, and I began to wish I had not wasted so much time on the road.

Pōōnch is a large place, a *soi-disant* town. There is a fort here, and it is encompassed by wooded hills, some to the north-east are very high in comparison.

I have halted here to-day, on account of the great difficulty there is in procuring coolies. This difficulty is quite incomprehensible in a well populated district like this. The Wuzeer excuses it by saying that so many of the Maha Râjah's regiments have gone this route, that all the coolies of the country are taken away. This, however, cannot in any way account for the *Kooloo* habit of leaving their loads on the road and running away, without any apparent cause. I have had constant complaints from my servants about this distressing peculiarity of the porters of this district, and it altogether entails ceaseless trouble and annoyance on them and me equally. The local authorities press on the coolies of one stage for the following one, and this causes still more frequent desertions. Feeding them on the road, and promises of pay-

ment, are totally ineffectual in stopping this practice. It seems to prevail through certain districts. There is a very good Bâruh Durrie here, and in this hot place, this is an incalculable blessing. Even here, the thermometer stands at 83° now (noon).

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### KUHOTA, OR GOWTAH.

*Distance five coss, or seven and a half miles.*

May 10, 1851. *Saturday*.—This march is not one calculated for cantering. The first three coss follow the bed of a river, and the path is very stony. Then a steep ascent (impossible to ride over) follows, and is succeeded by a corresponding descent to the bed of the rapid stream we had previously followed, and which is here crossed by a wooden bridge of the usual primitive build. The last half coss is a stony ascent to this village, but I was delighted to find I could ride up the steep path. There is no regular village here, and the Kardâr lives six miles off, I am told. I see quantities of my baggage lying in the verandah of the hut I am sitting in. One of my servants is doing Chokeydâr, (or watchman,) and tells me



the old story of "*Coolie-lóg bhághea!*"\* All the rest of my camp has gone on, with the exception of two or three servants still behind.

I had an antediluvian breakfast this morning, cooked by an old village woman. She was much amused at my making her wash her hands before proceeding to the business of cooking! This beautiful breakfast consisted of *chupatties* and milk. But travellers, unless they are "cockneys," *can* philosophise on rustic fare!

The road to this place was in parts prettily wooded, and the hedges of sweet eglantines and wild jessamine exhaled the delicious perfume which I so much delight in.

There was a violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by rain, last night, and the heavy clouds still hanging about, threaten more rain.

The Wuzeer yesterday gave me a bamboo walking-stick, with a silver top to it, very rude in construction. I suppose this is to help me up the Pōōnch Pass this afternoon! I am going on now to the next halting place, four coss distant.

\* Anglicé: "All the Coolies have run away."

## ULLIAHABAD SERAI.

*Distance, four coss, or six miles.*

*Same day, three o'clock p.m.*—This is a very short march, if meant for an entire day's work. I rode here at a walk in two hours. The path is rugged, and consists of steep ascents, varied by one or two rugged descents, and a mountain torrent half-way. The latter part of this road is a steep ascent to this Serâi.

The scenery along this march is wild and very pretty. Cultivation no where visible, and villages almost equally rare. This Serâi consists of a couple of huts, where a few supplies are procurable.

I see a portion of my baggage lying here, accounted for as before. All along the road I saw loads lying about, the carriers thereof having fled, I suppose, and no one near. And yet these very men all received food in the middle of the march! I find all my camp have gone still further. This unusual zeal is rather provoking, as the following march is over a pass, and the night will come on before I can attain the next stage.

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## HEIDERABAD SERAI.

OVER POONCH PASS, 8,500 FEET HIGH.

*Distance five coss, or seven and a-half miles.*

11th May, 1851. *Sunday*.—Arrived here, quite exhausted with fatigue, about an hour after dark, last evening.

After leaving the Serâi of Ulliahabad, the path to the crest of the Pass was a steep and stony ascent of two coss; quite possible, however, to ride the whole way. We saw snow on all the surrounding hills, but very little on that side of the pass itself. All the ponies and syces, &c., were with me, and I got on very well.

At the crest of the pass, there is a deep, wide, bed of snow, and almost on the very summit of the mountain, is a Fakir's\* hut. The solitary recluse we pressed into our service by way of guide, and without delay commenced the descent.

And a snowy descent it proved, truly!

I tried to ride down the steep beds of snow, but not being mounted on a hill pony, I found it such a service of danger, that I was perforce obliged to try my feet.

\* Or Fuquēer, a religious mendicant.

This pass is said to be 8,500 feet in elevation, which is two thousand feet lower than any "pass" I ever crossed. However, the snow covers the descent of the mountain all over the north-west face of the range. Fir trees wooded the hills to their very summits, but nothing but vast fields of snow were to be seen on every side, from two to six feet deep.

As there is no snow on the Simla hills at this season of the year, nor even on Muhâsoo, which is some 700 feet higher (at the most elevated spot,) the only way of accounting for the deep snow here, is its immediate proximity to the Great Snowy Belt. This is not the Peer Punjâl *bona fide*, though the ignorant villagers persist in terming it the "Chōtah Peer Punjâl." That range is of considerably greater elevation, and lies to South-south-east\* of this pass, and is further removed from the plains.

From the crest of Pōōnch Pass to this Serâi, the wooded descent is about three coss in distance, two-thirds of the way deep snow. The last coss is half snow, half mud, slippery, and very *okha*.†

\* The snowy mountains which bound Kashmir, north, south, east, and west, are generally termed the "Punjâl." This Pōōnch pass is *outside* Kashmir's snowy boundary, lying to the west.

† Or rugged.

At the foot of the descent, roars a mountain torrent, which is spanned by the ordinary wooden bridge, common in these hills. The last hundred yards is a rude ascent to this place.

Ghaussie having made some mistake in not leaving my dhoolie at Ulliahabad Serâi, as I had distinctly ordered, I was obliged to walk the three coss of descent, when I found riding out of the question.

I sunk repeatedly in the deep snow, and (unaccustomed to walking exercise,) frequently came down by the run. My crippled left arm I did not dare to use, and I could not recover my equilibrium when once I lost it! Fatiguing as I found the snow, I dreaded the effects of wet feet, even more than I minded the exertion and pain of walking down such a wretched style of declivity. The half-melted snow, and deep slippery mud, of the last coss, was worse than the snow itself, and I became so exhausted I could scarcely guide my tottering steps, but stumbled and fell at every bad spot. There was no use in giving in and unconditionally declining to proceed, so I hobbled on, in considerable despair, over this "North-west passage."

About half-an-hour after dark, we were all delighted to see a couple of Masâls, and several villagers, sent by my people, to light me to camp.

A Puhâriya *carried* me the rest of the way, for I was quite knocked up, and scarcely able to walk any more. However, this relief only arrived when we were at the bridge I mentioned above. The man ran down hill, and up hill, over blocks of stone, as if I had been a feather-weight, and I marvelled at his doing so, when I could not manage my *unladen* self over roads like these !

Taking every precaution on my arrival at the Serâi here, to evade the distressing effects of wet feet, (which ere this, have brought me to grief,) I went to bed, and slept as soundly in my mud dwelling-place, as if I had been at my home in a papered and carpeted chamber ! True, I had my own bed and bedding, and my mosquito-curtains sheltered me from all the insect tribe. At Pōōnch I slept one night on a village *charpoy*, minus curtains, having been foolishly persuaded (by native arguments of a bad road and dark night,) to remain after my beds had gone on, and I spent a miserable, sleepless night, devoured by animalcula of all sorts. I shall fumigate the bedding I used on that *charpoy* that luckless night ! And why ? because one or two of those "animalcula" may, perchance, have lodged in my clean *rezdis*,\*

\* Quilts, or wadded silk and chintz coverlets, used instead of blankets.

and then, oh! I know how soon they will obediently follow the Scriptural injunction, of "Increase and multiply."

The thermometer this morning, stood at 60° at 6 o'clock a.m.; noon, 63°; five o'clock p.m., 58°. It is cold here, and the clouds make the temperature still more chilly. The surrounding hills tower far above this spot, and a great deal of snow lies on them. There are magnificent trees of my favourite Fir on all these high hills. I see snow lying close to the huts, which bear the name of "Heiderabad Serâi," and in one of which I am seated scribbling away. The water was icy cold when I bathed this morning, but *I* am not afraid of cold water, though I could mention some who are,—some of my friends too, perchance! *Eh bien, chacun à son goût.*

This is a pretty place, but coolies and supplies are equally difficult to procure. I would advise no one to halt here. For everything you chance to require, you are coolly referred to the "Shūher," or city, which convenient place is five coss off. All this country is a sort of Oojâr, very thinly populated, and villages "few and far between;" when found, consisting only of a couple or so of houses. I would recommend travellers to make

*puckha*\* arrangements for coolies at Pōōnch, who will be bound to go to Oorie. That city is four short marches, and might easily be reached in two. In the latter case, Ulliahabad Serâi is a good division. I proceed now to Oorie. Being rather lame from yesterday's exertions, I shall go in a dhoolie this evening. A large horse of the Punjaūbi breed came easily over Pōōnch Pass yesterday. Of course he was led, not ridden.

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### OORIE.

*Distance five coss, or seven and a-half miles.*

12th May, 1851. *Monday.*—Arrived here at eleven o'clock last night, after a very fatiguing journey in the dhoolie. The path is narrow and rugged, the ascents and descents ceaseless. The last mile is through a gorge in the hills, and the scenery all throughout the march is very prettily wooded. There are many glimpses of the white snowy peaks, which lie to the east.

Oorie is situated on a small piece of tolerably level ground, and is entirely encompassed by high hills. The summits of snowy mountains, in deep and unbroken whiteness, prominently tower behind the inner range of wooded hills.

\* Decided; unmistakeable. This is a word of many meanings.



There is a mud fort here, and what I expected to find a large town, (from hearing it incessantly called a "city," on my way to this place,) is merely a small bazaar, and paltry village. There is a good deal of cultivation in this neighbourhood, principally barley and Indian corn. The situation is decidedly striking, and would make a pretty sketch.

The Jhelum flows almost immediately below the fort, and is crossed by a Zampa,\* or bridge of Twigs, on the road to Mozufferabad. I went to see my old enemy this evening. It is much smaller than those I went over before, and consequently less formidable. The river is not more than five and twenty or thirty yards wide at this spot, and the bridge is a few yards longer. It is suspended at a very trifling elevation above the water, and looks slight and unsafe. I contented myself with surveying it at a respectful distance, and did not consider it a part of the evening's entertainment to walk across.

The Jhelum here is a very rapid torrent, and dashes rather madly along, reckless of the huge blocks of stone and rock, which intercept its course, and scatter foam and spray in the usual prodigal manner. This river rises at some distance beyond

\* Here called a "Jhōla."

Islamabad. One branch takes its course on the Draūs Pass, north-north-east of Kashmir city, but the principal arm\* rises in the Vernâg springs, some distance south-south-east of Islamabad. This river is the "Hydaspes" of the ancients. It has several minor branches and tributaries.

I have gathered many pretty flowers between Pōōnch and Oorie. The vegetation is very luxuriant on these hills, and the slopes and *plainlets* are covered with rich white clover, and various beautiful wild flowers enamel the ground. The floræ of this country resemble those of the districts of Kishtawâr and Bhudurwâr. The flowers on Pōōnch Pass were exactly similar to those I noticed on the Rotūng below 10,000 feet of elevation. The sweet blue violet of various shades, the anemone, white and lilac, pinks, yellow jasmine and others.† After the rains

\* The most remote source of the Jhelum is on the mountains of Bunhâl, but it is there called the "Sandram Nuddee," and moreover it dries up during four months of the year. Baron Hügel says that the Jhelum rises in the heights of Bunhâl, but the error he makes in asserting this, is very easily proved.

† Between Heiderabad and Oorie, I was enchanted to observe the English hawthorn tree, growing by the side of the road. The fragrant flowers in luxuriant bloom very nearly made me *extatic*, and forget everything in the memories of my girlish days.

commence, these hills will be perfect gardens of sweet roses. I observed myriads of bushes covered with incipient buds.

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## OORIE.

13th May, 1851. *Tuesday*.—Halted here to-day, as three-fourths of the baggage is hopelessly behind. I wonder if I shall ever see it again! It is hotter here than at Heiderabad Serâi, and this place must be considerably lower. Thermometer at noon, 69°; sunset 72°. There is a petty Râjah here, but it is an amusing idea, terming this paltry village a "Shūher," forsooth. Supplies seem as scarce as coolies. This is not a pleasant country to travel through. The Kardâr of this place assured me, that not many years ago the people were turbulent and unmanageable, and used to rise up and "loot"\* the land, at their pleasure! There is a very nice little mud cottage here, where English travellers are accommodated. There is one room surrounded on two or three sides by a young verandah, elevated four or five feet from the ground.

\* Or plunder.

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## BUNYAR.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

14th May, 1851. Wednesday.—This is a very pretty march, the path beautifully wooded the whole way, and very tolerable for riding. To the right of the road is a ridge of bold scarpèd rocks, very striking in appearance, which extends for some miles. The hills below are densely wooded, and I rode in the shade nearly the entire march. The trees are very fine, and the underwood is luxuriant. There are one or two bad ascents and descents, but this is decidedly an easy march.

The Jhelum roars along in an angry flood, and the path steadily follows the left bank of the river. I rode by one very bad precipice, which terminated abruptly in the foaming stream below. I turned to look on the surging waters of the broad torrent, white with foam. I thought how slight a hold all mortals have on life; *one* yard too much to the left, *one* false step, and I should no longer have thought or feeling. Suddenly I should have left the familiar scenes of this world—how suddenly! As the thoughts were flying across my brain, my journey and my life might alike have ended. A few inches of ground alone

separated me from eternity, but I rode quite steadily on, and turned frequently to the abyss below and gazed speculatively at the river, "rushing madly on." I never see running water of any kind without an involuntary feeling of wonder, why it is not tired! But when a river tears along at that wild pace, it *must* feel wearied; surely it must. Why do people say, that perpetual motion has *not* been discovered? Ecce signum Jhelum, and myself, ought to be refutation sufficient to such silly assertions!

After first leaving Oorie, there is a short descent to the bed of a small river, which is crossed by two wooden bridges, one of which has actually railings to match. (Wonderful march of intellect for these hills!) There are several mountain torrents to be crossed; the worst of which is spanned by a wooden (*railed*) bridge; about a quarter of a mile before Bunyâr is attained. In leaving Oorie, the bridge of twigs is some distance to the left. The small river crossed in this march, flows into the Jhelum a little above the bridge.

I have just turned to "Hügel's work on Kashmir," &c., to see what he says about this bridge. Either the bridge has undergone transmutation, or the Baron, (*Verzeihen Sie mein Herr*

die Wahrheit,) romances. This is a verbal quotation from his work, and is his description of the

“Remarkable suspension bridge at Uri.”  
——“a rope bridge, or sort of ladder is thrown over the roaring flood, stretching from the deep abyss to the mountain above. I dismounted in order to witness some men pass over this bridge, which in reality is an enterprize attended with considerable peril, it being nothing better than a thick rope twisted together, made out of horse hides. At the distance of every third foot is a loop or knot, which connects the skins together, and prevents the passenger from slipping off; but as it would be impossible to strain this material tight, he finds himself occasionally receding from the mountain across the deep abyss. On each side, however, there is another rope, about four feet above the footway, to lay hold by. In descending as well as ascending this contrivance, the utmost precaution is necessary to grasp the hand ropes firmly, and to plant the foot firmly on the loops or knots; the weight causing the bridge to fall from Uri as nearly perpendicularly as possible, it requires the greatest presence of mind. Its length is from 500 to 600 feet.” (etcetera.)

I have seen many bridges in the hills, but none like the one mentioned above, and most certainly

the suspension bridge at Oorie is in no way a counterpart of the one described by Hügel, and illustrated on the opposite page of his work.

The bridge over the Jhelum is not a couple of hundred yards from the Fort of Oorie, though considerably lower, and is not more than from thirty to forty yards long. The two piers are of equal elevation,\* and are constructed of wood and unhewn stone. The bridge itself is entirely made of *twigs*, and the bushes which are despoiled for this material grow close to the banks of the river. These twigs are twisted into ropes of an inch and a half, or two inches in diameter, and three or four of these twig-ropes form each of the sides of the bridge. The flooring of the construction is of twigs formed into ropes, and placed lengthways from pier to pier, across the gulph. The width of this footway is about six inches, just enough for a passenger to walk across, putting one foot before the other. The side twig-ropes are about three feet high. Short ropes join the sides to that part of the bridge where the passenger walks across; but these twigs are two and three feet apart, and the trembling wayfarer has plenty of opportunity to gaze at his leisure on the roaring flood, a few

\* That is to say, from the water.

yards only beneath his feet, dashing madly on!

However, I have seen many worse bridges of the kind; and the one below Khōksur, in Lahoul, is twice as long and twice as frightful. The longer the bridge is, the more sickening is the swinging to and fro of the frail construction.

In the Baron's illustration, there is a fine range of snowy hills, entirely imaginary! I saw only a few peaks in their wintry garb, towering behind the high hills which environ the plain on which Oorie is situated.

The houses are nearly all one-storied in this part of the country, and have flat mud roofs.

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### BARAMOOLLA.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

15th May, 1851. *Thursday*.—I reached this place yesterday evening at half-past nine o'clock. With the exception of one or two stony places, the road was a perfect "*Tunda Surruck*," (Mall!) compared to what we have lately been accustomed to. I came the greater part of the way in my dhoolie. I do not feel well, being afflicted with a miserable cold, which is a sort of thing which always falls heavily on me. However, I



shall forget my miseries, in thinking of my being in Kashmir once more !

The house I am seated writing in, is very comfortable of the kind.\* It is situated on the left bank of the Jhelum, immediately by the water edge. The deep river flows along in a broad stream, the stillness of the current a striking contrast to the angry torrent a few miles lower down. The city is immediately opposite, on the right bank, and the houses are built all along the shore. These houses are five and six stories high, with pent wooden roofs, on which grass and weeds have sprung up. Hills, about seven hundred feet high, covered with low shrubs, rise above the town of Baramoolla, and to the east are seen a range of lofty snowy mountains.

At the eastern extremity of the town, a wooden bridge spans the Jhelum. At this distance it seems to be constructed much in the same style as

\* I was just now interrupted in my task, by the visit of a native officer. He was announced as "the Major." His sword belt was of handsome gold lace, and the hilt of the weapon, which was suspended to his side, was of handsomely wrought gold. The gallant sable Major was very civil, and repeatedly assured me that the realm and all pertaining to it, was entirely mine ! ["Moolk ap ke, Dowlut ap ke."] I wish it were, Major !

the bridges over the Jhelum, in the city of Kashmir. There are arches for the boats to pass through.

I have just returned from a survey of boats of all sorts and sizes. I have chosen the cleanest of the lot for myself, and three more for my *suite*.

The road from Bunyâr to Baramoolla follows the course of the Jhelum the entire march, though for two coss of the way the river is a long distance to the left. The first two-thirds of the road is prettily wooded, and high hills densely covered with forests of firs, flank the path to the right. The latter part of the march is through rice-fields, and that grain seems widely cultivated in these parts.

We passed the village of Noshéra, at two coss from Bunyâr; it is situated near the road, on the left hand, and there is a pretty *tope* of trees (the Kashmir Poplar) in the middle of the village or town. I also observed a small mud fort at Noshéra. There is another large village and fort immediately opposite, on the right bank of the Jhelum. It is called Attâree.

From Oorie to Baramoolla, there is a path the whole way along the right bank of the river, crossing below Oorie Fort, by the suspension bridge before described.

I see a great many beautiful poplar trees in this neighbourhood. Yesterday I noticed numbers of the willow, very much the same as grow in Lahoûl.

The thermometer at noon to-day stood at 65°, Fâhrenheit. There has been a good deal of rain lately, and distant thunder.

Two-thirds of my baggage are still behind. From Thunnah to Oorie is a *Shaitân-ke-Moolk*, (which being interpreted, means "the Devil's country,") and Coolies and Sepoys of that same kind—as I found to my cost. (Poor me! always a victim.)

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## ON THE RIVER JHELUM.

*Between Baramoollah and Sopore.*

16th May, 1851. *Friday.*—I am on my way to Sirinuggur now, and while the boatmen track my little barge up the river, I will amuse myself by writing. I never saw such lovely scenery as delights the eye while sailing lazily along this part of the beautiful Vale of Kashmir. The poet

may well say of it, as he said of Greece, "Where all save the spirit of *man* is divine!"

Green fields and smiling hills, studded with beautiful trees, are succeeded by loftier mountains, beyond which, and towering far above, are the peerless heights of the Snowy Range. How glorious are they! The deep snow glitters in the bright sunlight, and looks as sternly cold as ever. How such a scene recalls the well-remembered mountains of Thibet. To me there is enchantment in so grand a view, and I like to gaze for hours on those icy white hills, rising far above the surrounding valley, in all the majesty of their haughty beauty. Yes, such a scene is indeed glorious, and I long once more to cross that glittering belt of snow.

Yesterday evening I went out in a boat to see how far the Jhelum is navigable below Baramoolla. The boatmen would not go more than a quarter or half a mile from the place I started from, and I think I did not press them much, when I observed the increasing rapidity of the current. The river at this point takes a turn round a hill, and very soon becomes the roaring flood I mentioned before. The western extremity of the town is left, about a quarter of a mile above the place where the Jhelum disappears round a hill, in a direction

nearly at right angles to its course below Baramoolla.

I saw the fields and the tops of the houses covered with very fine purple and white iris, growing in wild luxuriance on every available spot. White clover and rich grass also thrive in these parts. Pasturage ought to be very good on such hills, and the cows and sheep testify to the same.

Baramoollah is a large city for the mountains, and extends for half a mile along the banks of the Jhelum. I proceeded a couple of miles beyond the bridge before described, and enjoyed a beautiful view, when the rain (which had fallen heavily during my cruize,) ceased to obscure the prospect, and the heavy clouds had cleared away. It was a very lovely scene, the beautiful full moon shedding her cold radiance on hill and dale alike.

A little before sunset, I tried the temperature of the river. It was only 4° lower than the air at the same hour, the latter standing at 66°.

The miserable boatmen are beginning to paddle, and consequently shake the boat too much for further writing.

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## OOLER, OR WULER LAKE.

*May 17, 1851. Saturday.*—We anchored our little fleet at Quehâma yesterday evening, and I dined rurally in a log boat, finding my curtained barge too much confined.

Sopōre is six coss by land, from Baramoolla, but considerably more by water, owing to the tortuous windings of the Jhelum. However, the direct land route from Baramoolla to Sirinuggur, or Kashmir city, does not lie by Sopōre, and there is altogether a difference of eight or ten coss between the two roads. (Viâ “Puttun,” is the direct route by land.)

Sopōre is a tolerably sized town, situated on the confluence of the Jhelum with the Ooler Lake. There is the usual Kashmirian bridge (at the northern end of the town) spanning the river, and close to this spot is a fort, with high mud walls, apparently of no strength.

After dinner, by moonlight, our fleet proceeded to the little island on this lake, called Lânkh, or Lânkha.

I visited this odd spot last year, but forget what I said of it, and I have not my “Journal” by me to refer to. So I will give a new descrip-

tion of it, and hope I shall not be provokingly *repetitive!* \*

The islet in Wuler Lake is not more than two hundred and fifty yards in circumference. † It is situated at a very little distance from the shore, and is also close to that part of the lake where the Jhelum flows in from the south-east.

Many years ago this little island was inhabited, and a few Kashmirians lived here. Now I could only see rocks and stones, and rank jungle, besides the ruined temple. There was malaria in the very sighing of this noxious jungle, and there was little of attraction in the place.

\* I consider that I have a perfect right to coin words, thereby making valuable additions to the English language; and I do not care at all what anybody else "considers" on the subject, so they who differ from me need not waste their precious time by telling me so! I expect to see my new coinage in the next edition of Walker and Webster's Dictionaries.

† Baron Hügel says: "Here is an *extensive* building in ruins, . . . like the temple of Korau Pandau, it was of a square form, and *surrounded* by a flight of stone steps leading down to the lake."

I have marked the words which seem to me to give an incorrect idea of the islet and its ruined temple. There is not sufficient space in the tiny island for any "*extensive*" building, and the temple is not "*surrounded*" by a flight of stone steps, because there are stone steps leading down to the lake only on *one* side of the ruin.

I noticed the slab which had been pointed out to me last year by the devotee of the island, and I proceeded to take copies of the words engraved on the stone. They appear to be in Arabic characters, but not being learned in that language, they are hieroglyphics to me. The slab was in one block of black marble. I had not paper large enough to copy the whole at once, so I took facsimiles of each of the four sections, and have numbered them to show the order they came in. A space (quite blank), about an inch broad, divided each of these sections. I hope to be able to append a correct translation.

There are numberless traditions current regarding the origin of this Island, two of which attribute its existence to human agency. While I was copying the inscription on the black marble slab, I made the holy man of Lânkha recount the legends to me.

Many years ago,\* the Ooler lake was said to have extended to Sumbhul, six or seven coss further up the river. Storms were so frequent, on account of the immense extent of the lake, and the loss of life so great, that Zeinal-ab-ud-din, the sovereign prince of Kashmir, at that period,

\* In the year of the Hejira, 840,—480 years ago.



ordered a landing-spot to be erected half-way, where the water was shallow enough to allow the experiment. At present, the Lânkha is so close to one extremity of the lake, as to form by no means a "half-way" refuge from storms, but it is quite *possible* that the waters of Ooler, were once far more extensive; the banks of the Jhelum, between the lake and Sumbhul,\* are very low, often rising scarcely a couple of feet above the water. However, there is no *authentic* information on the subject.

The other favourite legend of Lânkha is, that the Ooler lake was, in olden times, the site of Kashmir's capital city, and that some angry Divinity struck it in its wrath, and it sunk never to rise again. The terrible convulsions of nature which effected this *bouleversement*, covered the once flourishing city with a vast sheet of water. The monarch (who escaped with life) ordered that the new-made lake should be explored for some

\* There are some very fine double roses, yellow and buff, of different shades, which grow in great luxuriance near Sumbhul. I have preserved many specimens of the various kinds. These double roses resemble those I observed in Ladâk last year, and have the same peculiar smell. The leaf is the common rose leaf, and not the sweet-briar of the single yellow rose of Lahouï, which I mentioned as being confined to one mile of ground near Kârdung.

remains of the drowned capital, and the Island and Temples were constructed from all that could be found of the ruins submerged.

They have a wonderful story about the slab I have described. One legend asserts that some impious Badshâh \* carried it off, and that the sacred relic was brought back by an elephant, who soared with it through the air, till he deposited it in its natal temple!

A more recent tale they have, declares that Goolâb Singh took the slab away, but that the elephant on which it was laden, unconditionally declined to proceed beyond Baramoolla, and the stone was brought back in a boat. How much of truth there may be in this fable, I am quite unable to say. "This broken tale is all I know!"

The circumference of Ooler lake must be great, probably not less than sixty miles. The shape is something of an oblong, but there are so many little promontories, and tiny bays, that the size, shape, and aspect are all difficult to define with precision. I sounded the depth of the water in several places, near Quehâma, and found it to vary from three to five fathoms. The middle of the lake is much deeper; the Kashmirians declare one part is fathomless.

\* Sovereign.

Singhâra or water-nut, cover the edges of the lake, and this nut forms a considerable portion of Goolâb Singh's revenue. This is a staple commodity of food for five months of the year, among the poorer classes. It is not in season yet, but I saw it in perfection last rains.

Lotus and other water-plants cover the outer parts of the lake for miles, making portions of large extent to resemble green fields, the water being entirely concealed.

Quehâma is situated in a beautiful nook, wooded with fine trees. The lake has risen considerably, for we rowed through a water avenue, willow trees flanking both sides, and no doubt this avenue is generally dry land.

Bundipore is two or three coss beyond, and about four miles from Lânkha. This is a good sized village, and boasts of a Thannah. It is on the road to Gilgit, from Baramoolla, or Sirinuggur. At present it is situated near the edge of the lake, but when the water is low, the receding waves leave a marsh nearly a mile long, between Bundipore and the beautiful lake.

This is not the direct water route from Baramoolla to Sirinuggur, but I could not pass on without visiting my old friends and favourite spots.

High hills, white with snow, rise almost immediately above Bundipore. Baron Hügel calls these the "Mountains of Tibet!" I could not help laughing at the idea, because Thibet, its snowy mountains and desert plains, are many weary rugged miles off. So Baron Hügel, mein Herr Freund, do not flatter yourself by imagining that in your "Cockney" visit to a mountain above Bundipore, you saw the glorious and difficult passes of Thibet. I am sorry to destroy the illusion, but it is such a silly one, I cannot resist a laugh at it.

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### MANNES BUL.

SOFYPOOR OR SOFAPORE VILLAGE, 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

I think this lake is one of the prettiest spots in Kashmir. My little fleet reached the Nullah, which leads to Mânes Bul\* from the Jhelum, an hour or so before sunset, and I removed into a smaller boat, called a Patindañ or Purrundah, sending the servants, &c., to prepare a dinner here.

I went all round Mânes Bul, and paid a visit to the beautiful *Tope* of Chenârs, where I was encamped last year. I also saw my old friend

\* "*Bul*" means, in the Kashmirian language, a lake or body of water.

Gōndavul village, and memory recalled the night, when wearied and faint, I arrived there, to find my camp *non inventus*. I remembered the drink of milk I had there, and how disconsolately I awaited the messenger who had gone to seek my people and tents, and tried to imitate "Mark Tapley," in one of the picturesque little houses situated on the banks of the lovely little lake.

Nor could I see the luxuriant *Tope* of Chenârs without emotion. That well remembered night and day, when driven half frantic by ten thousand mosquitoes under the spreading shade of those magnificent trees, I fancied this lovely spot a very pandemonium! I took a branch of the Chenâr which overshadowed the site of my miseries, and have preserved the relic in my herbal. I could see broad traces of my little camp, in the deep marks on the green sward left by the tents which had been pitched last year.

Gōndavul, or Gōndabul, is a pretty-looking village, situated at the extremity of Mânnes Bul. The wood houses, in style and appearance, resemble Swiss cottages, and have a very pretty effect. Fine trees encompass the spot, and a handsome old ruin, once the palace of Noor Jehân, nearly faces it, on the opposite shore. Sofypore is a little further up.

The sun had long set, and the dark shadows of evening gathered around us, before I could persuade myself to return to my boats. The scenery was, indeed, divine; and I would never weary of gazing on it. No picture could do it justice, for it is beyond the power of art.

The lake is small, but the water is pellucid, and deep blue by daylight. It looks so clear, that I had difficulty at first in believing it could be as brackish as it is.

Mountains surround Mânes Bul on all sides, and beyond the wooded inner range tower numberless snowy heights and icy peaks. There are magnificent poplars and Chenârs in the vicinity of this little "pocket Venus" lake. To the west and south-west lies the long unbroken line of the snowy Punjâl, and I never saw a more magnificent sight than those white hills when the sun was sitting. As the light and glare of day died away, there was softness in the witching scene. The majestic mountains, stern in their hoary garb, partook of the soothing influence, and seemed to soften with the fading light. The still and motionless lake reflected the deep shadows cast by the towering mountains, which encompassed it on all sides, and the increasing darkness added an attractive gloom to the dense foliage of many trees.

There were no maddening insects to destroy the pleasing romance and beauty of the scene and hour; and I could uninterruptedly feel, "how beautiful is Kashmir!"

I dined under the shade of a tree, (to return to common-place!) and got my feet wet in the damp grass. Now I proceed to the city of Kashmir, twelve coss distant by water.\*

\* After writing this diary, I went to my boat and prepared to retire to rest. Having completed my *toilette*, I was going to bed, and sat down on the side of the boat, to open my curtains; the bed was so near the edge, I had no room elsewhere. Being tired and sleepy, I took no heed to my precarious seat. Losing my equilibrium, I went backwards into the lake, my head and all my body getting drenched! One foot had caught in the boat, and this saved, perhaps, a more serious accident, for my immersion was not known at first, and the plunge which was heard was taken for the fall of some bundle into the water. Of course I could not extricate myself without assistance, and I had a very cold bath at a very inopportune time.

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## NISHAT BAGH. (ON LAKE DAL, KASHMIR.)

*Distance by water twelve coss, or ten hours' sail  
in a moderate sized passage-boat.*

18th May, 1851. Sunday, 9 o'clock, P.M.

“ Who has not heard of the vale of Kashmir,  
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave;  
Its temples and grottoes, and fountains as clear,  
As the love-lighted eyes, that hang over their wave?  
Oh! to see it at sunset—where, warm o'er the lake,  
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take  
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—  
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half-shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.

“ Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;  
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenârs,  
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.  
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks:  
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away;  
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.



Where the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,  
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!"

I reached Sirinuggur about ten o'clock a.m., and wasted the whole day in looking for two important things—my advance camp and a house. I discovered that the former was at Nishât Bâgh, and the latter not procurable any where near the city or the Jhelum. *Mon Dieu, quel accès de Vandals et de Goths!* every nullah and gully is crowded with Philistinian faces, and each beardless or bearded cockney considers himself entitled to desecrate this sweet valley of romance. In my opinion no untravelled cockney\* ought to have right of ingress to this favoured spot! I am very glad to be out of the way of these English hosts, and in this sylvan retreat, fancy myself still in a secluded place, far removed from the impertinent eyes of my country folk. I do not even wish for "one fair spirit for my minister!" I am quite happy all alone, far more than in the gayest haunts of men. I can say feelingly:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
*There is society where none intrudes.*"

But I am restlessly fond of moving, and I

\* I use the word "Cockney" to represent a person who knows but little of travelling, *de facto*, or of its aims.

should like to find *new* pleasure in new "pathless woods," and an additional zest to my favourite "society," ("where none intrudes") by a change of deserts!

I saw the two gibbets still standing, and the hideous skeletons still hanging in chains, in the very spot I noticed them last year, by the river-side, on my entrance into Kashmir city. The bodies are a good deal fallen, and one has gone quite away, the marks of Time, which spares nothing.

Every thing in Sirinuggur, or "The Holy City," (to translate its name,) was the same as when I last wandered through its water-streets, eight or nine months ago. The only strange and disagreeably new feature was, the frequent passing of *white* faces in the small Kashmirian "Purrundahs." \* —I described Kashmir in my former journal, but I will run the risk of being *repetitive* and give a cursory account here.

Kashmir, or Sirinuggur, is a very large city; the houses are all built on the right and left banks

\* "Purrundah" and "Patinduh" are both corruptions of the correct term "Parinduh," which signifies a "bird," and the adjective means "flying." These small boats are supposed to "fly," like a "bird," over the deep waters, and are christened "Purinduhs" in consequence. What a brilliant fancy the god-father of these boats must have been blessed with!

of the Jhelum, and clustering vines overhang the water, or twine themselves round the balconies of the houses. There are seven bridges, of immense antiquity, constructed of the indestructible Deodâr\* tree of Kashmir. The logs of which the bridges are built, are of ponderous dimensions, and the piers which support the bridges, are of the same invaluable wood, and though built in the water, have bravely withstood the long lapse of years and the violence of the current. There are shops huddled closely together, along both sides of two of these solid constructions, and there are a few shops on a third.

The royal palace is at the end of the city, in the quarter called "Shēr Gurry," on the left bank of the river. It is of great extent, but not particularly striking or handsome.

The city extends some distance beyond the banks of the Jhelum, and the interior is filthy beyond belief. Last year I tried to penetrate to the bazaars with Captain H—, but was very soon driven back to my boat by the wondrous uncleanliness of the town.

There is no great beauty in form or feature, such as the Kashmirians have so long been unde-

\* A variety of cedar. It abounds throughout the Himalayan mountains.

servedly famous for. The little girls are generally pretty, but I see scarcely any handsome adults. Whether they grow up ugly, or are miraculously spirited away, I am unable to decide. I offered to buy a lovely little girl, who was sporting on the banks of the river; but no bribe was sufficient to tempt the mother. I hear hundreds are bought and sold every year. The little girl I took a fancy to was about three or four years old, very fair, and with faultless features. She looked such a merry little witch, too, I wished to adopt her.

The Kashmirians are not a very nice race. I judge them to be turbulent and yet cowardly; cunning and false beyond expression; and in no way to be relied upon. They are ingenious, and (when they choose) industrious.

The manufactures of the country consist principally of shawls (and all that style of thing included) and papier maché articles, such as trays, boxes, spoons, pen-and-ink holders, &c., &c. A sort of puttoo, or woollen cloth, is also manufactured, and Kashmir is justly famed for its beautiful carving in wood. Paper is also made here of different kinds, and larger than our foolscap. It is glossy, but not adapted to writing or drying flowers; and I find it a very miserable

substitute when reduced to use it for either of those purposes.

The shawls worked on the loom are four or five times as expensive as those worked by hand. I think the latter are almost equally pretty.

Provisions, both grain and live stock, were very cheap last year, but I believe there has been an increase in price, consequent on the invasion of Philistines, in the guise of English, Scotch, and Irish cockneys.

This garden is the loveliest of the many "Bâghs" in Kashmir. It is of great extent. A handsome house stands on a verdant slope wooded with most magnificent Chenârs and poplars. The space between the trees is an orchard, and in the autumn the fruit trees are laden with fine apples, pears, pomegranates, and luscious grapes. White clover and iris enamel the grassy slopes, and water flowing in every direction gives freshness and beauty to the whole scene. Immediately before my window there is a large reservoir of water, cascades and fountains playing night and day. The doors and windows of the Bâruh Durrie are all made of the beautiful carved wood so celebrated everywhere for its minute and elaborate beauty. The fine pillars which adorn the centre of the building are of entire logs of wood, of great size. I hear

the rippling of water, and all is sweet and still. Who can gaze on such a scene, and not exclaim, as I do, "How beautiful is Kashmir!"

And yet some people say they are disappointed in the beauty of the valley. At *this* season of the year, what could be more enchanting. Let me say with the Persian bard—

"If there be an Elysium upon earth, it is this."

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### SHEIKH BAGH (CITY OF KASHMIR).

21st May, 1851. *Wednesday*.—Finding the utter impossibility of getting through any business, so far from the city as Nishât Bâgh, I came up here yesterday, and was fortunate in obtaining a vacant dwelling-place.

Having seen, last year, all that was worth seeing in Kashmir city, I do not mean now to make a long stay at Sirinuggur, but purpose proceeding, as soon as possible to Vernâg, the real head of the Jhelum.

There has been a great deal of rain lately in the valley, and several thunder-storms. I am amused at the fallacious theory of some authors, that a high wind is absolutely unknown in Kashmir. It is *rare* decidedly, but by no means "unknown." A couple of days' ago I was forced

to take shelter from a storm, which came on while I was rowing on Lake Dâl. The wind was so high, the boatmen refused to pass through the flood-gates to the city.

I mentioned in my journal last year, that a very considerable tax was levied on the boats of Kashmir, which are said to amount to a *lac* and a half, or one hundred and fifty thousand in number. These boats are of various sizes, from the small Purrundah to the large barge of a hundred and fifty tons, and they are taxed accordingly. The Kashmirians informed me that each boat paid from 2 Rs. (Hurree Singhey currency) to 40 Rs., of the same coin, and that the duty is rigidly enforced. In the event of a defalcation, the boat itself is seized by the revenue officers. All the navigation on the Jhelum (in the valley) is carried on in a style peculiar to the country; oars are quite unknown. When following the current, paddles are used, or when the water is shallow, the boats are pushed forward by long poles. When going against the stream, the towing-line is used, from two to twenty men\* tracking the boat over all practicable ground. The banks of the Jhelum are so flat and so low that this style of navigation is peculiarly adapted

\* The number is of course regulated by the size of the boat.

to it. There is nothing in the shape of a rudder, and sails are never used, even on the lakes in a light breeze, as they easily might be. The boats and barges are all flat-bottomed, drawing little water; each extremity is pointed, and slightly curved. Except in the very small Purrundahs, there is a matting-thatched roof thrown over the greater part of the boats, and purdahs\* to match hang down on both sides, so that shelter is ensured from sun and rain. In these cabins the boatman and his family live as in a house, and they rarely possess any other home.

I found this extremely unpleasant when I hired boats for a little voyage. I always endeavoured to eject the dirty women and squalling children, but they were sure to return as soon as I was out of the way. And this always happened, even when I previously *engaged* that I was to hire the entire accommodation. I never saw such perfect viragos as these women are,—worse, I declare, than the men. They always bewilder me when they begin screaming in their barbarian tongue.

I must say I do not like the Kashmirian race. Dishonest and crafty, subtle and avaricious, with but few good qualities to redeem their unamiable dispositions. Probably many of the bad traits of

\* Curtains.



their character arise from the degrading influence of long oppression on the part of their rulers ; but be the cause what it may, I think their race, taken as a whole, are unattractive and contemptible in every way. As for *truth*, it is absolutely unknown in the land ; and I do not believe one of the tribe speak it at any time, except by a mere chance.

The climate of the valley is humid, and decidedly more favourable to vegetable than animal life.\* I observed the disagreeable difference between the dry and bracing temperature of Thibet and the damp climate of Kashmir, especially during the rains. An old tradition asserts that the whole valley was once upon a time one vast lake, and there are some peculiarities of the soil, &c., which might lead one almost to credit the legend.

At this time of the year no fruits are ripe, but in another month, and all through the hot and rainy season, the valley will be a perfect orchard, the most delicious fruits growing from

\* *Since* writing the above, I observe in Moorcroft's work (while glancing over its pages, for I have not read either volume through), that he makes a very similar remark. I noticed the difference most painfully last year between the bracing dryness of Thibet and the unhealthy humidity in the climate of this valley. Any one travelling from one country to the other, cannot fail to notice the striking contrast.

end to end in wild profusion. There are two kinds of very fine grapes, one white or yellow, and the other purple. They do not ripen till the beginning of October, but the vines bear very luxuriantly then. The flavour of the fruit is equal to the rich Kanâwr grape. Apples are large and sweet, even in the wild state, and begin to ripen early in September. Peaches, apricots, and pears, cherries, mulberries, &c., precede them, and in the cultivated state equal English fruit.

Melons and cucumbers are reared in the floating gardens on Lake Dâl, as I think I mentioned in my last year's Journal. They bear very fine fruit, at least seventy or eighty full-sized cucumbers to each mound, in which the gardener had placed two or three plants at first.

The way these floating gardens are made is very simple. Lake Dâl is full of aquatic plants, reeds, &c. About two-and-a-half feet from the surface of the water these are cut off, as to leave no connection with the bottom of the lake. Earth is then brought and thrown on the surface, and the false ground is drawn compactly and closely in shape. Willow sticks support the floating gardens, and keep them from being blown to and fro. Weeds and mud are piled up in conical mounds a couple of feet high, and each bed is

formed of two or three rows of these little mounds. The cucumbers and melons are first raised under mats; and when the leaves begin to sprout, two or three plants are placed in each mound. The return in fruit is very great, and but for the heavy tax levied by Goolâb Singh, the profit would be enormous.

As I mentioned before, a whole floating garden is carried away by a thief in the night, who plants it elsewhere, and it is nearly impossible to identify the stolen property. Consequently, the proprietors generally sleep in boats, close to their plantations.

Everything appears to be heavily taxed in Kashmir, and every person too—the artisan and manufacturer alike. The people are in a state of squalid poverty, and the country swarms with beggars. There are an immense number of children, and the land is prolific in spite of its poverty—perhaps, as in Ireland, *in consequence of it!*

I have heard different accounts given as to the length and breadth of the province of Kashmir. I was told by a great authority (who, however, shall remain nameless) that the length of the *valley* was ninety miles. This is certainly an exaggerated estimate by one-third.\* A great por-

\* That is to say, if the valley be measured from *north to south*. The length of the valley, from the extreme north-east to the extreme south-west, is ninety miles certainly. Vide vol. 1.

tion of the province consists of hill and dale commingled, and the actual *valley* cannot be more than sixty miles. The average breadth may be from ten to fifteen; in some parts more, some less,—very considerably less.

The dress of the Kashmirians (men and women) I have before described. It consists, among the lower orders, of a woollen sort of night-dress, very loose, and not reaching much below the knee.\* A low cap, with a plain or coloured rim, is the only head-dress. These people are dirty in the extreme, and I verily believe they must have incipient hydrophobia.

The currency of Kashmir is the same as last year, but a new coin is now to be also used, value ten annas, or two annas more than the Hurree Singhey rupee. It is newly coined by Gooláb Singh, and is, of course, of silver. All the Company's silver is in free circulation.

I forgot to mention that the Kashmirians have an extraordinary habit of keeping an earthen pot of lighted charcoal next their skin—carrying this small fire under the loose dress worn by both sexes. I am told this discolours and sears the skin, and is even the remote cause of some

\* Trowsers of puttoo are sometimes added, especially by the men.

diseases. I never noticed this extraordinary habit in any other country, though I believe it is as common in the district of Kishtawâr as here.

The grains raised in Kashmir are principally barley, rice, and mūrrooa. Wheat is also produced, but less abundantly. Masōōr, and mōōme, and the several varieties of *dāl*, are also grown. Indian corn, made into *ottah*, is the staple commodity of food among the common people, so I suppose it is abundantly cultivated here.

The walnut tree grows wild in Kashmir and Kishtawâr, and bears fruit in immense numbers. It is of three or four species, and is much improved by cultivation. The horse chesnut and hazel tree abound in the forests, and a few trees of the former are occasionally cultivated.

I could hear of no sort of *wine* made in Kashmir, from the vines which bear so luxuriantly all over the valley. A very fiery spirit of two kinds, one white and one purple, is distilled in considerable quantities, but no other liquor is extracted from the juice of the vine.

Wild and domestic bees abound in Kashmir, and honey is produced in great quantities, and of an excellent quality and flavour.

There are several passes into Kashmir, which

bear frequently two or three names each. I will mention those I know.\*

1. The Peer-Punjâl, which is crossed between Poosiâna and Shupayen, southern extremity of Kashmir. This pass opens at the end of May.

2. The Baramoolla Pass, which is practicable all throughout the year, and is attained either *viâ* Muzzufferabad, or from Rajourie or Rajâor, over Pōōnch Pass to Oōrie. The Baramoolla Pass is not over a high snowy mountain, like most of the Himalayan passes.† Kashmir is entered from the west-north-west by this route.

3. The Bunhâl Pass, which is crossed between Vernâg and Bunhâl, on the road to Jummoo and Riharsi. This pass opens in the early part of April. Kashmir is entered from the south.

4 The Ghōhrcūnd, or Berârie Pass, between Dōōdha, or Dōdha, and Kashmir, east of the Bunhâl Pass. This is the highest of the passes into Kashmir, and does not open till the middle of July generally.

5. The Sin-Thun Pass, between Kishtawâr and Kashmir.‡

\* See Appendix A. for the account of two Passes not included in this list.

† The Baramoolla Pass is merely a sort of gorge between the mountains, and the road follows the valley of the Jhelum for several miles previously.

‡ I had not seen the Sin-Thun Pass at the time the text

6. The Singapore Pass,\* also between Kishtawâr and Kashmir, entering the valley from south-south-east. Opens in May.

7. The Draūs Pass, between Ladâk and Kashmir, entering the latter country from the east-north-east. Opens early in May.

I believe that there are five other passes, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with them to mention them at present. There is one road from Kashmir to Ladâk or Iskârdo, *viâ* Nobōōg and Wurdwun, and another from Kashmir to Iskârdo and Gilgit *viâ* Bundipore and Gorez. Of course there are passes for both these roads, but I do not know the names of them.†

I paid a visit this morning to the "Isle of Chenâr," sung by Moore. It is situated in the Dâl Lake, near the Shalimâr gardens. There are only two Chenârs on the islet, and I searched among the ruins which lay scattered about for was written. It is subsequently described at length. I will only mention here, that it lies to the north-east of the Singapore Pass, and is more difficult, and does not open for a fortnight or three weeks later. Chēēangâon is the last village on the Kishtawâr side, and Deōsir the first met with in the Kashmir Illâka, after going over the Sin-Thun Punjâl.

\* This pass is also called the "Mir-bul Pass" by some authors. I never heard this name given by the natives of the country, however.

† I have heard of a tolerably good road from Rihârsi to Kashmir, *viâ* Zojimurg, which is the shortest road from Jummoo. I believe the pass is christened after Zojimurg.

some inscription or tablet explaining the origin of the spot, but all in vain. A few ruined pillars, and the foundation of a house, was all that was discernible in a heap of rubbish and jungle. The tablet,\* which is mentioned by Hügel, as having been prepared to be put there by him and Mr. Vigne, was nowhere to be seen, and I came away rather disappointed.

On my return home, I passed immediately below the hill on which stands the Tuckht-i-Solimân,† one of the *sights* of Kashmir. This ruined temple commands a fine view of Sirinugger and its environs, but I did not ascend it again. I visited and described the Jumma Musjid also last year, and will not speak of either now.

The Dâl Lake is regularly divided into sections, probably the work of man. A tongue of land separates the Nishât Bâgh from the rest, and a bridge spans the arch, through which boats pass to and fro.

\* This tablet the baron proposed making out of the black marble doors of the ruined mosque, built by Achan Mullah Shah, in the now dilapidated town of Nagar-Nagar, near the Hurree Purbut. This town was at the time of the noble author's visit to Kashmir, deserted and in ruins. I did not go to see it, and every one I asked, seemed quite unconscious of its existence. Perchance it has miraculously vanished into thin air since 1835!

† The throne of Solomon.



The floating gardens again attracted my notice, and the "theft of ground" peculiar to Kashmir, was once more described to me.

I went to see the house and garden in which, Hügel and Vigne passed their Kashmir days. It bears the name of "Dilâwur Khan Bâgh," and is situated in the city, not far from the Jumma Musjid. The only water approach to this Bâgh, is a long roundabout way through the flood-gates, and viâ Lake Dâl and the canal I described last year, as being the canal "par excellence." I do not like the situation of Dilâwur Khan Bâgh. There is a dreary and desolate aspect in the swamp, which faces the principal latticed window, or one entire side of the building.

I leave for Islamabad to-morrow night, and shall proceed up the river in a boat.

I have suffered a terrible loss in my precious thermometer being broken by my wretched servants. Poor "*Tunda-Gurm!*"\* what shall I do without you?

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### ISLAMABAD.

*Distance by land, twenty coss, by water forty coss or twenty-four hours' sail, in a moderate-sized and well-manned boat.*

24th May, 1851. Saturday.—I arrived here

\* Name given by my servants to my thermometer.

at daybreak, having spent some time at Pamper, which caused a delay of some hours.

Pamper is the famous place where saffron is grown so luxuriantly.

I walked to the saffron fields, joining the boat some distance further up the river. The fields of saffron are laid out with great care, and extend some four or five miles beyond the village of Pamper. The natives were digging up the roots and preparing the ground for fresh crops. The withered "grass" of the plant, (as the people called it,) was taken away to serve as fodder for cattle. (I described the plant before.)

I saw the Tuckht-i-Solimân distinctly from the saffron fields, and it seemed so close I could not believe we had come any distance. The village of Pamper is about three coss by land, and five or six by water from Sirinugger.

It is very puzzling what to translate "cosses" in this country, and I am unable to give the distance from the city of Kashmir to Islamabad in miles. The horses and servants, who went by land, left Kashmir at daybreak, and reached Islamabad by 4 o'clock p.m. I fancy the distance must be between thirty and forty miles.

The scenery along the valley is certainly very lovely. Hill and dale, and beautiful woods, are

picturesquely blended in wild loveliness; and the still waters of the broad Jhelum meander through the luxuriant plain-land.

This was once a larger and an important city. Its glory has departed, and there is but little to attract a stranger now. All there is to see I saw and described last year. The only new thing I noticed is, that a pretty puttoo patch-work carpet is made here.

This afternoon I shall march to the extremity of the valley. The Jhelum is not navigable beyond Islamabad. A bridge spans the river a mile or two below the town.

I have been trying to *cobble* my poor broken thermometer, but all in vain; half the quicksilver has already vanished. In this benighted land a thermometer is unknown, and no money can purchase one. I am very much provoked at my loss, as I wished to register the temperature regularly in the wilds of Thibet. Well, I must do without, *c'est tout*.

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VERNAG.

*Distance ten coss, or fifteen miles.*

25th May, 1851. *Sunday*.—Arrived here, after

many miseries, at three o'clock a.m. I left Islamabad at five p.m. yesterday, and rode to a village near Shâhabad, without any positive troubles. A thin rain was every now and then falling, and there was scarcely an apology of a footpath; but as long as daylight lasted I got on very well. The whole of this section of the valley was a vast extent of rice-fields, three feet deep in water; and riding on a scrap of a path, on the brink of these water-fields, was a little trying to my sweet temper, especially as I was riding an ill-conditioned, contrary pony I had caught in a field. This ill-omened mare stumbled into the watery *khêts* (fields) every two minutes, covering me with wet and mud, and totally declining to obey the rein. All this was quite a trifle till the day closed in, and a horrid thunder-storm terrified me as usual. True, it was some fifteen miles distant; but each successive flash of lightning deprived me of one "sense" after the other. Though unused to the lachrymose mood, I could have cried like a baby had I not been rather ashamed of doing so. At last the torches went out, and I was forced to spend half-an-hour standing on the edge of the rice-field *khud*, unable to move in the pitchy darkness, and very *unlike* "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief!"

The people in this part of the world use nothing in the shape of torches but bundles of dry grass ; and these eccentric *flambeaux* smoke while they are blazing, and quickly consume: so, as it is impossible to carry 150 maunds of grass, these torches must have been invented by some evil genii in mischief or wrath, purposely to bring vexation of spirit on unhappy benighted travellers. I know that the rice-fields, lightning, and grass-torches formed a miserable combination last night when, wearied and ill, I became the victim of their united malice !

The road is quite level for three coss, then comes a hamlet on an eminence, and the pathway winds over this little hill, re-descending to the level of the Jhelum. Then a short and pretty ascent and descent to a village two miles from Shâhabad.

The rest of the road I performed in the dark, and know but little about it. I arrived, attended by a Syce\* and three torch-bearers, about nine o'clock, at Shâhabad. This is the usual march, and is a town of tolerable size, but arriving and leaving in the night, I did not see much of the place. I spent three very miserable hours at Shâhabad, and left, in a dhoolie, sick and feverish. The Jhelum is crossed, close to Shâhabad, by two

\* Groom.

bridges; the volume of water gradually becomes "beautifully less." The path is through a succession of rice-fields, enlivened by various water-courses. It was raining the whole time I was on the road; but fever kept me from feeling cold, so I ought to be obliged to my persevering enemy, especially as I awoke near noon to-day, quite well.\*

This is a small village, and the Jhelum flows close by the windows of the house I am in. There has been nothing but one ceaseless pour of rain since my arrival here, and I am told that it is the *dustoor*† at Vernâg, for the heavens to weep six days out of the seven. Another informant sagely remarked, that the rain was merely owing to the Divinity, yeleft Sâlik Râm, taking his bath; and when he had been *ghoosl'd*‡ sufficiently, the clouds would clear away. And this sapient youth fully believed his own preposterous fable. Enlightened race!

Vernâg is a pretty wooded spot, hemmed in by hills, and surrounded by rice-fields. Oh, those rice-fields, I wish they were in Nova Zembla, and rice unknown in Kashmir.

The great attraction of Vernâg is the beautiful

\* See Appendix B. for a further account of Shâhabad.

† Custom.

‡ Bathed.

spring, whence rises the mighty Jhelum. This spring has been built all round, and is a body of water in a circular form, clear and pellucid. No stream flows into the basin; the spring is out of sight, and issues below the circular body of water, which is all that is *seen* of the head of the great river. Goolâb Singh is building a Bâruh Durrie at this spot, and it will serve as a pretty summer-house.

Tame fish sported in numbers in the clear water, jumping to the surface on rice being thrown in. A Fakir has made them his holy charge.

There are two Persian inscriptions on tablets, immediately near the spring. One of them was read out to me. It was written in high-flown language, but the purport of it was this:—"That the spring was the head of the Jhelum, and came direct from Paradise, to water, and beautify, and make happy the lovely vale of Kashmir. And that the great Shah Jehan,\* King of the World, built it in the form it now presents to the eye."

The Pass of Bunhâl rises immediately above Vernâg. I saw a mountain torrent, called by the natives of this place "*Huckerutty*," which flows from the Pass into the Jhelum. I likewise observed the Sandrân river rushing down from

\* See Appendix C.

the same range of mountains, some distance to the east, and flowing into the Jhelum a few miles below Vernâg. Both these torrents dry up for three or four months of the year, and that is why Vernâg is termed the principal source, or head of the Jhelum. This also accounts for the error made by Hûgel, and also Moorcroft, as to the real source of the said river.

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## BUNHAL.

### OVER THE BUNHAL PASS.

*Distance seven coss, or ten and a half miles.*

26th May, 1851. *Monday.*—Reached this place about dark. I started in the rain, and my dhoolie was six hours in getting through this march. The “Pass” is a very easy one, and cannot be more than ten thousand feet in elevation, judging from the height of the mountain above the valley of Kashmir. Vernâg is at the very extremity, on the south-south-east of the valley. The path rises immediately after leaving Vernâg, and the ascent, for one coss gentle, becomes rather steep. The Kashmir face of the mountain is densely wooded with firs, beech, and other trees, to within a few yards of the crest of the Pass.



The road has been "made" for Goolâb Singh, and (but for the continuous rain which has lately deluged these parts), is a very good one, though rather steep. I observed the same wild flowers I had noticed before, and saw no new species. I was delighted with the glorious view which burst on my sight, as the clouds over the valley rolled away, and a gleam of sunshine illuminated the scene as I approached the summit of the mountain.

How calm, how lovely, seemed the smiling vale far below, as, the bright sunlight suddenly piercing through rain and mist, I turned to gaze in admiration on the beautiful valley. It had "laughed into beauty at that bright spell"—but almost as I gazed, the "bright spell" of sunshine was again obscured, and heavy mists hung over the lovely landscape, hiding in their vapour folds, the verdant plain below, and the thousand peaks of eternal snow, which towered far above on every side.

There is a hut at the crest of the pass, untenanted by man or beast. I suppose it is meant for benighted travellers, and I saw two more like it throughout the descent. The view on the other side of the pass, from the top of the descent, is a vast and dreary sea of mountains, rising one beyond the other in immense waves, with nothing

to break the melancholy sameness. The descent of the Pass is stony and rugged, and totally devoid of trees. The last three miles to this village is prettily wooded, and flanked to the right by a roaring torrent. We passed a Jaghât-khâna, or Taxing-place, near the foot of the Pass, and two or three small villages, belonging to the Pergunnah of Bunhâl. There was not much snow on the mountain, but we went over one solitary bed near the summit.

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### BATLUNDUR.

*Distance eight coss, or twelve miles.*

27th May, 1851. *Tuesday.*—Reached Bâtlundur to a fashionable breakfast at one o'clock, p.m. This is a most weary march, scarcely a hundred yards of level ground. Nothing but ceaseless ascents and descents, and a legion of water-courses and yawning torrents. I walked and rode the first five miles, and then was carried in my dhoolie. The heat was annihilating, and I wished myself on some snowy peak.

The greater part of the hills throughout this march are bare and uninteresting; but the first half mile, and last two or three miles, contrast

prettily with their thick woods, and give refreshing shade to the heat-exhausted wayfarer.

At a village (name unknown), about three miles from this place, a man brought me a small *gurrah*\* of butter-milk, containing about a seer or more. I had had no breakfast, and was faint with thirst, and I devoured the “*lussie*” eagerly.”†

Speaking of buttermilk, reminds me of an odd idiom of the Puhâriyas here. I asked one of the dhoolie Coolies why he went so slowly. He answered thus, using the idiom I speak of:—“*Us log lussie*” (“We are buttermilk!”) Thus representing feebleness by the local idiom.

This is a very tiny village, consisting of only two or three huts.

Being anxious to escape from the heat, I shall proceed this afternoon another stage.

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### NASSBUN, OR NASSMUN.

*Distance ten coss (in my opinion) good twenty miles.*

28th May, 1851. Wednesday. — Of all the miserable nights I ever passed, I think last night would bear the prize. *Mon Dieu! quel supplice!*

\* An earthen vessel.

† The name for buttermilk in these regions.

I started on my mule about four o'clock p.m. yesterday, and the whole blessed night was consumed on the road. I got into the dhoolie at a village, about three coss from Bâtlundur, when darkness came on. I had walked a good deal, and probably fatigued myself, and I became horribly ill at night. I have been struggling all day to repress the feelings of illness, which have nearly prostrated me to-day. I feel feverish and ill now, my pulse is beating 120 already, and I fear, in an hour or two, I shall be laid up. Ghaussie, too, is very ill with fever, and I am helpless without him, for he is worth all the rest of my camp combined.

The path from Bâtlundur to Nâssbun is one succession of steep ascents and descents; I never saw such a miserable style of road. It is the high road to Jummo; it has been *made* by Goolâb Singh; but it is narrow, and flanked by fearful precipices. His art is quite unequal to softening the severities of these steep and rugged hills.\* A hundred yards of level road is unknown on this march, and one ascent is succeeded by a descent, both bad; and the same style of thing is repeated mile after mile. Some of the precipices

\* Moreover, the natives have not the soupçon of an idea how to *circumvent* a mountain, even when this can be done.

seemed very abrupt and fearful by torch-light. With the exception of one or two fine wooded mountains, the march is bare and uninteresting.

Jummoo is forty coss distant; and, as I said before, this is the high road to that city. About a quarter of a mile from this village of Nâssbun, the Chundra-Bhâga is crossed by a "*Cheeka*," or bridge of ropes. I went this morning to see this primitive concern; and, but for the hot sun, and my feelings of illness, I should have certainly gone across, just to know what sort of conveyance it was. I waited an hour to see some people and a horse taken over. There seems to be no danger in the process, though probably a nervous person might feel rather uncomfortable. This bridge is made of seventeen ropes, and an eighteenth of leathern thongs. Wooden piers, fixed in blocks of stone, support these ropes on either side, and a dozen shorter ropes are slung so as to support a passenger in the transit, while people on the opposite side pull him across. A wooden affair, in the shape of the harness-collar of a horse, is put across the suspension ropes, and to this the passenger is fastened, one rope, (arranged so to keep it near the suspension-ropes,) pulls the fettered traveller to the opposite shore.

Nâssbun is situated on the right bank of the

river Chundra-Bhâga, and is a fearfully hot place at this time of the year. It is a mere paltry village, and Coolies are not easily collected. The road to Jummoo is across the "Chēeka" bridge, while the Dōōdha route is the one I am to go, and it keeps to this side of the river.

The Chundra-Bhâga often rises so high as to make the removal of this rope-bridge necessary; it is then taken higher up the river, and the piers are raised on the bold prominent rocks, at a far greater elevation than at present. I have seen no bridge, however, half so formidable as the Zampa over the Chundra, below Kōksur. Oh! how hot it is, and how my hand burns with fever.—I must go and lie down, and "*give in*" at last.

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## RAJGURH.

*Distance, eight coss.*

29th May, 1851. *Thursday*.—Left Nâssbun at dusk in my dhoolie, very ill, and spent the whole miserable night in going about four coss. Horrible road, steep ascents and descents, and fearful precipices, the path scarcely a foot wide, and in places not marked at all, a rugged sheep track and nothing more. In one part of the march, not far

from Nâssbun, the road was really dangerous, and the sepoy and Coolies begged me to leave my dhoolie, as there was no room for it to pass safely, small though it was; but I was too ill to try my unsteady feet, and preferred braving the danger where I was. The path was about six inches wide, and a steep ascent. The left was flanked by a perpendicular rock, and the right by a perpendicular precipice, doubly fearful in the dense darkness of a moonless night. To add to the real danger, the soil was of a slippery slaty kind, and it made my heart quail to hear it tumbling down the yawning gulph with each step taken by the Coolies. The slightest inadvertence, an inch or two too much to the right, and where should I be, I thought? Still I looked out of my dhoolie on the fearful abyss so near, and what would loud wailing have availed me? The narrow path was so steep I was obliged to hold on with both hands, thereby torturing my unfortunate crippled shoulder. I must confess I felt relieved when we had passed the dangerous quarter of a mile. I think a Coolie said that there was *another* road, and I should say there ought to be; but these people speak in such a heathen tongue, it is impossible to understand above one word in ten, and I may have misunderstood him. The wretched people go on telling me

that the road is "*chung*a, *chung*a,"\* and each successive mile only provokes me the more; I can conscientiously affirm that *I* see nothing "*chung*a" in it.

The village of Gōōnee is passed at three coss, and Jhut at three further. I do not know the length of these "cosses," but opine that they cannot be less than a mile and a half or three quarters.

I halted at Jhut for four hours, and tried to breakfast, but found it a hopeless business, fever having left me languid and unwell. I then came on in the dhoolie to this place, the sun unpleasantly powerful at mid-day. This village, Rājghur, is a small place; a few supplies and Coolies, however, procurable. I shall now proceed to Dōōdha, and as it is not sunset yet, I hope I shall reach by morning.

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### CUSTIE-GHUR.

*Distance seven coss.*

30th May, 1851. *Friday*.—This march is called by the natives "puckha seven coss,"—something very like fourteen miles, in my humble opinion;

\* Good, good.



—“*puckha*” coss, verily! The dhoolie was fourteen hours on the road, and I passed a third sleepless night. Fearful of a return of fever, I am hurrying out of this hot range of mountains.

This village is on the banks (or near the banks) of the Chundra Bhâga. I can just see a bridge (probably a Zampa) a few hundred yards distant, spanning the torrent; but Dōōdha being on this side of the river, I am happy to say I have not to cross these miserable bridges. I am seated, writing in a tolerably good mud domicile—my writing papers on my knees—my usual *camp table*. About twenty people are talking at once, and writing is rather difficult. It is not very hot though it is noon. There are many snowy heights in the neighbourhood of this place; and I am told that the Ghōhrcund Pass, between Dōōdha and Kashmir, is not open yet. I hope I shall find this information incorrect—what a bore it would be to return this same route, or go round all the way by Kishtawâr.

The road from Râjghur to Custie-Ghur is less steep than the preceding marches, with the exception of one severe, but very prettily wooded ascent, immediately after leaving Râjghur. There is scarcely half a mile of level ground, but the path is very tolerable, and the declivities and ac-

clivities far less steep and rugged than what we have lately been accustomed to. I observed some pretty wild flowers, and numberless bushes of wild eg-lantines, as fragrant as all of that fraternity. Dōōdha is still some five coss distant, but I am afraid to march in the sun.

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### DOODHA, OR DODHA.

*Distance five coss.*

31st May, 1851. *Saturday.*—Arrived here late last night, quite knocked up by continued fatigue, combined with great heat. I have put the distance down in coss, not knowing how many miles to call it, as I came in the dhoolie, and the pace of the coolies is so unequal, that it is impossible to judge from it how far a march may be. I was five or six hours *en route*, and the distance may be seven or eight, or perhaps ten miles. The poles of my bed-curtains had been forgotten, and I could get neither rest nor sleep till other poles arrived, and my curtains were put up.\* I do not know what sort of skin travellers have who escape being *bitten*, when they have no protection in the way of curtains. This country swarms with fleas, to my great grief.

\* At half-past two o'clock, a.m.

The road from Custie Ghur to Dōdha is, on the whole, a tolerable path. The first two miles lead to the banks of the Liddur, a mountain torrent which rushes down between high hills with tremendous velocity. Large blocks of stone and rock boldly impede its progress, but it tears along heedless of all, its bed white with foam. The descent to this river is steep and rugged, and then follows a short ascent. The Liddur is a tributary of the Chundra-Bhâga, and falls into it some distance from the wooden bridge, which spans it at the foot of the descent above mentioned. There are one or two precipitous places on the way, but no very steep ascents. I have seen nothing of the town yet, and I purpose halting to-day, to recruit my fatigues, and obtain positive information regarding the Ghōhrcund Pass.

*1st June, 1851. Sunday.*—There being some delay in collecting Coolies, I was forced to halt here another day, though I hope to get off by the cool of the evening. This is a very hot place, and the elevation is considerably below Kishtawâr.

I went out yesterday evening in my dhoolie to see the town and environs. The Kardâr, and half-a-dozen Havildârs and Sepoys, formed my body-guard, while a long line of men, women, and children, followed the procession, one after the

other, rushing forward to get a peep of the English stranger. This did not annoy me, as it might once have done, because it showed me that I was once more where I wished to be, in the *wilds*, where an English face was a *rara avis*, and where English *cockneys* were unknown! One after the other rushed up to my dhoolie, and having stared to their hearts' content, cried out exultingly, "Durson khia, durson khia!"\*

Dōdha is a small town, of about one hundred and thirty houses. It is situated at the foot, and partly on the slope of a grass-covered hill, bare of trees. The town itself is surrounded by trees, a few willows and poplars mingled among hundreds of fruit-trees, which give shade and beauty to the little jungle-town. A small Bâgh flourishes about three hundred yards lower down the slope, and a quarter of a mile below flows the rapid Chundra-Bhâga. A Jhōōla (or Zampa) spans the river at a short distance below the Bâgh. Some apricots were brought to me, but they were not quite ripe. Apples, peaches, pears, pomegranates, grapes, and cherries, flourish at Dōdha, though none of these fruits are yet fit for eating. A few cherries were brought to me as a *Nuzzur* this morning by the Kardâr, but they had come from

\* I have seen, or looked.

Budrawâr,\* or Puddūrrooa, twelve coss distant, and still lower than this place. The Bâruh Durrie is a large building, two stories high, situated on an eminence above the town. The neighbourhood is thickly wooded, and the house and Bâgh look very pretty at some distance below. The doors and windows are of the beautiful open lattice-wood carving so famous in Kashmir. The Kardâr told me that *all* the trees in Dōōdha and its vicinity had been *brought* from Kashmir and Kishtawâr. Certainly, the surrounding hills are quite guiltless of anything like a wood or forest.

The situation of Dōōdha is very picturesque. The small plain, richly cultivated, is entirely encompassed by high hills, and on two sides there are fine ranges of mountains icy white, in their wintry garb. The Chundra-Bhâga roars along in a swollen and turbulent flood, about half a mile from the town, which is built not far from its right bank.

Shawls are manufactured at Dōōdha, and I observed not less than half a dozen manufactories. I left my dhoolie to go and see one of them. The looms were all at work, one man and two little boys being the complement of hands requi-

\* I visited Budrawâr last year, when I was travelling from Kishtawâr to Chumba, and fully described the place in Vol. i.

site for each loom, and sometimes, if the shawl to be worked is large, double that number are employed. The process was exactly similar to what I noticed last year in Kashmir. The workmen are given a written pattern, and it is wonderful to see the little hands of the young boys working away at the spoken directions of the senior workmen. The small room they worked in was close and hot, and I was glad to return to the fresh air.

The shawls manufactured here are inferior in colour and texture to those made in Kashmir, but I am thinking of purchasing one as a specimen. A moderate sized shawl, worked by three men, takes six months to complete. *Puttoo Chogas* and patch-work carpets are also manufactured largely here. These carpets are unlike those made at Islamabad: even the materials are different.

The universal report is, that the Ghōhrcund Pass\* is not open, the snow being very deep. The people here declare, that the elevation of that

\* The Ghōhrcund Pass is the direct route from Dōdha, or Dōdha to Kashmir. The marches are—

1st Ghōhrcund—twelve coss [foot of Pass].

2nd Over Pass to Sun Berérie [through Oojâr].

3rd Islamabad—twelve coss.

These marches are too long for comfort.

I do not think any Peak of the snowy Punjâl exceeds

Pass is very great, and that it is the highest of the whole range of the snowy Punjâl of Kashmir, and will not be open for a month or six weeks. This is strange, because the Bara Lâcha, between 16,000 and 17,000 feet in elevation, always opens by the middle of June.

Well, I have made up my mind to go to Kishtawâr, five-and-twenty coss distant from Dōdha. A man who came from Kishtawâr yesterday said, that there was so much snow above Singpore,\* that I could not venture to take my mule or ponies. There seems to be a lavish amount of snow in these parts. I shall have to cross a Jhōōla, or Zampa, (that terrible bridge of twigs!) on my way to Kishtawâr, that city being on the other side of the Chundra-Bhâga. I shall send my mule the straight road to Mogul-Maidân,† along the right

13,000 feet in elevation, but in talking of the Ghōhreund Pass the natives say, “Wuh buhōōt oōncha, sub se oōncha hy” (*i. e.* That pass is very high, and higher than all the others).

\* Singpore is about twelve coss from Kishtawâr, and ten from Lōōr, or Lohōōr on the other side of the Pass, which separates Kishtawâr from Kashmir. Singpore is a small village at the foot of the Pass on this side, and the first hamlet in Kishtawâr. I halted at Singpore last year.

† Mogul-Maidân, or Mogulmazâr, is six coss from Singpore, on the Kishtawâr road. I passed it last year, and mentioned the place in my journal.

bank of the river, by Nâgnee, and trust to Providence for his getting from Mogul-Maidân, (where he will await my arrival,) to Gōhun,\* viâ Singapore, in spite of the snow.

I have been converted into a learned physician since my arrival in these parts, and my servants are pleased facetiously to term their *Mâlik*, the "Doctor Sahib."

The number of sick people, men, women, and children, who have been brought to me, surpasses belief. They have the most wonderful ideas of my skill and resources, and I have found all professions of ignorance unavailing. The fame of some fortunate cure I was happy enough to effect, reached these simple people's ears, and they follow me with their sick, halt, and blind, as if I knew aught of Esculapius' art. I have given them as much medicine as I could possibly spare, and the best advice in my power. The more simple maladies will, I hope, be removed; but I saw some afflicted with deadly complaints. One man was evidently dying of consumption, and another of atrophy. What could I do to save the poor people? It only distressed me to see them. As I was going through the garden below the

\* Gōhun is almost the last village in the valley of Kashmir, on the road from Islamabad to Kishtawâr. It is about ten coss from Islamabad.



town, yesterday evening, a man brought me a young girl, who was fearfully reduced by illness. He carried her on his back, and would not let my dhoolie pass till I promised her some medicine. I listened patiently to his account of her case, and heard that she had been ill for seven months. I gave him what medicine I could, and the Kardâr wrote down my directions. This morning, before I was quite dressed, the man brought his patient to me, and begged me to let her see me. From his account of her illness, I hope it is only the consequence of the want of some remedy to stop it at the commencement; and if not too late, my simple medicines and advice may, under the Almighty, yet save the poor girl's life.

There is much of superstition blended in the simple faith they place in the skill of the Frank. The poor girl I have alluded to, and her family, all gravely and earnestly said, when they begged me to let her see me, "Durson kur-ke aram hōga!"\* Poor people, I dare say such simplicity is happiness, after all!

The master of one of the shawl manufactories brought me a *Nuzzur* of some "Komânies," or dried fruit, such as come from Ladâk, and of which I saw immense quantities last year, while I marched through Thibet.

\* Anglicé: "Having *seen* you, she will be sure to get well."

There are two roads from Dōdha to Ladāk, one of which leads by Pâhdur and Juskur.\* These routes are not open yet, I am told. In August and September a good deal of the Ladāk trade comes through Juskur to Dōdha.

Rice is not so widely cultivated here as in the districts I before traversed. Barley and opium abound, and I see a few fields of Kunnuk, or wheat. The heat is very great during the day; it cannot be less, even in this Bâruh Durrie, than 84° Fahrenheit.

I forgot to mention that there is a small mud fort commanding the little town of Dōdha. It is situated almost immediately above the high bank of the Chundra-Bhâga.

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### MAHUL.

*Distance ten coss, or fifteen miles.*

*2nd June, 1851. Monday, one o'clock, p.m.—*

Reached Mâhul, a little after sunrise, spending

\* Called in Moorcroft's Travels, "Zanskur," a name I never heard given to the district by any native of the place. Juskur is a country adjoining Pâhdur, or Pâhdul, which lies to the west of it. Ladāk bounds Juskur to the north and north-east, and Lahoûl lies to the south and south-east. I saw the white peaks of the Juskur Hills when I was travelling through Lahoûl and Ladāk. The whole of Juskur belongs to Goolâb Singh, and is under the management of the Governor of Ladāk.

the night *en route*. The path is, on the whole, a very tolerable one, though there are very precipitous places. Near Mâhul a torrent is spanned by a wooden bridge; this stream falls into the Chundra-Bhâga almost immediately after.

The village of Ghut is passed at a coss and a half after leaving Dōdha, and Bhobōre is another coss and a half further on. Supplies are not procurable at the next village, beyond sheep and milk; the name of this village is Jondpore, half-way from Dōōdha (or Dōdha) to Mâhul.

Between Ghut and Bhobōre, a very violent torrent intersects the path. A single frail spar is the only bridge thrown across the gulph. The Coolies and Sepoys who accompanied me, prayed me to leave my dhoolie, as a single false step would be destruction. Half from indolence, and half because I could not see how my unsteady feet could be safer than the dhoolie, I refused to move. Ghaussie then came, and begged me to allow a *Puhârie* to carry me across; but I resolved to brave the flood where I was, and after some difficulty (and an immense amount of firmness on my part!) I was taken over the perilous bridge—and safely too!

At Bhobōre I made my mule over to the

Mokuddum (or head man) of the place, and desired him to send the animal safely by the direct route to Mogul-Maidân, which keeps to the right bank of the Chundra-Bhâga.\* It is impossible to convey horses or mules over a bridge of twigs.

The latter part of the march to Mâhul follows the course of the Chundra-Bhâga. I observed hundreds of logs of wood floating down the rapid current. In this independent manner wood travels by water from the forests of Kishtawâr to our districts in the plains. A cheap style of carriage. I hear that some officer is at present at Kishtawâr, superintending the purchase of immense quantities of timber for our Government, all of which will float down the rapid current till it reaches the plains.

The banks of the Chundra-Bhâga are frequently very abrupt and precipitous, and the surging waters lash with violence against the bold rocks

\* The direct road from Dōdha to Mogul-Maidân, or Mogulmazâr, is :

- 1st. Oōdepore, four coss.
- 2nd. Nâgnee, four coss.
- 3rd. Dogudd, three and a-half coss.
- 4th. Saun, three and a-half coss.
- 5th. Mogul-Maidân, or Mogulmazâr, four coss.

There are no difficult bridges on this road, so it is practicable for horses, though as yet considerably blocked up by snow beyond Nâgnee.

which rise directly above. I described the sources and subsequent course of this river last year, and a recapitulation of the little items of information must be unnecessary.

The hills through which the path winds in the march I have just come, are either barely covered with grass, or studded with low bushes. The opposite heights were occasionally thickly wooded with fine trees. I observed very few flowers on the grassy slopes; very different from the rainy season, when every hill and bank was enamelled with wild flowers of every kind and every hue.

This village is a large one, and all supplies easily procurable. The Kardâr gave me some fine honey, white and pure, at Dōdha, and another jar here. The people of the country vie in their overpowering civilities. When I travel at night, fifty torches light my dhoolie, my baggage Coolies, and my servants. The head-man of every village and half-a-dozen of his myrmidons attend me to the next village, and so on till I reach my encamping ground, when the best house in the place is vacated for me! They appear immensely flattered if I express anything like satisfaction, and hold my displeasure in great awe! I like traveling in the jungles; everything is new and un-hackneyed,—the country, the people, and the

products alike. *Above all*, British "Cockneys" are unknown;—the greatest of earthly blessings, I opine.

In the cool of the evening I shall march towards Kishtawâr, but I cannot go across the Zampa by night, so I shall be forced to halt half-way. Kishtawâr is fourteen coss distant, and the Chundra-Bhâga is crossed at seven coss from this.

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KANGNEE. (NO VILLAGE HERE.)

*Distance seven and a half coss.*

3rd June, 1851. *Tuesday, 2 o'clock, p.m.*—I left Mâhul an hour before sunset, and reached Bursâl, a village three coss distant, by a little after dark. Road good, with the exception of one or two rugged places, and the last half mile. The path follows the course of the river, and there are some very bad precipices, terminating in the foaming river, at a distance of two and three hundred yards.

Bursâl is a small village, but it appears to have many dependencies, and is widely encompassed by rich fields of cultivation. I observe that opium is extensively cultivated in this part of the country.

I halted an hour at Bursâl to collect pine-

torches, and refused to remain the night there, though I was given terrible and imposing accounts of the badness of the road ahead. However, in spite of the dark, moonless night, I was not to be daunted, more especially as my bed being still behind, I had but little chance of sleep or rest for hours. So we started at nine o'clock, p.m., and by two o'clock, a.m. (to-day), reached the Jhōōla, or swing-bridge of twigs, four coss from Bursâl, and half-way from Mâhul to Kishtawâr. The road was certainly bad, and flanked by fearful *khuds*, at the foot of which roared the wild waters of the Chundra-Bhâga. One spot, in particular, was rather terrific. The pathway was about five or six inches broad, a crumbling bank flanked the left hand, and a nearly perpendicular precipice of loose soil, terminating in the abyss below, was on the right. The narrow path was of the same uncertain soil; and I confess I trembled when I thought how frail a hold the firmest feet have on such ground. The darkness of night, a short distance only illumined by the sickly glare of torches, made the yawning depths below appear trebly appalling. Some time after this, we passed through a magnificent pine forest, and found the underwood in one tremendous blaze, the advance Coolies having set fire to it as they descended

the hill. The sight was a very fine one, but my servants and dhoolie-Coolies did not appear to like it: the fire had extended on all sides, the whole forest appeared in one wild blaze, and a passage was with difficulty effected.

As soon as we reached the immediate neighbourhood of the Jhōōla, I had my bed placed under the spreading shade of a fine tree; and, ordering the people to rouse me at daybreak, that we might reach Kishtawâr early, I fell asleep without a moment's delay; and slept the dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. When I awoke, I saw that all my people and the Coolies were fast asleep, though many hours had fled by since break of day. My watch showed me it was nine o'clock. Somehow or other, I am *always* first to awake. Having breakfasted I came over here, half a coss from the Jhōōla, and I am halting while my servants have their dinner.

Just as I was bravely crossing the Jhōōla (or Zampa), I was incontinently seized with a *panic*, and could not proceed. So I was carried across, and I thought it lucky the horrid bridge was not longer. It was the very one I congratulated myself on not having to cross, when I passed this way last year. Suspended at a great height from the river, old and badly made, it appeared to me



really dangerous. It was so narrow that a man was obliged to widen it, as a second man carried me across; and when he did not stretch it out, there was not room for my porter and his burthen, and then we were arrested in our course. The footway of this bridge was some six inches wide, but the twig-ropes which formed it were placed the full length of the bridge, and not sideways, as at Khōksur Bridge.

The only recommendation to the Jhōōla I crossed to-day, is its *shortness*; it cannot be more than thirty yards in length. The river at this spot is confined by high rocks, the base of which is completely water-worn. The bed of the torrent is perfectly white with foam and spray; the current is strong, and the water dashes over huge blocks of stone and rock.

The Mokuddums of two villages awaited me with Coolies and supplies, as no hamlet is passed near this road, and they have been in attendance since the intelligence of my approach first reached them. This spot is not a village, but simply a halting place. An immense projecting rock gives shelter and protection from sun or rain. The people have made additional shade by surrounding the spot with great branches of trees. A small hill-torrent rushes down close by, from the Heights

above. This place has received the name of Kângnee. There is no village nearer than two or three miles.

The heat is very great all along this road. I saw Jungulwâr\* nearly opposite Bursâl ; and now I am on the road I travelled last year when going from Kishtawâr to Bhudurwâr, or Puddürooâ—I am now going on to Kishtawâr, six and a half coss distant. The half coss from the bridge to Kângnee is very rugged indeed.

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#### KISHTAWAR. [CITY.]

*Distance six and a half coss.*

4th June, 1851. *Wednesday.*—Arrived here at night-fall, having been four hours and a half *en route*. The pathway, which seemed so terrible in the rain and pitchy darkness of the night I travelled along it last year, appeared a very tolerable one by daylight, and under a cloudless sky. The breadth of the road, certainly, did not exceed a foot anywhere ; and precipitous banks, whose only and abrupt terminus was the deep abyss of the mountain torrent, hundreds of feet below, which

\* Jungulwâr is a village between Kishtawâr and Bhudurwâr, about half-way on the road. I described it last year.

flanked the left hand, might make many heads giddy;—yet, there were comparatively few and short ascents and descents, and the path was by no means as rugged as I had imagined. We followed the course of the Chundra-Bhâga, keeping to the left bank till within two or three miles of this town. About a mile before Kishtawâr is reached, we passed the village of Shalamâr, and then a steep ascent led to the town. Shalamâr is a small hamlet, very prettily wooded, and encircled by fine trees. I remember stopping at this place for a light last year, when it became necessary to use torches.

There is but little to say about Kishtawâr; once a large and important town,—its better days are past. There are not more than a hundred and fifty houses, most of them mean-looking, one-storied huts.\* The fort is barely garrisoned, and two-thirds of the population of the district have “*nussghia*,”† (to use the phraseology of the people of the country,) on account of the great oppression which prevails.

Kishtawâr is situated on a plain, about three or four miles in length, and perhaps a mile and a

\* I think I mentioned last year, that the yearly revenue of Kishtawâr only amounts to 3,000 Hurree Singhey rupees.

† Run away. This is an expression in the Punjâbi dialect.

quarter in breadth. The town is built at the southern extremity of this plain, and the rest is partly cultivated, and partly laid out in a soft green sward, like a beautiful lawn. The velvety grass felt so pleasant to tread upon, and the turf looked so fresh and green, I complimented the Kishtawârees on their good taste.

The mud fort is erected on a sort of eminence, and commands the dilapidated town. There are some fine trees about Kishtawâr, and a good deal of cultivation. High hills, some capped with snow, rise above the plain on all sides. The people of the country dress much the same as the Kashmirians. The men are attired in a sort of woollen jacket, with very loose trowsers of the same material. A small puttoo skull-cap, and sometimes a blanket wound round the waist, is the entire costume of this race. I speak of the lower orders.\* The few that there are of the better class, wear white clothes, and dress altogether very like the natives of India. I saw nothing in the shape of beauty, either here or at Dōdha, with the exception

\* This is the dress of the class employed as coolies: most of the zemindars wear merely the loose woollen night-dress, (for I can call it by no better name,) the same as the women, and which is the costume of the Kashmirians, with striped cotton cloth, or plain puttoo trowsers.

of one very pretty little girl at the latter town. She was eight or nine years old, and very fair for a native. She had very regular features, and a bright bloom on her cheeks. But what attracted me most, was the arch and mischievous expression of her face.

“ What though the sun with ardent frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown.”

She was nevertheless a perfect little Venus. We became great friends, and I was quite sorry to see so much beauty lost in the wilderness.

The Kardâr of Kishtawâr, whom I complimented so greatly last year, has been removed by the Maha-Râjah, and his substitute is said to be far superior. My friend, the Thanadâr, was absent at Pâhdur, seeing timber cut for our government.

The valley of the Chundra-Bhâga from the Jhōōla I crossed yesterday, to near Shalamâr (where yesterday's march quits the banks of the river,) is very narrow, and almost entirely devoid of villages or cultivation. The high hills rise rather abruptly above the river, and are covered either with brushwood and low jungle, or thickly wooded with fine forest trees, and capped with snow. One or two solitary huts, and a field of stunted barley, is the only sign of life in this “ōōjâr.” I observed two

or three caves on the road, which afford shelter to benighted travellers, much the same as at Kângnee, where I halted during the heat of the day yesterday. I shall proceed about sunset, and go as far as I can in the cool night.

This place is not so hot as the late halting-grounds I have been grilled at. I have taken up my abode in the Kardâr's house, by far the largest and best domicile in the town. There are plenty of red cherries here, very good when found ripe, but the natives pluck them indiscriminately, and eat them as soon sour as not. This fruit is called "Gelâss" in these parts. Peaches are ripening, but I suppose I shall be well on my way to Thibet, before they are in season.

I have found out several particulars regarding two routes from Kishtawâr to Ladâk. One goes via Pâhdur and Juskur, and the other via Duchin and Mûrrooa, or Murwâr. The former road is very rugged, and not properly open yet.

The latter I can reach from Kashmir, and if I find it practicable for ponies, I think I shall try it in preference to the route I came last year over the Draüs Pass. However, I shall first of all endeavour to obtain the Royal *Purwânghy* to visit Gilgit, in spite of the cannibal propensities of the Dardoos, or inhabitants of the country. I was

lighted into the town by eighteen torches of my favourite wood to my dhoolie, alone. The bright illumination resembled some festival night.

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### MOGUL-MAIDAN, OR MOGULMAZAR.\*

*Distance six coss, or about nine miles.*

5th June, 1851. Thursday two o'clock, p.m.— I did not arrive here till near ten o'clock this forenoon, being afraid to cross the Jhōōlas at the late hour I reached the banks of the river last night. There was a tiny moon, but the light reflected was so faint, as to render the darkness only the more perceptible, and before I could have gone far, the young moon would have gone to sleep behind the high hills. So I had my bed placed on a piece of tolerably level ground, and dressed as I was, I lay down and fell asleep, with no further protection from the night-dews than the light mosquitoe curtains. I sent on all my people with breakfast, and they did not seem to mind the Jhōōla at all. Servants, baggage, and Coolies, all crossed by torchlight with the greatest ease.

After quitting the plain of Kishtawâr, there

\* The meaning of this name is the "Plain or Tomb of the Mogul" (Mussulman). "Maidân" signifies a plain, and "mazâr" is a tomb.

is a pretty wooded descent of a couple of miles in length, rugged and steep towards the end. The Chundra-Bhâga flows below, and immediately at the foot of the descent is the bridge of twigs, about thirty yards long. The river is confined by lofty rocks at this spot, and a little higher up the banks are precipitous, and several hundred feet high. About fifty paces from the bridge, a large mountain-torrent falls into the Chundra-Bhâga, and the united rivers flow at right angles to the former course of the larger body of water.\* The Chundra-Bhâga takes many very abrupt turns, sometimes quite at right angles, near this spot, and a mile or two higher up.

As we were leaving Kishtawâr, I had many glimpses of the white peaks of Kashmir's snowy barrier, and I was surprised to see how much more snow is on them now than a couple of months later last year I imagined possible.

The river, which forms a junction with the Chundra-Bhâga below Bunderkôte (a village directly above the bridge), is called "Korâi," as I think I mentioned in my former journal. It is a large and rapid stream, and flows with great velocity. It is formed of two torrents, one from the mountains above Duchin, and the other from

\* The river of Wurdwun.



the Singapore Punjâl. These Rapids unite below Durput, about two miles and a half from their junction with the Chundra-Bhâga. A bridge of twigs spans the Korâi, a mile above the first bridge. The path is very good, and nearly quite level the whole way.

The small village of Durput is about a couple of miles beyond, situated on the left bank of the Korâi, just before it unites with the Duchin stream, where it is spanned by a *sanga* or wooden bridge. Last year I spent the night at Durput, in a Brahmin's hut, when I was benighted, but as it is off the direct road, I did not go to it this year, and was quite satisfied by looking at it at a respectful distance.

The last two coss to this place consist of a steep ascent and descent, a very tolerable path,—the only very rugged spot I managed to *circumvent*, remembering how bad it was last year. The hill ascended (for the sole purpose apparently of being immediately descended), is thickly wooded. A couple of mountain-torrents are crossed by ricketty spars at the foot of the hill, and then the few huts, constituting "Mogul-Maidân," are reached in a couple of minutes. Coolies and supplies appear equally difficult to obtain here. I do not wonder at this, as the villages in the neigh-

bourhood are few and paltry, and here there are only a few huts.

My mule has just arrived from Bhubōre, *viâ* the Nâgneeroad. The people in charge say that the snow was very deep, and that they have had great difficulty in bringing the animal that route. It appears several mountains have to be crossed, and the villagers had to cut a road through the snow. The Nâgneeroad is not *well* open for another fortnight.

A loss of silver occurred yesterday, six spoons and two forks. I always imagined that the hill-people were afraid to steal, if not too honest; and I cannot help thinking, that by some mistake the missing articles must have been left at Kishtawâr. As I brought only a limited supply, when I left Vernâg (thinking I should only be away three or four days at the utmost), I am quite destitute of further spoons, and was absolutely reduced to a wooden affair, remotely resembling a spoon in shape, at this morning's breakfast. [Decline in style decidedly!] I also brought a limited supply of wine, ale, and servants, sending almost all my baggage and people to Echebul,\* when I came this way. I have been detained so long by the round I have been forced to make, that for

\* A village near Islamabad.

several days I have had none of the *luxuries* above-mentioned; and in the jungles they are decidedly "luxuries." My tea is nearly expended, and that would be by far the worst deprivation; so I must hurry "home." I suppose my servants think I have gone to Kamschatka *at last!* I hope they have not left Echebul, on a search. Delightful news that would be to greet my arrival there two or three days hence.

— Three he-Philistines just arrived; mon Dieu, je m'en vais.

Having seen the Singapore Punjâl, I shall this time go round by Chēēangâon and Nobōōg. The road to Thibet from Kishtawâr, *viâ* Duchin and Mūrrooa,\* branches off from this road at Bunder-kōte, the village above the Jhōōla, over the Chundra-Bhâga, before described. The people of the country about here seem miserably poor. I was *carried* over both the bridges I crossed to-day (finding this mode of conveyance much pleasanter than my trembling feet), and I gave my porters a small present. They evidently had never seen a rupee before, and were dreadfully astonished.

\* Also called Murwâr.

## CHEEANGAON.

*Distance six coss, or nine miles.*

6th June, 1851. *Friday, 6 o'clock, a.m.*— Arrived here about an hour ago. Though only six coss, and a very fair road, the wretched coolies were the whole night on the way. I spent a very miserable night, as I got fever about eight o'clock, p.m. I delayed my departure a couple of hours, hoping that the fever would leave me; but ague was followed by high fever, and I was very unwell till three o'clock this morning, when the great and burning heat was followed by gradual moisture on the skin. I feel rather languid in consequence, and not much inclined to do anything, but lie down listlessly. It is no use giving way to these sensations of weariness—occupation is the best medicine, if it can possibly be applied.

There was a good deal of ascent on the way, and this place is considerably higher than Mogul-Maidân. Singapore is two and a half coss from this village to the south. I see a great many snowy hills close by, and the mountains all round are beautifully wooded with my favourite fir-tree. It is a prettily-situated little village altogether.

Between this and Nobōōg is twelve coss of Oojâr, no villages *en route*; so as I am going half-way after breakfast, I shall once more pitch in the wilderness my little camp.

I never feel lonely, though I am quite alone, in a wild country, attended only by hirelings. The days pass by only too quickly, and I find that I have not time enough to do all I wish to get through while halting. I have not half enough of leisure for reading, and I have often wondered to find the day closing long before it *ought*! Baron Hügel is ceaselessly expatiating (in his work on Kashmir, &c.) on how much he felt and suffered from the "loneliness" of his position. Why! the good man was but little "alone," certainly not a couple of months. In Kashmir he had more than one European gentleman to associate with; and Mr. Vigne (an agreeable and intelligent person, from all accounts) accompanied him when he left Kashmir. So why does he always expatiate on the painful and long-continued "loneliness" of his travels? However, in spite of this little *folie*, and one or two tiny inaccuracies, his book is a very amusing work, pleasantly and cleverly written. I have not read it through. I have absolutely not had time since I received it from

Calcutta, three or four months ago ; but I have been interested by what I have seen of it. Now, my dear Baron, do not despise the tribute of praise given by so very humble an individual as the writer of this journal. I have a right to an opinion, and an equally great right to express it when and where I please, and how I please. And when, *mein lieber Herr*, I point out any inaccuracy I see in your really clever work, do not get savage, like foolish people do. Remember, "to spare the rod, spoils the child ;" and this rule applies to everything. You may, however, save yourself the trouble of applying the critic's "rod" to my unpretending journal. I will only laugh at it, as I do at everything, and it is too late to use *any* "rod" to me, for I have been an "Enfant Gâté" from my youth upwards.

The Pass I am to cross to-morrow, and which leads from Chēangâon into Kashmir, is called the "Sin-Thun Peer," or Pass ; so, at least, I am informed here.

The dialect spoken in Kishtawâr is much the same as in the valley of Kashmir. I made the Mookuddam give me a number of words in common use, a list of which I subjoin.\*

\* An egg—"Töölh," or "Thööl.

## NEAR SIN-THUN. (OOJAR ENCAMPMENT.)

*Distance four coss, or about six miles.*

7th June, 1851. *Saturday.*—We arrived here about nine o'clock last night. The distance is not more than four coss, but there was so much snow on the road, and we could get no fire to light our Masâls with, so there was terrible delay after dusk. The path from Chēēangâon, is for two coss up a steep ascent, thickly wooded, and towards the summit rich grass and fine forest trees adorn the hills with their luxuriant verdure. I observed many wild flowers, much the same as grow on the Rotūng Pass, below ten thousand feet of elevation. I gathered many pretty lilies, and several kinds

A sheep—"Hōōndoo," (and feminine "lowh.")

Fire—"Nâhr." Milk—"Dōōdhey."

Honey—"Mâchee." Butter—"Thunhie."

Rice—"Tumbhul." Raw Sugar—"Anh."

Father and Mother—"Bihee," and "Deydee."

Wheat—"Ghoâ," also "Kunnuk."

Barley—"Whârroo." Goat—"Isouhoul."

Bed—"Khut." Small earthen eating vessels are called Lejjie.

Child—"Poottur."

Mountain—"Dhâr." Snow, or Ice—"Sheein."

Sugar—"Nabhut." Walking-stick—"Lōrie."

To Eat—"Khyummoo." Come here—"Yōrioo."

of violets. The latter, however, were quite scentless, which I was a good deal surprised at. On these luxuriant mountains hundreds of kine are pastured, and the cowherds (here called "Goojur-log") have small thatched huts erected all over the hills, and they move from station to station higher up the mountains, as the snow melts away. Last year, I was regaled with many a drink of milk on these elevated spots, but the cowherds have not got high up the Passes yet, on account of the deep snow.

After going about two coss, the road first gradually, and then more abruptly, descended to the bed of a broad and deep hill-torrent. The pathway was scarcely a foot wide, and the precipices hundreds of feet deep, and nearly perpendicular, terminated without a break in the impetuous Rapid far beneath. There was no underwood, no tree, no bush, to make the *khuds* less fearful. The slope was just sufficient to make one fancy that a person once slipping from the path would *roll* down to the deep abyss, and nothing could possibly arrest his headlong progress. It requires a very steady head to look down these precipitous places.

I had been walking a little way previously, and I did not enter my dhoolie till we reached a small bed of snow, and I was averse to getting my feet



wet. Soon after this it became dark, and we came to another and longer bed of snow, which the Coolies crossed very slowly. The rest of the way was very bad, narrow and dangerous, constantly crossing beds of snow and ice, or stumbling over the stones and rocks, which the melting snow had left painfully slippery. The track lay along the left bank of the river I mentioned above. At last, within two hundred paces of this place, we crossed the torrent by a vast snow-bridge, and proceeded along the right bank by a difficult path, till we reached my little camp. The many fires which lit up the dense gloom of the forest, were welcome to me, for I was quite weary of our slow progress over bad and difficult roads.

Sin-Thun is still a coss further on, and there are some vacant cow-herd sheds standing there ; but it was impossible to reach it after dark, and I was glad to stop here, though there is not the vestige of a habitation to "mark the spot." It was very cold here last night, and my *Sirdar* erected a sleeping apartment for me, in an ingenious manner, in this wilderness. Half-a-dozen blankets were fastened to ropes, and these ropes were wound round the trunks of two magnificent Pine trees, which stood ten feet apart. A blanket roof surrounded my woollen dwelling-place,

and my bed, mosquito-curtains and all, found ample shelter from the cold blast and the heavy dews of this jungle encampment. The Coolies gathered round large fires of pine-logs, and did not appear to mind the cold at all. Many of the servants had only one blanket, and I heard no lamentations. Sheltered though I was, two thick *rezaïs* (quilts) and three Caubul Puttoos scarcely gave me warmth. My walk had fatigued me, and I fell fast asleep before I had undressed or dined.

We are now at the foot of the Sin-Thun Punjâl, and I hope to reach Nobōōg, which is about nine coss distant, before evening, as it is not much past six a.m. now. The water was bitterly cold this morning, and as all the *Degchies*\* had gone on, I could get no warm water, and the ice bath nearly benumbed me.

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### DEOSIR.

*Distance seven coss.*

8th June, 1851. *Sunday*.—I was too much fatigued to reach Nobōōg yesterday, and as fever came on in the evening, I was forced to halt here. I found this a terrible march, and, to my sorrow, had a shocking set of Coolies. They were *ten*

\* Cooking-pots of tinned copper.

hours carrying me five coss, though there were sixteen men to my light dhoolie. They *must* have been "Mōōrduhs,"\* not men, surely. I became so weary of their slow progress, and so faint from fasting, that I actually left the dhoolie, and walked the last three miles. The great fatigue and exposure to cold, altogether made me really ill, but I am pretty well again, and I will describe the march.

About a mile of the way was a gentle wooded ascent, the ground covered with grass, red and white clover, and many wild flowers, such as bloom in England. The pretty blue and lilac violets were scentless, even at this early hour. Many varieties of forget-me-nots covered the hills, and white and purple anemones were richly intermingled. Little imagining that I had such a fatiguing day before me, I walked this mile, gathering the flowers as I proceeded. My walk was arrested by a vast bed of snow, and I took to my dhoolie. The torrent we had crossed the night before was again to be re-crossed; but the only bridge which spanned it, one of frozen snow, was broken in the centre, and the Rapid was not safe to ford. So we were forced to go higher up, by a difficult and precipitous track, scarcely

\* Corpses.

marked at all, and after the delay of an hour or more, we found a dangerous spot to go across. A huge log of wood, half submerged, and some large slippery stones, formed the uncertain ferry. A man carried me over, a second Puhâriya helping him to tread stealthily on the slippery flooring beneath his feet. It is not pleasant to be carried by any of this race, on account of the tendency to hydrophobia before adverted to !

The rest of the way to the crest of the Pass of the Sin-Thun Punjâl, was (after the first two or three hundred yards), across pathless wastes of snow and ice. There is far more snow on this mountain now, than on the Bara Lachâ Pass three weeks later, though the elevation of the latter is one third *greater*. The height of the Sin-Thun Pass cannot exceed eleven thousand five hundred feet, judging from the forest-line, which is not five hundred feet below the summit of the mountain. But the snow is deep and unbroken, and extends on every side in vast and dreary fields of icy whiteness. Fir and birch trees thickly stud the snow, and this mixture of verdure in the wintry landscape, has a very pretty effect. The last trees are a few straggling, stunted birches, the white bark suiting the snowy ground.

The last quarter of a mile is very steep, and

the Coolies were upwards of an hour in getting over this portion. My eyes were very sore from the reflection of the snow when the sun shone brightly on it, and I suffered on the whole considerably. It was past two o'clock p.m., when the dhoolie reached the summit of the pass, and beyond a cup of tea before starting, I had not broken my fast. Ghaussie brought me a few dried Ladâk fruit, which I ate very gladly. It was very cold, and as I got out of the dhoolie to look on the prospect around me, I threw a red Kashmir shawl over my shoulders. The silly Coolies prayed me not to do this; why, I could not exactly understand, but it had something to do with the shawl being red, and some "Purrees,"\* who sported invisibly on the spot, and were inimical to the colour. This is a hazy account of the superstition, but I am not learned in the heathen tongue used in these wild regions.

From the crest of the pass I saw the white

\* Fairies. These ethereal beings are supposed by the natives to be generally inimical to the human race. There is a house at Landour (one of our own hill stations,) which the natives declare is full of "Purrees," and every one who lives there, European or native, comes to an untimely end without fail. The actual death of each successive occupant, has strangely verified the native superstition.

peaks of the "Bootân\* Punjâl," rising in unbroken snow to the north of the Sin-Thun pass. "Bootân," "Böd," or "Bultistân, are all names given to Thibet, so I fancy this is the pass from Kashmir into Thibet.

I never saw a more dreary and wintry scene than was presented to the eye a few feet before† reaching the crest of the pass. Snowy mountains, range beyond range, icy peaks of great elevation, met the eye wherever it roved, and naught of life seemed in these vast snowy solitudes. Nature was so still, so imposing. How insignificant are all of human kind in scenes such as these!

The descent was all snow for a couple of miles, and beneath—many feet below our path—was a mountain torrent,‡ which did not escape from its snowy bridge till we had gone a couple of miles, when it burst forth, and we were necessitated to move to a rugged path along the right bank. The mountains are richly wooded all around, the higher hills being densely covered with fir and birch trees, the light and dark tints of their respective foliage being prettily mingled. The

\* I had a fine view of the valley of Kashmir from the summit of the pass.

† This is the name I find given to the pass into Thibet, over the Pambher and Mūrrooa hills.

‡ In fact, our path was nothing more than a prolonged field of snow, which completely bridged over the mountain torrent for a couple of miles.

Coolies went so very slowly that I left the dhoolie a little after four o'clock, and walked to this village, the first after the "ōōjâr," arriving quite knocked up about sunset. I found my people preparing to start on a search after me with my dinner, thinking some accident must have delayed me, breakfastless, so long.

Sending to-morrow's breakfast on to Nobōōg, I have halted here. This is a small village at the foot of the higher range, and encompassed by other hills, so that not a glimpse of the valley can be obtained. There is plenty of wood in the neighbourhood, and the hills are covered with dense forests. A good deal of cultivation surrounds the village, and the country between these hills and the next (and lower) ridge, is quite a valley.

Islamabad is eight coss distant, about twelve miles; the path to it winds through the low hills, along the narrow valleys, and lies to the left of the Nobōōg road. Gōhun is two coss distant to the south. I hear that Goolâb Singh has at last reached his capital.

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### NOBOOG, OR NABOOG (KASHMIR).

*Distance three or four miles.*

*Same day, two o'clock, p.m.*—Breakfasted here. The road from Déosir to Nobōōg is through a very

pretty valley, green and cultivated, and studded with many trees. We passed the large village of Lârum to the left, and that is the road to Echebul. This village is further on about a mile, and is on the road to Wurdwun and Sōōroo. This is a very pretty village, beautifully wooded. The ground is carpeted with rich grass and red and white clover, and every thing in nature looks fresh and smiling. I observed numberless rose-bushes, covered with flowers in full bloom. Some of these wild roses were of a rich scarlet hue, white and pink beautifully mingling their luxuriant blossoms with the deeper shades. I also observed a sort of honey-suckle, but though otherwise very similar to the cultivated species, it entirely lacked its fragrance.

The Wurdwun mountains covered with deep snow, are visible from this village, and lie to the north-north-east. The valley of Kashmir, par excellence, is still removed out of sight by a ridge of low hills, which uniting a little to the south of this village with the higher range of mountains, forms a valley of the plain land in the middle. Firs are very abundant all throughout these hills, and are of magnificent size. I am now going on as far as I can before dark, on my way to Echebul.



## SHWANGAS.

*Distance five coss, or seven and a half miles.*

*Same day, 8 o'clock p.m.*—I halted here, (though Echebul is only a couple of coss distant,) as soon as it became dark, as I wished to see this extremity of the valley properly by daylight. I am told that this village is not on the direct road to Echebul; but I suppose it is the best, as the Coolies brought me here of their own accord.

The road from Nobōg winds along the foot of low hills for a couple of miles, and the valley is studded thickly with willows, most of them pollards. Rice is widely cultivated along the valley, and appears to be the principal grain grown, and from its great abundance ought to be very cheap.

The path, after the first part of the way, leads over grassy hills, prettily wooded; the ascents and descents gentle, till the village of Kâhrpoor is reached, two coss from this. I observed that all the houses at Kâhrpoor, and also Nobōg, were almost entirely constructed of *wood*, though two and three stories high. Clumps of poplar trees are found near this village, and pines grow in dense forests on the hills skirting the path, or

stud the surrounding vales and plains. I passed a fine hawthorn tree in full flower:—how its fondly-remembered fragrance brought back sadly the thoughts of “days long past and gone.” Sad memories of “home, sweet home,” crowded on my heart, and the happy days of my careless childhood rose vividly before me. How utterly had the bright hopes of my sanguine girlhood been blasted. How little seemed the eager anticipations of that halcyon time to have been realized. How mistaken were my foolish and childish ideas of the *world*;—how blighted my hopes of the life before me then. I thought sadly of the days that were past, when everything was *couleur de rose* to my young fancy, unacquainted with the *world of even a school*. Brought up at home,—spoilt and wayward—alas! how little of joy had the “world” given me when I did become acquainted with its hypocritical friendships and hollow mirth? In the world I have found “goodness a name, and happiness a dream;” and how different were my anticipations of the vast theatre of life, and the players who perform their part in every scene and act. Would that I had never survived the happy days of my childhood, I mournfully murmured, as fond memories of “those happier hours too soon passed away, in the cold

disappointment of life's stormy day," swept sadly and chilly over my heart. I recalled the home of my childhood and wayward youth, the merry faces of the dear home circle, "who filled our house with glee";—and now, where are they all scattered?—far and wide, and some sleep the long sleep of death. Two of my favourite brothers no longer live to smile on me; and how far am I from the beloved ones who still, thank God, are spared. And the "world" I was so anxious to enter, with all the impetuosity of a spoilt child, a few years ago, does it bring sympathy or solace to the many sorrows which, young as I am, have fallen heavily on me? How contemptuously I think and feel towards that same "world!"—

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
 I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed to its idolatries a patient knee,  
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud  
 In worship of an echo! In the crowd  
 They could not deem me one of *such*;  
 I stood among them, but not of them,—in a shroud  
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,  
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued."

It is not the solitude that ever pains me of travelling all alone in the wild mountains, but a something, however trifling in itself, that recalls

sweet “dreams of the past.” These mournful thoughts fill my heart, and a feeling of desolate melancholy casts its dark shadow over the future, objectless and hopeless in its dreary loneliness. I know it is foolish to give way to mournful thoughts, because a philosophical mind will *ever* remember that—

“*The Past is nothing,—and at last  
The Future can but be the Past!*”

Some such thoughts flashed across my mind, while immersed in melancholy retrospections yesterday; and I turned proudly from dark anticipations and sorrowful memories, to the many wild excitements in the life of a solitary traveller. Besides, I am not so silly

“as to regard men’s frown and smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember’d or forgot.”

*Qu’ importe*, which? and with a delightful versatility, I forgot, for the time, all the long train of memories called into being at the well-remembered fragrance of a favourite English flower. When we entered the village of Kâhr-poor, I stifled all sadness, and hurried to see a batch of ponies which the peasants were willing to sell. I selected three of the best, after a long

delay in securing them, for they were wild colts rushing about the meadows.\*

The path from Kâhrpoor to Shwângas is first an ascent, up which I rode; then follows a long wooded, and rather steep descent to the valley of Kashmir. Two or three hundred yards further on is the village of Shwângas, surrounded by trees, and of considerable size for villages in these parts. It is so late now, I shall dine and sleep here, and proceed early in the morning to Echebul.

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### ECHEBUL, OR UCHEBUL.

*Distance two coss, or three miles.*

9th June, 1851. *Monday.*—The path from Shwângas to this village lies through a pretty country, well wooded and extensively cultivated. The road is a very gentle ascent, or a plain the whole way. The valley narrows to scarcely a mile in breadth, a little above Shwângas; and the whole way to this village is scarcely five miles broad at any part. A tongue of land, consisting of a low ridge of hills, cuts this extremity of the valley into two sections. This is the north-eastern end of the valley of Kashmir.

\* I paid seventy rupees for the three, and bought them principally to carry burthens.

Two high Peaks of perpetual snow, to the north of Shwângas, were pointed out to me as the mountains of Amur-Nâth, where the famous cave of Gypsum is. The road is through too much snow to be practicable for a month or six weeks yet, so I fear I must give up all idea of seeing the cavern, as I fully intended to have done.

This part of the valley is adorned by fine trees, the chenâr, walnut, and willow, principally. Apples and pears are still unripe, and we passed numbers of trees laden with the fruit. I observed many pretty flowers, resembling those that bloom in English gardens, and culled a large number for my Herbal.

As we descended the gentle slope to this place, the whole vale lay before us, and there was a peaceful beauty in the landscape peculiar to Kashmir. A light veil of mist hung over the still valley, and dimly in the distance I could trace the snowy outline of Kashmir's lofty boundary to the west and far north.

I found all my servants here, and though without my restraining presence for a fortnight, *none* had made their escape to the plains. I was delighted to get good tea in plenty once more, and as much as I wished of wine and ale.

After all, I am not *quite* alone! Some of my

servants were unaffectedly glad to see me; and, above all, my pet dog, young "Squire," could not sufficiently express his delight, nor would he, for a good hour, desist his desperate caresses of welcome.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

And it is pleasant to find oneself remembered and loved by a noble dog. I must mention that my pet is no lap-dog coddling, but a fine large *bull-dog*, who is to replace that little prince of pets, my poor tiny Princey. At this moment "Squire" unconditionally declines to let me write, so I must close my diary for to-day.

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### ECHEBUL, OR UCHEBUL.

10th June, 1851. *Tuesday*.—It is past nine o'clock, a.m., but I am detained here on account of the delay in getting coolies for the rear portion of my baggage. I bribed the Moonshee\* with a present, but I only succeeded in getting twenty men. This Moonshee is a sad person for bribes, and I am told I shall never get off unless I try the effect of a second *douceur*, which I fancy I shall be obliged to do.

\* Scribe. This man was a servant of Geoláb Singh's, and was supposed to provide Coolies.

There is a Bâgh, or garden here, close to the house I am occupying; and though now *weehrân*,\* shows traces of departed beauty; the turf is soft and rich, and many fine trees give their grateful shade from the noon-day sun. This garden stretches along the base of a hill, and at one extremity are two "nâgs," or springs. The water bubbles up with considerable vehemence from the ground, something like (in appearance) to the boiling springs of Munnie Kârn, in Kōōloo. A stone reservoir has been built round each "nâg," and an aqueduct conveys the water all through the grounds in a considerable volume, subsequently watering the whole adjacent country. These springs are close together, and never dry up. The remains of a ruined Bâruh Durrie, close by, are still visible; and the garden and its buildings are all said to be the work of the great Emperor Akbar.

Goolâb Singh is building a tiny Bâruh Durrie in the centre of a small tank, formed by the waters of the springs, and constructed of stone. Hummâms, or large baths, are built at another extremity of the garden, and though now disused and fast going to ruin, exhibit the active spirit of

\* Deserted, or a desert, used to express wildness and ruins. "*Weehrân*" is a Persian word.



the great Akbar, in the solidity of the construction and its great extent.

The name of this spot, and also the adjoining village, is, properly speaking, "Ucchha-Bul," the first word signifying *good*, and the latter *water*. The name has been corrupted into "Echebul," and "Uchebul," which are now generally used.

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### MUTTHUN, OR MATTAN (KASHMIR).

*Distance, two and a half coss, about five miles.*

*Same day, four p.m.*—Arrived here to a late breakfast. The first two miles of the way lay through ceaseless rice fields, and we had to cross two considerable streams. A log of wood was thrown across each, but my pony could not be taken over such frail bridges. I dismounted, sending the animal by my *syce*\* lower down, where the water was shallow. The wretched man either mistook me, or disliked the water, so he brought the pony on the log before I could stop him from the opposite bank, and in another minute the poor little nag was in the water, and swimming as hard as he could. Being unable to get up the bank I was standing on, he bravely swam back, and I had the felicity of seeing my saddle soaked, and the

\* Groom.

additional pleasure of waiting an hour in the sun, while everything was put to rights. There was no use to scold, so I saved myself the trouble, and sat down philosophically under a neighbouring tree.

There are several villages passed on and near the road along this part of the valley, but the "road" is quite a misnomer, there being nothing approaching to one for the first two miles, and I know it was my deplorable fate to go *viâ* rice-fields and deep waters.

The beginning of the third mile brought us to the low ridge of hills, which (as I mentioned before) divide the north-eastern extremity of the valley into two distinct sections. I had a good opportunity of observing the length, breadth, and height of this ridge, as the village is situated on the other side, from Uchebul.

I should say that these low hills extend along four or five miles, regularly dividing this end of Kashmir. The height of the ridge is not 300 feet above the plain land around, and the summit is a fine expanse of nearly table-land, terminating in an eminence (one or two hundred feet above the rest of the ridge,) which rises rather abruptly above the valley below. The length of this table-land may be three or four miles, the breadth about two. There are no villages near,

and very little cultivation. Plenty of rich grass, low shrubs, and a few trees. The famous ruins of Korau Pandau\* stand on this table-land, not far from the path I rode along. I was late for breakfast, and did not halt to go over them, but they had a striking effect in the distance. I mean to pay the spot a visit to-morrow or next day.

I cantered along very fast across the table-land, leaving my servants far behind. The descent to this village is cut up by ravines.

Mutthun is situated at the foot of the low hills I have described, so I had a good view of the second section of the north-eastern extremity of the valley. The rice-fields give a curious effect to the landscape. The plain-land resembles a vast marsh studded with trees and houses. I do not like the rice-*khêts* (fields).

Mutthun, or Mattan, is a large village and a place of "*Tirth*" or pilgrimage for Hindoos. The windows of the roomy abode I am located in, look out on the Sacred Tanks, one small and one large, adjoining each other. The spring which supplies the water issues from the ground beneath the smaller tank, or from some subterranean issue in the rocks and mountains close above. A small temple is at the head of the reservoirs of water.

\* Also called "Khairwân Panduwân," and "K̄hâna Pandoo."

Myriads on myriads of fishes, large and small, and of various hues, from pale green to black, sport in the water, and are held sacred by the inhabitants. Goolâb Singh allows one *maund* (82 lbs.) a day of rice for their food; and these sacred fishes are never taken out of the water on any pretext. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Icthyology to say what species of fish these may be; I have not, in fact, the ghost of an idea.

Mutthun is called "Bhōwan"\* by the Mussulmen portion of the inhabitants. The village is in the Pergunnah of Martund, and consists of some two hundred houses. The place swarms with Brahmins, who levy toll on all Hindoo visitors, (and many Christian ones too). They wheedled three rupees out of me, I know.

There are some caves famed of old, close by, and I am now going to see them.

I had some conversation with the Kardâr about Gilgit. He says the country and its inhabitants are very "*ōkhha*."† He declares that it is a very unprofitable district, and scarcely yields 10,000

\* I fancy this is the village called "Bhuvan" in Moorcroft's work. I do not know what he could mean by saying that it is "half a mile from Mattan," when it is only another name for the latter village. I could hear of no village called "Bhuvan," any where near Mattan.

† Bad. Good for nothing.

rupees of revenue, while the expense of keeping it up exceeds that amount. Between Chulâs and Gilgit, a thousand sepoy's of the Maha Râjah have been murdered by the people, and Chulâs has now unconditionally declined paying a sous of revenue. So Goolâb Singh is going to send a large force up there at once, and in a few days proceeds to Sopōre to arrange all about the coming war.

Chulâs\* is a country situated to the south-west of Gilgit, and inhabited by a race of people called Dards, the same as in Gilgit. The capital of Chulâs is on the left bank of the Gilgit river, and consists of seven or eight hundred houses. The Gilgit river waters the valley of Chulâs, which is skirted by low, wooded hills. Wheat is almost the only grain grown, and the poorer classes live on coarse vegetables and wild fruits.

The Dards, both of Gilgit and Chulâs, are Mahometans; but they are very little attached to their religion, and were originally Kafirs or perfect infidels. Hasora and Gorez† are the districts which separate Chulâs from Kashmir.

Gilgit is a wild country situated to the west-north-west of Iskârdo, or Skardōō. The capital is

\* Also termed Chilâs.

† Also, Garez. Moorcroft's map calls the capital of that district, "Garets."

situated on an extensive plain, bounded by mountains about the average height of a thousand feet above the elevation of the valley. Some river of heathen cognomen flows by this town, and at some subsequent period joins the Indus. The capital consists of four or five hundred houses, and is situated on the right bank of the river above mentioned.

Some trade from Yârkund and Pâmîr, passes through Gilgit, but very little grain is grown, and the people (Dards, or Dardōōs) are perfect savages, speaking some unknown tongue. Gold-dust is found in the river, and is used as currency. There is plenty of fruit, both wild and cultivated, in Gilgit; grapes are very fine, and figs, walnuts, melons, and apples, grow in great luxuriance all through the country.

Ladâk lies a long distance to the south-east, and Yârkund is to the far north of Gilgit, the Kâra-korum mountains lying between. Budakshân is to the north-west of Gilgit; and Kokhân, a remote region to the north of Budakshân, many long miles. The Kardâr seems an intelligent man, and I hope the above information is all correct.

I have said nothing of the State of Iskârdo or its capital, because I feel certain I am going to pay it a speedy visit. This village is on the road

to Sesh Nâg, and the famous cave of Gypsum at Amur-Nâth. I dare say I mentioned this before.

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### MUTTHUN, OR MATTAN.

11th June, 1851. *Wednesday*.—I visited the famous Caves of Mutthun yesterday evening, and as the evening was cool and pleasant, I proceeded to Korau Pandau, a mile from this village. The caves are three in number; they are found in the rocks a little above the road, about a couple of hundred yards from the principal portion of this town. The third cave, called Rishi\* Boomerike, regularly built outside and inside into a temple, is two hundred yards still further on, close to the shores of the Lidur river, a large body of water flowing from the Sesh Nâg, (a lake 13,000 feet in elevation,) on the road to Amur-Nâth.

The two first caves are close to each other. One is very tiny, but the other is worth seeing. Taking a light, and accompanied by Ghaussie, and several Brahmins, I entered the gloomy mountain portal. Heavy drops of water were dripping from the stone, and the ground was damp under our feet. As we advanced, the soil became half-

\* See Appendix C.

a-foot deep in mud, and one of the Brahmins carried me to where the rock descends so low as to make further progress apparently impossible. The Brahmins *subsequently* endeavoured to make me believe there *was* a road all through the mountain to Islamabad, and that a person could reach it crawling on hands and knees. I certainly saw no aperture beyond the part of the cave I attained, which was not large enough to admit a well-sized dog, and I do not believe that there is any cave further on; or at least I will not credit the assertion that any one *can* penetrate beyond, whether there is a subterranean passage or not.

The length of the cave I saw, is eighty paces. I did not count mine, but the men's. The width of the cave is very little, just enough for a person to pass, and the rock on both sides slants so much, that I could not stand upright, though the actual height of the interior may be nearly seven feet. The further extremity of the cave, about the last thirty paces, is far more spacious and lofty.

Baron Hügel talks of "several little chambers, of different forms." I did not see a single one. The largest cavern is quite straight, and no outlet to "chambers" of any sort did I see. From the furthest extremity, I could plainly see the entrance to the cave.



Rishi Boomerike is the third and furthest cavern. It is situated about sixty feet above the road, and a stone door-way has been built at the entrance. The cave is a sort of chamber, sixteen paces long, and ten broad; about twelve feet high. Immediately beyond is a small temple in the rock, and I saw no issue further on. These caverns are called *Ghofah*,\* and the Brahmins told me that the Déo Cushup made them, and that spirits inhabit them.

Korau Pandau is also deserving of notice. These ruins are of incredible antiquity, as the Pandau dynasty flourished more than twice the age of our Christian world ago, and continued in power for more than a thousand years. The Pandaus, or Pandōōs, were the princely heroes of the epic verse of Hindoos, and every ruin is ascribed to that noble race, by the Hindoos all over the east, unless some irrefragable evidence to the contrary exists in their chronicles, or any of their holy books.†

These ruins are a short mile from this village, and are situated near this end of the table-land I described yesterday. Hills, two or three hundred feet high, rise above the ruins, a little distance behind. All in front is plain-land, uncultivated

\* This word *ought* to be pronounced Gōōpha.

† See Appendix D.

and unpopulated. I remained half-an-hour at Korau Pandau, vainly examining the ruined buildings for some inscription or curiosity of ancient days. The ruins are very striking, and there is an air of solitary grandeur in the massive stone walls and slender pillars, which forcibly tell of princely magnificence past and gone. The roof has entirely fallen in, and the flat slabs of stone lying desolately on the ground, show how massive the whole structure must have been. The whole of the building has been constructed of immense blocks of hewn stone; and the walls, which still partially encircle the ruins, are also of solid stone. Inside and outside they are elaborately sculptured with figures of heathen divinities, and flowers and wreaths.

It was sunset when I arrived at Korau Pandau, and the fading light imparted a mournful beauty and striking magnificence to the noble ruins. There is so much of *character* in the spot, that a picture could be easily taken of it, and I regretted I had not provided myself with materials for drawing. Near the ruins live some Brahmin Fakirs, and two or three huts and gardens stand alone in the solitary spot. I went to see the "Haraut and Maraut *Baurie*," or *Baulie*, a sacred spot to which a legend is attached. There was formerly a well here, but it has been built over,

and a tomb surmounts the spot. It is walled all round, and many Mohammedan devotees still consider the tomb and well a place of pilgrimage. The Brahmins who escorted me, gave me the legend, and this is it:—"Two *Ferishtas* (angels), called Haraut and Maraut, were sent by God from their heavenly home to teach mankind how to be good. But, alas! for the angelic beings, two beautiful Kashmirian women captivated them, and they forgot the great Allah and the holy mission entrusted to them by him. When they awoke from their guilty infatuation, they feared the Almighty wrath, and cast themselves, with those who had been dearer to them than life, into this well; which, consequently, bears their names." "Baūrie," or "baūlie," signifies a well here.

There is a path from Korau Pandau to the caverns of Mutthun, direct, going over the hill, which rises not far behind the ruin. There is also a road direct to Islamabad, along the tableland from Korau Pandau.

I have sent on my advance camp to Gunêsh Bul, as I mean to penetrate, if possible, as far into these snowy hills as Amur-Nâth, though I hear dreadful accounts of the deep snow. I am going this evening, or early to-morrow morning, to Islamabad, to make final arrangements for

leaving Kashmir, as I am anxious to proceed now on my expedition to Thibet. I hear there is a road from Gunêsh Bul to Wurdwun, and I shall not return to the valley of Kashmir, if I can reach Iskârdo by that route.

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### ISLAMABAD.

*Distance from Mutthun, about four miles.*

12th June, 1851. *Thursday.*—The distance from Mutthun by the direct route is about four miles, along the valley at the base of the low ridge of hills before described. I went round by Echebul, as some of my things were lying there, and the servants were not likely to procure Coolies so quickly as I could. I rode to the foot of the spur of low hills (on the Echebul side), and then I sat down till my servants and dhoolie came up. The day had gone to sleep, and though there was a beautiful moon, she shone only on rice-fields and a wild waste of waters on the road before me, so riding was decidedly unprofitable. Ghaussie and Zubber Khân cantered up on two of my purchases, rather wild colts, and I laughed when I saw them both floundering in the water a few yards before me. However, long before my dhoolie

came up, they were out of sight, lost in the watery vista of rice-fields ahead.

I did not reach Islamabad from Echebul, though the distance cannot exceed five miles at the most, till two o'clock a.m., this day. The path was through rice-fields, in the heart-breaking manner usual in the valley at this season of the year.

The heat is very great here. I am certain, in the house I am occupying, the thermometer would not stand under 85° at the lowest.

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### ISLAMABAD.

14th June, 1851. *Saturday*.—I leave Islamabad to-morrow evening, and I shall be very glad to get away from this heat. June is a hot month all over the valley, and the house I am in, (which is the only vacant dwelling in the place), is so built as to ensure the full benefit of the sun's powerful rays, from sunrise to sunset.

I went down this evening to engage a boat, and have secured a very good one. All I am now waiting for, is carriage to the *Ghât*, just beyond the bridge, which is two miles distant. But neither bribes nor pre-payment of double the *nirikh*\* hire, have yet procured the Coolies I stand

\* "Tariff." Price current.

in need of. There is nothing but weeping and lamentation on every side ; almost every village half depopulated, its miserable inhabitants being seized as "*begâries*"† for Chulâs and Gilgit. The baggage of the large army, and the appliances of war, must be carried to those remote regions, and thousands of men are called for, to act as porters. I never saw a more distressing scene than the bazaar presented this day. Women and children, and aged men, weeping and wringing their hands, at the loss of husbands, brothers, and sons.

There is one universal cry over the Vale of Kashmir, at Goolâb Singh's general oppression. I have had several conversations with different classes of this miserable people ; and from one end of Kashmir and its Dependencies to the other, the same story of "*Zoolm*," oppression and cruel injustice, is the fruitful theme in every mouth. The Kashmirians unanimously declare, that their country is in worse than bondage. The hand of the oppressor weighs them down, and many—many yearly die of absolute starvation. They all would fly their native valley, dearly as they love it, and seek refuge and protection under British rule ; but, alas ! what are they but bond-

\* Persons forced to work, with or without pay.

slaves? A guard is placed at every possible outlet to the plains, and it is totally impossible that any family can escape from the land of slavery. It is not the complaining of *one* of Goolâb Singh's *Ryyuts*,\* but all, without exception, that I have spoken to, and I never lose an opportunity of conversing with the peasantry. They ask earnestly, and anxiously, *when* the "Company Sirkâr" will take the country. Once I said in reply, "Certainly not during the present Maha Râjah's lifetime." A chorus of voices replied, "If he lives the allotted space of time Allah grants to most Badshahs,† Kashmir will be an *ōjâr*,—the Company Sirkâr will *then* have no country to take." Several people enquired, if Goolâb Singh had *bought* Kashmir? When I replied in the affirmative, their strong expression was, "that they must in some former '*Junum*'‡ have sorely offended the great Allah, since they had in this '*Birth*,' been sold to the '*Shâitan*'! (Devil.)" Poor people, their squalid poverty and evident wretchedness are sad and striking confirmations that the melancholy story of oppression, is an "ow're true tale."

\* A "Ryyut" is a subject or tenant.

† Sovereigns.

‡ Birth. Life.—The natives firmly believe in the doctrine of transanimation.

BIJBIARA, or VIJIPARA. (on the Jhelum.)

*Distance, two and a half coss by land; five coss by water.*

15th June, 1851. *Sunday*.—Arrived here a little after the close of day, and moored the boat below the town, to have dinner in comfort.

I had hardly dined, when a Moonshee of Goolâb Singh's came to my boat, and claimed payment for *fifteen maunds\** of grain, which he declared had been expended during my absence at Kishtawâr, in feeding *two ponies*. As I had left grain for them, and no two ponies could devour fifteen maunds a fortnight under any circumstances, I declined to oblige him so far as to pay his preposterous demand. He was very insolent, made a great noise, and carried off a pony which, though not mine, had been left under my charge. I did not wish to engage in any dispute, and I let the man carry off the pony. This Moonshee was the very same man I gave so many bribes to, in order to obtain Coolies at Echebul. I suppose he thought he would secure another handsome gratuity, by annoying me with his false claims.

There is nothing like justice in this country, because Goolâb Singh never listens to any com-

\* Between twelve and thirteen hundred lbs. English weight.



plaint that is not upheld by his favorite myrmidons and head-men. These, again, are solely influenced by bribes. Justice is sold to the highest bidder! However, to-morrow I shall endeavour to have the pony restored, by a formal complaint to the Maha Râjah. This is a large town, on both sides of the river, and a bridge spans the Jhelum here. Fine Lime-trees overhang the wooden piers.\*

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WANTIPORE (on the JHELUM).

*Distance, seven and a half coss by land, and twelve or fourteen by water.*

16th June, 1851, Monday.—Arrived by boat at sunrise. This was once a famous spot, and here stood the capital city of Kashmir in the olden time. Now a few huts constitute the paltry and poverty-stricken village, and only two or three ruins still remain of the once-powerful capital.

The small village and melancholy ruins have a pretty effect from the approach on the Islamabad

\* These Lime-trees appear to grow out of the river, and the wooden pier in the centre of the broad stream is completely overshadowed by the spreading branches of its own especial tree. I imagine that these Limes must have taken root in the lower sections of the piers, where earth is placed between the rafters, by way of keeping them together.

side. Hills, 400 or 500 feet above the plain-land, rise immediately above the village. These hills are not wooded, but merely covered with grass.

I visited the ruins, which stand apart from the hamlet. They are in the same style as those of Korau Pandau, but much smaller, and consequently less imposing. The architecture is in the same ponderous style, large slabs of stone sculptured all over. There are evidently subterranean chambers, because, on my throwing a stone of considerable size on the grassy floor, the sound was strikingly hollow. Some enterprising person has evidently had the ground in front of one of the ruins excavated, and about eight or ten feet below the level of the surrounding ground, two arched stone portals are exposed to view, and these manifestly lead to subterranean chambers. My cicerone declared that valuable stones had been found inside those mysterious halls of darkness.

I went up to the top of the hill, which rises immediately above the village. The elevated spot commanded a fine view of the valley. I was much struck by the numbers of low hills which are interspersed in the plain-lands of Kashmir. About a mile from Wantipore, a low ridge of hills, three or four miles in length, the summit of which is table-land, intersects this portion of the valley.

The cultivation seems almost entirely to consist of rice and barley, the former preponderating. The bright green of the young rice contrasts prettily with the yellow fields of barley nearly ready for the sickle. This village is in the Pergunnah of Wuler, and is one of about sixteen. Kashmir is ten or eleven coss distant, and the people say that Pamper is half way. I was told last year that Pamper was much nearer Kashmir city than five coss.

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### WANTIPORE.

17th June, 1851, Tuesday.—I was delighted to receive a letter from Kurtârpore yesterday afternoon. It was brought by a Chuprassie who had formerly been in my service. I sent him back this morning, with letters and two books of my manuscript journal, and I hope all will reach safely before the first proximo. Luchmun Singh, the Chuprassie, told me that Goolâb Singh had endeavoured to entice him into his service; which I do not think was at all correct, when he knew that the man was a gentleman's servant.

I was much grieved to hear from the servants who brought my baggage from Kashmir city, and who have just arrived, that a *Klashie*\* called Dhunny

\* Tent-pitcher.

Singh, sent by my *Sirdar Bearer* to look for some of my baggage lost between Baramoolla and Oōrie, had been murdered by the people. I before remarked that the men of that country were turbulent and disorderly. My servants say that they reported the matter to the Maha Râjah, but that no means have been taken to have the affair investigated.

No reward is tempting enough to induce a single servant to go now and inquire either for the body of poor Dhunny Singh, or the immense quantities of valuable baggage which has been lost or stolen between Pōōnch and Baramoolla. I can hear nothing of this baggage, and I have suffered severe loss, without any prospect of restitution. I have mentioned the fact to Goolâb Singh, by letters sent repeatedly through his Dewân, within the last three weeks, but without any chance of having the property inquired about. I begin to think his Majesty must profit by the theft. No one will travel in Kashmir, if high-way robbery becomes the fashion.

Poor Dhunny Singh! alas, how utterly "*Insâf*"\* is unknown in this Maha Râjah's territories!

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\* *i. e.* Judicial inquiry.

## WANTIPORE.

18th June, 1851. *Wednesday*.—I took a long ride to the village of Trâhal, or Trâl, in the pergunnah of the same name, three coss from Wantipore. The path, for one mile or more, leads along the base of the hills I ascended two days ago. Turning round a corner, the path soon came to the ascent, which was very gradual, and not three hundred yards in length. At the summit I came on table-land, about two miles broad, and three or four long. At one extremity, the Punjâl reared its snow-capped head far above, but at no great distance from the plain below. This plain was flanked by hills 400 or 500 feet high immediately above. Trâl is situated nearly at the extremity of this plain, and is surrounded by fine trees. The Puttoo *Chudders*\* are manufactured here, the same as at Islamabad; I saw a great bundle of them taken away to be sold in the city of Kashmir.

I observed several villages and a good deal of rice cultivation on the plain-land surrounding Trâl, but these hamlets were all small, and there was an air of poverty among the peasantry, quite striking to any person who would take the trouble to notice anything of the sort.

\* *Literally*, Sheets. These *Chuddurs* are a sort of Shawl-blanket.

I had a long discussion on the subject of the taxes imposed on the once happy valley of Kashmir. Several villagers of the Wuler Pergunnah followed my pony, and voluntarily gave me many details. A farmer whose fields yield a hundred *khurwârs*\* of barley, rice, wheat, or other grain, clears *six khurwârs* out of the hundred! never more, sometimes less. The Sirkâr (that is, the Maha Râjah) “loots”† (to use their own expression) seventy-five *khurwârs*, or three-quarters of the harvest at one sweeping blow. All but five or six *khurwârs* are swallowed up by the Kardârs, Thanadârs, and Pundits of the Maha Râjah, the expense of the grain at first, and the tilling and sowing of the ground, &c. They showed me the sheep of the whole Pergunnah, amounting to two or three thousand, which were collected for the purpose of being taken to graze on the mountains, Each sheep is assessed at four *annas* (6d.) each year, on the plea that the “*zumēēn*” (ground) is the sovereign’s, and the people have no right to the grass on the mountains. Ponies and cows are taxed double and treble for pasturage, and the unfortu-

\* A *Khurwâr* is a weight of sixteen *târuks*, and each *târuk* weighs six seers.

† “Lootna” means to plunder.

nate villagers are coerced to send a certain proportion of foals to Goolâb Singh each year.

Every man who marries pays three rupees to his sovereign (for his presumption, perchance!) and the birth of each child is also expensive to the subject, and a profitable thing for the rich *Mâlik*.

Every trade is heavily taxed. For instance, at Islamabad, every tailor's shop pays a *daily* fee of eight *annas*, whether he earns it, *or not*; that is quite immaterial to the gentle heart of the Maha Râjah of Kashmir! I bought several things at Islamabad in the way of carpets and rugs (called there, *Gabbas*), and I had warm woollen suits of clothes made up for my people; so I saw a good deal of the tailors of Islamabad, and the various artisans of the place.

One man who accompanied me on purpose to Bijbiâra, when I left Islamabad, gave me a long account of Runjeet Singh's time. He says that the people were much more "*khoosh*"\* then, and that the taxes were one-eighth and one-twelfth lighter. For instance, each sheep was taxed *half an anna*, instead of four annas, and there was *no tax* at all on tailors. And yet I have read in many works that Runjeet Singh's reign was

\* Happy, content.

oppressive. Those who complained then, did not know the tender-hearted Goolâb Singh! Thus have they found to their cost that they have exchanged King Log for King Stork.

The people all pray that their country may soon be taken from its present possessor, and that "*Khoodâh*,"\* would bless them by placing them under the protection of British rule, before the present system of "*Zoolum*" makes an "*Oôjâr*" of their beautiful land. I use their own expressions.

Two Kashmirians came to me to-day, and with folded hands, supplicated me to let them enter my service so far as to accompany two of my servants who are going to the plains, *viâ* Chumba and Noorpore, with some baggage which I find difficult to carry. I gave a laughing assent, and promised them all the assistance they wanted. They told me that they had merely come on a visit ("*sâhil ka wâste*,") and that they were caught "like a mouse in a trap!" I was much entertained at the simile. There are guards at every outlet, and escape is impossible, without a *Purwânnah*,† signed by Goolâb Singh himself.

Some men have just arrived from Chulâs. They say two hundred and fifty of the *Begâriès* (Coolies), pressed a month and six weeks ago, died on the

\* God.

† Pass-port.



way to Chulâs, some from cold, and some from absolute starvation. There is a general lamentation here, at the probable fate of those now going. Between two and three hundred have been taken from this Pergunnah alone.

The Mokuddam, or head-man of the village, brought me a pony for sale. It was rather a good one, prettier than most of the Kashmirian nags, young, and very fresh. Goolâb, one of my *bhishties*,\* mounted the animal bare-backed, with only a rope by way of a bridle, and he fairly ran away with him for a quarter of a mile! The owner wanted forty Company's rupees for him, and as I did not think it worth while to give so much for an animal I intended merely to use for carrying baggage, I sent him away. I have heard nothing of the pony seized so coolly and unjustly the other day. I leave Wantipore this evening by boat, but have not yet decided where to go. I asked the people here if the ruins of Wantipore had any particular name. They could give me no information, beyond asserting that these ruined buildings are the remains of the palaces of the Paudaus. In fact, as I before remarked, every ruin is ascribed to

\* A *Bhishtie* is a water-carrier. I had two; one for the advance-camp, and one for the rear-camp.

that princely race of days long gone by. The people declare, that for miles the ground is hollow, and that Wantipore was once a city three times as large as the present capital of Kashmir, Sirinuggur.

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MARHAMA (on the JHELUM).

*Distance, six coss by land, and ten or twelve coss by water.*

19th June, 1851. . *Thursday*.—Arrived here a little after sunrise. It is very tedious work, toiling *up* the stream. I was ill all night, and never closed my eyes. I got up at last, weary of tossing about, and sat down on the deck, by the edge of the boat. The bright moonlight played on the placid bosom of the river, and lit up the dark shades of the many-wooded islets. How calm, how peaceful was the scenery :

“ It was the night, and in the glassy stream  
 The stars are studding, each with imag'd beam ;  
 Reflecting far and fairy-like from high,  
 The immortal lights that live along the sky :  
 The banks are fring'd with many a goodly tree,  
 And flowers, the fairest that may feast the bee.  
 All is so still, so soft in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to see a spirit there ;  
 Secure that nought of *evil* could delight  
 To gaze on such a scene, on such a night.”

Animate and inanimate nature slept alike. How uncertain is everything in life! Before an hour had passed away, the bright moonbeams no longer cast their chill radiance on the deep waters, the cloudless sky was rapidly obscured, and each luminous star was covered with the impenetrable gloom of lowering clouds. The thunder rattled in the distance, and the lightning flashed incessantly. Gusts of wind ruffled the calm river, and where all was so divinely still a few short minutes previous, soon arose a scene of hurry and confusion. I returned to bed, chilled and worse than before, while every boat was moored to the shore until the storm passed away. The wind is still rather high, and the hurrying clouds threaten another tempest at this moment.

Marhâma\* is a tolerably sized village, and the people are very civil. I have experienced neither difficulty nor delay in obtaining twenty Coolies here, and I send this portion of my camp on now to Pahalgâm (beyond Gunêsh Bul), while I explore the branch of the Jhelum, called by the villagers a "Nullah," which is close by here.†

\* Called erroneously, in Arrowsmith's map, Markama.

† This Nullah is navigable six or seven miles, as far as Deōsir. I did not go to that village, but went in the nearly opposite direction, up a different Nullah.

At the same time, I mean to make arrangements for the few things which are to start for the plains to-morrow. Bijbiâra, where I halted before, is a coss and a-half further up the Jhelum.

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### WUNPORE.

*Distance from Islamabad, by water, four coss.*

20th June, 1851. *Friday.*—The water route to this village from Marhâma is a very tedious business, all the way against the current.

Though every time I have been to Islamabad, I have been told that boats never passed the bridge, which is a couple of miles from the city, my route lay that way, and the boat did not once go aground. This bridge is called Konibal Ghât. Wunpore is situated on the banks of a Nullah, which flows into the Jhelum, and which is not navigable any higher than this village, (Wunpore).

This Nullah is full of aquatic plants, and the banks are prettily wooded. The breadth nowhere exceeds twenty feet, and the waterman could not manage to turn my barge round.

I think I never met with such an extraordinary set as these Kashmirian Hânjees. The Kardâr of Islamabad told me to give three rupees to my

boatman, for a week's hire of his conveyance, exclusive of extra rowers, should I choose to have more. Well, I gave the man half at first, and it was agreed he was to have the rest when I discharged him. All my luggage was in a second boat, for which I gave my Sirdâr six rupees. One would have imagined that the Hânjee of my boat had nothing to do with my giving another man double hire if I chose. But, from the moment he saw me give it yesterday, he set up a series of awful noises, terrible to hear. I only laughed at him at the time. *In the middle of last night*, he and his whole family, two women and five children, awoke me at Konibal, and asked me to give them as much as I had given the other ferryman. I told my servants to silence him, and not allow me to be disturbed in the middle of the night in this eccentric manner. *Mon Dieu!* though I had particularly desired that not a blow was to be given, and my orders *were* attended to for once, though they were merely desired to be quiet, the whole family set up a chorus of "Eh! Khoodâh, oh! Khoodâh,"\* clapping their sixteen hands simultaneously, and altogether making the most fiendish din I ever heard. At first, I really feared they had become demented, but I

\* "*Khoodâh*" means the Deity.

ended by laughing at them till they ceased their Tartarean music. This mad family have frequently recommenced this peculiar mode of exacting "*buckshish*," at intervals since yesterday, and I really half doubt their sanity. My things were on another boat at first, but the maniac, who is now my Hânjee, absolutely forced himself and his barge on me, and by prayers and entreaties induced me to hire him. But how was I to know that lunatics were allowed to roam at large on the Jhelum? He told me a few minutes ago, that if I gave him less than to the master of the luggage-boat, he would go on to Sirinuggur, screaming as he had lately done, and declare at Shēr-Gurry\* that I had "*looted* him!" I told him contemptuously that I would take his receipt, and then he might make any complaint he liked; upon which he incontinently recommenced his appalling chorus, which certainly was not the "music of the spheres." I can declare that the *gentlest tap* was *not* administered to him, though he exhausted the patience of all, and we were sorely tried. I heard Ghaussie muttering, that by "*bud nusēēb*,† we had fallen among "*Shāitāns*"; but far from

\* Goolāb Singh's palace.

† "Bud," bad; "Nusēēb," fate. The Mahomedans are all fatalists. "*Shāitān*" means Devil.

flagellating any of the alleged demons, he tried to coax them into quietness, with unusual gentleness. I had heard so many complaints of the violence of my people, that I ordered all corporal punishments to be stopped, though I did not believe the hundredth part of the wild tales I had been told of their ideas of law, which, according to popular report, resembled the rugged "Lynch law" of Yankee-land, or the summary proceedings of "Drum-head Courts Martial!"

There are several Nullahs which flow into the Jhelum, and which are navigable from two to six or seven miles, and lead to different villages, to the right and left hand of the main River. This village is in the Pergunnahs\* of Salamabad.

We have had frequent thunder-storms, and almost incessant rain, the last few days. The periodical rains have certainly come on, and if so, they commence much earlier than I was given to understand by Colonel Steinbach, when I was here last year.

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#### IN A BOAT, ON THE JHELUM.

*One coss above Marháma.*

21st June, 1851. *Saturday.*—Thank heaven I

† In India, the land is all portioned out into "Pergunnahs," or sections, subject to different magistrates and collectors of revenue.

leave this evil boat in an hour! It is raining heavily, but I mean to proceed at once to Gunêsh Bul, on my pony "Rajoulie," (so christened by my servants) and brave the pelting showers, though I had fever only last night.

Zubber Khân\* ran away yesterday, with a heap of spoons and forks of silver, and a pair of muffin-eers, so I am rather in reduced circumstances.

I have told Ghaussie to settle with the maniac boat-people, and to give them any gratuity requisite to stop their peculiar "chorus;" and, above all, to take a receipt. These Kashmirians are a horrible people, truly. Such story-tellers I never before met. Absolutely they beat the Kōōloo-ites in this shocking propensity.

There is nothing but loud wailing heard in every village now. Daily, hundreds are seized by Goolâb Singh, to act as "begâries"† to Gilgit. I believe the total number of villagers seized for this purpose, already amounts to fifteen thousand men. I always thought that "khâna"‡ was at least given to them daily, but now I am told that not a seer is allowed by the tyrant, and they may be

\* My butler.

† Begâr, or begâries; persons forced to work with or without pay.

‡ Food.



absent four or five months from their homes, and not receive a sou by way of remuneration for their services. How very few have a chance of seeing their homes again, if this be the case.

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GUNESH BUL.

*Distance from Marhâma, about twelve coss, or eighteen miles.*

22nd June, 1851. *Sunday*.—What a miserable ride I had yesterday! Rain, nothing but rain, the whole march. For the first nine or ten miles the path lay principally at the foot of a low ridge of hills, passing several villages and a good deal of cultivation on the way. I observed numerous fields of Indian corn, the plants still in their infancy. Very fine Chenâr, Walnut, and Willow trees, along this portion of the valley. The Walnut trees were heavily laden with thousands of green nuts. I noticed many fruit trees, all the fruit unripe, except “*tōôt*”\* and cherries. A Brahmin brought me a basket of the latter. Though bright red in colour, I found them rather sour, and the flavour by no means equal to the English cherry.

The Liddur waters this part of the valley, and

\* “*Tōôt*” is a species of mulberry. The fruit is dark red or purple in colour, and insipidly sweet.

its rocky bed is deep here. I was much struck with the difference in the size of this river here and towards the beginning of the march. Most rivers increase as they progress, but this torrent has a way of its own. In the vicinity of Mutthun, and for some miles above, the bed is very shallow; but near this place, and two or three miles below, the river is nearly as broad and deep as the Jhelum between Oōrie and Baramoolla, and huge rocks block up its bed.

The road follows the right bank of this river the whole of yesterday's march, about three coss after leaving the neighbourhood of Marhâma. There is a path from Bijbiâra to Gunêsh Bul direct, distance eleven coss. There is also a road from Mutthun (or Mattan) to Gunêsh Bul, along the left bank of the Liddur, distance ten coss.

We ascended a hill about four or five coss from this, and then we had a couple of miles of level ground. The rest of the way lay through the hills, but no very bad or steep places. We passed several villages. Valloran, Sooler, Kooler, and Loorie, are the names of some of the larger ones. I noticed three tents pitched at Valloran, but did not take the trouble to inquire what gentlemen were ruralising there. There is a great deal of sport to be found in these hills; deer (the Bâruh

Singhey),\* wolves, bears, léopards, &c., roam in numbers in this neighbourhood. A man ran out of a village, and said he would he show me some “*shikár!*”† I told him that the rain had wet my powder!

Near the village of Loorie, we entirely lost sight of the valley of Kashmir, and entered the wooded hills which intervene between the vale and the snowy Punjâl, which constitutes its formidable barrier. We entered once more the region of Firs, and were in the immediate vicinity of snow-capped mountains.

Several times in this march we had quite a panoramic view of the valley, which narrows very rapidly at this extremity. Several detached hills and ridges of hills, intersect the valley in every direction, rendering it difficult to give a definite idea of the length, breadth, or shape of the actual *valley*.

The village of Gunêsh Bul consists of half a dozen houses, built of wood, and situated so completely on the edge of the Liddur's shores, as to overhang the rapid waters which foam along only a few feet below. Wooded mountains and snowy heights surround on every side.

\* Or Deer of “twelve antlers,” to translate its name.

† Sport.

Gunêsh Bul is a place of Hindoo pilgrimage, and takes its name from a rudely-sculptured rock which resembles the Hindoo god, Gunêsh.\* This rock is red in colour, and the river dashes over the holy Gunêsh's monstrous nose, covering his sacred head with the feathery foam. The Brahmins assured me that the image had been sculptured by no mortal chisel, and that from the beginning of Time the idol now before me had ever sanctified the spot. I gave them a rupee to sacrifice to the hideous god, and I am certain that they consider me a devout believer in their superstition.

The road to the gypsum cave of Amur-Nâth is so blocked up by deep snow as to be quite impracticable; and much against my will am I forced to relinquish my attempt to visit that celebrated cavern.

Pahalgâm is a large village about a couple of coss from this, and Amur-Nâth is twenty coss beyond. Sêsh-Nâg† is on the road, about half way. There are no villages to encamp at, as the tract traversed between Pahalgâm and Amur-Nâth is quite uninhabited.

From Pahalgâm there is a rugged road to Wurdwun, but the snow is very deep, and I am advised to go round by Makâm and Nobōg, which is double the distance of the direct route.

† See Appendix C.

There is a third road to Wurdwun, which turns off from Butkote, a large village on the left bank of the Liddur, two coss below this on the road to Mutthun. As yet, at least, that route is also quite impracticable for ponies of any sort. This is all in the district of Duchinpara. The Brahmins call the Liddur the "Lumbōōdrie;" why, or wherefore, I cannot say.

Gooláb Singh visited Gunêsh Bul two years ago, and had a vision in his sleep, (so say the holy men here), enjoining him to build a temple on this spot, which would contain an image of the god, and be dedicated to him. In consequence of this heavenly token, the pious tyrant commanded that a "Mundur"\* should forthwith be erected, and I can certify that "Gunêsh" sits within, as hideous as ever. It is very cold here, and the heavy rain which continues to pour with provoking assiduity, makes the air still more chilly. The deafening sound of the mountain-torrent which flows so wildly by, is quite painful in its unvarying monotony, and extremely inconvenient in its thundering noise. It is impossible to hear a person speak at the distance of a couple of yards.

I have sent a portion of my baggage the direct route to Wurdwun, three days' journey. Each Coolie has received in advance half a rupee, as I am going another route.

\* Hindoo Temple.

## MAKAM.

*Distance five coss, or eight miles.*

June 23rd 1851, *Monday*.—The skies are still weeping. I have found out why—because I am leaving Kashmir. At the same time such grief is very inconvenient to the departing traveller. I have had several ague-fits, and all the servants are disgusted. Marching in the rain is not pleasant, and decidedly temper-trying. On the whole I have not, however, allowed myself to be put out, and except in a thunder-storm, have paid little heed to the pelting showers.

This is a large village on the road to Mutthun, or Mattun. We passed Butkote at two coss. It was raining heavily, and the *Hurkâruh*,\* from Gunêsh Bul (who had been sent with me by the Brahmins), begged me to halt at Butkote, as the day was closing, and the weather was so inclement. But I was not to be so persuaded, and on we went. Before I had gone far, a violent storm came on, and the vivid lightning soon made me regret having passed Butkote. I hurried on, trotting my pony after the unfortunate Hurkâruh, who evidently thought me very inconsistent, for

† “Hurkâruh” means a running footman, also a messenger.

he did not take the *bijlee*\* into consideration. In consequence of my terror, I reached this place last evening before it was quite dark, and a couple of hours before my servants and baggage.

This march consists of a very tolerable path, prettily wooded and generally level. The heavy rain had made the road muddy and slippery, but I never had cause to dismount. Little "Rajoulie" carried me gallantly.

I heard nothing but bitter weeping this morning, and on inquiry, found that two hundred villagers were then being taken away to Gilgit. It is really distressing to hear nothing but mourning and lamentation in every village one enters.

Goolâb Singh is absolutely execrated throughout Kashmir. I asked why they did not make their miseries known to Sir Henry Lawrence last year. They all say that they were prevented by the myrmidons of the Maha Râjah, from having any conversation with Sir Henry, and that when his visit was first talked of, it was proclaimed all throughout the country that whoever complained would be punished by the confiscation of his whole property, and, on a repetition of the offence, with death! "Besides," added one or two, "the

\* Lightning.

Maha Râjah is so overpoweringly civil ('*buhōōt buhōōt Kháttrie kurta*') to 'Lawrence Sahib,' that it is not likely he would listen to any complaints from '*us-log, kunghâl*.'\* The Maha Râjah says to the Burra Sahib, '*Sub Mōōlk ap ka, sub dowlut ap ka,*'† but he extorts the last farthing from his *ryyuts* (or peasantry), and is making Kashmir a desert ('*ōōjár*).'” They declare that no one dares to have cooking-pots of brass or copper; earthen vessels are all they may keep in their houses, to avoid being robbed by their sovereign still further. This is the tale told by *all* the peasantry, without exception, and must be true. I have no doubt many of their vices arise from long oppression. Their grasping avarice, their cunning, their deceitful disposition, their utter disregard of truth, all may arise from the oppressive and tyrannical rule they groan under.

While they were speaking to me outside, two Sepoys (of Goolâb Singh's) came up. I did not see them, and went on speaking on the same

\* "Us" is the Punjâbi for we, and us, and the extraordinary resemblance to the English pronouns, would be worth while tracing out. ("Ussi" is used as well as "us"). "Lōg" means people, and "kunghâl" signifies poor or friendless.

† Anglicé: "The whole kingdom is your Honor's, the whole wealth is your Honor's!"



theme. The men hurriedly changed their tone, and said that I was mistaken! I turned round, and was at once struck by the scowling faces of the Sepoys, who had just joined the party.

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## DEOTH.

*Distance, five or six coss.*

*June 24th, 1851. Tuesday.*—As the day had closed and there was no moon, I was forced to halt here, though I had foolishly imagined we should have managed to reach Nobōōg, about as far again.

This village is in the Pergunnah of Martund, and borders on Kothâr. We had to cross a low range of wooded hills, at the foot of which Deōth is situated. The first part of the march consisted of level ground, a pathway through well cultivated land, and several villages to the right and left. From the hill we subsequently ascended, I saw the villages of Shwângas, Echebul, and Nogâm. Near the foot of the descent an immense flock of sheep were penned for the night. The shepherds told me that there were two bears in a grove close by, within a hundred yards of the road, and begged me to destroy them. My servants cried

out that my gun had gone on, otherwise it would have given me great pleasure to oblige them!

Deōth is a small village at the extremity of that portion of the valley in which Shwângas and Echebul are situated. The plain land is very narrow here, and the Punjâl is quite close. Mutthun is a long way to the right, and its fine trees were conspicuously visible as we rode along the march. I mounted two of my servants, not liking to ride quite alone. Ghaussie manages a camel better than a pony, and he is made a *field-marshal* nearly every day, to the extreme amusement of the other equestrians.

My arm continues to give me great pain, and is still useless as a bridle-hand. What a pity that a good rider should thus be lost to the world.

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### OMAI.

*Distance, two or three miles.*

*Same day, one o'clock, p.m.*—Kashmir may be a paradise, but its noonday sun savours—*not* of heaven! The glare and heat drove me into a miserable domicile here, in a village of dirty *Fakirs* and indigent priests, where supplies or

Coolies cannot be bought. Having everything I require, I am independent, but I hear the servants grumbling below.

Our way lay through the valley, till we arrived here. This village is situated at the base of the low hills I described between Nobōōg and Shwângas, some days ago. The "Ghât"\* we shall cross this evening is to the north of the one which leads to Shwângas.

A Brahmin brought me some cultivated cherries to-day. They are larger and sweeter than the wild species, but the colour is several shades paler. Chenârs, willows, apple, pear, peach, and apricot trees grow in wild profusion in this neighbourhood. The grass is very rich, and is enamelled with pink and white clover, and a few wild-flowers.

I proceed now to Gaüren, a small village three or four coss beyond Nobōōg, in the hills. There has been no rain to-day. The sky is cloudless, and I hope by way of a pleasing change to have a dry march once more.

\* "Ghât" is a word of many significations. Above, it must be translated by a rocky mountain or hill. It also means a ferry, and the part of a river which is fordable, or crossed by a bridge.

## HERH-MATTEHOONH.

*Distance from Nobōōg (on the road to Wurdwun,) about four miles.*

25th June, 1851. *Wednesday.*—Arrived here at sunrise, after a series of miseries, fasting and wearied.

We left Omāi at four o'clock, p.m., and I remained with my servants and two loads. My bed, dinner, everything, had been sent on previously, and I have not had the felicity of seeing them since. The "two loads" above-mentioned, were the plague of my life. Oh! how slowly the half-starved Coolies went, though the combined weight was not twenty *seers*. The hill we crossed was beautifully wooded, the luxuriant underwood glittering with many pretty flowers. The shade of the forest was so dense, as to preclude each ray of sunlight, and though the path was at first a steep ascent, then a similar descent, I was not at all wearied. But a mile before we reached Nobōōg, the sky became suddenly overcast, and the clouds burst in thunder, lightning, and rain, over our devoted heads. Afraid to take shelter under a tree, I hurried on, and was wet to the skin long before

Nobōōg was attained. Finding that my camp had gone I did not halt, and though the "shades of evening" were rapidly stealing on us, I went on and on, till brought up at a small hamlet, name unknown, unable to see a yard in the thick darkness. In this miserable place, the night passed away, without food, or rest, or comfort. My two servants, the only two left behind, wasted the whole night trying to get Coolies and torches. I got fever and ague, as a matter of course, and was finally brought here on an immense *charpoy*, full of animalcula of sorts. Though only a coss from the scene of last night's purgatory, I was forced to halt, feeling so very ill this morning.

The snowy Punjâl is before me, and my dhoolie is a long way in advance. I cannot take this ponderous, monstrous bed, and "will I, nill I," must ride or walk up this hoary mountain before me.

There is a magnificent forest of firs on a fine hill opposite, and the situation of this long-named village is exceedingly pretty. Nobōōg is two-and-a-half coss from Omâi, an ascent and a descent the entire way. From Nobōōg to this place, the road is a very gentle ascent; and the valley of Kashmir is hidden. I suppose I have seen it for the last time! A mountain torrent pours down

the narrow valley, along which the path lies from Nobōg to this place, and I can distinctly hear it rushing on, even now. We passed several small hamlets, chiefly tenanted by cowherds.

The villages here are constructed principally of wood, with wood and mud-cement as the frail foundation. The peasantry are miserably indigent, and, except fowls, no supplies are procurable.

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WURDWUN. (OVER WURDWUN PASS.)

*Distance, ten coss, or fifteen miles.*

26th June, 1851. *Thursday.*—This is a very weary, fatiguing march; as all my tents had gone on, and there was not even a hut on the way, we passed a sad night of it in the jungle. There is no village on the road except Gaüren, a mile from Herh-Mattehōōnh, and even that paltry hamlet is out of the direct route. I did not go out of my way to see it, as a hill-stream lay between Gaüren and the straight path to Wurdwun, but I observed a few mud huts on the opposite banks.

The road almost immediately after this ascended, and in parts was very steep. The hills were thickly wooded, and one mountain to the right was covered with most magnificent Pines. I never

saw a more extensive forest, nor finer trees. The wood became gradually less dense, and the vegetation more stunted towards the last three miles of the ascent, the latter portion being as bare and rugged as the Bara Lâcha Pass. There was not much snow on the ascent side of the mountain, at least not any near the path. The surrounding peaks were white with perpetual snow, not a speck of mud, not a single stone or rock, breaking its icy purity.

The forest-line is five or six hundred feet below the summit of the Pass. The elevation of this Pass is given by Arrowsmith at twelve thousand feet.\* I do not think it is so much. In my opinion the Sin Thun Punjâl is quite as high.

I rode to within three quarters of a mile of the summit, and found the path easy enough so far. The top of the Pass was a mile in breadth, nearly level, and covered with deep snow. A tank, half embedded at present in snow, is passed to the right, at the commencement of the descending portion of the Pass. The snow continued deep for three or four miles. We sunk knee-deep into it, when it had become soft, but till the descent began in earnest I did not dis-

\* I believe this is the elevation by Thermometer measurement, according to Vigne.

mount. A Rapid is forded at the fourth mile of this descent, and the path turns off to the left, going over a bare hill, covered with short grass, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending. The narrow footpath was very stony and rugged, and as it became quite dark long before we reached the vicinity of trees, I was utterly worn out with fatigue, and lame from walking. My feet were wet, and I felt chilled and wearied, so I hailed the first trees with unfeigned delight, and ordered a halt on the bare hill.\* Luckily I had the means to produce a light, and a few branches of birch-trees formed a blazing fire. All my baggage was in advance, and two loads, three Coolies, and two servants alone accompanied me. There was so much snow at the foot of the birch-trees which grew on the level spot I had chosen, that I had not even the meagre shelter of the stunted branches. I passed a miserable night in the open *maidín* † trying to gain a little warmth by repeated cups of *milkless* tea, the only thing I had with me of the sort.

\* After passing the snowy part of the descent, I observed that some of the rocks were of gypsum formation, and many blocks, beautifully white, lay scattered about. I also observed some flint stones. In the ascent, the rocks were principally of limestone formation.

† Plain.



The morning at last broke, and the bright sun shone on deep snow around us, and lit up the snowy Heights, which rose in cold majesty on all sides. The air was piercing, and I shivered, in spite of three blankets and oceans of tea. We then continued our journey. Another half-mile, and the snow disappeared. The neighbouring hills were wooded principally with Firs. Our way lay along a bare grassy hill, and in places was very rugged. At no part of the descent did the pathway exceed a foot or two in breadth. At the bottom of the narrow valley roared a mountain Rapid, which emptied itself into the river that subsequently flows by Wurdwun. The people here call this river the "Wurdwun Duriyâ,"\* and I have not yet learnt whether it bears another name or not. It is crossed by a wooden bridge at the foot of the descent, and this village is situated on the opposite hill, two or three hundred feet above. I arrived here this morning about nine o'clock, and instead of finding this place a large town, as I expected, I see it is a paltry village. The Mokuddam declares that *no* supplies are procurable here for any amount of money, and that every traveller brings from Kashmir all that is required for his camp! My servants and baggage are half

\* "Duriyâ," river.

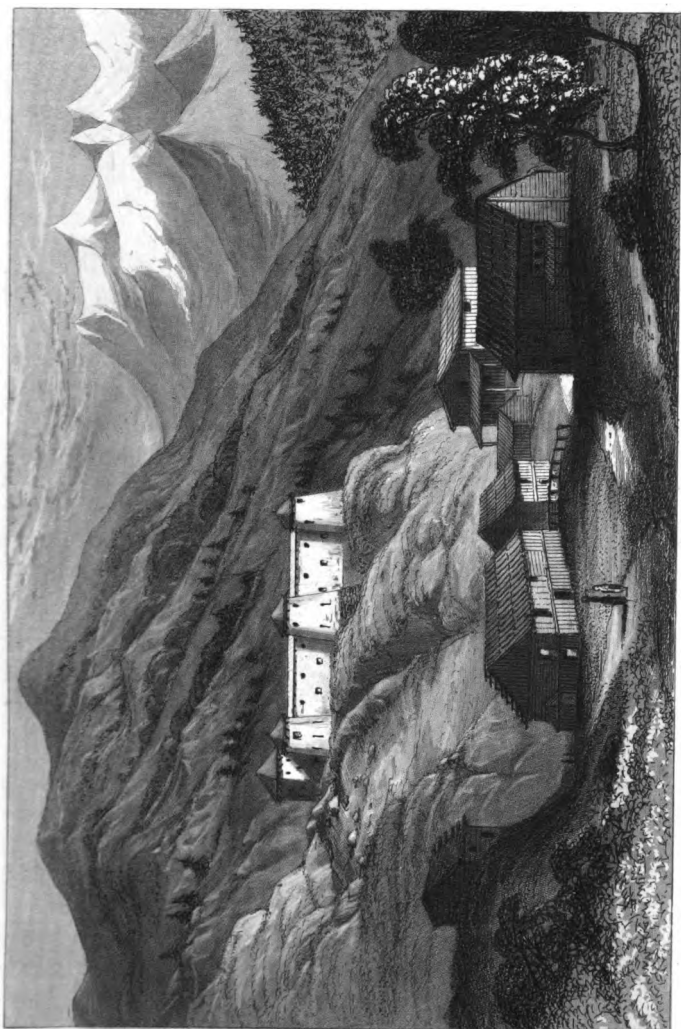
of them still three coss distant, and the other half have not yet arrived from Pahalgâm. I hear there is no possibility of going the Sōōroo route, so I shall send for my camp, and try the Murwâr road.

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### WURDWUN.

28th June, 1851. *Saturday*.—Halted here yesterday, to collect my scattered camp. This is a very Oōjâr! My unfortunate people are absolutely starving,—not a seer of *ottah* or rice to be purchased, though I have ordered double the usual price to be given. One-half of my camp arrived yesterday afternoon, but I can hear no tidings of the rear portion. Wurdwun appears to be the name given to a dozen villages of sizes, one of which boasts of a ruined fort, garrisoned by—*one Sepoy!*\* This village is five coss distant, on the road to Sōōroo.

\* I subsequently saw this wreck of humanity. All his toes had been so bitten by frost, that they had departed this life! He told me that the winter was very severe, and that the snow filled the fort completely. He is not even a native of the place, and cannot speak the language, so he cannot possibly have any companions. His pay is absolutely only *ten annas a month*, or seven rupees eight annas *a year*. No perquisites, *russud* (rations), clothes, or anything extra. How does he exist, *le malheureux?*



*Harlow's Fort, - 1860.*

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The particular village I am in, is situated in a narrow valley, flanked by high mountains, capped with deep snow. These heights are not more than two thousand five hundred feet, or at the utmost, three thousand, above the level of this village; and the elevation of Wurdwun cannot be less than eight or nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. I see but two or three fields in the neighbourhood, and the cultivation is so very scanty, that the population of this district live almost entirely on a kind of wild greens, very coarse and uninviting in appearance. The river which waters this valley is called here by no other name than the Wurdwun river. The people declare it flows near Rihârsi; but the fact is, this is the river which flows by Duchin, and subsequently joins the Chundra-Bhâga, (after uniting with another hill-torrent at Durput,) a short distance from Kishtawâr, near the village of Bunderkôte. This is the river I mentioned before, when I was travelling from Kishtawâr to Mogul-Maidân, some three weeks ago. It rises in the snows, about fifteen coss to the north of Wurdwun. The Chundra-Bhâga flows by Rihârsi, but many long miles after its junction with this torrent.

The servants who came the direct road from Pahalgâm to this place, give a terrible account of

its ruggedness, and of the five days of deep snow they had to labour through. I cannot see what advantage there was in their coming so difficult a road, if it took them *five* days.

I heard vexatious accounts of the people in my camp *looting* or at least taking "russud"\* to an unjustifiable extent, not only when with me, but when I left them at any village alone, or sent them in advance anywhere. The complaint is so universally brought against them, that I was forced to homilize them severely, and to tell them that they shall be made to pay all *bills* brought against them.

3 o'clock, p.m.—Ghaussie has just come to tell me that, in consequence of my homily on "*looting*," or in consequence of a lack of "*khána-pēna*," or fear of the reported snow a-head, *seven servants* are now *non inventi*! In fact, they have taken French leave. I wish they had done this some days ago, before I gave them clothes for the approaching snowy road. In common honesty, they might have left the said clothes behind, I opine. But this is the worst of native servants. How very few are to be *trusted*. How very few can be attached by kindness.

\* Rations supplied to a camp;—in Goolâb Singh's territories generally without payment.

The loss of my servants will by no means deter me from going to Sōōroo, if I find the road at all practicable. One servant I can trust, and as long as he is in my service, I have no reason to despair of getting on. I am only disgusted that they did not run away before. I object decidedly to being made a fool of.

The delays that have occurred, and the impossibility of getting Coolies quickly, owing to the immense numbers taken away by Goolâb Singh for his campaign into Gilgit, will I fear prevent my going to Iskârdo. I am much disappointed at the idea, but do not see how I can help it.

I offered thirty-five Company's rupees to have my luggage sent to Sōōroo, three or four marches, but the head-man of the village refused the liberal offer. . I shall be obliged, perhaps, to give double, but any thing is better than being tied to this place. And yet the wretched people declare they require a week to make arrangements, even if I give sixty Company's rupees for the trip. I am thinking of removing to the ruined fort and its village, to-morrow morning.

The only grain which appears to be at all cultivated in Wurdwun, is the *troomba*. Ghaussie showed me some cakes made of it. The color was yellow, and it tasted sour. A few sheep and

cows graze on the slopes in the neighbourhood, and I observed a few poor-looking ponies feeding by the bed of the river. The grass appears good, and is plentifully mixed with white clover, so I do not understand why the cultivation is so very scanty. Fowls are reared in this village, the population being principally Mussulman.\* The houses are built of wood, with wood pent-roofs, and the floors are of mud; there are two or more stories to each house. The entire number of dwellings in this village does not exceed twenty altogether. The road to Duchin is due south, leading through Murwâr and Pamber. The name of this valley is Unshun.

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MOONGHIL, (WURDWUN DISTRICT).

*Distance, two miles.*

*June 29th, 1851. Sunday.*—I did not leave Unshun till so very late in the morning that I could not get beyond this village, the sun at ten or eleven o'clock being distressingly powerful, even at this elevation, and in the immediate vicinity of perpetual snow.

\* The Hindoos regard fowls as utterly unclean, and they would never *touch* them on any pretext; so, of course, poultry is only procurable in Mussulman villages, or from the lowest caste of Hindoos, called Mehters or Pariâhs.



The path lies along both banks of the river, and although the left shore is the best, the Coolies took me along the right bank, which, though nearly level, was swampy and bad for riding, and I blessed the miserable guides the whole way.

There are twelve villages in this district of Wurdwun, all of which appear famous for sordid poverty. The only grains cultivated are *troomba* and *grim*, and in a few portions of the narrow valley, *jow*, or barley. *Troomba* is a coarse grain, and my servants complain bitterly of its disagreeable taste; though half-starving, they will hardly touch the cakes made of the *ottah*. The grain is nearly brown in colour, and triangular in shape. *Grim* is a small grain, more palatable than *troomba*, and is very like barley in appearance, though not in flavour. All the cultivation is exceedingly scanty, and only one harvest is produced in the twelve months. Snow falls so heavily throughout Wurdwun, that for five months of the year the inhabitants are absolute prisoners to their houses. They collect wood and provisions previously, and then shut themselves up in their respective huts. The winter is seven months in duration, and the snow lies ten and fifteen feet deep, blocking up the lower stories of the habitations entirely, and often

drifting heavily in at the verandahs of the upper stories, if the wood partitions which form the only doors and windows, are not kept carefully closed. Firs and birches wood the hills which flank the valley, and the summits are bleak and white with eternal snow, five or six hundred feet above all vegetation.

To prove the poverty of the district, I need only say, that the whole of Wurdwun and Murwâr produces but four hundred Hurree Singhey rupees of revenue; and the rapacious monarch of the country cannot, by any means, extort another sous from the united districts, so poor and sterile is the land.\* I observed a species of *Hyoscyamus* growing in luxuriance among the short grass; light and dark-blue Forget-me-nots, and a few other wild flowers, mingle in the sweetly-scented clover.

The dress of the peasantry is the same as in Kashmir—the loose woollen gown, reaching to the ankles, which I have often described before. The head-dress of the men is a skull-cap, of

\* I do not, of course, include in the above estimate, the revenue derived from the customs levied on the commerce which passes through Wurdwun. This district being the high road from Jummoo, Dōdha, Kishtawâr, &c. to Thibet, a good deal of trade passes through. There is a jaghât-khâna, or custom-house, in the last village of Wurdwun, on the road to Sōōroo.

woollen cloth, and generally white; or rather, I ought to say, *not coloured*; for "white" is a misnomer when applied to the filthy caps of these people. The women's attire in no way differs from the other sex, except in the head-dress, which is larger, and generally made of red puttoo.\* Neither sex wear many ornaments, and the few they display are generally of little value, such as necklaces of beads, ear-rings of brass, plain or tinned, and worthless stones. The men shave their heads, but wear beards, whiskers, and mustachios. The women wear long hair, plaited with wool, so as to make one long tail, which hangs down the back to the knees, and often to the feet. If such a thing be possible, I think these people are dirtier even than the Kashmirians. There is nothing like beauty to be seen in either sex, young or old, the latter being almost demoniacal in their ugliness.

The dialect is a variety of Kashmirian. Water is "ab;"† evening, "diggur veyla;" afternoon, "loorie veyla;" fire, "chōonghul;" go, "puk;" and "guss," and so on. I will take down the commonest words, as soon as I can meet an intelligent native. Wurdwun belongs to the Jummoo Illâka.

\* Puttoo is a generic name for all woollen cloth.

† "Ab" is also the Persian for "water."

### BUSSMUN FORT. (WURDWUN.)

*Distance, about four or five miles.*

30th June, 1851. *Monday.*—The road to this village is along the Wurdwun valley; the ascent is so very gradual and slight as to be scarcely perceptible. A village called Apputtie is passed a little to the right, at a mile from Mōōnghil, and here the Wurdwun river is crossed by a *sanga* or wooden bridge of the ordinary rail-less kind. The river is deep and rapid, but not more than forty or fifty feet broad. I observed many Willows growing on and near its banks, very few of which were pollards. I also noticed two or three Poplars, but they were mis-shapen, in comparison to the tall stately species which beautify Kashmir.

Bussmun is a small village of some fifteen houses,\* built entirely of wood, with wooden pent-roofs, two or three stories high. A small mud fort commands the little hamlet, and is situated on the slope of a hill which towers far above, the summit of which is covered with snow. The

\* Many of these houses are double, and there is a rude *Musjid* or Mosque besides. The dwellings *may*, altogether, amount to twenty.

elevation of the fort above the village is not a hundred feet, but as I approached the place the six bastions had a very pretty effect, and in the distance the dilapidated state of the fortifications is not observed. There was something very peculiar and exceedingly picturesque in the little jungle Fort. Situated in a wilderness, closely surrounded by mountains whose icy summits spoke of snowy deserts not far distant, how misplaced appeared anything like fortifications in so wild a spot. I laughed at the idiosyncrasy which could have induced any one to imagine such a frail structure could be of any avail, more especially as it is commanded by many of the surrounding Heights. But, perchance, the founder was a lover of the picturesque, so we must not criticise the wisdom of the work.

Wurdwun district is a narrow valley, nowhere exceeding half a mile in width. The average breadth is scarcely a quarter of a geographical mile. The length, as the crow flies, may be ten miles from end to end. Each extremity appears bounded by high mountains of eternal snow. The valley lies nearly north and south, with a little *westing* to this extremity. Sōōroo lies to the north-east, and the road to Murwâr is in the opposite direction for the first few miles. Almost

directly south of Murwâr is Kishtawâr, about seven or eight marches distant. The road is reported a bad one, impassable for horses. At Kishtawâr there are four routes, exclusive of the Murwâr road. One to the east leads to Lahoûl and Juskur; a second, to the west, conducts to Kashmir by two routes, which have been described elsewhere; a third, to the south-west, divides \* into two distinct paths, making thereby the four roads I allude to. The most westerly of these two last leads to Jummo, *viâ* Dôdha, and the other to Chumba and Bissowlie, *viâ* Budrawâr.

The Mokuddam of this village tells me that the name of the river which waters this valley, and which I have hitherto distinguished by calling it the Wurdwun river, is properly the "Siund." A tributary from the west, rising in the snowy Punjâl of Kashmir, joins the River Siund below this village, nearly at right angles to the main body of water which pours down from high mountains to the north.

*2nd July, 1851. Wednesday.*—I took a solitary walk this morning up a hill, and as I did not see a path to follow, I went straight up the grassy face of the mountain, though I expected at every

\* At seven coss from Kishtawâr.

step to roll down to the foot, so slippery was the wet grass. Little "Squire" accompanied me, and did not advance my walk, for he amused himself by biting my feet when I did not slip, and when I lost my footing and came down by the run, he evidently imagined I was doing it for his own especial amusement, and jumped on my shoulders, endangering the little equilibrium left. In fact I had a perilous pleasure trip. However, the fine view I soon commanded of the valley and surrounding Heights, fully repaid me for the toilsome ascent. I did not attempt to go as far as the snowy crest, but contented myself with the lower hill, which was wooded with Firs at the top.

I noticed a solitary columbine, which grew on the ascent, in the shade of some bushes. I was at once transported in thought to Lahoül, where, in the neighbourhood of Kârdung, that flower grows in such luxuriance. I also observed on this hill a flower which grows in Ladâk (in the lower portions of that elevated country) in wild abundance. It is a yellow flower, with a prickly leaf of long shape. I preserved several specimens in my herbal last year, and this morning added one of the Wurdwun-born. A third flower, also an old friend, I gathered eagerly on the hill-side. The name I do not know, for I am no botanist, and I

cannot remember where I saw it last year, though I greeted it at once as an old friend. I cannot refer to last year's herbal, as I left that valuable concern at Julundhur. This flower is of a delicate lilac hue, and several grow on one stalk, but not in a bunch.

Rose-bushes, covered with beautiful pink and red roses, abound on the hills and in the valley below. In trying to save myself, as I fell each time my foot slipped this morning, I seized the branches of the rose-bushes, and soon found that the prettiest roses *have* thorns.

This village is situated nearly at the extremity of the valley of Wurdwun, which (as far as I can judge from here) is three or four miles further on, bounded by high snowy mountains, which rear their lofty crests far above the heights which flank the valley.

The principal timber throughout Wurdwun consists of willows in the valley, and birches and firs on the hills. The flora of the slopes, which rise above the valley, and of the heights above, resemble those of the lower parts of Ladâk, and the valley of Lahouïl.

There is snow close to this fort, and I even noticed some lying near the path, when I rode from Unshun to Mōōnghil. The cold is very



great at night and in the early part of the day. We have had a good deal of rain and two or three thunder-storms, but I do not think that this sheltered valley is entirely subject to the heavy periodical rains which inundate Kashmir and the lower hills. This is the second of July, and the periodical rains must have set in wherever they do prevail, in the plains and hills alike. Here, the showers have been fitful, and the bright sunlight always illumines this Vale in the wilderness after a couple of hours' storm. For instance, after a rainy afternoon yesterday, we are blessed with a clear and cloudless sky all this day.

I have seen a man, a barber, who has just arrived from Murwâr. He tells me that he met the recusant servants, and that all their worldly goods, clothes and cooking utensils, which were carried by a Coolie, had been lost. I laughed at the misfortune, and the tidings put me in better spirits, than if I had received a *Nuzrâna*, or gift, of a thousand and ten rupees. What poetical justice! losing in the first march every thing I had given them, blankets, warm clothes, all! Well has their *numuk-hurâme*\* been chastised by

\* Disloyalty—ingratitude. Literally, “wicked or false to your salt;” the natives of India, like the Arabs, think the eating your “salt” (or food) a sacred tie.

“Nusēēb.”\* I heard all my servants making the same remark, saying that “Allah” had justly rewarded their ungrateful and dishonest flight. I do not remember any trifling event ever pleasing me more. It seems that there is a Rapid between Wurdwun and Murwâr, and the fastenings attaching the bundle to the Coolie, gave way in crossing the stream, and the load fell into the wild waters, and was swept away with the rapidity of lightning.

My rear camp has come up, all but five loads left in the Kothâr Pergunnah, for which no Coolies could be procured at any rate of hire. As my bed, and the poles of both my tents are left behind, I am as much as ever a prisoner. What is the use of lamenting over these ceaseless troubles, annoyances, and delays?

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#### BUSSMUN FORT. (WURDWUN.)

*4th July, 1851. Friday.*—Still here! I wonder if I am fated to spend the rest of my days in this wild vale. I have had several pleasant walks, and the environs of Bussmun are familiar to me now. As these hill-ponies do not understand the

\* Fate; destiny. The natives of India are mostly bigoted fatalists.

blessed art of galloping, and as the roads, moreover, are not the best adapted to that glorious exercise, I prefer my feet (for the first time in my life I believe,) to my steed.

Yesterday I went up the path which leads to Pahalgâm, and which follows the course of the tributary to the Siund river, before described. I had not gone a quarter of a mile, before I came to a snow-bridge, which spanned the Rapid, and extended fifty yards in breadth. There was a great deal of snow on the road at this point, and it was frozen hard. The bridge was broken in the middle, the river rushing violently beneath the dismembered blocks of snow. As I was quite alone, I did not venture to cross the bridge, but turned my steps up a wooded hill. The ascent was nearly perpendicular, and the only possible means of getting up, was to catch hold of the branches of the birch trees, and drag myself up by that means.

The jungle was very dense, and when I was in the thick of it, a *panic* seized me. I remembered with affright the Bears, for which the lone jungles of Wurdwun have long been famed. Even little "Squire's" footsteps terrified me, and I turned back every instant, thinking I heard the wild beasts' tread! I looked at my pistol to see if it was all

right, and determined to use it, if requisite. I wonder if my aim would have been true, had I found it necessary to discharge the deadly weapon. I fear not, so I am glad I was not put to the test.

I observed the identical pinks which grow on the Rotūng Pass, near Murree (at this season of the year), flourishing everywhere near the snow I passed on the Pahalgâm road yesterday. I also noticed a solitary white onion in full flower, which I gathered for my herbal.

The pasture grounds here are covered with dandelion and bugloss,\* as well as clover, and ought to afford rich pasturage in the luxuriant grass (so like meadow lands in England) for the cattle of the country. And yet the neat cattle are not very fine, by any means, and the sheep have a peculiarly *ragged* appearance; also the ponies. I see plenty of fowls in the village, which argues the population to be Mussulman.

There is the greatest difficulty in procuring supplies for the servants here, even at an exorbitant rate. *Troomba*,† or *grim-ottah*,‡ they totally decline eating, and barley is very scarce;

\* Of the genus *Anchusa*.

† "Troomba" is buck-wheat.

‡ "Grim" is a coarse-tasted grain, an inferior species of barley.

wheat entirely unknown. I expect a mutiny in camp directly, for I know they have literally had nothing for two days. I told the Mokuddam to send to Kashmir for flour, taking any sum he liked *beforehand*. I offered this the day after I arrived at Unshun, so I cannot blame myself for the famine at present desolating my camp. With the usual apathy of natives, these foolish people made no arrangements as long as they could get a seer of food, though I offered to pay for them every expense of carriage. Fortunately I brought all my own supplies, though I was led to believe that "Wurdwun" (*par excellence*) was a large city, and knew no more than the man of the moon, that its inhabitants lived on sour bread and nauseous wild-greens.

By moonlight yesterday evening I sketched the little fort of Bussmun, from the opposite bank across the Pahalgâm-pass-river, and though it is a rude attempt, it will serve to recall my captivity at Wurdwun, when all these little troubles are past, and my travelling days, perchance, are at an end. I made a second hurried sketch this morning from a different point, but two "items" stood in the way of my doing justice to the picture. *Imprimis*, the sun was very hot, and *secundem*, one "C. G." an officer and a gentle-

man, stole all my drawing pencils, not a hundred years ago, and left me but one hard, unmanageable stump; "dog in the manger" that he was! What could he require such things for, in the dusty and hideous plains of Julundhur? *N'importe*, I have a beautiful excuse for the meagreness of any attempts I may make henceforth. The "five loads" are still behind. I begin to feel uncertain about ever seeing them again. There seems a propensity in the local authorities of Kashmir to appropriate all property left unavoidably behind from want of portorage. Perchance this very circumstance explains the "want" in question. We have had no rain for three days; a clear, cloudless sky, and bright sun. This gives strength to my supposition, that the valley of Wurdwun is but very partially subject to the influence of the periodical rains.

The currency of this district is the same as in the Kashmir Illâka. Pice from seventy-six to eighty for the Company's rupee being the copper currency here as there. The Hurree Singhey rupee and the Nânukschai being the silver coin of the country, while the Company's rupee is at all times unhesitatingly taken at par.

7th July, 1851. *Monday*.—I am becoming very weary of my captivity in this wilderness,

and have a hopeless feeling regarding the "five loads" still on the other side of the Punjâl. They are all *necessaries*, or I would leave them to their fate, though I have already lost so much valuable baggage. As it is, I will wait as long as I have a hope of the articles I am so much in need of, coming up.

We have had a week of clear, sunshiny weather; not a single drop of rain. I do not think that there can be any doubt of the correctness of my assertion, that Wurdwun is not by any means entirely under the lachrymose influence of the periodical rains.

I try to amuse myself by wandering up hill and down dale in the mornings and evenings, gathering flowers or exploring the country; and during the day I pass the long hours in reading some of my favourite authors, or returning to childhood in playing with little "Squire." I have not attempted to while my time away, by writing in this my Diary, because in the every-day incidents of life spent in one spot, there can be naught of entertaining or instructive.

I have several times tried the Sōōroo road in my morning walks, and have actually progressed nearly *two* miles on it, more than once. The first thing to try one's nerves are four bridges, which

follow in rapid succession, before the village of Bussmun is out of sight. The first is over a little stream which, branching off from the "Tributary" of the Siund which flows below the Fort, has to be crossed near the village. In the morning this stream is inconsiderable, but by even-tide it increases so sensibly that a person cannot go over by the *sanga* which spans it, without getting thoroughly wet, because the said bridge is only long enough when the water is low! To give an idea of the frailty of these *sangas*, I need only mention an accident which occurred to myself. In crossing, one of the transverse planks upset and I fell into the stream. It was not more than two feet deep, and the current was not strong, so I received no more injury than a good wetting, and a bruise on my knee.

The second bridge is a rickety *sanga*, about twenty feet long, over the "Tributary" before-mentioned. The stream is rapid, and apparently deep in the centre. But I am quite accustomed to "sangas" of all sorts, and can fearlessly run over this one, though the planks tremble under foot in a very suspicious style.

The third stream crossed is not formidable in the morning, though, when the waters swell, the frail bridge which spans it, consisting of three logs



of wood, is scarcely safe, and decidedly unpleasant.

But the fourth bridge is the one which always increased the pulsations of my heart! Three slight logs of wood are stretched across a Rapid ten feet in breadth, which rushes down with considerable velocity and distracting noise. To fall in here would, probably, be certain death, and yet how really dangerous is the only bridge which spans it. I put one foot on one log, and the other on the second spar, and thus cautiously crossed the torrent. I felt the logs move under my feet, and the foam of the breakers covered me with water. All these streams and Rapids are branches of the "Tributary" and all flow into the Siund shortly after.

About a mile from Bussmun is a small village on the opposite bank of the Siund. The cultivation appertaining thereto is very scanty; about three hundred yards in breadth, and not exceeding a quarter of a mile in length. *Troomba* and *Grim*, still in their infancy, seemed the only grains growing in this small patch of cultivation.

This morning I inquired the cause of the war in Gilgit, and my informant, an ex-Kardâr of the district, gave me a reason so characteristic of Goolâb Singh's rapacious character, that I have no doubt it is true. It seems that the Chulâs and

Gilgit people were ordered to pay revenue for years on years *previous* to Goolâb Singh's conquest of those countries. They very naturally declined to obey so arbitrary and unjust an order, offering at the same time to give all that the Maha Râjah could lawfully claim since he had conquered the districts in question. This, however, does not satisfy the rapacity of Goolâb Singh, and he proposes now to extort by force of arms, entire compliance with his demands.

Iron cannon-balls are not used by Goolâb Singh, at least not in mountain-warfare. His implements of destruction in that line consist solely of balls made of—stone! I saw the manufactory myself of these extraordinary cannon-balls, but forgot to notice it at the time. Any one can see it who likes. It is in a small village, on the road from Marhâma to Gunêsh Bul, not far from the village of Kooler.

This morning, I went to the river-side, and walked near the shore for upwards of a mile. The underwood was thick, and wet with the dews of night, and the willow-trees were so crowded on the banks that I had great difficulty in getting along in some places. I was much struck by the extreme irregularity of the breadth of the channel of the river. In some parts it could not be less

than fifty or sixty yards, and, not a quarter of a mile lower down, contracting to a *third* of that breadth. Though flowing at no great inclination, the current was very rapid, and the bed was white with countless breakers. Several wooded islets block up the channel of this river, especially near Bussmun ; that is to say, a couple of miles above and below. The left bank of the river is principally the foot of the hills which rise immediately above the stream, and the right is from three to six or eight feet high ; beyond is the narrow valley (which is scarcely level, narrow though it is,) flanked by high snow-capped Peaks.

I observed a great many fine Hawthorn-trees, but incipient berries had taken the place of the fragrant flowers I love so well.

I noticed the same sort of fruit on the willow-trees, as covers those in Ladâk, especially at Ghêêa. I plucked a small branch as a specimen. A few of these trees had a sort of flower on them, and I selected a specimen of this also. The lilac-pea, a creeping plant, which grows near Kârdung in Lahoûl, abounds near the shores of the river of Wurdwun. I gathered a few plants of it, and found them exact counterparts of the Lahoûl species. Another plant grows here, which is a perfect pea in the flower, but it is not a parasitical plant,

like the other. The colour of the flower is from pale yellow to the deepest orange, and these various shades are frequently found blended on the same stalk, for from two to five flowers grow on one stem. The leaf remotely resembles clover, and the plant never appears to exceed eight inches in height. I also gathered a new flower here, of a very pretty delicate pink hue. I do not remember ever meeting it before.

Another plant I fell in with this morning, arrested my attention, from its striking resemblance to the "Prangos," described by Moorcroft. Whether it is that shrub, *bonâ fide*, or whether it bears a different cognomen, I have not been able to discover. The leaves are "feathery," like the Prangos; the flowers are yellow, and in a bunch, and have a faint sweet smell, while the leaves exhale a strong and disagreeable odour. Everything accords with Moorcroft's description of that valuable plant for fodder, namely the Prangos. The bushes I saw to-day grew in *one* isolated patch, not far from the village.

Columbines, geraniums, and currant-bushes grow luxuriantly on the wooded hill above the Snow-bridge, on the Pahalgâm road.

This has been a fatal place for my servants, or rather for me. Three more walked off last night,

and I do not even know what route they have taken. I have not tried to find out, because if a servant *wishes* to be off, there is little advantage in detaining him *vi et armis*. I do not know if the snowy road to Sōōroo, or my homily on “Looting,”\* has frightened away the recusants in such numbers. I do not much care, that is one comfort. I *shall* go to Sōōroo,—I *will* go to Sōōroo, and nothing (human) can prevent me!

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BUSSMUN FORT (WURDWUN).

9th July, 1851. *Wednesday*.—The time is fleeting by, and I am still in Wurdwun. I begin to think some evil genii have destined this for my last home—my final resting place. I have been very unwell, and the strange languor which even to-day prostrates every energy of body and mind, seems to shadow forth some coming illness. The pain in my chest, and acceleration of the action of the heart, are painful symptoms of an old disease. I have had such low spirits lately,—a complaint very unusual indeed with me,—that I long to be away, and in the wild excitement of treading snowy deserts, regain my health, or—lose my life.

\* Anglo-Indian—meaning “plundering.”

I do not think that Wurdwun can be a healthy place. Not only have I been ill, and still feel languid and depressed, but my servants all complain of indisposition, and of many of the very symptoms which seem daily to sap my health. Since the bright, sunshiny weather we have had, the cold has not been great; and it cannot be from excess of temperature in any way that this valley is inimical to health.

Though I can hear nothing definite of the "five loads" I have been waiting for, I have resolved to move to-morrow morning towards Sōōroo, and in earnest of this resolution, I have sent off the greater portion of my wofully reduced baggage to the last village in Wurdwun. I expect to start fairly for Sōōroo on the morning of the 12th. Four or five days of *Oōjár*, always requires more or less of preparation.

It is very trying work getting anything done in this benighted district, for the head-men of the villages do not understand Oordoo or Persian, and I am no proficient in their barbarous tongue. After haranguing for an hour, and vainly imagining I have succeeded in fully expressing my wishes, the only answer I get from these enlightened "lords of the creation," is a satisfactory "Na Bōzen," ("do not understand!" in

Queen's English). In fact, I do not know how matters would progress but for the fortunate presence in the village of an ex-official, a quondam Kardâr of the district. When he happens to be absent, nothing is procured, nothing arranged. His name is "Razâk," and I recommend him to the notice of all miserable visitors to this ill-conditioned district. As for the rest, Shakespeare must have had them in prophetic contemplation, when he said—

— "Some of Nature's journeymen made them, and not made them well; they imitate humanity so abominably!"

I have managed to despatch a packet of letters to my kith and kin, by a man who lately arrived from Lēh, and is *en route* to Jummo. He appeared a respectable person, and faithfully promised (for "a consideration!") to deliver my packet safely at the nearest station in the plains, either Wuzeerabad or Seâlkōte. I wonder when I shall write again, or if my *last* letters are now gone. My mood is deep *indigo* to-day. I am not entertaining to myself or any one else, but I shall write *pour me distraire*; no one is obliged to read such stupid pages!

I crawled yesterday evening to the only still stream in Wurdwun, my unwilling limbs having

scarcely power or strength to carry my sick frame. I sat by the water's edge, listlessly speculating on the many sorrows "flesh is heir to." The moon was shining brightly, and the stars studded the canopy of heaven,

" — that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

It was a lovely night, everything sad and still. I gazed on the placid stream, which flowed so silently and yet so unceasingly on and on, and thought how emblematical it was of the life of man,—

" So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
*And yet they glide, like happiness, away.*"

"Immer rinnet diese Quelle," and its course and termination are alike typical of life and its uncertain joys.

My melancholy musings received a temporary check last night, by observing myself the object of the rustic coquetry of two very young girls, who in their simplicity mistook my sex, being attired *en Amazone*, or I am sure they would never have wasted so many arts and graces to attract my attention! Sad and ill as I felt, I could not help laughing at the manifest error they made; and I



soon frightened them away by setting the valiant little "Squire" at them. I have no doubt they marvelled at my uncourtly and ungallant conduct, and perchance thought me deaf and dumb at least.

Every hour of the day, a peculiar rumbling noise is plainly heard in the snowy hills which tower above the valley. Tyros might mistake it for distant thunder, and make a note of the same in their pocket-books as being a wonderful circumstance, when the skies were clear and cloudless! But I will tell you, my dear Cockney travellers, what this odd noise is. It is the dismembered snow falling in mighty masses from the Heights above, like young avalanches. The heat of the sun melts the snow, and blocks are thus dismembered, which in falling from a great height, make the imposing noise, which your limited and untravelled understandings might mistake for thunder! We have had a storm this afternoon, and though it has proved but transitory, the lowering clouds threaten more rain. Alas! for my projected start for Sōōroo.

The people of Wurdwun all wear the same "pōōlas," or grass-shoes, as in Kōōloo and Lahoul, except that most of those manufactured here are merely grass soles, with grass ribbons fasten-

ing them to the feet, and not the regular grass shoes of other countries. These "pōōlas" are admirably adapted for snow and ice travelling, for they are not slippery as leather soles invariably prove. I mean to have some pairs made for myself, as I expect to have to walk the greater part of this road.

I lost the key of the only watch I brought with me, and my ingenuity was sorely tried to manufacture another. I succeeded in fashioning a very respectable key, after immense toil, but I found that it would not turn the watch at all! After cutting and burning my fingers, it was very disagreeable to find my mechanical attempt a failure. I wound the watch for two or three days by means of a *pair of scissors*, but now the whole affair totally and unconditionally declines to go. So here am I, *minus* a thermometer, *minus* a watch, and not quite certain of the day of the month! I am rapidly descending in the scale of civilization; *hélas, hélas.*

The sun is shining once more, so I will pay my farewell visit to my usual haunts here, and delighted shall I be to feel myself no longer a prisoner. In losing so much baggage, two-thirds of my supplies are gone, and I have not enough left to reach Lēh, in the way of luxuries; but I

must learn to do without, I suppose, or I shall be a very *cutcha*\* philosopher. Good bye, Bussmun Fort. God grant there may be *no*—" *Au revoir* " for thee and me !

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SOGNUZ, OR SOGNI. (WURDWUN.)

*Distance, about four coss, or six miles.*

12th July, 1851. *Saturday*.—I did not leave Bussmun Fort so soon as I had hoped, being detained till yesterday morning by illness. The distance is *called* four coss, and I have given my idea, in saying it is about six miles. The "road" is a mere footpath, sometimes level, and sometimes ascending or descending, but the *determination* of the route pursued to-day, is an ascent. The river of Wurdwun flows at a considerable inclination, and the valley becomes so narrow as to be confined almost the whole march (after the first mile, or in the subsequent vicinity of villages) to the channel of the river, from twenty to forty yards broad. The mountains, rising above the banks, are occasionally scarped, and the summits

\* Another word of many meanings. When applied to *bricks*, it means "unburnt"; when applied to a "philosopher," translate *pseudo* !

barren of all vegetation, a good deal of snow lying on them. These scarp'd Heights are varied by a few less perpendicular mountains, which are wooded nearly to the tops. The snow has melted very rapidly away, even during my residence in Wurdwun. The scarp'd and snowy peaks which seemed (when viewed from Bussmun) to bound the valley at this extremity, have not nearly as much snow upon them as they appeared to have in the distance. I have observed this frequently before. The snow which seemed so deep and extensive when viewed from afar, loses half its unbrokenness the nearer it is approached.

About a mile-and-a-half, or two miles from Bussmun, we had to cross the rapid river, by a very bad *Sanga*, and for three miles, our route lay along the left bank. We then re-crossed to the right bank, on which this village is situated. We had two or three more bridges of sorts and sizes to go over, which were thrown across several torrents, all flowing from snows above, into the Siund. One of these was twelve or fifteen feet broad, a violent cataract near the bridge. The spray of the foam was thrown to the height of ten or twelve feet *above* the *Sanga*, even in the early morning,\* and the

\* In the "early morning," the torrents and rivers of the snowy mountains are much smaller in volume, and consequently

wooden planks were wet, slippery, and half-rotten, from the ceaseless exposure to the spray and breakers.

We passed three villages between this and Bussmun,—the first at one coss, called Mârug; the second, at a half-coss further, Gōōmbro; and the third, Rikinwâs, close to the former, or about half-way from Bussmun to Sōgnuz. These villages are small, containing from six to twelve houses each. There are one or two other little hamlets off the road.

The colour of the river is exactly like that of the Chundra, in Lahoûl, showing that it is but lately escaped from the regions of snow. The higher I proceed up the Wurdwun valley, the more I perceive this muddy, *dead* colour in the hue of the waters.

This village consists of some fourteen houses, and a *Musjid* or Temple. The construction is the same as throughout Wurdwun, all of wood, and these dwellings are in fact nothing more than log-less violent. The cause of this is very easily explained;—during the night, the snow on the mountains freezes very hard, and many of the tributary streams are arrested in their course by being turned into ice. When the sun shines brightly, the snow and ice gradually melt, and very frequently a river or stream, fordable in the early morning, is completely impassable by the afternoon. I daresay I have explained this elsewhere, likewise.

huts. Most filthy are they too. My tents are useless, the poles being still behind, and a carpenter apparently unattainable in this miserable district, so I cannot replace the want I suffer from. I am located in the *best* house of the village, in fact, the only habitable one, and oh! bad is the best. The odours which offend my olfactory nerves are by no means redolent of "Araby the blest." I have already seen several suspicious and horrible insects, which wofully threaten a miserable night for me, as no degree of *travelling* has made my skin proof to the attacks of these vile animalcula.

I took a walk this evening, and on a hill, I saw at some distance, overhanging the wild mountain river, several plants of the "Flower of Bethlehem" in full bloom. In no part of the Himalayas have I met with this flower, except between Gōōndla and Kârdung, in the valley of Lahoûl. Last year, about a fortnight earlier in the season, I noticed them, and mentioned the same in my journal. I gathered (besides three plants of the Flower of Bethlehem, at the imminent risk of my neck) several specimens of wall-flower, of a deep orange colour.

I very nearly suffered the fate of the unfortunate gentleman at Mussoorie, who was thrown down a precipice, and instantly killed, by his

favourite dog jumping, in playful but fatal affection, upon him. Little "Squire," in the same way, very nearly terminated my joys and sorrows yesterday evening, by jumping on me as I was cautiously threading my way by the brink of a perpendicular precipice, where the path was scarcely six inches wide. I very nearly lost my equilibrium, and my escape was providential. The fabled nine feline lives are nothing to mine, which appear to be legion, judging by my many wondrous escapes, by "flood and field," (and mount!)

This hamlet is entirely surrounded by mountains, some bare and snowy, others wooded with Fir and Birch. Reddish-coloured Bears are found in numbers in the jungles around. Some gentlemen killed two-and-twenty in less than a week, if the word of the villagers may be taken as authority.

The shrub I noticed at Bussmun, and which I said resembled the description of the "prangos," as given by Moorcroft, is also found near the villages here. It is called by the natives, *Ghandooish*, and they say that though it is *not* the prangos, it is, in point of fact, the "*brah*" (or brother) of that shrub, from its close resemblance in every particular.

Here, too, wheat is unknown; barley almost ditto. *Grim*\* and *troomba*† are cultivated, but the crops appear scanty, and are very backward. There is the same, and even greater difficulty in procuring even *ottah* for my *now* small camp. *Dál*,‡ spices, or sugar, are absolutely unknown in this district, and it requires a good and faithful servant to put up with the meagre regimen which is the only fare even bribes can procure here, at double the Kashmir rates. I most earnestly wish I were far from this wretched valley. And yet I cannot get a single arrangement made, nor do I see a person who has any authority in the village, or who even understands a word of Hindoostanie, except the “Jaghât-wallah” (or Custom-House officer), who has no power except in his own department. Moreover, the village really appears depopulated. I can discover only old women and grey-bearded men, about half-a-dozen of each, and several squalid children. I see scarcely even one young woman,—*age* seems to have seized the village for its own! The people are filthy in the extreme. All ugly, and most of them badly marked with the small-pox. The population is Mussulman, and the numerous fowls attest this.

\* A species of grain resembling barley.

† Buckwheat.

‡ A variety of Pulse.



In fact these are the only supplies in plenty here, and even these the wretched inhabitants are most unwilling to sell.

There is a Jaghât-khâna at this village, and here the customs are levied on all trade from Thibet. The only man in charge receives but *two rupees a month* for his appointment! The river is very rapid and violent a little above this village. Close by, the valley turns sharply, almost at right angles to its former direction, and lies, as far as I can trace it, to the direct north-east. There are some abrupt and snowy Peaks which appear to terminate the valley a few miles beyond this.

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### SOGNUZ, OR SOGNI. (WURDWUN.)

13th July, 1851. *Sunday*.—I was forced to move into the *Musjid*, being devoured by the animalcula (as I had foreseen too well) in the dirty house I was in. In fact, had I remained much longer, I could not have survived the treatment I underwent. In a few hours, I should positively have disappeared bodily.

I did not remove into the Mosque without great opposition from the villagers, and its especial priest in particular. They even *prayed* me not not to go in, on my own account, saying that most

assuredly some fatal accident would happen to me on my journey to Sōōroo. I laughed at their fears on *my* account, and as for their own prejudices against the supposed desecration, necessity was imperative. So I removed into this Mosque, *vi et armis*. It is heaven compared to my late abode, for it is comparatively clean, and as yet I have seen only a few mosquitoes. It consists of one room and an open verandah on two sides.

I have heard nothing of my missing baggage, and I cannot get any arrangements completed, though I am so anxious to proceed. My friend Razâk has not arrived, though he faithfully promised to come, and my sole dependence is on him. I begin to feel very hopeless about reaching our own districts in S'piti.

I have just returned from an evening stroll, and am rejoiced to find Razâk here. He has brought a few Coolies, and promises to complete my arrangements for Sōōroo's dreaded journey, in a day or two at farthest. "*Dreaded*" by all but me.

If my "five loads" do not come up, I shall leave them to their fate. I cannot breathe freely till I am far from this "maudit pays." Ghaus-sie, who was riding behind me the day I left Bussmun Fort, said to me, as we rode along the march, "I feel as if a load were taken off my

head, now that we have turned our backs on Wurdwun Fort!" This simple speech was expressive indeed, and I could sympathise fully with the sentiment of oppression it conveyed, only that the "*weight*" will not be perfectly removed from my head till I turn my back on the district altogether.

I walked with pain and difficulty this evening. The alarming sensation of restriction at the heart becomes daily more distressing, and lately a peculiar pain in my right side, is added to my former sufferings. I am not much of an Esculapius, but I must endeavour to get rid of these unpleasant symptoms. I hope I shall not make myself worse.

I have not yet come to terms with Razâk as to the hire from this place to Sōōroo. The distance is twenty coss, and the proper hire would be nine annas each man. But I know I shall be obliged to give one Company's rupee per Coolie, at least, though they *ask* double that sum. Whatever is agreed upon, I am to give one-half in advance, and I hope I shall not be "left lamenting" in the midst of the *Oōjâr*, after the pre-payment.

No European—man, woman, or child—has gone this route (from Wurdwun to Sōōroo) before, so I am going through an unknown and untravelled line of country; "unknown" at least to Europeans.

I rather felicitate myself on my perseverance, in going by so wild, and (according to the report of the natives) so dangerous a route.\*

Not half-a-mile from this village, in the direction of Sōōroo, a bridge is thrown over the violent river of Wurdwun, to enable the villagers to go to the other bank, where a few fields of *trōōmba* and *grim* have been cultivated. The river is twenty-five yards broad at the bridge, which is formed in a very insecure manner. A large rock rises out of the torrent about fifteen yards from this bank, and the first half of the *sanga* rests upon this rock. The second portion of this rude bridge consists merely of two spars of wood, one end of each resting on the rock, and the other being placed on the left bank. The river foams and tears along in a wild and turbulent flood, the breakers dashing with frightful vehemence on the rock which supports the *sanga* in the middle of the torrent. The noise of the dashing waters, thus impeded in their course, resembled the roar of artillery; and the violent motion conveyed to the frail bridge seemed to threaten its momentary dissolution. Two-thirds of the *sanga* was covered

\* I have every reason to believe that obstacles were purposely thrown in my way to prevent my going by this unknown route to Thibet, and it was my determined perseverance alone that prevailed.

with the wild waves, and the spray of the foam was cast to a great height and distance.

I was quite alone, and will not pretend to have been brave enough to go across; but after proceeding six or seven yards, I sat down on the bridge to gaze on the wild scene. The breakers, which dashed on the rock, shook the bridge with a convulsive motion; and two or three times I said to myself, "Suppose it should give way!" No one would probably have more than guessed my fate, because it is most improbable that any person falling into such a vortex, would ever be seen again. The desperate waters would soon engulf even the hapless corpse, and no "remains" would tell the tale of destruction.

A woman in an adjacent field beckoned me to come away,—why, I cannot say, as I did not move for half-an-hour; and when I did leave my noisy seat, I walked in a different direction, and did not speak to my warning friend. That portion of the bridge which consisted merely of two spars, had evidently once been more elaborate, because I saw the *débris* of a *sanga* scattered on the opposite shore. Probably the violent current, or the constant action of the waves on the wood, had destroyed the frail construction.

Had any one seen the break-neck places I

went through—the rugged paths along precipitous rocks, terminating in the fatal vortex of the river but a few feet below, any dispassionate observer would have thought me mad, or weary of life. But I was neither. Impelled by the excitement of the danger, and by the desire to possess some flowers I saw growing beyond, I risked my life perhaps. But I went cautiously and carefully, and returned in safety. I fell in with another Lahoûl flower yesterday, which grew in one spot, near the river side. It has a very strong smell, medicinal and disagreeable beyond measure. Captain H—— will remember it, for he preserved several specimens last year in Lahoûl. The flower is of a straight, cup-like shape, lilac in colour. The inside, or heart of the flower, is of bright and variegated hues; and in preserving it in a Herbal, it is requisite to cut the “cup” in two, to expose the bright tints which lie concealed within.

I have got a carpenter at last, and my tent-poles are commenced upon. This man is the sole craftsman in the whole of Wurdwun, and he is not a bright genius by any means. I have been obliged to send one of my own servants to Unshun, to aid Razâk's emissaries in collecting Coolies. It is absolutely necessary to put in practice, in this ungodly district, Lord Chesterfield's favourite

maxim—"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re." It is impossible to get on with either the former or latter *alone*.

The river Siund is fifty or sixty yards wide, a little distance above the bridge I described to-day. It soon narrows to one-half and one-third of that width, not a quarter of a mile higher up. The banks are well wooded there, and dense forests of Firs and Birches cover the hills above. In these gloomy shades, bears and wolves abound.

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### SOGNUZ, OR SOGNI.

15th July, 1851. *Tuesday*.—I have made every preparation for this troublesome journey, and start in a few minutes. The sun is already high, but I shall be happy to get away, under any circumstances, from this miserable district. Each Coolie has received a rupee here, and the Thanadâr of Sōōroo is to decide if they are to receive as much more as they demand. I have been obliged to give heavy bribes too, before I could induce the only men in authority to find Coolies, even at this exorbitant rate of hire.

My advance camp started yesterday. I was fortunate in finding a man, who was *en route* to

Noorpore; he arrived from Lēh yesterday. I gave him a packet of letters for the Plains, as it may be six weeks ere I have so good an opportunity again. I am told I shall lose all my horses on this bad road, the very first march, if I persist in risking their necks by taking them this break-neck way. *Nous verrons.*

Eight o'clock, p.m.—How vain were all my hopes! Here am I still. When everything was ready, and the loads all arranged outside, I found I had three Coolies short of the number I required. Though I had vacated the *Musjid*, I was obliged to have a great part of the baggage unpacked, and disconsolately returned to my quarters in the little temple. There seems a fatality attached to my leaving this ill-omened Wurdwun. My only consolation is, in seeing a three-dozen chest of ale arrive—one of the missing boxes. I wonder if I shall ever hear of the ponies so coolly stolen, or the baggage I was forced to leave behind, more than two months ago. A drizzling rain has been falling all the afternoon, and the skies threaten a deluge. This is too provoking, just as I hoped to leave Wurdwun, as it has been sunny and cloudless for so many, many days, when rain would not have troubled any one.

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CHOOMURPUL. (OOJAR ENCAMPING GROUND.)  
DISTRICT OF WURDWUN.

*Distance, two coss.*

16th July, 1851. *Wednesday.*—The natives call the distance of this march two coss. It is difficult to say whether it is three or four miles. The pathway is narrow, and in many parts precipitous and dangerous. Four or five mountain-torrents are crossed; one is a very violent Rapid, and I marvelled to see the horses go across in safety. One of the Coolies carried me over all the desperate places, and yet I was wet to the skin by the spray alone.

This short march is wild and wooded, and principally ascending. The grass is very luxuriant on all the hills, and Birches begin to be the prevalent trees, evincing thereby the greater elevation attained. I observed myriads of flowers, the verdant banks were covered with the fine Flowers of Bethlehem in the full prime of their beauty, interspersed with wall-flowers, geraniums, &c. One spot in particular was very bad for the ponies. About fifty yards lay along the precipitous, pathless face of a crumbling bare hill, which terminated abruptly in the fatal waters of the

wild Siund. The next thirty or forty yards were pathless indeed, and the cattle were all taken *through* the river, while we crossed by frail spars which were stretched from one available rock to another. The little nags swam bravely along the watery road, and even "Devilskin," a large and rather vicious pony (of the Punjâbi breed,) was safely brought to camp.

The pathway lies along the right bank of the Siund the whole distance, and my camp is pitched in a level and grassy spot, within a few yards of the turbulent flood.

We passed several beds of snow, and the banks of the river frequently are formed of huge blocks of snow and ice. The valley of Wurdwun narrows rapidly, and the river is not more than fifteen yards broad here.

I was obliged to make this short march, as I did not get away from Sōgni till near sunset; the requisite complement of Coolies not being in attendance. I am delighted indeed to get away at last, and I have shaken all the Wurdwun dust from off my feet. For though this is still "Wurdwun," who would not feel free in the wilderness? Razâk escorted me here, and he is not to go away till he sees me over the worst parts of to-morrow's rugged march. The road to Amur-Nâth turns off a little

beyond this to the left hand, while we are to go to the right.

DOOMHOHEE, (OOJAR,) WURDWUN.

*Distance, three coss.*

17th July, 1851, Thursday.—I am halting here for breakfast. The greater portion of my camp has gone on to the usual encamping ground, a couple of coss further on. The heat is very great, and I long for a cloudy sky again, with the wonted perversity of mortal clay. The scant bushes or stunted Birch-trees form but poor shelter from this burning tropical sun.

The road has been very bad indeed, and I consider myself peculiarly fortunate not to have lost one of my five ponies. Rugged, precipitous, and snowy,—such has been to-day's march, while the rapid Siund foamed along but a few yards below. About half-way, we crossed the river by a Snow-bridge, and kept after that to the left bank. A Rapid, pouring down from the west, unites its tribute waters to the Siund, near the direction of the Amur-Nâth road. Several smaller Tributaries rush with impetuosity from the towering snowy Heights which overhang the river.

This spot is considerably higher than the en-

camping ground of last night, and we have come over a great deal of snow. The bed of the river becomes more and more confined by abrupt or perpendicular rocks; the current is more violent, and the colour of the water more *leaden*\* every mile.

About a mile from Choomurpul, we came to a shocking piece of road. I took the saddle off "Rajowlie," scarcely expecting to see the animal again, and wishing to save the saddle at least. I was carried over the dangerous road, and there sat down to see the poor ponies' fate. The only two that appeared to run any risk after all—I mean the only two that hesitated and were nearly lost—were "Devilskin" and a young colt I bought in Kashmir. However, everything and every creature arrived in safety, and so far, I have come on prosperously. I should call the height of this encamping ground about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

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PAJOOHOHEE.

(OOJAR,) WURDWUN.

*Distance, two coss.*

*Same day.*—The path from Dōōmhōhee to this encamping ground is very tolerable, though the ascent to the summit of the hill called Hoom-

\* This is always the colour of mountain-torrents which rush down from snowy mountains.

péyuth is steep. However, I rode the whole way.

This summit, which bears the wild name of Hoompéyuth, appears a sacred spot. A pile of bricks stand at one end, and the Coolies clamoured for "buckshish," (a present,) money, or a couple of goats, to sacrifice to the local divinity. I could not make out the particular superstition they talked about, for Razâk was gone, and the Mokuddam left as escort, spoke but indifferent Oordoo.

When we reached the top of this grassy hill, the scenery presented to the eye strongly recalled the deserts of Lahoûl and Ladâk to my memory. Not a hundred feet below lay a small plain, watered by the Siund, while pyramidal barren peaks, capped with snow, rose sternly above, many hundred feet in elevation. This encamping ground is situated near the extremity of the plain. The Siund is tranquil here, and the bed not less than a hundred yards broad. It is deep near the shores, but shallow (in parts, quite dry) and stony in the middle.

On the hill near Hoompéyuth, and all along this plain, grow the wild onion, two or three kinds of saxifrage, and other Ladâk flowers. I observed five kinds of onion, in which not only

the colour of the flower differed, but the shape altogether, and even the leaf. All however were redolent of the unsavoury odour peculiar to this plant, in its cultivated and uncultivated state alike. The colours were yellow, white, blue, purple, and a sort of *drab*. Each flower differed completely in shape and general appearance.

There is a great deal of snow close to my little camp, and though the sun was so fearfully hot during the day, the temperature *now* (at 7 p.m.) cannot be above 20° Fahrenheit.

I took a stroll this evening, and saw several small caves close to camp, in the hill above. I gathered many pretty flowers for my Herbal, and one or two new species. On a rock I saw some very fine Rhubarb, and I gathered some for dinner, but I am so very sleepy now, I do not think I can sit up to dine at all! Besides, it is so very cold,—too cold to eat. *Bonsoir*, because it is also too cold to write; my faculties and my fingers are equally benumbed.

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KOHINAG, (OJAR),—WURDWUN.

*Distance, two coss.*

18th July, 1851. *Friday*.—This is the clime of *extremes*! When I wrote last in this journal, I

was frozen; and now, at two o'clock, p.m., I am expiring from the extreme heat. I halted here for breakfast, and the powerful sun is detaining me an unwilling prisoner in the small tent I was forced to pitch, as there is no tree—no shelter anywhere near. In fact, we are now *above* the region of trees.

Every step we now go, reminds me of last year's expedition in Thibet. There is still too much grass on the hills for the more barren tracts of Thibet; but the general appearance of the country is rapidly assimilating now. The path has been nearly quite level to day, lying along the left bank of the river, which flows through a nearly level valley for these four miles. Though the inclination of its bed is so slight, the Siund makes a good deal of *bruit*, and the current seems nearly as violent as in its later course. I fancy this is caused by the rocky nature of the ground. There was a road to Sōōroo formerly, which went over the high rocks before us, crossing the river below this encamping ground; but at present it would be impossible to ford so deep and rapid a body of water, and all the snow-bridges in the neighbourhood are broken.

When we started this morning, our path lay along the banks of the river for a couple of hundred yards in a straight direction, then the Siund

taking a turn in an obtuse angle, our path did the same. We were never more than ten yards above or beyond the shore. The path was very good, except one or two rather precipitous spots, which were dangerous for a person on horseback. The bed of the river generally occupied the entire valley, and in some parts was not less than a quarter of a mile in width. The average breadth was from one hundred yards to a hundred and twenty. The water flowed in several channels, some shallow, some deep, while the intervening spaces were quite dry and stony. Huge blocks of snow lay on the banks, and the Hills, which rose abruptly above the right bank, were either covered with deep snow, or harsh and barren. The mountains are becoming conical or pyramidal, and the outlines are all sharp and rugged. Some are of granite formation, and others exhibit clay strata.

A few stunted birches are the only trees to be seen, except here and there an abortive pencil-cedar. The grass is abundant on the small plains and the slopes of the less rugged Heights. A few bushes of tamarisk grow on the banks of the river, and the wild flowers are very luxuriant. The heat is very great, and the burning sun has given me a bad head-ache. I must now proceed to my camp, some three coss beyond.



## KAHINTHUL, (OOJAR),—WURDWUN.

*Distance, three coss.*

*Same day.*—I have given the distance according to the native report, but in my opinion it is not more than three miles, and not “coss.” The path ascends, after leaving Kōhinâg, for some three hundred yards, up a grassy slope. Then a very abrupt and almost perpendicular descent to the bed of a Rapid, which was crossed by a Snow-bridge. I had the greatest difficulty in managing this descent, though I was aided by a couple of Puhâriyas (hill-men). The ponies got over the precipitous and pathless descent far better than I did, though I did not expect to see them accomplish it at all. After this, our road scarcely ever quitted the left bank of the Siund, to which we almost immediately returned. We had to go over countless beds of snow, and ford numerous torrents.

The Siund winds in a nearly level valley, the broad bed divided into many channels. The mountains are all angles now, and the majority are entirely guiltless of all vegetation. The lower slopes are still covered with grass, where the snow has disappeared, and a great many bushes stud

the ground. I still see a solitary birch-tree here and there, but very stunted indeed.

We saw several Snow-bridges over the Siund, some broken, others in perfect preservation, while the river flowed below with greater velocity after each obstruction. Huge blocks of snow and ice stand in the bed of the stream, quite isolated. Some were not less than thirty feet high, and forty or fifty long.

I observed a flower to-day which I never met before in all my travels, and the name is unknown to me. It is of a dark rich purple hue, something like the columbine in shape, but the leaf is totally different, and the herb grows to no more than eight or ten inches in height. The heart of the flower is nearly black with a little yellow in the very centre. There are six petals in a single row.

We passed some fine rhubarb by the road-side, and myriads of onions of all colours. I also noticed some plants of garlic. Hearing that all the onions in the cooking department were expended, I told my servants to try the wild species. It has turned out very well, and gives a tolerable flavour to curry and stews. The rhubarb was particularly good, and it would be worth while to cultivate the species which grows so very luxuriantly about these hills. None of the

mountains here present horizontal strata. All the strata are oblique or quite crooked, and some appear turned in fifty directions at once. I saw a crumbling limestone Hill, close to the road, but many of the neighbouring mountains were formed of granite or slate.

I took a walk this evening to examine the position of the encamping ground. About three hundred yards further on, the Siund is completely blocked up by a stupendous Glacier, which extends between the narrowing mountains flanking this valley. The breadth may be a hundred and fifty yards; the length cannot be compassed by the eye from this neighbourhood. I went close to the Glacier, and stood gazing on the wondrous spectacle in silent awe. The river gushed out in several places with a thundering roar, scattering spray and foam for many yards. In one spot it seemed to boil and foam out of the Glacier, as if ten thousand engines were propelling it. The turbid flood which escaped dashed madly on, the water almost red in tint.

Though this extremity of this mighty Glacier is nearly black, it is quite possible to trace the snow and ice, where it has been riven asunder by the violence of the flood in its bosom. Stones, earth, mud, rocks, snow, and ice, are commingled, and

this wondrous mass forms the Glacier. About fifty feet from the bottom, it is riven in various places, and here the wild waters frantically escape from their snowy prison. The height of the Glacier from the bed of the river may be from two to three hundred feet. Close by, towers in stern grandeur a solitary pyramidal Peak, barren and rugged, and almost devoid of snow. In its immediate proximity, a conical mountain rears its icy head, a striking contrast in its unbroken snowy whiteness—without a speck to mar its dazzling purity—to the dark and rugged pyramid which is seen by its side. I would almost have thought that these were the famous peaks called “Mēr” and “Sēr,” mentioned by Hügel, one black and the other white; but I am assured by the Coolies that I shall not see those Heights till I reach Sōōroo.\*

Long after the sun had disappeared from every other hill, I saw a few rays resting on the white cone and dark pyramid, and shedding a soft halo over each. There is a second small glacier on a height close by, but near its stupendous neighbour

\* After a careful examination of my little sketch-map, I found that my original idea was correct, and that these were the Mēr and Sēr peaks, properly called “Nāna-Kāna,” never before visited by any European.

it appears quite insignificant. There is an immense quantity of snow on all the hills in this vicinity, deep and unbroken.

As I was sauntering along, I observed a small animal rush into a hole. A few moments subsequently, within twenty yards, I saw a little creature sitting on its hind-legs, and I at once recognised the sentinel-marmot. It allowed me to approach to within six or seven yards, before it darted into its den. I described this little animal last year when I was travelling between Draūs and Metchahōy. Those I saw to-day were very similar, a little darker in colour. I find that the ground for a couple of miles is burrowed in every direction, and countless holes show how numerous the marmots are here. These "holes" are burrowed in an oblique manner, and I am told are very long, that is, extending a long way into the earth. The mouths of the holes are very low and narrow.

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YELINGKHOR, (OOJAR,) THIBET.

OVER BRARMOORJ PUNJAL, OR PASS.

*Distance, six coss.*

19th July, 1851. *Saturday*.—We did not arrive here till near sunset. This proved a most fatiguing

march, the more so as we had inclement weather. I say "we," in allusion to myself, my servants and Coolies, and not because I was fortunate (or perchance, *unfortunate*!) enough, to be escorted or accompanied by any European, man, woman, or child. Many weeks have flown by since I spoke my native tongue, or even cast eyes on an English face. Nor do I feel in the slightest degree anxious to terminate my solitude!

*Revenons à nos moutons*, or my march to this place. I am now in Thibet, and the pass I went over to-day separates Wurdwun from this country. I think the distance is about nine miles, snow from beginning to end. The height of the pass, I should say, could not be *under* between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.\* I judge from the elevation of the crest of the pass above all vegetation, the depth of the snow, and the numerous Glaciers; I had a very distressing head-ache, which became worse and worse; but no nausea as I invariably experienced on all the Ladâk passes.

\* I subsequently crossed the Hannoo Pass, which is said to be fifteen thousand feet in altitude. If it be so, I opine that this pass is seventeen thousand feet, as undoubtedly a difference of two thousand feet exists between these two passes. I have given my reasons in a subsequent page.

The road, after leaving yesterday's encamping ground, led to the foot of the Glacier I described, and we ascended by the left bank, along the only sloping part of the stupendous mass. All was snow, deep snow and ice, and in parts, stones, earth, and rocks were so thickly lying on the surface as to conceal all appearance of the icy foundation. I rode about three miles; the ascent was very gradual up the Glacier the whole way, and the scenery was such as to beggar description. There was something awful in the mighty wastes of snow and ice, and the stern and pointed Peaks, bare and arid, or covered with snow, which rose coldly above the glacier-road. We heard, every now and then, the fall of avalanches, like thunder in the distance, and we knew that hundreds of feet below our path, flowed the roaring and violent Siund. We were cautious in crossing any fresh snow, for fear it treacherously covered some desperate abyss. About the commencement of the fourth mile we came to frightful ravines, which intersected the snow and ice, and extended the whole breadth of the Glacier. The width of these ravines varied from two to five feet,—the depth from one hundred, to nearly the very bottom of the monstrous mass, perhaps from one to two thousand feet. It made me quite faint to look down these chasms, as I

tremblingly leapt across. The sheep, twenty-six in number, and the sixty goats, were as agile as wild deer, and all the ponies (except one) showed their skill in jumping. This one exception was something like his mistress, for he would look down the abyss, and then his heart failed him ! More than once the terrified animal was nearly lost. These horrid ravines continued for nearly a couple of miles, rendering riding out of the question.

The Glacier lies nearly east and west, and for four or five miles we proceeded nearly due east. Then the path left the Glacier and turned (according to my compass) abruptly to the north, when another half-mile of very steep ascent brought us to the crest of the pass.

As there is no trace of the Siund, so entirely is it buried beneath the mighty Glacier, it is impossible to say where it takes its rise. I should however opine that its source is on this pass, and that its course takes as abrupt a turning as the road. The Glacier we left to the east ; and as its dreary wastes of snow were enveloped in mist, I could not even guess how many miles further it extended. I could see dimly through the feathery mists, high snowy mountains far beyond, but the Coolies assured me that there was no road in that direction.



As we turned to the north, to attain the crest of the pass, a drizzling sleet came on. The cold was intense, and as my feet were wet through, I began to feel all the horrors of being frost-bitten, and arriving *minus* a digit or two in camp. I had on a pair of silk stockings, one ditto of thick woollen, a pair of thick boots, and over all a pair of "pōōlas" or grass-shoes. These are capital things for snow-walking, as they are not so slippery as leather soles. The snow was white and very extensive, and nothing else met the eye on every side, except some of the bare rocks, which indeed were mantled in thick fogs.

The black pyramidal Peak which struck my eye the other evening, rises about five hundred feet above the pass, close by the summit. When I say that this pass is between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet of elevation, I may be stating an underestimate. Very probably it may be *above* sixteen thousand feet, and certainly it cannot be a couple of hundred feet under. The Glacier along which our road lay varied in breadth, from one to three hundred yards.

Oh! what an icy wind was blowing when we arrived at the top of the pass, and the sleet turned into thin rain as we progressed in the descent. And a miserable descent it proved. The snow

was cut in ravines, and these ravines were full of water flowing rather rapidly downwards. In the intervening spaces, slippery sheets of ice and tracts of melted snow, three or four feet in depth, formed the pleasing varieties of our way. I was too much knocked up by my benumbed feet to get off, and jumping my horse over these ravines was a dangerous exercise of equestrian skill. The rain and sleet added to our miseries; and after every horrible leap, my poor pony plunged up to the withers in the melted snow on the other side of the deep ravines.

At first the descent was steep. High, barren, sandstone mountains flanked the snowy path, and several nascent rivers roared beneath our feet, far, far below; also, to the right hand, I observed two Glaciers formed of snow and ice alone; they had in their imperceptible but unceasing course, slid half-way down a mighty mountain. The heights surrounding the descent of the pass, were very perpendicular and sharp. In some places the snow lay deep and unbroken, while the sharper points were perfectly bare.

I observed two or three small lakes as I rode down. The colour of the water was clear light-green, or rich pellucid blue. All but one were two-thirds embedded in snow. A large river

rises on this side of the pass, but from the deep snow and ice, it remains almost unseen (though not unheard), to within a mile of this encamping ground. This river appears nameless; as yet no one can enlighten me as to the cognomen it may bear. It flows by Sōōroo, I am told, and subsequently (joining other rivers) runs below Iskârdo and Attok. If this be correct, it is, I suppose, a tributary of the Indus.

The latter part of the descent, if not the whole, is of glacier formation, and when we got rid of the wide field of snow, and apparently walked and rode on stones and earth, we were in reality merely treading on superficial ground; for not six inches below the surface, was nothing but snow and ice. After this, we came again to snow, and the descent was steep and slippery. The last half-mile was varied by patches of grass and many wild-flowers, and as I stopped to cull some new specimens, I heard the peculiar cry of the sentinel-marmots, notifying our approach to their fraternities. I saw several squatting in their usual eccentric style on their hind legs, their fore-paws in a "begging" position, like my poor little Princey when he was obedient.

The "nameless" river flows in a swollen flood with great velocity, not twenty yards from my tent.

It is joined by a second and smaller river, at an acute angle, a little way below, and where the junction takes place, the breadth of the bed is nearly a quarter of a mile. It is not very deep here, and can be forded in one spot. The "second" river flows down from the snowy mountains to the east, and its bed is blocked up every hundred yards with masses of snow and snow-bridges, about half-a-mile from this.

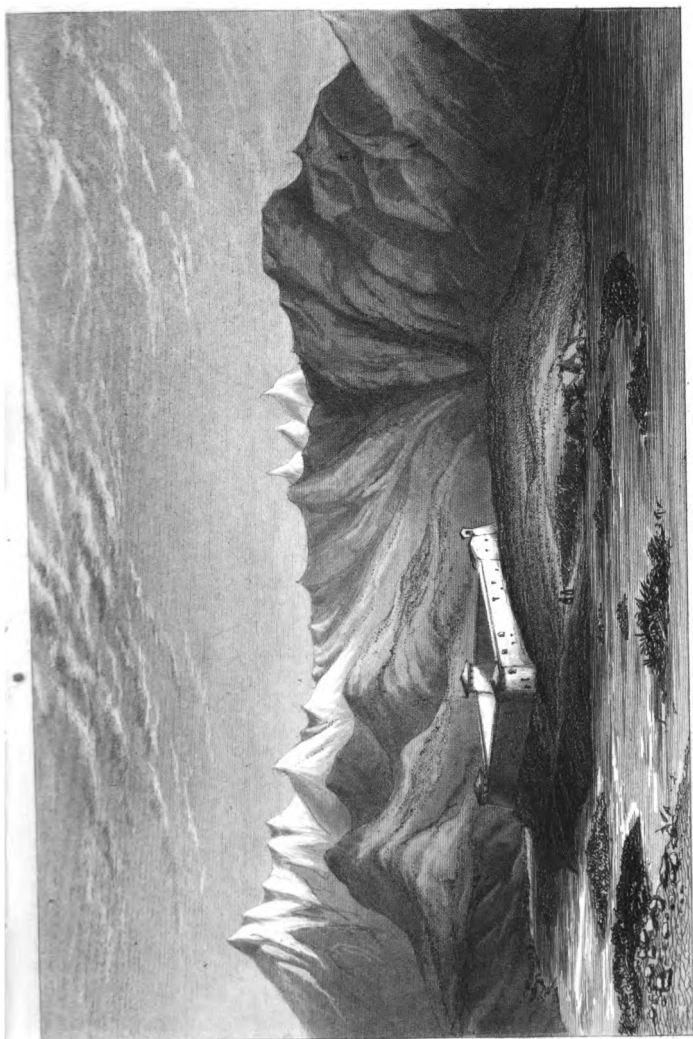
All the mountains are bare and arid, most of them of sandstone formation. There is a great deal of snow on every side, and not a tree to be seen. Where we are encamped the first bushes appear, and here and there, on the slopes of the hills, patches of grass refresh the wearied eye. As for the yellow onion, I am very heartily sick of it, for it grows everywhere I go now. I should say that the elevation of this spot above the level of the sea, cannot be *under* twelve or thirteen thousand feet. It is piercingly cold at night.

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TISSEROO (SOOROO DISTRICT), THIBET.

*Distance, about six miles.*

20th July, 1851. *Sunday.*—Arrived here by nine o'clock, a.m., and, even at this reasonable



*Ship of Fishers in Looe, Thibet.*

— 1865. —

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hour, I was nearly annihilated by the pitiless sun, and the terrible refraction of the soil. These miseries remind me of the desert mountains of Ladâk. I am so glad to get rid of these Kashmirian Coolies (for the Wurdwunees are *de facto* the same people, and Wurdwun, not twenty years ago, belonged to Kashmir), as I dislike the character of the entire race, and wish to meet more simple and interesting people. The Kashmirians have all the vices, and none of the virtues, of civilized races.

After leaving yesterday's ōōjâr encampment, we descended to a level with the bed of the *rivière sans nom*. Some of the Coolies went by the ford. The water came up to their waists, and though the valley was almost level, the current appeared strong and swift. All the ponies and servants went with me over a snow-bridge a quarter of a mile out of the way, which spanned the stream that united its waters with the larger river, as I mentioned yesterday.

I found that the Kotwâl of Sōōroo had "*made*" the road for me, and I am glad he did, as the desperate sun would have killed me outright, had I been forced to walk. The hills are bare and perpendicular, all points and angles, and principally of limestone and sandstone formation. The

nameless river flows between the high mountains in a confined channel, with great violence and velocity. Not a single tree is passed on the road, and but little grass and few flowers. I observed some very fine rhubarb, and was surprised to see the Coolies eating it with great avidity quite raw. It grows in abundance all along the road.

I saw a great many marmots. They have colonies all over the lower parts of the barren hills. These little animals, lively though they are, lie torpid in their subterranean habitations during all the winter months, the mouths of their holes being totally blocked up with snow.

We have descended a good deal in to-day's march, perhaps a thousand feet; but without even a thermometer, it is impossible to give more than an approximate elevation of hill or dale. I ceaselessly regret my poor thermometer, and my ill-luck in not succeeding in getting a barometer before starting on my travels, as I tried to do.

Sōōroo is a district in the country of Thibet, and contains twelve villages and a fort. The river (which is equally "nameless" here), waters the illâka,\* and numerous other streams flow into it, increasing its size at every mile. The fort and three or four villages are situated on the right

\* District.



bank, while this village and many lower down, stand on the left shore. A *sanga* spans the river a little above the fort, and still higher up, an extensive snow-bridge.

The Kōtwâl and Kârdar of Sōōroo came to meet me, a couple of miles on the road. They are all civility and attention. They were, of course, accompanied by the usual mob of attendant Sepoys and Co., and numbers of Thibetans followed to gaze on the first European visitor of Sōōroo. They seemed never weary of satisfying their curious eyes, and whenever I chanced to look at any of them, they salâamed according to their fashion, with both hands to their foreheads, the palms outside.

The houses are all built of unhewn stones and mud, with flat mud roofs; no wood anywhere seen. Timber is scarce indeed, for except one planted willow, there is scarcely a tree in sight. None on the mountains anywhere in the vicinity of Sōōroo. These are all barren and arid as the deserts of Tartary, except a little grass on the slopes and a few bushes.

The bed of the river is very wide below the fort, and divided by stony and grassy islets into numerous channels. It was very cold at sunset, but I went out, and from this bank took a hurried

sketch of the fort. There is a great deal of snow on some of the mountains close to the fort, and large blocks of snow and ice float down the river in an independent manner.

*Trōōmba* is but little grown here; I saw only two small fields of that grain. "Grim" and peas are the principal cultivation, and wheat a little lower down the valley. The only "dâl"\* eaten here is that of peas, which grow plentifully, and thrive better than any other grain, in this arid land. I see a good deal growing wild, but the species is different—in leaf particularly. No fowls in the whole of Sōōroo. I see some cows and sheep grazing, very poor in appearance, but not a single pony. The people of the country are "Bhōtes," and their language is Thibetan. Their faces are not of the genuine Tartar cast, but they are all ugly; and old and young, men and women, appear *wrinkled* beyond measure.

There is a road to Juskur from this, and thence to Lahoūl, or Kishtawâr. The natives here represent it as very "ōkhha,"† and utterly impossible for a horse, as it is dangerous for even a foot passenger, so rugged and precipitous are the mountains along which the rude path lies. Rungdoom

\* Varieties of pulse.

† Bad, difficult.

is a couple of marches from the head of the Sōō-roo district, and Juskur is three or four marches further. The Kotwâl told me to-day that the road I have come is impassable in another fortnight, on account of the *ravines* in the snow. A path over the mountains is then taken by traders, but it is said to be very rugged.

The dress of the people of Sōōroo is a sort of woollen coat reaching to the feet, with rather tight sleeves; a pair of tight woollen trowsers, and a puttoo as a waistband, completes the costume of most. Puttoo skull-caps, and roughly-tanned sheepskin tippets are also worn by the peasantry. Woollen boots with leather soles and sides, are the only *chaussure* known here. I do not even see a single "pōōla" in this district. The men generally shave their heads, and the women wear their hair in several long plaits, made still longer by worsted entwined with the hair. Each plait is finished off by tassels of worsted.

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SANKHO, OR SONKOO, (DISTRICT OF DRAUS,  
THIBET.)

*Distance, twelve miles.*

21st July, 1851. Monday.—I breakfasted at a village called Ghellendie, in the district of Sōōroo,

and halting there during the heat of the day, I did not arrive here till the cool of the afternoon. I found it no fable that the road had been "made" by the Kotwâl of Sōōroo for me. It had been made, and with considerable trouble too, nor was there any mistaking the recency of the work.

About a mile from Tisseroo, we came to the Shoo-Shoo river, which rushes with impetuosity, from snowy mountains to the west of Sōōroo, and falls into the nameless river, not a couple of hundred yards below the spot where we crossed. This "nameless" is, I am here told, indifferently called the Kârtse, and the river of Sōōroo. I see that Moorcroft passed this way, and mentions it. However, he says that it rises in the snows of Juskur, which is an error; in my opinion its source is on the Brarmōōrj Pass, or at least one branch rises there. Another flows from snowy mountains to the east of the above pass, but seemed to me a smaller branch. Close by this village, a third stream falls into the Sōōroo river, but this is evidently a mere tributary. It flows from the direct east, probably rising in some mountain close by, judging from the size of the stream. Moorcroft also says that Sânkho's "lands and villages" are situated on the left bank of the Nâgpo-choo. Sânkho or Sōnkho is a name

vaguely given to a small district, but scarcely correctly so; and at all events, these "lands and villages" by no means lie *only* on the left bank of the Nâgpo-choo. This is the principal village, and its name is Sânkho, or Sônkhoo, and it is situated on the *right* bank, and some distance from the Nâgpo-choo, which river we are to cross in to-morrow's march.

But to return to the Shoo-shoo, which I deserted in the act of crossing. It is spanned by a bridge of twigs, between thirty and forty yards long. The body of water is deep and flows with great velocity, carrying down large blocks of ice from the snowy heights of its birth. Each sheep is carried over the Zampa by a man, and my large flock of sheep and goats delayed me an hour; as the Kardâr and Kōtwâl who accompanied me thus far, insisted on my seeing all the live-stock safely to the other shore. I bravely walked across, though I confess my feet and limbs trembled so that I could scarcely place them on the frail foot-way. I have so often described this evil bridge before, that I will not do so now. Seeing the horses across occupied a full hour. They were obliged to brave the torrent, and swam across a place where the river was divided by a narrow strip of land into two channels, which was the

only possible place. A rope was tied round the neck, and was held by men on the islet, and by half a dozen others on the bank where they were ultimately to land.

As I was watching the process, the Kōtwâl gave me the pleasing intelligence that many horses were lost here, and none escaped a watery grave but the ponies of the country; very different animals from those I was trusting to the mercy of the breakers. The pony was impelled by a thick stick into the water, and after being turned upside down over and over again, by the violent waves, was dragged on the islet some sixty yards below the place where he was first pushed into the water. This was the process; and one after the other, even "Devilskin" and the "Bucchha" arrived safely. The Kōtwâl declared that it was solely my *ikbâl*.\*

The path was very tolerable as far as Ghellendie. Thence to this village, our way lay along such difficult and rugged mountains, that my wonder was how any road had been made. One was a crumbling limestone hill; the path was entirely artificial and really dangerous, as the river Kârtse flowed at the base of the perpendicular hill, and the soil was treacherous beyond measure. Twice

\* Good-fortune, predestined before the creation.

we had to ascend high hills, to circumvent impassable places; and then descend again, adding weary miles to our journey. At the top of the second of these useless hills, I saw the remains of an extensive fort and fortifications, of the ancient Bhōt dynasty. Perched on the summit of a desert mountain, surrounded by arid and melancholy heights, the ruins presented a wild and desolate aspect. At the foot of the hill, on this side, I saw a few Fakirs' huts, and the sacred tomb of the Bhōtea prince killed in the war which levelled the fort. A few willows grew near the tomb.

Two or three miles of rather level, but stony ground, brought us to Sânkho. The mountains which flank the valley of the Kârtse throughout to-day's march, are as barren as those of the Ladâk ōōjâr, and appear principally of limestone and sandstone. On some of the slopes, and in the valleys, a little grass and a few trees are found. The latter have all been planted, and consist entirely of willows, most of which are pollards. A very few fruit-trees grow in the more sheltered parts of the district. The wild flowers are the same as in some parts of Ladâk. *Hyoscyamus* grows in great abundance, wherever

any vegetation is found, and roses and lucerne abound.

The river of Sōōroo is very irregular in its breadth, varying from twenty to a hundred yards. A *Sanga* spans it not far from this village, and there are a few hamlets surrounded by cultivation on the opposite bank. There is a road to Draūs from this village, but it is reported to be dangerous, on account of two deep rivers, which, being bridgeless, must be forded. Draūs is two marches distant by this route, and the high Pass of the Omba has to be surmounted on the way.

The cultivation of Sōnkoo consists of wheat, grim, masōōr (a pulse), peas, and a few fields of trōōmba, here called "gubbaroo." There is but one harvest in the year, and the grain will be ripe for the sickle in about a couple of months. The peasantry are all Bhōts (or Bhōteas), and the dress and features are the same as in Sōōroo. The language is Thibetan, but the people are very different in appearance from the genuine Tartars. Sōnkoo is situated in an amphitheatre of hills. There is not much more snow on most of the encircling Heights, but the summits are all sharp and pointed.

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## KIRGHIL.

*Distance, twelve coss, or about eighteen miles.*

22nd July, 1851. *Tuesday.*—This is a long march and ought to be divided into two. I breakfasted at Selèskot, which is a village half way. The road is very good, and the descents and ascents so slight on the whole as to entitle to-day's march to be considered a level path. The way lies along the left bank of the Kârtse or river of Sōōroo, winding near the foot of the arid and precipitous mountains the entire distance. There are numerous hamlets on both banks, the intervening spaces being arid and stony, and even where quite level, remaining uncultivated on account of the total want of any water but that of the river, which flows too far below to be of any use in irrigating these barren tracts.

The only trees are near the villages. These consist solely of willows and poplars, the latter few and scant in appearance. The majority of the former are pollards. The hills continue as arid and abrupt as ever. Very little snow, except on one mountain, where it appeared deep and unbroken. The flora continue much the same as

in the former two marches, but wild currant and gooseberry bushes are seen near the villages now; the fruit is small and unripe. Lucerne is very luxuriant, principally the yellow-flowered species.

The river flows in a black and turbid flood, and ought to be christened the Nâgpo-choo, or black water, as is the smaller river we crossed about three quarters of a mile after leaving Sōnkoo. This *bonâ fide* Nâgpo-choo is about fifteen yards wide, and spanned by a frail bridge. The horses were obliged to swim across, the bridge being too slight to bear their weight. This stream is very rapid, and the colour of the water quite black, whence it derives its name; "Nâgpo," meaning black in Thibetan, and "Choo," or Tchoo, water, (as I dare say I have elsewhere remarked). This dark hue probably arises from the river washing down black soil from the mountains in its course.

My "Ikbâl" stood my friend to-day also. My baggage and servants had crossed the Nâgpo-choo, and I followed. I was still standing on the bank, not five minutes after I had left the bridge, when that slender construction fell into the river, overwhelmed by a breaker of extra magnitude. Had this occurred when I was on the bridge I should have been killed in all human probability; or had it happened before I commenced the passage

I should have been delayed all day at least, till another bridge was made. About a couple of coss from this village a very suspicious looking *sanga* spans the Kârtse, and that is now the road to Ladâk *viâ* Pushkoom. One of the bridges below this village is broken, so the route I came last year from Pushkoom to Kirghil, is impassable now.

I have made up my mind to go to Iskârdo after all, and purpose following a road said to be impassable for horses, but which is the shortest route hence to Iskârdo. I shall subsequently decide what is to be done with my steeds.

Yesterday I rode Devilskin for the first time since I fractured my shoulder last March. I had a superstitious feeling against the animal, and to-day I rode him merely because the Bhôt Coolies let him loose in leading him, and his Syce decamped some time ago. I had not gone three miles, before he suddenly lay down in the midst of a stream, giving me an uncalled-for bath. He was evidently taken suddenly ill, and in half-an-hour he was all right again. But I felt he was to me *unlucky*, and I changed steeds with a Sepoy, who accompanied me, and I do not think I will again tempt fate by mounting the unlucky brute. Several equestrians accompanied me to-day, Ghaussie, a Sepoy, and four village-officials.

There is a fort here, and a large village. A good deal of cultivation surrounds the neighbourhood, and a great many willows and poplars flourish. The Kârtse, or river of Sōōroo, flows below the fort, in a rapid and noisy stream. It is joined by the Pushkoom river, and they both flow by Iskârdo.

Nearly a twelvemonth has elapsed since I was last here. The season is much more backward; the fruits are quite unripe, and the grain is a month later this year; though only three days later in the month, I reached this place in the past year. It was here that I ate so many ripe apricots,\* and now there is not one fit to eat. The Sōōroo river is scarcely known by the name of the "Kârtse" here. In fact it is rarely styled anything but the "Sōōroo-ka-Duriyā."†

Rice, *ottah*, and a coarse pulse, or *Dâl*, are the principal supplies procurable here. A few fowls can be obtained, but they are not abundant. The last two marches, we passed such pretty little goats that I was almost tempted to risk the purchase of a small flock. But I was assured that they would not survive rigorous marches, nor would they live at even moderate elevations.

\* *And exceeded in milk.* Vide first volume.

† The River of Sōōroo.

I have not seen the Yâk yet, but the hybrid between the Yâk and the cow, abounds in Sōōroo, Sōnkoo, and Kirghil. It is called the Zho; and the female the Zho-mo. The latter is not properly a *Mule*, because she has progeny, but they greatly and markedly degenerate. The milk of this animal is very yellow in colour, rich and plentiful, and is more prized than the milk of the common cow.

Sheep are milked here, as throughout Wurdwun, and butter, or *ghee*, is churned from it. A prejudice stood in the way of my trying the flavour of this odd milk.

We have had no rain for four days, but occasional clouds obscure the heavens. The sun is distressingly powerful, and even at night I have felt the heat great, and one-third of the rezâis and blankets I required in Wurdwun, are sufficient now.

The women in this district and also in Sōnkoo, wear a great many ornaments in their hair, much the same as the Lahouïlies and Ladâkhies. Long bands covered with turquoises and amber depend from the forehead and head backwards, reaching to the waist. The hair is worn in long plaits, and turquoises fasten the worsted tassels at the extremities. These turquoises are large, but generally full of flaws, and greenish in hue.

KIRGITCH-CHOO (ILLAKA OF KARTAKHCHUN),  
IN BULTISTAN, OR LITTLE THIBET.

*Distance, about five miles.*

23rd July, 1851. *Wednesday.*—I reached this village by dusk, having been detained the greater part of the day, waiting for Coolies at Kirghil (or Kirgil).

The road to within a quarter of a mile of Kirgitch-choo, followed the one to Kashmir from Lēh, which I went last year. With the exception of two very bad places, it was tolerably level and very good. Passed the small villages of Choo-Scumbo (also called Chiroo-Scumbo), on the way. About a mile from Kirghil, we left the course of the Sōōroo river, and turned to the north-west, following the right bank of the Draūs, which falls into the former at this spot. The road to Iskârdo is along the left bank of the river of Sōōroo, and if there was any means of getting across the Draūs near the junction, eight or ten miles would be saved. But a little distance below this hamlet is the only bridge in the vicinity. A steep descent from the Kashmir path, leads to this rickety *Sanga*, which is fast going to destruc-

tion. It was a work of danger crossing the horses over such a concern, but the whole set arrived safely. A steep ascent, followed by the crossing of a violent Rapid, conducts to this paltry village. As it was dark, I came on here, though the direct route to Iskârdo, branches off from the *sanga* above described. The torrent close by was spanned by a couple of spars, and it was impossible to bring the horses to the village. I left them in a field of lucerne, a hundred yards above the bridge.

I hear that some gentlemen went this way not quite a week ago, but were frightened by the villagers into leaving their horses and mules on the right bank of the Draūs, and ultimately sending them by some other road. These people (I allude to the villagers and company), tried the same thing with me, but signally failed in their attempts to frighten *me* ! I dare say I shall succeed in taking all my "stud" with me this route to Bâlti.

I mentioned last year, that the Draūs river rose on the Draūs Pass some marches hence on the Kashmir road. It has a course of about one hundred miles, before its confluence with the river of Sōōroo. The breadth of the Draūs averages some forty yards, and the colour is less dark than

that of the Kártse, or Sōōroo river. This village swarms with vermin, if I am to judge from the *restless* dinner I had, being bitten to death under the table, and above it, too!

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GUNGUNNI (ILLAKA OF KARTAKHCHUN).

*Distance, about six miles.*

24th July. 1851. *Thursday.*—I hoped to have reached Oōlding-thung this evening, but various delays occurred; and the day closed before I could complete my arrangements, though I managed to send off the greater part of my baggage.

I rode here, but hearing such shocking accounts of the road, I have sent on my horses by a path through the interior of the hills, which leads by a mountainous route to Kartâkhchun fort.\* I found the sun most sickeningly hot this afternoon, and feel quite knocked up from its effects. The path follows the downward course of the Draūs, along the left bank, to its confluence with the river of Sōōroo, keeping yesterday's march in

\* I had good cause, in the end, to regret having thus trusted my property to the care and honesty of the Coolies of Little Thibet. I did so entirely against my own better judgment, overpowered by arguments and representations.



sight the whole time. We passed the village of Hurdâs, the first third of the march; while the rest of the way is along stony and barren hills, not much ascent or descent. The last two miles follow the course of the Kârtse, along the left bank, after the Draüs has united with it its greener and gentler waters.

I observed two large, or at least comparatively large villages on the opposite bank, before Gunggunni was attained; but there is nothing in the shape of a bridge to cross the flood between. This is a small village; but a larger one, where the Mokuddam lives, is said to be a couple of miles higher up the barren mountain. It is not visible from this, but the Mokuddam is in attendance.

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## OOLDING-THUNG (ILLAKA OF KARTAKHCHUN).

*Distance, about eight miles.*

25th July, 1851. *Friday.*—This is a very fatiguing march, the road steep and rugged; sometimes near the bank of the river, sometimes ascending two-thirds of the high perpendicular mountains which flank the Kârtse, merely to circumvent some impassable part of the road.

But bad as this march has been, I regret that I did not bring my horses, for in many parts I could have ridden, and I am certain all would have passed the worst places in safety, if I am to judge by the roads they have gone before this, without coming to harm.

The bed of the river is confined by nearly perpendicular Heights, to within an average of forty-five or fifty yards. There is not a shrub, not a blade of grass to be seen on these barren Hills of limestone and sandstone; and the villages, few and far between, with the green fields and verdant trees, are oases in the desert.

I noticed the unmistakable water-formation of miles of hills; and hundreds on hundreds of yards presented the appearance of rocks strikingly water-worn. The banks, of sand and smooth boulders, were often as plainly marked a quarter of a mile distant from the river's bed, as if but yesterday the waters had receded and sunk. Whole rocks were completely hollowed and smooth, as if the continual and violent action of water had swept over them. I did not halt to look if there were any fossilized shells to be found, as was the case near the Lōng-Illâchee Pass, in Ladâk, because a drizzling rain was falling, and I had a very bad cough; but I have

no doubt that these hills, as well as those, were once submerged by the waters of the "great deep." The trap rock met with frequently on the way, also tells of violent volcanic action, and these mountains were most probably upheaved by some powerful volcano.

Oölding-thung is a tolerably large village; the houses are built almost without wood, of stones and mud, with flat roofs. Willows and a few straggling poplars, are the only timber in the district; and these are only to be seen near villages. Apricots, plums, and mulberries, grow in considerable numbers in this place, but the two former are still unripe. The grains grown are much the same as in the higher parts of Kartâkchun.

We passed the village of Méwōshthung about a mile before we reached Oölding-thung, and it was absolutely deserted. The advent of a European appears to terrify these wild men of the jungle hills, and they leave their houses and fields, and crawl like monkeys up the perpendicular Heights, where no civilized beings have a chance.

Last night the Kōtidâr\* of Kirgil (who accom-

\* Literally, the master of a house; it generally means a commander of some fortified place.

panied me as interpreter) ordered the Mokuddam\* and Coolies of Gungunni to be *tied up* during the night, for fear of their escaping. So they were bound with yâk hair-ropes, and given in charge of two servants. I was lying on a dhoolie which (necessity is verily the "mother of invention!") I had made out of the *door* of a Gungunni hut, my own dhoolies having all been left at Gunêsh Bul. My tents were both gone, and the village dwelling-places so filthy, that I preferred the open air. Fatigue soon sent me to sleep, and when I awoke about midnight, Mokuddam and Coolies were flown, the hair-ropes lying on the ground, and the Kotidâr and servants fast asleep. I called to the former and sent him to search for the recusants. In the morning a Kardâr of Hurdâs begged me to accompany him to the village above, as my presence might secure the Coolies we recognised. After a heart-breaking ascent of nearly two miles, we came to the Mokuddam's village, but though it was a large place, every house was empty, and after a long search two women only were found. One of my attendants quaintly remarked, that

\* Elsewhere explained. A village official of inferior degree.

this was the Kartâkhchun "Rēēch-ke-shikâr" (bear-hunting).

After a couple of hours' delay at the night's encamping ground, fifteen men arrived (where from, I have no idea), and we started. I walked a good deal, and my rude door-dhoolie, formed of a door and two tent-poles, served as a resource when I was overpowered by fatigue.

Last night, being driven frantic by ten thousand animalcula in the hut my bed was placed in, I ordered a tent to be pitched. While my servants were doing this, some villagers stole two valuable gold chains, a purse of silver, and a compass, which I had put all together on a bundle by the tent-door. I have not seen one of these articles since, and I do not suppose any redress will be obtained, or compensation for the theft.

I go on now to the next march, but I fear we shall be benighted, as it is near sunset.

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### TAR-KUTTIE (DISTRICT, KARTAKHCHUN).

*Distance, about nine miles.*

26th July, 1851. *Saturday*.—We were benighted, as I foresaw, and spent the night on a small piece of sandy level on the banks of the

Kârtse, half way. The cloudless canopy of heaven was my only shelter, almost all my baggage being far in advance.

The village of Moorâl was nearly opposite, on the right bank of the river, but no bridge spanned the flood, though it flowed nearly as peacefully as the Jhelum in the quiet Vale of Kashmir. We procured firewood by burning the logs with which a bad piece of road close by was constructed, and we also made use of an odoriferous shrub, which was the only vegetation near. This shrub burns with a sudden and very bright flame. The leaves are small and silver-grey, and the roots are equally dry and combustible. The former exude a strong aroma, painfully disagreeable to me.

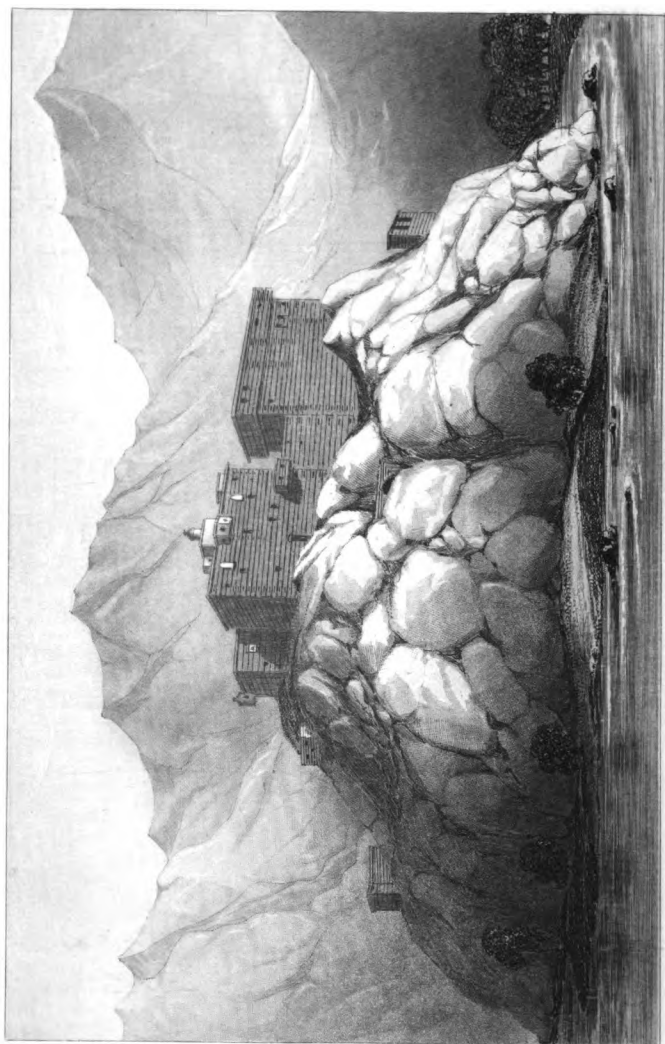
This march is tolerably good in some places, very bad in others; but I continue to regret the folly of attending to native advice, and sending the horses a different route. In this new style of dhoolie, I am in momentary fear of a somerset, as the porters are "rēēch-log,"\* and a door is not an advantageous style of carriage over rugged mountain-roads.

The hills continue of the same abrupt and barren character, and the villages are in the same style throughout. The Khalâch, or Khâlse River,

\* Bears.

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flows into the Kärtse a little above the village of Moorâl, or nearly half-way between Oöldingthung and Târ-kuttie. We are following a northerly direction.

This is a tolerably sized village, but I see no *men*, and only a few women. These latter wear a great many ornaments, chains of *cowries* (shells), necklaces of amber, crystal, turquoise, &c., of very inferior quality. They wear very high conical caps. Some of the women are good-looking.

#### KARMANH. (KARTAKHCHUN.)

*Distance, about nine miles.*

27th July, 1851. *Sunday*.—This has proved the worst march of the whole, and as I was obliged to walk more than two-thirds of the way over rocks and stones, I am so lame to-day that I cannot walk at all now. Very bad road, and in places very dangerous for horses. The left bank of the river is followed, and the mountains are, if possible, more rugged and abrupt than ever. Passed four or five villages, Gōnd, Dōh, and others. Apricots, plums, and mulberries are ripe, and we all had a feast on them, going *minus* dinner.

The sun was so frightfully hot, and the refraction of the soil so great, that I was completely ex-

hausted. We were benighted within two miles of my camp, but I persevered till pain and fatigue overcame me, and then I spent a third night in the jungles, in the open air. I was completely prostrated with exhaustion, and my aching limbs throbbed with pain. My feet are blistered in every direction, and I cannot move a yard without torture. The Wuzeer of Kartâkhchun came to our bivouacking ground by the stony bed of the river last night, as soon as he heard of my arrival. He brought me a dâly of raisins and dried currants, and a nuzzur. I was too worn out to speak, and could not be civil.

The Wuzeer and all the better classes in Kartâkhchun, dress like the Lahouï Thâkoors, and I was struck by the strong resemblance in feature which the Wuzeer bore to Târa Chund, the Lahouï Thâkoor who acted as interpreter last year to our camp, as far as Léh. This country is all included in Bultistân, or Little Thibet, the same as Iskârdo. The inhabitants are Dardoos or Dards, and their features, language, and general appearance are very different from the Thibetans. They are more like the people of Chulâs and Gilgit, who the natives say are "ussul"\* Dâruds, (or Dardoos.) The men leave

\* Genuine.

long locks of hair on both sides of the head, either plaited or in loose *curls*. There is little to distinguish the Sepoys by, except huge woollen turbans, and occasionally only, a sword or helmet. This country is held in fief by Râjah Alli Sher Khan, whose Wuzeer lives here, while he resides in Iskârdo.\*

The river is very tranquil here, and in some parts very broad. The flanking mountains are the same as before, and the general appearance of the country very rugged. This village is a straggling one of some forty houses, scattered over half-a-mile of ground on the right bank of the river, commanded by a very curious-looking Fort. I never saw one built on the same model. I took a sketch of it this morning from the left bank, before coming across, but when the sun appeared above the mountain behind, I was driven away by the intense glare, and did not finish the village below.

I found the tents so hot, that I came over to this bank, though a formidable Zampa intervened. This hazardous bridge of twigs was a very bad one, eighty yards long, and built in even a more than ordinary fragile manner. My Bhishtie unconditionally declined to go across, he was so

\* At present, he has been sent to the army in Chulâs.

alarmed; so I gave a man two rupees to carry him. I was also carried, and bound by a long blanket to my porter. My crippled and blistered feet rendered walking impossible, even could I have summoned the requisite courage. But the bridge was a very appalling affair; the footway scarcely five inches broad, and the side ropes of twigs, some *six feet apart!*

There is a road along the left bank, as well as this one on the right; but it is very hilly and stony as far as Tōlti Fort, the next march. There I shall have to cross a second Zampa, and follow the left bank again. The natives here call the Sōōroo or Kârtse River, either the "Kartâkh-chun," or the "Attok," and appear to know no other name for it. The sun of Bultistân is worse than that of Ladâk, and the ground travelled over is equally trying to the eyes (and complexion!) from its refracting power.

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### TOLTI.

*Distance, about nine miles.*

28th July, 1851. *Monday.*—The heat is quite overpowering; even the nights are warm. It is impossible to journey in the sun, and consequently

a march is with difficulty accomplished, these not being roads calculated for night travelling, and moreover, pine-torches are unknown. We were as usual, benighted, and did not arrive here till this morning, spending the night at Pâri, a village about a couple of miles from this place.

My horses not having arrived, the Wuzeer gave me his, and a capital little ghōont it proved. He also sent for a mare from the pasture grounds for Ghaussie. The road was by no means good, and near Pâri, very rugged, passing through the river, or jumping from rock to rock. Fortunately, owing to the Wuzeer's precautions, several torches met us before the road became very dangerous at night, and we all reached Pâri in safety, about eight o'clock, p.m.

We passed the village of Gundōos, or Rundōos, at a mile, and I noticed two or three villages on the left bank. The hills continue the same, bare and barren, and the path stony. Not a wild-flower blooms on these mountain deserts. We must be very low now, for we have for five or six marches followed the descending course of this branch of the Indus, and the wind was quite warm this evening, breathing of tepid latitudes. The fruit which clustered on the apple, apricot, and plum trees, in countless myriads, was quite ripe.

Thousands of the two latter fruit had been gathered, and lay drying in the sun on the burning rocks. This is the only preparation, beyond taking the stones out, which the "Komânies" undergo.

This morning, though only two miles, I could not manage more than the distance from Pâri to Tôlti. The delay in crossing the Zampa below this village was greater than usual. The man who volunteered to carry me across went about a third of the way, then, getting frightened, stood on the trembling bridge screeching in his heathen tongue, Heaven only knows what. Several men came to his aid, and as his feet were violently shaken by fear, I expected every moment that we should both go through the sides, which were gapingly open. I confess I was alarmed, but who would not have been? At last, after five or six minutes' delay, the man turned round, and fairly went back! having terrified me and endangered my life, for absolutely nothing. The length was scarcely more than half of the suspension bridge at Karmân, but it was badly made and particularly fragile. Every one seemed afraid to take me across, and it was folly endeavouring to coerce to such a task. Finally, a stalwart Thibetan came forward, and I gave him a couple of rupees to testify the sincerity of my delight at being safely conveyed to the left bank.

Tōlti is a village governed by a petty Râjah; very petty indeed, because the man sat outside my tent waiting my *hōōkms* (or orders), and followed my horse out of the precincts of his domains, not leaving till I permitted him to take his "*rookhsut!*"\* This "Râjah" is a Dârdoo, rather fair and not ill-looking. He is quite a young man, and wears his hair in long curled locks on both sides, according to the effeminate custom of the country. The only difference between him and his people consisted in the texture and cleanliness of his dress, which was of spotless long-cloth and cambric. I believe a few other villages are included in the Illâka of Tōlti. I suppose this Râjah is a mere vassal of Goolâb Singh. There is a single bastion perched on a hill, which extensive fortification is entitled a "Khila" (fort).

The Attock or Indus (as the river of Sōōroo may now be styled) becomes rapid and violent soon after leaving the neighbourhood of Karmânih, but its channel is as irregular in breadth as the current is in force and velocity. A few walnut trees, heavily laden with green nuts, are mingled with the fruit and other trees I before noticed as growing in Bâlti, or Bultistân, or Little Thibet.

The people of the country appear to be all

\* Leave to depart.

Mohammedans, of the *Shiah*\* persuasion. They keep the fast of Ramazân very faithfully, if I am to judge from the very Coolies, who, though sinking from heat and thirst, will not touch a drop of water! Three days, I believe, still remain of fasting and mortifications, before the new moon ushers in the feast of Ede. There are plenty of cows, zhōs, sheep, goats, and fowls in the district. The sheep are small, and the goats resemble those of Chumba. They have short legs, and small heads, and give but little milk.

Four of my horses arrived here this forenoon, by the mountain route from Gungunni. One (Devilskin) has not only *not* arrived, but I cannot hear any tidings of him. I suppose he has been stolen. The people of Bâlti are terrible thieves. Important and unimportant thefts have been of daily occurrence since I entered this country of Little Thibet.

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PERKOOTA. (COUNTY OF BULTISTAN.)

*Distance, about eight miles.*

*Same day, nine o'clock, p.m.*—Benighted as usual, but some torches were sent by the Mokud-

\* The different religious sects among the Mohammedans are most intolerant and virulent among themselves.



dam of this village to meet me, as soon as it became dark, and I went into the dhoolje at the same time, uncomfortable though the antediluvian conveyance is. I was so fatigued by the heat of the day, and so overpoweringly sleepy, that every instant I relapsed into slumber, at the imminent risk of my neck, and once I actually did fall out,—luckily not on the side of the precipice.

I was told that at Tölti, we should come to an excellent path, “*puddur*” (plain) the rest of the way to Iskârdo. Whereas, we have had some very bad pieces of road,—rugged, steep, and stony,—and very little “*puddur*” as yet. We crossed the Mântoka River, which flows into the Indus, about half-way. This river is of a pellucid blue, about three and a half feet deep, and the current is so powerful, that in the evening, fording is difficult.

We passed the villages of Kumângo and Mântoka. The latter was scattered over an extent of ground a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth. The cultivation was principally of wheat and barley, and looked very promising. The fruit-trees were numerous, and covered with fruit, some ripe, some quite green. Walnut trees and the Chenâr of Kashmir, were added to the Willows and Poplars of the higher parts of the country.

The hills continue as barren as before, and the width of the valley is almost exclusively confined to the breadth of the channel of the Indus, except in the vicinity of villages. The river flows in the same irregular manner,—sometimes with great velocity, sometimes in a broad and placid stream, the breadth of the bed varying from forty to nearly a hundred yards.

This village is large and straggling; trees very numerous. There is a fort above the village, but it presents no peculiar features, and is in no way striking. The animals, biped and quadruped, continue the same in appearance and character as in the higher parts of Bâlti, and I need not recapitulate. Every one is very zealous in their efforts to give satisfaction. All throughout Bultistân the villages seem to be densely populated, a contrast to other parts of the dominions of Goolâb Singh.

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GOHL. (COUNTRY OF BULTISTAN.)

*Distance, about six miles.*

29th July, 1851. *Tuesday.*—Oh! what a “*Puddur!*” The road in parts of this march has been as bad as in some of the very rugged

places between Kirgitch-choo and Kartâkhchun, where the people declared no horses could go. Mine got over the march with facility, but the burning sun made the bad road most trying to me.

Passed the village of Sermih about half way. After this, the road becomes execrable. A steep and difficult limestone hill is ascended and descended by a slippery and precipitous path, merely to avoid a rock which stands in the road, perpendicular and impracticable. About a couple of miles from this place, the northern branch of the Singhey-Choo, or Indus, joins the western branch, along which I have been journeying. Close to the confluence of these mighty branches, I saw the village of Khēēris, or Khēērus. The road to Lēh *viâ* Khōppaloo lies that way. The Indus is between one and two hundred yards broad in parts of this march, while in other places it is scarcely forty. For about a mile, between Sermih and Gōhl, the bosom of the great river was as placid as a slumbering child:—not a wave ruffled the still and glittering waters. The sun is quite overpowering in Bâlti, and I feel utterly exhausted by the heat, and unable to write as fully as I otherwise might. The hills are principally of limestone, bare and arid as their predecessors.

I hope to reach Iskârdo this evening, but I do not know how to construe the "cosses" of the country. The term seems indefinite, vague and meaningless, varying widely from half-a-mile to quadruple that distance.

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### THHORGOO, OR TORGOO.

(COUNTRY OF BULTISTAN.)

*Distance, about five miles.*

*Same day, seven o'clock, p.m.*—With the exception of the last part, this march is very easy and quite level the whole way. The last mile but one is over a very rugged hill, the ascent and descent steep and difficult. There are no villages between Gōhl and Tōrgoo, and not a tree or shrub; the way lies along the level bank of the Indus, near the foot of rather high and barren mountains. There are several villages along the right bank, and I was told that the rude and narrow path I saw was the route from Iskârdo to Lēh. Just as we reached the bad part of the road, the darkness of a moonless night came on, and I was fifty times nearly going over a precipice, finding it difficult to distinguish between the path and the khud. Once in particular I had a narrow escape. Ghaussie (who was riding behind me) dismounted

to settle the reins of his bridle; I was standing on the brink of the precipice, and suddenly his horse galloped past me, loose, almost sending me into the dark abyss which frowned below. My presence of mind did not forsake me, and while the pony brushed past, I took care not to lose my equilibrium, though I had not time to move out of the way.

The heat is progressing in intensity. This evening, even after sunset, the wind was quite hot, and I was painfully reminded of the plains.

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ISKARDO. (CAPITAL OF BULTISTAN, OR BALTI.)

*Distance, about five miles.*

30th July, 1851. *Wednesday.*—I arrived here by eight o'clock, a.m.; and early as it still was, I was almost annihilated by the burning sun.

The natives call the distance from Göhl to Iskârdo only three or four coss, whereas it cannot possibly be less than ten miles.

The road is very good on the whole. The regular line of barren mountains, flanking the narrow valley in which the Indus flows, breaks near Göhl. The valley becomes wider, and the "line" is no longer so regular. When Iskârdo is reached,

the hills form a sort of amphitheatre, and the roads to Gilgit, Kashmir, and Ladâk, follow different valleys, all branching off in the vicinity of Iskârdo. The route to Gilgit turns to the west-north-west, and is said to be very rugged. The people here declare that Gilgit is situated on the *Indus*, and is ten or twelve days' journey distant from Iskârdo. The road goes by Roundoo,\* and Haramōsh.† At Mattun I was told that Gilgit was situated on the Gilgit River, which flowed from the north-west, passing below the town of Gilgit, and not entering the Indus till fifteen or twenty miles south-west of Gilgit. This account is probably correct.

Iskârdo, also called "Skârdoo" and "Kârdoh," is the capital of Little Thibet or Bâlti. It is much reduced in the number of houses and inhabitants. There are not more than fifty of the former, and

\* A small State, with a Fort in a commanding position. Some years ago it was independent, but was taken by Goolâb Singh's conquering army, under the command of the great General of his forces, Zorâwar Singh, who was killed subsequently, when invading the Chinese territories on the part of his master, and his whole army cut to pieces at the same time, with the exception of 200 men who escaped.

† A large valley lying at right angles with the Indus, and winding round the eastern side of a mountain called Haramōsh, 20,000 feet in altitude, covered with snow.

these are stretched over a large extent of ground ; fields of cultivation, with fruit and walnut trees, also poplars, chenârs, and willows, filling up the intervening space. The valley in the widest part of the vicinity of Iskârdo, may be about six miles in breadth. The extreme length may be about eighteen or nineteen miles. The river Indus flows below the Fort, and in some parts is nearly two hundred and fifty yards broad, and said to be very deep. The current, though swift, is very still. There is a great deal of sand on the opposite bank, and the water-mark is fifteen feet higher than its present bed. The channel, too, is scarcely filled now, and the boggy sand shows that the river's bed is often fifty yards broader. There is a good deal of snow on some of the mountains surrounding Iskârdo, but they are bare and arid as throughout the whole of Bultistân. These heights are all angles,—pyramidal, conical, or pointed,—and very abrupt and precipitous. Limestone seems the principal formation.

The grains cultivated are numerous,—wheat, barley, grim, trōōmba, (or buck-wheat,) peas, boggulla,\* and masōr.† These form the first harvest, and all are ripe and cut down before this.

\* A kind of bean.

† A pulse.

The second harvest consists of various vegetables, such as cucumbers, kuddoo,\* melons, chēēna,† kungunnie,‡ and rice, which all ripen about the middle of September. Not much snow falls here; not more than a foot and a half ordinarily. Most of the roads are open all the twelve months, leading to Kartâkhchun, Ladâk and Gilgit, but the one to Kashmir by Draūs is rarely open after the summer months, and the route *viâ* Gorēz to Kashmir is only practicable from the end of June to the commencement of October.

There is a large Fort here. It is built on a rock separate from, but almost on a level with, the ground on which the capital stands. A second range of buildings, resembling a Fort likewise, have been erected near the Khila, but on a separate ground; a ditch or dry nullah dividing the fortifications. This is the "Châonie," or Cantonment. These buildings were erected by the great Sikh hero, called Wuzeer Zorâwar Singh,|| when he conquered Iskârdo, ten or eleven years ago, for Goolâb Singh. The old Fort, mentioned by Moorcroft, as standing on a high rock, was levelled

\* A pumpkin.

† A native vegetable not grown in Europe.

‡ A species of millet; the *Holcus Sorghum* of Linnæus.

|| This name being translated, means "The Lion of strength."



by the conqueror, and the remains are mere ruins, though still visible. The situation of this ancient Fort is very much stronger than the modern one. The "Rock of Iskârdo," on which the former stronghold was erected, is very abrupt and almost inaccessible. The Indus, when the bed is full, washes the rugged base.

I have had some conversation with a Jemadâr who returned from Gilgit a twelve-month ago. His information regarding that country I will give in a few words.

According to his account, Gilgit is situated close to the confluence of the Nâghyr, (or Nuggur) river, and the Gilgit river, which flow into the Indus thus united, twenty miles below Gilgit. The Nâghyr river comes from the north-east of Gilgit, rising in the snows beyond the valley of Nâghyr.\* The inhabitants of Gilgit and Chulâs are called "Brôpehs" and not Dardoos, in their own land. They are very inimical to Goolâb Singh's rule, and will on no account give a seer of food to his Sepoys, even though starving, beyond the agreed revenue of 15,000 Kharwârs † of grain.

\* This river used to be celebrated for gold-washing, and the women of the country are famous for their surpassing and delicate beauty.

† An ass-load, (of ninety *seers*;) before explained more fully.

All the grain grown in Bultistân, and plenty of fruit trees, flourish throughout the country of Gilgit. The Capital is situated on a level piece of ground, or rather a valley, of some extent, and low hills surround it. No snow falls in Gilgit during any part of the year, but water freezes hard in the winter. The country costs Goolâb Singh more than it is worth, and when I asked why he kept his Sepoys in so unprofitable a place, the Jemadâr replied “Sireef *Nâm* ke waste,” (Honour and glory—free translation.) Gilgit is intensely hot during six months of the year. The people speak a different language from the natives of Bultistân, and are a distinct race altogether. I observe in Moorcroft’s work, that he says Iskârdo is situated near the foot of the Kâra-Korum mountains, but this is a mistake. The Kâra-Korum mountains are hundreds of miles distant, in an easterly direction.

Iskârdo or Skârdoo is the name given to the district as well as the capital. Bultistân is not under the influence of the periodical rains. We have not had a drop of rain during the journey through the country, but I believe a few showers do occasionally fall. Two-thirds of the people of Iskârdo, the Râjah included, have gone to Chulâs, where the war is to be, which has even in pros-

pect depopulated Kashmir, and caused lamentations and mourning all over the valley, as I mentioned in a previous part of this journal.

There are some gentlemen here, *en route* to Lēh, I believe, I do not know and do not care who, so I have not taken the trouble of inquiring their names. As I do not wish to halt here, I think them a great bore, for they too are going on, and there will be great annoyance about the Coolies requisite for so many people. I know that I wish them in the Kâra-Korum mountains rather than here!

The Râjah of Khōppaloo, (a neighbouring state held in fief under Goolâb Singh,) paid me a visit to-day, accompanied by his interpreter. We had rather an animated conversation. He was surprised at my refusing a bag of silver he proffered. His astonishment was also great at the idea of a *woman* ruling a kingdom, and being the sovereign and “*Mâlik*”\* of the great “Company Sirkâr.”†

The manufactures of Iskârdo consist principally of Pashmina, or Shawl-wool “Chudders,” (plain Scarfs, four and five yards long, and about one and a half yard broad.) Also a sort of stone saucer, apparently of green agate. The scarfs cost from fourteen to twenty rupees a pair, and

\* Lord, or master.

† *Sirkâr* is a term of respect.

are white or drab. The saucers are from one to three rupees each, according to size.

The elevation of the valley of the Indus at Iskârdo is, by measurement of the thermometer, about six thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The valley of Gorēz is nearly a thousand feet higher. I have alluded to the latter in a previous page;—it lies on the road to Bultistân or Gilgit from Kashmir, *viâ* the Oōler Lake and Bundipore, a route I have elsewhere adverted to. The entrance to the valley of Gorēz is singularly picturesque; the Kishengunga dashes along through rich meadow-lands covered with trees—walnut, linden, and willow; whilst the surrounding mountains present a singular succession of abrupt precipices and Heights covered with the beautiful mountain pine and birch. Gorēz is nowhere more than a mile in width, and by survey has been estimated at five miles in length. It is situated immediately on the outskirts of Kashmir's snowy boundary to the north-north-east, and is environed by lofty peaks principally of limestone formation, rising far above the forest-line, and presenting a striking contrast in their arid and rugged barrenness, to the wooded slopes beneath. The grains cultivated in the valley of Gorēz are barley, mullet, cock's-comb,

(called here "ganhâr,") and buckwheat, from all of which bread is made. The climate is inimical to the produce of wheat, rice, or Indian corn.

Though Iskârdo is higher than the valley of Kashmir, the heat here is much greater. I attribute this to the sand and bare rocks, which must indubitably radiate caloric in a most painful and oppressive manner, as I always found it to be the case in the arid deserts of Rōōpshoo, and the rest of Tartary. Besides this, the character of the valley of the Indus is so confined that it generates heat to a most powerful degree, and the thermometer in this part of Bultistân exhibits a temperature ten degrees higher than in Kashmir. The proximity of elevated regions and of eternal snow, on the other hand, make the mountain-tops and all the very elevated table-land bitterly cold. For instance, the plains of Déotsuh are said to be too piercingly cold in winter for the preservation of animal life. I will here say a few words regarding Déotsuh, having touched on most of the neighbouring districts in my cursory sketch of Bultistân.

Déotsuh is an elevated table-land, between Kashmir and Iskârdo, consequently extending to the north of the former. The shape is irregular, but its greatest length may be esti-

mated at thirty miles, and the extreme average breadth at half that extent. The elevation of this table-land may be between twelve and thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Most dreary and desolate is this solitary tract of granite and gneiss formation ; lofty eminences and angular peaks of the same formation rise from different parts of the extensive plain, while the horizon is bounded by lofty mountain-crests, bare and barren, or hoary with perpetual snow. Bears and marmots abound on this arid table-land, and the eagle may be seen soaring in the immediate vicinity, sometimes carrying off in its relentless talons one of the little subterranean dwellers of the desert. I mentioned in a previous page that numerous roads branched off from Iskârdo ; the long sloping defiles which mark these routes ascend gradually to the lofty ridge of mountains, which tower far above even the stupendous heights (averaging from five to nine thousand feet above the level of the valley) which immediately encircle Iskârdo. The "routes" above-mentioned cannot be *traced* from the Capital, as they wind *through* the mountains (instead of ascending them) wherever it is possible to circumvent such ascents. All these mountains are bare and arid, and apparently inaccessible, so abrupt and precipitous is their outline. The Indus

washes the east and north sides of the Rock of Iskârdo, and its character of tranquillity is the more remarkable here, as it soon after bursts into a furious Rapid, when it again approaches the gorge by which it escapes. The predominant formation of the mountains about Iskârdo is gneiss; and it is apparent from the remains of alluvial deposit, especially at the southern side of the rock, and different sections of the valley, that the river has worn its way through the solid shingle with which its bed must once have been nearly filled. The chaotic masses of gneiss at the western extremity of the valley appear to have rested there, and by their solid character and great weight to have successfully resisted the influence of the stream, which, in the lapse of time, has gradually carried away all the lighter alluvium with it.

The melons of Iskârdo are very abundant, and of a delicious flavour, though of somewhat diminutive size. The apples are good likewise, and the grapes very tolerable. Peaches and apricots are plentiful, and excellent in flavour, small and luscious; they are equally pleasant to the taste when dried and pressed as in other parts of Thibet, Yârkhund and Kabool. The valley also boasts of good raisins, and a small grape is pro-

duced at Basha, (at the western end of the district,) which, when properly preserved, resembles the famous "Zante raisin" of Ionian celebrity.

The winter in Iskârdo is said to be as much colder in proportion to a Kashmir winter, as its summer is hotter,—which carries out the theory before advanced, of the radiated heat produced and generated by the arid mountains; as of course in winter when the sun's rays are so much less powerful, the radiation from the glaring soil is in consequence diminished in the same proportion. I have visited the valley of the Indus in the hottest period of the year, which is reckoned from the 1st of July to the beginning of September. The winters in Bultistân are said to be occasionally very severe, but ordinarily the snow does not *lie* in the valley, much below the Rock of Iskârdo. The water of the Indus is cold even on the hottest day, and where the junction of rivers occurs near Kēēris, the water is considered excellent for drinking. Cultivation is carried on throughout Bultistân, as in other parts of Thibet, entirely by irrigation, showers being rare visitants, and not to be depended upon.

I must not leave Iskârdo without describing the valley of Shighur, in its immediate vicinity, where game is said to be plentiful. This valley



lies nearly at right angles to that of Iskârdo; its length has been estimated at twenty-four miles, and its extreme breadth at about four. The ancient Fort is built on a steep and precipitous Rock, about two hundred and eighty feet in altitude, and would be inaccessible but for a succession of steps cut out of the surface of the rock. To the north, this precipitous and fortified Rock is connected by a low ridge of mountains, with the higher range beyond. A stream of some magnitude washes it on one side, and having irrigated the gardens and fields in the vicinity, joins the main stream of the valley, after traversing a desolate jungle, (of the Tartar furze so often described in the course of my Thibetan wanderings,) which lies between the main stream and the fields of cultivation above-mentioned.

The Ibex and Mâr-khūr (a species of gigantic goat) are very common in Bultistân; the goat-deer, called the Shâ, the musk-deer, the hare and the marmot, are likewise found. Bears, wolves, foxes, and a few leopards have also been shot in these parts. A few birds are occasionally seen;—the partridge of the same genus as the Himalayan "Chikōr," so common in the Simla and Mussoorie ranges; the eagle and a species of oriole of jet black and bright yellow plumage. The fish.

caught in the Indus is almost exclusively the Himalayan trout. I believe gold is occasionally found in this river, during its course through Bultistân, but in such small quantities that the gold-washers scarcely find themselves repaid for their trouble, and now seldom search for the precious metal. On the banks of the stream which flows by Basha, at the end of the valley of Shighur, the most gold is found, and formerly, (when Bultistân was a free and independent principality,) the sovereign of the district appropriated the "washings" there.

There is a way from Perkōōta to Déotsuh, as well as the route leading direct from Kashmir to that extensive table-land. Perkōōta has been described in a former page, between Kartâkhchun and Iskârdo.

Regarding the province of Yârkhund, lying directly north of Bultistân, little can be ascertained with any accuracy, as the Chinese, to whom it now pertains, jealously guard their frontier from the approach of all Europeans. The road thence from Iskârdo is across the Kâra-Korum mountains, the path rugged and difficult. The town of Yârkhund is said by the natives of Tartary, and the traders who have visited that Chinese province, to be situated on a river, and being indu-

bitably the great emporium of the trade carried on between China, Thibet and Turkistân, it is a town of considerable importance. It is the seat likewise of extensive commerce with Russia. The population is estimated at fifty thousand, and is almost exclusively composed of Mohammedans, Uzbeks, Turks and Tâjiks. Though enclosed by a wall, and defended by a citadel, the town possesses no strength to resist a siege.

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KEERIS. (COUNTRY OF BULTISTAN.)

*Distance, about eighteen miles.*

1st August, 1851. *Friday.*—We left Iskârdo yesterday evening, crossing the Indus at dusk. This is considered a double march, the intermediate one being Nâr, a village about ten miles from Iskârdo. I did not arrive there till this morning, having been obliged to halt in the open air about midnight. Not only was the night moonless, but the heavens were completely obscured by clouds, and the first rain that I have seen in Bâliti, took the opportunity of falling just after we left Iskârdo,—a flattering but inconvenient mode of testifying sorrow for my departure from the capital of Bâliti! I was not at all wet, as I covered my-

self up with rezâis and blankets in the dhoolie, calmly • resigning myself to being smothered. The Râjah of Khôppaloo accompanied me on horseback to the river, and departed with many valedictory compliments, leaving his *Barber* as my escort and guide, professing his deep regret, that being tied to Iskârdo by his feudal lord's behest, he could not personally do the honours of his capital.\*

The Indus is crossed at a mile from Iskârdo, in a square flat-bottomed concern, which a stretch of imagination might convert into a boat. The river is nearly a quarter of a mile broad at this point, and though making but little noise, flows with considerable velocity. The path follows the right bank of the stream, and in the dark appeared very indifferent, as far as Nâr. From the latter village I rode the whole way to Kēēris, the road in some places very bad, the crumbling limestone hills terminating precipitately in the river. The ascents and descents are very trifling from Iskârdo to Kēēris. This village is a large one, situated at the confluence of the northern and western branches of the Singhey-Choo, called also the Attok, or Indus. There is plenty of cultivation along the level grounds at the foot of the hills. The grains

\* Of course I believed all this !

grown are the same as before noticed, also the fruits. As for apricots, I am weary of the sight and taste of them.

The road now turns to the east, leaving the route I went before, far to the south-west.

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**KHOPPALOO.** (COUNTRY OF BALTI, OR BUL-TISTAN. LEFT BANK OF INDUS.)

*Distance, sixteen or eighteen miles.*

3rd August, 1851. *Sunday.*—I only arrived here this morning, having halted at Sōgur, a village on the opposite bank of the Indus, as I found nothing had gone across when I arrived about dark. The natives call this march “eight coss.” It cannot possibly be *less* than sixteen miles, for it took me the whole day even to reach Sōgur, at a walk, not even halting to breakfast.

The villages of Kooroo, Koonès, Blagârĥ, (or Bragârĥ,) Dōwanee, Kercho, and Lagârĥ, the last four immediately adjoining each other, and stretching over three or four miles of ground along the right bank of the Indus, are all large places, well cultivated and populous. The path is very indifferent, sometimes steep and rugged, but I rode the entire distance. Between Kooroo and Koonès, it leaves the river-side, taking a

direct route through the hills, while the Indus winds provokingly. From Blagârh to Khōppaloo, the river is very broad, and the waters still and silent. They flow in several channels, and the sand is extensive along the shores, intersecting the bed in every direction. As I rode past Kercho, a Kabool servant of Major Fisher's came up, and made his salāām. He gave me a terrible account of the road I am to go. That very road everybody in Bâlti declared I should find a "puddur!"\* The man asked anxiously where his master was, and when he was to see him. I told him that I did not know any more than the man of the moon, so could not relieve his anxiety. It seems that he had been sent this road on account of its being such a capital one for horses. He lost three, he told me, by way of illustration of the goodness of the route! I shall soon be competent to judge for myself.

The Indus is crossed immediately below Khōppaloo. The ferry is a peculiar one. About twenty mussucks of goats' skins are fastened together. On the top of these, some fifteen narrow planks are tied, and this antediluvian raft is launched into the rapid river, half a dozen men guiding it with poles, which act as oars likewise.

\* A Plain; a level.

All the baggage, and also the goats and sheep were taken on these rafts of inflated skins, but the horses were swam across. The breadth of the river is between two and three hundred yards, but the distance is broken by an island of sand, and both the swimmers and the mussucks went *viâ* the sand-islet. Each horse was accompanied by a man, and each man had a small mussuck fastened to his person. On my arrival here, I was met by the Wuzeer, and not less than two hundred persons of different sorts. After a long delay, I have succeeded in sending everything off, *en route* to Chōrbut, and purpose starting at once myself.

Khōppaloo is the capital of the Râj (kingdom) of the same name. There is a Fort on a high rock commanding the vicinity, but it is not kept up, nor even inhabited now. The fields of cultivation were much the same as at Iskârdo, though this town must be nearly a thousand feet higher. The houses and fields are scattered over a large extent of ground along the bank of the Indus; and a quarter of a mile distant,\* high above the river, extend fine fields of wheat, barley, peas, &c.; interspersed with patches and borders of lucerne. I observed a good many plants of wild onion, the

\* Belonging to the "Sirkâr," that is, the Râjah of Khōppaloo.

flower of a purple hue, wherever there was any vegetation; but on the whole, except in the neighbourhood of villages, the hills are bare and arid, as all the untilled country of Little Thibet is throughout found to be. Khōppaloo signifies in Thibetan the "Place of the Rock." The small State so called is a sloping tract of land on the left bank of the Indus. The town and adjacent fields pertaining thereto, extend over two or three miles, exhibiting a pretty though confused *mélange* of stone houses, verdant fields and fruit trees, with mountains rising above all. The ancient castle I have alluded to, is built on a nearly isolated rock standing more than a thousand feet above the bed of the Indus. The scenery of the "Alpine Indus," both near Khōppaloo and Kârmanh Fort, is very wild and striking. Villages are, at almost all points of view, conspicuously prominent; the more striking, as the houses and fields of cultivation are almost invariably scattered over plateaux rising like terraces, one above another, over the delta of land at the confluence of one of the myriad streams that add their minute tribute of waters to the mighty Indus. Sometimes the path pursues the level of the river, following its stony and tortuous course, and again it rises hundreds of feet above—the giddy height making a weak



head to swim with vertigo. This elevated path is frequently carried across the scarped sides of perpendicular precipices, by means of spars rudely split, and supported solely by wedges of wood driven into the solid rock, the extremities of the spars resting on projecting pieces of rock. This frail and artificial path stretches occasionally across a yawning abyss, perhaps some hundreds of feet in depth. It often continues for miles at this commanding elevation, enchanting the eyes of the enterprising traveller with extensive views of numerous peaks covered with everlasting snow, and mighty Glaciers not very distant; while far below, the Indus flows along, sometimes in a calm, broad stream, but much more frequently a wild and foaming torrent, the echoes of its roaring flood resounding far and near, as the waves lash the impeding rocks which block up the channel, and with mad impatience dash past all obstacles, scattering the feathery foam in every direction.

I was much struck by the evident fact that the river has deepened and widened its original channel through the parted rocks, and that its bed was once blocked up with shingle-beaches. I have particularly noticed ledges of shingle at an altitude of two or three hundred feet, or more, above the present bed of the stream, fastened firmly to

the mountain-side. There is found frequently a margin of sand, which in the course of two or three days' marches often widens gradually into a broad, sandy plain. The stupendous mountains, bare and arid, partly of gneiss formation, barred with granite, sometimes protrude even into the channel of the river, and sometimes recede from the roaring torrent, leaving the margin of sand to which I have alluded.

The usual march is from Khēērus to Bragâr or Blagâr. A Rapid, spanned by a wooden bridge, separates the villages of Bragâr and Dōwaneē.

Three more of my ponies are missing, and twenty sheep. This Bultistân seems peopled with thieves.

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#### POYUN, OR POEYUN. (DISTRICT OF CHORBUT.)

*Distance, about fourteen miles.*

*4th August, 1851. Monday.*—I did not arrive here till the middle of the night, or towards morning, for I heard the cock crow as my dhoolie was put down in the verandah of the Musjid. I then fell asleep, so I do not know if the bird in question was a deceiver or not. I did not leave Khōppaloo till late yesterday, and I stopped at Loonka, a

village half-way, to *breakfast*, though it turned out to be dinner too ! It was sunset when I reached the village of Dow, a couple of miles further on, and pitch dark when the dhoolie (into which I packed myself as soon as it became dusk) arrived at Khoâs. This last-mentioned village is not more than two or three miles from this, but the dhoolie went at a snail's-pace over the bad road, though I had secured a great many men and a number of torches at Khoâs. The village of Koosting is between Dow and Khoâs, and the road is very bad near the first-mentioned hamlet. A violent Rapid is crossed by a sanga close to it. Loonka is a small village fifty yards off the road, and is situated near the shore of the river. It is about half-way from Khôppaloo and Pōeyun. The interpreter, who accompanied me, told me that he had been two months with Mr. Vigne, during that gentleman's visit to this country, about sixteen years ago. In those days the village of Loonka was much larger. In the year 1835, the northern branch of the Indus, which flows by this place, inundated a great part of the village, coming down in a sudden and violent flux one day upon the devoted spot. This branch of the Indus rises beyond Yârkhund, and is said to flow through that country and Nobra on its way to Little Thibet. Loonka

is a very small village now; a stone embankment fifty feet high secures it from the fear of a second inundation.

The direct road from Khōppaloo to Chōrbut is the way I came, by the "Sirkâr's" fields, (mentioned in yesterday's diary,) but for three miles this path leaves the "made" route, which goes by the village of Soormee, and as far as Loonka, is really a fine road. The whole of this route through the Khōppaloo district, was only last year made fit for riding, the interpreter informed me. Some parts between Loonka and this place are along frightful precipices.

Poyun or Pōeyun is the capital of the district of Chōrbut, which is an appendage of the Illâka of Kartâkhchun, and belongs to the Râjah Sher Alli Khân, as well as the latter district. He is a nobody, of course, a mere vassal or tenant of the rapacious Maha-Râjah of Kashmir. There is a Fort here, situated on a high rock commanding the entrance of the Defile and Pass of Hânnoo, as well as the village immediately below the fortress. This *Khila* is a miniature imitation of the Fort of Karmân. A mountain torrent flows by the base, and a little further on falls into the Indus. The Ladâk road now leaves the course of that river, and turns direct south, whereas the

northern branch of the Indus takes an easterly direction. Since leaving Khōppaloo, we have been coming steadily south. The Hānnoo Pass separates this country from the Ladâk Illâka. On my way here, from Khōppaloo to Loonka, I saw a river which flows from the west into the Indus, on the right bank. There is a large village near the junction. Though this river is of considerable size, no one appeared to know its name. It seemed to be bounded by a range of high snowy peaks, distant, as the crow flies, about ten miles. The junction of this river with the Indus takes place about three miles above Khōppaloo.

The language and general appearance of the people of Khōppaloo and Chōrbut is essentially the same as in Kartâkhchun and Iskârdo. The men all wear the long side-curls I noticed before. Though the language so nearly resembles Thibetan Proper, the people of Little Thibet have in no degree the Tartar cast of features. They are not at all a bad-looking race, and some of the young women have very pleasing faces. The mountains continue marked by the general characteristics of those I formerly described.

Some European gentleman was here when I arrived, I was told. It is near sunset now. He is gone, whoever he was—I did not take the trouble

to inquire. My advance camp is gone, and I am only waiting till he is out of the way before I start.

I have heard nothing of my missing ponies and sheep. Four of the former have become *non inventi* in Bultistân, in the short space of ten days, and twenty of the latter.

All the population continues Mussulman, of the Shiah persuasion.\* I have been writing in a Musjid, and a sinner at his prayers has considerably diverted my attention from the task before me. He made so much noise that even "Squire" was roused from a deep slumber, and furiously barked at the clamorous penitent. Probably his violent devotion was meant for *my* edification. I could not keep my gravity, at the contortions, howls, and convulsive motions of the devotee; on which he shortly retired, doubtless disgusted at my inappreciation of his turbulent and desperate penitential worship.

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\* The adherents to the sect of Ali, are the bigoted opponents of the other sect of the Mohammedans, called the "Soonies," who revere the four successors of Mohammed equally.

## HANNOO. (LADAK ILLAKA.) OVER HANNOO PASS.

*Distance, about eighteen miles.*

6th August, 1851. *Wednesday*.—I have vaguely given the distance as eighteen miles; the natives consider it twelve coss, and it is usually divided into two or even more marches. I started yesterday about four o'clock, a.m., in my dhoolie, and did not arrive here till this morning at six o'clock, halting at Dorâ, (an Oōjâr encamping ground,) during the four hottest hours of the day. But then I went at a funereal pace in my dhoolie, and the immense time I was *en chemin* is no criterion of the distance. Had I been able to ride, I am sure I could easily have managed the long march before dark yesterday. Unfortunately I was ill when I started, and though I did ride the three last miles to Dorâ, I suffered most terribly. I have been over many Passes, but never before while actually *on* one have I experienced the fearful sensations which distracted me yesterday long before I was half-way up, and long after I had descended the greater elevations. My sufferings might have been aggravated by previous indisposition, but whatever the cause may have

been, the effects were most prostrating. I lay on the ground at Dorâ, more dead than alive. My servants erected a tent of blankets over me, my Shouldâries not being at hand. It was a very great exertion of resolution to force myself to rise at all, even to be carried in the dhoolie. Fortunately I had brought it, for I was far past riding, much less walking. A violent headache, insupportable sickness, and hurried action of the heart, accompanied by the impossibility of drawing a full breath, were symptoms of the well-remembered "Bōōtie" malady, and this time fell on me in all their worst malignancy before I had half ascended the Pass. I feel certain that were I to take a quarter of an hour's exercise during the reign of these horrible sensations, I should burst a blood-vessel, or expire suddenly. Even *speaking* was a painful exertion yesterday, and brought on copious hæmoptysis, hurrying the pulsations of my heart to many degrees above five score in a minute. Then the terrible nausea, like to nothing else in its overpowering nature but sea-sickness. Altogether I was very miserable yesterday, and suffered most intensely. Even to-day I cannot breathe without pain, and my heart beats hurriedly and irregularly. It has not yet forgotten the rarified atmosphere of Hânnoo Pass. .



As I was being carried up in the afternoon about half a mile from the summit, Ghaussie drew my attention to one of my servants lying senseless in appearance, near the snow. He was easily roused, but he refused to move, saying that his head was "breaking in two." After a slight struggle between humanity and deeply-rooted prejudices, (for the "Bōōtie"-struck invalid was the Sweeper,\*) I sent my own saddle-pony to bring him on. Had he been left there he would have perished during the night, and no other conveyance was nigh. Though I talk of this Pass-sickness as the "Bōōtie-malady," I must mention that I did not observe a single plant of the peculiar species of moss, which on the Ladâk and Lahoûl Passes, are said to poison the wind and create the overpowering illness I described. A Kashmirian servant of mine was the only other person in my camp at all affected, so it does not seem to be a *sine quâ non*, that all must suffer

\* The Sweeper, or *Mehter*, is the lowest class of servant; and in the Bengal Presidency, especially in the Punjâb and north-west provinces, he is considered so unclean, that he is not allowed to enter a room, except to sweep it, and his very touch is regarded as pollution itself. Europeans very soon become imbued with this prejudice, and I know some who will not even permit these Pariâhs to sweep the rooms, or cross the threshold of the house.

from great altitudes. The gentleman who just preceded me walked the entire distance, I am told. I wish I were strong enough for such a feat.

I must say a few words about the road, *et cetera*. That Kabool servant who accosted me at Kercho, must either be a terrible "Cockney traveller," or he must have learnt the easy art of romancing. Far from being the bad road he represented it to be, this Pass, as far as the *path* goes, is one of the easiest I have ever crossed. It is absolute child's play to the Brârmōōrj Punjâl, between Wurdwun and Sōōroo, and must be fully 2,000 feet lower. This Hânnoo Pass is said to be 15,000 feet in elevation above the level of the sea.\* If this be true, then the Brârmōōrj Punjâl is 17,000 feet in altitude. I represented it as much less, fearful of being accused of exaggeration. But not only is the Hânnoo Pass of less elevation, but the ascent and descent are far easier and in no way dangerous. There is not much snow on the path except the last mile of the ascent, and no mighty Glacier forms the road as in the

\* Since the above was written, I have been informed that the above estimate is too low; the altitude of the Hânnoo Pass is variously given from 15,500 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Brârmōōrj Punjâl. The way yesterday lay along the right bank of the river which flows into the Indus, below Pōeyun Fort. This river is for three or four miles a torrent, rapid and foaming; it then becomes still and shallow, the bed stony. The ascent is rarely steep till the Oōjar encamping ground of Dorâ is fairly passed. The last mile is snowy, the latter portion through snow of deep and unbroken purity. There is very little snow near the path on the descent, and except the first quarter of a mile it is nowhere steep. A river rises on this face of the Pass, and is forded more than once. Below this village it is a rapid and unfordable torrent, and is spanned by a sanga. I have not crossed, as the road to Lēh lies along the right bank, which we have followed for the last four miles. When I reached the crest of the Pass yesterday, I roused myself to see if the view was worth anything: It was then past sunset and the dreary and confused mountains of snow looked cold and stern on all sides, and beyond this sea of dark and snow-capped heights, no "view" was to be obtained. Shortly afterwards it became quite dark, and the gathering clouds burst in heavy rain. But I persisted in going on, as I felt how necessary it was to reach ground of less elevation.

Dorâ is the pasture-land during the summer months for the flocks of the Chôrbut villagers. The mountains surrounding Hânnoo Pass are barren as ever, and there is a good deal of snow on the summits of all. I saw a good many wild-flowers, as we ascended the mountain. Hyoscyamus, pinks, saxifrage, and anemones, were the principal plants in flower, besides a herb I have nowhere seen but in Thibet, with a pink flower of the shape of a dagger's hilt, and strongly aromatic. I observe that the few flowers met with in Little Thibet, or Bultistân, are nearly all possessed of a very powerful aroma, generally of an oppressive kind. Near the shores of the tributary of the Indus which rises on the other side of this Pass, I noticed quantities of tamarisk and a few wild-rose bushes, both in full flower.

During the descent I saw but little; it was dark, and moreover I was very ill. I could see that the way, though stony, was neither steep nor rugged, and quite fit for riding. The dhoolie went so slowly, that the day was just breaking as we reached my tents at Goma-Hânnoo, the first village in Ladâk. Ill though I was, I came on here, about a couple of miles further, to Hânnoo Proper, as my servants said no supplies were procurable at Goma-Hânnoo.

There is a Fort here, half in ruins, on the left bank of the river, which rises on this side of the Pass, and the village extends along both banks. The fields of cultivation adjoin those of Goma-Hânnoo, and seem fit for the sickle. Wheat, barley, buck-wheat, peas, &c., all thrive. The houses are built of unhewn stone and mud, and are poor in appearance.

I am now in Thibet. The dress, religion, and general appearance of the people here, widely differ from those in Bultistân. Instead of the small cap of the people of Bâlti, the Thibetans wear a high cap which falls down on one side. The religion is Llamaism, and the features approximate to the Tartar cast. The women wear their hair in innumerable plaits, and are a much uglier race. Both sexes wear a great many ornaments. In Bâlti, women Coolies are unknown, while here they are as common as men-porters.

The sky is clouded still, and a little rain is falling. This part of Ladâk must be partially subject to the periodical rains. I noticed the same last year, almost immediately after leaving Neemo, the first march on the road from Lēh to Kashmir. Clematis grows in profusion near this village, but it has gone to seed. The "dagger-hilt" flower blooms in luxuriance, and various

other species which I noticed last year in Ladâk.

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SKEEREBOOKHCHUN. (DISTRICT OF LADAK.)

*Distance, about twelve miles.*

7th August, 1851. *Thursday.*—I did not leave Hânnoo till sunset, and came this march in the dhoolie by moonlight and two-thirds of the way by torchlight. I halted to dine about midnight, but coming to no village, we lit a fire in the middle of the path, and bivouacked philosophically. It was a mere farce my dining at that unearthly hour, because I was far too ill and wearied to eat. The path is in places narrow and bad, and flanked by most alarming precipices, which abruptly terminate in the watery vortex, from fifteen to a hundred feet below.

With my neck in momentary jeopardy, it was impossible to sleep while being carried along this road, though I had added sides to my door-dhoolie, at Iskârdo. For six or seven miles, beyond one very pretty hamlet, there are no villages on this bank, and the barren mountains looked dark and gloomy by the obscured light of the moon. Rain fell every now and then, and nearly extinguished our torches. The way lies along the right bank

of the small river which rises on the southern face of the Pass of Hânnoo, for the first two miles. Then turning almost at right angles follows the right bank of the Singhey-Choo, or western branch of the Indus. The map compiled by "John Walker," for the East India Company, represents Hânnoo Fort and village as being situated on the bank of the Indus. This is an error; the Indus is some two miles distant, and the tributary I have alluded to washes the lower lands of the village of Hânnoo. The colour of the water of this mountain-torrent is clear blue, where it is not white with feathery foam. Several sangas span it before it falls into the Indus, as it is not fordable for the last four miles of its course, at this season of the year.

This heathen-named village is very picturesquely built on different rocks, and a few houses with the fields of cultivation for the most part yellow and ripe, stretch along the narrow valley below. The Indus flows close by, but some distance beneath the level of the valley. The appearance of this hamlet is very singular, and reminds one of children's toy villages made of cards. Instead of the plain mud and stone huts common in Little Thibet, Skēērebookhchūn boasts of small square buildings, white and neatly finished, with projecting wooden

eaves. The framework of the doors and windows is generally painted red. The Gōōmpa, or Buddhist Temple, perched on the top of the rock is large, and Llâmas are seen prowling in every direction. Fruit-trees are scattered among the houses of the village.

The last two miles of this march is a very good made road, considering the difficult nature of the limestone hills through which it is principally cut. We passed the well-remembered *Mânie*, or sculptured *religious* pile of stones which I described last year; also several high white tombs, sacred to the remains of some pious Llâmas (or Lâmbas). The Coolies all endeavour to pass these Mânies and tombs on their right hand, even if a *détour* over a bad road be requisite to effect this.\*

There are a great many Llâmas or priests here. They wear the loose flowing purple robes of their order, and it seems a *sine quâ non* with the race to leave their long black hair matted and disgusting. The whole of the population of the country are curiously and revoltingly filthy in appearance; their faces are absolutely begrimed with dirt. The men wear long queues like the Chinese, and the usual head-dress is the bag-like cap, which

\* To pass by the right-hand side is a mark of respect and devotion.



hangs down on one side, so shining with grease and dirt, that I am at a loss to say whether the material it is made of be oil-skin or puttoo. The women wear the skin or fur lappets of Lēh, and plait their abundant locks into innumerable tresses. Old and young are all hideously ugly. Woollen boots with leather soles are used by both sexes, and the dress is nearly similar likewise;—a close fitting sort of woollen jacket, with a gathered skirt attached, reaching to the knees: sometimes trowsers to match, sometimes broad woollen bands bound round the legs, (between the knee and ankle,) with hair-ropes, are superadded, by way of a finish to the costume. Most of the women wear the band of turquoises, &c., which depend from the forehead backwards nearly to the waist, the same as the women of Lēh. Both sexes continually wear sheep or goat skins whole, which hang down the back, being fastened by a collar of hair-rope round the neck. All the ropes are made of the hair of the yâk or zho. Ponies seem almost unknown. I only see a few small donkeys near the village. I tried both at Hânnoo and here to procure a couple of ponies for the march, to relieve my wearied steeds, but menaces and bribes proved alike unavailing.

I must again travel by moonlight, for I have

been feeling so ill all day, that I have been utterly indisposed to move. Were I to give way to the sensation of illness which has distressed me, I should not start now. But this would be impolitic in the end. In my opinion, nothing like exertion for conquering most of the minor "ills that flesh is heir to," be they mental or bodily! I shall practise as I preach, and ride this evening, sending my dhoolie on a short march.

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### NOORLAH, OR NEULAH.

(DISTRICT OF LADAK.)

*Distance, twelve or fourteen miles.*

8th August, 1851. *Friday. (Noon.)*—The heat is oppressive, even within mud walls, and unbearable in a tent. The sky is clear and cloudless, and the sun shines with all his Thibetan power. The air is clear and cool, nevertheless. We left Skēērebookhchūn at sunset, and I rode to Kulâtsey, (also called Khâlsé or Khâlach,) a village of some size, about two-thirds of the entire distance. I was then so ill and exhausted, that (not finding my dhoolie there) I lay down on my shawl, on the hard ground, for several hours. At last, near daybreak, another door-dhoolie was ready, and I

was carried here, arriving an hour after sunrise. I have never recovered the effects of the rarity of the air on Hânnoo Pass. My heart beats with a hurried and irregular pulsation, and I have great pain in my chest when I breathe. The disinclination to eat is so great, that I scarcely can prevail on myself to touch a morsel of food during the twenty-four hours. Altogether, I wish that blessed Hânnoo Pass had been on the road to Yârk-hund, or some place where I was absolutely unable to go! The road from Skēērebookhchūn to this village is quite a "tunda-surruck," (or Mall,) compared to the break-neck places I have lately been doomed to travel along.

We followed the right bank of the Indus the whole way, and some of the precipices flanking the road were very frightful.

The average breadth of the Indus is not more than five-and-thirty yards along the late marches. The current is rapid and troubled, the colour of the water muddy and thick. The moon was shining brightly on our road, nearly as light as day. Donkur, or Dōm khur more properly, is half-way between Skēērebookhchūn and Kulâtsey (or Khâlse or Khâlach, for this latter village is indifferently pronounced in these various ways). There is no other village on the right bank till Kulâtsey is

attained. I saw the valley along which the road to Kashmir forsakes the left bank of the Indus, a couple of miles from Kulâtsey. As our way lay along this bank of the river, of course we did not cross on the portalled bridge which spans the Indus near the latter village. There is a Fort at Kulâtsey, and the lands in cultivation surrounding that village are of some extent. Apricot trees diversified by fine Walnut trees appear the prevailing fruit. I found the apricots very sour. On our march, we passed several Mânies of the usual description, and some of the Llâma Sarcophagi.

As I was riding to Skēērebookhchūn the last mile yesterday morning, I observed a solitary Rock, rising a hundred feet above the river. It was completely water-worn, as if for ages it had been subjected to the influence of mighty billows. Either the river has sunk incredibly, or the theory that these mountains have been upheaved from the bosom of the "Great Deep" by some powerful volcanic convulsion, must be true. I noticed many confirmatory proofs, in the appearance and formation of the mountains of Thibet. I also passed a great deal of Trap Rock, which lay scattered about, blackened, as if scorched by fire.

Noorlah, or Neulah, (also commonly called

“Sneurlah” by the Thibetans,) is a large village on the right bank of the Indus. There are plenty of Apple and Apricot trees, none ripe this year, and of timber, Willows and Poplars. This place is considerably lower than Lēh, and very hot during the day.

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SUSPOOLA, OR SUSPOORLA.  
(DISTRICT OR ILLAKA OF LADAK.)

*Distance, eight miles.*

9th August, 1851. *Saturday*.—Arrived here at ten o'clock last night, leaving Noorlah an hour before sunset. Some parts of this march are very bad, the narrow path running along those fatal and precipitous limestone hills, which are gradually crumbling and slipping into the abyss below. The moon was shining as bright as day, and not a cloud obscured the clear blue of heaven. I did not see a single village near the road, till we arrived here. There is a sort of Pass, called merely “La,”\* between Noorlah and Suspōōla. The ascent is steep and bad, but there is no snow. The path I took followed the course of the Indus, sometimes running along near the bank, sometimes rising hundreds on hundreds of feet above.

\* “La” is simply the Thibetan for a Pass.

There is a second road from Noorlah to this place, by which some of my people went. They represent it as by far the best, though in one or two places there is a good deal of water in the way.

After leaving Noorlah, where the road to Himmee, (or *Himmis*, more properly,) turns from the banks of the Indus, the Suspōōla route branches off, following the course of the river. I went the road by Himmis last year, and though it is more circuitous, it is by many degrees the best. However, one of my servants rode the lower route (by which I did not come) all the way from Noorlah to Suspōōla. Not succeeding in getting a pony at Noorlah, and remembering that the "merciful man is merciful to his beast," I rode a *donkey* as long as the daylight lasted, in preference to my wearied horses. Ghaussie and my Dhōbie were likewise similarly mounted, and the procession altogether had a very droll aspect! My saddle nearly buried the little "Bōmbo," (as donkeys are here called,) and yet he trotted along as if unconscious of the disproportionate weight. Suspōōla seems a large village, and the cultivation is extensive for these arid mountains. It is situated on the right bank of the Indus.

As I was arranging my bridle on the little Bōmbo yesterday, just as we were leaving

Noorlah, a gentleman came up and kindly offered his assistance. I do not know what his name may be. He had only just reached Noorlah, and is halting there now. The few words I spoke then, is the first English which has passed my lips for *three months!* I hope I did not speak it with a broken, or perchance a Thibetan accent!

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NEEMMO, OR SNIMO. (DISTRICT OF LADAK.)

*Distance, six miles.*

*Same day.*—Though scarcely eight o'clock, A.M., when I arrived here, the heat of the sun was quite overpowering, and the reflection from the glowing soil so very great, that my face was burnt painfully, even the eyelids were so distressingly scorched as to render the raising them torture. But I must write a few lines, and not be lazy. The road from Suspōōla to Neemmo, (called by the Thibetans "Snimo,") is excellent. It leaves the Indus, and ascends a narrow sort of gorge, called the "Suspōōla Rōng," and the hills which flank the ghât are about three hundred feet above the road, and perfectly barren. This gorge extended for nearly a couple of miles, and then opened out

into a plain, averaging three hundred yards in breadth, and a couple of hundred paces in length. The way then lay along the descent of a gentle slope, till the village of Snimo (or Neemmo) with its rich fields of cultivation burst on my delighted view. It seemed deceptively close, for I did not in fact reach it for an hour afterwards. A rather steep but short descent brought us to the village of Bâzgo, which, being situated in the angle of the mountains, was not so soon visible as its more distant neighbour.

Bâzgo is very picturesquely built on several sharp-pointed rocks, the fields of wheat, barley, &c., extending along a small piece of level below.

We passed several Mânies and Sarcophagi, sacred to the Llâmas defunct. A barren plain nearly a mile in length, and some three hundred yards in breadth, separates the lands of Snimo and Bâzgo. Long lines of the sculptured religious piles of stones, or Manies, intersect this burning plain. Several of the neighbouring mountains are thinly capped with snow. Nēēmmo is a tolerably sized village, and the crops appear very fine. The Indus and the River of Juskur, (occasionally also called Zuskâr,) unite close to this village.

Just as I was leaving Suspōqla this morning, rather disgusted at being obliged to remount my



“Bōmbo,” three laden ponies opportunely arrived. They appeared to have dropped from the clouds for my especial benefit, and I availed myself of them for myself and my attendants. Thus was I fortunately enabled to ride hither three times as quickly.

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LEH. (CAPITAL OF LADAK.) COUNTRY OF THIBET,  
ALSO CALLED BOOTAN OR BOD.

*Distance, fifteen miles.*

10th August, 1851. *Sunday.*—Reached this Capital before daybreak, travelling by night. The moon shone with peerless brilliancy, and gave an unwonted softness to the harsh and desert mountains, such as they never possess in the garish light of a Thibetan sun. Having probably described this road last year, I need only say that it was as level and excellent as ever, after the first short ascent immediately after leaving Snimo.

The Jemadâr Nizâmoodeen said that he had lately accompanied a gentleman to Kurboo, who had asked about my last year's journey, and mentioned that he knew me formerly. He said he was a “Lord-Sâhib.” I could not imagine who the gentleman could be, till the Jemadâr showed

me the "Râzinâma"\* he had signed. I then saw that it was my quondam friend Lord Fergus Kennedy. I should like to have met him again. There have been a great many gentlemen here, I am told, but I am only too happy to find that they are all gone, as I am much more at liberty to go about.

The Jemadâr Nizâmoodeen accompanied us last year from Lēh to Draūs. He is by far the most useful functionary in the place. The Thanadâr, (or Governor) of Ladâk, Busty Râm, is at present here. His adopted son brought me a *recherché* breakfast this morning,—so "recherché" indeed, that I hurriedly handed it over to Ghaussie, my Sirdar-bearer, for his especial benefit, feeling nervous of the effects of even looking at the dainty feast! However, every one is very civil, and Busty Râm tries to persuade me to rest a week here. Not that I mean to be so persuaded, for I have seen all that is to be seen in Lēh, and cannot afford to lose so much time. Two of my servants are very ill, and I am the only "Hakim" †

\* A *Râzinâma* is a certificate of good conduct, (from *râzi*, satisfied,) rigidly exacted by the native authorities from all their subordinates sent on escort-duty with European gentlemen or ladies. The want of this certificate entails heavy punishment on the culprit, without hope of mercy.

† "Hakim" is Doctor or Physician, and *Hâkim* is Master, Lord. The accent on the letter "a," or the letter "i," makes the difference.

that they have to attend them ! I am half afraid of this responsibility falling on me, and yet I must make an effort to cure them, serious though their complaints unfortunately are.

11th August, 1851. *Monday*.—Though I gave a short account of Lēh last year, I must not now pass over the capital of Ladāk in entire silence, and even at the risk of being repetitive, I will say a few words before I give it my farewell benediction.

There are not above three hundred houses in Lēh. The most striking object in the city is the Palace of the Ex-Rājah of Ladāk. Though he still bears the high-sounding title of Sovereign, there remains not even the shadow of power, nor the veriest mockery of state. I described him last year. He is a mere boy, shy and awkward ; his features cast in the Chinese mould. His mother, the Rānee, is a superior person for a wild mountaineer's widow, and her manners are gentle and pleasing. They are very poor ; a trifling Jagheer being all their income. " Fallen, fallen, fallen, from their high estate !"

Lēh is a sort of centre of commerce. Merchants from Yārkhund, Kokhân, Indjân, Budakshân, Bokhâra, Bâlti, Kashmir, and even the Punjâb, congregate here, and barter or sell goods. The natural products of the country of Ladāk are of

some value; borax and sulphur, shawl-wool, salt, and gold. The only manufactures appear to be, a Puttoo, or woollen cloth, very narrow, and about the average length of nine yards, value from two to four rupees; and the *châkmak*, or steel, for striking a light. The price of the latter varies from eight annas to two rupees. I paid three Company's rupees for a *châkmak* and a *kulundân*, or penholder. This article is of Chinese manufacture, and made of ornamented steel. Silks, satins, brocades, and tea, are the principal imports from China; Yârkhund supplies boots, Russia leather, velvets and Russian broadcloth, Yambo\* silver, excellent tea, and a cloth made from camels' hair: from Bâlti, the shawl-wool or *pashmina chudders*, white and brown, are largely imported. "Syllung," a sort of very fine Kashmirette, brought from beyond Kokhân, is also sold here. Every article is dearer this year than last; probably from the influx of "Cockneys."

I vainly endeavoured to procure some of those funny Lahâssa caps which I bought last year, but not one is to be found this season, in the whole of Lēh. China cups also come from Yârkhund, and

\* The "Yambos" are boat-shaped lumps of silver, stamped with Chinese characters, each lump properly weighing about one hundred and sixty rupees, and sold in the market for one hundred and eighty.

are sold here for about one Bhōt rupee. This coin is of the value of twelve annas, eight *pie*,\* of Company's coin. But I have never *seen* a Bhōt rupee. It seems entirely supposititious, and four *powlies* (or *jows*) represent the rupee of the country. There is no copper currency whatever. The *powlie*,—a crude, thin, silver coin, value three annas, four *pie*, of Company's money,—is the usual currency here. For large transactions, the Yambo, and the gold coin, called "Tillah," value about six Company's rupees, are also used. The Company's and the Nānukshāi rupee are likewise freely received.

One of the principal imports from Yārkhund I have forgotten to mention. This is the Numdah, a felt blanket. The price is from one to five Company's rupees, according to the kind. Some are plain, some figured, others white, or coloured. Carpets also come from Yārkhund. They are dear, and though thick and soft, the colours are very dull.

Lēh is situated in a valley of no great breadth, formed by the course of the Singhey-Choo, or Indus. A barren plain, nearly a couple of miles in extent, lies between the city and the river. Mountains, about the average height of two thousand feet above the valley, bound it on the north and south. The city is constructed on the slope and at

\* A *Pie* is the twelfth part of an *anna*, which coin is equal to three half-pence, English money.

the foot of low hills. The new Fort, which is nearly a mile from the Palace, is large, but very weak. Garrisoned by only three hundred Sepoys, it is perfectly assailable by the smallest force. A little above the Palace are seen the ruins of the old Khila, and on the highest and further summit of the same hill stands a Gōōmpa, or temple. Most of the houses in Lēh are flat-roofed and *polystoried*. They are generally built of large *cutch* bricks. Flags stream in the air from the top of the Palace, and from the roofs of many of the principal houses of the city. Horns are frequently added, by way of additional ornament.

The hills surrounding Lēh are barren and arid, and some are capped with snow. There are very few trees planted, in comparison to the extent of cultivated ground. Willow is the principal timber; apricots are very plentiful, and immense quantities are made into *kománies*.

The people of Ladâk are a better race than those of Bâlti: more simple and honest, and very good-humoured; both sexes are very ugly, and filthy in appearance. A great many Kashmirians have settled here, and have intermarried with the Ladâkies; but this hybrid race are as plain as the rest. The women wear the tight jacket, and full skirt attached, which I before described. The latter is often a garment of "many colours,"—red,

blue, and yellow stripes being added to the ordinary black. The head-dress is merely the lappet of seal-skin, which covers the ear and part of the cheek. Every Ladâkie wears a great many ornaments, and the invariable band depending from the forehead backwards, covered with large, but deeply-flawed turquoises, and a few other stones of various sorts. The men wear a sort of woollen *choga*, as the ordinary dress of the poorer classes. Coral is worn in necklaces by both sexes.

I have just bought a pair of Ladâk boots; they are very unshapely in appearance. The shoe portion is of thick leather, and the upper part of green and red woollen cloth.

The elevation of Lēh above the level of the sea is given at upwards of eleven thousand feet.\* It is entirely removed from any subjection to the lachrymose influence of the periodical rains. The province of Nobra, (averaging an elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea,) lies to the north of Ladâk; Juskur, or Zuskâr, to the south; and Piti, or S'piti, to the south-east. Kashmir lies south-west of Ladâk; while the Kâra-Korum mountains are immediately to the north. Rodōkh and Chân-Thân, both depen-

\* By Moorcroft. Vigne estimates it at ten thousand feet only—very erroneously in my humble opinion.

dencies of Lahâssa, lie in a direction east and south-west of this country of Ladâk.

The only part of the Thibetan worship I know, is the favourite and ceaselessly repeated sentence of, "Om mani padme Hom."\* This is sculptured on every religious pile. A double row of lofty Mânies usher the traveller from Rōōpshoo into Lēh. They abound all over the city and its vicinities. I described the dress of the priesthood before, and last year gave an account of the Gōōmpas I visited, and the monstrous image in one of these Temples below the Palace here. I have not paid a second visit to either Palace or Gōōmpa this year. I do not like threading alone crowded native streets. This morning, I went out a little distance from my camp, to sketch the Palace and city below. I was in two minutes surrounded by an immense mob, who even crowded to within a yard of my seat of shawls spread on the ground. The exertions of half a dozen Sepoys were insufficient in warding off the "Great Unwashed" multitude. The sun soon became so hot, I was obliged to leave my sketch incomplete.

I have proved myself a capital Esculapius! I am delighted to find both my servants convalescent to-day. I leave this evening, on my way to Gēēah

\* Fully explained in Vol. I. *Vide supra.*



or Ghia, *en route* to S'piti. My "sick" must be carried. Some gentleman has just arrived; I suppose it is the same traveller I saw at Noorlah.\*

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GHIA. (LADAK.)

*Distance, about thirty-seven miles.*

13th August, 1851. *Wednesday*.—I arrived here at sunrise, having left Lēh at eleven o'clock, p.m., on the 11th, (Monday,) and halted during the heat of yesterday at Oopshēe, a village thirteen or fourteen miles from this, and twenty-four from Lēh. I need not be prolix on these marches, as in last year's Journal I must have said all that was requisite. The road is excellent from Mursilung to Oopshēe; the rest of the way, (both first and last portions,) very indifferent. The first village on the left bank, which would make a proper day's work as the first march from Lēh, is Mursilung. Last year, we crossed over to the right bank,

\* I was told by a respectable Indjān merchant, at Lēh, that he had seen Moorcroft and his party at Bokhāra. He declared it to be a well-known fact, that they were all murdered. He gave me many particulars, and altogether a very different account of the death of that enterprising traveller and his companions, than the one found in the introduction to Moorcroft's Work, written by the editor of his Journal.

from our encamping ground at Hula-Buk Bâgh, (about a mile on the Lēh side of Mursilung,) and marched only as far as Tēēksah or Thēēksa, about half-way from Mursilung to Lēh. There is a path along both banks of the Indus, from Lēh to Oopshee; I think the left bank is the best, for though the road is for the first few miles intersected by water-courses, the rest of the way is nearly quite level. At Oopshee, the Indus (called in these parts the Singhey-Choo,) is no longer followed in its course. We left it to the east, and pursuing a more southerly direction, along the edge of a shallow stream, went up a narrow valley; the road bad, nearly the whole way to this village, Ghia or Ghēā, the last at this extremity of Ladâk. In Walker's map, I see a further village of "Runchu" marked, and on reference to Moorcroft, I see it is also mentioned by him. No such village exists now, nor can I learn how, where, or when it departed this life.

The Indus has been traced to its source, I believe, by Mr. Moorcroft, and the distant Lake of Mansarâwur, called by the natives "Mâun-Talâo," is the birth-place of this mighty river.

I stopped yesterday morning at Mursilung to have a cup of tea. This village is a large one, the fields of cultivation being rich and extensive for

these barren hills. Mursilung is situated at the extremity, or near the extremity of an undulating valley of irregular breadth, (varying from three hundred yards to half a mile,) and some four miles in length. Low hills,—some barren, others capped with snow,—of the average height of three or four hundred feet above the valley, run along on both sides, the Indus watering the desert land. Hula-Buk consists of a small village, and a large Bâgh, about a mile lower down the valley than Mursilung. A substantial sanga spans the rapid river below Hula-Buk Bâgh. Himmee is a small *priestly* village situated in a nook at the foot of the mountains, in a sequestered and elevated angle, nearly equi-distant from Mursilung and Hula-Buk. Himmee belongs to the Llâmas or Lâmbas, the priests of the district; and I could see the Mânies and the white Sarcophagi glittering in the sun. Oopshoo is a very small village on the left bank of the Singhey-Choo, situated in the angle where the river forsakes the road to Rōōpshoo.

I received a severe kick from one of my horses while giving him some barley yesterday at Oopshoo. He struck my right side, the ungrateful wretch! and the extreme pain on pressure, together with the inability to lie on the injured side, makes

me half fear a fracture of one of the ribs. I am very unlucky in always meeting with some accident—(or very careless, perchance).

The solitary tenor of my journey has been agreeably interrupted to-day, by a visit from a traveller who is *en route* to Lēh and Kashmir, —Captain Campbell. It is as well that my long solitude among sable baboons of the human species has not rendered me entirely oblivious of my mother-tongue. At all events I ought to have felt very shy! (but I did not *pour tout cela.*)

Ghia cannot be *less* than thirteen thousand feet in elevation above the level of the sea. I found it very cold, the air keen and piercing, at day-break this morning. I recognized the village by the Gōōmpa and Thâkoor-Dwâra, perched on high rocks far above on the opposite bank of the stream which flows below Ghia, watering the valley. I visited and described those buildings last year. None of the native servants who accompanied me on my former visit, recognized Ghia, or appeared to remember any part of this road; much less could they recall a single name. How very stupid all natives are in this way. Their brains must be partially ossified, I opine, or constructed of quartz or granite.

## LURSA. OOJAR ENCAMPING GROUND.

(COUNTRY OF LADAK.)

*Distance, four or five miles.*

14th August, 1851. *Thursday*.—There is a low shed made of stones and wood standing here, in which I am halting for breakfast, taking advantage of the rude shelter,—for, though previously tenanted by goats and sheep, it is better now that it is “swept and garnished,” than the burning sun without. This place is a little way up the Tunglung or Tungling Pass. The path from Ghia as far as this is a very gradual ascent, considering that it is a “Pass,” and the path is very good. We breakfasted in this neighbourhood last year also. Every step of my present route is familiar to me:—I recognize each rock of peculiar shape. The Tartar Furze is now the principal vegetation, and the only fire-wood procurable. The yellow flowers have all withered away.

I am suffering from a very distressing headache, but no sickness has yet come on, though I have recognized my old enemy, the *Bōōtie*, that fatal moss of the Ladâk Oōjâr. In walking fifty yards for a flower a little while ago, the pulsations of my heart increased wildly, and even repeated

doses of "Digitalis" have failed to still the accelerated and loud beating. I do not know any more painful or alarming sensation, than this forced action of the heart. None of my servants have suffered yet.

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ZURRA. (OVER TUNGLING PASS.) DISTRICT  
ROOPSHOO.

*Distance, eleven miles.*

*Same day.*—Arrived here at sunset. I am almost distracted by the stupifying pain in my head, though I have escaped all nausea, which is the sole comfort I have under my present sufferings. This Oōjâr encamping ground is on the road to Lahoûl. The stupid messenger I sent beforehand did not say I was going to S'piti. The Ladâk Coolies are here relieved by the Rōōpshoo people. There was a terrible fray this evening, which, at one time, threatened serious consequences. The Gopa (or Head-man) of the Rōōpshoo people at first declined,—or at least declared his inability,—to relieve the Ladâk men. The Lēh Sepoy who accompanied me complained bitterly, and begged me to threaten more active

measures. I did so, and desired my servants to keep the man in charge. He had not been beaten, or ill-treated in any way, but the Rōōpshoo people seeing him in "durance vile" rushed to his rescue, and fell on my servants. Of course, numbers soon prevailed, and I ordered the latter to give way at once. The savages dragged my tent down in their violence, and threw earth and stones both at me and my servants.

I forbade retaliation of any sort, and as soon as there was quiet, desired the Sepoy in charge of my camp, to go to Lēh at once, and report the business to Busty Râm. The Rōōpshooites soon became alarmed, and sent several people to intercede for them, offering me all sorts of bribes, if I would not refer the matter to Lēh, as they say that Busty Râm will ruin them and their whole families. I have not yet in any way yielded to their supplications, but I mean to do so in the morning, as it will entail both delay and trouble, if I complain formally. The people are an ignorant, savage set, so it is folly to cherish wrath.

The ascent from Lursa to the summit of the Tungling Pass, is very steep,—the road a water-course, shallow and stony. The hills which flank the path are nearly free from snow, and are quite different from the sharp angular Heights of

Bultistân, and parts of Ladâk. These are more sloping and undulating, but not less barren. The stream which rises on the Tungling Pass, has its source in two or three beds of snow. Near the crest of the Pass, the stream is a very inconsiderable rill; and, small though it is, I could not help wondering that even so tiny a streamlet could be ceaselessly supplied from so small a bed of snow, not half a foot thick. Several of the hills we passed consisted of blue slate, others of limestone. At the commencement of the descent, I observed several isolated gypsum rocks.

Shortly before leaving my cattle-shed shelter, the clouds gathered heavily, and discharged themselves first in large hail-stones, then on the summit of the Pass in a regular snow-storm, which, as we neared the foot of the descent, gradually became sleet, then light rain. At the crest of the Pass, I was disappointed in getting no view. The heavy snow-clouds, and light feathery mists, enveloped the dim sea of mountains to the north; but towards the south, I had a clear view of the Tchōō-Soowürrh, or Salt Water Lake, on the road to the Chōōmorēree Lake,—both of which are old acquaintances of mine. Just as we neared the Oōjâr encamping ground of Deverung, a beautiful rainbow shed its halo of glory on the desert scene.



I mistook a large white stone, glittering in the distance, for my little tent, and I was much disappointed in finding my former encamping ground at Deverung, untenanted and desolate. Though my head was aching to distraction, I soon resolved to leave the dhoolie and its funereal pace, and I galloped here, rapidly distancing all my attendants.

There are two roads to Lahoûl ; this is one, and the other is *via* Rôkchin, the way we came last year. The Gopa says that this route is by far the best, and that Lahoûl is eight marches distant. Juskur or Zuskâr is six days' journey from this spot.

I am told that the road to S'piti is very bad ; but if the people say this in the vain hope of persuading me to give up the trip, they are foolishly deluded. If their representations of difficulties would have any effect, it would only be to determine me — *to go ! c'est tout.*

It is bitterly, piercingly cold here ; a high wind blowing, which comes in icy chillness from the snowy mountains which environ the desert spot. I do not remember ever seeing an estimate of the altitude of the Pass I have just crossed. In my opinion it must be between sixteen and seventeen thousand feet in elevation above the level of the

sea. None of the Heights in its neighbourhood appear more than six or seven hundred feet higher than the summit of the Pass, though a good deal of deep unbroken snow lies on the tops of some of the mountains quite near. A small stream flows on this side of the Pass, and supplies water at Deverung. I do not know what becomes of it, for below Deverung, the valley is destitute of water, though the bed of the water-course is broadly marked. I think it very possible that the whole of the valley, in which the above encamping ground is situated, was once a lake. The stony bed of the water-course, though dry now, is plainly marked, and for the last mile is very broad, almost the whole breadth of the valley;—it opens into a wide and extensive sandy plain. The road to S'piti follows the left hand; that of Lahoul takes the opposite direction.

This is one of the encamping grounds of the Nomadic Tribes, but it is not one-tenth as large as Kōōrzuk, near the Chōōmorēēree Lake. The moon is shining on many black tents, and countless herds of sheep, goats and yâks. A hundred fires, lit by the Tartar furze, are blazing over half a mile of ground, and the whole scene is picturesque and singular, and (what I like,) very wild.

In spite of the alarming affray this evening, I

feel no terror in my solitude. The desert mountains are quite familiar to me, and though a defenceless woman, I can awe and command even these wild children of the wilderness,—probably, by my very fearlessness!

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TOOGJEH-CHUMBOO. OOJAR ENCAMPING  
GROUND. (DISTRICT ROOPSHOO.)

*Distance, about fifteen miles.*

15th August, 1851. *Friday.*—This is near the spot where we had a meeting with the Chinese last year. The Pēemakingjing Lake, or Tchōō-Soowürh, is close by,—its white shores glittering as white as ever. I described it last year, so I will say nothing more now, than that the numerous flocks of handsome geese have entirely disappeared. Whether they have been frightened away by the numerous European sportsmen, or whether they are merely gone “pleasuring,” deponent sayeth not.

After leaving my camp this morning, I soon galloped into the S’piti road, along the sandy plain before adverted to. About half-way, by a small tank of water, I drank some tea, and then cantered here, remembering the way distinctly, and distancing guide and attendants alike. The road is

excellent, along successive plains. I passed several of the Mânies. The hills which flank the plains are bare as ever, but low and undulating. The Tartar furze as prevalent as usual.

I am surprised to see how cloudy it now is, in these burning deserts. In July last year, not a single cloud obscured the killing glare of the Thibetan sun. This afternoon, hail fell, but in no great quantity.

There is another Camp here ;—two gentlemen trying to shoot the peculiar species of wild sheep, which abound on the neighbouring mountains. Hares are also found all about this line of the country. They are of two kinds ; one white, the other blue and fawn-coloured. The Kiâng, or wild-horse, also frequents these desert mountains, and large herds of these have been seen in this immediate neighbourhood. I described them last year, and need not repeat the account now.

The mountains which encircle the lake some little distance from its white shores, are undulating, and rise from about five hundred to nearly a thousand feet above the plain. This lake evidently was far more considerable once, and probably filled the entire amphitheatre, formed by the surrounding Heights. The white deposit extends far beyond the present body of water, and the

ground to the foot of the encompassing mountains is either marshy or sandy ; nor can there be any doubt that it was formerly covered by the waters of the Salt Lake. There is a little snow on the hills, but some are quite bare.

END OF VOL. II.



## APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

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(A.)

8. The Pahalgâm Pass, between Gunêsh Bul and the valley of Wurdwun.

This is a very difficult pass, and is only adapted to foot-passengers. It is rarely practicable before the middle of June, and closes in November. The snow lies very deep on this route, and there are four or five days of *Oojâr*, before Wurdwun is reached. Kashmir is entered (in coming from the Wurdwun valley over this pass) at the north-north-east. This pass leads to Thibet and Kishtawâr:—also to the celebrated caves of Amur Nâth.

9. The Wurdwun Punjâl.

This pass is to the east of the Pahalgâm Pass, and lies a little to the southward of it. Horses can be taken. It opens in June, and closes early in December.

This pass also leads to Thibet and Kishtawâr. The latter route passes Pamber and Duchin before reaching Kishtawâr.

(B.)

Shâhabad, means the abode of the Shah, or King. This was once the largest place in the southern extremity of the valley, but its glory has departed. The town is a melancholy ruin, and the environs are overgrown with nettles and noxious weeds. The highest peak of the Range, under the shadow of which it lies, is 1,300 feet above the ruined town. The rocks in the vicinity are composed of a kind of limestone, and the strata thereof are singularly contorted, as I have frequently observed in the Thibetan Heights, the manifest consequence of the volcanic power which upheaved these vast mountains.

Shâhabad is famed for the best apples in Kashmir, and the wheat and rice-fields are still abundantly luxuriant all round the environs of this once flourishing town.

## (C.)

Gunêsh, or Gunêsha, is the God of Wisdom and Policy. He is painted as a short fat man, red-coloured, with a large *proboscis* in front, and the trunk of an elephant. He has four hands, all fully employed;—in one he holds the *ankas*, or iron instrument for guiding and coercing an elephant; in the second he extends a “*chank*” or shell; in the third a conical ball, and in the fourth, a vessel containing small cakes, with which he is supposed to refresh himself. He is generally described as having a rat near him, often bestriding it. The Hindoos regard the rat as the symbol of Prudence and Fore-thought. Gunêsh is invoked on all important matters, being regarded as wise beyond his divine compeers, and his image is frequently placed over the doors of houses and shops to ensure success to the business of the merchants and owners.

Gunêsh came into the world in a most irregular manner, for he was not indebted to man or woman for his vitality. His mother was, however, the fair Pârbuttie, in the divine genealogies, and her mode of producing this eccentric member of her offspring was decidedly original. While she was bathing, she collected all the impurities on the surface of the water, and laboriously kneaded them into shape, giving life to the form by pouring the sacred water of Gunga, or Ganges over it. Pârbuttie is represented as a loving mother to her irregular scion. The elephant’s trunk was added subsequently, and in this wise:—Pârbuttie having vivified the scum of the bath as above detailed, placed her son as sentinel outside the bath, while she continued her ablutions. Siva or Maha Déo (her divine lord and master) coming to the portal, was rudely repulsed by the filial sentinel, for which act of daring, Siva cut off his head without delay. The lamentations of Pârbuttie at last induced him to take the first head he could find, (which was that of an elephant,) and make it adhere to the shoulders of Gunêsh, by way of replacing his serious loss.

“Shah Jehan” was the son of Jehanghir, and the father of Aurungzêb. He occupied the mighty throne of Delhi from A.D. 1628 to 1658.

The “Rishis” were the children of the Menus, the offspring of the Brahmadicás, who were the sons of Brahma. Astronomically they are the spouses of the six Pleides, though as they are seven in number, “six” and “seven” scarcely accord!



Mythologically they are seven sages, who obtained beatitude by their virtue and piety.

## (D.)

These Pandoos were five heroes or demi-gods, the sons of Pandoo and Koonti. Their mother was a sister of the Prince of Mathoora, the distinguished father of the Indian Hercules, Baldiva. The names of the five Pandoos were, Yoodishtra, Bheema, Arjun, Nycoola, and Sydeeva. These heroes are constantly mentioned in the Hindoo history, as well as in the mythology, though one writer (Moore) tries to show that they had no historical existence, and were to be regarded simply in an allegorical light, to typify—1. Modesty and tenderness; 2. Strength; 3. Bravery and talent; 4. Harmonious and perfect beauty; 5. Wisdom. If the author who advances this theory had taken the trouble to dip further into ancient historical records, he would have found ample evidence of the tangible and actual mortal existence of the beloved *quintet*,—exalted for their extraordinary feats of prowess into demi-gods. Of course fable mingles with all the historical accounts of these heroes, but it is folly to deny their identity altogether. They were the descendants of the ancient sovereigns who occupied the countries bordering upon the Jumna, called the Pandooan Râj, or kingdom of the Pandoos. On the death of their father, the empire was seized by a nephew who assumed the sovereignty, on the plea, that the five brothers were illegitimate, and through his machinations caused them to be proscribed for about twelve years. They wandered over every part of India, accompanied by their cousins Baldiva (the Hindoo Hercules) and his brother Heri. It is in these wanderings that they have left behind them the monuments of glorious magnificence that the Hindoos to this day still ascribe to them. Arjun was the most renowned of the fraternal quintet, and his prowess won him the hand of a celebrated beauty yeleft Droopdavi, the daughter of the Prince of Panchalica; when, according to the Hindoo customs still prevalent in some parts of the East, the lady became the wife of the five brothers at once. Their marriage was followed by an attempt to return to their native land and there to settle in peace, but their unnatural relation again expelled the heroes. They then retired to the dense forests of the south, and wonderful tales are related of dangers surmounted, and

successful encounters with the wild denizens of the deep woods, both man and beast equally savage. Their noble and valorous deeds are recited by the Hindoos with passionate enthusiasm. The brother of Baldiva at length fell a victim to the continued attacks of the foresters.

Their prescribed term of exile being at an end, they returned to the land of their father; and being still contemptuously treated by the sovereign, they resolved to conquer their birth-right by force of arms. Accordingly, a sanguinary battle took place between the rival clans; but though the brothers were at first successful, they were finally constrained to quit their native land, and, according to some accounts, they are represented as having ultimately in disgust abandoned India altogether. The son of Arjun was subsequently elevated to the throne of "Indraprestha" (the ancient or mythological name of Delhi).

The brothers also appear in the Hindoo mythology, and Arjun, the most renowned of the fraternity, is represented as being the favoured of Parâm-Isiwâr (or Siva), who, in token of his appreciation of his austere holiness as well as his carnal valour, presented him with the "pausoopcott" arrow, the virtues of which are incalculable, and so divinely mysterious that Indra\* and Yama† are not even acquainted with its wonderful powers. This celestial weapon enables the fortunate possessor to vanquish all with whom he strives, even to the subjugation of the universe. In consequence, we find Arjun sculptured with the deities in the Hindoo temples.

\* Indra is the Lord of the Firmament and the God of Storms, &c., &c.

† The regent of the infernal regions.

