KULU:

ITS

BEAUTIES, ANTIQUITIES,

AND

SILVER MINES,

INCLUDING A TRIP OVER THE SNOWY RANGE

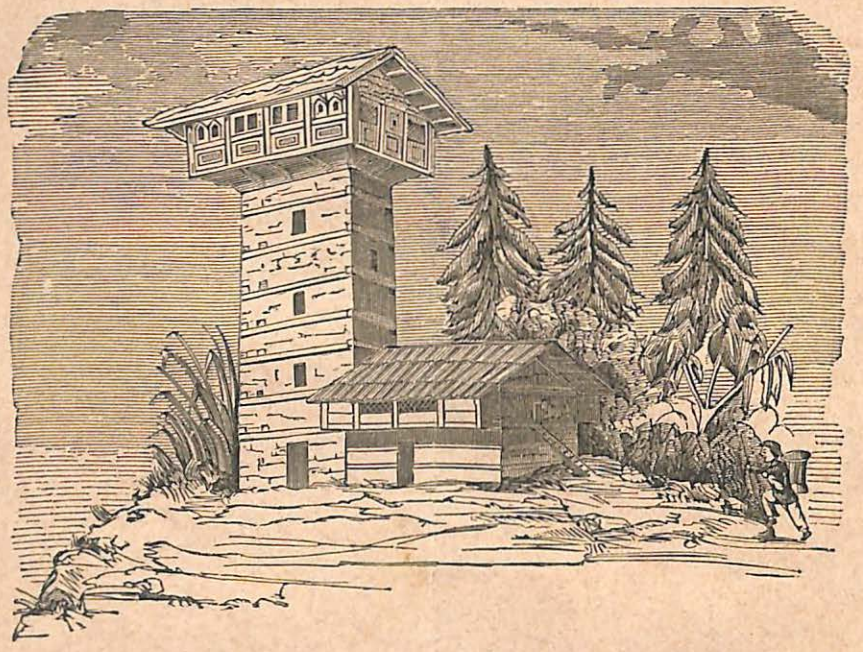
AND GLACIERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Notes on the Mineral Wealth of India."

By
J. Calvert

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AT THE "ENGLISHMAN" PRESS.
1871.



A Farm-House, Kulu.

KULU:

ITS

BEAUTIES, ANTIQUITIES,

AND

Silver Mines,

INCLUDING A TRIP OVER THE SNOWY RANGE AND GLACIERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Notes on the Mineral Wealth of India."

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AT THE "ENGLISHMAN" PRESS.

1871.

a lustrous green or a bright gold colored metallic crystal, that has, like a golden Eve, lured more than one man to ruin and starvation, imagining he had found gold.* Up above this khud, which exhibits the geological formation in a most interesting and distinct manner, is the village of Chisani, and above that numerous copper mines or indications, the green exudations from which shows itself for hundreds of yards, and bunches of ore have been worked out in many places to some little depth hundreds of years ago; the discovery of these old workings originated in finding pieces of ore in the khud below.

When these mines were worked the labor was compulsory, and was therefore thrown off the moment opportunity occurred, such as the incursion of antagonistic tribes, or may be the smelting was stopped for want of timber, which a few hundred years has amply made amends for now, or what is most probable, as with the Danes in Great Britain, the natives here never like to drive in further than the sun shines, consequently the immense lode that can be traced for miles in the mountain above has been scarcely touched but in a few holes. These are called the Pilan Mines, being in the Pilan Kothi in Vazeeri Rupi, and have only lately been re-discovered.

There is no access to them up this khud, but there is a path from Dilasni, and another from Badool further on through the village of Chisani.

* It is said that Major Hay reported gold in Kulu on finding a quantity of "iron pyrites," and it is certain he is not the last who made the fatal error. Gold may be always detected by this simple means. It is malleable, no other yellow metal is so found, but goes to powder when struck.

Come on. The road is wide and safe, and the valley open to the left over the river, which soon becomes again deep below the road. Notice the limestone formation and those large blocks at the turning of the road just past this nullah. What fossils are these? a mass of oysters, or what? Break off some and send them to Dr. Oldham, and he'll put it on a shelf to bother some one else. The appearance reminds one of scollop'd oysters, but no one would have left so many uneaten.

Go on, and the valley still widens, occasionally you will get a glimpse of the geological formation, which is very interesting if you bear in mind that the part below you is limestone conglomerate, of pieces of a similar rock to that above.

That mountain to your right high above is "Jamere," 8,973 feet, and I can say "beaucoup j'admire," for it is full of copper and gold, but you can't get at it from this side.

The road heightens above the river. Oh, could you but jump to the other side of the river. In those woods of Mundi are thousands of fine wild hog—pork, but not bacon, running wild.

Now we come to the Ferry below Badool village. The natives here adopt the method of lashing a charpoy on to two inflated buffalo skins, and convey you and all your belongings over with the greatest ease, if not pleasantness. But be you careful while collecting specimens of that conglomerate limestone that overhangs the ferry, which is surpassingly interesting if not unique, that none of those hundreds of monkeys that hang about above the projecting rock do not, by accident or design, roll stones down on your head or toes,

or, swinging carelessly from a branch, *pukero* your topie or your wife's chignon, for such things have been done.

Come now, get on the charpoy, call the dogs, and over we go. See how deep the blue water is, and so clear you can see the white sand and every stone below, and see the image of that monkey swinging from the tree above by his tail, the elasticity of his limbs enabling him to supply his daily wants without curtailing his gambols.

These monkeys may be seen about here and elsewhere in hundreds, some hugging their pretty little ones as if they really loved them.

Now we are in Mundi territory for a while, passing the village of Nagoad, the nulla from which this stream runs that we cross by this bridge leads to a fine shooting ground for pheasant, chikor, &c.: and they tell me, on those mountains are a peculiar deer like small oxen, but without horns. There are also large iron mines, which are worked by the Rajah of Mundi's people.

At the farms up here the finest gram-fed sheep can only be purchased at Rs. 8 each,—sheep equal to any English!

We now ascend the road above one of the most beautiful turns in the Blue Beas, whose deep water below the road, cut in the precipitous and overhanging limestone rock, ever reflects that exquisite blue for which it is famous.

We now descend to the banks of the Beas, where many interesting stones may be *picked up*, though they don't pay to carry. This little rest-house at

Shirri was built by the kind Rajah of Mundi for the use of travellers delayed by the floods from crossing the Ferry. There is no charge for this shelter, but there is at all those we are coming to in British territory. In this consideration the Rajah of Mundi sets a noble example, compared to the accommodation and charges of our own Government, that needs copying. It is a disgrace to the Government to charge for some of the "cattle sheds" they call rest-houses in Kulu.*

If you examine the overhanging limestone rocks to the left of this rest-house, there is a small lode of Bismuth and Manganese ore in the pink limestone matrix, which will afford a very unusual cabinet specimen, although too small to work at a profit.

We must leave that and the black marble too, for here ends the limestone formation, and hasten on towards Bajara Rest-house, about two short miles. High up on the left is a quarry of white micaceous decomposed slate which is quarried to use as whitewash, and lower down the hill the white beacons show the boundary of the Mundi territory, which we pass at this stone wall and are again in Kulu; to the left is the tea house and remains of what was intended for a tea plantation, but proved a failure in tea, though a good excuse for purchasing land.

We now descend into the old bed of the Bajara Khud and wheel round to the rest-house, which forms a comfortable shelter, considering it is said to have been built for nothing.

* To wit, Manali, Pulchan, and Rolla; there is no rest-house at Dobie.

Beware, however, of dogs, for I have seen a leopard attack a dog in the verandah here during dinner time.

You must remain a day at least here, for you are in the widest if not the prettiest part of the valley. So see for yourself, or follow my descriptive guide.

There is a very nice walk for a mile or two up the khud here before breakfast, and you can even get a dip there under the rocks in a retired place, but never go without a stick at least, for some of the Guddees or shepherds' hill dogs are sometimes in charge here over the flocks, and will boldly attack you: and some are so fierce I have had to defend myself with my sword and kill, because I could not drive them off, but this was further north.

Some of these hill people reside during the winter in the caves excavated high up the right, which hold not only families but *flocks* of sheep or goats, but return to their country during the summer months. These caves have, I expect, been dug out for some metallic mineral or the red clay that is found in this claystate or sandstone shale formation. There are plenty of lodes of carbonate of iron in these hills, and some signs of lead.

There is an agent for the Tea Plantation Company resides at Bajara, who, if he fails in his tea, does not in his hospitality, where the generosity of the hostess is so amiably bestowed by the fair daughter, it would be impossible to omit the testimony which every one bears to the kindness of the only European family resident at present in Kulu.

Here are the remains of the Old Fort of Bajara, which a horrid Vandalism has doomed to destruction

for the sake of a few stones and rotten sticks of wood for fuel.

Centuries ago this fort must have bristled with the appurtenances of war, repelling the attacks of rapacious neighbours, or later still of such ruthless invaders as Runjeet Singh, who, it is said, at one time levied 'black mail' on this place to the amount of two lacs of silver, the frail walls not being able to withstand his artillery, which

"Bellowed its deluge of immortal smash."

No doubt, however, many a native has there shown his great prowess in arms, fighting with sword in hand "for hearth and home," till made to "bite the dust."

No useless monument surmounts his grave, but for the sake of those who fought and bled, let the old stones stand.

In those days this fort no doubt gave good shelter to its defenders, till modern artillery brought by Runjeet Singh and the bold warrior Seikhs left no alternative but to submit, *and pay*.

Some parts of this fort must have been well constructed and well adorned, as will be seen by a stone used as a step to the Tea Agent's Bungalow, not the only stone, by many, I expect, used in the construction of this and other adjacent village buildings. The few that are left show no want of skill in workmanship or design in the rich carvings that cover them.

Not to be despised in either sense is an ancient "gurgoil" or water-spout, now used at the entrance of a Bunjah's store on the hill above the bridge. Carved

in solid Mica schist, it forms an interesting specimen of carving and design worthy a modern sculptor, although reported to be more than eight hundred years old ; whether this formed a " gurgoil" for carrying the water off a roof is perhaps dubious, though it follows many a similar design in English, and especially Norman Cathedrals and other buildings in Europe: or whether it formed, as is more probable, the conduit from a spring or water-course where the early maiden drew her morning draught or the more tired traveller his refreshing bath,—it is a very interesting relic of bygone ages in Kulu, and deserves a better position and protection than being thus " degraded, cast carelessly away."

Here no doubt dwelt the Negee or chosen head man of the district or " Kohti," whose rights included certain authority over the unmarried daughters, as well as claim to certain " bucksees" and " dustoories," which increased the emulation for the important position.

But there are two other interesting memorials of antiquity if not of superstition close by. One is a temple and numerous detached carvings in the adjacent village, where it is impossible to say whether all the curiously carved stories originally formed one building, though now so scattered, or were not part of some temple or building attached to the Fort : they are well worth inspecting, although some of them are much mutilated and begrimed with filth.

The most perfect object, however, is a small temple of carved stone in an isolated spot to the East of the rest-house among the fields. This is comparatively perfect, considering it is supposed to be eight or nine hundred

years old ; the injuries to the carvings are not the result of time, but the wantonness of the Mahomedans, who from religious prejudice destroy all sculptured figures.*

Bajara Temple is of a square plan.

The door and entrance porch is to the East side, and there are recesses on each of the three other sides in which are bas-reliefs. In the Southern recess is the Elephant God, in the Western the Goddess "Bowanne atpoojee" with her eight arms.

The figure to the North holds a long sword in her left hand and a sort of rozette in her right, at her feet small devils are fighting.

On the entrance door jambs are figures whose legs are in plate armour, they have umbrellas over their heads, held in one instance by a small figure in armour, the other has more small devils fighting at her feet : they are all sadly defaced from mere wantonness.

The inscriptions on the door jambs may be more recent than the building, and merely note the visit of some person on pilgrimage who considers himself important ; the style is like sanscript.

I have made a number of drawings of various carved stones in this temple, some of the figures being four feet high, and have copied some of the inscription, which no doubt can be decyphered by the learned ; at least I remember Mr. Fergusson telling me at the Geological Society's meeting in London, that there were no inscriptions in India that could not be decyphered. This

* Moorcroft relates (p. 169) that these sculptures were mutilated by the soldiers of the grandfather of Sandsar Chand when he invaded Kulu.

and similar buildings are constructed without mortar between the stones, but every stone has "dressed" faces, joints and "bed" fitting in its assigned place with great accuracy throughout—there being no "filling in" of rubbish so common with the P. W. Department, which evidently had no existence in those times. Nor were the architects who designed these enduring examples of their skill sent adrift on the world as unfit for further work at 48 years of age as in India now.

The carving on one of the stones represents "Barachq," a figure half angel, half bird ; I have seen similar effigies or figures beautifully executed in Delhi at the Mohurrum festival.

It is related here that "a French gentleman endeavoured to purchase this temple with a view to having it removed," but it would not be an impossibility to take casts of some of the carvings, though much defaced.

One thing I remarked that, excepting the profiles of the three-faced god or goddess, which appears on each side, as also in front of the temple at Jugget Sookht, I have not seen similar carvings anywhere else. Whereas in Mundi territory and lower South, the temples are nearly all built after the same model.

At the Holy Lake in Riwalsir, below Mundi city, I found some masons quarrying the rocks and building a temple very much like one I saw on the banks of the Beas below Nadoun. I enquired if the head mason had any drawing from which he executed the work ; his reply was "no, we build on the same plan, and carve the same ornaments and designs as our fathers did before us. Each man knows his duty and the work consigned to him," a kind of practical Free-

masonry, that is said to have prevailed in Europe when the buildings, such as our early cathedrals, were erected.

This building has suffered much from lightning and earthquake, which has severed one section from the main building about six inches all the way down, the stones remaining, however, unbroken and still "toothed" into each other.

Perhaps this has been caused by lightning striking the iron rod fixed on the top. I believe, however, that a severe earthquake is on record which occurred here not a great while since, and will account for this and other similar phenomena.

At Jugget Sookht Temple higher up the valley, the largest stone, three or four feet wide, has shifted about ten inches to the north, no other stone being displaced.

Sir H. De la Beche mentions similar occurrences, and I remember having seen the mullions of the windows of Kanturk Castle Co., Cork, Ireland, have been turned a quarter of the way round without affecting the transoms or sills.

The altar inside is provided with gutters for the blood, but at present the sacrifices seem limited to some unfortunate mouse caught in the corn bin, or at other times of a few simple flowers from the field. At times, however, as we shall see hereafter, blood can flow freely enough.

There is a good view both up and down the valley from the adjacent high land.

The view to the east of Kot Kandi across the river is not without interest, the summit is about 8,000 feet,

but if seen from about a mile and a half up 'Bajara Khud' it is better still, especially in the cold season, when the dark forests contrast so well with the more distant snowy heights of the Girault mountain 12,670. On the right end of the ridge is the temple and village of Duyar above the limestone rock which ceases here; below Kot Kandi are numerous large villages, and several rich lodes of copper, iron, and manganese, never yet worked; there is also good slate; the jungle and grass on this hill looks, of course, red and parched up in winter, but is beautifully green after the rains; there is, however, a great want of water on account of the geological strata dipping down in the opposite direction.

Looking across is the Harla Khud, and on the other side of it the before-mentioned Jamere; there is a fair road up this khud, which abounds in copper ore from the Narole and other mines here; there are also fine white marble slabs or tiles in abundance from the limestone shales. This khud leads up to Kasal 11,795, and is said to abound with game.

The Beas River is fordable in several places about here according to the season, offering facilities for crossing to the other side; during the heat and floods, however, some alteration takes place in the position where the Ferrymen ply.

We will now leave Bajara keeping on the road, as there is not much sport in the hills to the west, or left, unless you venture up to Kokan, 8,520 feet, and its neighbouring forests, for pheasant and chikor. No shooting, however, is allowed here out of season.

Three and half miles from Bajara to the left of the road is a small hut temple under a tree, interesting

so far only as being the deposit of numerous tombs or stones erected in memory of certain good and faithful wives who underwent Suttee with their beloved husbands' corpses years ago; there are many more at Nugger, but all are very inferior in execution to any carvings at the other temples like Bajara, which are of great merit both in artistic design as well as execution. Some of the scroll work might do credit even in present days to a school of design: these, however, are apparently chopt out of sand-stone by a village mason only, and usually represent the Rajah on horse, and as many figures below or above as were sacrificed at his death. There are no attempts at any inscription whatever.

Farther on is the village of Shumshee, which is so poor that there is no roof over the temple altar in the middle of the road.

In the river near here gold is washed for at certain seasons, but the abundance of large rocks in the bed prevent the sand being reached, and makes the success very small.

"It is stated that the people in the mountainous districts to the north adopt the following ingenious method of collecting gold dust in the otherwise inaccessible precipices and ravines:—

"Previous to driving their flocks and herds of goats and sheep out to graze daily, they cover their feet with some gummy or other glutinous matter, especially between the hoofs, and on their being collected in the evening, wash it off every one: and from the dirt

so collected they actually derive some little amount of gold dust collected from places where it is impossible for human foot to climb.

"These people, living on a little grain which their sheep carry for them in bags on their backs, and the milk of their herd for drink, traverse over vast mountainous regions of the Himalayas unexplored by any one else, and affording during the summer months sufficient pasturage to supply their flocks: while the lower lands are parched up, until the returning snow compels them to descend to the freshly watered and more verdant plains.

"This gold is, no doubt, produced by the disintegration of auriferous veins in the rocks, which are for many months in the year subjected to heavy avalanches of snow and 'piteous storms;' and their little store of gold affords them some small ornament for the ears or noses of their females, or is kept as a last resource for time of want,—if such people ever can want, who find their meat, drink and clothing provided for them by their flocks, and a home in the mountain cave."*

There is usually a ferry at work over the river about here.

Opposite here is the entrance to the Parbutti, which is reached by crossing at this ferry: and the high mountain to the north of it is Bijli, on the summit of which, 8,070 feet high, is a temple to the goddess of lightning. It is easily accessible from Sultanpur.

* *Vide* Notes on the Mineral Wealth of India, by John Calvert, F. G. S.

After passing along a pleasant avenue of trees, and following the river bank, we cross the Maol Khud; here immense blocks of copper lodes have been brought down from *somewhere* ages ago. Continuing along the river bed we begin to ascend with the road high above it, and after passing a spring of water under some large trees, the road is cut in the solid sand-stone, and though precipitous and high above the river, is quite safe.

From here may be seen the celebrated Sona-pani Glacier in Lahoul, and two mountains 21 and 22,000 feet high.

Nearer, and looking very picturesque at the foot of the spur of the facing mountain, is Sultanpur, the present capital of Kulu, and a place of some commerce every autumn. It is also the residence of Rae Dhulep Sing, the present Rae, who is a minor son of the late Rae Gyan Sing, who died from an accident in 1870.

The maidan south of the city has a fine appearance, and is kept free from buildings, or cultivation for the especial convenience of the Devil Gods, Munders, Juggernauts, or Davies, of which it is said there are at least 150 in the valley: the lands with which they are endowed forming no inconsiderable portion of the gross area under cultivation.

Before reaching this we pass Rile Khud to the left, where high up are large lodes of copper ore cropping out from the projecting rock.

Continuing the road, on each side of which are peach and apricot trees in abundance, we pass over the Maidan, and in the left out-of-the-way corner find the Rest-house.

Here, it is reported, you may "get anything," that is, provided you submit to the Assistant Commissioner's prices, which are most exorbitant, at least were so in 1869-70. When the late Assistant Commissioner was not residing the natives were more ready and willing to let us have all we wanted at moderate charges, although the tariff both for labour and provisions has been raised unnecessarily.

Opposite the Rest-house is the Tehseel, near which is a small garden "used to utilise the labour of the prisoners" by planting garlic and shucking peas for the Tehseel baboos.

Those who have dogs must take care of them here, as leopards abound. I witnessed a fight between two on the hill at the back of the Rest-house, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes, when they lost footing, and rolled down the mountain and separated.

At another time, our party consisted of two ladies and two gentlemen, we had walked up the adjoining khud for more than a mile, and were close home, the dogs having hastened in advance for their evening meal, and the servants and weapons being all far in front, except one dog, who we saw quite close above the road fighting with an old brown leopard which I at first took for a small cow. The dog was on his hind legs, and evidently had hold of the leopard by the ear or lip. On our shouting out, for we could do nothing else, the leopard climbed up the mountain, and the dog who seemed bereft of reason with fright, was found to have a longitudinal gash down his throat, no doubt caused by the leopard's paw. He lived, however, to be effectually chawed up the next fight.

Leopards commonly prowl about the city at night for dogs and *babies* ; and it is not till the natives have lost a cow or calf, which they value more than a baby I believe, that they will combine to attack them.

The leopards, however, have a partiality for dogs, which are not safe in the verandah even at night.

Near the before-mentioned fruit garden will be seen a quantity of boulders placed in circles or kraals, apparently for the protection of cattle at night. Here was encamped the army of Runjeet Sing when he came to claim black mail, but it is evident they existed and in that form long before his time, as the lichens with which they are covered would attest, and might have been erected and used by the Lahoul people and others who seek this valley all the winter months, before there was accommodation in the bazaar to the north of the town as now.

There is, to the north of the Rest-house, and at the corner of the road leading up the khud, a block of sand-stone covered with a long inscription, which, could we decypher, might interest us much if not instruct. The round holes drilled in it are, I presume, to burn a wick in for light ; probably it may tell of some great battle fought on that maidan ages ago.

Twice a year the maidan is covered with the Munders or Devil Gods, who come from all parts of Kulu and the adjacent country for three days' fair or feast, and muster above an hundred, all accompanied by "tum-tums," "trumpets, and shawms," some of which are of solid silver in the shape of the letter S joining

KULU:

Its Beauties, Antiquities, and Silver Mines.

TWELVE easy "marches," or about 115 miles North of Simla,—the celebrated and delightful Sanitarium of the privileged Indian Officials during the summer months, and in the same longitude 77° 22′ East, is the capital and valley of Kulu or Kooloo, wherein are the sources of the "Blue Beas River" and its tributary sister the "Parbutti."

Kulu Valley is noted for much beautiful scenery which even Cashmere cannot equal, and for *variety* it certainly bears the palm.

There are several approaches or entrances to Kulu Valley, that by way of Kangra and the "Bubu Pass," being the easiest as far as the road being wide and of gradual ascent, to which is added the convenience of rest-houses at every stage, those in Mundi territory being of a superior kind; but the British are almost always leaky, dirty, and badly attended. The Bubu Pass is over 10,000 feet high, and is impassable during four months every winter on account of the snow and ice, in which case the tourist must enter by the

Bajara Pass.* 7,000, to reach which he will have to go four marches round without the convenience of rest-houses, *vid* Mundi, which place, however, is worth altogether going a little out of the way to see.

There is another entrance from the south of the valley, and as it is often adopted by tourists from Simla on their way to Cashmere, and seems rather a favourite route, we propose to follow that, and point out the easiest way of visiting the most interesting spots and objects in the valley and adjacent country.

The following lines have no great pretensions other than forming a pleasant companion to the leisure hours of the tourist, and directing his steps to objects of interest, and might indeed have been allowed to see no other light than the fire, had others, more competent, been less tardy in relating the results of their visits and the places of interest in Kulu. In the absence of any other attempt at description, I may perhaps be permitted to offer the present one.

Starting from Largi Rest-house, which is south of the 'Saing' River, and north of the 'Chata,' we cross the river by a bridge, when it is not broken or carried away, by no means an unusual occurrence, in which case—without intending a pun, divers expedients are adopted to cross man and beast, which, though accompanied at times by some danger but more fright, is seldom accompanied by worse results.

* This is not the native name, but will be found the most familiar and convenient as the pass leads to "Bajara." Sometimes called "Jihir Pass" from the village of Jihir on the Mundi side. The river which runs down to the Beas is called "Ruperari" by Moorcroft.

When over, we are in 'Vazeeri Rupi,' part of Kulu. That mountain above is called Punjal, and is 6,097 feet above the level of the sea at the top. If you were to climb up here you would probably see the quarry of precious serpentine,* a lovely sea-green stone used for ornamental purposes, and according to tradition being eaten for liver complaint.

We will, however, continue the road, leaving the energetic proprietor of the quarry above to make his fortune by it.

On turning the corner we find the "Blue Beas" to our left and are entering the Kulu Valley. At present it has rather the appearance of a deep khud or ravine, but it soon opens on the view as we stop to light a cheroot under that pepul tree on the road. Below this some hundred feet is a spring of salt water, or "brine," that would supply all the country round with that necessary of life though deadly poison—salt.† By the evaporation of this liquid in large open troughs or tanks, or by letting it run from a height over sprigs or bushes, the salt is precipitated and crystallized, and water evaporated, the result being table salt. Now we must move on as Government will not allow that to be worked without a duty of Rs. 3 per maund, lest it should oppose the sale of their salt, of which the Government keep the monopoly,—a

* Also called "verd antique," "ophite," "Moona Marble," &c., being very common off the Lizard's in Cornwall. It is a Silicate of Magnesia, whence its medicinal property.

† Salt. "Rock salt." "Muriate of Soda," a large dose of salt is said to kill.—See "Cooley."

policy we condemn in the Maharajah of Cashmere but practise ourselves.*

We must move on as the next rest-house is 13 miles from Largi.

Now the valley begins to open, although this side is somewhat precipitous for a mile or two further. The other side is the territory of the Rajah of Mundi, and that high mountain on the left is Tong, 9,060 feet high.

The Rajah of Mundi is an independent prince, if a prince can be called independent who pays Rs. 10,000 a year to the Government, and has the privilege of a British official residing with him not only to watch all he does, but all he does not do. I can, however, personally attest to his urbanity and attention to every one favouring his capital with a visit, and I expect he is indebted for his considerate thoughtfulness to his late tutor and councillor Mr. Clarke, the loss of whose presence and advice he must much regret. But we shall have more to say of Mundi hereafter.

This little village to the right is Dilasni, not so large a village I expect as it was 300 years ago, when the miners from the copper mines above used to bring all the copper here to smelt till that Devil "Choke Damp" frightened them all away. However, if you go up the adjoining khud you can pick up plenty of copper ore, which to the uninitiated shows itself in

* The Rajah of Mundi has large salt quarries 30 miles from here which supply all the valley, but pays no duty to the British Government, though it was lately proposed he should. It is expected the duty will be remitted off this, as the sale of it would only injure the sale of the Mundi salt, which is very impure stuff, and pays no duty to the British Government.

in the middle, so that the mouth-piece end packs into the larger end when not in use ; added to these is a species of "pibrock" with a cold, making, as Sidney Smith said of the St. Paul's organist, " a noise like a whipt whining cur."

Hour after hour this awful din continues until each god has paid his respects to the other village gods, and they separate into batches for the night in various parts of the maidan.

It will be seen there is no figure to represent the god, being only head and shoulders, the remainder having, according to tradition, been " destroyed."

The construction of the "Davi" or Devil God is in this way. A kind of ornamental chair is supported on four men's shoulders by long bamboos, the chair is covered with rich silk or shawls, usually of red color, with deep fringes of silver or gold, and where the back cushion is usually placed in our chairs are fixed from three to ten or more silver masks or faces of various sizes, according to the wealth of the village to which it belongs, and the value of its landed endowments ; the masks have the eyes and features rudely painted on the silver, and do not do credit at all to the silver-smiths of Kulu, who can turn out most excellent work, especially in the silver necklaces and tiaras for the women, and the blue enamel medals worn by almost every man.

Below this chair, it must be noted, is a large receptacle or bag, hid by the ornamental valance or hangings in which the donations to the devil and the prog of

the priests and followers is carried. This is capacious as Robin Hood's wallet, that held the Bishop of Hereford's "three hundred pounds;" nor must we forget the bottle with a "wee drop" of native 'bang' made in Kulu from a common herb, which proves efficacious in "stealing away men's brains."

At night each party bivouacs out, there being much feasting and more noise round a fire, the din gradually becomes less and the debauchery greater, being only comparable to a small "Barthelemy Fair." It is a great pity this "religious meeting" could not be transferred for three days to—Exeter Hall.

The Devil's avocations are not, however, limited to these two great "Malees." He must keep the 'wallet' full at any cost. If it rains too much, or don't rain at all, he can find an excuse, and out the whole procession comes, climbing the mountain side, and turning out the farmer's wife something in this way: "No rain!" who wonders at it? You had large crops last time, and never send Davi a bit of corn. Your sheep dropt plenty, but you never send the Devil one lamb. Now I want one rupee eight annas. Ah! it's of no use your saying you have only a rupee in the world, I'll soon turn up the pot underground with the money in it. I've spoken to the Devil, and he says it is such as you that keep the rain away. Speak again? well I will, but you must give me one of those new shawls for the cold weather and ten seers of fine flour, and then I'll speak to the Devil for you about the weather." This is really the kind of thing that goes on, the villagers having the greatest terror of

Davi and the priests, and yet it is no more that Captain Marryat describes, and I have heard preached by the illiterate Negros of the West Indies. "Aye, Mr. Butcher, you kill sheep twice a week, and neber send me one bit of liber. Wha you tink you go to?"

That thing you see on wheels is the car which carries the Kulu Devil or Juggernaut about on these occasions: but his holiness is not like the others, it is a gold box, or a gold image in a box. I have only seen the latter, and when this was brought up the hill from the temple in the city, and deposited in this carriage, which is all covered with crimson and gold, the late Rae made his obeisance to it, and presented some gold mohurs. It was then surrounded by the attendants and priests, and dragged by a number of Kulu people all over the maidan, visiting the wealthy who were encamped in handsome tents, and no doubt had to 'shell out the pecuniary gratification for the ever-hungry Davi, who with all his influence, as they believe, with the clerk of the weather, cannot always prevent a shower of rain putting the whole community, which may at times be estimated at 6,000 people, into one general *sauve qui peut* to get under shelter.

The appearances of the several processions leaving on the last day is very picturesque, as they wind up the mountain sides in all direction, drums beating, flags flying, and heads aching if not hearts.

The following account is from Fergusson's Picturesque Architecture of Hindostan, page 25:—

"The images of the gods (Jugganath at Puri) are placed on a throne in the dark chamber under the great

tower, where, of course, they are not visible to Europeans, but they are brought out once a year, when all the world may feast their eyes on their hideousness ; and it would, perhaps, be difficult to imagine a scene in which the ludicrous and absurd so completely overpowers the sublimity that must always accompany an earnest act of adoration on the part of a hundred thousand human beings, who are usually congregated there on these occasions. The image of Jugganath is a single block of wood, six feet in length and about the same in girth, formed into a bust. As long as his progress is down the steps of the temple all goes on smoothly, but as the block is of some weight, it is no such easy matter to get him through the deep mud of the level street. To effect this the lower part of the image is always somewhat rounded, and the attendants swing him backwards and forwards till the oscillatory motion is deemed sufficient, when those in front, who have hold on a rope which is tied round his waist, give a pull, those behind a push, and his godship is thus hitched on a few yards, when there is a pause to allow the chowrie-bearers to flap away the flies and the fan-bearers to cool the god after the exertion. Then another pull and a swing, a shove and a shout; and this is repeated again and again, till he is dragged up the inclined plane into his car. His chest, containing all his requisites for his journey, is then brought forth (in size and appearance very like a midshipman's sea-chest of the present day). In this are not only his clothes and food, but his *hands* and *feet*, which *he* uses as we mortals do our boots and gloves to be put on only when wanted : and after being washed

and dressed, he should of course proceed on his journey. The fates, however, were not propitious to the poor god, for the next morning his car had only advanced few yards and stuck fast in the mud on the spot where I sketched it on the following day.* That night it ran up against a house, and as there are no means of turning the car, they were obliged to *pull the house down* and pass over the ruins; and as, besides this the roads were heavy, the god was three days in reaching his country-house, the Goundicha Nour, at the distance of half a mile from the temple.

Page 31

Kulu men are allowed more wives than one, and as the females do most of the field labour except ploughing, the more wives a man can provide for, the better he gets off. At the same time some women marry several husbands. When at Manali I was told of one who married three brothers, but the youngest soon destroyed himself from jealousy. Certain it is that the ladies are more notorious for their fine figures and faces than for their virtue; and more than one "officer on leave" has got a wigging for casting "sweet glances" at them by the late censor of morals, the Assistant Commissioner of Kulu.

The head-dress of the women is very picturesque, and the English fashion may be supposed to have been copied from the manner in which they wear the little round scarlet cap on the very front of their forehead over their eyes.

On the occasion of one Mela I was permitted to take sketches of some of those whose dress I considered the most characteristic or picturesque.

The men are always spinning even as they travel along the road, and their clothes are nicely made up by the women; they wear a crimson or black woollen skull cap with a roll round the head, and usually some straw ornament or flower on the left side.

They make snow-shoes of straw in a very ingenious way, and these are even preferred by Europeans when sporting on the snowy hills; but strong stocking or socks must be worn with them.

A good trade is done here at times, especially in the autumn, when the Yarkandee merchants arrive with their goods to exchange for European. There is a great trade also in Borax, some of which is purified in the lower bazaar before being sent to the plains; carpets, churus, and even gold is brought from the plains beyond Lahoul, where there are as many as 30,000 persons employed at the diggings for six months in the year.

The appearance of the Yarkandees and Lahoul people is not prepossessing, the latter especially are most disgusting,—being filthy, dirty, and forward to impudence, as well as drunken; they hang about Kulu all the winter to the annoyance of every one and the danger of movable commodities. I found it was not safe to pass through them without a fair shilaleh at hand, or even something more effective, and was once nearly pulled from my pony while crossing the Sultanpur maidan by a drunken lot of Lahouls, who escaped for want of something more than a fist to mark them with.

Leaving the Rest-house at Sultanpur we proceed down the road into the lower bazaar and bed of the river: here are some very fine Citron trees; and the view of the bridges, as we near the river, is very pretty.

The ascent to the town is not quite so bad as the descent on the other side; the Post Office is in a *hole* in the entrance gate, and the Post Master is obliged by *virtue of his office* (?) to live up a ladder in the room above.

No stamps are sold at the Post Office, you must go to the Tehseel where, like myself on more occasions than one, you may have to wait for days before any one attends to sell them, or even to answer the door. I have known a tourist detained five days here before he could change a money-order. The Tehseel of Kulu comprises Kulu Proper and Vazeeri Rupi; contains 46,000 inhabitants, 3,000 of which are in Vazeeri Rupi, and 1,110 in the town of Sultanpur.

The inhabitants are quiet and peaceable if not industrious; like many other natives, however, the presence of the Commissioner incites them to litigation, which, but for the opportunity, they would not indulge in. The Kutcherry to them is like the law court or the whiskey shop to an Irishman, he cannot pass the one without having a "drop of potheen," and he is never happy unless he has some law-suit on the tapis, especially about an inch of "land," for which it is notorious either of them would "sell his soul."

There is a fair school whose pupils learn cricket among other things; and in '69 there was an educational officer on Rs. 800 per mensem resident in the valley to look after the pupils.

A serai has lately been erected by Government with the aid of *forced* labor! for the Yarkand people visiting

Kulu, but it is very unhealthy, being down in a complete swamp, whose deadly malaria carries off the stray population every autumn after the rains; this might be drained at a trifling cost if the convicts were not so hard-worked at that garlic and green peas in the Tehseel garden.

Sultanpur is 4,092 feet above sea level, Bijli 8,070, and those high peaks over the river to the right "Krinchall" or Milander Peak 11,443, and the further one, "Rumetu," 12,084.

The large tree on the summit of the ridge opposite Sultanpur can be seen from Karowne ten miles up the Sivbarri River or Bubu Khud, and on the opposite side from the Parbutti mountains and valley.

The right bank or west side of the River Beas is the most agreeable to travel the next stage, the road being wide and good, and for the most part offering a pleasant view, especially of the richly-wooded islands in the river and the opposite bank.

As we ascend the valley the idea of its once having been a great glacier or lake becomes more apparent and decided.

Just as we are about to rise a second time from the edge of the river, and about six miles from Sultanpur, we see, peeping over the top of the hill on the left, the pretty cottage of Bundrole, built at great cost by a retired officer for his residence; the ascent is somewhat steep, but those who have his acquaintance are amply compensated for the climb by the happiness of his agreeable society.

There was above his house some height up a landslip, of which the native tradition is as follows :—

An old woman came to the village that was there one evening two or three years ago only, and demanded shelter for the night: this was, however, refused her, and she cursed the village, and went to the hut of a Dagi, or low caste man, in another village, a little lower down the hill, who extended to her the hospitality she had in vain sought at the first village. On her asking for some milk the Dagi lamented that he had none to give her. The old woman then desired him to go and look in the stable, he did so, and there found a beautiful white cow that he had never seen before, and whose milk not only supplied the old woman, but also himself and his family,—a very unusual thing in this land of small and but little milk-giving cattle.

In the morning the old woman and cow had both disappeared, and the village above had been destroyed by a landslip, of which the site is still visible. The natives say this woman was the " Spirit of the Mountain."

Three miles further up the river, the next house is seen above a small and young tea plantation, this is Rieson, the property of the same tea proprietor, General Sir Arthur Cunnynghame, whose success here is not better than at other places. The house is rather in a hole, and too much surrounded by paddy fields, or it would be a desirable spot.

A little further on, and close on the road, is " Dobie House," and the camping ground opposite. This house is usually let to some visitor every year.

Opposite is a bridge over the river leading to Nugger, but there is no Rest-house or accommodation other than space to pitch your tent there, and hardly that, but for tourists not returning down the valley it is better to take this road to Nugger, and to camp at Juggetsookht, or even cross to Manali, but it is a long march,—but a much better road than our present one along the river, where the view is confined.

A few miles from Dobie are the hot springs, where is also a camping ground. These springs and baths are in great repute and use with the natives, but have a very foul smell, the water never being emptied entirely out; however, many natives may use it in a day. The spring evidently emanates from the decomposition of sulphuret pyrites in the adjoining metamorphic rock. There are others at Bahist further on, which we shall refer to.

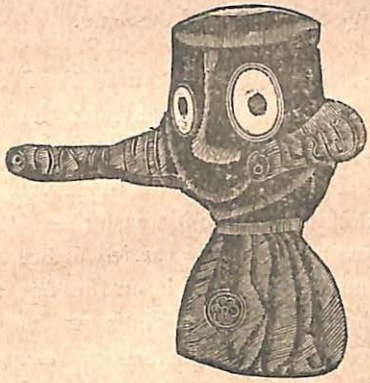
The road now continues along the river banks shaded by numberless trees, but is neither too wide or too smooth. After passing a temporary bridge across, the river from Juggetsookht runs into the Beas with great force and on to a sloping bed, and the effect of the thickly-wooded bank and the foaming water rushing down the rocky bed is something really charming. It is a great pity Bourne and Shephard, when they were in this valley taking views, had no one to point out to them this and similar beauties of Nature to copy, whereas some of those they did photograph, are places of little or no beauty or interest.

We still continue along this shady road by the river side, till a sudden rise brings you into the Deodar

forest of Manali, which is gradually yielding to the axe of the Forest Department, as it did years ago to that of the Sikhs.

Here is a modest little Rest-house, which, however, is not available if the Assistant Commissioner is residing in the valley, for, though he has Nugger Castle, all the Rest-houses are claimed by him also for offices.

In the forest on the adjacent hill side, hid in a mass of huge Deodar pines, is the Temple of Dungree, of which I have made a sketch on the occasion of a large festival and sacrifice in 1869, when a buffalo and 150 sheep and goats were sacrificed in front to the Davi or Juggernath, or Devil God.



This building is almost entirely of Deodar timber, and is erected over a huge naturally projecting rock, which is often the case, but there is nothing inside worth seeing.

The temple is said to be over six hundred years old. The front is elaborately carved, but some of

the subjects are so grossly indecent they could not be copied. This filthy indecency and many others are particularly protected by a special clause in the Penal Code that permits the public exhibition of statues, carving or pictures of the most libidinous kind, provided they are connected with some religious temple or worship.

The sacrifice in this instance took place under the patronage of a European, but not an Englishman.

The people having assembled from all parts of the valley and adjacent villages, drest in their handsomest dresses and jewels, some of which are of no mean value. The headmen and priests assembled in front of the temple amid the shouts of the people, the bellowing of trumpets and horns, the shrill screach of the pipe, and the beating of drums and cymbals.

Having cleared a half circle round the door, on the left of which sat our German patron; the priests sat down on the stone-paved ground and began chaunting and jabbering some invocation to the Devil God that I could not understand. To increase their excitement, a dish—always provided and carried before the God—was brought and fire put in it, on the fire a quantity of some wild herb was thrown which produced volumes of smoke, over which the performers held their heads till the blood came into their eyes and an intoxicated excitement overcame them. Suddenly they all let their long hair fall loose and shook it over their faces, and swung their heads round and round, giving them a most demoniacal expression. Presently the buffalo was brought up, and I left the place, and as I descended the hill I heard the repeated *thuds* of the

heavy cutlas and other weapons on the devoted buffalo, who was eventually "hacked to pieces;" the shrieks of the females, compelled to look on, the noise of druns and shouting was deafening, and I am told by a Eurasian who was there that he nearly fainted from the sickness at the sight before he could manage to extricate himself from the crowd, the whole place flowing with blood.

At the Vindhyachal Fair, Mirzapore, "hundreds of goats and bullocks were sacrificed"—*See Pioneer*, 28*th March*, 1871. In what way has a Christian Government done its duty to leave these people in a state of semi-barbarism thus?

After the sacrifice, the whole people removed further up the hill, where, still under the delightful shade of the forest, they indulged in racing, wrestling, scrambling, and jumping.

The gay attire of the females, who sat on a raised dais or amphitheatre of stone—a sort of private or "dress circle,"—was nicely contrasted against the dark foliage of the trees behind, and the gay drapery and silver ornaments of the visiting Davis added to the brilliancy of the scene. At short distances in the more retired parts of the forest were placed the "Toddy" shops, for the sale of bang or other intoxicating liquors, and worse purposes.

I was much struck with the head-dresses in particular of some of the females and the good looks of the greater part, had they not all suffered from so much exposure in the air. One old lady I sat behind

was wrinkled like a tortoise, and seemed about eighty years of age, not having apparently a tooth in her head. On her loosening the silver pin of her shawl to accept some sweets offered her, you may imagine my surprise at seeing she was suckling a young baby, and at her side her young married daughter, about 14, was doing the same natural office for her child.

The boys enjoyed the sport, but the girls could not be induced to join in any, further than holding up their hands to catch any of the copper coins thrown for a scramble, and altogether generally the females shewed great modesty and sobriety during the day : but some were much puzzled to get their tipsy husbands safe home. The nights, I am told, were a scene of debauchery with those who stayed to "keep it up." All this took place within a short distance of the Assistant Commissioner's Camp.

The carving round the balcony of the adjoining "Ranee's old palace" is amusing ; particularly one panel representing the Luchme Narayon.

Luchme Narayon, an avatar or incarnation of Vishnoo, in which he descended to punish one of the kings of Rajasthan. The king defied Vishnoo's power, and was about to put his own son to death for remonstrating, when Vishnoo appeared as Luchme Narayon in the form of a tiger out of one of the pillars of the palace and chawed up the impious king.*

The village of Manali is higher up north at the mouth of the khud where are the ruins of the old fort,

* [*Note.*—It is with much regret I find I am unable to get my drawings printed in this country.]

destroyed probably during the first invasion of Kulu some two hundred and seventy years ago, at least so the late Rae Jyan Sing told me. This, and the fort at Bajaura, and the old Tehseel and garden at Sultanpur, and some three thousand acres of the best land in Kulu, are the property of General Sir Arthur Cunnynghame, and partners in Kulu Tea Estate.

Continuing on this pleasant ride still in the forest we cross the bridge over Manali Khud, and in a short time will be observed and for some time—high up on the perpendicular mountains to the right—several beautiful water-falls that ever and anon disappear in a crevice to start forth lower down with increased volume and more foaming spray.

The next stage is to Rolla, but there is a rest-house at Pulchan, which is not, however, a desirable resting place—the flies being as bad as a pestilence from the number of Lahoul sheep and goats that encamp here on their way up and down the valley.

Here and at Manali ice can be had with ease, and with the wild strawberries make delicious ices.

The immense number of granite and gneis boulders here excite attention, and the fine specimens of black tourmalins in some of them, they are much water-worn, and some of immense dimensions. There is a magnificent forest up a khud which joins the Sahari Khud at Pulchan, where one would suspect these stones to have come from, yet, strange to say, the hills above are all of a different "formation."

Over this river is Solang the most northerly village in Kulu. In the forest near here was a Deodar tree 150 feet long and 18 feet girth.

Here also are much iron pyrites reported to Government as gold, and the ruin of many a one who have resigned all his certain prospects in life for a heap of glittering rubbish and want ! !

The village over the river opposite the Rest-house is Pulchan, but the other just over the bridge is 'Rewa.' Just beyond this village, where the road is cut in the solid rock, is an excavation used as the last habitation in Kulu, on the highway, and one that the authorities should suppress, being the lowest kind of grog shop where the passing Lahoulies are enticed to drink to excess, and I have seen them when leaving, within an inch of being precipitated down the perpendicular precipice below, there being no wall or fence to save them, and I was told more than one had met the fate of being dashed to pieces in the torrent below.

Crossing the bridge at Pulchan we commence a short, but the best stage for scenery in Kulu, between this and Rolla, the rock over the bridge is remarkable for the zig-zag appearance of its stratification, which is the same all over it from top to bottom. After reaching the top or level of this road, there is at a small distance a very interesting gorge or mere crevice in the rock below, in which all the water of the river passes ; and further on the water-falls and scenery are admired by all.

Near here, of course, are the sources of the Beas River.

Rotang Mountain is 15,206 feet above sea level.

The ascent of Rotang Pass 13,330 is tedious but not difficult, but many tourists go no further, though many others continue on that way to Cashmere. It was crossing here, and re-crossing the same day, that affected Lord Elgin to his death.

His Lordship had to pass over the river to Kokser in a basket suspended on a rope of twigs, since then a timber bridge has been built, which is certainly far better, bad as it is.

There is a road from the Rotang Pass to Spiti and Chigri on the east, along the Chundra Valley, but as it is out of repair we will propose returning, unless that desolate country Lahoul, which you see before you, tempts you to pass over.

We will therefore retrace our steps to Pulchan for the night and enjoy some ice-creams, and contemplate how these miles of large boulders were deposited here, and from where they came.

That large Glacier over the river in front of the Pass is the "Sona-pani."

I previously made an enquiring allusion to the suggestion of this valley having at one time been a large glacier like those on the surrounding mountains, and as the climate has altered, which has evidently been the case, the ice has melted into a lake of water.* In this state it must have received that deep deposit of boulders

* Travellers now alive remember lakes in the mountains here now dried up.

which can be seen more than two hundred feet deep from Bajara upwards as far as Manali, but how or where these boulders came from,—all of hard rocks worn round as we are apt to say by attrition—is a question that has puzzled many, who content themselves with the remark "they were deposited during "*the glacial period*"—a period supposed by some to have marked the close of the last 'tertiary age' previous to the creation of Historic Man. The forces that must have been employed for ages to grind these masses of the hardest rocks into their rounded shapes were something far more powerful and of longer endurance than the mere journey from the top of a modern glacier. For instance, see the rocks up the Shigri Glacier, some lying on the surface of the ice not far from the top, which is not far from 20,000 feet high, are already round, but the masses that are now day by day descending in that enormous stream of ice, which is over two hundred feet thick and a mile or more across,—these are not round, but the greatest portion of them as square or sharp as when they separated from their parent mountain. That the stream of ice continues in motion I *proved by careful observation*, but there seemed no motion in any portion of such glacier—on which I spent many hours on several occasions—to account for the great attrition necessary to produce such rounding results. Even in the case of the rocks decomposing, they usually do so according to their sedimentary deposit or formation, even granite will decompose more in one direction than another, especially as the climate or conditions affect the potass in the component parts,

the feldspar and the mica. Besides huge rounded boulders of gneis are met with at the top of Hamta Pass above the clayslate and sandstone, with which they have no affinity or connection, and may be found on the summits of still higher mountains close by. That they have been ejected from volcanoes is a favourite theory, but in theory we do not find the ejections from volcanoes to be rounded rocks, but rather the reverse, sharp-pointed fragments of all shapes and sizes, except lavas, &c.; but gneis boulders could not have been ejected in a lava or smolten state, and still retain the original stratification of its ingredients. Besides there are immense masses of metamorphic rocks scattered about, which are still harder of texture, and though they seem to have been affected by the like corrosion to a certain degree, are seldom seen so round.

To those who have seen the moon through the most powerful telescopes in the world, it is apparent that the surface of that luminary is covered with them of all sizes, as was, in all probability, this world, when in a *similar* condition at the epoch of the second day's creation.

There can be little doubt in my opinion that the water or ice, or both, were confined, in distant ages, close to Largi at the bottom of the valley, if not as well as Jhirri, from whence the waters may have overrun into the lower lake, the bottom of which appears to be a conglomerate of various limestones similar to that which form the upper part of the rocks adjacent. On bursting of these bunds the floods have actually cut a

river through this conglomerate more than a hundred and fifty feet deep below Badool in Bilan Koti, near the new Bridge or Ferry, and in the upper part through the boulders and loose conglomerate seen on either side all up the valley.

That the climate has altered in comparatively modern times is plain, as snow is never known to lie now in nullahs which bear the marks of being worn by destructive glaciers and torrents that carried enormous blocks of stone before them with the greatest ease.

We now propose to retrace our steps to Manali at least, but if we can—to cross over to Bahist to the hot springs and baths. If not, we must cross at Manali and return to them. There is space at Bahist to camp out, and ladies sometimes indulge in a few days' bathing here, but as they are, to a certain degree, sulphur springs, no one should use them without medical advice,* the heat of the water is 120, but is cooler in the centre of the bath which is of stone, and when I visited them they were clean, and could be enclosed private.

The road was but in bad condition at that time, but the distance is small.

There are plenty of bears about Manali in the day time, they come for the fruit, especially those blue

* The theory of these springs is, that the water accumulating in subterranean caverns becomes heated by the decomposition of Sulphuret of Iron, and is forced up by the consequent pressure of the steam.

plumbs; there are also leopards at night. In the hills are chikor and the famous Minal pheasant, as well as others.

To gentlemen who have time, a trip to the Hamta Pass will amply repay, especially in July and August, when they can witness a sight of flowers unequalled anywhere, though very fine on the Rotang Pass.

From Manali crossing the Beas by the bridge below, the village of Prini is about two miles, the ascent is by a zig-zag road through the forest on the spur of a hill between two khuds, one of which to the left is the Raini Khud, the other on the right is of minor importance, called the Phari Khud.

There is a temple under some large Banyan trees half way up, which I regret I did not examine, but the remainder of the road leads you first into one khud and then into the other, till the village at the top is reached, and this is called Hamta; this is near the top or rather the level, and is the last habitable place in this direction on account of the winter snow Just above, the traveller is delighted to find a delicious spring of water, and I could suggest any liberal person who goes that way, may immortalize himself by erecting a roof over the same and be blest by every passer-by.

The ascent now ceases; there is no more climbing, and you may progress easily on horse or foot, for the road is good to Cheeken ten miles or less—but you must turn round and look, before the valley of Kulu is hid from your view. Notice how each delta, or

junction of the tributary streams on either side of the Beas, is thick with trees, the seeds brought down from the khuds and here propagated; the whole valley to Sultanpur is here exhibited in one fair view that is delightful to behold.

Now we enter forests of immense pine trees, and see the gorgeous blaze of numberless flowers that cover the ground for miles, as if we were entering some fairy gardens.

What a site for a residence, and a park, but six months' snow render it uninhabitable.

Here I feel my ignorance, but the botanist would revel amid the numberless indigenous flowers of every hue, the sunflower, the balsam, alike six feet high or more, and a thousand others each vieing with the other to be the tallest and the loveliest.*

The river is out of sight if not hearing low down in the khud, on the North side of which the proud rock stands erect for miles, as if guardian of the privacy of this lovely valley.

Once or twice small streams are crossed by bridges.

At the upper part of the valley are the birch trees, from the bark of which is separated the papyrus used so much about this part for paper and packing, and by the ancients and some isolated people for books and writing; this is never found lower than 5,000 feet above the sea.

* Sunflower, which is indigenous here, is worth collecting as yielding 15 per cent. of oil and 15 cwt. of seed per acre. Walnut yields 50 per cent. poppy, 48 tobacco, 34 per cent. of oil, and all grow here.

Now a long narrow bridge or plank crosses the Raini stream, and we come upon that pretty waterfall at Cheeken, and the large loose rocks that form the only shelter to the poor passing shepherds, who bring their flocks this way to pasture during the hot weather between this and the Mountains of Spiti.

And here the fuel is cut to smelt the ores from the Shigri Mines in Chundra Valley.

You can either camp here or three miles further on, but this is decidedly the best place if the ground is cleared.

Now we have to pass that jumble of rocks called by me "the Gorge," where the rush of water between and over the enormous blocks of detached stone would make a splendid photograph or painting. On account of the shade covering the stream here the ice is never entirely melted, but the water finds its way through underneath.

The footpath is but indifferent here for horses, which should in fact be left here, or sent to Prini, for several reasons.

Here you must collect fuel for the rest of your trip and provisions for all who accompany you, as nothing but milk and occasionally a goat or sheep, can be obtained, till you get to Spiti, and for that you must give notice some time before at Jugget Sookht or to the Assistant Commissioner at Nugger Castle.

The distant view of "snowy peak pillar" and the peaks above the Hamta Pass are seen from here to great advantage.

The upper Raini Valley contains much to interest, and in several places the remains of the winter glaciers may be seen occasionally, with large rocks resting on the top of the unmelted mass of ice and gravel brought down from above, and still twenty or thirty feet thick, at times may be seen one large boulder mounted on a pillar of ice, which is gradually getting smaller and smaller as the mid-day sun shines on it, while on its summit a mass of smaller stones, and gravel shew when imbedded in the glacier now melted, the water carried a debris over its top.

Here may be found some valuable gems, if you know where to seek them, and are provided with proper tools,— and *patience*,— to cut them out of their stone matrix.

I have found Sapphires there worth Rs. 2,500 each, besides other gems.

It is best to ascend the Hamta Pass 14,800 as early as you can, as the approaches are less wet and the ice, if any, on the upper part less soft. The shingle and small streams of water are not favourable to boots of any but the thickest kind, but it requires no very great exertion to reach the summit. It is advisable to have a guide with you and at times holding on, for I have seen one or two unexpected descents to the bottom in a rapid slide on the back after having spent half an hour in getting up. The sheep and goat track is the safest, and if you should meet a flock, always let them pass first, for they run with such determined force, especially if loaded, that you are easily carried off your legs if you come in contact with them.

Here I would advise the tourist about to ascend a height not to take spirits, a few cocoa nibs are the finest things for the breath, and are habitually used by the South Americans and Mexicans when climbing any considerable steep. On the summit, previous to descending, a peg may not do harm.*

The view from the top of the "Hamta Pass" down the Hamta Valley, and of the "Kazaling" Glacier and snowy peaks in Lahoul, is surpassing grand, and repays one the little exertion, for it is of easy ascent this way compared with the other side, which is a stiff pull from the Chundra River, now far below what can be seen in the distance. Here you have "all the world before you" and a great deal below you. Bourne and Sheppard have a splendid photograph of this wild scene, No. 1445.

To the left, but at present out of sight, are two very steep glaciers of ice, at least I never heard of them

* *The Coca.*—This is a very remarkable plant in its effects upon the human constitution. The natives in several parts of Peru chew its leaves as Europeans do tobacco, particularly in the Mining districts, when at work in the mines or travelling; and such is the sustenance that they derive from them, that they frequently take no food for four or five days.

I have often been assured by them that, while they have a good supply of Coca, they feel neither hunger, thirst, or fatigue; and, without impairing their health, they can remain eight to ten days and nights without sleep.

The leaves are almost insipid; but when a small quantity of lime is mixed with them, they have an agreeable sweet taste. The natives generally carry with them a leather pouch of Coca and a small calabash holding lime, or the ashes of the molle, to mix with them.

being entirely melted—down which occasionally large rocks slide or roll with wonderful celerity, and it is well to keep one's eye looking up as you pass them, and dig your boots and alpine stock well in at every step.

The second time I passed, I preferred to do so by going down to the bed of the river: and this is the path that yaks and ponies take, especially when ascending.

The road then comes very easy for some distance, and there are places where you can camp out or get temporary shelter under the rocks, as the "Guddees" do while pasturing their sheep.

At last you begin to descend rapidly, and have to cross a frail bridge over a deep torrent to the right bank of the stream, and a continued descent brings you in half an hour to Chutrâ—another camping place among the rocks; there is, however, room for a tent among the beds of flowers that blaze a violet blue. I found no other color here.

The Chundra River is now at your feet, and Lahoul as near as you desire *that* part to be.

This is the usual camping place; and now we are "beyond the rainy season," they say it never rains here, if not I will be bound it *snows* occasionally.

From here to Shigri is a day's good march, but there are resting grounds about four miles, and at Futta Rine on this side of the Burra Shigri River, another over the Shigri River, and a fourth three miles further at the Shigri Mines on this side the great Shigri

Glacier. It is well to note these places, which are known to the men and guides.

Soon after leaving Chutrâ you descend to the banks of the river, but ascend again to cross the stream that comes from the melting of the "glacier" above, and the higher you ascend to cross, the easier you get over, and the nearer view you get of the interesting mass of ice above.

You then proceed along the bed of the river for some distance, gradually turning to the right up the bed of another torrent from the "Sackchum-Glacier," which fortunately is easily passed by a natural bridge of the rocks, amongst which the water rushes with great fury from a large glacier above; on ascending the opposite bank you may contemplate the gigantic blocks of stone that lie tumbled about as if they had been mere logs of wood.

On the summits of the largest of these you will usually see small stones or flags of rag placed by the first natives who have passed in the season, though I can imagine that some of these relics endure the effects of a winter's snow without being removed.

Here is a lovely little maidan to camp on, nice water, and pretty flowers worth taking back.

I never saw much shooting in this valley, indeed a place so devoid of vegetation and so truly lonely, one seldom sees in any country, as these few miles, but there is something awfully grand as you look back on the Hamta Pass from here.

From here we again descend to the river bed, but if a road could,—and I am convinced it is possible, be made a moderate way up the side of the hill, the very worst part of the journey would be escaped, for the clambering over the loose boulders and rocks may be, and evidently is, easy enough for goats, sheep and yaks, but for bipeds keeps one's feet and legs in considerable jeopardy, to say nothing of one's head,—and tail. I shall never forget my pony clattering over and in between them so much to the distress of his shins, that he asked not to be brought again.

At last you reach Futta Rine, which is distinguished by only one or two very large stones over 20 feet high, which form a natural kitchen, and are useful as a shelter. If you camp here you can get to the mines in about three hours easily.

But if you do not mean to stay at the mines, but cross the great glacier, try and get on—or anyhow let the crossing the glacier be the first task of a day, as it is an awful "grind."

On the left of Futta Rine the mountains in Lahoul have a most grotesque appearance. On the right or facing is the Burra Shigri River and khud. The usual bridge two frail planks, but by sanding the soles of the feet you get a good and safe footing across. And here we are in "Shigri" camping ground, but its no use staying—move on, and in two hours we are at another little grass plot surrounded with huge boulders, and a nice flat table stone in the centre. Here we make a grand stand and take a hearty breakfast, but look all round—and at the map. On calling for my pony here one

day I was greatly astonished at seeing the syce and him emerge from a deep hole among the closely adjacent rocks, where I found he had roomy quarters, and almost enough for two.

It had been known for many years, and especially by the natives that travelled this way, that large lumps of antimony were found on and near the road further on and about here, but the actual lode from whence these were carried periodically by the winter's ice and snow had never been ascertained.

To discover this was the object of my journey, and accompanied only by a few natives to carry my camp, I started on what my friends called a "wild-goose chase." With pick and gad and a few drills I searched the steep mountain side for some time in vain, but experience in such work, and the determination to take root on the spot rather than not succeed, prevented even a thought of failure, and insured success.

Having enlisted a herd of Lahoul people, we ascended the hill the first day without more success than collecting a large quantity of loose pieces of ore, some of which were too large for our combined forces to move till broken up by sledge hammers. Next day higher up I found indications, which eventually led me to the exposed face of a lode of solid ore from ten to fifteen feet wide. This I soon opened, and every "kilter" was rapidly filled, and as much again over and over thrown down hill to the road, where it was collected, the refuse being abandoned and only the pure ores taken away,* namely, the stibnite or sulphuret

* There is another lode I am sure, but more to the East and high up.

of antimony and the red and yellow ores. This when reduced to *Regulus* can be shipped home for £32 per ton including every cost, and sells there for £76 to 80 per ton ; after eighteen months' delay the Government granted me a lease on very liberal terms, and I hope, by means of capitalists at home, to commence working these mines very shortly.*

To any adventurous shikaree, who desires to immortalize himself, there is a capital opportunity afforded by finding a path from Burra Shigri or Futta Rine to the Malauna Khud and on to the "Holy city of Manikarn." This could only be done, I expect, about August and September, or even October. It does not look inviting, but it is said that some Guddees have *done* the road once, and if the pasturage would tempt *them*, surely the ibex and other game should tempt the English sportsman.

There is not much to be said respecting the road further on to Chota Shigri, Kansam Pass, and Spiti. After crossing the glacier which occupies two or three hours' jumping and climbing—the road is, with one or two exceptions, easier than the one we have come ; and the top of Kansam Pass is a large level covered with thousand s of mementos raised by travellers that have passed, some of which must have cost much time and labour to have built up. The natives consider this practice as in some way meritorious.

VAZEERI RUPI MINES.

* Estimated cost of raising, smelting, and shipping to London 100 tons of Regulus of Antimony including every expense—say £10 } £4,000 } Selling price in London } £7,600 } Profit £3,600.

Bourne and Sheppard's views in this part of the world are very fine, and I regret I cannot attach copies of all these photographs to these pages that relate to the spot.

We will now presume we have returned to Cheeken and to Prini, where we do not halt, but trot on to Jugget Sookht, a mile or two further.

There is a neat bungalow here belonging to General Cunnynghame, but in this case there is no tea plantation.

A fine large elm tree shades the camping ground, which is very small for tents.

At one side of the camping ground is a small Hindu temple of carved stone in a very perfect condition, of which I have made a sketch. There is the peculiarity about it before mentioned, that the mass of carving in front, which is all in one piece of stone, has been shifted about ten inches to the left without further injury to the temple, which is in no wise out of plumb, or the level.

Another larger wooden temple seems to have been built on the ruins of an older stone one, and numerous altars and blocks of richly carved stone are found all round.* The site of the bungalow (which is private and never let, or seldom used) is that of an old fort, or temple. Every year the natives ascend to the top step, which they worship or venerate. There were a

* Moorcroft mentions the invasion of Kulu as having been undertaken by the grandfather of Sandsar Chand, and attributes the demolition and injuries to the temples, especially at Bajaura, to his soldiers. This must have been long prior to Runjeet Sing's raids. (See Moorcroft, p. 170.)

few carved stones up there also, but they have been either broken up or built into walls and out-houses, as may be seen.

There is another small temple in the village with the Davi enthroned inside, but it has no unusual interest.

Down the khud, and over the bridge, puts us on the road to Nugger Castle. This is now the residence of the Assistant Commissioner. Moorcroft states this was once the capital of Kulu under another name.

It would be interesting to know the facts how this ancient palace and fort got into the hands of private persons. Government have, however, lately insisted on purchasing it for the Assistant Commissioner's residence at *his* request, at which no "Naboth" dare complain.*

From its elevated position, and what we see of the ancient part, this building must originally have had a very imposing effect, but its glories have long since departed: the first floor has been cut away to make the ground floor higher, and huge *sash* windows placed in the whole height of the two rooms, and a species of Jacob's ladder erected outside, exposed to all weathers, forms the means of access to the upper floor to prevent the necessity of using the original rather imposing entrance and stairs, which one would have thought would answer every purpose; but a wretched Vandalism that no one could expect in General Cunnynghame's property, has converted the whole native palace and fort

* There is a small tea garden at a distance.

into a nondescript half tea warehouse, half bungalow, half stable, the cattle being kept in the Zenana at the top.

The view from Nugger is very fine, and at a little distance on the hill below, are the stones erected to the women of the Rajahs who suffered Suttee at their decease.

If we judge from the stones the wives were numerous, and indeed the family, as there are over an hundred, but no inscriptions on any of them.

From Nugger there is a path up to Malauna, and by way of Kashole to Manikarn, but it is very precipitous, and few persons attempt it. There is a copper and a lead mine there, but never worked, though the lead is rich in silver. The people of Malauna do not speak the same language as the Kulu people, or any others in India, and it is a question of interest where they could have originally come from. Their village is so isolated,—they seldom communicate with the other part or Valley of Kulu, but live almost entirely to themselves.

Our best road now is to return by crossing the river to Dobie, and it is only a "long" march (13 miles) to Sultanpur. From here we can ascend to Bijli, and down the other side to Chamaun, and next day along Parbutti Valley; but it will be better, if we are returning by the Bubu Pass to Kangra or Cashmere hereafter, to go from Sultanpur to Shumshee, crossing the river there by Ferry to Buin camping ground. Here we again enter "Vazeeri Rupi."

There is a path over Sultanpur bridges and along the side of Bijli, but it is not a good one to ride or even walk; it brings you to Jia at the foot of Bijli, from whence you cross the new bridge to the camping ground at Buin.

Few Europeans have ever been in the village of Buin, but the camping ground under the trees on the river side is very delightful, except for the noise of the rushing stream.

The mountain above Kot Kandi, is very rich in mineral, principally copper, which shews in numerous places, as also manganese and iron, and on the other side Sulphur is found.

Previous to turning the corner of the Parbutti River, on the right hand of the road and a little above the foot of the hill, may be distinctly seen a huge mass of a copper-lode covered with the brilliant green exudation—which ordinarily follows long exposure of rocks containing copper ore.

I have seen such stains a mile long in South Africa. Although copper may be found in several places up the mountain side, yet there can be no doubt, on comparing them, this piece of rock came from a huge lode high up over the top of that mountain at the back of the village of Saond, but by what means it got into its present position is a problem indeed, as no volcanic action has been at work there to have hurled it such a distance over the ridge; had it merely been removed down a slope we could have imagined the ice and snow to have been the means, as we can see every day in the mountains above during the snow.

The village at the foot of Bijli Mountain across the Parbutti River, to the left, is Jia, the former capital of Kulu; it was here the remains of the late Rae were brought for cremation. At one time there was an interesting temple there, but I hear the last stone was lately used to build a new bridge with here. The scenery from the turn of the road round this corner is very picturesque, and the road has been greatly improved of late. On reaching the highest part the road is covered with very fine specimens of ripple-marked, altered sandstone, almost purely white. Some distance further the road nears the stream, where some large rocks are in the centre. One of these fell only three years ago from the higher part of the mountain above south, making fearful devastation in its course, carrying away the entire road it fell on.

At the corner is rather a *cranky* bit of road cut in the solid rock, and not a desirable place to ride over, as well as very awkward for a heavy dholie. The road is better when you get to the bridge over the Chiol Khud. Up here, again, the copper shews very strong, but has never been mined or worked on: and further on, near Barogi Village, the mountain is said to be all rock-salt. The road up the khud is rather rough and not at all tempting

The road now begins to ascend a very steep incline, but on the top it is better: from either place you can see the winding road in advance cut into the solid rock, and over-hanging at the distant corner we have to pass round shortly after, you have to step over another copper lode which shews out in the road and below.

The road now becomes narrow for a little, but quite safe, being cut in the perpendicular rock, though some people fear to look down upon the foaming stream rushing far below. There is something very interesting in those pretty farm-houses on the other side : their very isolation seems to have a charm, yet it must be a climb to get at them or away from them, and the happy owner must have learnt to concentrate all his wants into the few necessaries he can obtain there without going daily to " the bazaar."

We now reach a cool and welcome spring and shady trees. This place is called Gula Pani, and though the water is good, the place is always filthy from the cattle watering there. In the hill above is a lead and silver vein, which no doubt, if traced, would prove larger further on.

A little further on, round the corner, and the worst part of the road, is one of the prettiest sights in all Kulu : on a projecting ridge of clay-slate stand the old Fort of Chong on the south side, many hundred feet nearly perpendicular above the bed of the stream ; but the other side is a gradual cultivated slope. It must be about 2,000 feet above the river, and will be seen in a different height a mile or two further on. Above the village of Chong, which has a nice camping ground, but is a bad place for supplies, is the richest silver mine in the valley, near Chitrani. It was built up to hide it from the Sikhs, and has not yet been reworked. Copper is also reported here in its native state,—not as a sulphuret.

The houses in the forest, with their red roofs, look very picturesque, and the ridge on which the old fort

stands will be seen to run up the whole side of the valley, and is very distinctly seen from the opposite side.

From here the large tree on the opposite ridge can be seen again as a land-mark.

The road further on, after one little bad piece, is very good, and you can canter along a few miles with comfort, but don't forget to turn round to look at Chong from the different positions. A sudden turn on the bared clay-slate rock brings you to 'Ramunkote,' where is a neat-cut temple, and fountain of beautiful water; the road beyond is disgustingly narrow through walls of loose stone till a sudden turn brings you to the top of a steep descent. This in wet weather is dangerously slippery; the adjacent woods abound with game, especially partridge and chikor. Another turn to the right brings you into Shatghur, the water from which is of excellent purity and clearness, that every stone in its bed can be distinctly seen at all times. Here also are more lodes of copper hitherto unworked. Crossing the bridge the new road leads up a steep, after which a mile of level road leads to a nice spring under some shady trees, where tiffin is acceptable. The rocks here are worthy of observation, and there is no hiding that serious-looking flight of steps in the solid rock by which you have to ascend over two hundred feet.

This pinky white or peachy colored metamorphic sand-stone is very crystalline, and is similar to the celebrated Kansas stone, of which the Americans make their noted whet-stones, which sell at a great price.

At the summit the road betters again, and an easy ride brings us to a sharp corner; before turning this, let us step a few paces to the left under the tree on this projecting point. What a lovely sight is here! Over the river on the left is the village of Choki, and at the back the entrance of the Malauna Khud, approachable by a bridge far below. On the right among the clump of walnut trees is Jerri, the camping ground being under the trees. Above are immense forests, which supply the railways with sleepers by the thousands; the trees are felled and cut into lengths here, each log over 9 feet, with the date of the year it was felled; these are all slid down the mountain side into the river, where they take their chance till they reach the wide but shallow water of Nadoun, where they are stopt and placed in the Government depôt; but a large number are stolen, they say, in their transit down to there. The villages to the right are Mateara, Buhar, and others above the Kanor Khud, where the silver mines are, and up the valley we see part of our road to the holy hot springs at Manikarn.

At Jerri you get supplies and bearers, if needed, Manikarn being the next stage.

The road from Jerri for about a mile abounds in mineral veins—silver, lead, and copper having been dug out in many places. On reaching Kanor Khud, about a mile down, there are many old workings about the bed of the river, but the rich silver mines are up this khud; here was the only mine which the natives disclosed to the Sikhs when they occupied the country, and which they blew up the entrance to on leaving.

Some of the ore from this mine is said to have produced 1 in 16 parts of silver.

What was taken out by myself from the rubbish at the entrance was kindly assayed by Dr. Oldham, and produced "99 ounces of silver, a large percentage of copper, and some gold."

So entirely has the existence of silver in this country been forgotten that we find the following in Cunnynghame's Ladak: "The sands of the Indus have long been celebrated for the production of gold." Pliny says: "*Fertilisiru sunt auri Dardæ*," and this is the case to the present day, for the sands of the Indus in the Dardœ country are said to be more prolific than those of any part of the river, Lib. vi., c. 19. The conclusion of the passage is curious and suggestive "Setœ vero argenti," that is, the country of the Dardœ produced most gold, but that of the Setœ most silver.

"As we know"—remarks Major Cunnynghame, (p. 232.) "that *silver is not found in India*; the Setœ can be no other than the seths or bankers, in whose hands the wealth of India has been for ages."

Surely Major C. must have heard of Vazeeri Rupi, "the silver country of the Vazeers," in Kulu covering 677 miles, and abounding in silver ores; for such an authority to say there is *no silver in India* is astonishing.

When ascending this khud some distance up my foot slipped, and to save myself from falling into the stream I seized the root of a fig-tree growing in the perpendicular rock close at hand, where the soil gave way, and

with the portion of the root came out, to my amazement, a large lode of rich silver lead as thick as my leg.

This led to further discoveries of other rich veins, &c. There is also a lode of "native copper" up this khud. Indeed the number of veins and indications of mineral wealth about here is beyond credence, and days and days may be spent in the discovery and collecting specimens: but this is not permitted.

The view from the miners' camp, on the spur of the hill, amply repays for the ascent, especially the village of Choki and the Krunchall Mountain we saw from Sultanpur at the other side.

Below the road and further on are dozens more lodes and indication of copper and silver, lead, &c. On turning up to the right a peculiar formation diverts the road—a slip of decomposed clay-slate spoils the road, and we descend over the steps of metamorphic sandstone down towards the bed of the river. Here a large amount of timber has been cut, but the water is too shallow to carry it down. In the quartzose rock about here, and indeed for miles on, is much emerald-green oxide of chrome, which looks very beautiful, but is hard to detach; also micaceous iron, which has been mistaken for black lead. The road continues very picturesque till we come to Kasole, up which khud is another mine, and here we cross the "Parbutti" by a long wooden bridge.

I once passed this bridge and looked back for a friend who was travelling with me, but for some time could not see anything of him. After I had got some distance I turned back and saw him crossing the

bridge *on his hands and knees*,—his long beard hanging down gave him more the appearance of a goat than a human being. A few days' chaff soon cured him of his fears, however, and he now crosses on his feet only. About three miles brings us to Manikarn, the very stink of which is considered sacred, and "one journey here in a life ensures admittance to Heaven."

There is a temple at Manikarn said to be 1,800 years old, where the debris from the mountain above and other causes have raised the land around it so much that the natives fancy the temple has sunk from its extreme age—like many of the cathedrals in England, especially Yorkminster. The digging of numberless graves round had so raised the church-yard many feet, that the Minster seems to have sunk, and it is quite common to see them entered by steps down.

The house of one of the headmen lately built there, is the prettiest specimen of Kulu building extant, every stone is "dressed," and is said to have been dug from the ruin of an ancient temple there, and the carving of the wood-work is really most commendable.

The boiling water rises from the ground, or in some places gushes out from a crevice in the metamorphic rocks which rise perpendicular many hundred feet above, as in the Andes, while the hot puddles and refuse streams astonish the incautious *dog* who "puts his foot in it."

Beyond Manikarn, about three miles at Uchiech, are the celebrated Manikarn "Silver Mines," and again at Pulga—which is almost as far as any European has

gone in that almost uninhabited land, but there is no reason why there should not be boundless sources of wealth further west.

One of the Manikarn mines is galena, another is principally arsenical pyrites. Dr. Stolitska gives an uninviting description of his visit to one of them, being let down by a rope round his waist, &c. It seems a wonder to me the learned geologist should have taken so much pains to see this, and yet to have literally walked over a dozen others, and never noted them.

There are one or two stone-baths at Manikarn supplied with the "native liquor;" and, judging from the appearance of the many who enter after their pilgrimage of many weeks' travel, I should say it was rather a desideratum. But there is no means of changing the water, and the smell became so very *strong* that I packed up my ores from the mine, and was rather glad to leave Manikarn, especially as the headman assured me I was "certain to go to heaven now" for having visited the Holy Baths—which is rather consolatory, considering the many opportunities I have had of breaking my neck.

"According to the Legend, the Goddess Parbati having laid her jewels upon the bank whilst she was bathing with Mahadeva in the river, her ear-rings (Manikarnika) were stolen and carried off to Patala, the regions below the earth, by the serpent Sesha.

"At the probable consequences of the Mahadeva's wrath the Gods discovered the thief, and urgently

pressed the Naga to restore the plunder. Sesha refused, claiming the ear-rings as his own property, but as he snorted with indignation the subject of dispute issued from his nostrils, in which it had been concealed, and flew back to the Goddess.

"Through the openings made by its passage to the surface of the earth, boiled water has ever since continued to flow."

The way back from Manikarn can be varied by going to Jerri again, and down the steps to Shatghur; but after crossing the bridge, keep the bank of the river instead of going up the slippery hill. After passing some more mineral lodes in the rocks, continue *down* the stream,—the road being all comparatively level, till you come out below the foot of Chong, where there is another of those picturesque bridges. The road now is a continual rise for some hours of 4,000 feet. There is a very small resting ground at Chamoun, from whence you get a beautiful view of Chong Fort and all the road we passed going up the Parbutti.

From Chamoun the road is partly through a forest, where *if it be wet* the clay is inconceivably inconvenient to climb: and, whatever the inclination may be, the probability is you will leave one boot behind. There is another shorter road, under that large tree at the summit, instead of going up to Bijli, but the Bijli is the easier route, and can be *done* on horse most if not all of the way. On the summit of Bijli there is a temple to the goddess of lightning, and ponds of water to supply the cattle. The view up the Maol Khud and

down the Kulu Valley, and all the mountain round, amply repays for any exertion in reaching the top.

The descent is easy, the road being safe all the way; and the distance from Chamoun to Sultanpur about five hours' walk, this finds us again at Sultanpur Rest-house.

From Kulu to Kangra.

The route back by the Bubu Pass, although entailing a long climb the second day, is nevertheless a favourite trip, the scenery being more than interesting all the way to the plains, and the road beyond Kangra in particular a good cart-road; there is also the convenience of rest-houses at every stage.*

The first stage up the Sultanpur Khud, for I know no other name for it, is a most agreeable walk, the road being fair all the way to Karowne, which I measured as being 6,384 feet, or about 2,300 above Sultanpur. There is a large slate quarry over the river about three miles up, if you can call it slate from being so commonly used throughout the valley to "slate" houses, it being a garnetiferous strongly micaceous schist.

The Rest-house at Karowne is pleasant if in repair, from it may be seen the stone tower of "Kot Kassie" on the Bijli ridge, which is not visible from Sultanpur,

* The river is called the "Sivbarry."

and the large tree before mentioned as being so conspicuous.

This is the last British rest-house ; there is also a very neat native serai below it.

Leaving this we follow the stream and continue gradually to rise, soon getting into an eternal zig-zag among the fine forest of trees which prove a grateful shade ; while the ferns, which are in abundance and great variety, begin now to be conspicuous all the way.

The cutting at the top is always wet, there being a fine spring of water which, however, damages the road seriously ; there is also a fine peachy "flukan" lode which is assuredly metallic below—I should say copper.

If the weather is fine, the view from the summit is very grand on both sides, but you may wait for hours to get a glimpse through the flitting clouds, that seem determined to drench you through, or hasten you down the other side, which, being in Mundi territory, is generally in a very bad condition, being cut up by the streams from above.

The descent is rough and tedious, and it seems a great pity a tunnel was not cut some two thousand feet below the pass, and so much distance and labor saved.

Budwanee is the next stage, and a nice bungalow it is, though supplies are usually scarce here. The house can not be seen till you turn up from the precipitous road and round the corner, its position is then found commanding a splendid view including two miles of

the next road gradually ascending the other side; the slate on this bungalow was all brought from near Pâlumpore I am told. I was very glad to spend a few days here, especially as there had been heavy rains, and the road was very much damaged indeed,—nearly impassable. This is probably the worst bit in the whole journey, in some places the road has entirely slipt down, leaving but six inches, and the rock above overhanging. We managed, however, dholie, and horse and all, to get over it safe, and soon reached the cutting or pass at the top of the opposite rise,—the rock being a decomposed black slate.

The road then becomes wide and pretty level, but incessantly winding in and out; there is a fine view also, if not cloudy, as you jog along under the shady trees; the rock is mostly gneis decomposed and sandstone shale, the mountains being very steep, and the forests of timbers all useless for want of carriage.

Suddenly, but by no means too soon, Jitingree comes in sight: this is rather a damp uncomfortable house, and was lately much out of repair. I found it 5,997 feet above sea level, and there is a very fine view from here of the lower country.

There is a path from the back of this place that leads to Mundi, and is used by those going to Kulu *viâ* Bajara Khud, where the Bubu is closed by snow, which is the case from November to March.

From here the descent becomes sudden and continuous for some time, winding through the forest, when you emerge on a more level road that still winds

in and out round the spurs of the mountains, crossing streams which have no bridges, and are sometimes deep.

The first one, which is just past the village of "Gamel," surprises you by the pink color of the water, which is caused by its running from a mine of salt in a decomposed calcareous sandstone. This mine is not at present worked, the rubbish having accumulated so extensively, but there are other similar salt mines in Mundi that bring the Rajah several lacs of rupees revenue annually.

A little further on there is another torrent to cross, but not salt. It is much to be regretted this and several others are not bridged, being at times dangerous to ford.

We now pass over a gentle rise whereon is an old small Hindu temple, and on the right hand we get a sight of Harabagh, a bungalow presented by the Rajah of Mundi to his former tutor Mr. Clarke, but not at present occupied. Another small stream is forded, but we have yet still another, the bridge over which has been carried away and a rope and basket has been rigged up for the dâk runner, in case the river is in flood, for one man has already been drowned trying to pass. There are usually extra men there waiting to earn a few pice, and we put the dholie on the men's heads, but the water is up to their armpits, and the horse must swim. This is not always the case, but there is no place on the whole route where a bridge is more required, and by diverting the road a little lower down

the stream, plank or two would effect a crossing both short and safe—on rising up the incline we now see the nice Rest-house at Dhailoo. This is a new and comfortable bungalow in a delightful spot, and offering a grand view of the Kangra Valley. Above the bungalow are the remains of a large Fort and Palace, which is only approachable from the other side. It is called Curunpore, and is said to have been the residence of the ancient Rajahs of Mundi, "being 1,700 years old." Here was also the original capital of Mundi territory till removed to the more retired place where it is now. The ruin is very interesting, but so overgrown with jungle inside, that I found it impossible to get over it even to take a ground plan.

Here I had the misfortune to break my thermometer, so could not ascertain the height we were at.

Next journey we pass through the tea plantation belonging to the Rajah of Mundi. We pass also several old castles, some of very great extent, but they are out of the road, though I have no doubt well worth examination, as they are all constructed in a superior manner to anything erected in our days. It is plain there was no P. W. D. in the days they were built.

From the top of a hill, which commands a view of all the valley of Kangra, we descend rapidly to the interesting village of Bijnath. Here are some elaborately carved old Hindu temples, and actually a post office! The village is in a dense mass of vegetation, and is muddy and damp. Monkeys congregate in hundreds, and seem much interested in the arrival of

strangers. The Rest-house is capacious, but badly built and worse cared for. The view of the river below and the mountains above would make a good photograph. Down the steep bank and over a good stone bridge, we soon get on the plains and pass through repeated tea plantations on the long spurs of the hill, and during rainy weather the descent of these repeated ridges is almost dangerous, the soil being a greasy red clay. A small but inconvenient stream, which is not bridged, runs across the approach to Palumpore. Palumpore is in fact a nice *street* on the spur of a hill, the Rajah of Mundi has built a school there, and the Government a good Dâk Bungalow; there is a common bazaar and the beginning of a stone church of superior "cabinet-maker's gothic." The European inhabitants being limited to two or three families of tea planters at a distance, the Chaplain from Dhurumsalá will attend occasionally to perform service. There is a fair held here every November, which, but for some *croquet playing*, is said to be a failure, the ground undulates all round, and is covered with fir trees, under which the Yarkandees and others visiting the fair can camp. There are a few shawl weavers in the bazaar, but it appeared to me the place was a failure in spite of all the Government propping up.

In the first place it is too near Dhurumsala or Kangra to make a new place of business or pleasure of, especially as it has not the advantage they have of a cart-road to the plains, nor has it any market to offer in exchange for the commodities of the north.

It lacks sadly a large maidan like Kulu, and its approaches want improving and bridging. If the roads

were bettered, bridges built, and ridges tunneled, Kulu would be a much better market than Palumpore.

To Dhurumsala is a double stage, there being no rest-house finished yet at Dadh, which is about half way or more.

Dhurumsala is a very scattered and certainly a *hill* station, for the post office and church are miles apart from each other, and the Dâk Bungalow, which is, or I hope only was, the most dilapidated, dirty, leaky, smelling place I have yet seen in India under the name, is several miles from both.

The Commissioner's house is 9,205 feet above sea level, 3,106 feet above the Dâk Bungalow.

To Kangra, which is worth looking at, especially the splendid old fort, and on to the plains, is a route scarcely worth describing, being so well known; the road is good all the way for horses, camels, carts or almost a buggy, but by dholie you may be at Hoshearpore in a few hours, and two hours and a half after in the train for Calcutta or Lahore.

Mr. G. Barnes in his settlement report says of Kangra Valley: "I know no spot in the Himalayas which for beauty or grandeur can compete with the Kangra Valley: and these overshadowing hills.

"No scenery presents such sublime and delightful contrasts. Below lies the plain, a picture of rural loveliness and repose. The surface is covered with the richest cultivation, irrigated by streams which descend from perennial snows, and interspersed with home-

steads buried in the midst of groves and fruit trees. Turning from this scene of peaceful beauty the stern and majestic hills confront us.

"Their sides are furrowed with precipitous water-courses, forests of oak clothe their flanks, and higher up give place to gloomy and funeral pines. Above all are wastes of snow, on pyramidal masses of granite too perpendicular for the snow to rest upon." To this Major Paske, in his late memorandum, adds—"Beautiful as is the Kangra Valley, thus so well described, it is even surpassed by the loveliness of the scenery in the Kooloo Valley, one of the sub-divisions of the district."

J. CALVERT,

Vazeeri Rupi.

Why one official calls it *Kooloo*, and the Post Office, and other officials *Kulu*, I can't say, but incline to the former.

The productions of Kulu are, Indian corn, wheat, barley, peas, beans, rapeseed, millet, cotton, tobacco, great quantities of which are exported, poppy, opium, (this pays no duty), endless varieties of rice and very fine potatoes; there is some tea, but the "agent" informed me that it does not succeed in Kulu, and his attention is now directed to purchasing up every bit of land he can for his employers, who already have the entire monopoly to themselves, and renting it out to the natives for half the crops. Whether his employers know it or not, it is a certain fact, that their *influence* and his exertions have succeeded in securing the monopoly,

and preventing any European, but one, from acquiring land or settling in the Valley, as he has boasted of it to me, there can be no secret in the matter!

Fruit abounds in Kulu, the walnuts being very fine; apricots and peaches grow on the roadside for miles, but are uncultivated, and always plucked and eaten long before they are ripe. Green peas, strawberries, artichokes, cauliflowers, &c., thrive luxuriantly; grapes, if properly attended to, would be especially fine. Citrons and limes grow wild; and any plant introduced there seems thankfully to thrive.

Bear and leopard skins may be had at Sultanpur, but there is sometimes a great trouble to get a sight of them, and they remain locked up in an out-house by dozens until they are entirely eaten up by vermin.

The Minerals found in Kulu are numerous, and comprise the following:—

Gold. The ores of silver, lead, copper, and iron in abundance. Bismuth, manganese, and tin. There is also antimony, but not in so large a lode as at Shigri in Lahoul.

Rock-crystal, Tourmaline Kyanite, Hornblende, Green Oxide of Chrome, Micaceous iron, Carbonate of iron, or Siderose, Mispikel or Arsenical pyrites, Pyrolusite, Galena, Stibnite, Kermesite, or Red antimony (a very rare mineral). Cervantite, Carbonate of lime, Blende, Copper pyrites, Sulphate of copper or Blue-stone, Carbonate of Baryta, Felspar, Mica, Serpentine, Asbestus, Salt, Limestones, Garnets, Sapphires, Rubies, Sulphur, Gypsum.

The rocks comprise a coarse Felspathic gneis, Metamorphic sandstones, Clayslate, Sandstone shales, Limestone rocks of great variety, Limestone conglomerates and Micaceous sandstones, shales, schists, and slates.

The Mine in Shigri is leased for twenty years from Government; the mineral rights of Vazeeri Rupi do not belong to Government, but are private property. It is proposed to raise a company to work the whole.

Routes *to and from* Kulu.

The direct route to Kulu *viâ* Jullunder is as follows. Jullunder to Hoshearpore is best done by horse gharrie, the distance is 20 miles, and it occupies two hours.

At Hoshearpore you can lay a Palkie Dâk on to Kangra or Dhurumsala.

The Stages are :—

1	Hoshearpore	15½	Miles.	to	Gugrate *viâ* Nari Pass.
2	Gugrate ...	13	„	to	Purwain.
3	Purwain ...	15	„	to	Deyrah over river.
4	Deyrah ...	10	„	to	Ranetalah—bad Rest-house.
5	Ranetalah ...	11	„	to	Kangra
6	Kangra ...	12	„	to	Dhurumsala.
7	Dhurumsala	19	„	to	Palumpore *viâ* Dadh.
8	Palumpore	10	„	to	Byjnath.
9	Byjnath ...	10	„	to	Dhailoo.
10	Dhailoo ...	12	„	to	Jitingree.
11	Jitingree ...	15	„	to	Budwanee.
12	Budwanee ...	12	„	to	Karowne *viâ*
13	Karowne ...	10	„	to	Sultanpur, Kulu.

The first six stages are easily done in a day and night by palkee.

Bearers can be had at any of the above stages, all of which have Dâk Bungalows.

Kulu is also 10 stages north of Simla, and is often made part of the route from Simla to Kashmir, but there are only a few rest-houses between Simla and Kulu at present, but the road is good for horses.

THE STAGES ARE THE FOLLOWING :—

1	Simla	... 12	Miles	to	Fagu.
2	Fagu	... 8	„	to	Theog.
3	Theog	... 10	„	to	Narkundah.
4	Narkundah	16	„	to	Dilachee ("a hard grind")
5	Dilachee	... 8	„	to	Choie
6	Choie	... 11	„	to	Kote
7	Kote	... 12	„	to	Jerhee
8	Jerhee	... 8	„	to	Plach—Rest-House.
9	Plach	... 12	„	to	Largi „ „
10	Largi	... 13	„	to	Bajaura in Kulu.

K-7

THE TRAVELLER'S LAST "REST-HOUSE."