

LITERATURE

GONE, FOR EVER GONE

WHERE are the friends of early joys,
The cheerful and the gay,
The sharers of my childhood's toys,
The partners of my play?
Where is my own young Maajan,
My love of sunny skies?
Oh! where are all I dearly lov'd?
Hark! echo now replies—

"Gone, for ever gone!"
Like summer's golden charms decay,
Fore winter's piercing blast,
The friends, the joys of childhood's day,
To the cold grave have past.
Tis well—they've gained a calmer home,
A land of brighter skies;
Their names are register'd above,
Though echo here replies—

"Gone, for ever gone!"
A little time, an April day,
A speck upon the space,
Like them I then shall pass away,
To my last resting place.
But ever thus the tomb is wide,
Before our careless eyes,
O'er all earth's pomp, and power, and pride,
Soft echo soon replies—

"Gone, for ever gone!"

Travels in Kashmir and the Punjab; containing a particular Account of the Government and Character of the Sikhs. From the German of Baron CHARLES HÜGEL, with Notes by Major F. B. Jervis, F.R.S. London: Petheram, 1845.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

WHEN the elevated plains and valleys of the Himalaya mountains were inhabited by the blessed race that succeeded to the deities of India, there was found in the north-western bend of the chain a vast lake. Numerous brooks and rivers flowed into it; temples, and palaces, and fanciful habitations, erected by divine hands, ornamented its margin; here, towered a stately grove; there, a promontory, green and shady, projected its rough point into the flood, while, at short intervals rustic villages of infinitely picturesque aspect glittered brightly along the strand. Every morning, as the day broke, animals of all forms and sizes, from the castle-bearing bulk of the elephant down to the slender mountain goat, might be seen slaking their thirst on its shore strewn with pebbles, or waving with rustling sedges. The inhabitants led a life superior to that of mortals. They built themselves light and elegant barks, in which they sailed over the waters; traversing the shadows of the huge mountains, which morning and evening fell athwart their surface, or glancing like gigantic swans through the bright sparkling sunlight, which invested its central expanses. There was among them no idea of toil as yet. Whatever they wanted the bounteous earth gave. Consequently, they knew no strife, but dwelt in perfect harmony together, fashioning blissful songs, or inventing those many-colored legends which afterwards descended in showers on the plains, and flooded the docile fancies of millions of men.

What gods were worshipped in those ages tradition itself scarcely knows. Probably Bharani—the Athor of the Egyptians—the Aphrodite of the Greeks—under some name or other received the devotions of those happy mountain dwellers. We say probably, because as there were temples there must have been gods, and among the gods of the infant world none was so likely to be worshipped, in a region such as we have described, as the great mother of the universe.

In process of time, as children multiplied, the valleys were found too narrow, the gardens and orchards too small, the fruit trees too few. The good people gazed upon the lake, and though it was very pleasant, though it looked at times like a mirror of gold or silver set there by Heaven that it might contemplate in it the reflection of its own beauty, they began secretly to wish that its dimensions would shrink, and that, instead of those dancing waves, which laughed and frolicked idly at their feet, they could behold long sweeps of orchards in blossom, or rich green meadows, with grass waving like those very billows themselves in the breeze. While these thoughts filled their minds, a stranger from the west appeared among them. He was a man indefinitely old, like the mountains, or the clouds that floated over them. Time had transformed, but not subdued him. His beard, white as the Himalayan snow, waved magnificently down his breast, yet his cheeks were ruddy, and his eyes full of fire. He seemed to speak all languages. With the grave elders he dealt in prudent counsel, but with children he frolicked like a child. By day he passed from village to village, having in his hand a staff, which he seemed to carry more for show than for service. At night he retreated into the woods, or wandered to the tops of the mountains, where he ate snow, and made himself a covering and a pillow of it till morning.

One night, all the inhabitants round the lake being in their beds, a sound was heard such as man never heard before. It filled the whole region, it rose above the crests of the mountains, it descended into the depths of the lake, a quivering motion passed through the ground, the floors of the habitations heaved and trembled, loud voices above seemed to hold converse with louder voices beneath. Then came one indescribable burst, one loud long roar passing from east to west, deafening, almost maddening, those who listened to it. All the people fell on their faces, where, in agitation and terror, they remained till morning. Then, by degrees, as the gray light showed itself at every window, they rose from their posture of fear, and opened their doors, and walked forth slowly and timidly, not knowing what awful sight they might witness. And what beheld they? The lake was gone, and a vast, unslightly basin of mud alone remained to mark where it had once been.* In wonder they looked towards the mountains,

* Similar traditions prevail in various parts of Asia and in Adenbjan we find it reproduced in connexion with King Solomon. A tradition exists that this part of the country was formerly a lake, and that Solomon commanded two deities or genii, named Ard and Biel, to turn off the water into the Caspian, which they effected by cutting a passage through the mountains; and a city, erected in the newly-formed plain, was named after them Ard-beel. — *Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian*, by W. R. Holinshead.

and there, dilated to an extraordinary stature, stood the old man leaning with one hand on his staff, and with the other pointing to the stupendous rent in the mountains through which the water had escaped. He then rose into the air, assumed the form of a cloud, and while all the inhabitants of the valley gazed upwards with amazement, floated away between two peaks of the mountains, and was soon lost to sight.

The valley thus formed is Kashmir, and the broad bold stream, which still pursues the track of the old man towards India, is the Jhylum. As might naturally be expected, various traditions prevail, respecting the event, shadowed forth by the above legend. Bernier, when, in company with Aurungzéb and Danekhmend Khan, he visited the valley, was told that its great benefactor was a Pir, or holy man, named Kashé. By the time of George Forster, tradition had changed its mind upon the subject, and attributed the marvellous event to King Solomon, pointing, by way of proof, to the Takht-i-Suliman, or throne of Suliman Ben Daoud, which, in the form of a flat-topped hill, still towers over the capital of Kashmir. Other travellers have obtained other versions of the great primitive myth, which forms as it were a part of the religion of the Himalaya's western extremity. With us a lady's shawl is the only memento of that antediluvian catastrophe, or a few pages in a book of travels, or a semi-oriental snatch of verse, in the works of an effeminate poet. At no very distant day, perhaps, the course of political events in the East may lead us to take a livelier and deeper interest in what concerns that beautiful valley, when our bayonets shall be seen flashing round the gardens of the Shalimar, and the roar of our artillery be reverberated from the rocks of Bimber and Barámoolar. For the present, however, we eschew politics and political predictions, and confine ourselves to what is or has been in Kashmir.

When Aurungzéb performed the journey of pleasure to which Bernier has given celebrity, there were poets in the valley, who, in conjunction with the Mogul bards from Agra and Delhi, chanted, in extravagant verse, the advent of the emperor. They nicely divided their praises, heaping a part on their imperial visitor, and the other part on their country. It had already long ago received from the Persians the epithet of the unrivalled land, and an European in the suite of Aurungzéb, expressed his surprise, that the Mohammedans had not thought of locating there the ancient tradition of Paradise. In his pages it is invested with a beauty which falls little short, perhaps, of that of Eden. His imagination may have deceived itself. Ascending from the burning plains of Hindustán, and passing with almost miraculous suddenness from fiery gusts and dust-clouds, and fields cracked, parched, almost calcined by the glowing sun, into a deliciously cool atmosphere, breathing over the most lovely vegetation, and investing with a transparent mantle the grandest and most varied scenes in Asia, it could scarcely resist the impulse of enthusiasm. But the fancies of men are as various as their features. Bernier's eloquent description, suggesting, perhaps, to some exaggerated ideas of beauty and sublimity, led almost necessarily to disappointment. Succeeding travellers, beholding Kashmir under less favorable auspices, and possessing also a less intense sympathy with what is vast and charming in nature, have experienced less pleasure than he obviously felt. From the impulse of rivalry, also, they have been rather disposed to be critical than to indulge their admiration, to sober down the colours of his picture, than to present us with a repetition of it. Still, when every drawback has been made, when we have sacrificed to coldness, to literary inferiority, and to envy, enough will yet remain in the Indian Paradise to fascinate the imagination of all who delight in the vast and varied show of nature.

Baron Hügel, whose narrative now lies before us, in Major Jervis's able translation, was not a person to relish the beauties of Kashmir. He was suffering under the severest afflictions of the heart. He had lost what, to a man of kindly feelings, nothing can replace, and only betook himself to travelling in the hope of allaying, by the excitement of change and danger, the irrepressible pangs of grief. We respect his sorrows, and can easily comprehend by how many subtle processes they contrived to mingle with all his feelings, so as irresistibly to sadden his views, and frequently to warp his judgment. But while disposed to make every allowance for him on this account, we must say that we think him very little fitted to be a traveller. What a contrast between him and Masson! The latter, barefoot, half naked, hungry, and surrounded by every description of peril and difficulty, proceeds cheerfully on his way, interpreting men charitably, making excuses for their faults, expressing gratitude for their kindness; the former discontented, grumbling, effeminate, enjoying all manner of luxuries, and still sighing incessantly for more, exhibits a readiness to put the worst possible construction on people's motives and actions. Not that Masson is destitute of caustic bitterness. He can be severe enough, when severity appears to him to be called for, and in some cases only, perhaps, appears; but he understands the Orientals, knows what is good and what is bad in them, and found enough of the former to justify a decided preference for their character. We could willingly journey with him round the world. His works are full of elastic feeling, and generate hope and confidence in the reader. To a lover of travels, therefore, they are invaluable. Baron Hügel, though obviously a proficient in such philosophy, as is prevalent in Germany, can never detach his sympathies from himself, to link them, even temporarily, with the millions through whom he passes. He regards them as so many modifications of annoyance, so many springs of bitterness to the hapless traveller. In his mind, therefore, as in that of the Romans, stranger and enemy are synonymous. He beheld in the dusky Asiatics, only so many creatures of prey, fabricated and disposed by nature to pounce upon German barons, and ease them of their property. The idea of rank, again, exerted itself in him, only to inflame his self-love, to twist and tangle his idiosyncrasies. Every thing estimable resides in his view among the great; nobility is a sort of fifth essence; a sacred something, stolen from nature's reserved cabinet, to be imparted only to grandees of the empire. It is easy to foresee how poor simple men and women, dressed in plain cotton, eating rice, drinking little or no wine, and professing obedience to a foreign race, must appear insignificant in such a personage's eyes. And yet we believe Hügel to be a good-natured

* The two versions may, however, be reconciled by having recourse to another version of the legend which speaks of Kashé, as a deep deceiver or goblin in the service of Suliman Ben Daoud.

individual upon the whole. He would have taken more correct views of humanity, had he, in Lord Ellenborough's phrase, been "an innocent traveller," emancipated from the shackles of nobility, and having the burden of no title to bear on his shoulders about the world. But even in spite of these hindrances he often shows to much advantage.

People travel of course for a variety of purposes; but by far the noblest is to acquire wisdom for themselves, and augment the sum of happiness for mankind. The mere chronicler of information has a much lower aim. What he writes may be useful also, but it is immeasurably inferior to what we find in the poetical and speculative traveller, who, whether he accompany him through cities or solitudes, pours into our minds by the way the stores of a sound philosophy. A very peculiar delight is experienced in traversing the high places of the earth, a delight which does not evaporate in mere enjoyment, but exercises a chastening influence upon the character. It is the same with oceans and deserts. Instead of being distracted by innumerable objects of interest, our minds in such situations find themselves alone with the infinite, and dilate to their utmost dimensions, in the effort to become commensurate with it. This effort, however vain in its general scope, practically produces the most beneficial results. We project ourselves temporarily beyond the sphere of vulgar cares and interests, and enjoy that delicious calm, which springs from a familiar intercourse with the grand and beautiful. Most persons have tasted something of this, though few, perhaps, comparatively, have known what the feeling is in all its sweep and intensity. To reach this enjoyment, it is necessary to have strolled among the pinnacles of the Alps or Andes, to have trodden the glaciers of the Himalaya, to have beheld the sun rise and set for months, on the expanse of ocean, or to have travelled by the guidance of the lights of heaven over the sterile waste of the desert, witnessing no life, but that which you yourself and your companions entrust to that infinite grave.

Kashmir has not yet been visited by any one capable of making the most of the subject. Bernier's philosophy cramped his genius. The believer in atoms and a vacuum could hold no profitable colloquy with nature as she appears in those dizzy and glittering solitudes. His fancy, after glancing upwards for a moment at the cold pinnacles of the Himalaya, projected so far aloft that the very heavens, according to the imaginations of the Hindú poets, have been fashioned into a dome on purpose to make room for them—returned shuddering to take shelter in the sunny, smiling valley which nestles so snugly at their bases. If he could not sympathise, however, with the sublimer portions of the picture, for what was purely terrestrial, for what was cheerful, warm, and full of vitality, he had the keenest possible relish. Accordingly, his description of what may strictly be termed the valley is beyond measure charming. It does not read like a production of the seventeenth century, but presents itself to our fancy with all the graces of a modern composition about it.

No doubt Bernier's Epicureanism neutralised considerably his poetical tendencies, and repressed the generous humanity of his nature; but if he was unlucky in his philosophy, he understood the art of writing, not only in its ordinary rhetorical sense, but in that much higher interpretation, which includes the power to fascinate coming centuries, by keeping every thing repulsive out of sight, and dwelling only on those things which are calculated to invest a writer's character with an interest and a charm for the reader. In this respect Baron Hügel is less fortunate. Possibly, when he sat down to write, he felt no desire to make us love him. Satisfied with the delusions of rank and fortune, he may not have experienced the necessity of conciliating the good will of critics or readers. He very likely discovers grandeur enough to satisfy his appetite in his baronial elevation, and has no desire to pass for a hero with the world. At any rate, nothing can be less heroic than his conduct on most occasions, even as chronicled by himself. We often blush for his pettifogging littleness in his dealings with the natives; we are vexed to find that any European issuing from British India, and liable, therefore, to be mistaken for an Englishman, should have exhibited so much the aspect of a skinflint, as this bearer of orders and ribands. Hügel tells us himself, that Jacquemont left a bad reputation behind him, which he seems to have earned by positive dishonesty. Of all such delinquencies we cheerfully acquit the German baron. He paid his way we make no doubt, but contrived, in doing so, to exhibit so much niggardliness, that we much question whether had he cheated the natives in a dashing way, he would not have pleased them better.

We may seem to be taking a harsh view of our worthy baron's proceedings; but we feel perfectly confident that no English reader, of moderately generous sentiments, will arrive, by the perusal of his work, at a conclusion very different from ours. A traveller is, of course, under no necessity of throwing away his money. He may perambulate the world, if his circumstances allow him to do no better, after the fashion of a Jew, taking all he can get, and giving nothing to any one. But then he should be careful to assume no airs which in Asia people are apt to interpret into determination to distribute cash. For they think, and not perhaps unreasonably, that if they are to be called upon to endure a stranger's folly, some amends ought to be made to them for their forbearance.

Now Baron Hügel travelled like a prince, with a thundering big tent, another lesser one to set it off, and a most ostentatious retinue. Seeing this, the natives naturally expected that his disbursements would be lavish in proportion, and that they should profit considerably by his passage through their country. We fear they were somewhat disappointed, some of them certainly were; and we fear also that many among them, not sufficiently acquainted with our national character, may have mistaken Baron Hügel for an Englishman. It is to be hoped that the poor Thanadar, who figures in the following little scene, was not one of these.

The Thanadar made his appearance this morning, and demanded my Perwáná, or permission to travel, which I had received from the Maha Rajá. I found that the man was only doing his duty, and therefore referred him to my Múnshi, that the Perwáná might be produced. It was in the possession of the Chobdar's servant, and he was still snugly lodged in a house, whence, however, he was quickly summoned. When he did come forth, I ordered him to take care in future that he produced the Maha Rajá's permit wherever it was necessary, that I might not be importuned by such inquiries; and the man assured me that he had done so the pre-

vicious day. The Thanadar then came in for his share, and he was asked what he meant by such impertinence. He could only answer that he was entitled to ask a certain sum from any one who went by this mountain pass, and that he hoped I would not refuse to give the accustomed toll. I desired him to be told that he had chosen a wrong method of asking for a present, and that he might turn his back on my tent as soon as possible.

Another instance of hardfistedness deserves to be commemorated. Of course the Baron might have suppressed it if he pleased, as we feel convinced he has suppressed a hundred similar, but not foreseeing the inferences that might be drawn from it in his favor, he relates the whole affair with the most bewitching naïveté. We have seen travellers remain all night in a most comfortable and dreary situation, rather than stimulate the industry of their attendants with a single piastre. We have known them to endure sharp hunger, rather than pay half a farthing more for a pile of cakes than the current market value; but we do not recollect to have witnessed anything so cool as Baron Hügel's style of economy. We think we see before us now the blank looks of the unlucky natives at the conclusion of the transaction, which Baron Hügel is about to describe for us. What they thought of the Burra Sahib may be easily imagined by those who are acquainted with the Hindus. Doubtless, on their return home, their admiration of his munificence, blossomed into poetry, so that in all likelihood, half a dozen little songs, in praise of Baron Hügel's *savoir faire*, are chanted to this day along the foot of the Himalaya. But let us hear the Baron's characteristic little narrative.

Among the firs on the north side of the mountain I espied a *Daphne*, at least so I judged from the bud, and a little farther on a *Vaccinium*, much resembling our own; and still onward on the other side of a ravine amid some birches, a new shrub like the *Rhododendron*, whose branches were mostly bent earthwards by the snow. Its hardy appearance, however, convinces me that it would flourish in our cold climates. With infinite fatigue, and trouble I reached a clump, but could find neither bud nor seed, and returned quite exhausted to the road. Later in the day I perceived a second and larger group, growing on a steep place on the opposite side of the ravine, and I promised to give a couple of rupees to the man who first brought me some of the seeds. In an instant they were all rushing down the precipice, without heed or precaution, springing from rock to rock until I trembled to look after them; the steep bank was soon gained. My glass showed me they were breaking off all the branches at hazard, but they were gone too far for my voice to reach them, and I could only hope that by good luck they might bring me one slip, at least, on which a fruit might be found. On their return a small wood was laid before me, but not what I wished, and I retained the rupees, thinking we might be more fortunate presently.

From these little incidents it may be inferred that Baron Hügel clung with a pretty tight grasp to the good things of this world: he wished the natives to understand that he knew the value of four shillings, and that he had no intention of setting up for the rival of Hatim Tai. No wandering derwish blessed him as he went. The interior of no cottage was illuminated by the glitter of his rupees. Not a Hindu from the mouth of the Hoogly to the sources of the Jyllum ever dined or supped the better for Baron Hügel's voluntary charity. Sometimes a piece of money was extorted from him by dint of overwhelming importunity, as by the fakir who planted himself before the door of his tent, and vowed he would never desist, night or day, from his yells and screams, till the Satanic Teuton should give him something. That old fellow knew the way to the Baron's heart, or rather to his purse, for to purchase quiet slumbers he consented to relinquish some small portion of his beloved property. When rougher methods would do he had recourse to them. Placed beyond the fear of retaliation by the despotic Perwana of Ranjit Singh, he treated the natives as insolent travellers do the felahs in Egypt, and when they presented themselves before him to supplicate for charity in the name of God, he directed his servants to drive them away with blows. What religion Baron Hügel professes is more than we can undertake to say—of course it is not the Christian;—but whatever it be, he stands in unfavorable contrast with the Epicurean Bernier.

Much greater severity of language would be justified; but it is better, perhaps, to verge towards the extreme of leniency than towards its opposite. The baron, however, exhibited during his Indian travels one other propensity, upon which we cannot refrain from offering a remark or two. He systematically pursued the plan of shocking the prejudices of the natives by bringing out into the most striking relief his differences from them, by displaying his contempt for their ceremonies, which he would occasionally abstain even from witnessing; by slaughtering their sacred animals, and disturbing the roots even of their most harmless beliefs. We are far from desiring to inculcate the notion that superstition is to be treated with the deference due to religion; but where we can we should always distinguish between erroneous fancies, which in their tendencies are hurtful to mankind, and such as obviously promote their happiness. A traveller has no time to make converts. He cannot change the whole framework of a fellow-creature's thoughts; re-adjust the balance of his understanding, and lift him above the mists of error. He should be satisfied, therefore, with affording him the benefit of his own better example, and suffer him to draw, if so disposed, his conclusions from that. Baron Hügel thinks differently, as the reader will perceive from the following incident:—

About one-third of the way we came to the abode of a fakir, near several little stone buildings, and a spring called Dendrah, round which a considerable party of the dwellers of the mountains were spending their hours of rest from work. Many were carrying to Jamu large bundles of rose-colored wood of the Deobasa, which is found about this spot; but I could not find any of the trees, though I went out of my way, with one of the collectors, in search of one. Overcome by the heat, my people lay down by the spring, from which the fakir brought them all water, while multitudes of monkeys were leaping from tree to tree, and flocks of parrots filled the air with their clatter. Gigantic trees, round which climbed many a parasite, rose in the little plain near the spring. When the fakir had administered to the wants of all my servants, I beckoned to him, and he quickly drew near with a vessel filled with water. I then perceived that he was a very aged man. "How old are you?" said I. "Ninety-two," replied he. "And how long have you lived at this spring?" "Since I grew to manhood." "And why do you remain here?" "Why?" repeated he; "see you not that I refresh the weary traveller with water

and send him strengthened on his way?" "But he would find it without you." "And when the sand in this lonely spot chokes the spring, who would find the water then?"—By serving the poor, I serve God." "But these same poor, feed you, otherwise you could not exist." "He who has abundance gives to the needy, if he values his own happiness. I am the rich man here; for the water is mine; and many a great man, travelling this way is bounteous to me, in order that I may live until another comes. Truly there are such good men in this world; for many are the years that I have lived without quitting this spring."

Poor man! Knowing only one small valley, how narrow and confined must God's beautiful creation appear to thee! To thee a tree must be a forest, a hill a division of the world, the spring thine ocean; and yet, who would not give all his knowledge, every worldly advantage, in exchange for this peaceful mind, this conscientious assurance that he commands everything that constitutes happiness.

We should better have liked these sentiments, had their utterance been preceded by no attempt to shake the fakir's unflinching confidence. The disciple of Lucretius and the schoolfellow of Molière, likewise encountered a fakir in these mountains, less gentle and amiable than his modern successor, but still, possessed by the persuasion that he was useful to mankind, without which existence scarcely seems to be supportable. He was probably the original of the hermit in "Rasselas," who exercises dominion over the seasons. No one exactly knew his age or his religion—points, indeed, on which he appears to have been himself doubtful—but he had dwelt among those solitudes from the time of Jehanghir, and enjoyed miraculous powers. He could cause it to thunder when he listed, and rivaled *Æolus* himself in his authority over the winds. The spirits of the four quarters dwelt with him in his cavern, and at his bidding would issue forth to vex the neighbouring regions with tempests of hail, or snow, or rain. In short, he kept the nether world in awe—

With wild thunder-dint and fiery levin.

"His countenance," says Bernier, "had something wild in its expression; enhanced by his long and ample white beard, which fell negligently over his breast. He asked alms with a haughty air, for which he permitted the passers-by to drink the water which he kept ready for them in earthen vessels, ranged in order on a large stone. He made travellers at sign with his finger that they should pass on speedily without stopping, reprehending those who made the least noise, because, as he observed to me, when I had entered into his cave, and conciliated him by most humbly placing a half rupee in his hand, noise in this place occasions the most furious storms and tempests. Aurungzeb," added he, "has acted wisely in following my counsel, and prohibiting all loud sounds." Shah Jehan was always careful to act in the same manner; but Jehanghir having once slighted my advice, and ordered the trumpets to sound and the timbrels to play, nearly paid for this act of temerity with his life."

It would have argued a degree of insanity, little short of that exhibited by the knight of the rueful countenance, to do battle with this lord of the winds. Bernier heard him patiently, vexed him with no impertinent logic, tortured him with no needless doubts. "The imaginary treasures which he possessed on the arrival of the traveller was not in the slightest degree diminished at his departure. Baron Hügel might have imitated this policy with advantage. Had he done so, he would not only have commanded greater respect from his reader, but would have avoided placing himself in the very ridiculous and humiliating position which he describes in the following passage:—

It was quite dark as I returned dispirited and alone towards my tent, with my gun over my shoulder. Something suddenly flew past me over the roofs of the houses, and being just in that sort of humour when the chance of killing anything is satisfactory to the feelings, I took good aim, and the next instant a vampire, or large bat, fell on the ground at my feet. The report of my gun had brought all the people out of their houses, and on seeing the creature, which was just able to crawl along, they set up a piercing cry. These animals, as I well knew, are considered holy by the native Indians, and I expected that their fanaticism would break out in some terrible vengeance on the slayer. Such an act of sacrilege has cost many an European his life; and I confess that the howlings set up on this disaster seemed to predict a similar fate for me. The tragical dénouement of an affair very similar to this, which had taken place recently at Matra, came to my mind. Two officers were attacked there by an old monkey, and instead of conforming to the custom of the country and driving the disgusting creature away with stones, they shot it without the least repugnance. The people instantly pressed on them, in spite of the interference of the magistrate, who protected them until they were enabled to mount the back of their elephant, and pursued them, hurling stones, which wounded them so sorely, that, as the only means of saving their lives, they ordered the Mahut to drive their elephant into the Jamna and let it swim across. He did so, but the waters were then at their very highest, and elephant and rider were drowned together. By an equally sad death, two of my friends, Colonels Combes and Black, had given a convincing proof how dangerous it is to rouse the fanatical fury of an Indian mob.

The same destiny seemed very likely to be mine within an hour, but the traveller who wanders in strange countries, among stranger people, is habituated to look death steadily in the face, in all its forms. As for these things, I had resigned myself, on leaving Europe, to the very probable chance of not seeing it again; at this critical moment I did not feel even a sensation of surprise. They hemmed me closely round, one holding up the wounded creature, whose unearthly cry accompanied the chorus of angry voices, till I gradually gained the shelter of a house, which protected me from assailants in the rear, my gun keeping off the foremost of my complainants. There I remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, until some of the Thanadar's people were seen approaching, as I trusted, to rescue me. Whether however, they thought their force not sufficient for this purpose, or that, after hearing the crime I had been guilty of, their superstition overcame all compassion, they soon turned their backs on the scene, and left me to my fate. The noise then became louder; the threats grew more alarming. Fortunately, there were no stones to be found, but the task of forcing back my assailants with the gun became more and more fatiguing, until the light of day wholly disappeared. It was then that, quickly availing myself of the known inconstancy of feeling in the Indian character, and of the circumstance of darkness, concealing the form of my sacred victim, I harangued the multitude with such happy effect on my sorrow for this mishap, and the precautions I would take in future, that their hearts were gradually softened, and, to my infinite relief, I was permitted to find my way back to my tent, with life and liberty.

We may now return once more to the approaches of Kashmir, which we have all this while been deterred from entering by the idiosyncrasies of Baron Hügel. When we draw near an oasis in the desert, half the charm of the little Paradise is derived from the vast ring of barrenness, in which, like a gem, it is set. The rocks and the sands, bathed in burning light, impart a tenfold value to the cool umbrageous verdure that springs up in the midst of them to soothe the eye and give serenity to the mind. The wilderness seems to wave a flaming sword round its little Eden, but turns away its point from the breast of perseverance. Nearly so is it with Kashmir; we descend into it on all sides from a prodigious wall of precipices soaring here and there into peaks of immeasurable height. Let us place ourselves once at the foot of the Pir Panjal, and climb as speedily as possible the barrier that separates the southern wanderer from the valley.

The ascent is dreadfully steep. With a volume of Bernier in my hand, I gazed around, and recalled in imagination the time when the gorgeous suite of the emperor of Delhi clambered up these perilous and difficult paths. In many parts the soil is so loose and crumbling as to afford no safe footing; and large masses falling from above block up the usual road, and force the traveller to find out a new one as he best can. It seems to me impossible that elephants could ever tread such a pass, not so much on account of their unwieldy size, for they climb steep places with incredible facility, but that their weight is so enormous; and I find in Bernier an account of a number of elephants which were precipitated into the depths below as they proceeded with the Zenana on their backs. A small tower is built on the highest point, where a party of the Maha Rajah's troops are stationed throughout the year; and hard by is the grave of a Mohammedan fakir, named Pir Panjal, from whom the mountain takes its name. There is a fine prospect in the direction of the Panjab, and the eye, stretching over unnumbered ranges of hills, loses all further view in the dimmer and warmer atmosphere of the south. A little further on, we passed into a gorge of the mountain. On the north or right side was a vast wall of snow above us; the south was a naked rock. In vain I essayed to catch one glimpse of the long-looked-for valley, the limits of my wanderings in Asia in this direction. Towards the east stretched a barren plain, through which flows the Damdam, a river now partly frozen; and in many spots were deep holes, evidently dug by bears. I saw none of these animals, but their traces were very perceptible. One creature we saw climbing up the naked rock, which I imagine must have been a leopard; it was nearly white, with a long tail, and of large size. Finally, after another hour of toilsome way, my anxious eye descried the huge mountain masses of Tibet, beyond the valley of Kashmir; their highest peaks, Mer and Ser, being plainly visible. I saw them but for an instant; a turn in the road again hid them from my view; but never rose any more proudly than they; with their two pyramids, the one black, the other white, close to one another, and apparently of the same altitude. . . . The road next took us through a deep ravine, and then, just as I expected to get a last glimpse of the valley, came another hill, and another. We skirted for some time a wall of rock, which was built as a safeguard by order of Shah Jehan. The superstitious inhabitants of these parts have a tale concerning Ali Merdan Khan, the builder of this wall and of all the serais between Lahor and Kashmir. According to this fable, as the architect marshalled his workmen along the road, he came suddenly to a tower, which they one and all refused to pass, because a man-eater, called Lal Gulam, dwelt there, who was accustomed from the tower to seize upon the passers, as they stole one by one along the narrow path, and hurl them down the precipice, when he devoured them at his leisure. The brave Ali Merdan Khan went into the tower first, but Lal Gulam had just quitted it. He found his son there; however, whom he instantly hurled down the precipice. Since that time nothing more has been heard of Lal Gulam, and the remembrance of the murders he committed is gradually dying away; but the tower still bears his name, and was certainly a fit place for the dwelling of a robber. That the Pir Panjal has ever been dangerous enough, without the needless addition of cannibals, is shown by the countless skeletons of horses and oxen, and the whitened human bones, which remain melancholy evidences of the fate which has overtaken many a wanderer in these terrific passes.

In the foregoing extract Baron Hügel, alludes to a terrible catastrophe which occurred during one of Aurungzeb's visits to Kashmir; the ladies of the imperial court were mounted on mikedbars, or close-litters, on the backs of elephants, which climbed in an extended file the steep acclivity of the Pir Panjal, over a road bordered by precipices. The foremost elephant accidentally taking fright—at the terrific ascent before him, according to the Hindoos—reeled backwards, and struck against the next following in succession; this again, thus driven rearwards, fell against a third, and this third again upon a fourth, until the whole line, consisting of fifteen, capsize with their fair burdens, rolled over the precipice, and were precipitated to the depths of the valley. It is easy to conceive what confusion this accident occasioned in the imperial army. Nevertheless, only three or four of the ladies were killed; but the elephants, which, when they fall even on a common high-road, seldom rise again, all perished; though slowly, for Bernier, who passed two days afterwards, saw several of them still moving their trunks.

It is now time we should descend into the valley, which, with wonderful judgment, our German traveller thought proper to explore in winter. During any other season of the year the genial influences of nature might have inspired even him with something like picturesque power. His phlegm would have yielded to the charm of spring, and summer might have melted him into admiration and charity. Under any circumstances, however, Baron Hügel's style could not possibly have reflected all the grand and varied features of Kashmir. His is no plastic hand, capable of fashioning out of the elements of language a world of mountains, clouds, valleys, lakes, and rivers, studded with ruins, diversified by groves and gardens, and animated by a population, striking even in its looped and windowed raggedness. To be convinced of this, we need only accompany him to the top of the Taht-i-Suliman, and bid him describe to us what he beholds from thence. There is life in the landscape which genius ponders over; the leaves rustle, the brooks leap and gurgle in its periods. Baron Hügel delineates, but does not vivify. Winter's cold hand guided his pen when he wrote, and reined in his sympathies when he attempted to feel. He says—

Having with great difficulty clambered up the mountain pompously styled the Throne of Solomon, the first object which presented itself was an ancient Buddhist temple (Deval), composed of masses of rock with a curious doorway, evidently of very high antiquity. The temple was, in later times, converted into a mosque; a Persian inscription of more modern date, gives no information as