

I shall tell you what occurred at a ~~wi~~ town the day before I got to it. Two Hindoos, of the Buneeah caste, grain retailers, were murdered. Suspicion fell on two Mussulmans who were brought from a distance of 80 miles. The chief of the district was easily satisfied that they were the murderers, and ordered the miserable men to be made over to the brethren and relations of the murdered men to be done with as they thought proper. The next day all the Hindoos of the caste assembled, men, women and children. They got ready a pile of wood and inflammables. They beat the wretches with sticks and stones till they could not move, men and women alike assisting. They then put them on the pile of wood, putting heavy logs over them, and then set fire to it to burn them alive! One of the men remained in the fire and was burnt, the other in his agonies rose out of the flames and ran away. He was met by a party of soldiers who cut him down, slicing off his arms and cutting across one of his eyes. In this state he was dragged back to the fire, and thrown in and held down with beams till he was burnt!! I am sure your blood will run cold at my narration, but so little was thought of the occurrence on the spot, that the chief of the district in telling it to me and my friend, had a smile on his face and looked funny as he described the man escaping from the flames and running away!! So grinding is the taxation that farmers sell their daughters for prostitution to enable them to pay the exactions of the government. The entire produce of the land is hardly sufficient to meet the claims. This will give you an idea what a blessing English rule is in India, and how unfit to rule the natives are when left to themselves. From Attock I ran up the eastern bank of the Indus to near a place called Durbund. I was here stopped by a rude band of Sikh soldiers and turned across the Hills towards ~~Kashmir~~ and rejoined my companion who had followed a different route. I am now pursuing my journey, and in 6 days more I expect to reach ~~Kashmir~~. I write from the top of a lofty mountain, about 9000 ft. high, the thermometer is down to 40° not far from freezing. I am surrounded by thousands of flowers and trees which put me in mind of home. Such as firs, horse chesnut, yew and hazel-nuts and currant bushes:

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legs
eye

Cashmere

Cashmere