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anemones, primroses, larkspurs &c., in fact the whole of the mountain is like an immense flower garden, and dear as home is to my recollection, there is nothing there to compare with what is before me. All around there are masses of mountains upon mountains covered with snow. You will soon hear from me from ^{Cashmeer} ~~Kashmeer~~, but don't be surprised if you are told of an impoverished and half deserted country, for the present rulers have ruined it by oppression. To finish this long yarn about myself, it may amuse you to hear that your hopeful Son during part of his wanderings, for precaution dressed like a Mahometan after the fashion of the country, that on one occasion he was taken for a pilgrim going to Mecca to worship at the shrine of Mahomet, and on another that an old woman gave him her ~~benediction~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~Dewanee~~ or Afghan nobleman, so you may imagine what he looked like.

Sandy and Grace will both have reached home by this time. I heard from both from the Cape, they were both well and appeared to have improved greatly by the voyage. I hope you and my mother will have had a happy meeting with them long ere this. I hear regularly every two or three months from Charles. The only drawback to his comfort seems to be the want of a wife. 'Tis a pity he did not take one out from England with him. Louisa's progeny will soon make an old man of me. I allude to Gracie's being able to read the New Testament. I heard from Sandy that she was a lovely infant. It must be delightful to you and my mother and aunt to hear a chapter ~~was~~ read by the little pet. Tell my mother to give her a kiss for me. Good old Auntie Annie is contented and happy as ever and I hope she may continue so. A short time before the receipt of your letter, I heard of the award of a medal to me by the Geological Society. It gratified my friend Capt. Cautley and me greatly, as a proof that our labours in this country were not overlooked at home, and besides the honour is a high one of itself. Sandy in a letter to me when leaving Calcutta hinted at the possibility of his coming again to India if it were only for the voyage. He has tried the country twice already, and has been at the brink of the grave. Let him beware of a third trial if he values his life. I send a letter addressed to him, on perusal he will forward it to you. I am in good health and good spirits, and on good pay at present, all of which is good news to give you. My affectionate regards to Louisa and her husband, to Grace and Aunt ^{ie} ~~Ann~~ and to you and my dear mother, believe me to be Ever your affectionate son H. Falconer.