[CONFIDENTIAL.]

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY TO TASHILHUNPO

IN

1879.

BY

SARAT CHANDRA DAS,

DEPUTY INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, DARJEELING.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AT THE BENGAL SECRETARIAT PRESS.

1881.

RARE BOOK COLLECTION

Volkmar Wentzel
Washington D.C. 1947

CONFIDENTIAL.]

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY TO TASHILHUNPO

IN

1879.

BY

SARAT CHANDRA DAS,

DEPUTY INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, DARJEELING.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AT THE BENGAL SECRETARIAT PRESS.

1881.

PREFATORY NOTE.

Babu Sarat Chandra Das, the writer of this Narrative, was, in 1874, while a student of the Engineering Department of the Calcutta Presidency College, appointed head master of the Bhootea Boarding School, then opened at Darjeeling under the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell. Babu Sarat Chandra applied himself assiduously to the study of Tibetan; and paid several visits in subsequent years to the monasteries and other places of interest in Independent Sikkim, where he made the acquaintance of the Raja, his ministers, and other persons of importance. In 1878 Lama Ugyen Gyatsho, a monk of the Pemayangtse monastery, who held the post of Tibetan teacher in the Bhootea School, was sent to Tashilhunpo and Lhasa with tribute from the Pemayangtse monastery; and advantage was taken of this opportunity to find out whether it would be possible for Babu Sarat Chandra Das to visit Tibet, as he much desired to do. The Lama met with little encouragement at Lhasa; but at Tashilhunpo the Spiritual Prime Minister of the Tashi Lama, with the permission of the latter, sent by the hands of Ugyen Gyatsho an invitation to "the Indian Pundit Sarat Sri Chandra Das" to visit Tashilhunpo, where his name had been inserted as a student in the Grand Monastery; offering him his choice of routes, and commanding all Jongpons, or other persons to whom the letter might be shown, to help forward the pundit with all his baggage. In accordance with this invitation Babu Sarat Chandra, accompanied by Lama Ugyen Gyatsho, and taking with him a few scientific and other presents, together with a photographic camera, set out for Tashilhunpo in June 1879. The travellers returned to Darjeeling towards the close of the year, after a residence of three months at the capital. They were hospitably entertained by the Prime Minister, who gave Babu Sarat Chandra a cordial invitation to return to Tashilhunpo in the following year. This, however, he was prevented from doing, owing to the disturbed state of Sikkim in 1880.

Babu Sarat Chandra Das is, however, now about to set out again for Tashilhunpo, in compliance with the Prime Minister's invitation. He takes with him a lithographic press, the use of which he has learnt, and which promises to be of great service if it supersedes the cumbrous system of block-printing, which alone is understood in Tibet. He also takes a quantity of vaccine matter, as to which, when he was informed of its character, the Prime Minister expressed the keenest interest, small-pox being regarded by the Tibetans with the utmost dread.

During 1880 Babu Sarat Chandra Das was occupied, partly in drawing up from his notes the following Narrative, but chiefly in writing a series of papers on the religion, history, antiquities, folk-lore, laws, manners, and customs of

Tibet. For this purpose, with the aid of Lama Sherab Gyatsho, a learned Tibetan who had spent many years at Lhasa, and is now employed in the Bhutea School, he analysed and translated a large number of Tibetan books which he had brought back with him from Tashilhunpo, and which are not found in the Asiatic Society's collection. The papers on religion and antiquities have been made over to Dr. Hoernle, Principal of the Calcutta Madrasa, who has devoted much labour to editing them, and is about to publish them in the Journal of the Asiatic Society. In preparing the following Narrative and other papers for the press, I have also derived much assistance from Mr. H. Percival, Professor in the Presidency College.

A. W. CROFT.

1*st August* 1881.

I.—FROM DARJEELING TO TASHILHUNPO (SHIGATSE.)

22*nd May* 1879.—On Thursday, the 22nd May 1879, at 5-30 P.M., I started for Sikkim accompanied by Lama Ugyen Gyatsho, Sub-Inspector of Schools. At Badam-tam, about four miles from the Rungeet river, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and took shelter for the night in a Bhutia milkman's house.

23*rd May*.—Starting at five the next morning, we reached the Rungeet at half-past seven, where we changed our ponies. Crossing the river, we rode up to Pukagang in a heavy shower of rain, and took shelter in the house of Peling, the village mundul. Pukagang is a pretty little village, with a bazar and a cluster of shops. This year it has suffered much from the dispute between the Pemayangtse Lamas and the party of the Phodang Lama regarding the settlement of the Newars in Sikkim.

24*th May*.—After breakfast on Saturday we set off for Namtse at 1 P.M., and at 3 P.M. arrived at Navi-kyong, the residence of Lasso Kazi, who had obtained possession of his paternal estate on the settlement of the great dispute at the Kalingpong durbar in 1878. He now gave us a warm reception, and we in our turn presented him with a few rupees. At 5 P.M. we arrived at Namtse *gonpa* (or monastery). The head Lama, an old acquaintance of ours, received us with great cordiality, and served us with excellent dishes of rice, fine Indian-corn, and tea. The *gonpa* has lately been finished. It is a fine-looking stone building, and contains two dozen monks. The old Lama, to whose exertions the erection of the building is due, died last year.

25*th May*.—In the morning of Sunday we arranged with the Lama for a supply of coolies for the conveyance of our things, gave him some presents in return for his kindness, and started for Temig at 10 A.M. The foot-path from Namtse to Temig was extremely slippery; in some places it was washed away, and we had great difficulty in crossing the gaps. The whole of the extensive forest of Tendang-la, consisting of oaks, pines, chestnuts, and magnolias, some of great age and size, had been burnt by an accidental fire. Large trunks had fallen here and there, and in some places obstructed the way. The people were suffering from a famine, caused by the failure of the barley and Indian-corn crops. Many that we met were reduced almost to skeletons, and subsisted chiefly on the bulbous root of a kind of fern called "*pakpa*." At 3 P.M. we arrived at Temig and stopped at the house of an old acquaintance of ours. We found the house empty, the inmates having gone to the forest in search of roots. After an hour a woman arrived with a basket full of *pakpas*. She was followed by her two young daughters, whose handsome faces were now pallid and pinched with hunger. We gave them a little rice.

26*th May*.—Next morning at 8 A.M. we started for Yangang. A shower of rain fell, making the footpath worse. Descending to the warmer zone, near the Teesta, we were much troubled by leeches. At 3 P.M. we reached Yangang, which is situated on a level space overhung by the Mainam peak. This place is the residence of Ugyen Gyatsho's uncle, a venerable old Lama, 60 years of age, who received us with great kindness. He was well known to me, and had helped me on the occasion of my former visits to Sikkim.

At Yangang we remained for several days. I was averse to entering Great Tibet along the routes followed by Bogle, Turner, and the pundits of Colonel Montgomerie. Dr. Hooker had explored the whole of Sikkim up to the Donkhya and Kongra Lamo passes, by following the courses of the Lachhung and the Lachen, the two main affluents of the Teesta, but he had gone no further in that direction. He had also reached the valley of the Tambur, the eastern affluent of the Kosi, and explored the southern Kiranta in East Nepal, a little way beyond the populous towns of Wallung, Yangma, and Kang-pa-chan. His further progress towards North Nepal and Tibet was arrested by the frontier officers of those hostile Governments, and the route from

Katmandu to Tashilhunpo likewise remained unexplored. I thought that to explore the two routes to Tashilhunpo from the Lachen and the Lachhung, that is, from the Kongra Lamo and the Donkhya passes, would be a useful service to geography, and that I should do well to take advantage of the present opportunity. The Kongra Lamo pass and the Donkhya-la, being within the territories of the Raja of Sikkim, could be easily reached, and I at once tried to gather information regarding their accessibility. People lately arrived from Tibet told us that the Donkhya-la was blocked by snow; and that the cane-bridges over the Lachen river had been swept away by an unusual rise of the water. At first I put some faith in their reports, but soon found that I was mistaken in doing so. Most of the people guessed from my questions that my only object in going to those passes was to enter Tibet,—a thing for which they had no liking. I could plainly see that they wanted to dissuade me from going to the Sikkim passes at all. I then consulted Ugyen Gyatsho, my assistant, about the advisability of entering Tibet by these passes. He said that as both he and I were inexperienced and young, it would be unwise to take any steps without the advice of the Lama, his uncle, whose knowledge of the Tibetans and their country peculiarly qualified him to be our adviser. Accordingly we communicated to him our plans. He at once promised to render us all possible help. Besides making many useful suggestions, he impressed on our minds one important fact, the value of which we were not slow to perceive. He told us that as we were both well known to most of the Sikkimese and frontier Tibetans, obstacles would be put in our way by the frontier officers, and our pass forwarded to Lhasa; and even if we succeeded in escaping from the hands of the officials, yet rumours would be spread abroad about our movements, which might be followed by unpleasant consequences when we reached the capital. He therefore urged us to enter Tibet by the Nepal passes. I could see from what he said that he wished to protect his chief, the Raja of Sikkim, from accusations which the Government of the Dalai Lama might prefer against him on the receipt of authentic intelligence of our movements from the Pagla Dewan. However, I declared my readiness to follow his advice, provided he made arrangements for our journey through Nepal. Every British subject who enters Nepal is required to carry a passport, obtained direct from Katmandu, and as I had no such passport in my possession, the thought of the Nepalese journey gave me some concern. But as Ugyen Gyatsho could not be persuaded to accompany me through Sikkim, I had no alternative but to make my way through the forests of Nepal. The old Lama and Ugyen Gyatsho agreed with me, however, in thinking that, though it would be prudent for us to go by the Nepal passes, yet it would be most unwise to carry our baggage with us. The result of such a proceeding would be the loss of our lives as well as our goods. The Nepalese frontier guard, called *Telingas*, and the Limbo Chiefs of Kiranta, called *Shofas*, would be sure to rob us; and instead of receiving any redress for our wrongs, we should be dragged to Yambujong (Katmandu) as prisoners. We therefore entrusted our caravan of two loaded yaks to one Lachen Lama, a relative of the old Lama of Yangang, for conveyance to Tashilhunpo by the Donkhya pass.

8th June.—We left Yangang at 9 A.M., and set out on our journey. The old Lama and the Ani* were in tears at parting with us, and followed us for some distance. Ugyen Gyatsho and I rode up. The way was overgrown with long grass and weeds; and the leeches were abundant and troublesome. At 11 A.M. we arrived at Padim, four miles from Yangang. We received presents, consisting of wild yams and butter, from the villagers of Padim, who awaited us on the roadside; and we gave them in return presents of two-anna pieces. At 1 P.M. we crossed the Ringpo rivulet, a feeder of the Teesta. Here we saw a huge stone on which was engraved "*Om mani padme hum*" in Tibetan characters of unusual size. We began the ascent of the *La*†, which is covered with a dense forest of pine, walnut, magnolia, chestnut, and bamboo. On either side were lines of big, lofty oaks. We got over the *La* at 3 P.M.,

* *Ani*, a nun.

† *La*, the steep summit of a range; also a high mountain pass.

and arrived at Lingdam (5,500 feet), one of the most beautiful villages I have met with in Sikkim. It lies in a valley under the Rabang-la. The valley consists of undulating plains with a small and pretty lake in the middle. The margin of the lake is a marsh, overgrown with long grass, in which herds of cows and a few ponies were grazing. About 20 years ago this place was a well-to-do village, but the residents deserted it through fear of some malignant spirits, which were probably no other than the exhalations of the marsh. It is now a common grazing ground for cattle. Paddy does not grow here, but there is a little murwa. At 4 P.M. we arrived at Barphung (5,000 feet), a pretty village with about 40 houses. The headman of the village, who is a relation of the Ani of Yangang, came to see us, and at once made preparations for our reception. He presented us with half-a-dozen eggs, two seers of rice, and a pair of fowls. I sat down in the balcony of his house, from which a magnificent view of Western Sikkim presented itself. In front rose up the hill, on the summit of which stands the Pemayangtse monastery. On the right the Ralang monastery could be discovered through the mist. It occupies a picturesque position on the lower slope of a spur of Paohungri, surrounded by green barley cultivation. On the left was the Tashiding monastery, situated on a peak of the same name, almost encompassed by the Rungeet and Rathong rivers. The Tashiding peak occupied a conspicuous and isolated position in the range of hills. It is connected by a saddle-shaped ridge with the southern spur of Paohungri, and it is on a second spur east of this that the Senon *gonpa* is situated. The river Rungeet takes its rise in the gorge which divides Senon from the Ralang spur. The saddle which connects Tashiding with the Paohungri spur, and which contains many villages, the chief of which is called Sinyi, separates the Rathong from the Rungeet. These two torrents, coming from nearly opposite directions, unite to the south-west of Tashiding.

9th June.—In the morning we engaged a new set of coolies, and set out for Tashiding at 9 A.M. The sky was brilliant, without rain, and we soon arrived at Kyoshing, a thriving village about 5,000 feet above the sea. At Kyoshing there are twenty families who formerly belonged to the *Pon* religion of Tibet, and are still called Ponpo; and although they now profess the religion of Gautama, having long since abandoned their ancestral faith, yet they worship Tala Mem-bar, one of the Ponpo gods, as their chief tutelary deity. They also observe many of the Pon rites and ceremonies, about which I shall have something to say elsewhere. Kyoshing, with about 100 houses, belongs to a family, one of whose members (Yangthang Kazi) is the Sikkim Raja's vakeel at Darjeeling. We were invited to the house of the headman of the village. Presents, consisting of venison (an antelope having been killed on the previous day), Indian-corn, barley-flour, rice, eggs, butter, and wild yams were made to us by the headman himself, and by two of his sons-in-law. Besides this we were treated to a meal of buttered tea, Indian-corn, milk, cheese, and murwa beer. Of this most refreshing liquor I drank one good bamboo bottle, while Ugyen Gyatsho emptied more than three. Ugyen Gyatsho got a large portion of pork in consequence of my refusing it. Nothing on earth pleases a Bhutia more than murwa and the sight of pork. The latter he devours raw with an inordinate appetite. As the presents made us were of some value, I gave our entertainers a return present of five rupees. The old father of the headman was ill, his toes being covered with sores from the *buk-tshang*, the decomposed remains of a kind of poisonous worm. I touched his toes with caustic, and told him that he would derive some relief from it. After staying in the headman's house for a couple of hours we set out on our journey. Here we dismissed our ponies, as the way was bad and slippery, and bade farewell to some of our Yangang friends, who had followed us up to Kyoshing and shown us much unaffected kindness. From this point we engaged a guide. At 12 A.M. we commenced our descent, and after passing many Mendangs (*stupas*), arrived at the cane-bridge on the Rungeet, about five miles from Kyoshing. On both sides of the river I saw many India-rubber trees of great size; the largest of these, under whose

shade I sat for half an hour, appeared to me to be larger than the largest of the banian trees of Bengal, except the one in the Barrackpore Park. I enquired why the people did not carry on any trade in rubber as before. I was told that in former years the demand for India-rubber had been great, but of late years it had declined. It is probably on account of the opening of the Chittagong market that speculators have abandoned the Sikkim rubber. The cane-bridge was 40 feet long, nearly worn out, and consequently most dangerous. I crossed it with ease, but felt some anxiety about the coolies who had heavy loads to carry. However, they managed very well, and at 3 P.M we commenced our up-hill journey. The old road, called *Má-lam* (the main road for cattle), had been destroyed by the rains, and we had to ascend the hill by cutting our way through the forests and between the rocks. The ascent was steep and difficult; a single false step might have given me an unexpected slide of two thousand feet. At 5 P.M. we reached a rock called *Urgyen Phu-phya.* The legend connected with this says that Ugyen Pema (*Sanskrit*, Padma Sambhava) once on a time crossed the Rungeet from Kyo-shing, and climbed up to this place; but he found the up-hill journey so hard that, unable to endure any more of it, he collected all his supernatural energies and at once sprang up from this place to the rock on the breast of Kabru, Kang-chan's youngest brother. Here we saw some wild goats, and our guide tried to shoot one, but the revolver could not carry so far. At 7 P.M. we arrived at Tashiding. This monastery, with its group of Chortens and Mendangs, and its stone-built temples, is regarded as the most sacred of all by the Northern Buddhists of the Nyngma-pa sect, who annually resort to it from distant countries. Pemayangtse ranks second to it in sanctity. The principal Chorten is said to have been built after the model of the famous Chorten, Jarung-kha-shor, of Nepal. We were welcomed by the abbot, who had seen me at Kaling-pong in 1878. His son, though suffering from fever, paid us a visit of three hours. The abbot himself and his *omzed* brought us murwa, rice, and eggs, and also a kind of wild apricot which grows in the central zone of forest.

10*th June.*—The morning was most pleasant, without rain or fog. We set out at 10 A.M. After passing Garáthang, we arrived at Sinyi (4,000 feet) on the saddle, and rested for a while under the shade of a tall pine. From Sinyi we came to Lasso. Here we met the mother of Nimsring (Lieutenant Harman's Tibetan explorer), and enquired if her son was there. She replied in the negative, and we pursued our journey. Near Chong-rong we arrived at a place from which we saw a magnificent cascade, which forced its way through the breast of a stupendous rock, the upper portion of which consisted of a white calcareous substance, the lower being of a dark granitic formation. The water leaped from a height of about 700 feet in a single unbroken sheet, and then split into two near the place where we stood. The stream, which takes its rise from the snows of Pao-hungri, varies from 8 to 12 feet in width, and has cut a deep channel in its rocky bed. The gloomy scenery of the surrounding forests and the contrast of light and dark above and below, give this singular cascade a most striking aspect.

11*th June.*—At 4 P.M. we arrived at Inthang (5,500 feet), and were received by the Tyomi, the revenue collector of all the villages north of Rathong. He is the younger brother of Dorje-lopon of the Pemayangtse monastery. His son, Pema, the head teacher of Pemayangtse, was also present. Although the people generally were suffering from scarcity arising from the failure of the barley and Indian-corn crops in Sikkim, the Tyomi and his family were enjoying plenty. His barn was full of Indian-corn and rice, and he had a good supply of murwa seed. He gave me two bamboo bottles of beer every day, and three to Ugyen Gyatsho. Both father and son made us quite at home. The Inthang Tyomi has many acquaintances in Nepal, especially at Yampung, Gyansá (where the Tashi-chhoding monastery is), and Kang-pa-chan. The Nepali Bhutias of these three villages carry on a large trade in a kind of creeper called *Tsuo*, from which a red dye is made, much used for Lama costumes. A maund of tsuo will fetch Rs. 25 at Tashilhunpo,

and from Rs. 30 to Rs. 35 at Lhasa. The Nepali Bhutias buy tsuo at Rs. 10 a maund at Jongri, and carry it on yaks up to Tanglung, where they exchange it with the Tibetan merchants for barley and woollen clothes. About 1,000 maunds of tsuo are sent out annually from Sikkim. This year one Singbeer, a Gurung* of Nepal, wishing to impose duty on this article, reported his proposal to the Katmandu durbar. Besides other reasons of minor importance, he stated that the appointment of a customs officer would not only ensure the collection of a fixed and permanent revenue, but would stop the emigration of Nepalese to Darjeeling and Sikkim. Owing to this, by an order of the Nepalese durbar, the Jongri pass had been and still remained closed. The villagers at Yangma, Kang-pa-chan, and Yampung had protested against this, and sent a representation to the durbar. We were therefore obliged to wait for a few days at Inthang. The Tyomi killed a big ram to entertain us, and if I had been willing would have killed a pig also. We stayed at his house for three days without receiving any news about the pass. I was impatient to start, and told them that we were pilgrims, and would explain our purpose to the officer in charge of the pass. I requested the Tyomi to make arrangements so as to enable us to start at once. He sent his son Pema in search of a trustworthy guide. Pema returned in the evening and told us that one of the *Dokpas* (or yak-men) of Jongri was prepared to take us up to Kang-pa-chan, but would go no further. He undertook, however, to make arrangements for our onward journey by inducing one of his friends to accompany us. We settled his wages and ordered him to join us at once. On the 14th I paid a visit to the Dubdi monastery, one of the most ancient institutions of Sikkim. It is surrounded by a group of pyramidal cypress trees, one of which, by the side of the monastery, is said to be more than 500 years old. I made some enquiries into the history of the monastery, the sect to which it belonged, the number of monks it contained, and various other particulars. The presiding deity is a Tantric god in a standing posture embracing his wife. The painting on the west wall of the temple was the most artistic and interesting piece of work I have seen in Sikkim. The *Vajra Ashan* or throne on which the Tantric deity stood, resembled the great throne of Gautama at Buddha Gaya. Behind the great temple of Dubdi there is another, small but very old, which contains a large collection of deities and images. We gave some presents to the Lama of the temple, and a return present of two seers of barley-flour and rice and about a dozen eggs was offered us, but we declined the gift.

15*th June.*—At 8 A.M. we left Inthang, and passed the village of Yuksum, where we visited the ancient residence of the Rajas of Sikkim, now in ruins. At Yuksum was held the great council at which Phun-tsho Namgyal, the founder of the present dynasty, was elected Raja.

At 4 P.M. we took shelter under a huge boulder a few miles below Phamo-rong. The hill torrent Phamo-rong derives its name from the Tibetan *Pha* (father), the saint or patriarch of the Rongs or Lepchas, who, before flying up to heaven, drank murwa and smoked tobacco as he sat on the top of a steep rock from underneath which issues the torrent. From the bamboo bottle which contained the murwa their sprung up a bamboo tree, and from the tobacco which he smoked grew a tobacco plant, which is believed by the Rongs still to exist there. On account of this legend Phamo-rong is considered to be the holiest place in the Lepcha world. My Lepcha cooly entreated me to ascend to the sacred spot and inspect the tobacco and sacred bamboo; but I declined to do so, as the legend was all I cared for.

16*th June.*—We left the cavern of Phamo-rong at 8 A.M., and commenced our day's journey. The ascent was steep, and I was much troubled by green leeches or *shingpepa*, which, leaping from the leaves of trees, crept inside my shirt and hat. At 4 P.M. we arrived at Bakhim or Tsho-kha (8,000 feet). A cowshed sheltered us from the rain, and there we passed the night. After nightfall a huge bear (*Tibetan*, Thom-ti) made his appearance

* One of the pastoral tribes of Nepal.

at a distance of twenty yards from the shed. Our coolies lighted a torch and shouted, while Ugyen Gyatsho fired his revolver. The brute uttering a fearful growl fled towards the thicket. At a distance of twenty yards to the west of the shed is a small and beautiful lake, used by the people for drinking as there are no rills in the neighbourhood.

17*th June.*—At 8 A.M. we set out for Jongri. At 10 A.M. we reached a zone where we met with new families of trees. The vegetation changed abruptly, and varieties of rhododendron, juniper, and birch displaced the oaks and chestnuts of the lower zone. The leeches had disappeared. This slope from 9,000 to 12,000 feet in height is known by the name of *Mon Lapcha*. The scenery was exquisitely beautiful, chiefly owing to the profusion of flowers, amongst which the varieties of rhododendron (red and pink) were conspicuous. The beauty and variety of the vegetation made me deeply regret my ignorance of botany. Midway between Bakhim and Jongri I met Dr. Inglis, a venerable old gentleman, who had come out from Darjeeling to see Jongri. Owing to the stubborness of the coolies and the improvidence of his guide, he had been reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and was unable to proceed further towards the snows. Dr. Inglis told me that he had taken a fancy to visit the Himalayas on his way to New Zealand, where he was going to take charge of his estate. I was sorry that I could not give him all the assistance he required, but I did what I could for him to the best of my power and means.*

At 5 P.M., we reached Jongri, and took shelter in a cowherd's house. Water boiled at 187°, giving a height of 13,700 feet; the temperature was 49°F. in the shade. I was much struck with the extreme beauty of Jongri. The slopes were neat and trim to the eye, with flowers and dwarf shrubs scattered over them, and a few yaks grazing here and there. The trees were in full foliage, and the valleys below were a mass of rhododendrons and other flowering trees. The evening breeze was cool and bracing; and the parting rays of the sun gave a crimson tinge to the peaks of snow and the whole atmosphere. The Hindu poets tried in vain to describe these regions which they had never seen; but even when seen, language fails to convey any idea of their beauty. To my right Kabur raised its snowy peak; in front, the great Kang-chan looked down on me; to the left were the icy cliffs of Kang-la; while behind me the Rathong kept up its ceaseless roar as it rushed away to the south. Here we spent a whole day.

19*th June.*—At 10 A.M. we set out from Jongri. The sun could scarcely be seen on account of the dense mist, but the Lama succeeded in taking the bearings for the route survey. On two successive nights I tried to take observations by the sextant, but could not see a single star for the fog. The sun was too high in June to enable us to take a meridian altitude.

At 1 P.M. we crossed the Rathong by a bridge of planks, and through endless groves of rhododendron made our way towards the Nepal frontier on the west. At 3 P.M. we reached the junction of the Yampung and Kang-la roads. From this place there is a road leading towards Singla, Philloot, and Sum-dub-phuk (Sundookfoo) on the Tongloo range. We followed the course of the river Chhu-rung which rises from Kanker-teng. Here our guide (Paljor) killed a red-crested hen pheasant with a stone, but failed to hit the cock. We were then overtaken by rain, and at 3 P.M. arrived at Te-gyab-la (14,800 feet), where we took shelter in a cave under a huge mass of rock. Here we met three Tibetans, from whom we learnt that Singbeer had given up his ambitious proposition, and the pass was declared open. This was excellent news. The wind was very cold and snow began to fall. There was no vegetation except shoots of fresh grass just springing up, and spongy patches of lichen here and there. We passed the night in much discomfort, harassed by chill wind and sleet.

20*th June.*—We set out early in the morning, which was fair and pleasant. The valleys through which we passed were covered with freshly-springing

* Dr. Inglis, after reaching Darjeeling, spoke to me in high terms of the Deputy Inspector's readiness and resource, and of the great help he had given him.

A. W. C.

grass. On either side of this level pasture land arose a range of snow-clad mountains. At noon we reached Chhu-kar-pang-shang, the source of the principal affluent of the Rathong, where no pasture was visible, but only the rubble and boulders of a moraine, probably one of the largest in the Himalayas. We commenced our ascent through the boulder heaps, which extended about half a mile. I saw two or three marmots under a boulder, but failed to capture them. I cannot tell what they find to live on. We then arrived at the foot of the Kang-la peak. The sun was very powerful over-head. We longed for a fog to shelter us from the sun and to dim the glare of the snow, which became doubly strong and unbearable under the midday sun. The Lama and I put on our blue spectacles, while our coolies and guides painted their cheekbones below the lower eyelid with black to protect their eyes from the glare. I put on my fur-lined coat, but after walking some distance I found the heat unbearable, and threw the coat to a cooly. Our guide walked first, and I followed his footsteps. He cautioned me to be careful, as a single false step might precipitate me into a crevasse. On my right and left, at a distance of about 100 yards on each side, avalanches were falling with a thundering noise, but we kept clear of them. After walking about a mile in the snows, we landed again on *terra firma*. Here, on a heap of stones, some flags were flying. The guide told me that this marked the boundary of Nepal and Sikkim. After resting for a few minutes we went forward. We had another field of snow to cross, about a mile in length, but not so level as the first. For a short distance we descended by an easy slope, but as we got further down the gradient became greater and greater, and the snow was slipping down in semi-fluid masses to a green gully, from which issues the Yamgá-chhu. Our guide told us that the Yamgá river was a most destructive torrent, its waters suddenly increasing so as to damage bridges and kill travellers. This may be caused by the sudden melting of snow brought down into the gully. The river is worshipped by the Nepalese and the Bhutias.

I may observe in passing that the range which commences from Te-gyab-la, and extends northward to meet the lofty Kang-chan peaks, with Kang-la as its culminating snow line, separates the great rivers of Eastern Nepal, such as the Tambur, the Kosi, and their feeders, from the Rathong, the Kullait, and the Rumum, which flow through Sikkim and fall into the Teesta. It stands at right-angles to the great range extending from west to east, whose dominant peaks are Kang-chan and Everest. Another range runs parallel to the former on the east of Sikkim from Donkhya towards the south-east. It is called the Thanka-la range, and contains the Cho-la, Yak-la, Gnatui-la, and Jelep-la passes, separating the basin of the Má-chhu, in whose valley Chhumbi lies, from that of the Teesta.

At length we came to an inclined plane with a gradient of nearly 30°. The guide helped me, and I got down safely. Our coolies slid down with their loads on their backs; one was bruised by coming against a boulder. Below this slope is the source of the river Yamgá-chhu, which flows into the river Tambur. All the rocks and boulders on this side of the Kang-la were of red sandstone, while in Sikkim most of the rocks are of silicious, calcareous, or granitic formation. After travelling more than five miles we arrived at a plain, where we were delighted by the sight of vegetation. This place is called Phur-pá-karpu. We followed the course of the river, along the banks of which were many small stone enclosures where travellers and yakherds take rest. From Phur-pá-karpu we came to Tunga-kongmá further down. Many cascades fell from the mountain slopes on our left. The valley of Tunga-kongmá contains scattered bushes of rhododendron and other plants, besides a profusion of lichens. Yamgá-tshal lies below the place where we halted. It contains many tall deodar trees, besides rhododendron, juniper, birch, and larch. The path was easy, but we were much exhausted. At dusk we reached the nearest cavern, where Ugyen Gyatsho was attacked with fever. Our guide cooked a little rice and prepared buttered tea, and we refreshed ourselves after the day's tedious journey. Next morning I gave the Lama a dose of tartar emetic, which afforded him some relief. We halted here for one day, and on the following morning recommenced our journey.

22*nd June.*—We set out early towards the north-east, crossed the Yallung river, a feeder of the Yangmá, by a wooden bridge of deal planks and juniper logs, about 30 feet long and six feet broad; and then began to ascend the Tsho-chhung-la, also called Konjerma. The ascent was very steep for 2,500 feet. At noon we reached the top, where there are two small lakes, the circumference of the larger being not more than 500 feet. Between the Yallung river and the Yámá-tárá-chhu (river) there are four ridges to cross. These are the Mirken-la, Pango-la, Senon-la, and Támá-la. The Merken-la and Pango-la, are the steepest; their heights must be between 12,000 and 14,000 feet. We did not take any boiling-point observation, but guessed them from the comparative changes of vegetation on their summits and slopes. After crossing these, at 6 P.M. we reached the beautiful village of Gyansá (12,500 feet), which is situated in a romantic valley on the banks of a fine river, and overhung on three sides by steep and rugged mountains, covered with thick woods of rhododendron, juniper, deodar, and weeping willow. Our guide introduced the Lama to one of his friends, a rich *Sherpa* farmer, who conducted us to his house. My Lama cap and dress, and especially my Aryan features, made the natives take me for a Palpa Lama of Nepal; and instead of asking me who I was and to what caste I belonged, our good host made a low salutation, and respectfully invited me to take my seat on a homely cushion made of yak-hair. Other people came to look at me, but none dared ask my name and nationality. Gyatsho quickly perceived what was passing in their minds, and at once addressed me as "Palpa Lama," instead of calling me "Baboo" or "Lama."

23*rd June.*—At Gyansá next morning we visited the Tashi-chhoding monastery, on the right bank of the Kangchan river, which contains about 80 monks, besides a dozen nuns who generally reside in the village. The monastery is one of the finest and richest in Sikkim and Eastern Nepal. It contains a complete collection of the Kah-gyur and the Tan-gyur. The Lamas wear their hair in flowing locks like lay people; they also wear long earrings in imitation of the Indian Buddhists. They belong to the Nyng-ma-pa or Red-hat sect. The great Buddhist Lama (Lha-chen-chhempo) who introduced Buddhism into Sikkim, entered Sikkim by this route, and established the Gyansá monastery. The Lamas of Pemayangtse and Gyansá belong to the same sect: their rites and observances are identical. Last year the head Lama of Gyansá visited Pemayangtse, and was well pleased with the reception that he met with. It is owing to this that they welcomed us warmly. Ugyen Gyatsho and I made a present of a rupee each to the monastery, with due offerings to the presiding deities. In the evening we were invited to the head Lama's house, and entertained with murwa and warm buttered tea; boiled potatoes were also given in large quantities. It was the first time for many days that I had seen potatoes, radishes, and turnips. The head Lama gave us a lecture, exhorting us to have firm faith in Buddha and his teaching. Ugyen Gyatsho begged him to favour us with his patronage, as we were strangers to the country and without experience of Himalayan travelling. He promised to give us all the assistance in his power, for which I thanked him. In my conversation with him I talked in Tibetan as well as in Nepalese. He too took me for a Palpa Lama. I did not go out of my way to tell them my name and residence: it was no business of mine to do so. I allowed them to think of me as they pleased.

24*th June.*—Next morning we were invited to a dinner given us by all the villagers. Mutton and potatoes were set in quantities before us, and that excellent thing, the murwa beer, was brought in large jugs. We sat in a circle, with a bamboo bottle full of beer placed on a small low table in front of each. In the centre a large jug full of murwa was placed. We drank the refreshing draught through a reed about two feet in length. Different topics were introduced. I sat in a dignified style, with my legs crossed on a thick Chinese rug. I avoided speaking much, and made short replies to the questions frequently put to me. Ugyen Gyatsho answered for me. I only expressed my appreciation of their kindness in complimentary language: "Lá-la-so, thug-je-chhe" (Yes, honourable sir; great mercy). They also related to us

their adventures in going to Darjeeling and the plains as far as Matigara haut, and into Tibet, as far as Tashilhunpo. The question of closing the Jongri pass to merchants, and of Singbeer's ambitious conduct, occupied a great portion of our talk. I was much struck with the singular spectacle presented by this dinner of the Sherpa's. Even after emptying two or three murwa bottles our friends preserved their usual temper. No one was drunk, although there were warm discussions, every one speaking in vociferous tones, and none listening to what was said to him, all being engaged alike in haranguing their neighbours. At 2 P.M. the meeting dissolved, out of thirty guests only three remaining. Our good host, the Lama, then brought three dishes of rice and mutton neatly cooked. I took little and left the greater part for our servants and guide. We made a present of a rupee each to the head Lama, and returned to our lodgings. At half-past three we were again invited to the house of Khapa, the portrait painter. We paid him the usual present of one rupee each, but took no food at his house.

25*th June*.—The next morning we were invited to the house of Omzed, the second Lama of Gyansá monastery, who also received the usual present of a rupee. The villagers then formed a committee to settle the arrangements for our journey towards Tibet. They appointed one Phurchung, a Gelong (or monk) of Gyansá, the strongest and stoutest man in the village, to serve us as guide. They also engaged new coolies in place of those who had come up to this place. The river on the bank of which Gyansá is situated is called the Kang-chan, as it issues from the Kang-chan peak, but the people told me that it was the Tambur itself.

At 7 A.M. we set out, and followed the course of the Kang-chan. Our way was easy and pleasant, and the morning was bright. We walked through groves of kham-shing, a tall juniper festooned with moss. At 2 P.M. we arrived at the base of a hill which looked at a distance like snow. As we climbed it we found that we were mistaken; the course of a torrent had been diverted, in consequence of which the top of the hill had slipped down and laid open a field of chalk. In the clefts and crevices of the chalk I found large lumps of iron ore and also conglomerate masses of flint, with layers of felspar and films of talc. I do not understand how iron ore could be found associated with erratic blocks of marble and sandstone, unless transported by torrents from the neighbouring ferruginous rocks.

I looked about for fossil remains, but time failed me, as my companions were leaving me behind. At 4 P.M. we crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and entered the village of Kang-pa-chan (13,600 feet; boiling point 187°). At the entrance was a barley-mill worked by the stream, and then a long Mendang. On all sides of this beautiful valley we saw barley cultivation, each field being enclosed with a stone wall from three to four feet high, or with a wooden fence. Both at Gyansá and Kang-pa-chan the houses are built of wood with gable ends and roofed with long planks. No nails or ropes are used to fasten the planks to the rafters or to each other, but they are kept in their places by blocks of stone laid on them. The interior is far from uncomfortable; the windows are very small, and the houses consequently dark; but as the natives live chiefly out of doors, and always keep a fire lighted indoors, they suffer little inconvenience on this account. We here witnessed the grand offering made to the Kang-chan peak by the residents of Gyansá and Kang-pa-chan. The firing of guns, athletic feats, and exercises with the bow and arrow form the principal parts of the ceremony, which is believed to be highly acceptable to that mountain deity. The youth of Gyansá vied with each other in athletic exercises; the favourite amusements of their elders being quoits, back-kicking, and the shooting of arrows. We also contributed our share to these religious observances. The scene reminded one of the Olympic games; and like good Buddhists, we too paid our obeisance to Kang-chan, the Indian Olympus. In the afternoon a messenger arrived from Yangmá, with a letter from the frontier officer (Wallung Go-pa), intimating that he had started for Kang-pa-chan, and requiring the villagers to stop all traders with yaks and sheep from entering Tibet by the closed pass, the Chatang-la; that the Tibetan Government had

forbidden ingress even through the Kanglachan, which was an open pass, in consequence of the spread of cattle disease in Tibet. The head Lama, our friend of Gyansá, and the Peepon privately gave us this news, and requested us to start early in the morning before the officer arrived.

26*th June*.—We set out before the day dawned, and ascended the left bank of the right affluent of the Tambur. The way was good, with an easy rise. On our right lay Kang-chan, round whose base we skirted; to the left rose the snow-clad ridge, which is a prolongation of Kang-pa-chan. At a distance of about three miles from Kang-pa-chan we came to a waterfall far more majestic and graceful than the one we had seen on the southern slopes of Paohungri. Its water is said to be very sacred, and it is known by the name of Khan-dum-chhu, or the fairy waterfall. The eight Indian saints, called in Tibet Rig-zin-gye, and the famous Tang-sung-gyapa, the Vyasa of the Buddhists, are said to have bathed in the water of this fall, and it is in consequence regarded as the holiest river in this part of the Himalayas. It precipitates itself in three unbroken sheets from the top; and, rushing finally over the rocks which project from the face of the precipice, it falls in a mass of foaming water among the dark and glistening rocks below. Just above the place at which we crossed, and where it empties itself, it is about 18 feet broad, and the height from which it falls almost perpendicularly may be estimated at not less than 2,000 feet. The roar of the cataract deafened me for nearly two hours. The stupendous scenery of the peak from which it issues, the irregular disposition of the rocks through which it cuts its way, the immense height from which it falls, combine to make it one of the most sublime spectacles in the Himalayas.

We passed through many level valleys, whose quiet beauty contrasted with the sublimity of the surrounding hills. There were no trees to be seen, but dwarf shrubs with lovely flowers of various hues graced the slopes all round. At midday we took our breakfast at Ramthang in a yak-shed. Setting out again we came to an extensive pasture, about three miles in length and two in breadth, strewed with the bones of yaks. During the months of August and September the villagers of Kang-pa-chan bring their herds here to graze. The north of this tableland is bounded by lofty pinnacles of rock, and on the south and east flows a stream called Kamed-chhu, an affluent of the Kang-chan-chhu, whose course we had followed so far up. For a distance of about a mile it flows under-ground, and at length re-appears opposite a cavern called *Pema-chanki-demi*, where the key of heaven was concealed by Padma Sambhava, the Pema guru of the Tibetans. The stream is here very sluggish; its water carries a kind of clayey detritus of an opaque white. Close to this cavern there is a small mineral hot-spring called Men-chhu, to which the people of Kang-pa-chan occasionally resort. It is held sacred, as Pema guru, the head of the Red-hat sect, bathed here on his way to Tibet. On either side are mounds of rubble and boulders, which mark a recent moraine.* There is no vegetation to fix them in compact masses. At one season they form continuous ridges, while at another they are found in detached groups, perhaps not found at all; all this being the work of snow in its semi-fluid form. At 5 P.M. we took shelter at a place called Jorgu-ou, in a crevice of rock scarcely 4 feet long, 3 feet broad, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The owner of the cave was a mountain fox (Wamo or Wa), the fur of which is highly valued. My guide told me that the musk goat, the Nao (*Ovis ammon*), and the Himalayan antelope, abound here. The last of these being sacred to the mountain deity is not hunted, but the others are. Jorgu-ou is about 18,800 feet above sea-level, water boiling at 178.° The temperature at this time was 30.° I made tea, and we satisfied our hunger with Indian-corn: we had no fuel to cook rice. As night advanced a chilly wind arose with a slight snow-fall. Ugyen Gyatsho and I managed to sleep in the miserable fox-den, our coolies lying on the open ground, sheltered by my water-proof cloth and two umbrellas. The floor being uneven and stony, I awoke with pains in my back.

---

* The place is called Lho-na-thang. At its bend flows a little stream called Chi-tsi-chhu, and to the east of our path is the famous Pema-thang-ki-tsari, or the outer wall of Ne Pemathang, the fabulous court-yard of Kang-chan, where gods and saints dwell in great numbers.

27*th June.*—We set out early after taking our breakfast, which this time consisted of ill-boiled rice. Our way lay entirely through boulders and erratic blocks several cubic fathoms in size. We could scarcely see any trace of vegetation. Here and there were spongy mounds and isolated patches of moss in the midst of bogs. Avalanches resounded on all sides as we advanced towards the snows and caused us much alarm. We saw three or four tailless moles running beneath the rocks. My guide said that they subsisted on the moss growing in the bogs. We also saw birds, like larks, flying over head, apparently on their summer emigration to Tibet.

We had now arrived at the limit of perpetual snow. To the right and left ran two parallel ranges of snow, between which we struggled on our upward way. After a time the direction of the ranges changed from north to north-west; and at the angle thus formed the valley was filled with heaps of snow piled in a conical form, the largest of which was not less than 50 feet in height. The whole scene resembled the billows of the ocean. After travelling for three miles in this region of snow I fell down exhausted. The difficulty of breathing, produced by the extreme tenuity of the air, and increased by the exertion of the lungs in an uphill journey at a height of over 19,000 feet, together with the glare of the snow, which terribly tired my eyes in spite of the protection afforded by my green spectacles, reduced me to a wretched state. Lama Ugyen Gyatsho, whose condition was worse than mine on account of his corpulence, sat down on the snow in despair. For half an hour we remained in this miserable plight. At length Gyatsho promised to pay Phurchung, our guide, any reward he might ask, if he would take me on his shoulders up to the next stage. Phurchung carried me to the nearest spur where there was no snow, about half a mile distant, and returned to fetch his own load. We again proceeded on our journey. It was six in the evening, and the cliff under which we were to rest was far off. I did not want to go on, but there was no large rock to take shelter under, no water to drink, and the excessive rigour of the frost and the biting wind made it impossible for us to lie on the bare ground. We again plodded on our way, and before we could walk a mile we were overtaken by darkness, although the glare of the snow helped us a little. At seven we reached a huge rock which rested on a solid bed of ice. The guide told us that the rock would not fall during the night, as there would be no melting of snow, but it would be better to start before sunrise. We spread our blankets on the snow, which formed a capital spring bed. Although I had eaten nothing on the previous day, yet I felt no appetite for food. I was thoroughly exhausted.

28*th June.*—Early in the morning we set out, surrounded on all sides by an ocean of snow. The sight of stones, not to speak of vegetation, would have been welcome to our tired eyes, but even such dreary comforts were denied us. The difficulty of breathing increased. Every few steps we lay down, got up again, again advanced a short distance, and again lay down on the burning snow, which was here knee-deep on a bed of ice. Ugyen Gyatsho walked on cheerfully, but not so with me. My knees were nearly paralyzed and my legs refused to work. In this deplorable plight I struggled up the slope of Chathang-la, when my good friend (Phurchung), moved with compassion, came to my assistance. He left his load on the snow, tied his long spike horizontally to his girdle to prevent his plunging into the drifts, and took me on his back. I gave him my spectacles, and sat without sense or movement, and with closed eyes, until I reached another field of snow about a mile from the foot of Chathang-la. The fresh snow was here not more than nine inches deep, and I managed to walk, though with great difficulty. Phurchung went back to bring up his load, which was nearly buried by the falling snow. The sun which had oppressed us in the midday now disappeared behind the western range as we began to climb up this terrible slope. At last we came to the principal La, on the other side of which we were to take shelter. We toiled up it with extreme difficulty; our feet slipped and we constantly rolled down. Phurchung cut steps with his *kookrie* (Nepali knife), and dragged me up with his hands. The fall of snow increased, and we were

apprehensive of being buried alive. However, at six we reached our cavern, the interior of which was more comfortable and spacious than that of the previous night. Our guide informed us that the most difficult and dangerous portion of the pass had now been crossed, and that the rest of the way would be comparatively easy. In this miserable fashion did I cross the famous Chathang-la into Tibet, the very picture of desolation, horror, and death, escaping the treacherous crevasses which abound in this dreadful region. We spread our blankets and lay down benumbed, as our cell was carpeted with snow, and our clothes wet through with the drops that leaked through the clefts in the rock above. It was impossible to boil water to determine the altitude. There was no fuel, nor were we in a position o do any work whatever; but from the nature of the ascent from Pang-phe-kung and Jorgu-ou it is probable that Chathang-la is 2,000 feet higher than Jorgu-ou, and not less than 20,000 feet above the sea.

29*th June*.—Next morning we set out very early and began to descend the La. After six hours' hard travelling we descried land with patches of brownish vegetation and scattered snow. At 1 P.M. we reached the bank of a sluggish river which makes its way through erratic blocks and boulders. From this point we descried for the first time the country of the sacred Bodhisatvas, and shortly after arrived at a slope on which there was verdure. This place is known by the name of "Gyami-thotho," the place where the Chinese General (probably Sund-Fo), during the war with the Goorkhas, erected a stockade, and on his departure swore to keep the Chathang-la pass closed for ever. Having crossed Gyami-thotho, we came to another large river, whose left bank consisted of a steep and barren ridge of sand. This was the Zemi river, which drains the northern slopes of Kangchanjunga, and falls into the head-waters of the Teesta river. There was not a single blade of grass to be seen. For a short distance we followed the course of this river to the south-west, and arrived at a place near which we saw herds of yak grazing. Our guide was terribly afraid of being detected by the Dokpas, who have charge of the pass, and who in return for their services are authorized by Government to rob all travellers who venture to cross it. He was aware of this all along, but said nothing to us about it. Our passport would be of no help to us, as we had taken a very imprudent and ill-judged course. The Dokpas on the south and the Tibetans on the north of Chorten Nyima-la have made common cause to keep the pass closed to travellers of every kind. We therefore concealed ourselves in a cavern and did not come out till dusk, when we quietly crossed the river, which, with its boulders and sand banks, was more than a mile in breadth. The stream itself was divided into three impetuous torrents. We then climbed a steep and high hill, and reached the southern flank of Chorten Nyima-la. This in the moonlight appeared to be an extensive tableland, on the right and left of which towered two snowy ranges. There was very little snow on it, but the peaks presented a dead white appearance without glare. We spread our blankets on the bare ground in the moonlight, and spent the night in a sound, refreshing sleep.

30*th June*.—In the morning we started. Our path though tedious was not steep, but we were exhausted by hunger and thirst, as we had been without food for the last three days. After travelling eight miles we reached the southern foot of the Chorten Nyima-la. It was a glorious sight. Bristling cliffs of barren rock, whose crevices were filled with snow, crowned the top of the pass; and the azure sky of Tibet peeping behind the snow-capped crests, and the green-blue lines of glacier that intersected the snowy slope, combined to give a picturesque, yet weird, aspect to this most stubborn and charming pass. The rocks were of gneiss and dark granite. I climbed it at its steepest part with the help of Phurchung. We suffered little from the rarefied atmosphere, and within a short time reached the summit of the pass from which I enjoyed the view of the lofty plateau of Tibet. To the extreme north billowy ranges of blue bounded the cloudless horizon. I laid myself down near the pile of stones which marked the top—the "Lap-tsa" or "Obo" of the Mongols, and the sacred "stupa" of the Indian Buddhists. Many flags

attached to stout reeds were flying from the top of the pile, and our friend Ugyen Gyatsho added some for himself to the number. After a rest of half an hour we began our descent to the Tibetan plateau, and at 3 P.M. arrived at the bank of a beautiful glacier lake at the foot of the pass. It looked like a block of turquoise amid the surrounding snow. The sun was descending to the Indian horizon and mellowed the air with its rays. The glassy water of the lake reflected each mountain and peak on a back-ground of fleecy skies. The lake is of an oval shape, about a quarter of a mile in length by about 250 yards in breadth. From it issues the Chorten Nyima river, a turbid stream, whose course we were to follow. After refreshing ourselves with Indian-corn and sugar, we began our downward journey. On both sides the mountains were barren, without the least trace of vegetation. The contrast between the scenery of these bleak hills and those of the Cis-Himalayas filled with luxuriant vegetation was very striking. In our descent we were in constant danger of being seen by the guards stationed at the Chorten Nyima monastery. At times we hid ourselves under boulders, and at others fell flat on the ground, terrified by the sight of stones which we took for yaks or ponies. After travelling more than five miles from the lake, we came to the place called Chorten Nyima or "Chait of the Sun," where there are a few flat-roofed stone cells for pilgrims and monks, and long mounds of inscribed stones. This chait is one of the ancient monuments erected by the early Indian Buddhists. Pilgrims from the whole of Tibet, and even from Mongolia and China, annually resort to this sacred spot. Here we found a number of small shrubs with sweet scented flowers of a violet colour. Phurchung crept quietly towards the monastery to see if there were any persons in it. He saw nobody outside and returned with a bag full of cow-dung for fuel. At six we cooked our rice for the first time at a height of 17,000 feet, the water boiling at 181°, and took a hearty meal after our fatigue. At dusk we recommenced our journey, our object being to reach the main track that connects Tengrijong with Kambajong. We abandoned the direct and shorter road, so as to conceal the route we had come by. Had we been detected we should have been sent to Kambajong as prisoners. The weather was fine and the sky clear; and the flowers of a thorny shrub that abounds here emitted a delicious scent. The river with its sand banks on either side was a quarter of a mile in breadth. The main channel was about 40 feet broad where we crossed. In the North Himalayan ranges we had seen many varieties of stone, such as mica, gneiss, and granite, but no slates. Chorten Nyima and the ranges subordinate to it abound in slates of different sorts, of which I picked up many specimens as I went along. I noticed one whose dull black colour, compact quality, and schistose nature, at once distinguished it from ordinary black clay-slates. Clay-slates were abundant, and among them I observed the kind called whet-slate, known by its greenish white colour; and also the talc-slate of a pure green colour and greasy feel, about which I had read in books. As I wanted to see the beds from which school slates are quarried, I walked on slowly. I saw some specimens washed down by the feeders of the river, whence I conjectured that the beds lay higher up. I also found an immense quantity of what are called roofing-slates. I saw many other kinds of clay-slates of a variety of colours—white, green, bluish-black, and violet coloured. On both sides of the river the hills are filled with slaty beds. I imagined that the green turquoise, so much prized by the Tibetans, was to be found in these beds, but I did not meet with any. At midnight, after crossing many hill-streams, we reached the grand track near the village of The-kong. Here we halted and enjoyed a sound sleep wrapped in our blankets under the open sky. To the south towered in the moonlight numberless snowy crests of the Himalayas, forming a back-ground to these romantic steppes. On our left rose the hills above The-kong; and in front the subordinate ridges of the Central Tibetan range.

1*st July.*—We got up early and took bearings of the adjacent villages of Sar and Tinkijong, which were at a distance of about eight miles to the north-west. Recommencing our journey, we crossed the Chorten Nyima river for the second time. Before advancing a mile we heard the tinkling

of bells, from which we inferred the presence of travellers. They were four in number, and were proceeding to Sar. We were asked many questions: who we were, where we came from, and whither we were going. Phurchung answered for all of us. They took me for a Nepalese pilgrim or Sherpa Lama, as they had met me on the Nepal road. The village of Thekong lies on the right bank of the Chorten Nyima river, on the lower slope of a range of treeless hills stretching eastward. The village is surrounded by an irregular stone wall about eight feet high. The houses have all flat terrace-roofs, with a flag at each corner, the corner posts being joined by strings carrying pieces of rag and paper inscribed with mantras. A few shrubs and flowering plants grew near the houses, and beyond lay the barley cultivation, irrigated by canals cut from the main stream. At our back, to the furthest west, we saw the group of villages known as Sar and Tinkijong; and to the north-west lay Dobtha, the Sikkim Raja's Tibetan estate.

Dobtha is the name of the country around the well-known Chomite-dong (Tsho-mo-te-thung, the lake of the mule's drink). It is a fresh-water lake, drained by a stream issuing from its south-western corner which, passes Tinkijong, and effects its junction with the Arun a few miles below Sar. On the north is situated the little village of Tashi-tse-pa, which contains a lofty castle of four storeys and sixty windows, the property of a rich Tibetan, who one day discovered a hidden treasure as he was tending his flocks on the banks of the lake. A curious legend is connected with this lake. On the spot now covered by it, there was once a small spring owned by a serpent fairy of the nether world. Situated as it was in the middle of a wide and barren tract, it was the frequent resort of travellers. Once on a time, a rich merchant with hundreds of mules halted near it. After drawing water from the spring he forgot to cover it with the slab of slate. Meanwhile the thirsty mules drank it nearly dry, and the little that remained was fouled by their hoofs. The serpent-nymph was deeply offended, and swore to turn the spring into a sea. Her human husband, the great Indian Acharya Pha-dam-pai Sange, tried to dissuade her from her resolve, on the ground that it would destroy many living beings; but she remained firm. In a short time she connected the spring with the ocean, in consequence of which it became a very great lake, and would have submerged the whole of Tibet, had not the Acharya cut subterraneous drains and let off the water to the four quarters. The eastern drain opens at the source of the Arun.

This great Acharya was the founder of Tengri-jong. There is a temple dedicated to him at Dobtha which contains his statue and that of his serpent wife. A fee of one tanka (six annas) is demanded for admission to see the idols. Of the villages on the north-east of the lake, Taling, Wai-tse, and Koloma are the most important. The Arun flows towards Nepal between our route and the great lake. The rivers which we passed do not flow into it. They all join the Arun with the exception of the Rhe-chhu, which is a tributary of the great Tsang-po. A good walker can march round the lake in three days.

We could not get ponies at The-kong, and had to go on to the nearest village (Tang-lung). The large village of Tang-lung ("cold valley") is situated on both banks of a small stream which rises in the eastern part of the Chorten Nyima range. It contains about 300 houses. Barley is extensively cultivated on both sides of the river. The villagers possess a very fine breed of yaks, but numbers of them have lately died of a murrain imported from Nepal. Many flocks of sheep and goats were grazing in the field. At the entrance of the road there are many piles of mendangs and two lofty chaityas. The village contains a small shrine dedicated to Buddha. Phurchung took us to the house of an acquaintance of his, where the old matron brought us barley-beer and tea, and a wooden pot full of barley-meal. We were accommodated in a little cottage ten feet by eight, built of stone cemented with mud, with a small opening in the slated roof. It had been used as a stall, and the floor was thick with dust and dirt. At one corner of the room was the fireplace, and a bellows made of an entire goat skin was used to blow the fire. The dust raised by the bellows filled the air, and I had to leave the house to avoid being choked. As

soon as we settled down, a host of beggars made their appearance. We dismissed them with presents of barley-meal and tobacco-leaves, which we had brought with us. Tobacco is greatly prized by women in Tibet. Many spectators also came and peeped in at us from the door. Although the smoke and dust were a great nuisance, yet we were not without amusements. A pedlar with his wife came in front of our cottage, and began to play the fiddle, the woman dancing with her husband. They sung three songs wishing us an auspicious journey. The music entertained me much, as I understood what they were singing. I dismissed them with the present of a four-anna piece and a few leaves of tobacco. Next came the chanku. The chanku or Tibetan wolf is as large as the Tibetan mastiff, and is of a light chestnut colour. This wolf was very tame and made us many salaams. The chanku-man, to show that his wolf was as tame as a dog, allowed him to enter our house. This gave offence to our landlord, who, considering his house defiled by the entrance of so sinful an animal as a wolf, at once turned the beggar out of the court-yard.

2*nd July*.—In the morning I purchased a few eggs, and the Lama bought a dried carcass of a sheep for eight annas. He looked on this as a luxury; distributing pieces of meat to our guide and coolies, taking a large piece to his own share. We engaged three ponies, and after making a present of a rupee to our good landlord, we set out on our journey. We had a pleasant ride along the bank of a beautiful river, the Kha-na-donki-chu,—the Dudu-Kosi of the Nepalese. In the distance, to right and left of us, ran two parallel ranges of bleak hills stretching to the south-west. These are a continuation of the range of Kambajong, the right hand range ending at Tang-lung. Patches of barley grew here and there, and herds of yak and a flock of sheep and goats were grazing in the meadows. From numberless holes in the ground hundreds of marmots ran to and fro. On the road we passed the ruins of two villages, marked by irregular heaps of stone and mud. At 11 A.M. we reached the pretty village of Mende, situated in the midst of this fertile strip. Facing the village lies a flower-garden containing dwarf willows, stunted birch, dwarf juniper trees, the leaves of which are used as incense, and a few other plants of which I did not know the names. As soon as we arrived about 20 of the villagers surrounded us and enquired what we had brought to sell. They admired my revolver and the Lama's pistol, and wanted to buy them. The headman of the village gave us a thick rug made of yak's hair to sit on. He sat with the rest on the ground, and his wife brought us barley-beer, and buttered tea and flour. After refreshing ourselves with this wholesome food, we recommenced our journey; and crossing many small streams at last arrived at Targe, a pretty village on the Yaru-tsang-po near Kambajong. Opposite to this stands a monastery called Serding Gonpa, built on a fine eminence. We passed the night in the travellers' shed, which was more spacious than our Tang-lung cottage. The number of cattle here was greater than at Tang-lung. On our right, to the south-east, we had a distant view of the castle of Kambajong, situated on the top of a hill.

3*rd July*.—In the morning we crossed the Yaru-la, which is a prolongation of the Kambajong range to the north-west. After meeting a caravan of asses and a few traders, we cooked our food on the bank of the Great Arun—the Chhe-chhu of the Tibetans. At noon we recommenced our journey, and at half-past two reached Korma, a Dokpa town containing about 600 families. They belong to a pastoral tribe, most of whom live in felt tents in the neighbouring hills, where their cattle find abundance of pasture. The houses are built of stone and kutcha bricks, and each is surrounded by a mud or stone wall, built according to the means or taste of the owner. There was no barley or other cultivation near the village, the people subsisting on supplies brought in from the neighbourhood and from Shiga-tse. Sheep and goats can be had here at a very cheap rate, the usual price being a rupee for the fattest animal, weighing a maund and a half. The people possess large flocks of sheep, which are kept near the village in folds, many of which occupy an acre-and-a-half of ground, enclosed by stone walls. Each fold contains about 500

sheep and goats. The dried dung is sold at six annas a maund, and is universally used for fuel.

At Korma we took a short rest in the shade of the mendang, and tethered our ponies in the adjacent pasture. Phurchung alighted from his pony, and arming himself with the Lama's Bhutan knife and a long stick, entered the village in search of mutton and beer. Two or three fierce mastiffs rushed towards him, barking furiously, but he kept them off with his stick. His stalwart appearance and formidable looks, as well as the sword hanging from his waist, terrified the villagers, who took him for a bandit. He was refused admission to their houses, and returned to us with a dismal face. In the meantime some villagers and a number of beggars surrounded us. After making enquiries about us, they brought us a jar of beer, holding about a gallon, and a few seers of barley flour. I paid a four-anna piece for the barley and beer, which satisfied the seller, who scampered off well pleased. In these places a gallon of beer can be bought for two annas. The Lama and Phurchung, as well as our syces, were quite satisfied with the beer, which they drank heartily, but it did not suit my taste, and I was satisfied with a single cup. We distributed the remainder among the beggars. Meanwhile, a caravan consisting of laden yaks and asses, and two men on horseback, approached us; and from these we learnt that there was a party of robbers near the Kyago-la, from whose hands they had narrowly escaped. One of the inhabitants told us that the robbers belonged to this very village of Korma, which they had left about two months before, being destitute of the means of subsistence. The headmen of the village and their relations were then in search of them.

After resting, we prepared for our journey. I loaded my revolver, and the Lama armed himself with his sword, Bhutan knife, and pistol. At 3 P.M. we descended to a plain of sand and gravel, with stunted, prickly shrubs growing here and there. At the entrance of the plain was a range of mendangs, indicating the neighbourhood of the Shari monastery, which stood on a gloomy hill to our right. The plain was many miles long and about ten in breadth. A line of snowy mountains, presided over by Sang-ra-la, stretched away north-eastward on our right. Before we had got half-way across this barren plain, we were overtaken by a storm of wind followed by heavy rain, thunder, and lightning. My clothes were wet through; but we galloped on through the mist and rain till we reached the foot of the Kyago-la. Here, at a place called Luk-re, we took shelter in a shepherd's cell. The shepherd was away with his sheep, but it was time for him to return. The ground outside was white with snow, but we spread our blankets on a heap of cowdung, with which the cell was filled, cooked our rice and meat, and enjoyed a hearty meal. At 5 P.M. the shepherd returned with his flock, which numbered not less than 500. Our coolies explained that we were great Lamas and merchants, and that he would do well to let us alone. The shepherd told them that on the previous night a band of robbers had entered his fold and taken away several of his fattest sheep. He was glad to learn that we were not robbers. Soon after our arrival a few Tibetans with six asses arrived and pitched their tent of black yak-hair at a distance of 40 yards from our cell. We welcomed their arrival, as our fear of robbers was somewhat abated by their presence.

4*th July*.—In the morning we rose early, breakfasted at 8 A.M. and started our coolies. The Lama took bearings of the adjacent hills and the station of Mende. After crossing several inferior streams we began to ascend the La. At 2 P.M. we crossed it, and arrived at the bank of the river Rhe, a smooth but rapid stream. Our way now lay along the ravines of the Kyago-la. We had travelled so long on level plains that I could have imagined myself again in Sikkim, but missed its grandeur and luxuriant vegetation. The peaks beneath which we now journeyed were bleak and barren. Beginning the descent we shortly arrived at the bank of the Rhe, where several flocks of sheep were grazing. On our approach two mastiffs, as big as wolves, flew towards us howling furiously. The shepherd was not near, and Phurchung could not succeed in driving them off with stones. At each attempt they grew more furious, until

at last the Lama fired his pistol and shot one of them. The other made off towards the shepherd's cot. In the evening we halted at a grassy bank about a mile above the town of Eago, the boundary between the provinces of U and Tsang. Eago belongs to Lhasa, and contains about a hundred houses. There is a flour-mill at the north entrance of the town worked by the stream. In the plains around numerous herds of yaks were grazing. The rain had now ceased, the clouds had disappeared, and we were in high spirits, although some rocks in the distance, which seemed a likely hiding place for robbers, caused us some uneasiness. We refreshed ourselves with warm buttered tea, barley-flour, and eggs; and spreading our blankets on a carpet of grass, soon got over our fatigue. A little way off a party of Tibetans were encamped; they had their tents, and we had the heaven for our canopy. The evening was delightful, and one of our fellow-travellers, named Sangaling-pa, a fine, jolly fellow, full of jokes, proved himself a most amusing companion.

5*th July*.—We got up early, and mounting our ponies galloped through the Padong valley. Passing by the village of Chhuta-phurpa, which contains about 20 houses, we came to a bridge on a little stream, a feeder of the Rhe. A slab of stone, about ten feet long, placed over the main channel, rests on piles of large boulders on either side, the approaches to the bridge being formed by pine branches. Near the bridge there are two moderate sized mendangs, from the summits of which two ropes of yak-tail, adorned with inscribed flags of different colours, are made fast to the crest of the over-hanging hill. At midday we were overtaken by a shower of rain and wind; we galloped on and soon arrived at the village of Rese. This village has now lost its importance, the inhabitants have fallen into poverty, and the neighbouring temple at Thamar, on the left side of the river, is falling to ruin. The Rhe here divides into two branches, inclosing between them a wide and verdant plain, on which many hundred sheep and goats, besides a number of yaks, were grazing. We alighted from our ponies in the middle of the plain and took the bearings of the nearest station. Here we enjoyed an excellent view of the Rhe monastery, a novel sight to me, which showed me for the first time what a Tibetan monastery, after the fashion of Tashilhunpo, was like. After a respite of an hour we started off, crossed the river, there 50 yards broad, but only three feet deep. The Rhé *gonpa* or monastery lies on the lower declivity of a rocky hill which runs north-eastward for a distance of about half a mile. It has a picturesque appearance, and though old, it has not lost its splendour. There are 300 monks residing in it. The Lama is a man of great renown, believed to be able to control the fall of hail and snow. In the neighbourhood of the village is a large town called Tamar, and containing about two hundred houses and several *chaits*. The northern avenues of the town are long and spacious, and when viewed from a distance, add considerably to the effect. At four began the ascent of the Nam-bu-dong La. In the plains below hundreds of yaks were grazing; but snow was falling heavily in the pass, and we were driven to take shelter in a shepherd's house, where we found three women and two men. They provided us with beer, milk, and curds, and I took my seat near the spinning-wheel. The shepherd's wife had on a splendid head-dress, studded with pearls, agate, and turquoise.

The snow had not ceased to fall; but after a short rest, as there was still daylight, we started off. Our clothes and hats were soon covered with snow, but we did not get wet. At six we reached the summit of the pass. After crossing several torrents swollen by the rains, we looked out for a halting-place. First we tried a sheep-fold, but found it full of water and mud. We then spread our blankets on the boulders in the bed of a stream. The rain had ceased to fall, and we refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of buttered tea. Water boiled at 187°, indicating a height of 13,500 feet. The night was excessively cold, chill blasts blowing and a biting frost all night. I was half frozen, my legs and hands getting thoroughly numbed.

6*th July*.—Got up early in the morning and started without breakfast. The descent from the La was very steep, and we had to dismount from our ponies. We then passed through a rich extensive plain watered by two winding

streams on whose banks were patches of young barley. And now for the first time, after our long journey through barren plains, we found groves of trees growing in every village. The country through which we were passing was fertile, well watered, and of an admirable climate. Bright and sparkling streams replaced the muddy torrents which we had had to cross; and their banks, adorned with grass, flowers, and leafy trees, quite delightfully reminded me of Jongri. We passed through the villages of Luguri-jong and Rapenden-ling. At the former place a hospitable Tibetan lady, called Lobdenputi, gave us excellent tea, beer, and barley flour. We met many caravans of yaks and asses, and at last reached the village of Lhajung, on a little stream called Targe-chhu, or Chhutha-chhu, 'the stream which works the flourmills.' Here we put up for the night with other travellers.

7th July.—Rose early, mounted our ponies, and started off. We passed through a succession of fields of barley, and met many Lamas and Gelongs (religious mendicants) who were going home for a holiday, dressed in their richest vestments. Many of them were riding. We avoided them for fear of being asked questions. At seven we reached the brow of the hill Gya-la, overlooking the plain at the extremity of which Tashilhunpo stands. The summit of this hill commands a beautiful view, said to be the finest in Central Tibet. To the west was the Narthang monastery, whose white walls and towers gleamed out from the dark blue hills amid which it stood. Below us flowed the silvery Pena-nyang-chhu, and far to the front rose the snow-capped crests of the Northern Himalayas. After crossing a short bend of the hill we descended to the plains. We now caught sight of the monastery of Tashilhunpo, the residence of Tsang Panchan Rinpo-chhe, the sovereign of half Tibet. Tashilhunpo (or the 'Mountain of glory') presented a most superb view. It looked like a dazzling hill of polished gold. We rode on, and presently arrived at Dele, the nearest village to Tashilhunpo. Dele contains over 300 houses, and its inhabitants are well-to-do. We breakfasted in the house of a lady named Yangchanputi, who, with her husband, a fine, jolly fellow, entertained us hospitably with capital barley and beer. We then exchanged polite expressions with our host and hostess, and after a cup of tea set off on our journey. On the road we met many Lamas and merchants riding on their ponies, and numerous yaks and asses. Riding fast we at length reached the gate of the Golden Monastery. Near the gate were gathered hundreds of yaks with supplies for the city; while pilgrims, Lamas, Gelongs, and men and women of every degree, formed an endless procession around the chaityas and shrines. We had at last reached the goal of our long and perilous journey.

II.—RESIDENCE AT TASHILHUNPO.

7th July.—On the 7th July 1879, the thirtieth day of our journey from Yangang, in Sikkim, we arrived at Tashilhunpo. We had travelled without interruption for 24 days with but occasional breaks, which in all were six. I was still in suspense as to how I should be received and what kind of treatment I should meet. At times, indeed, I feared I should be suspected and turned out of Tibet, and all my labour be lost. But I mustered all my courage and caution in order to ensure a good reception now and success at the end. We alighted from our ponies near the southern gate of the town, and, spreading my Tibetan rug at the foot of the plinth of one of the principal *chaits*, I sat down cross-legged, while Ugyen and Phurchung rode off towards Shigatse *thom* (market) to buy a few scarves as presents, without which, according to the custom of the Tibetans, it is impossible to approach any gentleman of rank. I was thus left alone, but was soon surprized and pleased to see near me Sanga-ling-pa, the jolly Tibetan who had amused us near Eago. A few old monks, called Tukchu-gapá (or past 60 years), who had, on account of their age, obtained some freedom from monastic restrictions, and were no longer watched as to their conduct by the monastic officials, were walking round about the *chaits* and a group of shrines

at the entrance of the town. At every round they cast a glance at me; my appearance, in spite of my Tibetan dress, being quite a novel sight to all. Mongols, Amdoans,* Palpas,† Dukpas,‡ pilgrims, besides a host of traders, approached me, and asked whence I came and what commodities I had brought for sale. The keeper of the *Chhak-che-khang*, or salutation hall, called Ku-nyer, who was an acquaintance of Ugyen, now and then kindly asked if I was much fatigued and would like some tea. To all these inquirers I quietly replied that I came from the south, was a pilgrim, and had no goods to sell; but the inquiries increasing, I felt quite tired of replying to them all. I was averse to speaking much on account of my imperfect knowledge of the dialect of the Tsang province. They did not understand the Bhutia dialect of Sikkim, and I did not venture to address them in the Lhasa (or U) dialect, with which I was tolerably familiar. My lips had been chapped by the dry, cold wind of the Nyam-bu-dung-la, and at every attempt to speak blood oozed out from them. My cheeks and nose had been frost-bitten. I was also much exhausted, and my mind was extremely uneasy. I sat reclining on my bags, and remained so for a while as if asleep, but ever careful of my luggage and the pilfering beggars. A host of ragged mendicants surrounded me, supplicating alms. Three or four monk-overseers were engaged in supervising the repairs of the outer *chaits*, and about three hundred laden yaks and asses were tethered at a distance of fifty yards from where I sat. A few inferior officials came and addressed me, but I did not reply to them. At last the mother of Nyer-chhang-chhen-po, the manager of the stores, &c., of Tashilhunpo, came up, and in a kind voice asked where I came from and what goods I had for sale. I replied respectfully that I was a poor pilgrim from the south, come to pay my respects to the Deputy Supreme Lama, and that I had no goods to sell. The main traffic road from South Tibet and Kambajong to Shigatse runs by Tashilhunpo at a distance of 200 yards from the gate. Pony dealers, heard a long way off by the tinkling of the strings of bells attached to the necks of their ponies, were flocking towards Shigatse *thom*. I was glad I did not attract their notice. After a couple of hours Ugyen and Phurchung returned with two pairs of yellow scarves. Ugyen then, desiring me to stay for a few minutes more, entered the town to report our arrival to the Minister and to the Grand Lama; but before advancing far into the monastery, he learnt that the Grand Lama was absent, having gone to his summer residence—the De-chan-phodang (or palace of happiness). He then went to the Minister's residence, but not finding him, returned at the end of an hour, and conducted me within the monastery. One of his acquaintances kindly permitting us to stay in his house for a while, we dismissed our yaks and asses. Our kind host brought us prepared tea and flour. A fierce mastiff, chained at the door, tried hard to get at me. Phurchung brought a few cakes from the market, and having refreshed myself with these, moistened in hot tea, I entered the host's little chapel, admired the orderly arrangement of the church furniture and utensils, the cleanliness of the floor, and the sets of oblation cups and oil-burners. At five in the evening I was conducted to the Minister's palace. The avenues through which I passed were narrow; a few willows were found scattered here and there, and on both sides were stone buildings, with several stories, rising high one above another. On the road we met many Gelug-pa monks (or those of the yellow-hat sect) dressed in yellow woollen tunics and woolly Tartar hats. The streets are all paved with flag stones, measuring in many places sixteen inches by twelve. By constant use these had become so smooth and polished that I found it difficult to walk without slipping. The Minister's palace is at the northern end of the town, three stories high, and presents a pretty appearance on account of sedge or the yellow-wash on the outside. The cornice is laid on a thick layer of grass-stems, which one is likely to mistake for a coating of dark paint. Upon this are placed thick slates (slates supply the place of flat tiles in Tibet) generally 2 inches to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, projecting 6 inches out of the wall.

---

* Amdoans, inhabitants of Eastern Tibet, bordering on Lake Koko-nor.
† Palpas, Buddhists of Nepal.
‡ Dukpas, inhabitants of Bhootan.

On this again are placed vertically planks or thin slabs of slate, with discs of about 4 inches to 6 inches diameter carved on them, and painted red and white, with sometimes a black spot in the centre. Upon these are vertically placed slates or painted boards from 6 inches to 9 inches broad. Just above the layer of sedge are seen the ornamented ends of the beams curiously painted. The cornices mark the several stories. Access is gained to each story by means of steep ladders. The doors turn each on a pair of iron hinges; and the door-frames and ladders are held fast by iron plates riveted together. In large buildings the ladders are broader and less steep, each step being a foot broad. Bolts attached to the uprights receive the rings riveted in the door-frame, which is all of one piece. There are screens inside, hung down to preserve the privacy of the rooms. As I was dressed in Sikkim costume, the monks and Lamas by whom I passed gazed at me as something new, but I walked up without noticing any of the bystanders. Arrived at the waiting-room, I was requested to sit down on a carpet cushion.

Ugyen communicated with the Secretary, and after a few minutes' stay we were conducted to the Minister's presence. The room was spread with Tartar carpets; the walls were hung with rich satin and dragon-figures; representations of deities and Bodhi-sattvas, fringed with embroidered silk and kincobs, were hung on all sides. Gilt images of deities of various sizes in sitting posture were kept in niches, which were illuminated with lamps, and a number of paper prayer-wheels were kept rotating by the action of their smoke. The room was canopied with rich China satin. The Minister was seated on a high throne of yellow China wood, resting his hands on a handsome table, richly painted with Chinese domestic scenes and natural scenery. We made three profound salutations after the Tibetan fashion, and were made to sit on two high thickly-stuffed cushions. Two low tables, garnished with dishes of cakes and twisted biscuits and cheese, were placed before us, and hot buttered tea was poured from the Minister's silver tea-pot, called the *chabim*. The Minister's *Sopon* (or chief steward) waited on us with the *chabim*, and after we had emptied the first cup, the Minister graciously enquired after our health, and how we had fared on the way. He was very glad to hear that we had not been stopped or examined by any Tibetan frontier officials, and admired our pluck in attempting the Himalayas in search of Buddhistic knowledge. Having repeatedly thanked us, he dismissed us; and as it was now growing dark, he ordered his Secretary (Tung-chhen Kusho) to find out a comfortable house for our accommodation, and to supply us with provisions. The Secretary, mistaking his orders, took us to a filthy, smoky, dilapidated house. The floor was dusty. There was in the first room only one opening (without a shutter) to admit the light. The fireplace was in the adjoining room, and on our attempting to light a fire, the whole house was filled with suffocating smoke and dust raised by the goat-skin bellows. At 9 in the evening the Minister sent us some butter, barley-flour, ready-made tea, and unbaked bread, off which we made a hearty repast.

8th July.—In the morning he sent one of his servants to inquire how we had slept, and if we required anything. Ugyen took this opportunity of informing him of our wretched accommodation, whereupon he at once ordered an attendant to conduct us to one of his own dormitories, attached to the great chapel, called *Phuntsho-khang-sar* (or the new mansion of perfection), whither we accordingly removed our things. This house is three stories high, our quarters being on the first floor. When a boy, the Minister used to occupy this palatial building, and it was frequently visited by almost all the Tashi Lamas and Gyaltshab Rinpo-chhe or Nomen-khans of Lhasa. Close to it, on the west, is situated what was once the residence of Purungir Gossain, the intimate friend of Mr. George Bogle and the Tashi Paldan Yeshe. Two apartments were assigned to us, besides a large cook-room and a bath-room. There were three beams in my apartment, supported by two pillars, with a space of eight feet between them. Their capitals were beautifully carved and curiously ornamented. The tops of the capitals terminated in two long battens, approaching each other so closely as to look like an arch. The beams were not visible from the door, being hidden by small pictures framed in silk and hung from the

ceiling. The walls (four feet thick) were of stone overlaid with lime and clay, the inside plastered with sand and lime. There was a narrow balcony to the south of my room, from which I enjoyed an extensive view of the south-eastern ranges which terminate near Gyantse. The eye followed the windings of the Pena-nyang-chhu for more than ten miles, when they were lost in the gorges of the central peak. The balcony was closed by six window-frames or shutters, in which oiled paper supplied the place of glass. They did not turn on iron hinges, but rested on wooden pins, working in sockets hollowed out in the frames. I used to remove all the shutters during the day time, so as to admit more light into the room. The floor of my room consisted of beautiful pebbles, mostly of felspar and granite, thickly set in a kind of calcareous ground, and polished until quite smooth and transparent. To preserve the polish of the floor, two or more pieces of goat-skin are always kept at the entrance, which the servants and others are required to use in skating in the room. Respectable visitors are exempted from this requirement, and are allowed to enter with their shoes on. The north and east walls of my room were concealed by pigeon-holed shelves, containing about three hundred volumes of Tibetan manuscripts. In the centre of each frame of shelves there was a shrine, enclosed in beautifully carved planks, containing dragon figures and bits of sandal-wood painted in various colours, and adorned with gold leaves. The largest of the shrines measured six feet by four, and was three feet deep. They contained a collection of images from various countries of High Asia, made of sandal-wood, copper, brass, bell-metal, and clay. There was a collection of fossils, such as roots and leaves of trees, shells, and small fragments of bones. These are called *rinpo-chhe—i.e.* precious curiosities. On my left hand there stood in a line four wooden trunks with painted sides. On the pillars at the entrance were hung a brass mirror, a Tartar buckler, and two satin flags, with an iron trident tied to one of them. These are meant to be the martial equipments of the demi-god said to be in charge of the house, to guard the Lama's property. The wall was painted with figures from the Buddhist pantheon, festoons of the fabulous Thishing or Kalpa-latá (wishing-tree), and various forms of the four-footed dragon. A number of bells, brass oblation-vessels, lamp-burners, writing desks, and a few low dining tables completed the furniture of my room. The hearth was richly ornamented with irregular pieces of turquoise and cornelian drops set on silver rings, all placed at a safe distance from the fire. Being assured of the Minister's protection and kindness, I felt quite at home, and apprehended no danger even from a prolonged stay. The skies generally remained clear,—a bright sunny land with occasional slight rains, though the wind at times was very strong. The climate appeared to me to be excellent, being drier and warmer than that of Darjeeling. The water, obtained from wells, was good. Rice of superior quality could be obtained at four-and-a-half seers a rupee; wheat was cheaper than at Darjeeling; butter and table vegetables were plentiful in the *thom*. I felt no want or inconvenience in my new residence, except that of money, for which I had now to look to the kindness of the Minister.

The door of my room, as usual in Tashilhunpo, was made of one piece of plank (brought from Tengrijong), turning on two iron hinges. In the centre of the door was nailed a semi-spheroidal iron frame, with a ring attached to it, serving the purpose of a door handle. I used a large Tibetan lock when I went out. An old Lama, named Káchan Máchan La, in whose charge the house was, made over the keys to me, and another Lama, old too, brought me a large dish of twisted biscuits, treacle, China cakes, Palpa sweetmeats, butter, and barley-flour, as presents from the Minister. Káchan is a high class Lama, belonging to the Gnagpa College, of which the Minister is the head. He was very polite, and promised us every assistance. Two servants were sent to wait upon us, and a boy to fetch water from the wells. Our things, including some presents, which we had sent with Lachen Lama by the Donkhya Pass, had not arrived, and we were short of money. At the time of starting from Darjeeling I got an advance of Rs. 300 and Ugyen Gyatsho had with him Rs. 150; in all Rs. 450. These were the funds at our disposal wherewith to defray the expenses of the journey and of our stay at Tashilhunpo. A great portion of it had already been spent in Sikkim in paying the coolies and in buying

provisions; the remainder was spent in Nepal and in the journey through Tibet, where the guide charged us heavily. I was in great straits, as the small amount which we had put in charge of Lachen Lama was now out of reach. The Minister understood that we were short of money; and next morning, when Ugyen Gyatsho saw him, he offered him, unasked, Rs. 20, requesting him to purchase provisions, and promising more if necessary for the same purpose. Next morning he sent us four thickly-stuffed cushions, two large carpets, some blankets, a copper cauldron, and washing buckets, with the usual presents of cakes and biscuits. We rested for three days, but the pain in the thighs and knees which I had got by the jerking motion of the Tibet ponies, and by using a high-peaked Tartar saddle, had not yet gone off. On the fourth day we were sent for.

10*th July*.—The Minister had presented me with a suit of his church clothes and a pair of kincob shoes, with a request to use them during my residence at Tashilhunpo. Accordingly I dressed in my new apparel, with my head and moustaches shaved, so as to appear like a true "Gelong," and, accompanied by Ugyen Gyatsho, the Minister's servants, and Káchan Máchan La, I walked slowly towards the Minister's court, passing close to the tomb of the late Tashi Lama. On arriving I had to wait a few minutes, as the great man was engaged with some other visitors. Being admitted, we made our usual salutation, and I presented a watch to the Minister with a scarf, and received in return the *chhag-wang* or benediction from his hands. On this occasion our cushions were placed close to the chair of the Minister, who, in an affable and engaging manner, asked me many questions regarding the state of the Indian Buddhists and Buddha-land. I answered that there were very few Buddhists in the Phag-pai yul (the Tibetan for the Arya Varta), but that there were numerous Buddhists in Southern India, Ceylon, Burma, and the Malayan Peninsula. That the few Buddhists who were to be found sparsely scattered over the country were socially persecuted by the Tirthikas,* that it was much to be regretted that they should be neglected, and even indirectly persecuted, by the Tibetans, who had closed against them the doors of pilgrimage to the adopted land of the holy Buddhas. I then gave a short account of my journey and its difficulties. He listened to what I said with the greatest attention. In all my conversation I always took care to use the honorific language of Tibet, necessary in all intercourse with men of exalted position and rank, the ignorance of which indicates want of good breeding I was not always happy in my grammar, but Ugyen Gyatsho told me that it would be excusable in a foreigner like me. Tea was served many times, and two trays of cheese, with cakes, were given to us when we left. In the afternoon we returned to our house, where we found a few "Gelongs" waiting. They inquired of us whether the Achara lately arrived from Gya-gar (India) lived there. I understood whom they meant, but Ugyen told them that he knew no Achara at all. Achara has two significations—(1) a learned Buddhist teacher, (2) the black-faced devil introduced into the Tantric dances. It is probably a caricature of the Brahman Pundit. Ugyen Gyatsho, knowing the second signification only, was really surprized when they inquired after the Achara. These Gelongs had come to discuss with me certain subtle questions on Buddhism, as I was afterwards informed by Káchan Dao. We sent Phurchung to escort Lachen Lama, who was in charge of my things, with instructions to proceed to the Donkhya, if he failed to meet him on the way. Next day at 1 P.M. Phurchung returned and brought news of Lachen Lama, who himself arrived at 3 P.M. I examined all the packages, and found that not a single bottle of the chemicals or glass had been damaged. This was greatly to Lachen Lama's credit.

12*th July*.—On Sunday, the 12th July, we visited the Lama, and laid before him all the presents, begging him to select what would be most acceptable to the Tashi Lama. The Minister kept the magic lantern, some toys, and a few other articles for himself. The Lama, who had picked up a smattering of Hindi from the Kashmiri and Nepal merchants, and who also possessed a fair knowledge of Sanskrit, was delighted to see the Hindi, Sanskrit, and English

* The name given by Gantama to Hindus.

books, and requested me to come and to read Hindi with him next morning. I agreed, and Ugyen Gyatsho was engaged to transcribe the Hindi phrases into Tibetan. What little leisure the Lama could find after the discharge of his spiritual duties and attendance upon the Tashi Lama, he devoted to the study of Hindi, and to conversing with us.

15th July.—On the 15th July he asked and obtained leave of the Grand Lama to keep himself in seclusion for a fortnight, and myself and Ugyen Gyatsho were now requested to spend our time with him in his palace from 6-30 to 8 P.M. Numbers of pilgrims—Khalkas, Mongols, Amdoans, not to speak of Tibetans—were refused admission into the Gnag-khang (or the mansion of muntras), as the Minister's residence is designated, and went away without receiving his *chhag-wang* or benediction. The total loss which the Lama thus suffered may approximately be estimated at about 6,000 Tibetan tankas; for neither pilgrim visitors nor resident Tibetans can approach him without presents of scarves, &c. Besides, occasional presents are made to him of gold-dust, gold-pieces, silver, butter, satin robes, and Tibetan coins. Before the fortnight was over he had to attend the funeral ceremonies of some rich folks in the Gnag-khang. Images of deities, pictures, amulets, and books were brought to him from monasteries in distant countries, to receive the *rab-ne* from his hands; for an image is not looked upon as sacred unless it has been consecrated by some living Buddha or Bodhisattva. In Tashi-lhunpo the Tashi Lama and his Minister (who is also an avatar) can alone grant sanctity to images. This sudden and ill-timed seclusion of the Minister, who, during the absence of the Tashi Lama from Tashilhunpo, officiates in the pontifical chair, surprised many; and in the market a report was spread that the Minister was engaged with two Sikkim men. The Lama's own pupils took pains to find out what he was engaged upon, but the Minister forbade admission to all except his page (Káchan Gopa) and his private secretary (Káchan Máchan La). In the mornings he generally worked at Hindi, and at Hitopadesha in Sanskrit. From 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. he usually got me to set the camera and to mix the photographic chemicals, the names of all of which he translated into Tibetan. On the 16th I photographed Káchan Máchan La and Gopa, but the Lama's own likeness did not come out well at the first attempt. He was satisfied, however, with those of his servants, and was particularly struck by the instantaneous action of light on the chemicals. He was very attentive and inquisitive about all he saw.

It took time, until the plate dried, to convince him that the negatives would not disappear like the reflection from a mirror. For seven or eight days together he was wholly engaged on photography to the neglect of everything else. We used to take our tiffin and breakfast with him, which consisted of mutton-chops, radishes, and buttered rice, mixed with black dried grapes, for which I thanked him with "*La-laso, thug-je-chhe*" (Very good Sir; great mercy). I was struck with the Lama's application and disinterestedness, for I observed in him a great hankering after knowledge for its own sake, and I attribute our admission into Tibet to this disposition of his. After three attempts I succeeded in taking the Lama's likeness in his priestly robes, which greatly delighted him. On the fifth day he took my likeness, which came out pretty well. In the evenings we generally entertained him with the magic lantern. He soon learnt how to work it, and was struck with the extremely simple means that produced such magical effects. Later in the evening Ugyen Gyatsho and I used to examine the Tibetan manuscripts in our house, of which we drew up a catalogue, with a short account of the contents of each book. One day Máchan La presented us with a few silver coins and some large round biscuits, with ready-made tea. On asking him the reason of this sudden gift, he said that he was entertaining all his fellow-monks at dinner, and giving them the usual alms, called in Tibetan "*Gye*,"* and that he had brought us our share, as belonging to the brotherhood. From that date we used to receive occasional gifts from other acquaintances, and were recognized as *Tapas* (or registered monks) of Tashi-lhunpo. Once the Lama tried algebra, and had got as far as addition and

* The same as *Dakshina*, a present of money made to Brahmans or Buddhist priests.

subtraction in Goldwin Smith, when he was obliged to give it up on the expiry of his leave of seclusion. The study of Hindi and photography now engrossed his whole time and attention. He employed Gopa to clean the plates and to set the camera; but he did not seem to take to the task as kindly as the Lama wished him to do. Many of the monks of Tashilhunpo now became acquainted with us, and we were everywhere respected as pious pilgrims. Ugyen Gyatsho got several invitations from the Tung-ig (secretaries) and the Je-rung (accountants) of the court. Our next-door neighbour, Kusho-dichung, asked our servants to show him some of the curiosities we had brought from India, so we presented him with a white scarf, a rupee, and a mariner's compass. Kusho-dichung is one of the secretaries of the Grand Lama's durbar; 'Kusho' being a title of honour. He promised us his patronage, and requested us to apply to him for anything we required. It was this officer who often supplied me with information respecting the Russian advances towards the confines of Tibet and the Bhutias. In all my conversations with him I always carefully avoided speaking of the English Government; but with a view to finding out if I were in the employ of that Government, he intentionally used to enlarge upon the bad government of Tibet, and the loose administration of justice in its courts; but I, instead of talking politics, used to expatiate on the degenerate nature of Hinduism, and the evil and pernicious customs, such as suttee, infanticide, and Hindu widowhood, to which it had given birth in India. I praised the Buddhists for their generous treatment of women, and their rejection of the system of caste. Kusho-dichung had a complete set of the Kahgyur, the Buddhist scriptures, and offered me the use of them. He used to send us twisted biscuits, treacle-cakes, and large circular loaves unbaked.

There are three classes of beggars in Tibet—(1) mendicant priests; (2) pilgrims and street beggars; (3) Ro-gyapas. The first kind introduce themselve to you as gentlemen, and then just before taking leave, ask for help towards performing certain rites of religion or piety; they specify the amount they want, and seldom leave without extorting something. No house or person, except the very poorest, escape their visits. They watch people in the market to see what purchases they make, and then trace them to their homes, where they afterwards choose their time to present themselves. The second class are not so worrying, but are more numerous; these are real objects of charity. The Ro-gyapas (or "vultures of corpses" as they are called) are the worst of all. Having met their man, they begin by calling him "Kusho," and by other titles of dignity: if this fails, they change their tone, and proceed to clamorous insolence, and even violence. These creatures have the exclusive privilege of disposing of corpses, by distributing them to the vultures and wild animals. Ugyen Gyatsho, who was more than once surrounded by them, escaped by the payment of a rupee. No beggars were allowed by the porter to enter our house. During my stay at Tashilhunpo I heard of a yogi or Hindu Sanyasi having arrived from near Kashmir. He paid a visit to the Tashi, but was dismissed with a gift of only a yellow blanket, a robe, and a pair of ordinary Tibetan boots. He afterwards visited the Minister, who, on inquiring from him, learnt that he was a Shaiva Hindu. This yogi was suspected to have been a surveyor in disguise, in consequence of which he was at once removed to the south of Tengrijong out of Tibet. Ugyen Gyatsho also met in the *thom* or market a yogi with a white flowing beard, who also spoke Hindi, and was a Hindu. He had come from Lhasa, and was not expelled, but went away of his own accord after a fortnight's stay at Shigatse. With the exception of these two yogis, there was not a single Hindu to be seen here. The Nepali Buddhists, called Pálpas, have a settlement at Shigatse, and follow the Tibetans in their way of living. Their dress differs from that of Tibetans in the waist-band, which is white; in the hat, which is strictly Nepali or Newari; and in the tunic, which is more flowing and more tightly confined at the waist.

During my residence at Tashilhunpo I regularly used to take a morning walk round the monastery, in my monkish dress, with a string of beads in my hand. This walk round the monastery early every

morning is the universal custom with the residents of Shigatse and the neighbouring villages. It is expected too of all pilgrims, though they are not compelled to it. The Pálpas (or Nepali Buddhists) precede the promenaders, and are known at once by the noise of their cymbals. From the northern boundary of the monastery, where there is a long line of turrets, containing "Manis" or prayer-cylinders of various sizes, which turn on pivots, I enjoyed an excellent view of the monastery itself, and of the Pena-yang-chhu* and the neighbouring villages. It is customary with all who pass by the turrets to give a twirl to the drums, so as to keep them always whirling round. I took care always to twirl the cylinders, so as to avoid all suspicion of being a Tirthika or Hindu. In the monastery street the cry of the *dhai* (curd) sellers is heard oftenest and loudest; less clamorous are the radish and turnip sellers, and the incense-powder and spice vendors. The monks are very fond of curds.

30*th July*.—On this day the Minister's term of seclusion expired. He was engaged the whole day in receiving visitors. We were not sent for, and enjoyed a day's respite.

31*st July* was a day of great rejoicing, and a general holiday all over Tibet and High Asia; the infant Dalai Lama (Gyal-va Rinpo-chhe) was installed on the throne of Potálá† as the incarnate Bodhisattva Avalokiteshvara, or the Tibetan Chen-re-zig. The princely infant, into whose person the spirit of the late Dalai was found to have passed, had been till now brought up in a small palace called Gyal-kup, near Lhasa. Last year the Tashi Lama Panchhen Rinpo-chhe, at the invitation of the Emperor of China and the high officials of Tibet, had gone to Lhasa to examine the infant Dalai, and to report if the spirit of the late Dalai had really passed into his person. For several days sacrifices were offered and oracles consulted in the renowned convents and sacred shrines of Lhasa, Sam-ye,‡ Tashilhunpo, and other places of Buddhist sanctity; the result being to establish beyond doubt that the infant was the incarnate Chenre-zig, the patron Bodhisattva of Tibet. On the day when he pronounced the infant's claims to the pontifical throne to be good and valid, a magnificent rainbow is said to have appeared over the palace of Potálá, which was looked upon as a divine confirmation of the decision. The Tashi Lama had fixed the 31st for the Dalai's accession to the throne. There were thanksgivings in the monastery, and a grand nautch of Shabdo—*i.e.* a dance of the lay people—in the groves of Dechan Phodung and Kunkhyabling. Lamas, monks, and elderly lay folks burnt incense and made offerings on the hill tops to the four guardians of the world, the female Buddhas, and the divine mothers. The day was cloudy, with slight rain. From 2 to 4 P.M. the Chinese and Tibetan archers had a good field-exercise, and the sound of the flying arrows reached us at a great distance off. The night was rainy, but the sky cleared up as the day dawned.

1*st August*.—After my usual morning walk round the monastery, we went to the Minister's house, where we heard that the Panchhen Rinpo-chhe had arrived on the previous evening. Having spoken to him about the presents we had brought for the Tashi Lama, we expressed a desire to stay at the monastery in order to study the Tibetan language and Buddhism, and to visit the important places of pilgrimage in Tibet; we stated also our qualifications for serving the Tashi Lama, and concluded by asking for his protection and the honour of an interview. In the evening the Tashi Lama arrived at his palace at Tashilhunpo without any procession or ceremony. Crowds of people had been waiting in vain to see him throughout the day. The Minister had an interview with him, but did not mention us at all. Next morning the sun was bright as ever.

2*nd August*.—The skies clear, rain having fallen at night. The day was a general holiday: all the lay population of the country—men, boys, women, (some with infants in their arms)— came to visit the monastery from the

---

* The Pena-yang-chhu is a river which rises on the northern slopes of Chumo-lhari, and passing by Gyantse, falls into the great Tsangpo near Shigatse.

† Potálá is the name of the Dalai Lama's palace at Lhasa. It was also the name of the ancient harbour and city of India where Avalokiteshvara was born.

‡ Sam-ye, the most ancient monastery in Tibet, founded by Padma Sambhava under the auspices of King Thisrong-de-tsan, in the 8th century A. D.

adjacent villages. The doors of all the cells, chapels, and shrines were thrown open. This is one of the privileged days when women, who are excluded at all other times, are allowed to visit the monastery; unlike the men, who have access at all times. The wives of noblemen (Jongpons) and rich merchants, dressed in their richest apparel and ornaments, visited the four gold-roofed shrines and the grand hall of religious observances, besides numerous shrines and colleges. The streets too were filled with them. Their head-dresses struck me much. The prevailing form consisted of two, or sometimes three, circular bands of plaited hair, placed crosswise, richly studded with pearls, cat's-eyes, and small rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; corals and turquoises as large as hen's eggs, and pearl drops, and various sorts of amber and jade encircled their heads, like the halo of light round the head of the goddess Kali, or the *nimbus* of a Christian saint These circles were attached to a circular head-band, from which six to eight short strings of pearls, and regularly-shaped drops of turquoise and other precious stones, terminated by a large oval turquoise, hung down towards the forehead. The poorer women wore only one circle of plaited hair with roundish lappets hanging from the side of the ear. Rich China and Benares kincob cloaks, China satin tunics, and velvet boots, with gold and silver girdles, completed their dress. The ladies walked by the side of their husbands, the father often carrying the child. I had a good chance of estimating the average beauty of Tibetan females; but the priestly character which I had to maintain did not allow me to look much at them. From what I did see, however, I was pleased with their joyous and thoughtless countenances, and mild and gentle manners, though I occasionally noticed a high cheek bone or a flat Chinese nose. Among the Tibetans a round face, with very high cheek bones, a moderately raised nose, a short chin and large eyes, with elongated eye-brows, and a middling stature, are considered to be marks of beauty: a pointed nose or chin is thought ugly. A slender waist is not a condition of beauty among them. Judging by this standard, I am sure there were many beauties assembled within the monastery walls that day. At 12 A.M. Ugyen Gyatsho was sent for by the Minister to accompany him to the Grand Lama's. He put on my monastic habit, as he had not a suit of his own. The Minister gave the Tashi Lama a long account of our sufferings and perseverance during the journey, assured him of our faith in him, and our determination to study the Buddhist scriptures, to which we were then strangers; and he enumerated the presents we had brought for him. The Grand Lama requested the Minister to take us to him in his own sitting-room, wishing the interview to be private. The Tashi Lama's palace is a four-storied building, constructed of dark red stone, of irregular shape but neatly laid, and presenting a pretty even surface. No plaster or paint is used on the outside, yet the building has a pleasant and elegant look. The inside is beautifully plastered, and coloured with green paint to a few feet above the plinth, the rest being adorned with frescoes in various colours. In none of the palaces or tombs are bricks used. In fact, owing to the scarcity of fire-wood no burnt bricks can be had in Tashilhunpo. I heard of the existence of coal in Tibet, but the people are strangers to its use and value, nor do they seem to know the use of kilns; sun-dried bricks are largely employed in making cow-sheds and walls round houses, in the villages and in places where stones are not plentiful. The excellent specimens of bricks of different shapes and sizes which I saw at Narthang were probably burnt in potters' kilns with fire-wood brought from Tanag. The Lama's palace contains large spacious halls, supported by pillars, and, unlike Calcutta or Benares buildings, has no court in the middle—a plan rendered necessary by the keenness of the winds in Tibet. The grand hall of the congregation, to which the shrine of Buddha is attached, and the hall of religious observance, have spacious courts.

On the roof of the principal palace, covered with gilt copper plates, are placed chaits made of solid gold, in which are deposited the remains of the last four Tashi Lamas: all the other palaces are terrace-roofed. There are long flights of steps leading to the first floor, but the approaches to all the other floors are by close-stepped ladders. Windows there are but few, and these constructed in bad

taste. Balconies are attached to several of the stories. On their arrival at the palace, Ugyen Gyatsho was first admitted, and was recognized by the Tashi Lama, who had seen him the year before. Lachen Lama was next introduced. The Tashi Lama then called for me, and the Minister at once sent word that I was to come. Ugyen having gone dressed in my priestly robes, had to be summoned back in haste, so that I might go dressed like a Tashilhunpo monk. I proceeded to the palace, and had to ascend to the roof of the fourth story, where, in a Chinese tent with portable wooden walls, the Grand Lama and the Minister were seated on two high cushions. I was conducted to His Holiness' presence by his private secretary, and having prostrated myself according to custom, presented him with a white scarf and a rupee, rising each time to touch my forehead with the palms joined. I then approached the Grand Lama, who thereupon laid both the palms of his hands on the crown of my head and blessed me, an honour which the Khutuktus or high-class incarnate Lamas of Mongolia, and other Lamas of high rank, alone receive from his hands. The Grand Lama is 26 years of age, of a spare frame and middling stature. He has a remarkably broad forehead and large eyes, slightly oblique. The expression of his face, although highly intelligent, is not engaging, and lacks that sympathy and dignity so conspicuous in the Minister's countenance. The old monks of Tashilhunpo informed me that, unlike his predecessor, Kyabgon, the present Grand Lama was more feared than liked on account of his cold and independent bearing. He is strict in the observance of ceremonies, and in the administration of justice slow to forgive, of irreproachable morals and studious habits, and, unlike his predecessors, has earned no reputation by the performance of miracles. For, as to the rainbow that appeared on the Potálá palace, opinion is divided between attributing it on the one hand to the virtues and excellence of the Dalai, or on the other, to those of the Panchhen.

As I stood for a few minutes before him, he looked at me with some attention, and seemed not displeased, but did not speak to me, nor did I venture to address him. When I had at length withdrawn, his chaplain tied on my neck a red piece of silk, which, having been blessed, is called a *Sungbu*, and serves for a charm against evil spirits. Some rice was then given me to eat, which I brought home with ostentatious reverence. The Grand Lama and the Minister then went downstairs, where the monks had assembled for a general thanksgiving service for the return of the Tashi Lama to Tashilhunpo after a long absence. I returned to my lodgings, dissatisfied with the interview, without waiting in the hall to observe the service and the various ceremonies which the Lamas went through. In the evening the Minister sent for me, and informed me that the Grand Lama had been pleased to admit me among his pupils, and, in order that I might be enrolled among the monks of Tashilhunpo, had wished me to take the vows of celibacy and priesthood, and to accept the allowance made to the monks. He had also requested the Minister to communicate to him all the information I could give regarding India, its civilization, arts, and sciences, and had expressed his intention of shortly beginning to learn to speak Sanskrit from me, and had recommended me in the meantime to improve my Tibetan speaking. Cheered with this prospect of close relations with the Lama, I applied myself to the study of Tibetan, especially the colloquial, but was somewhat uneasy on account of my ignorance of the Prakrit terms to which I believed the Tashi Lama referred when he spoke of the "colloquial" Sanskrit of ancient India. I determined to put the Grand Lama to reading simple lessons from the Hitopadesha, as an introduction to his learning to converse in Sanskrit, in order to convince him of the importance of classical Sanskrit compared with the Prakrit. The Minister was now overwhelmed with business, and our attendance at his house became less regular. Having now been introduced to the Grand Lama, I began to move more freely among my acquaintances and friends, and became punctual in returning visits and going to auctions and private sales within the monastery. The Grand Lama, at first convinced of the honesty of our motives by the assurances of the Minister, began now, at the instigation of his domestic servants, to suspect us of being British *employés*, and he engaged spies to watch our movements. Two monks

used to come to our lodgings, and, under pretence of examining the Tibetan Scriptures in the library, used to stay for many hours watching us. Others called on different pretences and relieved these two. I saw through them, and often used to invite them to sit on my rug, and politely asked their names and birth-places, how many years they had been in the monastery, under what professors they had studied, and to what colleges they belonged. After pressing them to partake of biscuits and Chinese treacle-cakes, of which I generally kept a large supply, I used to put to them some difficult and abstruse questions on Buddhism, such as the steady and unsteady nature of life and the soul, of wisdom and knowledge, of Vidya and Avidya, which soon relieved me of their presence.

I afterwards learnt that these spies had reported very favourably of me to all the officers of Government, and to the Grand Lama himself. My food and manner of walking did not pass without remark: so that instead of walking fast, as usual with me, I now learnt to walk with slow and short paces, and left off eating eggs and onions, which priests (but not laymen) are forbidden to eat. I also learnt to rise early, as all monks are bound to. I must here add that among laymen too all whom I met, both men and women, during my residence and journey to and from Tibet, rise before dawn, light their fires, and prepare tea or churn butter. The Lamas also carefully observed what purchases I made, and at the time of our leaving Tashilhunpo, many monks told us that they had found us exceptions to the ordinary run of pilgrims; for instead of buying silk robes, hankerchiefs, cups, and kincobs, we had bought little silver shrines containing images, and had ourselves made little amulets and church furniture and pamphlets.

3rd August.—On this day I was laid up with bilious fever and a strong headache, caused by my falling asleep when engaged with my Tibetan manuscripts, and also perhaps through eating too many sweet Chinese cakes. Ugyen attended on me with great anxiety.

4th August.—I despatched my peon (Tenzing) with letters for India, but did not mention my illness in any of them. The Minister was apprised of it by Káchan Máchan La. Kusho-dichung, Káchan Shado, another neighbour of mine, Káchan Dao, and other friends, used to come very often to see me and kindly expressed their wishes for my early recovery. The Minister consulted his tutelary gods about my illness, and obtained favourable results. He sent me some charms and pills consecrated by Buddha Kashyapa, and assured me of my recovery. He also sent me a physician of Gnari, who treated me for three days. On the fifth day I took a dose of tartar emetic, but did not get rid of the fever. The Gnari physician's medicines effected a slight relief. I recovered completely on the 10th, and took my rice on the 12th. From the 4th to the 11th (eight days) I subsisted on tea and two or three dessert spoonfuls of rice occasionally. The Gnari physician told me that Indian medicines would be of no use in Tibet, its climate, water, and air being quite different from those of India. He said he belonged to Ladak; and within the monastery I met with a dozen British subjects of Spiti and British Lahoul, who were resident monks of Tashilhunpo. There were about two dozen from Sankar in Kashmir, but none from Sikkim.

13th August.—I paid a visit to the Minister. We gave him some lessons in Hindi that day: and Ugyen Gyatsho informed him of his desire to go down to Sikkim before the middle of next month, leaving me at Tashilhunpo.

14th August.—On the 14th it began to be rumoured at Tashilhunpo and Shigatse that the Russians had advanced to near Nagchhu, the farthest military station of Tibet towards the Mongolian frontier. Some said that eight Europeans had already arrived at Lhasa; others, that they were about ten days' journey north of Lhasa, and proceeding to it under the escort of two Chinese High Commissioners. Every Gelong who met us assured us that the rumour was true, and Káchan Shado produced a letter just received from a friend of his residing at Lhasa, which stated that the Russians had actually arrived at Nagchhu, accompanied by two Chinese officials. Doubting the rumours,

and wishing to ascertain, if possible, the real facts, I resolved to visit Kushodichung, whom we found suffering from a cough, for which I gave him a couple of cough pills. As usual, I was served with tea and cakes. He himself commenced the conversation, by asking the price of the flannel shirt which I wore, where the stuff came from, &c. At last the topic turning from European goods to Europe itself, I got an opportunity of asking him about the rumours. He replied that an official communication had been lately received from Lhasa on the point that the rumours of the advance of the Russians to Lhasa were entirely false; but it was true that they had advanced up to Nagchhu. It appeared they had obtained the Emperor's sanction to their proposal of visiting Lhasa and Tashilhunpo, under the escort of two Chinese High Commissioners; but that the monks of Será, Da-pung, and Gádan monasteries had together resolved to arrest their progress to Lhasa, and had accordingly despatched 3,000 monks towards Nagchhu.

He asked me if the holy religion of Buddha and the power of the Grand Lama would not eventually be overthrown by the Russians (*Urrus*) or English (*Frangs*). I answered, I had heard that the Russian Government had a Consulate and soldiers near Urga, the capital of Tárá Náth Lama of the Mongols, and that they had been carrying on trade with Mongolia and China for centuries; but as to the intentions of the Russians regarding the Government of Tibet and the Buddhistic religion, I could say nothing. As for the English, I was certain that the conquest of Tibet, which was under the Emperor of China, would be a difficult thing for them, even if they had any such intention. I was sure that the English did not want to quarrel with their neighbours, but preferred to cultivate their friendship rather than covet their possessions. He asked me if the Russians could conquer Tibet. I told him that, in my opinion, they could not. For in the first place they would have to encounter the forces of the Emperor of China, whose dependencies Mongolia and Tibet were. If successful here, they would next have to conquer the opposition of the Mongolians and Tibetans themselves, a thing which, if it ever did happen, must happen in the remote future. In the same manner, I continued, the English would have successively to come in contact—first with the Chinese, then with the Nepalese and Bhutias, and lastly, with the Tibetans. Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan had been enjoying peace for many years without interruption, and, under such circumstances, an invasion of Tibet by the English was very improbable. I concluded by saying, that it concerned me very little whether the English or the Russians entered Tibet; what concerned me most was the closing of the passes in the Himalayas against the Buddhists of the south. I had several other conversations with him on subsequent dates, at the end of each of which I openly deplored their uncharitable conduct towards the natives of India in closing the passes.

15*th August*.—On the 15th I sent Ugyen to invite to my house my old friend, the Khalka Mongolian Lama, named Lobsang Tenzing, with whom I had read Mongolian for six months at Darjeeling. He had met Ugyen and and our servant (Tenzing) often, and had inquired after me, but had not been informed of my arrival at Tashilhunpo. He came at 2 P.M., and was quite delighted to see me. I offered him quarters at my house, but he politely declined, as he had a little house of his own prettily furnished. He became henceforth my constant guest and companion, to my great happiness, and introduced me to his Mongolian friends. One of his Amdoan teachers invited me to dinner after the Mongolian fashion. The Mongolians are great flesh-eaters. Rice they scarcely take except as an article of luxury. Barley-flour they like, if they can get it. What "*munda*" is with the Hindus, the "*momo*" is with the Mongolians. Lobsang Tenzing used to press me to eat a good many *momos*, and set the example by getting easily through three dozen balls, while I could scarcely manage half a dozen. "Momo" is prepared thus: mutton is cut up in slices, onions and a little spice, if at hand, are added, and the whole well mixed with a little good yak butter, called "*di-mar*."* About four drachms of this preparation are put into a ball of wheat-flour paste, and cooked by being placed in steam.

*Di (a cow), *mar* (butter).

The Mongolians mix boiled rice with butter and sugar, and call the preparation *brese*. Plain boiled rice is out of fashion in Tibet. It is called *khachhe-bre*, or Kashmiri cooked rice.

16*th August*.—We saw the Minister on the 16th, gave him a lesson in Hindi, and returned to our lodging at 1 P.M.

17*th August*.—On the 17th we had a talk with him about the Sakya monastery and the Grand Abbot (Sakya Rinpo-chhe, the head of the Sakya-pa sect. He is not an *avatar*. The office of Grand Abbot is hereditary; and he is allowed to live with his wife within the monastery. The Minister is a friend of his, and was able to arrange for our journey to the Sakya monastery. I asked him if it contained many original Sanskrit manuscripts of the Buddhist Scriptures, of which the "*Kahgyur*" and the "*Tangyur*" are translations. He told me he was not aware of the existence of any, and that it would be best for me to go there with a letter of introduction from him, and make inquiries about any manuscripts.

18*th August*.—On the 18th, after the usual lesson, I had a short conversation with him about the Russians. He told me that about five months ago an application had been made to the Emperor by a party of Europeans* for admission into Tibet, on which the Tibetan Government had petitioned for the refusal of any application for admission of the "*Phillings*"† into Tibet, but no reply had up to date arrived from Pekin.

20*th August*.—The Minister again pressed us to enter the holy congregation of the monks, and to take the vows of celibacy and priesthood, which are in Tibetan called *rab-jung*.‡ He offered to give me his own "*chhablug*," a piece of kincob six inches by four, lined with yellow broadcloth, and attached to a silver handle about four inches long, and hung from the waistband by a nickel or silver pencase. It is worn only by those monks and Lamas who have already taken the prescribed vows. I pleaded my small progress in the study of Buddhism as an excuse for not taking the *rab-jung* then, and added that unless I was fully convinced of the excellencies of the doctrine of Buddha, by thorough study of them, which was the chief object that had brought me to Tibet, I could not conscientiously call myself a Buddhist or take the *rab-jung*. I could assure him that I did not hold the doctrine of *Yeshu-mashi* (Jesus Christ) of the Phillings, nor entertain the Tirthika faith, in which I was born: that I was still undecided as to my religious persuasions, but believed in the existence of a Supreme cause of the universe. To ascertain if that Being was identical with the Supreme intelligence of the Buddhist was the principal object of my studying Tibetan Buddhism. The Minister seemed satisfied with my explanation, and did not talk on the matter any more. We did not therefore accept the usual allowance of monks, which in all amounts to Rs. 10 a head monthly. The Minister was prepared to recommend me for the grant of a *shika* (estate), which was set apart for Indian pundits; and to create a separate *khamtshen*§ for me in Tashilhunpo; since in the monasteries of Será, Da-pung, Gádan, and others, there is excellent accommodation for men of different countries, consisting of large buildings with one or two chapels attached to them, together with cook-rooms and offices. Thus there are the Lhopo-khamtshen (for Bhutias and Sikkimese), the Amdo-khamtshen, the Sogpo-khamtshen, the Hamdo-khamtshen, the Sher-khamtshen, the Gyami-khamtshen, &c. Ugyen and I paid several visits to the Lhopo-khamtshen, and examined the chapel and furniture. There is a "Nyerpo" in charge of it. But there was, as far as I knew, no khamtshen for Gya-gar or India. A "Gya-gar-khamtshen" could, however, be established if I took the *rab-jung*. The Sogpo-khamtshen is a lofty building, four stories high, called "Samlo-khangsar." My friend Lobsang Tenzing lived in one of the rooms on the ground floor. Returning home from the Minister's, I found a respectable Gelong in waiting for me. He called from Kusho Phindi-khangsar, the richest noble of Tsang, to say that his master desired to see me.

* These may have been either the Moravian missionaries from Kylong (Lahoul), or a party of Hungarian explorers.

† *Phillings* (*phyi*, out; *gling*, continent or island)—people of the outer continent, or Europe.

‡ *Rab jung*, the state of excellence (*rab*, excellent; *hbyung*, grown), the ceremony of initiation into the sacred vows of Buddhism.

§ This is something like a students' hostel.

I was quite surprized at such an unexpected message, but accompanied the Gelong to the great man's residence, and paid my respects with a profound bow, holding a scarf in my hand. Kusho Phindi-khangsar, an old gentleman of 56 years, of a spare frame and an intelligent look, was laid up with rheumatic pains in his left knee. He had tried many physicians for the last two months in vain; when, having heard about me from Kusho-dichung, and believing I could cure him, he sent for me. I told him I was not an *Amchi* (physician) by profession, but had only brought a little box of medicines for my own use, among which I feared there was none for his case. Thinking that I was unwilling to undertake his cure, he gave me a short history of his life, and the high favour he had received from the late Tashi Lama. He promised me a large reward if I succeeded in effecting his cure. After treating us with tea and cakes of the very best kind, he dismissed us, entreating me to see him next morning with my medicine chest.

21*st August.*—Next morning I saw the Minister, and after the lesson I informed him of my conversation with Kusho Phindi-khangsar. He advised me to try one or two medicines, as I ran no risk, and the reward offered was large. He also talked highly of the wealth and charities of Phindi-khangsar. I accordingly went again and applied a liniment of soap and tincture of opium. On opening the cotton bandage I saw a sore, evidently made by the application of a red-hot iron. I changed it for a flannel bandage, and requested him to foment the swelling with warm water. The Kusho seemed pleased with the medicine, and ordered me to be given half a maund of barley-flour, ten bricks of tea, a few seers of di-mar (yak butter), and a month's supply of fire-wood. I declined the gift, but the Kusho would take no refusal. I attended on him for one week, and effected a slight relief, but at last, my medicines running short, I had to explain to him my inability to attend on him further. Before I left, his Nyerpo (or store-keeper) offered me a handful of "tankas" (silver coins worth six annas each), but I declined them.

22*nd August.*—After lessons in Hindi I explained to the Minister the use of the telescope from Ganot's Physics, which I had brought with me. He had bought a very good telescope the previous year for Rs. 350 from a Kashmir merchant, named Bahar Shah, whom I had known at Darjeeling. I also explained to him some of the astronomical and geographical slides, such as the diurnal rotation and annual motion of the earth round the sun, the shape of the earth and its position with respect to the sun. He heard me with attention, and asked me if I believed what I said. I told him that it mattered very little whether I believed or not, but that all European nations, as well as the enlightened natives of India, believed in those truths. He said that if what I said were true, then the whole Kala Chakra system of Buddhist astronomy must be false. I replied that I was far from casting any imputation on the Buddhist system of astronomy. He perhaps remembered that my predictions about the sun's eclipse on Saturday last had agreed with his own, as we might have verified at 2 P.M. (the calculated time) had not the skies been over-clouded. However, it was evident that though our methods varied, the results we arrived at were the same. He therefore requested me to get him a good illustrated astronomical English book to enable him thoroughly to understand the English system. I gave him Goodwin's Course of Mathematics, which, however, unfortunately did not contain the illustration he wanted.

23*rd August.*—Next morning I waited upon him, but we did not read any Hindi. He opened the conversation by saying that he had communicated to the Grand Lama all that I had said about the sun and the earth. The Tashi Lama said he could not understand what I meant by saying that the earth rests on void space. If it was without support, why did it not fall down; and even if it could so rest, how was it that men on its surface did not fall headlong when the earth revolved round its own axis. The Minister had had to confess that he was unable to answer the Grand Lama's question, whereupon he requested him to ask me (the Pandub*) for a satisfactory explanation. I was

* I was called Pandub. The title of Pundit is borne by the Grand Lama alone.

at a loss for an explanation suited to the capacity of such doubters, but fortunately I had a magnetic fish (a toy given to me by Mr. Pedler of the Presidency College), by which I succeeded in giving the Lama some idea of the property of attraction, though the attraction of the sun still remained as mysterious to them as ever.

Besides myself to support, I had a cook and three other servants depending on me. I had all along been suffering under pecuniary difficulties. On three or four occasions the Minister had advanced us money, and I felt a delicacy in applying for further loans. I now determined to send Ugyen Gyatsho to Darjeeling for funds. Ugyen accordingly asked leave of the Minister to go to see his friends at Darjeeling, and bring my letters. The Minister granted leave, and commissioned Ugyen to bring him certain articles from Darjeeling. It was settled that I should remain at Tashilhunpo, either at my own house or with the Minister, who informed me that he would probably take leave for two months (October and November), which he intended to pass at Dongtse, his birth-place (eight miles north-east of Gyantse), and to devote to learning English, astronomy, geography, and photography from me. This, I said to myself, was a capital opportunity for seeing the country between Shigatse and Dongtse. I instructed Ugyen to return to Tibet by the Chhumbi and Phari road, and join me at Dongtse. To-day (at 2-30) in the afternoon, heavy showers of rain accompained by hailstones, thunder, and lightning.

24*th August*.—On the 24th, after my visit to the Minister, I called upon Kusho-dichung, and talked with him about the administration of justice in India. He agreed with me in thinking that justice was not administered in Tibet as it ought to be, and that property was not secure, through the powerful oppressing the weak. I also ascertained from him the price of gold leaves and gold dust, as well as of gold worked into ornaments, &c. From the account he gave, it did not appear that any speculation in gold for the Indian market would be very profitable, it being difficult to ascertain the quality of the gold. I therefore did not think it prudent to direct Ugyen to bring more money than what I thought would be actually necessary for our living.

25*th August*.—On the 25th, after lessons, I had a talk with the Minister about the free admission of natives of India into Tibet during the reign of Kyabgon Paldan Yeshe, about a hundred years ago. He said that during that famous Lama's time the English used to come to Tashilhunpo. I asked him how he came to know that. Whereupon he gave me the life of Paldan Yeshe in two volumes, and asked me to read it at home. I then told him that from certain English books of travel (Markham's *Mission of Bogle and Turner*, and Manning's *Journey to Tibet*) I also had collected some information. I mentioned Purungir's name, together with the Tashi Lama's journey through the barren steppes of High Asia, and his death at Pekin of small-pox. He seemed greatly astonished, and declared my information to be correct. I told him that Paldan Yeshe was a great friend of the English Government, and had sent valuable presents to the Gyal-tshab Rinpo-chhe of Calcutta (Warren Hastings), and received presents in return, especially a valuable string of pearls. He was quite pleased with what I said, and told me that the same string of pearls had been presented by the Tashi Lama to the Emperor of China, and that people said it was to be seen to this day in the Emperor's crown. The Lama, he added, performed various miracles on his arrival at Pekin. For instance, the Emperor, to test his divine origin, caused several of his Ministers to put on the Imperial dress, and sent them one by one to receive the Lama, but the Lama neither saluted nor deigned to speak to any of them. He discovered the real Emperor when he came, and saluted him, saying:—" *O Jampal-vyang* (*i.e.* Manju Ghosha, the god of wisdom and learning incarnate), *kong-ma-chhenpo* (thou canst not deceive me)." He was next conducted to a seat on the right of the Emperor's own, who had meanwhile secretly caused the whole cyclopædia of the Buddhist Scriptures (the Kahgyur and Tangyur) to be placed underneath the Lama's seat. The Divine Lama, again proving equal to the occasion by his supernatural power, got them miraculously removed, and replaced by some blank books. When

the Lama had left his seat, the Emperor examined the books, and to his utter astonishment found them to be blank. After a few days stay, the Lama fell sick, and told the Emperor that his term of mundane existence was drawing near, and that he must prepare for his departure. The physicians of the Imperial Court failed to discover the nature of his illness, until the Emperor himself found it, when too late, to be small-pox. A few minutes before he breathed his last, he called Purungir to his presence, and, talking to him in pathetic terms, exhorted him to a firm belief in the infallibility of Buddhism. His holy remains were not suffered by the Emperor to leave Pekin, but his *changlo*, as large as life, was sent to Tashilhunpo, preserved in a shrine of solid gold. His successor (Kyabgon Tanpai Nyima) did not, for fear of small-pox (*dumbo*) venture to visit India or China in the ordinary way; but the former he visited miraculously, thus: He shut himself up in his chapel, having ordered the guard not to open the door on any account. He then shuffled off his mortal coil and visited India in spirit. As he passed in the guise of a Gelong by the palace gate of the Raja of Chumba, he was accosted by the Raja himself, who asked his name, what he was, and where he came from. The Lama being a Buddha, could not tell a lie. The Raja threw himself at his feet, and begged his *jin-lob* (blessing) for a son to be born to him. The Gelong granted his request and disappeared. A year after a son was born, and the Raja in token of his gratitude sent immense presents for the Grand Lama.

After the Minister had finished these stories, I asked if the present Grand Lama could perform such miraculous journeys. He answered "No." As for himself (the Minister) he was anxious to visit Pekin and Gaya (Gya-gar-dorjedan), but for fear of illness, especially small-pox, he could not venture to undertake a journey to Pekin. I told him that I knew a medicine which would remove all danger from small-pox. He asked if it was not something resembling inoculation? I replied "Yes; that it was not small-pox matter, but a different substance altogether." Ugyen then showed the mark of vaccination on his arm. He then told me that I would do a real service to the country if I could introduce that medicine, but it would be a most dangerous experiment if it was found to bring with it small-pox, which had not appeared in the country for more than twenty years. He also gave me a hint that the fear of introducing this disease into Tibet was one of the objections of the Grand Lama to opening intercourse with India. He proceeded to say that he had implicit faith in me, and would be the first to be vaccinated, and after trying it on a few others, he would get the Grand Lama himself to be vaccinated. "The Grand Lama," he said, "is a jewel among us, and the fountain of mercy and all moral virtues." He then asked me if I had a house both at Benares and at Darjeeling. I told him I had none at Darjeeling, but intended to build one there; at Benares I had a four-storied house, where he would be right welcome if ever he visited Benares. He then asked if he would be honourably received by the English Government. I replied at once that if he visited India publicly he would be; but if he came only privately I could not be sure of a good reception.

26*th August.*—Next day worked some exercises with the Minister in simple division and multiplication from a small Tibetan arithmetic, printed and published by the Moravian Mission at Kylong, near Kangra, which I had presented him; after which we had a long talk on the printing system. He admired the wonderfully neat engravings in Ganot's Physics and other books, and deplored the wretched block printing used in Tibet. I described to him the printing press and lead types used in India and Europe, and also gave a short account of lithography, of which the Kylong arithmetic was a specimen. He thought a printing press would be too heavy to be brought into Tibet, but that a lithographic press would answer his purpose just as well, and asked me to draw up an estimate of the price, packing, and carriage of one to Tashilhunpo.

In the evening, in the course of conversation with the Grand Lama, he suggested the introduction of a lithographic press to supersede block printing. The Lama approved of the suggestion, and requested the Minister to furnish him with the necessary estimate.

27*th*, 28*th*, 29*th*, *and* 30*th August.*—The four following days the Minister was engaged in the worship of the chief Tantric god, Sambhara.* All the monks of the Gnagpa college were also busily engaged in the ritual connected with the drawing of the "mandal," or plan of Sambhara's mansion.

A TIBETAN HOLIDAY.—The 29th of August was a great holiday for all the people of Shigatse. Men, women and children of all races, from the highest Jongpon to the meanest street-beggar, Palpas, Kashmiris, Chinese, Mongols, and Tibetans went to visit "Guru-do-phug," the cavern where Padma Sambhava reached perfection, which is situated on a rocky hill at a distance of about five miles west of Tashilhunpo. Padma Sambhava, the Guru Ugyen Pema of the Tibetans, was one of the earliest propagators of Buddhism in Tibet, and the originator of the Tantric system, which entirely changed the nature of Buddhism as originally preached by Gautama's immediate successors, such as Ananda and Upagupta, in Magadha. Pema Guru was born at Uddayani, a country north-west of Arya Varta, and was the son of King Indra Bodhi. Leaving India he passed into Tibet, where his teaching made rapid progress, and soon became the prevalent religious belief, under the name of the Nyingma or ancient school. A later reformer (Tsong-khapa), shocked at the eccentricities of Pema's doctrine, zealousy tried with some success to destroy the predominance of the Nyingma sect in Tibet. Guru Pema had numerous wives, surrounded by whom it was his custom to sit in *yoga.* He advocated the Yogacharya or meditative school (which I hope to describe in a separate chapter). The Gelugpas, or the followers of Tsong-khapa, although converts from the Nyingma doctrines, yet venerate Pema Guru as an emancipated saint, equal in rank to Tsong-khapa; and on this day of the year they join the Nyingmapas in visiting and offering oblations at the "Guru-do-phug." At half-past four in the afternoon these pilgrims were seen returning, partly on foot and partly mounted. Of the latter there were about 300 people on donkeys, and more than 500 men on ponies, among whom the Nyer-chhang-chhenpo, with his two *tsomos* (wives), and his sons and nephews, was conspicuous. The ladies, dressed in blue China satins, rode along with their husbands, who wore grey, red, or yellow satin tunics. The Tibetans, as a rule, are fond of display in clothes, ornaments, and head dresses, and especially so on occasions like the present. The Palpas wore their peculiar white waistbands and Newari caps. The Kashmiri, though dressed like the Tibetan, could be recognized by his high nose, shaved head, puggri, and painted moustache; the Chinese by his Mantchu-tail. I observed two old Kashmiris carried in doolies, dressed as Tibetans, who perhaps had become Buddhists by long association with Tibetans. When near Tashilhunpo, the men and women who rode on asses tried to keep pace with the ponies for a short distance. The great mass however, walked on foot in companies of 20 to 30, some dancing in their own fantastic style as they went, having evidently indulged in spirits and *chhang* at the sacred "phug." Whenever they met a large tree they halted for a few minutes and performed the Shabdo dance. Ugyen, myself, Kusho-dichung and the Mongolian interpreter of the Tashi Lama, witnessed the procession from the roof of our house, with the help of Kusho-dichung's Russian telescope. Ugyen remarked that to ride an ass appeared to be something like an honour in Tibet, though it was a punishment in his own country (Sikkim). The voices of both men and women singing together, softened by distance, quite delighted us. According to my estimate upwards of 10,000 men and women passed us towards Shigatse. There might have been other visitors from other quarters. The Tibetan villages are much more thickly peopled than they seem to be from the outside.

The crime of killing a pigeon.—The same day some natives of Lachung, in Sikkim, arrived at Tashilhunpo, with a caravan of yaks laden with logs and planks of deal-wood, and a kind of creeper used for dyeing, called *tsuo;* and encamped near the *Chhak-che-khang,* at the gate of the town. They had a muzzle-loading gun with them, with which one of them shot a pigeon sitting on the monastery wall. This was seen by the Grand Lama himself, from his palace of the Kunzig-ling (all-seeing place). He at once got

* Sambhara (in Tibetan "De-chhog," the supreme lord of enjoyment) is represented with five heads and ten arms, of a terrific aspect, and holding a woman in his embrace.

the Lachung-pas arrested, and committed them for trial before the Gye-kuo, or police inspector. The Lachung men stated in defence that the gun had gone off accidentally, being always kept loaded. The ex-Khamba Jongpon and the ex-Changjed, Phindi-khangsar Kusho, pleaded on their behalf, and it was owing to their intervention that the Lachung-pas were dismissed with a simple fine of Rs. 200. Killing or eating any kind of bird within the monastery walls is reckoned a crime punishable with a heavy fine and imprisonment.

A large hen is sold at six annas, being valued chiefly for its eggs, but cocks can be had at an anna each. Lay people, especially the Chinese, are great fowl-eaters : very few monks take eggs. The greatest luxury of the Tibetans is *gya-thug*, a kind of pudding made of eggs and wheat-flour, and minced mutton or beef.

31*st August*.—On the 31st (the day of the full moon) the offerings and "*tormas*" (votive cakes) of Sambhara were taken out of the chapel to be thrown into the water. A procession of the ex-Gnagpa monks, headed by the Minister, passed by the road running along the western wall of the monastery, so that we could see it pass from our balcony. The Minister, dressed in his priestly attire, marched slowly under an embroidered umbrella, to the music of hautboys, cymbals, flutes, deep-sounding bells, kettle-drums, and tambourines. In the evening I waited upon him and gave him the estimate for the lithographic press, which he submitted to the Grand Lama.

1*st September*.—Next morning we were told that the Grand Lama had approved of it, and would pay the money from his own private funds. This day the Minister resumed Hindi with me, doing a little English at the same time. He had prepared a book which contained the alphabets of the Siberian, Mantchu, Mongol, Chinese, Turki of Turkistan (called Horke), Sanskrit, Bengali, and English languages. He now requested Ugyen to add the Lepcha alphabet to these, and he promised to teach me by-and-by a kind of secret writing which he knew. I also asked him about the date of the great Tibetan epic called Gyal-rung or Gyal-dung,* in 18 volumes, in which were narrated the chivalrous and romantic exploits of the warlike Qesar of Ling, the conquest of Hor-jang, and of other Central Asiatic kingdoms ; but I did not obtain a satisfactory answer.

At night an alarm was raised in the camp of the Lachung men. Next morning I sent Ugyen to inquire, who brought back word that it was owing to thieves at the camp. Besides this, I heard of two other cases of petty theft, in one of which two beggars were concerned; and of a fourth, in which a monk was found guilty. The thief had concealed himself in one of the out-offices of a fellow monk of some property, where he was caught, taken before the Gye-kuo, sentenced to a flogging of fifty lashes, and expelled the monastery. It appeared the prisoner had once before robbed the same monk, when the latter was away from his house and had, as is the custom in Tashilhunpo, locked the door of the house before going. On account of the strictness of the Grand Lama and the vigilance of the police the monks are kept under great discipline. People say that no murder has ever been known to have been committed within the Tashilhunpo monastery, although frequent murders occur at Sera and Da-pung, near Lhasa. This is ascribed to the personal influence of the Tashi Lama over his monks.

4*th September*.—On the 4th September the Minister was requested by the Grand Lama to start on a tour towards Rong-tsham-chen, which comprised all the districts lying north of the Tsangpo, to observe and report upon the doings of the Jongpons. This at once threatened to change my former plan of accompanying the Minister to Dongtse, and of sending Ugyen to Darjeeling. The Minister, however, expressed his willingness to allow me to accompany him on his tour. On consideration, I resolved to ask for a "*lam-ig*" (*i.e.* a State passport) to and from Sikkim. If I failed to get it, I decided either to stop at Tashilhunpo, or to accompany the Minister, according as he might advise. I stated this to him, and he at

* The Gyal-rung is an epic written partly in prose and partly in the heroic measure. Qesar (or Ge-sar), whose exploits it narrates, was the greatest warrior of Kham, and is adored by the Western Chinese and by the Tibetans of Kham and Amdo as the God of War.

once asked the Grand Lama to grant me the *lam-ig*, especially as it would ensure the safety of his own money, which I was to carry with me for the purchase of a lithographic press. The Grand Lama, however, hesitated to issue a *lam-ig* for a journey which would extend beyond his territories, and feared that the issue of such a passport publicly might eventually assume a political aspect. At night he consulted with his private advisers, one of whom, named Kachan Dao, told him, as I afterwards learnt from the Minister, that both I and Ugyen were impostors, and that, though our behaviour during a year or two might be all that was desirable, yet at the end he feared we might prove most dangerous enemies; and if he (the Grand Lama) entertained any doubts on the point, he would do well to set them at rest by consulting his tutelary deities. I had never seen nor heard of Kachan Dao as belonging to the Grand Lama's staff, and was quite at a loss to account for his malicious proceedings against me.

5th September.—Following his advice, the Grand Lama consulted his tutelary deities for three consecutive nights, but received no sign or warning that we meant evil against him and his country. When the Minister waited on him next, the Grand Lama gave him an account of the consultation, and inquired if he too had consulted his gods. The Minister replied that he had, but had received no warnings against us. The Grand Lama then asked the Minister if the lithographic press could be brought by April next, and at last he intimated his willingness to furnish me with a *lam-ig*. The Minister lost no time in informing me of his success, in spite of the opposition raised by Kachan Dao. It appears that Kachan had expected some presents from us, but not receiving any, had tried to do me this ill turn. The Minister advised me to make arrangements for our departure, and to provide two long trunks to pack the pictures which he intended to give me to be hung up in my chapel at Darjeeling.

12th September.—The 12th and 13th September were devoted to finishing the translations into Tibetan of some notes on photography. I was also asked what presents I would most like to have, when Ugyen took this opportunity of mentioning my liking for books, and my desire to possess such manuscripts as were not known in Sikkim. I now looked forward with pleasure to seeing my friends, from whom I had not heard for the last five months; at the same time I had but faint hopes of being able to meet my Tibetan friends again. For although I was to be provided with a *lam-ig*, yet I had some doubts whether I could ever enter Tibet a second time.

On the 12th, accompanied by Ugyen, I visited the establishment where clay images were made, in order to procure, if possible, an image of the Tashi Lama who had been Mr. Bogle's friend. The image-makers are very expert men, and can execute orders with taste and neatness. They can make pretty good images from life, but not with that artistic skill which I found among the successful students of the Calcutta School of Art; and they have hardly any notion of perspective, as their paintings evinced. A colossal image of Shakya is placed in a sitting posture behind their dwelling-house, which is three stories high, the surface of the roof consisting (after the Chinese fashion) of plates of copper covered with gold leaves. The waist of this gigantic image is level with the top of the first story, its neck with that of the second, and the crown of its head with the very top of the third story, which has a net-work of iron wire all round. The statue is believed to be made of copper and bell-metal, these being the second class of holy metals with which images can be made; those of the first class being gold and the bell-metal of Eastern India, called "*sher-li*." I was not allowed to approach it. People have been known to burn one or two of their fingers (after coating them with a plaster of some inflammable substance) as a religious exercise before the idol, and there is a man still living who burnt the whole of his left arm; but such instances are very rare.

15th September.—Service of the Grand Lama.—On the 15th of September (with the new moon) the grand annual service held by the Tashi Lama commenced. The grand worshipping hall, called *Tshog-chhen*, was decorated with garlands, silk-hangings, and flags of various colours bearing inscriptions of the

sacred texts; a great many bundles of incense, called *pyo* (or Chinese joss-sticks), were burnt. Before the images of Buddha and Bodhi-sattva were lighted numerous lamps fed with butter. Offerings to conciliate devils, called "*torma*," were heaped up in small pyramids, decorated with wafers of various sizes, painted red, blue, white, and green, and each plastered with butter after the Tantric manner, while slender pieces of bamboo twisted round with thread were placed in the plate round these offerings. This "*torma*" or votive offering to demons and wrathful spirits is common to all sects of Buddhists in Tibet and in the Himalayas. Its origin is unknown, though it may be borrowed from the Pon religion. The monks, about 1,000 in number, were seated in front of the great chapel, next to which stood the high throne of the Grand Lama, inlaid with gold and covered with embroidered cloths and the richest China kincobs. All the vessels before him were of pure gold. On his left was seated the spiritual minister on a high cushion, and by him the three Khanpo of the Shatse, Tho-samling, and Kyi-kang Colleges. In the galleries along the wings of the chapel were seated the high officials of the State; and in the front gallery facing the Grand Lama sat on a high cushion the venerable Gyal-tshab Rinpo-chhe, whose hair was white with age. On his left and right sat the Changjed-kusho, Tung-ig-chhenpo, Du-nyer, Kusho Norpu Tanga, Nyer-chhang-chhenpo, and other secretaries, among whom I recognized the face of Kusho-dichung, besides a host of Tung-ig and other minor officials. Ugyen and I had been invited; and we had to push our way through the crowds of visitors before we could take our seats among those in the front gallery in the same line with the Regent and other laymen. The service was commenced by the Gye-kuo-chhenpo uttering in a solemn voice: Ah-hha! Awah-hho! Ao-u-hho! Chru-hhu! thrice alone, then accompanied by the voices of the other monks, amidst the savage music of cymbals, conch-shells, and numberless bells. From the palace of the Grand Lama to the great hall of worship, a distance of about 300 yards, the entire length of the way had been covered with Tibetan blankets, on which red China silk a yard broad had been spread. Along this the Grand Lama now walked in state, accompanied by his bodyguard of six, called *Zim-gag-pa*. Those present had provided themselves with handfuls of barley and rice. As soon as the Lama had arrived and had taken his seat, three cheers were given by the audience, and thrice were barley and rice thrown towards him. The profound silence which followed was broken by the quick and high-pitched voice of the Grand Lama, as he commenced reciting a chapter from the *Kah-gyur*. The recital lasted for nearly four hours, from 6 A. M. to 10. I could not fully catch the meaning of what he read so fast, and perhaps few except the learned Lamas could follow him. The audience, however, seemed well pleased, whether they understood what was said or not, and cheered the Lama often during the recital. Tea was served from large copper caldrons to all the monks present, each of whom had brought with him a large wooden tea-cup. It appeared to me that a great quantity of verdigris came off with the tea from these red copper caldrons. The monks of Tashilhunpo often suffer from an affection of the heart which they ascribe to verdigris, and have often petitioned for iron tea-caldrons to be used, but custom had sanctioned the copper ones, and their petitions were refused. The Grand Lama and the Minister had their tea, which was of course of the very best quality, from the golden pot carried by the *Sopon-chhenpo*. The service was over by 10 o'clock, when the Grand Lama, accompanied by the four *Khanpos*, left the hall. The second service commenced at 12 A.M.; at this I was not present, but I attended the third service, which ended at 6 P.M. Some disorderly people at this meeting received a good whipping from the Gye-kuo and Chho-thim-pa.

Next day the services were renewed. The third was the day for receiving the benediction from the "most precious jar of life" at the Grand Lama's hand. The people assembled in the grand court of the congregation; the surrounding halls and stories were also crowded with laymen. In the court itself were seated in rows the yellow-hatted monks of Tho-samling, Kyikang, and Shatse, while the Gnagpas were engaged in distributing tea. The Grand Lama was seated on a lofty throne, dressed in his pontifical robes,

consisting of a conical mitre-shaped cap of yellow broadcloth, with long strips hanging to the shoulders, lined with the finest kincobs; a yellow China kincob jacket without sleeves; and an orange-coloured kincob mantle thrown crosswise from the left shoulder to the waist. His shoes were not visible. Kusho Norpu Tanga stood on his left, and the new Gyal-tshab-Rinpo-chhe, called Noyan Nyinpo, on the right. The Gyal-tshab-Rinpo-chhe and other abbots, headed by the spiritual minister, sat on his left. After a short service the people began to file by the Lama, who, holding the consecrated pot with both hands, touched with it the head of each man as he passed him. First of all the Khanpo were thus blessed; next followed in order the Government officials, the pupils of the Tho-samling college, Kyi-kang, and Shatse. Ugyen and I had been placed among the Gnagpas; but as I had not on the peculiar college cap worn by the Gnagpas, I was not allowed to enter the alcove through which they were required to pass to receive the Grand Lama's benediction; but Ugyen managed to slip in undetected among the crowd of Gnagpas. As soon as the Shatse pupils had passed, the Mongolian pilgrims were admitted, and I entered with them.

The alcove, ten feet by eight feet, was beautifully hung with garlands on all sides. About twenty feet in front of the throne were placed a copy of the scriptures and eight kinds of auspicious things. We advanced, two by two, and entered the alcove. I was presented by Kusho Norpu Tanga to the Grand Lama, who, seeming to recognize me, smiled while he touched my head with the consecrated jar. Our party left by a door standing opposite to the one by which we had entered and lined by officials. I was then provided with an ounce of oblation water and a few balls of sweetmeat, painted red with sandal wood. We were followed by lay-people and other pilgrims from distant countries.

18th September.—On Thursday, the 18th, at 8 A.M. the Grand Lama left Tashilhunpo for Dechan Phodang. Great preparations were made for his departure; a line of tents was pitched outside the city; red silk was spread on blankets, according to the ancient custom, from the palace gate to Dechan Phodang, a distance of nearly two miles, which was lined by two rows of monks. The Grand Lama, accompanied by the Minister Gyaltshab, Changjed-kusho, Kusho Norpu Tanga, and other officials, after walking a short distance, rode off towards Dechan Phodang. A great crowd had assembled, and there was heard the music of drums and Tibetan clarionets. At 9 A.M., mounted on two strong iron-grey ponies which had been engaged for the whole day, and accompanied by Lupa-gyanchen, we left the monastery by the east circular road which terminates at the eastern gate facing the Shigatse fort. This road, 20 feet broad, lined with willows on the eastern side, seemed to me the largest avenue in the monastery. Meeting the Abbot of Shatse college, whom I knew slightly, we saluted him, and received his *chhag-wang* or benediction. My monkish dress, which was of a superior quality, evidently attracted his notice a good deal. We also met several horsemen, who were just returning from escorting the Grand Lama to Dechan Phodang.

19th September.—The "lam-ig" or passport granted.—In the afternoon of Friday, the 19th September, I received a message from the Minister to see him at once, and went. He was not prepared to start so early for his inspection tour towards Rong-tsham-chen, but the Grand Lama attached great importance to his starting as early as possible. On arrival, the Minister himself took us to his drawing-room, where, on a high cushion close to his own, was seated Tung-ig-chhenpo, the Chief Secretary to the Government. Introduced to him by the Minister, I made him, with a low bow, the customary present of a scarf and a silver coin, and was desired to sit on a cushion placed beside his own and confronting the Ministers. After an interchange of compliments, the Secretary handed over to me the much wished-for *lam-ig* or passport, saying that it was the result of the influence of Kusho-Rinpochhe ("His Precious Honour," pointing to the Minister) over the Grand Lama and his Government, for such favours are not often granted even to men of high position and office in the country; that we were exceptionally fortunate, being foreigners, and belonging to a country with which communication was forbidden by custom

and imperial edict, in receiving this mark of confidence and favour, which had been denied to the Raja of Sikkim last year; that he had heard about me from the Minister, and now that he saw me, was convinced of my being a good man and a pundit. He had drafted the *lam-ig* to suit our special convenience. "It will afford you," said he, "all facilities desirable. The headmen of the villages mentioned in the letter will wait upon you, arrange for the conveyance of yourselves and your goods, and that without any unnecessary delay; and at every stage you will be provided with suitable lodgings, water, and fuel." We thanked him for his kindness; for besides the passport, though we had asked for only six laden yaks and two ponies, yet the Minister, thinking that number too small, had increased it to ten yaks and three ponies. The Secretary and myself were then served with tea and dishes of mutton, rice, and *bre-se*. The Minister then requested me to explain some stereoscopic views, of which 500 slides were placed before me by the Secretary, together with a stereoscope. These were perhaps the gifts of some English official to the Raja of Sikkim or his ex-Dewan, who in turn had presented them to the Secretary; or they may have been obtained from Kashmiri merchants. They were all French and Parisian views. I explained as many of the views as I could, the Secretary himself taking the trouble of transcribing the names in a cipher which, he said, none but himself and the Minister could read. The Secretary had believed the views to be all English, and when I pronounced them to be French, he was quite surprised. He still expected, however, that a few out of so many slides might turn out to be English, and asked me often if this or that was not an English view. In one case, that of a French harvesting scene, I gave a wrong explanation, which the Secretary was quick enough to detect, and set me right. Besides the large stereoscope, he possessed a smaller folding one which he showed us too, and seemed proud of these little possessions. The Minister understood this, and hinted that *he* thought a magic lantern far superior to the stereoscope. At last the Secretary expressing himself quite satisfied with me, and wishing me a happy and safe journey, took his leave. The Minister then handed over to me a few miniature mythological Buddhist pictures, with a request to make slides of them, as he intended to entertain the Grand Lama and the gentry of Tashilhunpo with them when ready. He also desired me to bring for him a good musical-box next time I came to Tibet, which he hoped would be within a few months. The Minister had a little musical-box, playing two tunes, which was out of order and without a key. We returned to our lodgings at 9 P.M., each of us carrying a joss-stick, called *pyo*, in our hand. The gates of the city are closed after sunset, when all music in the monastery must cease, and no one is allowed to go out. Every man is required to walk with a lighted joss-stick in his hand; in default of which he is taken to the lock-up and kept there for the night.

20*th September*.—VISIT TO TSANGPO.—The Shigatse Jong or fort is situated between Tashilhunpo and the town of Shigatse, the distance from either being inconsiderable. It is situated on a rocky spur of the range along whose northern flanks flows the mighty Tsangpo: the view of it from a distance is very grand. It is said to have accommodation for a thousand men, and there are arrangements for the conveyance of water into it. It is the vulgar belief that it was built by the Tartar General of the Emperor Kanghi, who conquered the country; but it is the opinion of officers and the well-informed generally, that it was erected on the old fort which had been broken down during the civil war between U and Tsang. But the building did not present any traces of Chinese workmanship, being built entirely in the Tibetan style. In its external appearance, with its walls and terraced roofs, it resembles the sketches of old English castles and ruined palaces in the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*. It is built of stone plastered with a kind of calcareous soil obtained in the neighbourhood. I passed by it but did not visit it, so that I am not able to describe it minutely. In front of it, towards the south, stands the ancient *jong* or fort (now in ruins) of King Qesar, the warlike prince of the Tibetans. The town of Shigatse lies east of it on a low flat. A long *mendang* or *stupa* of inscribed stones, with basso-relievo figures painted in various colours,

and placed in niches at regular intervals, extends for about 1,000 feet. It is about 10 to 12 feet high: the houses of the town cluster to the east and south of it. To the north, bordering the road, is an open space where a daily market is held. There are no regular shops except those of the butchers and pastry-cooks; there are three hotels or *serais* where food is supplied at a low charge; and close to it is the police-station and the quarters of a Chinese jemadar. There are no sheds erected by the Government for the convenience of the traders, who bring their own small tents for protection against the sun. Pony dealers, yak-men, laden asses, petty shop-keepers, rice-sellers, provision-sellers, book-sellers were gathering from all sides. Dressed in my Lama costume I rode by the *thom*, and recognized many traders whom I had known at Darjeeling, but happily they did not recognize me, nor did the Tibetans present notice me; for my complexion, though dark, was not darker than theirs, owing to their filthy habits. I managed then to pass the market at a gallop unobserved by any of my Darjeeling acquaintances, my groom, who was dressed in a turban of yellow felt, managing to keep up with me. Ugyen's pony was a very good one, but mine was somewhat given to shying. We took the old canal road along the edge of the Shigatse hills. There is no regular road, but a mere track cut by the drainage water which flows this way to the Tsangpo. On our left were a few lofty chaits, and on our right we passed for about a mile the whitewashed houses in the village of the Palpas or Nepali Buddhists. The distance from Shigatse to the river is about five miles. We passed three villages on our way. The soil of the barley-fields seemed very good, judging by the luxuriant growth of the barley, now turning yellow. People were engaged in some places in reaping, while in others, especially near the river, we saw men ploughing with a yoke of "*jo*" (a cross between the yak and the cow.) In Tibet cows often yield three to five seers of milk daily, though of a small size. In point of height the Tibetan cows are to Indian cows much what Bhutia ponies are to Persian or Arab horses. Cows and ponies are seldom employed in ploughing, nor is the yak, on account of his vicious habits. The *jo* is exclusively used for this purpose, being a docile, strong, and hardworking animal like the mule. He resembles the yak in many points, for example, in his bushy tail, but he has a short coat of hair. We did not go down the first ghât we saw, but rode off towards the confluence of the Tsangpo and the Pena-nyang-chhu. On the road we met people who were proceeding to the *thom* with asses, yaks, and cows laden with barley-flour, whisky-casks, and bundles of firewood brought from the forest of the Tanag, north of Tsangpo. At 11 A.M. we arrived at another ghât, and for the first time I saw the noble river which my countrymen identify with the son of Brahma. On the opposite side of the Tsangpo was a range of black mountains, with naked slender cliffs of dusky rock here and there. Ranging beyond this gloomy chain, the eye was refreshed with the sight of the snow-line formed by the towering peaks of distant ranges to the east and west. The breadth of the river, including the sand banks on either side, is at this place nearly a mile-and-a-half wide, while the main channel alone is about 1,000 feet. The rains being just over, it was a smooth but rather rapid river, about half the volume of the Teesta below Kalingpong cane bridge. There were no wooden boats at the ferry, since they are not serviceable at this season; but we saw two hide boats drawn up on the bank, one with its keel uppermost, while the boatman was preparing his tea under the shade of the other near at hand. Close to him on the ground at one end was a pile of firewood, a large quantity of luggage, and a heap of earthen vessels. We engaged one of these boats for two annas to take us to the other bank and back. Assisted by the others, our boatman laid the hide boat flat on the ground, stretched the irregularly shaped ribs, and thus tightened the hide: it was then easily pushed into the river. Two bars of wood, stretched horizontally, were placed at the two ends of the boat, which was of an oblong shape about nine feet by four, and three feet deep. I took my seat on one of the ribs and Ugyen on the other, in order to preserve the equilibrium. It was propelled at a good rate against the current by a broad-headed paddle. After half an hour's

paddling we came to a stop in very shallow water just over a sand bank, and were unable to proceed further. The boatman advised us to wade through the water, which was about knee-deep, but we did not much like the idea of wading without shoes for about a mile over treacherous sand and boulders. The water of the river was somewhat turbid even in the deepest part of the channel; nevertheless we filled our silver water-pot with the holy water, drank a draught, and sprinkled a little of it over our heads, Ugyen having first of all said grace. We asked the boatman the name of the river. He answered "Tsangpo," by which he meant nothing more than "the river," being evidently ignorant of its proper name. Asked a second time, he said it was the Gyamtsho (the Sanskrit *Samudra* or ocean). The real Tibetan name of the river is Yar-chhab Tsangpo, or 'the river of heavenly water.' The return trip occupied 20 minutes, and the current took us below the point from which we had embarked. We stayed on the bank for half an hour, surveying the country. On the east, at a distance of about four miles from its junction with the Pena-nyang-chhu, the river branches into two at a high rocky islet, reuniting, I was told, at a distance of a mile further east. We then rode off along the bank towards the junction, through rushes and weeds (there being no road or beaten track), among which we missed our way. After wandering for nearly an hour we met a husbandman, who put us on the way to the barley-fields and cultivated farms, which we reached in safety. I could not help admiring the fertility of the soil, the luxuriant growth of the barley and wheat, and the stoutness of their stubble; but notwithstanding this richness the ground yields only a single crop a year. This is owing to the severity of the winter, with its dry north wind and occasional falls of snow. But now my eyes were refreshed with the bright foliage and green grass, and the beautiful wild flowers and dwarf shrubs in blossom. Meeting another Tibetan we asked him the road to Kun-khyab-ling, the Tashi Lama's third palace and park.

At one in the afternoon we entered the celebrated park of Kun-khyab-ling; the trees are planted with great taste and admirable arrangement. The late Grand Lama Kyab-gon (Tanpai-nyima, that is, the defender or sun of religion) on whom the spirit of the famous Tashi Lama, the friend of Warren Hastings, had descended when Captain Turner visited Tashilhunpo in the year 1783, and whose reputation for generosity and holiness had spread throughout Central Asia, was the builder of the two princely palaces of Kun-khyab-ling and Dechan-phodang. This Lama had received nine elephants from the Goorkha Raja of Nepal; and he kept a menagerie, in which there were, besides other animals, wolves, tigers, leopards, Sikkim panthers, wild yaks, the Indian weasel, the Tibetan *kyang*, musk-deer, antelope, and the Bactrian or double-humped camel. He was no less famous for his learning and enlightened views. It was he who laid out the park, the trees of which therefore cannot be very old; indeed, I found the largest tree to be little more than five feet in girth. Instead of entering the palace compound by the northern gate, we took a circuitous course through shady walks, and by the little canals cut from the Pena to water the groves, so as to see as much as we could of the park. As we rested for a while under a large branching tree, various birds, whose notes were different from those I had heard in India, sang gaily overhead. We next came upon the river Pena-nyang-chhu, which is here about 400 feet wide, and runs close to the palace of Kun-khyab-lin. Smooth rocks are placed under the shade of trees to serve for seats. The palisades round the park are concealed by green creepers and bushes of dwarf plants. Round the palace there is a stone wall about five feet high, surrounded by a moat. The bare mountain and the valleys on the other side of the river formed a striking contrast to the beauty of the park. The palace is a large one, with courts in the front and a spacious enclosure on all sides. We had a glimpse of the interior of one of the rooms from the outside. It was painted and wainscoted with carved wood of various colours; flags and inscribed banners were hung from lofty poles, and there were small gilt spires with the gilt skulls of reputed giants attached to their bodies. We met in our walk several monks, evidently attached to the park, sitting under trees or sleeping under the grateful freshness of their shade. The gate of the park,

guarded by three sentries, is under a large turret like that of the "math" of Buddha Gaya. We came out without being questioned by anybody, and proceeded to examine the grand road called the Sampo-sher road, passing over the great Pena bridge, and connecting Gyantse with Shigatse. The bridge commences at a distance of 200 yards from the gate of the park to the east. A large span is preferred for this kind of bridges in Tibet. The Pena bridge consists of large high piers, constructed of loose, large, irregularly-shaped slabs of rocks and boulders, varying from about 10 feet by 6 to 12 by 7, and about 12 feet above the highest water-mark. They are spanned by logs brought from Chhumbi and other places near the source of the river, upon which short planks 10 feet long are placed, and over all a layer of boulders a foot thick. The piers are about 35 in number, extending over 700 feet exclusive of the approaches. Not being strong enough to resist the current singly, the number of piers is increased, and channels are cut for the passage of the water through them, thus distributing it over a greater area, and lessening its pressure upon any one point, to the greater safety of the piers.

From "Sampo-sher" to Shigatse for a distance of a mile-and-a-half the road, about 18 feet wide, is very fine and well made. We entered the town, but were disappointed in the expectations we had formed from the accounts of the pony-dealers of Darjeeling. The houses from a distance presented a fair appearance, but on a nearer view they turned out to be irregularly built, with rude, uneven walls. A few of the houses of the rich have large compounds round them, with orchards and groves of willows and other trees. There are no regular drains cut by the roadside, so that filth and drainage find their way through the middle of the lanes. Here and there are pools of water formed during the rains, but these dry up in winter. The Nepalese Buddhist quarter contains neater and finer looking houses and lanes, but the interior of the native quarter is simply disgusting. The climate of the place being, however, extremely cold and dry, neglect of sanitation does not affect the people much. There are few diseases prevalent among them, and the town is considered to be very healthy. The residents pay no taxes except a land tax, or rather a family tax, which they pay to their respective landlords. We entered the house of Lupa Gyanchen, our acquaintance, who had invited us that morning to dine with him. He lives in a small two-storied brick house, the ground floor of which was let out. At the entrance his asses were kept. The Lupa's servant took charge of our ponies, while he himself conducted us into the house. There were four rooms, of which the best furnished was the chapel. I also saw the blanket-manufacturing room, which was filled with fleeces and looms. We were invited to sit on thickly stuffed cushions. Ani La, the wife of our host, and her sister were engaged in cooking and preparing tea. As soon as we were seated, two cups were placed before us on two low tables, while his daughter, a girl of ten, stood by us with the goblet of whisky in her hands. I merely touched the liquor as a sign of respect to our host, Gelugpa monks being forbidden to taste spirits; but Ugyen emptied several cups and praised the liquor as good and strong. Next, two dishes of cheese and fried barley, together with hot tea in the very best China cups, were served. The Lupa sat in a corner of the room with his palms joined, as a mark of his respect for us. We talked on various subjects, such as the Chinese, Dopa, and Palpa traders, and of the various products of the different seasons of the year. As soon as we had finished tea, two tables garnished with dishes of excellent rice, large pieces of boiled mutton, mutton curry, a kind of herb cooked with mushrooms, and a little radish pickle, were placed before us by the Lupa's sister. We made a hearty meal after the fatigues of our excursion to the Tsangpo, and thanking our host and hostess, the latter a lady of simple and modest manners, requested the Lupa to accompany us to Qesar Jong, which we wanted to visit. Qesar Jong (now in ruins) is the most ancient fortress in Tsang, apparently about six centuries old. It is surrounded by a wall about 12 feet high by 5 feet thick, inclosing at present an area of about a thousand square feet. A great portion of the wall is said to have been pulled down during the war with the Chinese. The central building, called Qesar Lha-khang, is kept in good repair by the Government, and is an excellent building, having a spacious court in the middle. In appearance it resembles a

Benares house, but is better lighted. The walls are regular, and the plastering does credit to the masons of former days. The whole jong, with its minor buildings now in ruins, seems evidently to have been built by some powerful temporal prince, and to prove the superiority of a temporal Government over one in which the spiritual and temporal are united. It stands on a raised bank about 20 feet above the level of the adjoining town of Shigatse. In the court of the central Lha-khang is a large isolated fireplace with a central chimney, at which a few Chinamen were preparing pastries. As we entered we met the Ku-nyer going out, who told us to find out the old Ani in charge of the Lha-khang. One of the Chinamen asked us to explain a letter in Tibetan to him; we complied, and he found out for us the Ani, who opened the door. Inside the walls were curiously but neatly painted, the cornices of a light red colour. In the north hall, on a high pedestal at the foot of the wall, was placed the gigantic statue of King Qesar, in a sitting posture and with a terrific countenance. At a little distance in front, to the right and left, stood his four generals, each ten feet high, clad in full armour, and as dreadful to look at as their king. In the two wings of the building were placed the statues of the captive kings of Hor-Jung and other countries, attended by their respective generals and ministers; and in the front room were statues of the two favourite horses of the king, fully equipped for war, and each held by two grooms—all executed with some skill and fidelity. In front of King Qesar's colossal statue was placed a table on which people cast lots; this being the great, if not the only, attraction which brought people from different parts of Tibet to Qesar Lha-khang; and from this source the Ku-nyer in charge derives a fair livelihood. The Ani wanted some *buksheesh*, but we had no small change with us. We then passed by several Chinese houses and the Captain's quarters, which are neatly kept and furnished with little flower gardens. We did not see any Chinese women here. On account of the great distance of this country from China, the wives of Chinese soldiers and officers do not accompany them, in consequence of which they keep Tibetan concubines. The Captain and the Lieutenant of the Militia were absent, having lately gone to Lhasa on business. The Tibetan concubines of the Chinese soldiers prepare pastry and biscuits for sale in the bazar. We returned home in the evening.

21*st September*.—Next morning the Minister sent us the promised pictures, and 40 volumes of Tibetan manuscripts, with a list of their names and prices, amounting to Rs. 400 in Tibet. The books, we were told, were in return for the presents that we had brought for him and the Grand Lama. In the afternoon he sent us a message to go and see him. We went; and after tea, cakes, mutton curries, and an excellent dish of rice cooked with mutton-chops and black dried grapes, he presented us with the copper image of De-chhok (*Sanskrit*, Sambhara), and with statues of the goddess Tara and of Mr. Bogle's Tashi Lama; besides other small images and sets of church utensils and musical instruments, which he gave to Ugyen. I presented him with a beautiful merino cloak lined with Russian fur in return for the robes of which he had made me a present some time ago. He then very affectionately blessed us by placing his hands on our heads, and uttered several *mantras* for our safe journey home. He was much affected, and told us that he would always offer prayers to heaven for our welfare and health. He also told us not to apprehend any danger in Tibet as long as he remained alive; and repeatedly requested us to return to Tibet without fail early next spring, and to bring with us the lithographic press, vaccine matter, and other articles of which he gave us a list. He then promised to take me with him to Lhasa, and to introduce me to the four chief ministers, among whom Shape-Rampa was his friend. We made three profound salutations and three times received his benediction. He advised us not to stay long at Tashilhunpo after his departure, which was to take place early next morning, as in his absence ill-disposed people might cause us trouble. As a parting gift he gave me his own gilt amulet, which he had received from his spiritual guide, and he also provided me with a loan of Rs. 100, besides Rs. 50 to Ugyen, requesting us to spend the amount advanced to us in purchasing the lithographic press. We then parted with mutual regret.

III.—TASHILHUNPO TO DARJEELING, BY THE DONKHYA PASS.

September 22nd.—On the morning of Monday, the 22nd September, I took leave of my friends at Tashilhunpo and walked out of the monastery, accompanied by my friend the Mongol Lama, Lobsang Tenzing. At the western gate, at a distance of 300 yards from our lodging, two ponies, which had been engaged the previous evening, were waiting. We mounted and rode off for Narthang monastery, the famous printing establishment of Tibet. At every bend of the grand road we cast regretful looks towards the noble monastery, whose gilt roofs, in the slanting rays of the morning sun, flashed against the dark horizon, occasionally brightened by a turn of the silvery Pena-nyang-chhu far away to the east. Facing us, as we looked back, stood Dechan Phodang, the new palace erected by the late Tashi Lama, Tanpai-Nyima, which was surrounded by fine orchards, whose trees, now shrouded in yellow foliage, indicated the early approach of winter. Our way through the valley wound among fields of barley and buck-wheat, where we saw peasants engaged in harvesting the year's excellent yield. On either side of the valley ran two parallel ranges of low hills, covered with sedge and a kind of bristling grass. At a distance of about a mile we saw a great crowd of men and women; and on approaching, found that it consisted of beggars and mendicants, who had assembled to ask alms from the nephew of the late Sir Jung Bahadur of Nepal. He had just returned from China, where he had been sent as envoy about 18 months ago, to pay homage to the Celestial Emperor at Pekin, in acknowledgment of his sovereignty over Nepal. Just after the death of Sir Jung Bahadur the Nepalese Government had thought it necessary to strengthen its position by reviving its relations with China. It was not the dread of Chinese arms, but the fear of British power and diplomacy, that impelled the proud and martial Goorkha to undertake a costly and perilous mission to China, and to perform the odious *koo-tow* before the beef-eating Mantchu. During the lifetime of Sir Jung Bahadur, and prior to the last Bhutan war, the Nepal Government used to send occasional missions to Pekin for the purpose of paying tribute, and ostensibly for the protection of trade with China and Tibet; although Sir Jung was diffident of help from China in the event of a collision with the British power. But the conduct of the Governments of Lhasa and Pekin towards the Bhutanese, at the time of their reverses with the English, convinced him that both those Governments, afraid of being embroiled with the English power, had long since renounced their connection with the cis-Himalayan states. The treaty of Nagakote, therefore, now became a dead letter: in fact that treaty had not promised any protection to Nepal against foreign aggression. It had only vouchsafed the extension of vassalage to Nepal, which implied, not that the Emperor was bound to protect Nepal, but that he might if he chose. The treaty too, whatever its obligations, had not been ratified. The intentions of the Pekin Government were also clearly manifested in the Nepal war, when envoy after envoy was sent to China to implore help in troops or money, but to no effect. Sir Jung was perfectly aware of his own power, and also of the foolishness of expecting military aid from China against the English. It was this attitude of the Government of Nepal which created anxiety in the Tibetan Government, of which Mr. Edgar probably got a hint from his conversation with the Tibetan officials of Phari Jong. The neglect on the part of the Nepalese to send tribute to China was a proof in the eyes of the Tibetan Government of the intimate friendship of that nation with the English, which meant nothing else than the maturing of the intentions of the Goorkhas against Tibet. But the journey of the young envoy, *viâ* Tashilhunpo and Lhasa to Pekin, had led the Tibetans to suspect some misunderstanding between the British Government and Nepal, and to hope that the latter had now obtained an assurance of protection from China on the renewal of her vassalage. The insolence of the Bhutanese, the Deb Raja's insulting letters to the Dalai Lama and the Ampan, (the Chinese resident at Lhasa), and his repudiation of any vassalage to China, had aroused the resentment of the Tibetan Government, and would furnish sufficient inducements to a General like Bhim Sing Thapa, confident of the neutrality of that Government, to attempt the long-desired conquest of Bhutan, —an easy task if the Goorkha army were allowed to march through Tibet;

though this the Lhasa and Chinese Governments would not be likely to permit.

The Envoy's party had encamped here, and had sent forward messengers to arrange for an interview with the Tashi Lama. These, however, not having as yet returned from the Durbar of the Tashi Lama, who was now residing at Dechan Phodang, I could not decide upon postponing my departure and returning to Tashilhunpo, in order to find an opportunity, if possible, of being present at the interview. But as I had heard something of the envoy and the Nepal Court while at Tashilhunpo I had a desire to see the envoy, and halted near the encampment for a short time to gather information about him. I spoke in Tibetan, which perplexed the Nepalese, and prudently avoided speaking in the Paharia tongue, as that would have brought me into trouble.

The beggars, about three hundred in number, were drawn up in a circle round the envoy's tent, and alms, consisting of barley-meal and silver coin, were distributed to them. After a short stay we resumed our journey. On the way we met several Tibetan merchants going to the Shiga-tse Bazar, and some Mongol and Kalmuk pilgrims, most of whom were acquaintances of Lobsang Tenzing. After a ride of three hours we reached Narthang. The monastery is situated to the west of Tashilhunpo, at a distance of nine miles, on a level plain between two lines of low hills, continuations of the mountains whose northern spurs are washed by the Tsangpo. It is surrounded by a high stone wall, five feet thick and ten feet high, and occupies an area of three-fourths of a square mile. The portals are low and narrow, and are furnished with wooden doors. We entered by the south-east gate, close to which there is a small village consisting of a cluster of 70 or 80 houses of unbaked brick. Most of these houses were in a dilapidated condition, and looked very wretched. Scarcely any trace of wealth or prosperity was visible, but as we were entering the monastery we met some lay people in holiday dress. Three or four of them, dressed in yellow and green satin tunics with buckler-like hats, were mounted on ponies; so were several women, their ponies being furnished with high-peaked Tartar saddles, and having gilt ornaments and bells attached to their necks. The party was probably going to attend a marriage in the neighbourhood. As we passed through the narrow streets, we observed that the monastery was composed of separate cells and houses, most of the latter being several stories high. At last we stopped and tethered our ponies to a tall flag-staff in front of the Ge-kuo's residence, a large, high, and decent-looking house with papered windows, glass being rare in Tibet. The Ge-kuo is a friend of Dichung Kusho, and we had already been introduced to him; but unfortunately he was now away from home, at the funeral of a monk who had died yesterday. The custom of burning the dead does not prevail in Tibet. Although Buddhism enjoins that the remains of the departed should be burnt, and the rites of Me-Lha, the God of Fire, be strictly observed, yet the Tibetans retain the ancient custom either of exposing their corpses on distant solitary hills, or of disposing of them in the following remarkable way. Maintaining that charity is the highest of all the moral virtues to which a Buddhist can attain, the Tibetans give a practical illustration of this belief by cutting up a corpse into a thousand parts, and distributing them among the vultures and wolves. That man is said to have been most virtuous whose funeral is attended by the largest number of vultures; while if his corpse attracts but a small company, the very dogs not deigning to touch his defiled remains, he is judged to have led a sinful life. As soon as the work of distribution is over, the funeral party return home; and on the third day a sacrifice is made, at which certain ceremonies, resembling the "Homa" of the Hindus, are performed, and sandal wood dipped in clarified butter is burnt, while the Lamas officiate in their Tantric robes. Had I waited two days here, I should have been able to attend a second funeral ceremony; but as I had left Ugyen Gyatsho in charge of my goods and luggage, with instructions to proceed without waiting for me, I was anxious to overtake him, and therefore lost no time in visiting the several temples and printing-houses of the monastery. We found everything within kept scrupulously neat and clean, and the floors as smooth and polished as a mirror. In the centre of the Temple of Gewa Chamba, (*Sans.* Maitreya), the most frequented and renowned in the monastery, was placed on a high seat the image of Chamba, the regent of thirty-three heavens in the celestial mansion of Gádan (*Sans.* Tushita), surrounded by an immense

collection of gilt images, imported from India many centuries ago. Tashilhunpo, being a modern institution, could not boast of so many sacred images of Indian manufacture as Narthang, which is believed to be one of the most ancient religious institutions established by the early Buddhist refugees in Tibet, Gewa Gádan Dub, the founder of Tashilhunpo, having been an abbot of this monastery. Besides those in the first temple, there are collections in others also of images of copper covered with gold leaf, called *serku*, and of bell metal, called *sherli*. They were of beautiful workmanship, and pleased me the more when I reflected that they were examples of that excellence to which sculpture and casting had been brought by the Indian Buddhists during the age of Priya-darshi, the immortal Asoka.

In the first room there was a collection of stuffed animals; among which a white mastiff, the prototype of the noble Tibetan mastiff, and two wild goats, measuring six feet from the head to the tail, were most remarkable. They were hung by ropes from the beams of the roof. There was also a collection of fossil shells and roots of trees, deposited in a large earthen vessel. These were called Rinpochhe (a general name for the precious metals), and held sacred by the devout Lamas. The Abbot of Narthang told me that he could not sell me anything without the permission of the Tashi Lama, to whom the monastery belonged. In the centre of the monastery there is an inclosure, surrounded by a low wall, which is filled with numerous *chaityas*, of which the central, which is also the largest, is built of well-burnt bricks of various sizes, most of which are inscribed with Buddhist symbols, such as flower-pots, two fishes tied together, a crown, &c. The walls, tiles, and bricks, resemble those of Buddha Gaya, but their excellent condition betrays the modernness of the *chait*. Tradition says that the *chorten* (or *chait*) came here of itself from Buddha Gaya in a miraculous way; that it was not built in Tibet, and that its like cannot be found in Tibet. I have seen many *chaits*, both in Sikkim and in Tibet, but was struck with the fine preservation of the neat and regular setting of the brickwork of this beautiful *chait*, evidently the work of Indian Buddhists. The freshness of the bricks, all kiln-burnt, is due to the infrequency of heavy rains and the dryness of the wind. The cement is a kind of plastic argillaceous clay, which is as adhesive as the best mortar made of *chunam* and *soorkee*. The lower portion of the *chait*, resembling a square hall with four doors, contained immense solid images of gilt copper. The Sikkim *chaits* are solid piles of stone, exactly resembling the *stupas* of India; and the great temple of Buddha Gaya would give a faithful representation of a Tibetan *chorten*.

I visited the printing-house, and found it full of blocks, on which the Kahgyur and Tangyur were engraved, but it being a holiday the press was not working. I next visited the library, in which the books were piled up in heaps, each volume having at the end a label giving its serial number. I observed, among others, 200 volumes on Tshen Nyid, *i.e.*, logic and argumentative philosophy. The houses and convents of Narthang resemble those of Tashilhunpo, but are not so well built or so richly furnished. There are three hundred monks within the monastery, all supported by the State. Having been invited by the clerk of the Ge-kuo, the Mongol Lama and I went to tea, and on our arrival were seated by our host on two rugs, while before each was placed a richly ornamented China cup. Excellent buttered tea was then served, with a few large round cakes of buck-wheat roasted in oil. After refreshing ourselves we made a return present of one *tanka* to the clerk, and, taking our leave of him, quitted the monastery on foot. At a distance of a few yards from the gate, on the banks of a large tank, we saw a large peepul-tree, the only Indian tree that I had met with in Tibet. The tree was in excellent condition, from which I inferred that in spite of the severity of the climate tropical trees may, with proper care, be grown here at an elevation of nearly 12,000 feet above the sea. The tank appeared to be an artificial one, and had probably been formed by the excavation of the earth required for the walls and buildings of the monastery. A belt of grassy plain, terminated by a range of black and gloomy hills covered with loose blocks of gneiss and slate, surrounded the monastery on all sides except towards the front, where an open and extensive valley was filled with wheat, barley, rape, and other cereals that grow in cold climates. The barley and wheat crops were now ripening, and in some places people were already harvesting. We rode off towards Targay and

passed several villages about half a mile apart, with groves of willow, cypress, and many other trees of which I did not know the names. Swimming in the pools near the entrance to these villages, we saw a great many rose-breasted ducks, so tame that they did not offer to fly away until we came within arm's reach of them. This will be readily accounted for if it is remembered that in the Tashi Lama's territory bird-life is held sacred, and the killing of a bird is considered a high crime, as well as a sin punishable both here and hereafter. At 4 P.M. we rode into Targay, which is the residence of the headman and of the Shikha (or bailiff); and enquiring after the former, we were conducted to his house by a girl of 13. The houses of this village are high and well built, with stone inclosures on all sides, and the inhabitants appeared to be well off. The streets, though narrow, are neat. After riding a short distance we entered an avenue of tall willows, which forms the principal entrance of the village. We passed on by the Shikha's gate to a grove, where we met the headman busily engaged in threshing barley. He had been apprised the previous day of the passport we held, and was prepared to receive us. Targay and some other neighbouring hamlets, resenting some ill-treatment they had received from the ex-Dewan Dunyer Namgyal and the Sikkim Raja's party the year before last, had entered into a covenant against helping any Sikkim man on his journey, to which they had intended to ask the sanction of Government. But our kind patron, the Deputy Supreme Lama, had sent a mandate directing them not to regard us as Sikkim men, but as his own men and pupils. Accordingly the Shikha and the villagers gave us a very warm reception, and at once commenced making arrangements for our departure. The Mongol Lama and I were refreshed with tea and barley beer, and accommodated at the house of the Gambu (as the village headman is called), which, though dusty to a degree, was spacious and airy, with a large court in front, and, above all, free from that pest the "Deshig," or demon-flea. In the evening Ugyen arrived with the laden yak and asses, whose hire we had to pay from our own pockets, as our passport took effect from Targay.

September 23*rd*.—Next morning Ugyen, accompanied by one of our servants, went to see the Ponpo (or chief) of the Shikha, with the usual present of a white scarf. He was warmly received, and served with tea, barley-flour, and plenty of cakes. There was present at the time a monk of Tashilhunpo (a pupil of our patron), who after introducing the Lama mentioned me in terms of high praise, saying that I was a pilgrim and a thoroughly good man, who had obtained the benediction of the Tashi and the Deputy Supreme Lamas. The Ponpo thereupon requested Ugyen to present me to him next morning. In the meantime my servants had spread a report that I was a clever doctor, and a host of half-famished old women and men filled our court, all of whom, with white scarves in their hands, begged medicines from me. I told them that I was not a doctor (*amchi*), and that the little box of medicines that I had with me was for my own use. But the patients would not believe me, and all in piteous voices implored my medical assistance. Most of them were suffering from bilious fever, cough, swelling of the glands, ophthalmia, rheumatic pains in the knee-joints, or gonorrhœa. I satisfied them with some simple medicines, such as quinine pills, tartar-emetic, tincture of opium, &c., and returned their scarves to them, saying that as a holy pilgrim I could not think of selling my medicines. Within a few hours the report of my charity and medical knowledge had spread throughout the populous valley, and more patients came in, many of whom I dismissed with a couple of Morrison's pills each, saying they were a sovereign laxative. Targay and the villages on the bank of the river (a tributary of the Pena-nyang-chhu), together with the numerous Government gardens, were a great field for the botanist; and my reputation as a doctor would have given me great facilities for botanising without any fear of being suspected as a foreigner, and would have procured me the help of the native physicians: but these advantages were all lost, as I had never studied botany. The headman, the Ponpo, and other respectable people, held a committee to-day to supply us with asses, yaks, and ponies for our journey.

September 24*th*.—Next morning, to our disappointment, we were told that the villagers and the Ponpo would be infinitely obliged if we would postpone our departure for a couple of days. Some of my party thought that the villagers had contrived the delay in order to try the effect of my medicines;

others, that those to whose share the duty of supplying ponies had fallen were short of men, and could not start so soon. I myself was indifferent about the delay, as it would give me a further opportunity of observing the customs and manners of the people. At noon I went to the riverside close by, where I saw many monks bathing, a novel sight to me, for I had all along been under the impression that bathing was unknown in Tibet. There are several bogs hereabout covered with turf to a thickness of some six inches. The surface being on a level with the firm ground, and covered with the same vegetation all over, I was deceived by the appearance; but as the superstructure was sufficiently thick, it did not give way, though it quaked. I crossed one of these bogs easily, and was reminded by its spongy nature of the snow in the famous Chathang La. This bog was not more than an acre in area, and there were several similar patches further up the stream. They were probably formed by the subterranean course of the river-water through a porous soil. At a distance of about 300 yards from the head-man's house there is a fine grove of "funereal" cypresses and weeping willows, inclosed by two branches of the stream which reunite at the eastern end of the grove. The trees were beautifully and tastefully planted, and their deep tints were relieved by the bright verdure of the grass; while the clear river flowed past with a moderate current, watering the grove. Further up, to the south-west of the grove, was a mill worked by the stream, where the villagers ground their barley, and which was known to be one of the best in the whole valley. Within the grove five or six monks from Tashilhunpo had encamped, under a very thick tent of black yak-hair. In front of the shed a large cow-dung fire was blazing, on which was a large caldron of foaming tea. Two of the monks, who belonged to the Gnag-pa college and were pupils of our friend the Deputy Supreme Lama, greeted me with a hearty welcome and introduced me to the other monks. As usual, we were served with excellent tea and milk and barley meal. They held a short religious service, accompanied by music, in which the cymbals took a prominent part. Some hymns were sung, and thanks offered for the happy conjunction, "where one from the banks of the sacred Ganga and another from the remotest Altai" (meaning myself and the Mongol Lama) had together met the monks of Tashilhunpo. They pressed me before I left to see them again on the morrow, to which I readily consented.

On returning to my lodgings I found a man from the Shikha waiting for me, with a message that his master desired to see me. It being now evening, I went over to the Ponpo's house with a scarf for a present, and accompanied by an attendant. On arrival I was seated on a raised cushion in front of his own, and a scarf of a better stuff than mine was presented to me in return. After compliments, the Ponpo asked many questions respecting India and the British Indian Government. He then inquired if I was not an Englishman; I asked in reply if he had never heard that English people were white-skinned,—whiter than the Tsomo (pointing towards his wife), who was pouring tea into my cup. In Tibet, as in Mongolia, among lay people it is the highest mark of respect to strangers and guests for the lady of the house to wait at table. The zenana system does not exist in Tibet, where women, who never veil their faces, have full liberty to mix with men in all temporal concerns. The Tsomo did not speak to me, but communicated her wish of purchasing some Indian articles through her husband. The Ponpo was suffering from acidity and indigestion, and begged for some medicine that would give him permanent relief, backing his prayer with two strings of silk-wood rosaries, and expressing his regret at not being able to offer me money, as he was told that I took no fees. I told him that he was right in thinking so, but that I was sorry I had no such medicines as would cure him. He pressed me to feel his pulse and divine his malady. I was put in a difficult position; but to avoid explanations, and judging from his looks, I told him that he was suffering from gonorrhœa in addition to acidity and indigestion. Assured of my skill by this guess, which turned out to be true, he entreated me to favour him with some medicines, but in this respect I was obliged to disappoint him. I promised, however, that next time I came to Tibet I would not forget him, and also assured him that I saw nothing in his constitution to rouse serious alarms. He pressed me to accept a present

of money to help me on my journey, but I declined it with sincere thanks, saying that I was a pilgrim who had left home in search of Buddhist learning, and would accept no gratifications.

September 25th.—Next morning Ugyen Gyatsho got our passport countersigned by the Shikha, as is the custom in Tibet. This evening I dismissed another host of patients with medicines from my little chest. At 6 P.M. the Lupas (casters of bell-metal) who were to escort us arrived, and the Gambu (or headman) at once began to make preparations for our departure next morning.

September 26th.—Before dawn our coolies and yaks were started, Ugyen Gyatsho and I with a servant remaining behind. At 7 A.M. we rode off through fields of buck-wheat and barley, now ripe. People were busily engaged in harvesting, but many had already commenced ploughing; for in Tibet, where the soil is frozen as hard as stone during winter, the people commence ploughing immediately after reaping. As the rains set in very late in the year, this early ploughing helps the cultivator very much, besides saving time; and the soil, once ploughed, is further softened by the winter snows: so that autumn in Tibet is not only the harvesting, but the ploughing season also. Wheat takes the longest time to ripen, while barley becomes fit for the sickle in two months and a half. The former requires more manure, the latter more moisture, for ripening. We also saw extensive cultivations of rye, rape, peas, and a kind of millet called 'pa,' which makes very good cakes. After four hours' journey we came to a small gorge on the southern slope of the central range. On our right was the village of Tashi-rab-den, and on our left Do-ring, while the road to Nepal and Kashmir lay on the south of Tashi-rab-den. At 4 P.M. we arrived at the southern gorge of the Gailing La mountain. At the bottom, there were only a few stunted willows here and there; but as we ascended our eyes were gratified by the refreshing green of the slopes, which rose in distinct terraces one above another. Higher up still all trace of trees vanished. On a sudden a south-westerly wind swept over us, and was shortly followed by a heavy shower of sleet and rain, accompanied by a chill gale. In the meantime our Targay yakmen in front had unloaded their yaks and asses and thrown our goods and luggage on the ground, where we found them on coming up; while the ponderous yaks were all fastened to a long hair rope, with rings attached to their necks and muzzles. One by one they now walked up at the yakmen's call, to have their little wooden saddles put on previous to reloading. Meanwhile the sleet and wind still continuing, we refreshed ourselves with a few cakes, while our servants warmed themselves with draughts of strong barley beer, brought in fresh-killed lambs' skins. The gale passed heavily over us. At last the sleet ceased, and the drops of rain, though large, became few, until, an hour and a half after the storm began, the skies cleared up and the blue heaven gleamed through the openings in the bleak crests of the Gailing La. On either side we heard the howling of the Tibetan mastiff, the life and soul of the Dokpas, as the shepherds and yakmen of Tibet are called. Journeying upwards through beds of quartz and red sandstone (the latter being greatly predominant as we ascended the hill), at 6 P.M. we reached the top, which was about 3,000 feet above the level of the valley. The ascent of the La had been steep, but I had accomplished it on foot; while Ugyen Gyatsho and my other Tibetan companions crossed on yaks. The scenery of the surrounding country, which was both traversed and inclosed by snowy ranges, with extensive level valleys stretching on either side, was superb. After resting a short time we commenced the descent, which was of easy gradient; and passed several flats with sand and boulder deposits, made by a feeder of the Rhe-chhu, itself a tributary of the Tsangpo. In the brilliant moonshine we travelled on, passing many *chaits* and *mendangs*, till at 11 P.M. we arrived at the banks of the Rhe-chhu, which here flowed in three broad channels, the main one 50 feet in breadth. The rush of water was great, but its shallowness enabled our yaks to cross with ease. I apprehended some damage to my manuscripts, and crossed the river riding. At a short distance from the river on a gentle declivity we saw a group of large stone houses, where we thought of taking shelter. The night was very cold. The headman of the Dokpas, with his wife, received us with great respect. The latter conducted us to the upper story, while her husband went to take charge of our things. The house was well furnished in Dokpa style, containing

Tibetan rugs of different kinds, China cups, little tables, yak-hair ropes, large earthen caldrons, long wooden butter churns, goat-skin bellows, a little shrine, and many lamp-burners and bells.

It was very warm inside, with two hearths blazing with dried cow-dung. A large copper kettle was steaming on an iron teapoy, and the housewife and her sister were very busy with their bellows. I was provided with a seat just below Ugyen Gyatsho's, and a cup full of the best barley beer was given to each of us. I drank mine, and our obliging hostess then poured tea into it. Our companions were treated in like manner, so that we found ourselves quite at home in the Dokpa chief's house. Our Lupa friends often addressed me as 'Amchi' (doctor), and one of them whispered to the housewife that I was a physician. She at once communicated this news to her husband and her daughter, when the former, presenting himself before me and taking off his hat, with joined palms made a low bow, of course not omitting that singular Tibetan salutation, the stretching out of the tongue as if in extreme astonishment. He then introduced to me his niece, a nun, and begged me with repeated salutations to see what was the matter with her, by feeling her pulse. Now, to say that I was ignorant of medicine, would be to offend the Dokpa chief, and I therefore found myself in an extremely uncomfortable position.

The spectators, men and women from the neighbouring houses, were all waiting for the reply that the new physician would make, while I was perplexed as to what that reply should be. At last I ordered two lights to be brought, so as to enable me to see the features of the patient. She appeared pale and haggard, and although under twenty-five looked much older. I could not ask the symptoms of her illness, for it is not the custom in Tibet to do so when one is requested to tell the disease by feeling the pulse. After a short pause I told her that she was suffering from leucorrhœa, and stated the symptoms. With a blush she acknowledged the truth, and saying "yes" ran away. This amused the audience very much, and loud shouts of laughter enlivened the room for nearly an hour. They were convinced of my skill in the art of diagnosis from the examination of the pulse, the highest attainment of an Asiatic physician. Such is the simple character of these dreaded Dokpas, which amused me, although I was sorry they took me for what I was not. I received presents, consisting of eggs, meat, and butter, and the Dokpas promised to dismiss us early next morning. I made a hearty supper, and before I went to bed I touched the heads of all the members of the family with my charm-box, and blessed them with my hands. I slept soundly, the Dokpa chief having supplied us with carpets and pillows.

September 27th.—Next morning we rode off towards the Sangra La, passing several Dokpa sheds. The sides of the hills were clothed with scanty vegetation, which innumerable flocks of sheep and goats were picking. Following the course of another feeder of the Rhe-chhu which flows towards the north-west, we came in sight at noon of the magnificent peaks of the Sangra La, which rose in rugged, snowclad, blunted cones before us. I mistook them for the Kangchan, but was soon corrected by the old Lupa, our companion. We were shortly overtaken by a violent storm of wind from the north-west, which, accompanied by flakes of snow, blew for two hours, nearly freezing our legs and hands. We now descended the steep cliffs, through riven rocks, and beetling crags, and at about 4 P.M. reached a large deserted sheep-fold, containing inclosures built of stone. Fortunately there was plenty of sheep-dung to serve for fuel. The wind was piercing at night; and as we slept on the bare ground, our blankets were covered with snow, of which there was a slight fall.

September 28th.—Next morning we started early after breakfast; the skies clear, with a brilliant sun and chill blasts now and then from the west. We passed some *mendangs;* and at noon, crossing the Sangra La, descended into a barren, gravelly plain, along the course of a streamlet which empties itself into the Korma river. The banks of the stream were clothed with grass, on which herds of yak were grazing. After a ride of two hours we reached the tent of the nearest Dokpa headman, pitched amidst a cluster of similar tents, and were respectfully received by him; his wife and sister holding our ponies while we alighted. Having been served with good tea and plenty of butter, with a cup of curds for myself, we started again at 3, the Dokpa having furnished us with ponies and

yaks. After a ride of three hours we reached Korma, and put up for the night at the house of the Gambu (headman), who obligingly engaged a man to assist us in cooking our food. The Gambu, a venerable-looking old man living in a well-furnished house, possessed more than 100 volumes of the Buddhist scriptures. From the east of Korma runs a lateral range of snowy mountains, meeting the central range near the Kyago-la pass, on the southern flank of which lies the village of Lungdong, where a body of one hundred horse men fully equipped, under the leadership of a certain 'Pachwan [Western] Raja,' were stopped by the Khamba Jongpon in the year 1858. The Raja informed the Jongpon that he had come to seek the protection of the Grand Lama as a refugee from the English, and begged him to let him pass. The Jongpon answered that as he and his men were fully armed, he feared they had come with hostile intentions, but he would be convinced of the Raja's good faith if he gave up all his arms. The Raja complied; but instead of letting him pass the Jongpon, after entertaining him for a fortnight most politely, and exchanging his guest's Arab horses for some of his own hardy Tibetan ponies, dismissed him the way he had come. A pair of these horses are still in the Jongpon's stables, near Khamba, though too old to perform a long journey. It is not known whether the Raja returned towards Bengal, but people believe that he succeeded in entering Nepal. He had sold here some swords, pearl beads, and large cornelian drops.

September 29th.—From Korma we took a north-westerly route, just avoiding the Pango-la, which we had crossed after entering Tibet, our way lying through barren steppes, rising one above another by gentle gradients, and overgrown with sharp-bladed grass and a kind of thorny shrub. After a ride of two hours we crossed a feeder of the Arun river, here three feet deep and thirty feet broad. Ugyen Gyatsho took the bearings of distant objects and the course of the river in either direction. Our survey commenced again from Korma under better conditions, as we were now unembarrassed by the presence of our former Tibetan companions. The yakmen assisted us in holding and carrying the prismatic compass, the use of which we explained to them to satisfy their curiosity. This compass is not known in Tibet, but the rich possess Chinese compasses. At each station we asked the Tibetans to find out the direction in which we were marching, but as they often failed, Ugyen Gyatsho seized this opportunity of taking bearings, on the plea of putting them right. This method served our purpose without creating any suspicion in their minds. The loadstone is known in Tibet, and is found in abundance in the mountains bordering the great Chang Gobi desert. People say that there are extensive mines in the province of Tuo-Gnari, north of the Tise or Kailash mountains. The Tibetans know that the loadstone attracts iron, but its power of pointing to the pole is as yet unknown to them.*

From Korma there are three roads; the one *viâ* Gonpa Ta-sang is the shortest, and that *viâ* Lungdong is shorter than that *viâ* Khamba Jong; but as we required the countersignature of the Jongpon of Khamba we had to take that route. After ascending the north-eastern spur of the Khamba range we came to a hill composed chiefly of red sandstone and a glistening rock, probably of mica and felspar, from which we enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the central range on the north-west, and of the lateral snowy range which joined it at the saddle of the Kyago-la at our back; while at a great distance rose the snowy lines of the southern Khamba. Towards the south flowed the Yaru Tsang-po, one of the principal Tibetan affluents of the Arun, which, together with the green pastures for miles on either side of it, appeared from a distance like a blue-green lake surrounded by hills of bare red sandstone. We then, myself on foot, the Lama on a pony, descended the southern slope, which is sandy and dips into a steep spur, and came to the village of Ko-tse, so famous in Tibet for its excellent carpets. The people were engaged in harvesting, and their yaks in carrying home the barley and wheat sheaves. The headman, a well-to-do, respectable-looking man, received us with becoming dignity. After waiting

* The Tibetans and the Mongolians tell a curious story about the magnet, by which they account for its pointing to the south According to the Tibetans, the tortoise, unlike other oviparous animals, does not hatch her eggs. Shortly after laying, as soon as the eggs are mature, she selects one and places herself to the north of it. She then looks steadily towards the south, at the same time keeping her eye on the egg, which breaks as soon as, by the severe strain, blood begins to flow from her eyes. This blood has miraculous power, and is the chief agent in causing the magnet to point to the south. The makers of compassses are said to watch these tortoises attentively in order to secure the blood, into which they dip one of the points of a magnetic needle, which is then called "Lho-ta," or "south-pointer," this quality of it being ascribed to the blood of the tortoise.

for half an hour we were conducted to the upper story by his wife (he himself being engaged in spreading the carpets for us), when *chhang* and tea were served as usual. We met here the Peepon of Lachen, from whom we learnt that the cane-bridges over the Lachen were not ready, so that if we took the Kongra Lamo route, we should be compelled to wait for more than a month at Lachen village. He advised us to follow the Donkhya route, which he said would be much easier for us. The Kongra Lamo pass, which is the shortest route to Tibet, remains closed for six months, from May to October, owing to the cane and wooden bridges being swept away by the rush of the rising river, which, however, is fordable during the winter months, when the Chorten Nyima and other passes remain blocked with snow. The advantage which the Kongra Lamo pass thus possesses is, however, neutralized by the want of good permanent bridges over the Lachen river. The Gambu showed us different samples of carpet work, and explained the method of manufacturing them. The commoner sorts are made of a mixture of goat's hair and wool; but, for the best carpets, coloured wool of the finest quality is used; both being the work of women, who devote great attention to carpet-making. I gave the Gambu an order for one, six feet by four, the cost of which would be Rs. 15. In the evening his mother, a woman of 70, was brought for me to examine her eyes, over which a film was growing. I told her the illness was serious and required most careful treatment. She informed me she had never bathed all her life, though she would complete her 70th year this month. The coating of dirt that had accumulated on her skin kept her, she explained, very warm and comfortable, and any attempt to wash off the dirt would expose her to the mercy of the cold north winds. Some other patients, too, I dismissed with polite expressions. We passed the evening in amusements, the Gambu's son playing on his guitar, our Lupa friends and the Gambu himself playing the 'penny whistle,' a pair of which I had with me. The Lupa sang a Chinese air, which delighted us all. Others followed with merry songs, and we wound up with the 'shapo' dance; the women all the while keeping at a respectful distance, through reverence for one who was a Lama of the Gelugpa order.

September 30th.—Next morning this hospitable Gambu having made arrangements for our departure, we bade him farewell and rode off through the corn-fields, touching at the village of Targe, which we had passed on entering Tibet. Our road lay south-eastward through terrace-like barren steppes, where sheep and musk deer alone find a scanty subsistence. In the afternoon, after a gradual descent from the higher steppes, we arrived at the last fortified military station of Tibet; a bright stream flows from the northern range past the foot of the fort, which is situated on the top of an isolated cliff. The fortifications rise in several stories from the north-western foot of the cliff, till they reach the summit, which they entirely cover. This castle, second only to the Shiga-tse Jong, is one of the highest and grandest in Tibet, and a distant view of it from the south is most impressive. At the foot of the hill is the village of Khamba, famous for its mutton. Thousands of sheep are annually killed here in January, and the carcases are dried by being exposed to the night winds and kept in the shade during the day. They are sold all the year round in the markets of Shiga-tse and other important towns. The dried carcases cost from eight annas to one rupee each; they are generally eaten uncooked, and are much in request for making presents. Khamba is also famous for its carpets and blankets, mostly the work of women. This is facilitated by the enormous quantity of superior wool that is obtained from the numerous flocks of goats and sheep here. We went to the house of Ugyen's old acquaintance, the present Gambu of this place. After an exchange of compliments we were conducted into his house, which was spacious but full of dust, particularly visible in the sunlight that streamed in through an aperture in the roof. The tea and beer placed before us were of the worst quality possible, and we thought our host and his ugly wife to be very miserly. The son of this old Gambu was the 'Dingpon,' or Captain of the frontier wing, and is a well-to-do man of some position; but the father was a proud, overbearing, insincere man, and a great miser, who had come to live with this woman for the sake of her property, which was worth 1,000 sheep. Ugyen Gyatsho addressed him in respectful language, and finally induced him to make arrangements for our dismissal. He then went to the Jongpon to get our passport countersigned. The prescribed route for us was through the Kongra Lamo; but this

being now impassable, the Jongpen kindly permitted us to take the Donkhya route. But our Lupa companions now fell into difficulties. By an order from Lhasa through the Chikhyab-Depon, Commandant of Gyan-tse, the Donkhya, the Kongra Lamo, and other Himalayan passes had been closed against all comers, so that the Lupas would have to return to Shiga-tse after coming so far down. Ugyen Gyatsho therefore prayed the Jongpon not to stop our fellow travellers, who were of much service to us and besides were not traders, their business in Sikkim being to cast certain utensils for the service of the monasteries there. The passes had evidently been closed with the object of obtaining recruits from among those who annually leave the country; but other political causes were at the bottom, with which I have dealt elsewhere. There were about 300 houses in the town of Khamba, with a prosperous population of nearly a thousand souls. Wheat and barley grow in the valley, which is irrigated by canals cut from the Khamba rivulet, the water of which is very pure. There were many flocks of sheep and goats grazing in the luxuriant pasture, besides a few horses and many yaks. The stream works a barley-flour mill, an old one, recently repaired by the late Khamba Jongpon. The castle is very ingeniously planned, and has accommodation for a thousand men. The river, rising within the castle, ensures a supply of water during a siege. I had a great mind to make a sketch of it, but was dissuaded by Ugyen, for fear of being suspected as envoys of the British. We spent a dull evening in the dirty hovel of the miserly Gambu.

October 1*st*.—Next morning we turned our backs on Khamba and rode off towards Geru, the last inhabited Tibetan village on the northern slope of the Himalayas. Our way lay through tablelands, which rose one above another in succession on our right; far off towards the west and north-west were extensive parallel snowy ranges. To the south the snowy chain of the Himalayas gleamed behind the continuous line of the South Tibetan range, from which a branch sets off northward, terminating in the central range near the saddle of the Sangra La. These two chains seemed in the distance to inclose a great snow circle about 50 miles in diameter. The steppes were good pasture lands, and we saw herds of Tibetan antelope, which we at first mistook for foxes. These animals are seldom molested by the hunter. Their skins are sold for only eight annas a piece, and are used as carpets by the poorer classes, as well as by travellers. At 12 A.M. we arrived at the village of Geru, which contained five large Dokpa families. The houses were only about 20 in number, but there were a great many stone enclosures for sheep. We proceeded to the Gambu's house and were received at the gate by his son, who begged us to select for ourselves a room in the house. Long carpets were then spread, and tea and beer placed before us The Khamba Jongpon had beforehand intimated our approach to the Gambu, who accordingly showed us the greatest respect, bowing and taking off his hat at every turn.

October 2*nd*.—Next morning, just as the Gambu was making arrangements for our departure, he received a message to get ready 50 yaks for the carriage of the Tashi Lama's timber from Lachung in Sikkim. Our departure was thus delayed. The yaks were in 'doks' (pasture-stations), a great way off from Geru; and as they were to go to Lachung without any load whatever except the wooden saddles, the Gambu prayed us to wait for a couple of days, himself undertaking to see that we suffered no inconvenience. The Gambu's house had a spacious terrace on top, reached by a ladder from the first floor, from which I often enjoyed the scenery of the surrounding country.

October 3*rd*.—At mid-day the Lama took an observation openly with the sextant, the Geru people sitting round him and looking on. Towards evening we fell in with two men and two women who had lately arrived at the village; the women, who were relatives of Ugyen Gyatsho and married, having eloped with the men from Lachung, intending to go to Wallung in Nepal. Having learnt their story, Ugyen Gyatsho induced them to return in our company to Lachung.

October 4*th*.—On the fourth day more than 50 yaks were brought for us to choose from. Hitherto we had been riding on ponies, but the Gambu assured us that ponies would no longer be of any use in ascending the Donkhya La and other Sikkim mountains. I consented to ride a yak, for the first time in my life, provided he himself went with me to

lead the beast. A light wooden saddle was placed upon the yak's back, with short stirrups on either side; but no bridle was required, the Gambu himself leading the animal. Ugyen's yak, a vicious one, threw him four times within half a mile, and hurt his knees. All our companions and servants were also mounted on yaks. Our party consisted of 20 men and 50 yaks. Ugyen, in his richest dress and Lhasa-hat, looked like a great Tibetan chief, while I, in my homely Lama's robes, seemed a mere mendicant. The tinkling of the bells attached to the yaks' necks announced our approach from afar to the neighbouring Dokpas, who, awed by our grandeur, ascribed it to the Labrang passport. We were now travelling on the northern slope of the South Himalayan range, over a succession of tablelands that rose one above another with a perceptible ascent. Geru is at an elevation of above 15,000 feet, and the entire ascent from there to Bomtsho, a distance of 15 miles, was more than 2,000 feet. A range of snowy mountains, commencing from Bomtsho and running in a north-easterly direction, has on its north-western flank the village of Gonpu Ta-sang, once famous for its monastery and its collection of Buddhist scriptures. The Phari road takes an easterly course from Gonpu Ta-sang. We now found ourselves on an extensive barren steppe, shut in by steep snowy barriers. The name of this barren steppe, Khamba Gyamtsho, *i.e.*, the Khamba Ocean, well indicates its general flatness; and the soil, frozen by the chill winds of these regions, and unprotected by any fertile sediment (if ever it was an inland sea in geological ages), is as thoroughly baked as the best burnt bricks. As we approached Bomtsho, we met a few Kyang (the wild Tibetan ass), which, though grazing within range of a fowling-piece, took no alarm at our approach, having evidently never been hunted. Some say that the Kyang is allied to the horse, and not to the ass, but this cannot be definitely settled until a specimen is obtained. In the afternoon we arrived near lake Bomtsho, which is about half a mile in circumference. The water is fresh, but not so transparent and green-blue as that of the Tsho-lhamo, of which we had now caught several glimpses. This lake, 16,500 feet high, has no outlet for the snow and ice that accumulate in it during winter. On its margin there were a few encampments of the Dokpa shepherds, who move with their herds and flocks towards the south during the winter. Our yakmen here happened to meet some acquaintances, who refreshed them with a kind of beverage made of barley and cheese. The Lachung men halted, while we proceeded further south to pass the night on the Tsho-lhamo. After two hours' journey from Bomtsho we reached the banks of the Lachen, the main affluent of the Teesta, which drains the continuation of the Donkhya and the Kangchan-Juo ranges, as well as the Bomtsho range on the north. We encamped at a little stream flowing from the Tsho-lhamo into the Lachen. The latter river, judging from the volume of its waters at this place, must have come from a great distance from the east. From our encampment we could see about four miles of it up-stream. The view of the Donkhya, with its dark snowless gorge amidst the snowy crests of the surrounding ranges, gave us hopes of a safe passage, and we prayed to God that the pass might yet a while remain free from snow. I was told that a caravan from Lachung had once perished to a man in this very pass. We had no tent of our own, but our Dokpa yakmen had a very large yak-hair tent, which could accommodate us all; so it was pitched on two poles and a cross piece, and the interior warmed by a large fire in the middle. We sat cross-legged round the fire-place, with a large caldron of tea boiling before us, of which, when ready, we drank several cups. Our friends sang a song, in which they deplored the absence of that excellent beverage 'murwa,' a great luxury in these parts. The temperature of the air, as the evening advanced, became very low. The thermometer, in boiling water, gave an elevation of more than 17,000 feet. After dinner, which consisted of a fat piece of mutton, bought at Geru, and good Bhutan rice, all of us sat round the fire: the Dokpas on one side, the Lachung females at the entrance of the tent, and ourselves and the Gerupas on the right side of the fire. The Lachung men had by this time come up with us. The old Lupa Gyanchen played the whistle, and the females sang several amusing Tibetan songs, each of which occupied several minutes, during which the men prepared a reply to the song. These pastoral tribes, however, are not much accustomed to showing off their wit in musical repartee; though our cook, Lhakpa, a round little man, was particularly smart in his

replies. The two women, however, won the day, and, as an impartial judge, I decided in their favour, to the disappointment of our Lupa friends. This evening's amusements reminded me of the account of a Russian winter evening, when the temperature of the amusement rises as that of the weather falls. We had a merry evening, with occasional draughts of hot tea to keep us warm. The night was lovely; the earth and sky flooded with the serene moonlight, and the snowy ramparts bounding the horizon on all sides. The view on the immediate south was striking, the spectral Donkhya gleaming illusively from amidst the snows. This pass takes its name from the fact that a wild yak (*dong*) had been once frozen (*khya*) in it during a sudden fall of snow. The wild Tibetan yak, or "dong," is as large and strong as the "gayal" of the Chittagong Hill Tracts, and is said to be as numerous in this part of Tibet as the "gnyen" or *ovis poli* (?)

October 5th.—Next morning after breakfast we mounted our yaks and plodded on our way towards the Donkhya pass, through a moraine covered on all sides with heaps of boulders. The ascent, though laborious for those on foot, was quite pleasant to us. There were herds of wild goats ("ragyo") and of wild hares. We had no gun with us, otherwise we could have shot some of these with impunity, as the place was far away from Khamba Jong. There were scanty blades of grass and stunted brushwood here and there, on which the wild animals had to subsist. But as we ascended further, we missed the sight of vegetation, and saw nothing but boulders and masses of rocks carried down by glaciers and torrents in winter. Fortunately there was no snow on the Donkhya Pass, though the snowy slopes of the lofty ranges on either side were furrowed with blue glaciers, which dazzled our eyes. This time no roar of falling rocks or avalanches was heard, but only the monotonous music of the Lachung river that flowed far below us in the awful gorge. As we ascended, we obtained now and then a peep of the calm blue sky through the saddle of the Donkhya Pass. The ascent through mounds of loose broken rocks was very steep and laborious, especially to those on foot. The rarity of the air did not affect us, though the elevation was nearly 18,000 feet. The Gambu's yak was a quiet animal, and carried me to the top of the pass in safety. My apprehensions regarding the Donkhya were now over, for the highest point had been crossed without a mishap. Our yaks understood the whistles of the yakmen, and showed unusual sagacity, carefully picking their way amidst the loose rocks, which frequently rolled down to the abyss below. There was a large cairn on the top of the pass, on which many flags containing Buddhist writings were flying, to which Ugyen now added one. The Donkhya Pass commands a most beautiful view of Tibet, which seems intersected in all directions by long waving lines of snowy ranges. Immediately at the foot lies the Tsho-lhamo, of a deep green colour, and surrounded by immense blocks of gneiss and granite boulders brought down by glaciers. Turning from this desolate scenery, the eye rested with pleasure upon the fleecy clouds floating over vegetation that looked blue in the distance, and upon the glowing hues of the Eastern Donkhya, the Kangchan-juo, and the Sangra La, on the right. We dismounted from our yaks, and, casting a farewell glance at the Tibetan steppes and snow-lines, made three reverential prostrations in the direction of the head-quarters of Buddhist learning and religion. Resuming our way, we met a caravan of yaks conducted by a dozen swarthy-looking Tibetans and Lachungpas, who were returning to Tibet with bundles of plaited bamboos and the *tsuo* dye. We saw a few lichens and mossy ferns here and there in crevices under fallen rocks, finding growth on scanty sands, probably brought down by the rocks from the summit. There was neither snow nor the much-dreaded wind in the pass; and although the height was 18,000 feet, the temperature was quite pleasant, inviting us to proceed leisurely. The Donkhya, like the other passes, is dreaded only when fresh snow has fallen; perpetual snow beds causing no apprehension. At 2 P.M., following the course of the winding Lachung river, which takes its rise here, we arrived at Ramthang (16,000 feet), where the vegetation is confined to dwarf rhododendron and grass. Here we halted for the night. We could have proceeded further, but our yakmen said the yaks were thoroughly tired. The tent was accordingly pitched, and our carpet spread. We heard a species of large-sized raven; this, with the low murmuring of the Lachung river, was all the music we had to-night.

October 6th.—Next morning we crossed the Lachung and followed it down to Samdong (15,000 feet), where there were several wooden houses, forming the summer residences of the Lachung yakherds. The interiors of these were well planked, and the roofs formed by loose boards fixed by the weight of blocks of stone. They were now all empty, the yakherds having migrated further down. The valley was overhung on the right by a snowy peak, a ridge of the Kangchan-juo. A chill wind blew, accompanied by rain. The shrubs now improved in size, and various kinds of grasses appeared.

October 7th.—Next morning it was colder than at Donkhya La. We now began to be afraid lest the scent of the Ladug-shing (a kind of rhododendron with yellow flowers that grows at this elevation) might bring on, as it often does, violent headache; but to our relief we found the shrubs already withering, an indication of an early winter. From Samdong to Yumthang, where we arrived on the following morning, the path lay through heaps of *débris* and erratic boulders, the remains of an ancient moraine. We here saw tall rhododendron and clumps of birch, festooned with the yellowish moss called the "hillman's scarf." It rained heavily day and night at Yumthang. This village is situated on a beautiful slope on the right bank of the Lachung. There were about 30 houses, built exactly like those at Samdong, but larger. They were all empty except one, where two Lachungpas, lately arrived with a flock of laden yaks, were preparing tea. We occupied one of the empty houses; there was a heavy fall of sleet in the evening, and our yaks were all white with snow as they feasted on the luxuriant pasture of Yumthang. Here the zone of lichen terminated. From the Donkhya down to this place the circular spongy discs of lichen were conspicuous objects.

October 8th.—I sent Ugyen Gyatsho to Lachung to arrange for the carriage of our luggage and goods. The Tibetans had accompanied us three marches beyond the Donkhya, and would proceed no further. We were therefore now obliged to make our own arrangements. Thanks to the Tashi Lama and his Deputy, we had entered Sikkim after a pleasant journey of ten days. But now our difficulties commenced. At this place I spent three wretched days, harassed by continual sleet and strong gales, with our stock of provisions falling short. At Lachung our fellow traveller the Lama was invited by his nephews to their house; but, for reasons which will soon be explained, the villagers and the Peepon would not allow him to enter the village. He, however, secretly managed to get one of his relatives to bring our things on a few oxen from Yumthang, himself in the meantime occupying a house outside the village over the bridge, whence he opened negotiations with the Peepon and his subordinates.

October 9th.—Next morning I arrived at Lachung with one servant, having descended more than 1,000 feet through muddy ground and rocks, amidst heavy rain, with clothes wet through, and encumbered with my soaked Tibetan boots. This was the first journey on foot that I had made after leaving Tashilhunpo.

Last June, on the forward journey, Lachen Lama and my servants had carried our goods through the Donkhya pass. The ex-Dewan Namgyal, having heard of our entrance into Tibet from his Darjeeling spies, set himself to find out the route we had taken. With that view he obliged the Raja of Sikkim to write a threatening letter to Pemayangtse, asking the Lamas to explain why they had helped me in my journey. He failed, however, to trace out our route; but succeeded in learning that our things had been taken by the Donkhya pass under charge of Lachen Lama. He therefore summoned the Lachung Peepon and his subordinate officers to Chhumbi, to give reasons why he had not stopped Lachen Lama with our luggage. The Peepon was severely rebuked both by the Dewan himself and by the mother of the Sikkim Raja, was fined Rs. 60, and had his pony, worth Rs. 60, confiscated to the Dewan's use; a fine of a couple of rupees was also levied on each of the families of Lachung. And, lastly, the Dewan ordered the Peepon to arrest Ugyen Gyatsho and to bring him to Chhumbi if ever he found him on this side of the Donkhya. The Peepon, who had lately returned to Lachung, and was a relative of Ugyen Gyatsho, secretly acquainted him with the Dewan's orders, and asked his advice as to what both should do. The villages of Lachung, Lachen, Tsunthang, and the Lepcha hamlets lying on the banks of

the two affluents of the Teesta, are looked upon as the Dewan's property, the Raja and the Pemayangtse Lamas having no jurisdiction over them. The Dewan, not satisfied with the annual revenues of these villages, pays them occasional visits, and robs them through his deputies of all their valuable property such as yaks, ponies, copper utensils, &c. The people there, as might be expected, bear him no good will. Ugyen Gyatsho, through the Peepon, invited all the residents of Lachung to a conference, and, presenting each with a couple of rupees and a silk scarf, asked them to make arrangements for the carriage of our things, assuring them that he himself was prepared to meet the Raja and explain everything. The villagers were much perplexed at seeing us escorted by Tibetan subjects, and armed with authority from Labrang. Accordingly, they referred the matter to the Lachung Lama and the Peepon, declaring that they would abide by their advice. In the meantime Lieut. Harman's survey party arrived, headed by Rinzing Namgyal, one of my late pupils in the Bhutia school. Their arrival emboldened the Peepon and the Lachung Lama, who at once made arrangements for the carriage of our things. Rinzing had letters from Lieut. Harman and the Assistant Commissioner for the Sikkim Raja at Chhumbi. The Lachung Lama therefore wrote a letter to the Dewan, simply intimating the arrival of Ugyen Gyatsho at Lachung. Here we also met with some Lepcha shikaries, who gave us news from Darjeeling. They were surprised to see us alive, having but lately heard a rumour of our death. We received from the Lachung Lama, his assistant, and other respectable cultivators of Lachung, presents of potatoes, turnips, radishes, Indian corn, milk, and butter. I had also the pleasant duty of feeling the pulse of many and assuring them of a long life. The inhabitants, one and all, expressed their hatred of the ex-Dewan and their regard for us. They also thought the Raja an innocent and simple-minded man, who was much interested in our welfare; and they ascribed to the ex-Dewan all these spiteful actions. Having here borrowed some money from my ex-pupil, Rinzing Namgyal, and from Ugyen's relatives, to meet our road expenses, next morning we descended to Kadum, a flat on the north-eastern side of Lachung, containing five houses, and overgrown with tall peaches, pines, and other trees with which I was familiar. I received presents of Indian corn, peaches, red cherries, rice, and plantains, and was lodged in a little stone house lately erected by the Lama for a church. This Lama, formerly noted in Sikkim for his wealth, had gone six times to Nepal to bring sandal-wood images of Buddha for Pemayangtse. He had also accompanied Chibu Lama to the plains, and had seen Dinapur, Patna, Calcutta, and various other towns of Bengal. He related to us, to my great surprise, many fables from the Arabian Nights. For the last 20 years he had been the Abbot of the Tsunthang monastery, which he had raised to a flourishing condition, when about Rs. 5,000 worth of things had been taken away from him by the ex-Dewan Namgyal, through his agents Khansup Dunyer and Lharip Dechan. He was now, in his 60th year, left with hardly any means of subsistence, and compelled to leave Tsunthang and home and all. From Kadum we came to Tsunthang, lately a flourishing village with numerous inhabitants, but now forlorn and deserted; the temple falling down, the houses abandoned and rotting, not a single resident in the unlucky village, save an old woman of more than 80, who lived in a small cot a few yards above the temple. About two years ago the inhabitants, unable to bear the oppression of the Dewan and his deputies, assembled on a propitious day in the adjoining paddy-field at the junction of the Lachung and Lachen rivers. There they killed a large fat bull, and, taking the still warm blood in their hands, they swore in the names of Buddha and their ancestors not to officiate themselves, nor to send their children to be monks of that temple, nor to pay taxes to anybody who might own the Tsunthang village in future. After this solemn oath most of them went over to Wallungsum in Nepal. It was the old woman who related to us this sad tale, as well as others, of the Dewan's cruelty and injustice to her friends; and we were moved at the misfortunes of this truly "Deserted Village." The old Ani had a hen and a black cat, her companions in grief. We spent two wretched days here, the skies remaining charged with clouds. Starting after this delay, we descended the Teesta, crossing it many times by means of worn-out and dangerous cane bridges. Its

banks, along which we marched, were overgrown with brambles and nettles, and infested with leeches. After a long and tedious journey of full eleven hours we arrived at the village of Nangama. Nangama had once been a pretty little village containing several Lepcha families, but last year they had been all plundered by the Lachen-Lachung robbers. The Nangama Chhugpo's cattle were all taken away by force at the instigation of the Dewan. This year the Chhugpo alone remained, his neighbours having gone elsewhere. He seemed a fine amiable fellow, and a most original Lepcha. He has two wives and four children, and is much respected by all the Lepchas of the neighbouring villages. From Nangama to Sontham the villages bordering the road were filled with murwa and paddy cultivation; cucumbers and Indian corn, which form with rice the chief food of the Lepchas, were now ripe. In the evening we arrived at Sontham, a large and flourishing village, and took shelter with one of the Lama's kinsmen. Here we left the zone of leeches, and my journey up to Darjeeling, though on foot, was pleasant. I was accustomed to travelling up-hill and down-hill, and felt hardly any pain in my chest from climbing, when done in a leisurely manner. Indeed, to halt for many days in one place was unendurable to me.

Next morning we arrived at Ringom, and were warmly received by the Kazi's wife, an aunt of Rinzing Namgyal. In the evening we were invited by Rinzing's parents to their house, where we met one of the Raja's officers, who had just arrived to make arrangements for Lieutenant Harman's journey through Sikkim. He related the different stories and rumours of our imprisonment and execution which were afloat at Chhumbi and Tumlang, the delight with which the Phodang Lama's friends and party heard them, and their disappointment when they received the authentic account of our safe arrival in Sikkim. Of all our friends, Omzed, one of the supreme Lamas of Pemayangtse, who was officiating in the place of the late Changjed, and Lama Tulku, his assistant, had been most sincerely affected at these rumours. They had cast lots several times every day, and had loudly rejoiced when the lots indicated the rumours to be false; and when at last they received our private letter from Lachung, their joy was great indeed. This official also told us that it was the Dewan Namgyal who had got up the rumour, in order to get further information respecting us and our movements in Tibet through the agency of the Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling. He expressly trained up two spies to give out the rumour boldly at Darjeeling as having been witnesses of our imprisonment and subsequent torture ; when detected, we had been sent handcuffed to Lhasa.

The Ringom villagers had about the same time received secret directions from the Phodang Lama to refuse us help ; but by fair words we managed to overcome their hostility. It was a work of some difficulty, since the Phodang Lama's power happens to be supreme in this part of Sikkim ; the Raja having, at the death of the Jongpon of Maling, entrusted the Phodang Lama and his brother, Khansup Dunyer, with the collection of revenue from the Lachen-Lachung villages. But the second son of the late Jongpon, who lived at Ringom, was a friend of mine, and I therefore found myself at home. He spared no pains to make me comfortable. The murwa crop was being reaped ; and an abundant harvest of paddy and buck-wheat ripened on the slopes. The harvest operations delayed my departure, and it was only after repeated failures that Ugyen succeeded in securing the services of some Lepchas from the Dolung side of the Teesta. With these men, who carried a portion of our luggage, I started for Darjeeling, leaving Ugyen at Ringom. The track was good, though steep and overgrown with weeds in many places. Our way lay by the western flank of the Unden La. In the evening we arrived at the village of Tengcham, one of the Sikkim Raja's private estates, and halted at a cow-shed built on a flat above the river Teesta, which runs immediately below the village. The Lepcha coolies gathered a kind of nettle from the jungle, which, with a couple of eggs, served me for my evening meal. In the early morning we proceeded down the river, and crossed the Rala Sanpo or cane bridge below the village of Gar.

The bridge was worn out, and the cross-strings, which are its main supports, were loose and dislodged in many places. Two of my Lepcha coolies, as it were by instinct, found out what was wrong with the bridge, and

repaired the dangerous parts before we crossed over. The villagers had laid up materials for a fresh bridge to replace the old one, but had not commenced the work. The Gar range is barren, and overgrown in places with long grass used for thatching, though here and there tall trees are to be seen. As we ascended we found cultivation, and a rank growth of herbs. In the afternoon we arrived at the house of the Lepcha headman, who was down with a kind of malarious fever; and in the evening the Lama of Gar came to us and chatted for several hours. I presented him with my silk-wood rosary and a maple-knot cup. He seemed pleased with the presents, but remarked that had he been favoured with the dried mutton and *champa* (or barley flour) of Tibet, he would have been still more gratified. Next morning with the assistance of my new acquaintance, the old Lama, I succeeded in arranging for the conveyance of my luggage to Samdong bridge, paying the coolies in salt, for money I had none in my hand. The journey from Gar to Samdong was very difficult for a quarter of a mile, along steep sides of rocky precipices, where the track was scarcely more than a foot broad and overhung the Teesta, which was roaring at the bottom of a gorge more than 3,000 feet below. I kept my eyes fixed on the upper flank of the mountain, away from the giddy abyss. On the road we met several local travellers and villagers, whom I found quiet and obliging fellows, and conversed with them on the outturn of the harvest. They all exulted in the prospect of an abundant harvest, which would make them forget their sufferings of the past year. In the evening I arrived at a place a mile above the Samdong bridge, and took shelter under the hollow of a huge rock. The valley was filled with plaintains, tall bamboos, and other tropical trees. My Lupa companions cooked me some rice and cucumber leaves. The following morning I started at daybreak; the road along the side of the Teesta was easy and good. At 10 A.M. I commenced ascending the Lingmo Spur, and at noon met with many of my Pemayangtse acquaintances, who had just arrived from Chhumbi with loads of salt. Some of them presented me with rice and eggs, which were most welcome.

In the deep glen between Lingmo and Yangang we came to a powerful torrent issuing from the Mainam peak. We crossed this with difficulty, by means of an uprooted log which lay across the main channel. A quarter of a mile further on, while we were resting at Bromthang, a level place overgrown with lofty sâl trees, and refreshing ourselves with parched Indian corn and water, we were startled by loud and sudden peals, reminding me of the dreadful avalanches of the Chathang-la. My Lepcha coolies could not explain the noises, but at length I was told by a Bhutea coming from Yangang that they were the ordinary phenomenon, called "Doru," meaning the rock-slips from the top of the Mainam. We marched in fear, though the slips were a quarter of a mile distant, until we commenced the ascent of the Yangang spur. At sunset I arrived at the Karung village in Yangang, Ugyen Gyatsho's residence, and was cordially received at the gate by his brother and uncle. On the second day of my arrival I received a parcel from Mr. Waller, the Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling, containing a private letter and some copies of the *Englishman*, which he had kindly sent. These I found had been delivered to the messenger about a month before for transmission to me; but unfortunately they were detained at Darjeeling by the Bhutea officials for reasons best known to them, and were not forwarded until these officials heard of my arrival in Sikkim. Had I stayed at Tashilhunpo as originally proposed, certainly no letter could have reached me from Darjeeling or elsewhere, and I should have been compelled to remain without news of my friends at home and abroad. After several days' stay at Yangang, waiting for Ugyen's arrival, I started for Darjeeling, which I reached on the 10th November at dusk.

APPENDIX.

I.—FOREIGN RELATIONS OF TIBET.

Tibet is an advantageous possession of the Celestial Empire, on account of its situation between the north-western frontier of China and the various Tartar and cis-Himalayan tribes, who might possibly be very troublesome neighbours, but that veneration for the Grand Lamas and the sacred monasteries over which they preside keeps them in awe and submission. It is on this account, as well as by the deserts and mountains which Nature has interposed, that Tibet forms a barrier against the approach of an enemy from the west. The Emperor of China, while apparently recognizing the independence of the Tashi and the Dalai Lamas, has really undermined their political influence over the country. They have no command over the Chinese militia, maintained at their expense under pretence of guarding their safety. In reality the two Ampas are commanders of the militia, and arrogate to themselves the supreme political authority of the country. All offices of trust, such as those of Treasurer or Jongpon of important districts, are given to two officers, who are invested with equal powers. The appointment of two Ampas to watch the political interests of the country is probably based on the principle that two in office are a sort of spies upon each other's action. This has, as in China, become a custom in Tibet.

The Ampas are the terror of the Tibetans, who abhor them from the depth of their hearts. Whenever they leave the capital on pleasure excursions or on inspection tours, provisions, conveyances, and all sorts of labour are forcibly exacted from the poor villagers, who are deprived of their ponies and yaks, which, owing to the merciless treatment of the Ampas' numerous retainers, die in numbers on the road. No damages are allowed them for their losses, and no complaints are admitted by the courts of justice, presided over by the Lamas, against this kind of oppression. Barley-meal, poultry, and sheep are taken away by force from the poor villagers, who, unable to bear the oppression, not unfrequently rise in a body against the Ampas' retainers, when matters are settled by the district Jongpons, who are generally the creatures of the Ampas. Nor is this all. Every Chinese or Mantchu soldier or merchant who enters Tibet, whether in a public or in a private capacity, is provided with a pass from the Pekin Court, which facilitates his journey and brings him safe to his destination free of charge. The same is the case with those who leave Tibet for China, the Ampas being the only officials qualified to grant passports. The happy traveller, armed with the Ampas' authority, takes every advantage of his pass, and never fails to use the whip freely when the villagers delay in complying with his requisitions.

One of the Ampas at least is required to pay a visit to the Tashi Lama once a year to consult on State affairs, when, as the representative of the Emperor of China, he is received with the greatest marks of distinction by the Tashi Lama. The Ampa is required to make a low salutation with joined palms, and as he approaches the throne he presents a scarf to the Lama. The Tashi Lama, on his part, blesses him by touching his head with his open hand, and seats him on his right on a State cushion. After a short interchange of compliments, the conversation commences with the health of the Emperor, the happiness of the people, the prospects of the year's crops. Interpreters who understand the Mongol, Mantchu, and Chinese languages always accompany the Ampa, while the Tashi Lama has his own interpreters. One of the Tashi Lama's Mongol interpreters used to come to the house of our friend the Secretary, Dichung. In all his conversation the Ampa studies the forms of politeness and even flattery; while the Lama is plain, outspoken and dignified, marking the genuine simplicity of his character. The Ampa, when he appears abroad, is attended by a numerous retinue bearing the symbols of his high office. He is carried in a gilded chair.

For the preservation of the sacerdotal hierarchy, or more properly for the security of the Chinese supremacy in Tibet, there is maintained a composite militia of Chinese, Mongols, and Tibetans, to the number of 10,000, while companies are stationed along the frontier. There are 24 such stations towards the Himalayas. The most northerly station towards the Mongolian frontier is Nakchukha. The Russians are said to have advanced up to that place, and three thousand monks from Sera and Depung were despatched in September 1879 to stop their progress. It appears to me that the frontier guards form part of the central militia, but the information that I have obtained on this point is not satisfactory, my informants naturally exaggerating the military resources of their own country. Besides the expense of maintaining the army—each Chinese private being paid Rs. 14 and 30 seers of barley-wheat, and every Tibetan Rs. 2-8 a month—the Tibetan Government has to contribute Rs. 50,000 to the Residency establishment, inclusive of the Ampas' salary. The Tibetan Government, as well as the whole nation, groan under this expensive and useless contingent, the maintenance of which is declared to be essential for the protection of the Holy Lamas against the encroachments of the English, Nepali, and Cashmere Governments. Both the latter states are allies of Tibet, while the very name of the first is dreaded as an invincible power, and as being the incarnation of the Lhamains who fought against the gods. (This is true of the Government officers, especially the monk-officers: the lay public are well-disposed to the Government of British India, and are comparatively indifferent to religious observances).

It is universally believed in Tibet that after two hundred years the Tashi Lama will retire to Shambálá, the Utopian city of the Buddhists, and will not return to Tibet, and that in the meantime the whole world will succumb to the powers of the Phelings (Russians and English). Neither the Emperor of China, nor the combined legions of gods and demigods who reside round the golden mount of Rirup,* will be able to arrest the progress of their arms or the miracles of their superior intellect. It is the policy of the Tibetans to keep them at a distance, not by open hostility, but by polite and evasive expressions. They were initiated into this policy by the Ampas, who are always busy in devising fresh plans for guaranteeing the safety of the country against all sorts of imaginary foreign aggressions. The Nepalese are not now so much the object of this terror as they may have been a century ago, but are regarded as peaceful allies under the protection of the Emperor of China. Tibet pays no tribute to Nepal, nor entertains any agent at Katamandu, while Nepal maintains an agency at Lhasa to promote friendly relations, as also to protect her commercial interests with Tibet. It is to be remembered that the richest merchants and bankers of Lhasa are all Nepalese Palpas.

During the late disturbance (described in the following note) between the monks of the Tho-samling College and the Nyer-chhang-chhenpo, the Tashi Lama did not consult the Ampa or invite the aid of his militia to quell the rebellion of 1,500 disaffected and unruly monks, but secretly apprised his subjects of the neighbouring villages of his intentions, and on the appointed day 10,000 men assembled, armed with long spears, bucklers, matchlocks, and slings, which at once struck the rebel monks with panic. He has from that day been convinced of the sincere veneration and devoted loyalty of his lay subjects, and of the perfect uselessness of the Ampa's militia. This instance of tact in the Incarnate Amitabha has raised him higher than ever in the estimation of the people, much to the uneasiness of the jealous Ampa. It is indeed pleasing to notice some marks of independence in the youthful Tashi, who is now the senior sovereign of Tibet, the Dalai Lama being an infant. The villagers and common folks, who suffer most from the Ampa's tyranny, say that in course of time the present Tashi will prove a worthy successor of Tenpai Nyima† (Sun of the Faith) in faith as well as in strength of mind.

II.—CAUSES OF TIBETAN EXCLUSIVENESS.

The Chinese are noted for their extreme jealousy of foreigners, especially Europeans. Though their eastern frontier is quite defenceless, the southern and western boundaries are protected by impassable mountains. To these strong natural barriers, which have arrested the tide of conquest as well as of civilisation from the south, they are indebted for the uninterrupted success of their policy of seclusion. In 1791 and 1792 the Goorkhas caused the Celestials some anxiety by plundering the monastery of Tashilhunpo, but they had no intention of subjugating Tibet. From the war which followed the Goorkha incursion, and in which English soldiers were suspected of having taken part, the jealousy of the Tibetans towards Europeans is supposed to date; and as the English Government, then in its infancy in India, took no steps to cultivate their friendship, that feeling took a lasting hold on their minds. The shock which China, Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim received from their reverses when at war with the British power also extended to the peace-loving Tibetans, who had no sympathy for Nepal and very little for Bhutan. The Raja of Sikkim, with whom the English Government came into conflict, being a relation of the then Dalai Lama's father, his minister, Dewan Namgyal (known as the Pagla Dewan), had some influence at the Court of Potála; and when in 1861 the Dewan was expelled from Sikkim for his treatment of Drs. Hooker and Campbell, he appealed to the Dalai Lama, with the support of the Raja of Sikkim, against the aggression of the English Government, depicting every act of that Government in the worst colours. He warned the Lama to be on his guard, assuring him that the English Government had an eye on Tibet, and would sooner or later annex a portion of the country. Throughout the eighteenth century the Tibetans had followed the Chinese policy of exclusiveness, not from fear of annexation, but because they had been nearly conquered, and were entirely under Chinese influence. The fear of annexation was not then prominent. It was the ex-Dewan Namgyal who first sowed the seeds of that groundless terror in the minds of the Tibetans. The ex-Dewan was provided with a jageer of two villages near Sar, and appointed frontier officer to watch the "encroachments" of the Indian Government; and up to this day he enjoys the benefit of the grant. The attempts of Dr. Hooker, Mr. Edgar, and lastly of Sir Richard Temple, to enter Tibetan territory were (as I heard at Tashilhunpo) described by him as instances of encroachment on the part of Government, which he said was devoting all its energies to the invasion of Tibet, but had been counterchecked by his diplomatic skill and wisdom, aided by the zealous co-operation of the Jongpons of Khamba and Phari. On one occasion he even stated to the Lhasa officials, as a proof of his unshaken loyalty to the Grand Lama, that he had refused a pension of Rs. 50 which the Indian Government had offered him for supplying information regarding the state of affairs in Tibet. The statement was probably based on Mr. Edgar's visit in 1873. This most unscrupulous man is cordially detested by the people of Sikkim and Bhutan, as well as by those of Tsang, where his villages lie. The Tashi Lama himself has imbibed a great hatred for him on account of the rogueries

---

* *Sanskrit* Sumeru.

† The infant Lama whom Turner visited.

he has practised within his territories. For example: the year before last the Raja of Sikkim managed to secure for his party, which included the Dewan, a passport from the Tashi Lama's Court. A Tibetan passport, it must be remembered, is not granted to foreigners except in special cases; nor even to the second class officers of the State. The passport enables the holder to travel with great convenience at the expense of the villages through which he passes, the headman of each village being required to provide the holder with water, fuel, lodging, attendance, and conveyance to the next village, according to his means. When the party arrived at Korma, the Dewan, finding the headman unable to furnish ponies and yaks, as required by the passport, used violence towards him, at which the whole village rose; and in the disturbance that followed, the Dewan succeeded in breaking the arms of two Tibetans, but in return he was soundly thrashed, and it was with difficulty that the Raja himself escaped unhurt. The villagers then lodged a complaint against the Raja and his party in the Tashi Lama's Court.

From that date the Raja and his brother-in-law, Dewan Namgyal, have lost all influence at Tashilhunpo; and last year the Sikkim Raja's application for a passport was peremptorily refused. But by the death of the minister, Changjed, and by his marriage with the Raja's sister, the Dewan seems to have completely regained his ascendancy at the Sikkim Durbar, from which he had so long been absent. He now lives with the Raja at Chhumbi, and directs the affairs of the State from there. He has three sons by his marriage with the Raja's sister, and intends to get the eldest married to the only daughter of the Changjed Nup (or treasurer) of Tashilhunpo, and then to persuade the Raja to appoint this son minister of Sikkim, the post last held by Changjed not having yet been filled up. All the Kazis and Lamas are disaffected towards him, and sympathise with the Raja, who is made a nonentity by the Dewan. The villages of Lachen and Lachung, at the head of the rivers of the same names, are now owned by the Pagla Dewan, and the beautiful village of Tsunthang, at the confluence of the Lachen and the Lachung rivers, containing 40 homesteads and large rice-fields, has been plundered by Lharip Dechan—believed to be his deputy and friend—and is now entirely deserted, the villagers having taken shelter in Wallung in Nepal; while the beautiful convent, famed for its manuscripts and pictures and its collection of religious articles and furniture, has also been robbed and left in ruins by him. All the plunder obtained from the village and the convent has been divided between Lharip Dechan and the Pagla Dewan.

Another incident which occurred last year similarly illustrates the hostility of the ex-Dewan towards the British Government, and the way in which he misrepresents their policy. The late Jongpon of Khamba, who was one of the most powerful nobles of Tsang, and held the high posts of Nyer-chhang-chhenpo or chief store-keeper, and of Jongpon, or colonel of the frontier guard, had, by his overbearing and haughty conduct, offended the monks of the Tho-samling College. Once, on the occasion of a dispute as to the diversion of the water of a certain river so as to irrigate his own cultivation to the injury of the College estate, he openly insulted them. The monks, instead of complaining, as they should have done, to the Tashi Lama, tried to avenge themselves by using personal violence. The Jongpon, though not informed of the conspiracy, fortunately escaped; but one of the monks laid violent hands on the Tungig-chhenpo, mistaking him for the Nyer-chhang-chhenpo, and thereby incurred the high displeasure of the Tashi Lama, who, having summoned all his sirdars and subjects from the neighbouring villages and the town of Shigatse, about 10,000 men altogether, held a court for hearing both sides. Twelve of the ringleaders, all monks of Tho-samling, were found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Nothing can be more horrible and shocking than a Tibetan jail. There are some dungeons in an obscure village two days' journey up the river from Tashilhunpo where life-convicts are sent for confinement. The prisoner having been placed in a cell, the door is removed and the opening filled up with stone masonry, only one small aperture, about six inches in diameter, being left, through which the unhappy creature receives his daily food. There are also a few small holes left open on the roof, through which the guards and the jailor discharge every kind of filth into the cell. Some prisoners have lived for two years under this horrid treatment; others die in a few months. The twelve ringleaders are still alive in one of these dungeons.

The Khamba Jongpon was also dismissed from all the posts he held, although Dewan Namgyal, in the name of the Sikkim Raja, had petitioned the Tashi Lama to forgive him in consideration of his high military abilities and his meritorious services on the frontier, especially in repelling European encroachment through the passes of Wallung, Kongra Lamo, and Donkhya. The Khamba Jongpon now speaks of leaving Tibet to join the Nepalese army, and thereby create confusion in Tibet; but the Tashi Lama is resolute, and will not pardon him.

The exclusiveness of the Tibetan Government in the present century is indeed to be chiefly attributed to the hostile and intriguing attitude of the frontier officials towards the British Government. Next to it is the fear of introducing small-pox and other dangerous diseases into Tibet, where the people, being ignorant of proper remedies, die in great numbers from their effects. Death from small-pox is most dreaded, since the victim is believed to be immediately sent to hell. Not the least important cause is the fear of the extinction of Buddhism by the foreigners—a feeling which prevails in the minds of the dominant clergy.

Besides jealousy of foreigners, there is another cause of great importance, being connected with the commercial interests of China. Pekin is eight or ten months' and Silling four months' journey from Lhasa, yet the Tibetans carry on a brisk trade with these and other noted cities in tea, silk, wooden furniture, and other commodities. The Government of Lhasa

every year sends two or more caravans to purchase goods for the State from the commercial cities on the borders of China under an escort of 500 soldiers. It is not unusual for robbers, mostly mounted in companies of 200 to 300, to attack the caravans, both public and private, and the Government troops find it no easy task to beat them off.

By the opening of the Darjeeling railway, Calcutta, where most of the Chinese articles valued in Tibet may be easily and cheaply procured, will be brought within three weeks' journey from Lhasa. The Tibetans thoroughly appreciate these facilities, and every Tibetan who has ever visited Darjeeling warmly praises our Government for making the Jalep-la road.

The Chinese Government fear that on the opening of free intercourse between Tibet and India, China will be a great loser so far as her commercial interests are concerned. The Tibetans also allege that it is through fear of the diversion of trade towards Darjeeling that the passes have been this year closed. The Government of Nepal have prevailed upon the Tibetan Government to close every pass against all classes of travellers except Nepalese traders. This has been done with the object of protecting her commercial interests, which have been seriously affected by the opening of the Darjeeling railway.

W. H. D'C. & J. A. R.—Regr. No. 4750J—25-30-8-81.

[India]

DS785
.D2274
1881
Rare BK
Coll

WV 4306
f JSr

vj03 1sm85

300285

CONFIDENTIAL.]

NARRATIVE

OF

A JOURNEY TO TASHILHUNPO

IN

1879.

BY

SARAT CHANDRA DAS,

DEPUTY INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, DARJEELING.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AT THE BENGAL SECRETARIAT PRESS.

1881.