A NOTEBOOK OF SOJOURN
by Sylvain Levi

Presented by
Harihar Raj Joshi - Indu Joshi (Mrs.)
Maharaja Dev Shamsher Rana

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The 144 Year of the birth day celebration of Maharaja Dev Shamsher Rana

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I feel deeply honoured to have been chosen for a preface to the excellent rendering, written in English by Mrs Indu Joshi and Mr. Harihar Raj Joshi, of Sylvain Lévi’s *Notebook of Sojourn*.

Sylvain Lévi first went to Nepal in 1898. This French orientalist compiled a three-volume historical and scientific survey of the Kingdom, published in Paris in 1905 under the title “*Le Népal: étude historique d’un royaume hindou*”. This work is still considered today as being one of the most fundamental studies ever undertaken on Nepal. Lévi, who had by that time become a world renowned celebrity, went back to Nepal in 1922 and 1928.

Helped by a strong knowledge of the background of Lévi’s research on Nepal, the translators have produced an accurate rendering of the French original pages. Sylvain Lévi’s account is an academic study of the Kingdom, but it reads as lightly as a novel. Mrs Indu Joshi and Mr. Harihar Raj Joshi have found the right tonality in their English translation.

I am sure the Nepalese readers will deem extremely interesting and refreshing the following pages about their country. Moreover, it is my belief that this book found the exact time to be published in Nepal. In the fast mutations that this country is now facing, with a series of options open, it is indeed by throwing a glance at their past that the Nepalese people would be allowed to choose the most suitable reforms for their future agenda.

Michel Jolivet

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Monsieur Sylvain Levi’s A Notebook of his sojourn in Nepal is a fascinating chronicle of his arduous travel to Nepal, the captivating landscape of the then Kathmandu valley, sequestered but secure stay in the Residency compound, memorable meeting with acting Maharaja Deb Shumsher and persistent quest for ancient inscriptions and texts.

Fond memories came to light of my turtuous travels to India for graduate studies in the 1940’s via Thankot and Bhimphedi — the same route as taken by the author but no longer used since the construction of the highway after mid 1950.

The author’s factual accounts of his visits to various locations in the Kathmandu valley reveal that he possessed a deep knowledge of geography and history. His sensitive and scintillating descriptions of the sights, sounds and smells of Kathmandu may be truely termed as poetic. In the course of his quest the erudite professor was disappointed that the Nepali Pandits and keepers of the Vihars were not as learned as he expected.

The most gratifying episode of his sojourn was his call on the acting Maharaja Deb Shumsher, who provided substantial support for his mission.

As the surviving great grandson of Maharaja Deb and born in the Thapathali Durbar I was very curious about author’s observation on the architecture of the Durbar complex and especially about the capacious reception room on the first floor where he was received and where I used to play around with my cousins in the early 1930’s. The sofas, chandeliers, gilded mirrors and the paintings in gilded frames mentioned by the author were no longer there, probably taken away by those who conspired to exile Maharaja Deb.
It was a voyage in a time machine to note from the author’s account that my great grandfather **Maharaja Deb** with customary red mark (*tika*) and sandle paste (*from Pushupati*) on his forehead wore a gilded toque and a long day gown while receiving the Professor. Furthermore, I was very impressed to note that during the interview **Maharaja Deb** quoted words in Sanskrit and spoke to the Professor, in French about **Sakuntala** (well known dramatic story in Sanskrit), and conversed as an intelligent and well-informed person. I am not surprised though because I was told by my father that **Maharaja Deb** was a student for some years in Dowson College, Calcutta and also that while in Kathmandu he used to spend many afternoons with poets and intelligentsia. It may be opportune to mention that **Maharaja Deb** is revered by many as the founder of journalism in Nepal having launched the first Nepali newspaper “*Gorkhapatra*”.

I and members of **Maharaja Deb**’s family greatly appreciate the initiative and hard work undertaken by Mr. Harihar Raj Joshi in bringing to light the hitherto hidden treasury about Nepal authored by Professor **Levi**. We are especially grateful that after more than a century we could have a precious glimpse of the eloquent personality of a son of Nepal, our great grand-father **Maharaja Deb Shumsher**.
Modesty does not allow me to state more. This much must, however, be jotted down to keeping the record straight that as the First graduate of Dhankuta, and the First Nepali Head Master of Gokundeswar High School of Dhankuta a few students studying there reminded me then Phatik Chakravarti of Rabindranath Togore's character in his now almost forgotten essay entitled Home Coming.

If and when these Phatik Chakravarties, be they of any geographical contours of the globe, dedicate themselves unto study, learning and determination with due concentration they stand atop to come out that too with flying colours in relation to Three Questions of Leo Tolstoy, the famous Russian writer whose magnum opus War and Peace I had gone through during my student life with Banaras Hindu University of Banaras (now spelled out as Varanasi) in India.

Following my guidance Harihar, my younger brother and Thahila or the fifth among six of our brothers, used to write letters in English to me. I used to take a special care in going through his letters. Correcting his grammar and composition thereby should there be any, and I used to send them back to him for his understanding.

Unlike these days when our children are engaged in using Internet services with email facilities and comfortable telephone facilities the period was quite different then when letters used to take weeks to reach its destination. However, those days gone by had their own fun and frolic: satisfaction and suffering.

If I sent our younger brother Harihar to Elphistone College under Bombay University of Bombay (Mumbai) for his post graduation in English Literature, I was equally happy to send his wife and our youngest sister -in--law Indu to Basanta College situated at Raj Ghat in Banaras, Uttar Pradesh of India.
As I come to know later on that this Basanta College was founded with the lofty objectives of Theosophical movement by that famous and popular Annie Besant and she was there to look after it.

When Mr. Himalaya Shumsher Rana was the Finance Secretary of Nepal, I was then transferred to Calcutta as Custom Liaison Officer of Nepal Government. In Calcutta we we stayed at Chakraberia Road, which I have come to know now that that was arranged to be purchased by Maharaja Deb Shamsher.

As a person from Dhankuta we had heard about Maharaja Deb Shamsher in our family.

We look forward to going through their proposed monograph-- Maharaja Deb Shamsher: His Life: and His Time by our youngest brother Harihar and our youngest sister-in-law Indu in due course of time.

Let me draw your attention and please join me too in order to go through Ralph Waldo Emerson who has thus to say----

Donot go where the path may lead, go instead there where there is no path and leave a trail.

Yes, trail, the trail to ablaze. And Harihar and Indu are engaged in the identical path to enlighten the past for the benefit of the present extending to the future.
Let us recapitulate. Left Calcutta on Saturday the 8th January at 9:30 pm. I travelled 685 kilometres interrupted by changing of three trains, at 5:30, 6:30 and 7:30 on Sunday the 9th or 19 hours of rail journey. I jump into a palanquin and roll another five or six kilometers on a very uneven road. Delightful evening with Colonel and Madam Wylie on Nepal. I dine with them with graceful formality at the neighbouring indigo factory. One of the guests arrives and was happy to say that he had just killed a tiger, an unexpected tiger, hidden in the jungle near his bungalow. On sighting the tiger he sent for an elephant and a rifle, and gave the animal his due. Everyone here has a tiger or tigers to his account. Colonel Wylie does not count them any more. At this very moment he is officially soliciting an authorisation in favour of a gentleman and a lady who are keen on hunting the tiger in the Nepal tarai. Very alluring beginning isn't it?

In the morning the horses and the palanquin of the raja of Bettia (Betia) takes me back to Segowlie (Sugauli) where my escort awaits me, palanquin, doly (mountain chair), 16 bearers for me, 8 for my boy Francesco, 7 for the baggages plus the sepoy in charge of these men. The entourage is not always easy. Sometimes the coolies leave their passenger in the middle of a jungle and get themselves free. Madam Wylie herself has been aware of this mishap. Fate has been kinder to me. The sepoys of Colonel Wylie, well bred Hindus, black
bearded, have all vied with one another as regards cares, good will and precautions. If I spoil myself in gratification, at least I am well served. The journey to Nepal is rather hazardous I reckon that it would cost me at least 400 rupees, (650 francs) as much as from Marseilles to Bombay with a little less comfort. The bearers are marvels of strength and of speed. The palanquin is a real wooden room, with a bedding, the provisions, the household goods and the lodger. The burden is well 100 kilograms and four men to carry it. They can easily travel at 8 kilometres an hour (5 1/2 miles). Impossible to walk with them. One must run or jump into the palanquin. The result of the forces is exactly represented by the distracted movements of the pendulum when a clock is violently pulled towards one, oscillates to right and left and violent projection forward and backward. Besides, the instructions are to go to sleep or at least to be motionless. The least jerk would break the equilibrium of the load and the effort of the bearers by degrees, and very soon disrupt all over.

At one o’clock stopping at Hardia where there is the last British factory on the road. The owner, M.F.... advised by Colonel Wyile, awaits me for breakfast and dinner. He lives there, all alone, at one league from Nepal and two from the terrai, exploiting indigo. A gun always loaded keeps him company everywhere, a warning to the indigenes and dangerous beasts. My host is delighted as visits are rare on the road to Kathmandu and he attempts to keep me by the best and worst of reasons. I visited his factory. The year had been disastrous. Scarcity of indigo as well as of grains and the competition of synthetic indigo has brought down the prices. Here again (No need to close one’s eyes), it is Germany that triumphs. The indigo buyers of Calcutta are German and they come from October to January to regulate the prices and then return to their country.

But Wyile has well cautioned me to avoid any possible delay. At 5 o’ clock I was asked to dine as I had to proceed the next day on my journey. The cortege forms again. Night falls. The expedition has swelled by a masalji, a lighter who brandishes a long torch constantly so rayed over with oil. The precaution is not superfluous. The road is bad enough as it gets worst, cut up by bogs and quagmires in which the palanquin lightly touches the surface of the water. At Raksaul (Raxaul) we leave behind British territory and Nepal commences with Gahawa.
Orders have been despatched everywhere. No where I am stopped. In passing the guardhouses my bearers utter the magical word “Sarkar”, and that is enough. “Sarkar” means the Government and everything connected with it and all white men and even the servants of the white men. And everywhere the long band of white dust between the very flat fields, begins to light up, dazzling under the rays of the tardy moon. Cold settles down the damp, penetrating cold of the terai that freezes the bones before the skin. I bury myself deep in my rezais (blanket) and renounce the allurements of the lunar countryside. I close my doors and only half open them now and then in order to observe the road. The incessant movement of the load, cadenced by the panting of the bearers in which appears to mean a long slavery of toils with now and then heart-stirring syllables like our “dodo, baby do” It is: “sleep baby, sleep baby.” Unfortunate people who work so hard and who again lull their oppressors to sleep with their cadenced songs.

Here we are in the jungle, the dreadful jungle, strangely mysterious under the moonshine which illuminates the outskirts without penetrating the deep shadows. At midnight the cold is so intense that my coolies stop. They light up fires on the road and thoroughly warm up themselves. I profit by this halt to shake myself up. To the right and to the left two elephants tied to the trees keep noisily all night chewing twigs—supernatural silhouettes surrounded by a moving envelope of torn leaves. We are among the Tharus, the enigmatic Tharus. Behind a straw enclosure which symbolizes the wall of private life: a woman sings an endless melody and accompanies herself with a tambourine. At midnight, with such a cold, what is she doing? An adoration, an incantation? How to find it out, enclosed in their room that nobody can transgress, These tharus do not engage themselves in the neighbouring factories. They live among themselves, hide even the secret of their language, address themselves to strangers in Hindustani, Suddenly without anything betraying it, without a rise in the ground without a stray rock, without a pebble in this white dust, we are at the foot of the Himalays. It is Bhichakoh, my first stage. It is 3.30 a.m.
Decidedly one arrives at Kathmandu; only that the time is required. But I again take up my account where I had left it, at Bhichakoh. Then, at Bhichakoh it is the mountain that suddenly discloses itself like a change of spectacle. The pass crosses already lofty hills on the outline of the mountains and descend in abrupt slopes covered with forests. The ground vanishes under pebbles and rocks fallen down from the sides or coming down with the torrents during the rainy season, which is dreadful here. The path or rather the track (trail), for there is no trace of a path left, crosses a vast stretch of water, river or stream. I ignore it. Night robs me of distant aspects. The pass narrows and strangles itself between imposing slopes, dripping with dew; between the vast extension of stones that rise in successive stages, the path ascends steeply on a soil slippery with damp sand. Solitary cottages cling here and there to the slope of the mountains, meagre shelter or two in which the shepherds warm themselves close to large fires. On this lane which crumbles to dust under foot, move procession of (carts) pulled by bulls; nearly all of them carry “tins” of kerosine. Decidedly I shall be able to see some light in Kathmandu. Day dawns so white that it mingle to the shine of the moon. But it grows quickly and penetrates triumphantly in the thickets that stop the moon.

I stop on the ground to relieve my bearers. After passing a few huts of Chiriya, the valley opens and the road, large, easy and sandy as desired, appears like a Park Avenue shaded with giant trees with heights of between 1500 to 2000 metres in the distance.

We cross a bridge thrown over a flowing river and limpid torrent which my bearers call the Karra. The bridge is only a light wooden footbridge. The bulls force against the torrent. We reach the Dharmasala of Hetaura (Hetaunda) where another sepoy relieves the one who had accompanied us from Bhichakoh. The coolies soon light up a straw fire. The straw is frozen with dew and we move again onwards. The path now crosses the Rapti and follows the middle of an enormous valley which the wooded heights seem to close in without any outlet. All along to the right and left, changing the path into a great road along the
shop of grain liquor, hookahs, cloth, grocery and pottery merchants. The Hindu Bania (traders) has disappeared. It’s all finished with India. The men are now mountaineers, small, thickset, snub-nosed, with thick well separated lips disclosing large yellow teeth. Their hair is black and almost closely cut, the face flat, large and with protruding cheekbones, a little haircut, beard on the chin with a fairly good moustache, coarse and drooping at the corner of the lips. The women are smaller yet yellower again the arms and legs massive the bust splendidly opulent, the head uncovered, the ebony black hair shining with oil, carefully smoothed, falling in long plaits or raised in a twist on the top of the head, strangely Japanese looking and yet so close to the Mayadevi, to the Sita and to the Damayanti.

We come out of the area by the defile through which the Rapti flows and the path follows the course of the torrent, clinging to the mountain sides. A halt on the banks of the Samri crossed again by the pretty footbridges. We separate on a flat surface and all along the stream, proceed with a summary toilet. I hurry on with my breakfast and at 10 a.m. again we resume the journey. The torrent reduced to its minimum yet thunders and makes a pretty noise at the bottom of the ravine. We have climbed already. Bhichakoh is only at a height of 990 feet, 330 meters. The bridge over the Samri is 1600 feet high, more than 500 meters. Hamlets are built on the edge of the road, hidden among the rocks on all flat surfaces. When the slopes lengthen, villages throng together all smiling surrounded by cultivations, and that climb higher and higher still, towards the 2000 metres (6500 feet). Always the torrent growls and foams and breaks against the lofty rocks that have fallen down. The sun is high up now. It penetrates into the ravines. Oh the divine, the incomparable glow, prettier still than on the dry and dusty plains. In this atmosphere so pure in which a thin vapour floats shading off the roughness of the outlines without robbing the horizon of its distinctness, illuminated deep in its shadows by the resplendence of the most beautiful blue sky. I found here again under different forms the intoxicating joys of colour which the Red Sea had made me feel once.

The path ends at Bhimpedi (3660 feet or 1200 metres) in a cul-de-sac; heights all around, descend everywhere perpendicularly. Goodbye to the plalanquins. I settle them all -- Kahars (palanquin bearers), coolies and sepoy with gratifications and I place myself in the
hands of Nepali. The Kahars, coolies and a sepoy came from Kathmandu with a dandi for me and another dandi less commodious for the use of Franceseo. My dandi, a dandi of great luxury, is very exactly a canoe; at the prow and at the stern poles are passed through — two men in front and two in the rear and for the rest let us reckon with the laws of stable equilibrium, Francesco has an ordinary jolly boat and again a cloth one, in the manner of a hammock or shroud with the same system of suspension, Here the people are Hindus.

The benedictions traced in red on the wall of houses and in the shop are adorations to Ganesh, Krishna and Saraswati. I learn as for two days I have only spoken Hindustani, that Bhimphedi owes its name to Bhima. The temple of the village ordinarily square shut out with walls, adorned the temple of Bhimasena. Bhimphedi has quite a small temple with certainly an ancient statue of Lakshmi Narayana. The god and goddess hold each other amorously and Garuda is at their feet. I partake of a summary meal in an empty shop and fully enclosed with the plank of cases in which is despatched from America (New-York. N.S.) the precious and economic kerosine oil.

Besides, half of Bhimphedi is built with these planks. The bearers, who from now replace the bull-chariots (carts), do not care to carry a useless load. From here to Sisagarhi, a tough climb on a rough and flinty road, constantly running perpendicularly. In two miles or three stiff kilometers, one climbs from 3660 feet to 5875 from 1200 to 1900 metres and under a wann sun of 35 centigrade without any appearance of shade. My bearers will not get themselves tired. I do the journey on foot. Francesco lies doleful in his hammock, crying out of fever.

And all along this rough climbing street-porters succeed one another; groups of between forty and fifty men, painfully drag canalization pipes destined for Kathmandu as this is the only road towards Kathmandu as the Nepali feign to make believe, they can sleep in rest.

One climbs under the canons of the fort of Sisagarhi (Chisapanigarhi) which dominates the valley of Bhimphedi and commands the pass. In the precincts of the fort, a small bungalow had been erected for the use of the Resident. The condition is very primitive, for, the bed is made of a plank, and the other pieces of furniture are a table and two chairs. On the express request of Colonel Wylie the
This car, Ford T, used to be operated by kerosine.

bungalow is open for me. The Gorkha sentinel presents arms to me. The officers with jewelled badges fall in line and I take possession of my room, my cage or my prison cell. Colonel Wylie has well recommended me to remain in the bungalow. He had done so himself. The least curiosity, the least out of the way behaviour, will brand you as a spy.

It is 4.30 pm. The sun sets deep down the valley and disappears behind the heights. Clouds and light mists also descend on the summits and stretch out towards the branches. The forest climbs to the very pinnacle. Against the bungalow a plantain (banana) tree spreads its ample and delicate foliage. Night arrives, scintillating with stars, but
coldish. This morning at 7 o’clock my thermometer records 30 (centigrade) and I get numbness of the fingers while gathering flowers. Another night reduced to its simplest expression. This morning, I wake up when the day has already dawned. Hasty breakfast; each one takes his load and blowing on my reddening fingers, I climb at gallop the pass of Sisagarhi, 6500 feet, 2500 meters. O, unforgettable spectacle and all so sudden. In front of me, the flank descends vertically in the foliage; ahead scorched slopes (slopes that face the south scorched and parched by the sun are here without verdure); far below again the large and sullen torrent and what a view of the horizon. An enormous line of frozen summits. A precipitous descent covered at a gallop takes us to the bank of the torrent, the Panoni. The path follows the bed of the torrent turning and twisting (or meandering) round every rock-wall; the cultivations climb the slopes and the hamlets have pretty houses of one, two or even three stories with curved roofs and frames of doors and windows of sculptured wood. I can see specimens that would do honour to any museum, lost here in these mountains recesses.

Towards 10 o’clock, the path leaves the torrent, ascends in a steep climb alongside the Chandragiri and ends in the cul-de-sac of Chitalang at 6125 feet, 2000 meters. Halt at the dharmasala. A caravan of Tibetans! Tibetans from Tibet pass on their way to Calcutta, living and speaking tableau of these continuous pageant that history does not record. They would be hardly recognisable among the Gorkhas without their felt hats shaped like a cone all round with short and upturned brims. The women are almost identical to those of this place, features, deportment, opulence of flesh, hair, headgear, adornments but the complexion is of a deeper yellow, clearer, less tanned. Reached Chitlong at 11.30, a.m. We remained there only an hour and onwards again towards the pass of Chandragiri 1600 feet (500 meters) to climb on a perpendicular slope, but through the forest. At 2 p.m. we reached the summit, 7700 feet more and 2500 meters with 35 in the sun and a lovely verdant forest. The whole valley of Nepal lies at my feet. Kathmandu, Patan and Bhadgaon occupy the east. Everywhere at the further end and on the slopes are the villages and cultivations and east to west above the encircling mountains, a continuous lines, uninterrupted, without a breach of white snow peaks. Here they are quite close, three or four valleys to cross and beyond on the other side, Tibet, a piece of China, C’est le Tibet, un morceau de la Chine.
The descent into Nepal would be impractical without rough steps. From top to bottom on measuring of some 700 meters, to build rough steps. Francesco, the unfortunate Francesco himself must alight. The valley of Thankot is reached and 14 kilometers of even road lead to Kathmandu. I jump into my dandi and my bearers carry me at a run. I cross the Bishnumati and disdaining the road for the Residency that turns round the town. I cross through the bazar, the bearers shouting, elbowing, pushing and overthrowing in the narrow streets. At 4.15 p.m. I reach the bungalow.
Today compulsory meditation. All I saw of Kathmandu were the four walls of the garden surrounding the bungalow.

I am the prisoner by inducement. This morning, towards 9 o’clock, Captain Sahib Bhairab Bahadur sent a havildar to ask me at what time I would be able to receive him. Captain Sahib is, by right of heritage, as were his father and grandfather, the regular messenger between the Residency and the Darbar. I proposed 10 o’clock to him and he arrived at 11 a.m. The morning had been just lost waiting for him.

Charming manners, almost impressive of a gallant soldier. Well-known. “Everything at your disposal. What do you want? Do not stand on ceremony.” And what more? And I repeat to him what he knows already from my first request for a pass; then from Colonel Wylie, then again from the letter which Colonel Wylie gave me for him and which I addressed to him my intentions, my schemes, the haste with which I have to begin as soon as I had arrived.

“But certainly, I request you to consider me as a friend. A horse? You will have it. And also two sepoys to guide and help you (the pretty
disguise, the police assumes here’). And I shall proceed to seek an audience with the acting Maharaja so as to arrange for an interview between him and you. You are tired of the journey, It is so arduous, of course, not. O yes, rest is essential. Rest for today. Tomorrow I shall arrange everything”. Tomorrow, the eternal tomorrow of the East. A word to the wise is sufficient. I only have to resign myself and to walk up and down in my little house and garden.

Fortunately, I have a companion in captivity, Babu S. Mitra who represents, alone at this moment, the whole personnel of the Residency. A Bengali, corpulent, chubby, with long hair and bearded, and member of the Sadharma Brahma Samaj, bachelor, freed from the prejudices of caste, educated in English, well-versed with “quotations from Shakespeare and who, by delegation, represents here, by Providence, in the name of the Wyliés. He has, by order and also by personal friendship, managed my house quite tastefully — small dining room, bureau-hall room (drawing or living room), a writing desk with everything needed for writing; sleeping room, a cloth stretched on four wooden legs- the bed in its simplest form; bathing compartment. It is again Mitra, who sends me the vegetables and the preserves of the Residency which Madam Wylie has placed at my disposal. It appears that only mountains do not meet. I have come to doubt even this exception. In this semi-captivity at 4700 feet of altitude, in the heart of a valley, enclosed by the Himalaya, isolated between India and China, the solo representative of Europe. I meet an acquaintance. Mitra knows me, knows that I am versed in Sanskrit, that I am married, that I have at least a son, and what else does he not know? What to do with much glory and fame! Only this! For six or seven years Mitra has been the agent of Pratap Chandra Roy. Whilst this honest man was travelling, great task of moral rejuvenation and as an ideal to the new generations, the old Sanskrit epic of the Maha-Bharata was propagated. Mitra wrote the letters signed by Pratap. He has written to me as to many others and he has naturally read the replies. He would willingly spend the day talking. Very curious of the West that he dreams to visit, keen observer, well informed on Nepal where he has dwelt for five or six years. In the garb of a pilgrim he has made the journey of Muktinath that I will not be able to do, My complexion being too fair.

The son of the Pandit of the Residency comes later on. He brings me an old Pandit Todaraananda. Both of them typical Newars, small,
very small, flat faced and flat nose. They are absolutely, totally, radically ignorant. These poor Buddhist Pandits know nothing, of Buddhist literature, not even the titles beyond those of the Nine Dharma (Navagrantha) which they have not even read. They promise me to make a search for manuscripts and to bring me a true Pandit who lives in Patan. The reputation has flown. There arrives on the spot the Jemadar, the actual officer of the Residency, a Hindu of the Madhyadesh, devoted Vaishnavi, who knows as much Sanskrit as I do Hebrew. I recite to him the Gayatri and his admiration knows no bound, then the mantra to Krishna, Keshav, and the whole litany. Here is a man who would fall at my feet. It is really moving to see his emotion in the presence of a Sahib who knows the sacred language. In short, he completely binds himself to serve me. Mitra cautions me that he is the most useful of auxiliaries. He has been attached to the Residency for the past twenty years

I spent the rest of the day in attending to my unlucky Francesco, badly depressed, very feverish and shivering. In a few days time he has been frightfully changed. He is distressed and so am I. I was compelled to employ cook temporarily to replace him. This second-hand cook has sworn to pull my stomach to pieces and to assist him he needed a Khitmatgar, helping hand, a server, a pawn of filth, an appose of dirt. The country is cold. If the Newars hardly wash themselves, he certainly never washes. The dirty clothes that he wears ‘enrich’ more again his filthiness with a repulsive appendage. I close by eyes and turn away the head when he brings the dish or attempts to clean a plate.
15th January, Saturday

I would have been entirely contented if I had not learnt to distrust the Nepali. I spent a whole morning awaiting till doomsday or more exactly under the orange tree since my garden is sown with orange trees and orange trees laden with oranges. It is not warm in the morning in the country where flourishes the orange tree. At 7 a.m. the thermometer fluctuates between 3 and 5 Celsius and till 10 A.M. One lives in a fine mist of a real vintage mist, The sun dissipates it only towards 10.30 a.m. It gets warmer immediately 25, 28, 30 and 32 towards 2 p.m. But the shade is lukewarm and nothing more. The thermometer hardly records more than 15, in the warm hours. It is cold for an old Hindu. I have ordered myself a Nepali costume, tightfitting breeches with very loose upper part, tunic with large flaps tightened at the waist by a belt (Patuka), the whole attire in a kind of stuff of the colour of wine and stuffed with cotton padding.

Decidedly the Nepali are right in closing the door. If they had opened it, it would very soon be removed. It would be so nice to live here, a divine landscape, the valley of Gresivaudan with Greboble and her circle of Alps, that are called Himalayas. The western peak is the Dhaulagiri; the eastern one is the Gaurishankar. An eternal spring always under a blue sky, the caress of a luminous vapour, the pine trees side by side with the orange trees and the banana plants. The birds below are chatterers, singers, warblers, a concert on all the trees. Instead of the solitude that reminds of the Lazaretto one lives here, even within the precincts of the Residency, with the natives. The Post Office is intermedia with the Residency and swarms with children who sing, laugh, play, fight, squall, live their lives. And the town is a marvel of picturesque uniqueness with pagoda of storied roofs, many coloured houses, the charming frames of the windows and doors where wood is sculptured with all the imaginations of a skilled mind and to what an extent, free the bazars where the oily and yellowish and filthy Tibetans, almost white of complexion, hastle to mingle with among the ferocious pets and filthy they are too. An infinite variety of types going from the Aryan Hindus with their long eyes, straight and strong noses, and clear complexions to the Mongols, altogether yellow, squat; the massive eyes bridled and obliquely shaped. In crossing the villages, one also sees the gentleman on the threshold garbed in pyjamas, and madam dressed in a petticoat and the tribe of children clothed in innocence.
And, as usual in military places, a perfume of gunpowder float on all this. At 3 o’clock in the morning a canon shot announces the opening of the gates. At 9 o’clock at night another canon announces the closing and alerts one who allows himself to be overtaken unaware later on in the streets. The Nepali police takes charge of him. And during all the day one hears the trumpets, the rifle shots of the parade; the dazzling rays of the helios play all night on the higher parts of the surrounding mountains.

Francesco gets better. I have taken in my employment a kitchen help, 8 rupees; a sweeper ready to do anything 5 rupees; a dhobi (washerman), 6 rupees. I have a Nepali sepoj who guards me and another from the Residency who serves me as post-boy. In short, the house is settled and on what a scale, in comparison to that of the Himalayes. All these people swarm in my compound without drowning the melodious voice of the birds. There are even sparrows in Nepal.

Captain Sahib asked me for a rendezvous. He arrives at the appointed time and informs me that the Commander-in-Chief, acting Maharaja Deb Shamsher, would be pleased to see me at 3 o’clock.

At 3 o’clock the royal landau comes to take me. Captain Bhairab is dressed in full-dress, a pretty costume strictly blue-black with a few gold braids and his cap is bordered with a filigree of gold and crowned with a gold plate. I put on my ceremonial gloves which will symbolize the “full-dress”, the etiquette not imposing the costume. Very pretty, spacious landau, luxurious and comfortable. The amazed Gorkhas see me pass. Deb Shamsher lives in southeast corner of Kathmandu. The bungalow is in the northeast corner. We skirt the town, the Champ-de-Mars and he appears at the palace. An entanglement of constructions, all modern work of an architect of English schools, without character, with Greek porches, built in an admirable setting. The entrance meanders one door after another, sentinel after sentinel. It seems to me that I have found again the darbars of Kattiawar. A crowd of servants who serve at nothing, of courtiers who put in an appearance of officials, of babus, below the galleries on the steps, at the windows. I am the event itself, the talk of the day, They are waiting for me.

Captain Bhairab ushered me into a vast hall, forty or fifty meters long that occupies the whole length of the facade of the first storey, filled up with the necessary bric-a-brac of sofas, chairs, bracket-tables,
tables, armchairs, chandeliers, gilded mirrors on the walls, portraits, painted by English artists and by the indigenous artists, of the present Maharaja and of his predecessor, Jang Bahadur, Bhimsen, etc., life-size eminent men in entirely gilded frames and everywhere works of art in gilded bronze, the product pre-eminently that of Nepal. In short, pressed by the push of too curious an assemblage of attendants the Commander-in-Chief enters, small, broad, wearing a gilded toque, wrapped in a long day gown, the mouth red with betel-nut with the red tika and sandal mark on the forehead together with everything else connected with the daily puja, he invites me to take a seat next to him on a sofa and has sent for his son, a child of ten, or eleven years who is studying English, intelligent face and quite energetic dressed in the white tunic of the Brahmans.

*Deb Shamsher* is well informed and starts immediately. The debate or tournament begins.
A Pandit or so-called one, addresses me in Sanskrit, painfully, incorrectly. A second Pandit addresses successfully in easy. Deb Shamsher, attempts to articulate a few Sanskrit syllables: Purvasmin...Kale... Judhisthira... king... was... then.... Sanskrit bhakha... fatigued under the strain. He speaks to me of the Sakuntala in French. He asked me if I believe in the devas. If to my knowledge the prophecies of the Bhavisyat- Purana are exact; then if Sanskrit is printed in Paris. I speak to him about the Bhagavata of Burnouf. The name of Burnouf could not be ignored in the country of the manuscripts of Hodgson. He asks me to read him the legend in French which accompanies an English engraving; the death of Tipou-Sahib and exclaims on the melody of French, Ah, if I had a “golden voice”). I bring the interview to an end which would never end and Deb Shamsher declares to me that he places himself at my disposal, that I may go where I wish to, that he would help me in the search of manuscripts and inscriptions. “Such a learned man come from such a distance. Is it not our duty?” Assuredly, your honour, but we shall see what the Nepali all are worth. Liberty of entry of working, of reading of having the manuscripts gathered at the Darbar Library, copied not tomorrow, naturally, day after tomorrow; things must be placed in order, always the same system. And he gives an order to Captain Bhairab to “drive” me through Kathmandu by two or three roads through which a vehicle can pass through.

After returning back I settled my household accounts. 2 fowls, 8 annas: 1 dozen eggs 3-1/2 annas: broom 1 anna: a pot for water 1 anna: sugar 2-1/2 annas: Butter 3 annas: a tin of petrol as a storage for water, 2 annas. Vegetables, 1 anna: Oranges, 1/2 anna: flour 2 annas. And in short the influential intervention of Captain Sahib and subsequently of the police have made it possible for me to purchase a sheep. It is true that I paid a lot, 2 rupees. To what an extent, and it is quite true.

Strangers in Nepal are exploited to their detriment.
At last, I have begun to work. At noon the mukhiya, quite an ordinary soldier, in spite of the ambitious name he has been given, has come to inform me, on behalf of Captain Sahib Bhairab Bahadur that the horse promised would not be available for two or three days, the Maharajah having taken away all the dependable horses for his winter rounds in the country. At the same time he placed himself at my disposal. The sepoy given to me by the Residency awaited me at the door. I then started my trip with the vanguard the Mukhiya, a small Gorkha squat, ill-clad and stinking and for rearguard the sepoy, tall, bearded, truculent and simple, a child's nurse in uniform. I met Mitrananda, the son of the Pandit of the Residency who brings me his uncle Bhivanananda, a small old man with a rumpled face who chews betel-nut. Will he turn out to be the desired Pandit? I address him in Sanskrit. He babbles indignantly but adds in his almost indistinct dialect fifty per cent of Hindustani. He succeeds in explaining himself. His knowledge of the Buddhist texts does not go beyond the Lalitavistara. I recite to him the title of the works translated into Chinese and which I am bent on discovering in their original form. He does not know a single one. He does not even understand. In short, half a loaf is better than no bread. I propose to him to accompany me in my rounds and in return he would have a salary. He would serve as a cover and as an introduction near the Buddhist sites of this place. He suffers from rheumatism, can hardly walk, lives in Patan. In short, he hopes to be cured by Tuesday and will then come and find me. As much as the Pandit is worth so much is the faithful (devotees) also. I got acquainted with the devotee of Shakyamuni. O tempora! O mores!

My Mukhiya is a fairly honest man. All were dazed to behold a sahib who knows Sanskrit. One must hear the tone of his praises for me to the crowd. In the afternoon, half the population followed me everywhere I go and I have not yet photographed or taken stamping anywhere. What will it be when I do start? The mukhiya struck right and left in the crowd in advance and the sepoy did likewise. At the temple of Narayana, I met a Brahman who speaks Sanskrit fairly well. At the very moment when the horrified crowd shouts "jutta! jutta! as would shout at Homer— Chapeau! Chapeau! (Hats off! Hats off). My leather shoes had spoiled the floor of the temple. I turn round and face the disturbance, offering a Sanskrit dialogue in a raised voice. The Brahman
replies and the conversation is engaged in a public debate. No more protests. The crowd swells, advances, surrounds me and when I leave the temple, the Brahman follows me and shows me the inscriptions of the neighbourhood. My entourage interrupts the traffic. I have thus visited all the temples of Kathmandu, Shiva, Visnu, Buddha, Ganesha, Bhimasena, without any preference, drawing up a set of notes on all the inscribed stones I came across. They are legions. I have not found anything of great age but dating from the fifteenth century. How many stelae and what beautifully engraved stelae. Kilometers and the kilograms of paper would be needed. I would like to take in everything indistinctly without choice or method. It is impossible under the pressure of the crowd to decipher line by line and to separate the chaff from the wheat. The mukhiya has certainly received orders to assist me and it is a piquant spectacle to see the little Gorkha and the stalwart sepoy turning round the temple and striving to discover inscriptions.

I have gathered a poor experience from the Buddhists of Nepal. From the road I see or just catch a glimpse through the low gate in the rectangular compound of a house, a kind of stupa. I enter. I am stopped. Here stands a vihara. This premises is quite a store of Pandits, monks; and a library. Go and see. The Viharas of this locality serve as lodging for father of families surrounded by their progeny and who exercise some kind of profession or do nothing at all. They know nothing beyond the names of the nine “dharmas” of Nepal. In the court there are two inscriptions. I shall return with my old crippled Bhuvananda and if I am still stopped, he will take stampings. Buddhism is dying here. Stupas and chaityas are still to be met everywhere, but in the interior of the town they are abandoned and half of them are in ruins. The only devotees still attached to them are the low caste tribes expelled in the suburb and the unclean Tibetans. O, to be pushed along in a crowd of Tibetans, males and females, with their goatskins, their oily plaits, their thick and falling hair. One would really wish to lose one’s sense of smell.

Besides, this is the domain of filth. The soil is poisoned. Benares is clean. The Calcutta of the natives is a real paradise if compared to Kathmandu. If one does not live here at a height of 1200 meters (3920 feet), if the wind of the glaciers do not blow, Kathmandu would be a cemetery. The narrow streets leave to the pedestrian, an irregular pavement between two quagmires of slush accumulated and this is the
enclosed field for bulls with enormous heads. They freely roam about in the town. Benares has her cows, the town of the Gurkhas should have its bulls. There is no longer dreadful wild animals with their sudden violent fits of temper and these amiable quadrupeds have as much sympathy for the European as the horse for the elephant. Thursday, while crossing the bazar at a run in my dandi, we, bearers and dandi, were suddenly thrown aside from the back, by strong shouts heard everywhere. Two bulls had engaged in a struggle and it is a general “sauve-qui-peut” (make best of your escape). We slip away by a lane where the dandi collides with the walls. Today I peacefully draw an inventory at the base of a temple. Yet another new shouts of “backwash”, again a fight between two bulls. No sooner one is seen on the horizon then my mukhiya stands on my right, the sepoy on my left, both of them holding their sticks held up high as if threatening to attack.

Tomorrow morning, a peaceful distraction. I will go and examine the collection of manuscripts belonging to the Maharaja. And I will, perhaps, have my Nepali dress stuffed with padding that I am awaiting with impatience. The darji (tailor) who has measured me, disdains the progress of the French Revolution. Away with the centimeter, just a bit of twine which he relies on as a unit of measure between his forearm and fingers. This is the system of Nepali measurement.
Shakyamuni, by you I have been vanquished. All the doors of viharas have opened wide and in order to have advantages out of it I hasten to make a circuit, brush in hand, before visiting the Hindu temples the inventory of which I had drawn up. I employed four assistants, Mitrananda and new ones. Everyday a solemn precession that goes past through the vast avenues of Kathmandu. The Mukhiya goes ahead with the stick in hand, pushing, as much as is needed, the peaceful but every compact crowd, Then my horse, a horse belonging to the Maharaja if you please, a squat and heavy looking animal of Tibetan bred, strong and steady on his feet, valuable asset on this uneven soil. On the horse I daff with my hat, bowing to the few natives who bow. The great number of them stare at you with distrust and suspicion. Ahead of me a syce, behind my gallant and good sepojy, my child’s nurse, then the small Pandit, small, small indeed, dressed in his white garments. And lastly, the coolie carrying on his shoulder, hanging from the two extremities of a pole like the pans of a pair of scales, the two baskets that contain paper, brush, etc. I must say that everything appears to succeed. I feel I am becoming popular. Thanks to a few bowing but especially to the few paisa (pies) distributed to the urchins and paupers.

The small crowd makes profuse ‘salams’ to me and even yesterday one of them devoutly touched the brim of my hat. The first vihara where I attempted to enter yesterday, the Tyekambahal, (Te Bahal) at the entrance to the town incoming from the east, was rather reserved. It was necessary to start a discussion, then to manage without help and lastly to make a display without the least modesty of the deepest knowledge (Their ignorance is distressing) and then the whole population of the vihara, men, women, children, come out from these infectious rooms, surround me, guide me, help me, clean the stones, fetch water, and the pujari of the vihara who is an Udas (the second caste of the Newar Buddhist) goes so far as to bring his book of mantras, a collection of very anonymous stanzas in honour of the Buddha. The temple is opened and statues are exhibited to me, Shakyamuni between Lokesvara and Maitreya. Above the door a magnificent panel of sculptured wood shows in its centre Maha-Vairocana who holds in his multiple hands a pustak, (book) and then two hands joined in prayer above the head; above him in a small
frame also sculptured in the wood, *Nama Samgiti* carrying a book and I think, a rosary; lastly, small typical wood figures, the *Triratna*; the *Buddha* in the centre; *Dharma* and *Sangha* by his side. The *Viharas* are simple buildings erected around a rectangular court wherein live the families of the Nepali Buddhists. In the centre of the court is a *caitya* adorned with the four images of *Amoghasiddhi*, *Aksobhya*, *Ratnasambhava* and *Padmapani*, the four facing the square block which carries the copula each one in their niche. Several of these *caityas* even the most modern ones are surrounded with a "railing" which reproduces exactly in its arrangements that of *Ashoka* at *Mahaboudhi* and at *Sanchi*. But I have seen many that show sculptured medallions. Often *caitya* of smaller size are scattered around the central *caitya* and sometimes like *Matsyendranatha* in *Lagan-bahal*, pillars are also erected, quadrangular lat on which inscriptions are engraved. I have taken stampings of splendid ones of the reign of *Nripendra Malla*, masterpieces of epigraph. Lastly, facing the entrance gate there opens a temple of the devotees wherein the statue of *Shakyamuni* receives homage and hymns. The interior view of these courts is a ravishing. All the windows have sculptured panels that offer a surprising variety of adornments. The art of sculpturing wood is still preserved in the *viharas*. I have been shown today in the infant like fashion gods, goddesses, animals and flowers, which have to be despatched in a few days time to the temple of *Mahabodhi* as a token of homage. The art museum of decorative works would cover it with gold.

But if one's eyes are opened one's nose must be closed. Kathmandu deposits her filth in her courtyards instead of her sewers. The rainy season undertakes the washing; the human rejection then flows into the streets and accumulate in pestilential rubbish heaps. *Babu Mitra* who has travelled all over India assures me that he had never seen a dirtier place than Kathmandu. Fortunately, the atmosphere is bracing. Today, outside the sun that scorch the shade is scarcely tepid. This evening it registers 6, last night at 4 a.m. 3 only. Whilst I was working yesterday in the vast courtyard of *Matsyendranatha* where there rises a beautiful temple with roofs decreasing in size, surrounded by numerous *caityas*, I hear myself being spoken to in Sanskrit. It is a *Yogi*, living in the temple of *Tripuresvara* on the *Bagmati*. Rumour informed him of my arrival and he hastened to meet me. He speaks the Sanskrit exceedingly well like the true *Pandits* of *Banaras*. And he claims to
convert me to the Yoga. Perched on a caitya he recites or preaches with a flow of Bengali words, proclaims the uselessness of stampings and of history and extols the practices of asceticism. I promise to visit and see him in his temple. One can just conjecture whether a crowd, compact and pressing, had gathered. Good luck today, a Nepali officer, whom my visits to the viharas has moved, comes to me in the middle of the road, greets me in fairly distinct Sanskrit, offers to guide me and help me in other ways, follows me from stone to stone, from courtyard to courtyard (these are viharas like the Lagan Bahal with courts in a line communicating by narrow and overhanging gates) and the work completed he again offers me his services for tomorrow. Here is my battalion increased by an unit.

Besides, it must be admitted and proclaimed that I find these Nepali so malignant as the rumours mongers, I find the amiable and complaisant to a degree. Babu Mitra attributes it to my personal influence, but he is a Babu. One must rather thank the Commander-in-Chief, Deb Shamscher who gave most decent orders to facilitate my task. It is forbidden now to sell the old manuscripts without first offering them to the library of the Darbar which reserves itself the right of pre-emption. The rule is a dead letter in my favour. I have only to pay for the copy of manuscripts, the Government tariff and not the private tariff, namely, the days taken by the copyists; the ink, paper and nibs are not in my account.

This morning, Captain Sahib Bhairab Bahadur has sent me a basket of oranges. He has also accompanied me to the Library established in the new building of the Darbar School. The whole staff awaited me in pomp and four Pandits who are employed as librarians and copyists and the army of assistants and even a Tibetan employed in classifying the few Tibetan texts. The manuscripts are well classified, laid on shelves carefully enveloped and labelled. The Buddha-Shastra has been rather a deception, a few ancient manuscripts all or nearly all, already known. The only new one I found was the Abhisamayalamkara, a commentary of the Astasahasrika by Haribhadra in 164 pages. I have ordered myself a copy which will cost about thirty rupees and also of the Nepala Mahatmya. Lastly, I have ordered a copy of the Yavana-Jataka. I have not in hand works of reference and will not find any here. But I do not believe I can recall that this Yavana-Jataka is known else where and forgotten. The manuscript is ancient, on palm leaves,
complete, but many of the leaves are partly destroyed. Besides, I have placed it aside to take up its examination again.

The hunt for manuscripts has not yet paid back, Mitraanada has brought me an ancient manuscript and ornamented with the Astasahasrika and the Pancaraksa (Mahamayuri-vidya rajni, etc). I have been generously offered ancient manuscript (palm leaves) and very fragmentary and mutilated with the said Astasahasrika and another of the Pancaraksa. I wish for something newer of, the unheard of or at least of something rare. I have also been offered a Tibetan manuscript in white letters on a dark background. It is quite simply a translation of the Vajrachedika. As the manuscript is of a beautiful palaeography, I shall take it if I can obtain it at a fair price, because each possessor of a manuscript believes himself, in principle, a possessor of a treasure.
Night falls. The sun sets here at an early hour toward 4-30 p.m., behind the Chandragiri and the sun takes away the beneficial heat. Splendid day, besides, of a clearness that revealed all the folds of the enormous glaciers on the horizon from the Dhaulagiri to the Gaurishankar very soft also, lukewarm even after a night of frost. The grass this morning was all powdered and a light crust of ice covered the pot of water. I profited by an idle morning forced upon me to visit the Residency. The “Lines” occupy the summit of a plateau to the north east of Kathmandu, separated for the time by a vast field where the Gorkhas indulge in horsemanship and where slumber the herds of cows. The plateau falls abruptly towards the north west facing mount Nagarjun on the large valley where the Bishnumati, too small for her bed, waters rich cultivation. A path of 5 to 6 meters wide only leads to the territory of the Residency enclosed on its whole length by walls and thickets and guarded at the entrance by a Nepali guard house. All the real kindness I meet here more compensates my prison like living. The Residency, a very modest cottage, is built in the middle of an English park. Then the house of the doctor is still more modest and reaches almost the hospital of the Residency which is also very modest and built for 8 or 10 patients. Less encumbered now that the Darbar has had erected a vast hospital under the care of a Bengali assistant, entrusted also with recording the meteorological observations communicated monthly to Calcutta. I have looked into his books and ascertained that the means pressure of Kathmandu is 25 inches 650 (641/035). In the day season it constantly shows a pressure of 25 inches 550 (637,50) The mean rainfall is 56 inches (1,40). The highest figure I found is 74 inches 51 (1,862) in 1893; the lowest 47 inches (1,175) in 1896 year of famine. A line of group of Tibetans spread its stinking filth before the hospital. They were awaiting to be vaccinated. It appears that they are very zealous and they come every day, even from Lhasa. I have photographed a group. Besides, more Tibetans abound here, they are met everywhere and they are smelt before seen. They bring with them flocks of sheep and she-goats destined for the market. The Gorkhas (with the exception of the Brahmans) eat the flesh of these animals. The lowest castes even eat buffalo’s meat but nobody dares naturally to taste the meat of the cow. I shall have to visit the doctor immediately afterwards.
Last evening I held a small *darbar*. The officials of the *Residency* attended. Postmaster, doctor and *jemadar* came to greet me with their *salam*. At no time I resumed my rounds surrounded by my cortege. The beginnings have been uninteresting. Entering by the north of Kathmandu, I reach the *Thamel-bahal (Vikrama Simha Vihara)*. I was energetically refused entrance and there was not a single *Pandit*, not even a *pujari*. Filthy women and stupefied men. Intolerance is truly the sister of ignorance. I depute *Mitrananda* who takes the stamping of an inscription. It is one of *Parthivendra Malla* as is also the sculptured panel above the entrance gate. The same type of reception at the *Gunakara Vihara* where old women and buxom yellow faced lasses, in tattered attire spread grain to dry in the courtyard. But at the temple of Kathmandu, some progress is made. The men come out of the houses that surround the *caitya* and the charm does the rest. I do not succeed in climbing on the platform at the base of the cupola, but I am free to move about elsewhere. The *caitya* is very large. It raises its gilded arrow to a height of about twenty metres (65 feet). It is entirely white of newly laid stucco, from the arrow descend and connect to four small surrounding *caityas*, strings on which dangle a long line of many coloured bits of cloth. A very small railings exactly at the foot of the staircase leads to the platform. In front of the staircase stands a recent pillar dated in 1010 *Nepal era* (1890 AD) crowned with a brass statue of the *Vajrasatvo*. The inscription which is engraved on it consists especially of a *stotra*, prayer stanza of the Buddha. In the north west of the *caitya*, a Nepali *pagoda*, in wood patiently sunk, surrounded by wreath of small flags, rattles and there are mirrors. The mirror seems an offering much appreciated. They are found hanging form the walls of *Hindu* and *Buddhist* temples. The *Kathesimbu* is much worshipped. Thus, it is that the surrounding courtyard is encircled by small monuments. Nothing ancient as regards to inscriptions. There are also two stelas of *Pratapa Malla* and *Nripendra Malla*. A small *vihara* is adjoining to the large one, to the south in a large square of slush and rubbish surrounded by houses. A pillar dated from 932 carrying on the summit two small statues in adoration that represent the donors and on the northern side a *Devistora*.

In proceeding towards the south, a large square covered with temple and is in ruin (*Thamri square*) in front of one of these temples a pillar carried the image of *Narayana* riding on *Garuda* and a hymn to
Narayana dated 783, without a king’s names, the inscription being very badly mutilated.

From Kathesimbhu no more difficulties anywhere. The crowd who conveys me also conveys my reputation. At the Karnakottama Mahavira a stela, the fragment of a stela, buried in the wall like in almost all cases bears the name of Kavindra Pratapa Malla with an ordinary list of danapatis but the year is missing. At the Harsacaitya Maha-vihara, inscriptions of 905 and 931, about which the pujari states that the monastery owes its name to king Harsa who founded it, but nothing ancient. He promises to show me—one of these days the manuscripts he has. He does not know about it or he ignores what they are. I still expect a Pancaraksa. At last, I end the day at the Dhoka Bahal (Henakra) where there is a stele of 812 AD during the reign of Bhupalendra Malla.
I began the day by a walk to Swayambhunath. The grass was still white with frost. The thermometer fell this morning at sunrise to 2 at 8.30 a.m. It rose to 3 and while returning I risked a sun stroke at 11.30 a.m. Ordinary reconnoitring attempted in haste, helped only by the mukhiya and the sepoj. Swayambhunath, Syambunath as they pronounce it here, is to the east north east of the town, to the east south east of the Residency and beyond Bishnumati on a conical hill with steep flanks, ahead of the mountains and entirely clothed in verdure. The lofty brass arrow stands out alone and distinct above the skyline. The path meanders round the town, crosses the Bishnumati on a bridge and cuts across fields, arranged in graduations to protect the soil against the gulling of the rains. All along the sacred path, caityas succeed one another. At the foot of the hill, the path changes into a staircase. But what a staircase! Rough, uneven, ruinous, tottering, narrow and slippery steps. Sarcastic monkeys playing on the steps appear and disappear, look with an air of wicked pity on their human brethren who perspire in the climb. Caravan of Tibetans climb and descend, uglier, dirtier and less skilful than the monkeys. Between two lines of stupas under a real bower the platform is at least reached. A vajra of giant size, entirely gilded, laid on socole also of giant size, adorn a copper bell tower with an arrow, discloses at the four points of the compass, entirely gilded temples of the four Badhisattvas. The emotion, a religious feeling, captures one at the first step; the bells peal, rattle, chime, muffled voices under the vault of the temple sing hymns and discreet flutes accompany the voices. The spirit has undoubtedly changed but the exterior aspect of Swayambhu can scarcely differ from the temples that Ashoka knew. On the platform at the summit of the hill, on the sides and behind the caitya it is a real chaos of small monuments, caityas, stelas, statues of giant black Buddhas or entirely white Buddhas or again all red. I search in vain for a dated inscription. Here again it is the beginning of the history. At the entrance Pratapa Malla has had engraved on a high stela a stotra (hymn) of his own. An enormous stela engraved in the XVIIIth century is bilingual, Sanskrit at first, Tibetan underneath. Besides, Tibet counter-weighs and eclipses India. The Om mani padme hum is laboriously inscribed in Tibetan letters every where. The line of Tibetans with their long greasy hair adorned with a circle (or band) that frames their head with a hat complete the circuit round the great caitya
with a piety as much enthusiastic as it is singular. They fall flat on the stone, the arms in front and murmur a few dharani, trace on the stone as far as the hand reach a chalk line. They rise and with their feet on the hand can reach a chalk line, they rise and with their feet on the line of chalk just traced and they prostrate themselves once again to begin again the same exercise. When passing in front of the four principal temples, they stop and address to the Bodhisattva a fervent prayer transfigured by a mystical faith that almost beautifies them. The Newars are contented with bringing, flowers, red lead, sandal wood, as would be performed to Shiva and Vishnu. Not a Pandit to be met at Svayambhu, not a “Sanskrit bolewala” (one who can speak Sanskrit). I would have liked to inform myself on the antiquities on the books kept by the temple. Not a soul. And yet how many centuries have written their history here. Where does it sleep? Under the ground or in the temples?

I went back to my home, a little disappointed at this negative result and after breakfast I pursued my habitual dignity of having the rounds of the viharas. I enter the Mahabuddha Vihara, undoubtedly ancient one. Only one stela of this century in the courtyard decorated by a stupa of stucco and two of stones. All of a sudden, I am spoken to in Sanskrit, in elegant Sanskrit. I reply. The dialogue begins. I learn that the stupa of stucco has been, according to the tradition, erected by Ashoka. That the vihara has inscriptions, copper plates, manuscripts, but that it is impossible to see them. These ignorant beings defend with zeal the treasures that they know not how to employ. One can read here, by way of text, the Shatasahasrika Prajna Paramita, the recital of the work, divided in uncertain sections, lasts exactly the space of one year. The person who talks to me calls himself, Damaru Vallabha, the honour of Nepal. It is the Pandit about whom Haraprasad Sastri had told me, as a superior. He gives me the library of the Maharajah as a meeting place. He promises that if I remain here a month and a half or two months all the gates would then be opened. I take leave of him and guided by my pseudo-Pandit (an abyss of ignorance), I went my way towards the Toho-bahal.*

Right against the wall of the town, in a heap of ruins, I see one of those stelas that abound here in thousands, to the extent of discouraging

* Te-bahal - Harihar—Indu
one's curiosity. I approach to the road near the gate. It is of the reign of Narendra Malla. A statue of Mahakala is right against it. Even with the ground on the socole, I seem to be able to decipher archaic characters. Here is some antiquity. Mitraananda, quite calmly assures me that this is something of modern Newar work. I begin to clean the stone. 'Here you, Pandit, come and read your Newar.' Mitrananda has nothing to say. The inscription is a dedication and the first words are: Samvat 412 rajnah Sri Manadevasya: the date and name are absolutely certain and clear. Once again the crowd gathers, fairly hostile at finding me handling the statue, where marks of red lead attest a recent puja. The Mukhiya begins to extol my knowledge and throws a challenge as who could dare to speak in Sanskrit with the Sahib? No body replies and that too for a reason. I wish to take a photograph of the statue. Ill-luck! The shutter refuses to click. I tried to screw and unscrew it and when I point it at the statue the whole thing gets out of place again. Bad luck. I can distinctly hear in the crowd that surrounds me that the God is defending himself against me. To put an end to it, I work with the camera any way, but with a triumphant air, bent on returning on another occasion, and I declare with satisfaction that everything has completely been succeeded. Then I sent for the pujari who gives to the statue the daily worship. I hand him half a rupee to perform a puja in my name. And thus flattered, I reveal to him the age of the statue that surpasses in antiquity, all that I had hitherto seen at Kathmandu. Visible change. My man demands precise explanations and swells with pride. His statue anterior to the Nepala Samvat. And now it happens that I am treated with regard and already the group that surrounds the pujari, speaks about erecting a temple over the statue. Unfortunate Mahakala! Will it be due to me that he owed the renewal of his temple. And always the same question, are you German? I repeat my eternal reply: I am French, France is a great country and Paris, my city, is as large as the Ayodhya of king Dasharatha. In short a small epigraphical discovery.
Today is holiday on account of an eclipse. Captain Sahib sent word to me that it would be better to give up my daily assignment. I had set out before him by giving yesterday evening a holiday to the whole of my staff. I also began to feeling of the need for rest. In the morning, always in great ceremony. I leave for Harigaon, a village situated at a distance of two miles east of Kathmandu and where Damaru Vallabha had mentioned to me of ancient ruins. I explore the temples, I scatter the debris from which emerge broken stones. Always the Mallas.

A stela leaning against a temple dates from the reign of Narendra Mall, samvat 653 (1533). Another stela is dated from the reign of Bhupatendra, samvat 819 (1699). But a man from the village offers to show me an old ruin. I descend with him a very rustic staircase which leads to a small tank at the foot of the plateau on which Harigaon is built, towards the east. In the middle of the tank there rises a statue of Garuda and from the bank there appears on the pillar a long inscription in characters manifestly archaic. The stamping is far from being easy. The water is fairly deep, the bottom or (bed) slimy and the socole of the pillar is just large enough to stand upon. The villagers throw stones and pebbles to make a very small pavement for me, and the Pandit, sepoy and I clinging to the pillar, under a blinding sun, take a double stamping. The inscription is composed of about thirty lines engraved with care, but the first lines have disappeared and the date is missing. The character of the writing in any case, leaves no doubt: impossible to take a photograph from a convenient distance, right in the middle of the tank, I was obliged to take up a position on a kind of platform facing the pillar and which carries a small temple in ruins dedicated to Satya Narayana. The fragments carry no inscriptions. The pillar seems to be of great interest to me on account of its date. The inscriptions deal with literary chronology, the pillar and the statue concern, the chronology of art. I have only had time to see another inscription at the foot of an image of Laksmi-Narayana fitted in the eastern edge of the tank and which bears the date of 139 (1019) without a king’s name. The inscription was buried, I have had it brought to the light again and I mean to take a stamping of it when I shall return to Harigaon.

In the afternoon I returned to the Library of the Darbar where Damaru Vallabha, at the head of all the staff, awaited me there for about
three hours. I examined the manuscripts. Lastly, to distract myself I looked at the eclipse. It was almost a total here. We were less than a 100 kilometers from the line of totality and at 2 o’clock and 8 minutes, mean time (1 o’clock 56 minutes, astronomical time) there only remained of the sun a thin crescent released like the new-moon, but this little sufficed to destroy the grandiose impression so it seems of the totality. The urchins were shouting on all sides: “Rahu, let the sun go”. The dogs barked at the noise of the urchins but the bulls have continued to graze without manifesting any distress. Strange, however, if not grandiose, this progressive attenuation of the light under a cloudless sky; a sunlit landscape viewed through a smoked glass, no radiation, no resplendence; a dull brightness dim and dreary with opaque shadows, a sensation of something unreal. The moment of the almost totality is captivating. Streak of shadows overlap one another like those shivering of warm air that rise from the fields on summer days. A sudden and singular puff of cool breeze shake the branches. The thermometer which was registering 20 at noon, falls to 17 at the half eclipse and all of a sudden to 13 at 4 p.m. it had risen again to 28. Spring is approaching here. Whilst the garden orange trees are still laden with fruits, we find the apricot trees adorning themselves with an exquisite white efflorescence. Besides, my garden changes into a poultry-yard; two sheep browse in it, and a turkey-cock chuckles: The bungalow of Lucullus.
Return from Patan. One hour’s walk to the Residency, a little less than three quarters of an hour to Kathmandu. The path skirts the eastern wall of the town and the manoeuvring fields pass through the suburb of Trilokesvar, skirts the recently built temple of Lasksmi Narayana and then a garden whence there rises a group of Dharmaosalpeopled with Sadhus, priests and facing the Thapathali (the Palace of the Commander-in-Chief), turns suddenly towards the west to cross the Bagmati on a bridge of bricks. Lost in its vast sandy bed, the Bagmati would not be sufficient during the dry season to the piety of the faithful eager to bathe in it. A small rivulet has been canalized that runs along side the ghats at the foot of the temple of Lakshmi Narayana. Having crossed the river, the path takes another sharp elbow towards the south. Patan is a vision of fairy land still more enchanting than the too uniformed Jaypore (in north India). The roads larger than those of Kathmandu, often paved with large slabs and sheltered on both sides by the large Nepali roofs; not a house without sculptures and colours; the beams, the small beams, the lintels, the window-sash frames, are sculptured with a kind of divine inspiration. And everywhere temples, pagodas, caityas, combining all types of Indian architecture adapted by the most picturesque taste, red bricks, green bricks, gilded bricks profusely decorated of sculptured wood and crowned with a kind of Chinese pavilion with roofs rising tier upon tier; and on the square there are constructions of the most amusing disorder, pagodas with rattles and temples with colonnades and high bevelled pillars surmounted by copper statues.

My first visit has naturally been to Pandit Kul Man whom Indrananda had mentioned to me as the glory of Buddhist science. Oh, the kingdom for the blind. The honest Kulaman awaited me in ceremonial dress, yellow shirt with a kind of black overcoat; carpets had been spread on the ground of the court, near a caitya and there the conversation began. I was at first compelled to swallow the recital of a Shakyasimha stotra (hymn) completed by Indra with the Pandit’s commentary, then a Triratna stotra with its glossary. I took up the same text, gave them a commentary of my own and at the same moment I became a very learned man. The road having thus been paved, I requested him to show me his manuscripts. He brings me
Gandavyuha, a Bodhicaryaratra, a Pancaraksa. I tell him that we people in Europe know these things to our finger tips. I need something new, something unheard of, something unforeseen. I revealed to him that he hardly expected it, all that Buddhist literature that has been produced and lost and he gives me his word of honour that he would begin a search and bring me what he finds. He follows me afterwards to the Hiranyavarna Vihara, the most important of Patan. In spite of the Pandit, I meet with a positive refusal and the good Pandit, a little vexed, explains to me then that the Buddhists are not the masters as they share the vihara with the Shaivas who are unmanageable. Mitrananda, the mukhiya and the sepoys go inside and take stamping of the stelas. Only Mallas again. These wretched people conceal their antiquities. On my way back I take the inscription engraved on the royal throne and which dates from Narendra Malla. I come across an inscription of Siddhi Narendra Malla. I come across an inscription of Siddhi Narendra Simha 757.

(No 17 of Bhagvanlal) on one of the temples on the square of the Darbar. Mitrananda shows me on the square to the south of the Darbar a small caitya of bricks covered over stucco and which passes for a monument of Ashoka. But I vainly wander and search in the surrounding debris, nothing, nothing. At last, at the corner of a street, I see a stela that rises above the bricks of the pavement and on which I think I can discern archaic letters. To work on it we climb up, pull out of better in a hole of fifty centimeters without any regard for the department of roads and bridges and I find myself facing the inscription No 3 of Bendall, now buried.

I received this morning the visit of Captain Sahib who brought from Deb Shamsher two volumes of the ‘Isis Unveiled’ of Madam Blavatsky (See Appendix B) and a nataka (drama) Kushalavodaya, published in 1897 and composed by the Pandit Chubi Lal Sashtri, favourite of Bhim Samsher, General-in-Chief and brother of Deb Shamsher. Further, as I express to him the desire to examine Bhadgaon at leisure, he proposes to place a house at my disposal thither, so as to avoid me an excessive loss of time, Bhadgaon being 7 miles from here. In short, he informs me that the Nepali suit (labeda suruwal or Nepali dress) including the belt (patuka) and a cap (topi) are ready to wear. They seem to take a pride in showing the spontaneity of their hospitality during the absence of the Resident.
Another lucky day. Mangal var, Mangal-ka-din. I took care to draw my escort’s attention to it, Tuesday (mangalvar). It is a day of good luck (mangal) and it is certain that if I jested in saying it they took it very seriously. Their superstition goes together with their native simplicity. Now that I have donned my Nepali suit (labeda suruwal: Nepali dress), I have my ‘letters patent’ of Hindu conversion. I cannot resist against a feeling of affection to see them all—Pandit, Mukhiya, sepoy and even my humble coolie, explore the walls, shake the stones, interrogate the inhabitants, stir them up for the hunt extolling to them my Brahmanic science (Oh, the brahma varcas, I know now what it means) and their faces joyously brightening when the grateful cry escapes my lips; this is antiquity’ And then questions are asked on the date on the antiquity on the by gone kings on the value of the letters and the good king Vikramaditya serves as a starting point to this chronology.

Yesterday another exploration through Patan of which I had only seen the splendours or at least the picturesque charms. What a reverse to the medal. The ransacking of the town by the Gorkhas which is a century old now seems to have been an event of yesterday, broken-down houses, temples in ruins, roads where the pavements disappear under a heap of filth, stupefied and anxious faces everywhere with the stink of putrefaction in the air. My first visit goes to the Zimpi Tandu, one of the four great stupas erected on the corners of the town and attributed to Ashoka. Tradition cannot be far from wrong. On a basement of circular bricks of about a meter in height there rises a copula of bricks covered with earth and turf, without any adornments. On the summit there rises a kind of scaffolding, made of wood, which supports the symbolic parasol on feast days. Nothing more. The diameter is about 12 meters. All round here like everywhere one sees small stone or stucco caityas surmounted as usual with the bell-turret of pointed roof and decorated with four Bodhisattvas. There is no vihara erected around this stupa. The vihara of Zimpa thus commands a beautiful view of the banks of the Bagamati and of the mountains. Picturesque Patan is standing against the southern border of the valley and the long white mass of the middle of the valley catches a glimpse of the glaciers through the passes of the first mountains. In spite of the name of Ashoka, in spite of the evidence of his ancient constructions, the stupa has no antique inscription. The most ancient stone dates from
the reign of Shiva Simha 734 (1614) and nothing can be derived from these ignorant beings, forlorn generation of a dying religion, The Pandit of the place is brought to me. He literally knows nothing, has read nothing and I predict to him.— that he would fall in hell. Have they in their folly allowed their antiquities to get lost? Do they conceal them by a sentiment of blind jealousy? The problem requires solving. The inscription of Shiva Simha, in Newari language gives the name of Sthula-Caitya to the caitya and the Pandit tells me that it stands for the Sanskrit name of Zimpi Tandu. And in this courtyard where the soil covers and conceals undoubtedly epigraphical treasures, inhabitants of the neighbouring vihara, in rags, spread to dry in the sun some grass the smell of which would make one swoon and that serves for their food. Who is it who has said; Tell me what you eat and I shall tell you what you are.

Quite close to the north is a temple of Ganesh where steles give the dates of 772: 789: 829: 930: but without any royal name. We move along to the neighbouring vihara, the Aloku-Vihara. There we find one of those washing-places that abound at Kathmandu and Patan. A fairly deep ditch where water pipes of brickwork divert the waters of neighbouring sources into it. Justice must be given to the Newars. I have seen some of them who wash themselves at least once in their lives. Men, women and children all clothed in very small wraps splash, rub and twist their hair and my presence scarcely perturbs them. I saw my first snake here. In front of me a pretty little reptile of about a meter and a half in length springs out. It's forked tongue darts out neatly and it amuses itself in the mossy fountain. A woman leans her bare back against the wall on which the snake is climbing. I think it is necessary to shout out in my simplicity: "Sanpa, a snake." No notice is paid. I failed in the attempt. As far as man can remember these snakes have harmed nobody and the place is seething with them. I was thankful for the advice. A large statue of Shakyamuni in the classical pose the legs crossed, presides over the bathing-place. On a very small stupa I read the date 535 (1415). Through the deserted and unclean streets we overtake another small stupa of bricks and stucco, 5m x 50cm high, attributed to Ashoka. Nothing but modern steles.

On the side, towards the west, there lies another ditch but abandoned, where stagnates a brackish and repulsive pool of water. A stela rises from it and allows one to perceive ancient letters. We build
a footbridges on the mephitic lime and work the brush. The crowd
gathers at this unusual sight and the public voice tell me of the arrival of
a Pandit, With the Pandit the dialogue begins before an attentive and
curious audience. Here again a poor specimen of a Pandit. He says he
has no practice in Sanskrit, he rather makes use of the “Bhasha”. And do
you believe Mr. Pandit-ji that Sanskrit is commonly spoken in France.
Impossible to convey to him the kind of curiosity that had urged me to
come from so far into Nepal to gather bits of manuscripts and
inscriptions. He concludes. “Tatha svadeshee Svagunaprakaco bhavisyat”. It is the “ut declamatio fias” translated into Sanskrit. And
to think that after all he may be in the right. I will reply to him with
Manu: “Jadaval loka asharet” “one must live in the world like a beast”
In following the road to Saugal tol, I see on my way a stone used as a
water pipe, but now serving no purpose, bearing traces of ancient
inscription. And I reach the Mahabuddha-Vihara where lives the uncle
of my Pandit Bhivanananda. The poor fellow is ailing with rheumatism
which prevent him from walking and guiding me. The temple of
Mahabuddha vihara shows off among the pagodas and the caityas
being of pure Hindu style, crowned with a small vimana profusely
sculptured and fairly recalls the temple of Mahabodhi Vihara. It
deserves a particular attention, unfortunately it is pressed so closely
between the houses of the vihara that it scarcely allows of a passage two
meters wide. It is impossible to survey it at a glance. The poor
Bhuvananda shivers with fever. It would be better to return. I end the
day visiting the neighbouring vihara, Unko Vihar (Rudra varna-vihara)
to the south of the Mahabodhi, a beautiful vihara two courtyards in
depth, clean, well kept, well looked after, with pillars, caityas and
ordinary temples but nothing but recent steles.

This morning I returned to Harigaon. In spite of the truly
impressive complaisance of my assistants, viharas and temples disclose
nothing and I begin to loose hope when on reaching the rustic staircase,
which leads to the pillar in the tank. I discover a stele buried, but just
peeping above a platform that carries a ruined and abandoned temple.
I distinguish the traces of ancient letters. My Mukhiya digs out the soil
with his large knife, the knife that all Nepali carry at the waist. The
sepoy Sri Ram Sing, who looks tenderly after the Mlecha (barbarian),
no, the Sahib Pandit” as they say, removes the stones, enlarges the hole.
The Pandit washes the stone and an inscription of Amshuvarman sees
light again in a very good state of preservation: *Samvat 32*. At the other corner another stone almost buried only shows its head. The coolie digs and digs and it is a new inscription of *Amshuvarman, Samvat 30*. I wish to take a photograph. The *Mukhiya* goes and fetches or rather goes to request in the name of the law, strings, bamboo; we have the heavy stele outside its hole, bring it to the light and the operation completed. With the same ceremony and pomp we take back the stone to its hole where it will have to await a new resurrection. But God alone knows what kind of *pujas* they will now receive after the explanations given to the crowd of villagers, explanations expounded and amplified by the *mukhiya*.

After breakfast fresh look of *Pustakalaya* (Library). All those who can speak Sanskrit come to view the strange animal and if this impatience is flattering it is wrong to interrupt the reading of the manuscripts. These honest people confined in their *Shastra* are especially surprised at the variety of our lectures. I have had the pleasure of revealing to them the name and works of *Bergaigne* and the revelation of this *Vedic* knowledge have filled them with admiration.
Today, Sri Pancami. The winter has ended. A salvo of artillery (nothing takes place here without gun fire — the changes of ministries as well as those of the seasons follow the same programme). A salvo of artillery at 10 a.m. announced to us the beginning of the spring. Vasanta will be welcomed. Besides, it has managed for a sensational entry, an unexpected event. Yesterday we had precisely the most sullen day I had seen in India. The sun has not appeared for a moment and the thick mass of clouds descended and descended on the valley like a faked ceiling whilst the breeze generously scattered whirlwinds of dust. And what a breeze! My hands, deeply buried in my pockets, were numbed and I was obliged to give up the idea of photographing due to want of light and stability. The thermometer did not rise above 8. I vainly explored Patan under this biting breeze, I found nothing that was even worth noting down. And the evening was so cold that I buried myself inside the bed. My poor bed! I have had the curiosity to measure its depth: 7 centimeters by forcing the number; lashes of cloth cross-stitched on a framework of woods, a blanket on top, and to cover myself with, my covering of the journey and yet another rezai. Fifteen days to day that I am here. What a strange pleasure it is this dreadful seclusion and this icy cold when India offers everywhere a comfortable hospitality with her heavenly temperature. But since I am here, I am glad of having been sent here. India is too vast to be viewed at a glance and too closed to open her gates at the first stroke of hammer. The European can only live with Europeans and consequently apart from the natives. A justifiable anxiety of hygiene has everywhere been established — the dwelling of the sahibs far from the indigenous populance. To attempt a personal research in a few months would be to lose one’s time. The Anglo-Indian officials are alone able to carry out a useful task. They have official quality. They are feared and their favour is sought after. They have the long practice of the country and of the language. To search for manuscripts behind furore is to spend one’s time on a lottery ticket. Nepal, fortunately, contrasts to these disadvantages. The stretch of the country is closely limited too closely even, because beyond the valley the rest of the country is as exactly known as the North Pole. Hodgson and Wright have undoubtedly drained the manuscripts. Bhagvanlal and Bendall have gathered the inscriptions. But behind Hodgson and Wright, it is still permitted to search and glean, Of all the Tripitaka, how
many texts are there still remain to be discovered? Further, as a Frenchman, I feel a bit suspicious. The Gorkhas can only proposes to France very distant schemes on Nepal. Lastly, it is the last region, still belonging to India, where Buddhism still lives and already very near from dying out or rather from blending with Hinduism, as it has been elsewhere. From the point of view of Buddhist archaeology, the valley is a complete museum from the stupas of Ashoka to Hindu temples and the Tibetan caityas. In short, particularly interested by my researches in relations to India with the Chinese world. I am here at the true crossway of these two worlds. Nepal is a vassal of China and sends her a periodical tribute. A Lama dwells here and a Nepali Resident at Lhasa. The communications between India and China are here a palpable fact, evident and material. The Chinese stampings mingle in the processions to the chromolithographs of Europe.

The good will of the authorities, however, unexpected it may appear, maintains and even increases itself. The Commander-in-Chief Deb Shamsher, acting Maharaja, sent word to me yesterday that he had given the order to serve to me the “Pioneer” daily, one of the best newspapers in India, and I received this morning a basket of oranges and lemons. The proverbial parsimony of the Gorkhas makes the present precious. Deb Shamsher has also expressed the desire to see my stampings and to have my explanations. Archaeological curiosity! It is to know them. He requested me to take a stamping and to explain if possible an inscription on the wall of the Darbar (Darbar square in Kathmandu) and which has, it appears, so far resisted the efforts of learned men. I have asked him for a precise indication but it certainly concerns the palaeographical inscription that the good pedant Pratapa Malla has traced on the wall of the Darbar and in which the French word “HIVER” (winter) goes by the side of Tibetan and Arabic. It is so he sent word to me that the people of this place affirm that the inscription denotes a hidden treasure”. Tenco lupim. Thus, it is due to such belief that Khadga Shamsher the brother, has dug out the great stupa of Kapilavastu in order to hunt out the large sum, and they take leave of me with the hope that all this epigraphical treasure will end in treasures of resonant money. Impossible to make them understand our curiosity. The two essential factors of our researches, religion and history, have no equivalent in Sanskrit. Yesterday morning the Jemadar brought me a Yogi from Haridwar (North India), on his journey for a pilgrimage,
knowing Sanskrit well, knowing well his Yoga and cursing the false Yogi, professionals or mendacity. Again he was one of those who asked me the fundamental question so often heard — which religion is the best in your knowledge. Old task of disparaging the belief of others and exalting one’s own. I have my perpetual reply to Sarvatra Satam acarah sadhuh dustanam dustah. Everywhere honest people behave well and the wicked badly. “He has very naturally asked me if there were Yogi in France. He was convinced that there are Yogi in Germany.

Double effect of this distant sojourn (but is not nature a game of apparent contradictions). Jingoism (chauvinism) awakens at the same time when there develops a deep feeling of human solidarity. To see the other fractions of humanity at play, one perceives the appropriate role that is set aside for the motherland.

To day is a holiday. The town is made inferno by the beating of drums, its processions, its music and its chorus that move along from temple to temple. The Sripancami is the Saraswati-puja, the festival of the nib and inkstand. This morning under the direction and escort of my very faithful Mukhiya, I make a pilgrimage to Balaji to the north of Kathmandu at the foot of Nagarjun. Crowds gather to worship the statue of Jalashayana Narayana floating on water, reclining on the Shesha who raises its heads. Colossal statue in the middle of a tank of quite modern workmanship the real Jalashayana is at Budha Nilkanth, 5 miles from Kathmandu. No temple is here erected to the god but a small Nepali temple built in Chinese style is consecrated to Durga. The daily he-goat has just been sacrificed to her and the head has fallen in the basket, whilst the body still quivers in the hands of the sacrificer. The crowd soon presses on all sides, women especially, and it is a continuous tinkling of bells that each visitor announces his journey to the goddess. The site is ravishing, shaded by tall trees. Limpid streams supply water to number of tanks, where the piety of the faithful feeds legions of carps and pour out from about twenty gargoyles on the lovers of devout bathers. The Tibetans, with their thick woollen boots or leather boots and their bewildered faces, burst out laughing at this spectacle.

They are evidently astonished at the cleanliness of the Newars. How everything is relative. The scale of altitudes marks here the degrees of human filthiness.
In the afternoon in my own way I made a puja to Sarasvati. I have prepared a complete transcription of one of the stelas of Amsuvarman and written a Sanskrit letter to Pandit Kula Man of Patan urging him in the search of manuscripts.
30th January, Sunday

Afternoon of rest. Pandit has even done so the whole day. It is the astami (the 8th) and further there is an uposadha (fasting) today in honour of Avalokiteshvara. I returned to Patan on Friday to see the enquittant the, respectable Kula Man whom my letter seems to have impressed. Very moved. The good Pandit and then I greeted him in the Pandit fashion with a real folded hands, anjali. And he swore to me on his great Buddhas that he would do his best utmost. I gave him the list of all the works classified by Nanjio and known by Chinese translations. I ask him at first to find me the Sutra-lankara of Ashvaghosa, which according to the Chinese version deals with both literature and history. He has not the text but he knows its title. Then I ask for the Abhidharmakosha of Vasubandhu, which I have laboriously restituted in part according to the Chinese version, and the Sanskrit commentary of Yashomitra. Then the whole literature of Abhidharma, Jnanaprashthanu, Prajnuptipada, etc only one of these texts. And I am a happy man or at lest a happy traveller. In leaving Kula Man I proceeded once again towards the Mahabodhi Vihar, as I wished to take a photograph of it. The temple was unique in its kind in Nepal. But it is so closely surrounded by its square of houses that I took a risk with my camera on the broken roof of a hut in ruin whence I was able to snap a characteristic feature— the details of one of the four small vimanas erected on the roof of the sanctuary at the four corners of the great vimana, the structure of which they reproduce. At Mitrananda's house I found a Sabhararangini, an anthology in the style of the Subhasitavali or rather again of the Subhasitaratabhandagara because the verses are set in it without the author’s name. This is a large collection (67 leaves) composed by Jagnanatha Mishra, Yugacaranpasamkhya vatsare (1654 AD). The manuscript is the work of Amritananda. I had no time to see the whole thing but shall return again to see it at some other time. I do not expect to find new and important works in the household that provides its Pandyts to the Residency (namely quite an ordinary translator told to translate into Hindustani, documents in Newari that are addressed to the Resident).

Yesterday I paid a visit to Harigaon and thence to Deopatan where I took the stamping of an inscription of Jayasthiti Malla near the temple of Vagishvari (Jaya Vageshwari), in a hiti (one of those hollows
in which water flows from pipes). At Pashupati I found two fairly
distinguished speakers who narrated to me with an imperturbable
seriousness in the centre of a crowd that had gathered amazed and as
seriously as we would state our system of chronology, the origin of the
temple according to the Nepal Mahatmya, the flight of Shiva in the form
of a gazelle, the vain search of the gods. In short, how they found him in
the Shlesmantaka vana. The temple is situated on the bank of the
Bagmati, squeezed in between two plateau in a picturesque pass and
bordered by ghats where the faithful never cease to swarm, The
Bhotiyas (Tibetans) and their associates, the monkeys are met with in
crowds. As I am not a Hindu or a Bhotiya or a monkey I was obliged to
view the temple from the usual spot, where rises a giant statue of Nandi
entirely gilded as large as the Lion of Belfor. The principal temple of
Nepali style (roofs rising tier upon tier) is surrounded by temples and
smaller temples that cover a space of ground. In front on the left bank of
the Bagmati, Jang Bahadur erected ghats crowned by a regular line of
temples without distinctive features, a fairly similar to our monuments
in the cemetery. Fairly thick woods, the remnants of the Shlesmantaka
vana surround the temples. The fraternal concord of the gods is marked
by a simple feature. All along the ghats on the right bank an inscription
painted in large letters bears — Sri Krishna. In the main, in spite of the
popularity of Pashupati, the real divinity of India and Nepal, as far as I
know, is Durga the monstrous and sanguinary goddess.
31st January, Monday Evening

The Commander-in-Chief has sent me this morning a precise information on the inscriptions he desires me to study. It concerns really in fact the inscription on the wall of the Darbar (square of Kathmandu) by the good pedant Pratapa Malla, collector of alphabets. I then proceeded to town, but the inscription is so enormous (it covers 4 meters of wall space) that I gave up the idea of taking a stamping, the stamping paper being scarce here and very costly. All that is not an indigenous produce undergoes an enormous rise in price, because the transport of bearers back from Segowlie (Sugauli) to here is paid at the rate of 3 rupees for 25 kilograms. On seeing me at this time photographing the mysterious inscription, the crowd rushed, expecting the appearance of the treasure. The most amusing part of it was that the soldiers of the Darbar, equally convinced by the hidden meaning of the inscription, began pushing back the crowd with blows from their fists as if it was gang of thieves. Towards the end of the day, I spent two hours at the Library of the Darbar School and I was shown the provisional catalogue of the Tantra section. Certainly, such a rich collection will not be found anywhere else in India. More than 500 numbers and half of them are unknown to me. When the turn of Tantric studies comes round it will be necessary to have recourse in Nepal. I was returning on my horse at a canter when I hear a cyclone blowing behind me. A wave of dust is raised by about a hundred ruffians running who trace the area of a circle, pushing back violently the unfortunate passers by. I can see and hear blows from fists and shouts. Nepal is getting civilised and she knows how to use her police. A vehicle surrounded by a mounted bodyguard passes and behind this another human wave. It is the Commander-in-Chief, acting Maharaja, who is out on a promenade. I draw myself up to greet him. He sends me a greeting of “good evening” and invites me to come near his vehicle. The troop of sepoys opens out not without mistrust. Where on earth could such a beautiful collection of human beasts have been gathered? In this charming country the Maharaja gives an audience to his brothers only when guards holding naked swords in their hands surround him. This friendly Deb Shamsher had, in company with his two elders, killed with his little hand his old uncle who was wrong in showing an excessive goodwill in favour of the sons of Sir Jang Bahadur. Then the small hand without the least scruple slays as many as it can the too numerous descendants left by the same Jang.
And the eldest of the Shamsher has attributed himself the office of Maharaja and the rest of the Shamshers (they are about fifteen brothers in all) have distributed among themselves by rank of elderliness. (progeny) all the high posts and employment. Khadga Shamsher, the second of the family seemed disposed to promote himself. The stroke was soon carried. Khadge who was then Commander-in-Chief comes to the palace of the Maharaja to submit his report. Four men throw themselves on him, take him by the wrists and the Maharaja announces to his younger brother that by an overflow of affection he creates him governor of Tansen the district west of Nepal. Here we find a nice variation of the famous scene: “Hear you, be then Marquis of Castellance, etc”. A palanquin is all ready; “Will you give yourself the trouble?” “And my wives? And my children?” “They will be looked after”. And under a strong escort, through mountain necks and dells, they lead the Governor to Palpa in spite of himself. The caravan of spouses with the little Shamsher followed after a few days. And the day will come on the morrow, in a month, in a year, when another little hand will slay unerringly the Maharaja but this will only mean a change of ministry. The poor Dhiraj as they call him here, the Maharajadhiraja (the King) in whose name everything takes place, lives closely cloistered in his palace with women and flowers, without any other distraction than to change from one pavilion painted in blue to dwell in to another painted in yellow, sacred marionette always ready to make gestures without asking who pulls the string.

Then we skirt the tank of Rani Pokhari, vast stretch of rectangular water that Jang Bahadur has had surrounded with an ugly white wall. A rather narrow footbridges leads to a small pavilion erected in the middle of the water. The spot is safe, sentinels guard the whole wall. “We shall be better able to talk if we alight”. “At your Excellency’s disposal”, I replied carefully to be polite. Without lowering myself I take care to alight at the very moment he alights and side by side we converse on the narrow causeway.

"Have you seen the fish of this tank? You have not? You will see them.” Dry grasshoppers are brought and it is the tank of Fontainebleau. He enquires for the news of the inscription and of my researches. A tomb was discovered at Kapilavastu containing a few scraps of gold.- Ah congratulations!- I am very much afraid that if nothing serious will be found. Do you believe that this gold has a great
value? Wait. Kapilavastu was a city of temples. Pilgrims from all over Asia came thither. Then do you believe that a treasure could be found."

I reply to him that the real treasure is the inscriptions. It is that which connects man to his past and expresses to him his present. A people without history is a tree without roots. Kings have their genealogy, of humanity.” These considerations developed in an English which enthusiasm makes eloquent, impress the small Gorkha who requests me to come and speak to him in the palace tomorrow afternoon. We shall attempt to awaken him.
Another Mangal-Var. Refuse now to believe in the Jyotisa (astrology), doubled with the Nimitta shastra (science of signs). A stanza addressed to Kula Man has been fruitful. Flies are not captured with vinegar nor are Pandits with durbhasitas (ill words). The excellent Kula Man sends me a reply which I transcribe on account of the good news it conveys and because it shows the extent of the knowledge of Sanskrit among the Buddhists of Nepal. Kula Man is the cudamani (diadem).

Crikulamanapanditena bhavatam crimatam
pranamaputrahsarena prarthana krtam bhavatam uktam...

This signifies in good French that he had procured himself at great pains a manuscript of the Sutrālankara and that he hands me the copy. Decidedly it must be believed that Nepal is not yet exhausted by so many researchers. A rapid and very summary examination permits me to ascertain that it is not the Sutrālankara of Ashvoghosa, but another works known under the same title that has for author Bodhisatva Asanga contempary of Vasubandhu (Vth century). It is once again preliminary and must I wait for something better? Vexed at the refusal of the pseudo Pandit of Zimpi Tandu at Patan (Simpi-tandu is credited with being very rich in manuscripts). I have again had recourse to the divine Saravasti and I dazed my man with this virulent reproach:

budhuksitam vyaghrim drstva svacariram ayacitah
pacav api karunardra bodhistvah pura danan
agatam apithim...etc.

I had struck the sensitive cord. Immediately the following reply is received (again a sample of the local Buddhist Sanskrit).

bhavatam crimatam pranamya bhavatam ajnapita pustakanam
madgrhe asti va na asti maya na juatam bhavatam krpa
chet tarhi likhitva anyagrhe maya gantum anyatpustakam
bhavatam agre yah pustakani samarpayami.

Here is another promise of useful collaboration. I will go to Patan tomorrow and kindle this zeal that awakens. Such a long time is needed in this country like India to come to a result. But I would not like to leave Nepal before having exhausted every possible chance as I now know the men, and my luck of shloka has not yet spent. This morning
already under a burning sun (suddenly as it behaves here the heat has appeared, the heat of a Parisian summer), the cortege begins its journey to Mount Nagarjun that dominates Kathmandu towards the North and raises to more than a 1000 meters above the valley with its steep slopes richly wooded, rebounding towards the south-south-east in two billows (the latter carrying Svayambhunatha) and towards the southeast in a mammalian overlooking Balaju. I desired to visit the cave associated by tradition to the memory of Nagarjuna who is believed to have lived there and composed the tantras (Is this not here pre-eminently the domain of the Tantras) would there still remain there a few inscriptions as the caves of Barabadur have brought to light? Captain Sahib and the Commander-in-Chief had put me on my guard; the slope of Nagarjun in the reserve of wild animals for the Maharaja's hunts. They had not lied. I had not lied. I had the pleasure of seeing a tiger which had just been shot and was bleeding on the ground. But that is all I met with. The grotto which is widely open and not very deep faces full to the south. It shelters a statue larger than life size and fairly in pieces of Shakyamuni; stelas as everywhere else among these people fond of epigraph (too fond, alas, because this one kills the other in order to made new stelas, they simply scrape the old ones), but nothing ancient, the oldest date is from the beginning of the XVIIIth century. The old caityas in ruins rise at a short distance invaded by vegetation. There also stelas of between 100 to 150 years. Nothing more. Lower down, at the entrance to the reserved domain stands a small temple of Shiva made ill use of by a classical Sanyasi all spattered with ashes the forehead decorated with sacramental signs, arrayed with a necklace of rudraksmalas and who lives here in company with beasts. I met on my way another type of Yogi, clothed in an overcoat which he carried under his arm, grinning roaming and perpetually in the mood for laughter. I have not had the time to ascend the mountain to the top where the Buddhists bum their corpses and disperse the ashes to the wind.

I have had to come down with great pains on these steep slopes covered with dry grass where the shoes hopelessly slip. The Commander-in-Chief had given me a prearranged place of meeting. I am now more than persona grata. An hour and a half of interview to day and on what a tone. I have further been obliged to put an end to the interview myself. Captain Sahib overtakes me on my way back and hands me in the name of the Commander-in-Chief, a magnificent
khukuri, the yataghan, that every Nepali carries at the waist, with a sashboard silver-plated; two small knives are part of the whole. They are meant for work of small importance and a case for the tinder and stone (tinderbox). Matches are not yet here a current object of consumption. Also a French letter come from Paris and which I am asked to translate. A gentleman BC writes to “Sir Maharajdhiraj” to ask him the collection of Nepali stamps. Sacra fames. I offer to undertake to despatch him his wants, but Deb Shamsher, in the mood for goodwill, prefers to despatch them himself.
I was received with the traditional reception at the palace. The crowd of attendants always in a hurry and yet doing nothing at present, distracted by the arrival of the Sahib. A company paid me honours. It is preferable here to have the white skin than red sash. Deb Shamsher has had erected a tent in the garden but changing his mind he awaits me in a small pavilion erected round a basin where water plays all round. I remember those water castles that amazed the Chinese travellers on their journey to Nepal. Many coloured glasses spread an amusing light and the water sprouts distribute a particularly beneficial coolness. He advances towards me and sends for his two sons of twelve and ten years of age. I speak to them about France and of her greatness, especially of Paris even in the remote valley of the Himalayas. I offer to teach French to the kids who look very smart. Then Deb Shamsher asks me to show him the photograph of my children. As a man well acquainted with Europe, he asks me: "Undoubtedly their mother looks after them. How many madams Deb have? Captain Sahib, ordinary subordinate having two houses, one at the gate of the Residency and the other in town or at a few hundred meters distant, has two collection of women to adorn his two households. And the Thapatali is not just one house or two, this residence of Deb, is a small town that certainly shelters several thousands of male and female inhabitants. "Our sons could be your friends," tells me the Commander-in-Chief, "Would it not be a captivating idea to have them have correspond from Paris to Kathmandu? May your son come here some day and they will be the guests of mine; may nine go to Europe, your sons would be their guide in Paris.

And I will have their portraits and that of the Papa and those of the Maharaja and the Dhiraj, and my children will send their photographs and it would be delightful. The land being well laid (now) I sow the seed. Could the authorities assist me in my search for inscriptions and manuscripts? If they could send for my Pandits. The two Pandits in the service of Deb Shamsher enter, both of them accustomed to speaking Sanskrit and the conversation goes from English to Sanskrit under the amazed gaze of the attendants present there. I expose my wishes. I enumerate the works I desire to procure myself. The two Pandits, Brahmans, but yet better informed than their Buddhist associates, confirm that several of these works exist and that they would proceed to make a search for them. "If they are found," says
Deb.” I buy them. If they refuse to sell them, I shall have copies made of them which I shall offer as a gift to the French Republic for the love of you”. (Oh, Oh, let us hasten, the Maharaja returns to take up his offices again in fifteen days and the good will of the other). And when I rise to leave, one of the two Pandits recites two verses that he had just composed in my honour:

namani tam vidhim nityam yena decantarasthayoh avayour idrci pritihi karita sukhakarini madhuryam vacasi namata svabhove caturyam sakalacastraparametu yad drstam bhavati tat kadapi mitra nanyasmin purvam api drstavanaham.

I spare myself the trouble to translate and spare my modesty already so impaired.
Three days of no avail, without any result. Day before yesterday I went to Patan but Pandit Kula Man has found me nothing else and of that long list that I had handed over to him he does not even know the titles. He had received that very morning the visit of the two Pandits of Deb Shamsher who had come to gather information on the manuscripts that he possesses. "In truth my Prince, to crown your goodwill the promise given on the eve was held on the morrow. Who can now accuse the good faith of the Nepali. Thence I proceeded to the house of Mitrananda, in the Mahabodhi Vihar to examine his family manuscripts. I saw the copy book large yellow leaves in which the first in date, to the Pandit's value Amritananda had gathered his notes on Buddhism at Hodgson's disposal who has well drained it. The collection of the Avandana is very rich and eclectic. The Tantras predominate in them as everywhere in Nepal, also a fine collection of Avadanas and the Nepali Dharmas worth mentioning also a manuscript of the Bharatiya Natya Shastra dated Samvat 1884 (1827).

On Thursday I visited the temple of Ichangu Narayana, one of the four great Narayanas of Nepal to the north west of Kathmandu in a small secondary valley formed by two promontories of the Nagarjun. The path is fairly difficult. It outlines the hill of Svayambhu, then successively scales two lesser chain of the mountain called one of them as Halchok and the other one as Ichangu. Cultivation covers the bottom of the valleys as well as their slopes entirely shaped in graduated terraces as is the custom here. The lower side of the mountain presents the shape of staircases. In spite of its great sacredness, the temple of Ichangu Narayan is a fairly wretched, temple of Nepali style, without luxury or grandeur, even badly maintained. The dharmasalas in the vicinity falls in ruins. In spite of its so-claimed antiquity, nothing ancient. The stelas of the yard do not date back more than two centuries. On a brick platform that serves as a base to the temple a stela of more ancient appearance shows its first lines. The shape of the letters seems to indicate the XIth or XIIth century. But decisive refusal to allow it to be extracted from the brick-bed wherein it is fitted. While returning back I make the ascension of Svayambhunath once again and visit the temple and vihara of Saravasti built behind the Svayambhu on the other summit of the hill but all our researches under the wood in the chaos of stones serve to be of no avail.
On Friday I spent the day exploring Kirtipur, so proudly perched on the steep hill ahead of the Chandragiri, at a distance of three miles south southwest from Kathmandu. This “town of people with noses cut” has not recovered from the terrible blow given by the Gorkhas. She is putrefying in her stinking ruins. I carefully visited the great temple of Bagh Bahirab, Bhairava with the tiger adorned from head to foot and on all sides with bull’s horns spoils of those victims sacrificed there daily in the courtyard and quite a considerable number of secondary temples. The convent of Mahabudh has inside the interior one inscription of 700 of the Nepali Samvat. The great central caitya, all white washed rises on a vast two storied terrace overloading the houses of the vihara. The dwellers of this vihara are ignorant of the Nepali Buddhism, impossible to find out anything on the manuscripts they possess. On my return I visited the long series of temples graduated along the banks of the Bagmati, near the confluence of the Bishnumati.
6th February, Sunday

Yesterday a torrential rain with thunder like running fire, then the snow whitened the slopes around. This morning by an icy fog that limited perception to ten paces, I proceeded on my way to Chobhar. Today is the "Magha Purnamasi". I knew it too late to spot the beliefs of my escort. On entering the field that separates the Residency from the town I suddenly hear from I know not where, muffled symphonies and suppressed choruses through the dense mist. It is the feast of the full moon. The cold is intense and the Newars, little affected by cold yet cover their faces like Musulman (Muslim) ladies. And yet the pious Brahmans are there, stark naked, at the fountains at the washing places on the banks of the Bagmati, accomplishing with a minute punctuality all the detail of the rites—signs, meditations, etc. All those vague forms, I cross, carry in their hands brass trays on which are carefully arranged offerings of flowers and incense; the temple bells peal; the holy images have already the forehead adorned with a real hump of sandal wood or of red vermillion and on the foreheads of the faithful the remains of the offerings lines in white, yellow and red. At the temple of Laksmi Narayana on the Bagmati the Yogis grouped around their temple (each brotherhood has its dharma sala, its temple, its courtyard, its ghar, its water, its banner; Vairgis, Sadhus, Sannyasis, etc...) make an infernal din, some beat the drum others shake the cymbals, another blows the trumpet, another proceeds to burn incense at the four corners of the platform.

Chobbar is to the south of Kathmandu on a rounded mamelon with rugged and steep slopes; the Bagmati to force an outlet which forcibly separated the mamelon from mount Phulchoki and has cut herself a deep gorge whence it flows out towards the south. At the opening of the gorge there rises the temple of Bighna-Binaik (Vighna Vinayaka), otherwise called Ganesh, one of the four doubly holy temples of Vinayaka in Nepal. The actual temple is entirely modern, of Nepali style without any character. Ganesh is covered with veil that discloses only the forehead of the god to the adoration of the faithful who come to please him. On top of the mamelon, undoubtedly commanding a beautiful view of Kathmandu in the north, Patan in the east, Bhadgaon in the northeast; and Kirtipur in the west (but still badly scattered mist has prevented me from seeing anything); the old Vihar of Chobahal in the centre of the courtyard at the usual place of the caitya.
there stands a temple of Mahadeva of Hindu style with colonnades and vimanas. The sanctuary of Shakyamuni, instead of being simply inserted in the periphery of the vihara, forms here a temple having its appropriate development in Nepali style. A curious feature is the abundance of copper utensils, vases, pots, plates, frying-pans, all hanging in the temple from top to bottom. In an adjoining courtyard there rises a stela corroded by time but on which there still appears the remaining of ancient letters. I return through the fields and this time under a strong sun, through the Pulchu-Vihar erected on a small hillock to the west of Patan and very close to the town. It is to this vihar that belongs the four stupas of Ashoka built to the west of the town, but the stupa is fairly distant. In the Vihar itself I find nothing and caityas of plaster and brick erected in front of the vihar fall in ruins.

On returning to Kathmandu, I find the streets lined with a row of spectators like during our Lent days (carvinal). The women have attired themselves in immoderate sized skirts that swell up like balloons. They are waiting for the passing of the Magha-Yatra. And I shall see the Yatra also. In town yesterday’s rain marinated the filth all along the causeways and in the crush of the crowd the stink is intolerable. Fortunately, it suffices for the Mukhiya in order to open for me a passage, with the shout, “Ho, Sahib Pandit” and the ranks open out. I manage to settle myself on a terrace facing the temple of Annapurna and at that very moment I become myself the Yatra, the spectacle, the universal object in view. A group of Brahmans approaches me, begins the conversation in Sanskrit and an amiable debate opens to which the crowd listens to with amusement. Here is the procession, naked children carrying sticks crowned with large balls bristling with gilded straw, most probably the sun. Above this are oranges. In the palanquins, naked lad also sitting and on their knees they carry lamps burning incense. On a large platform stands a young boy dressed with green and garbed in spangled tinsel, with the eyes encircled in dark rings, motionless and grave. He represents Rama. On his left we see a delicate Sita, an ideal type of childish beauty the eyes in ecstasy. Facing them a nude boy, elegant and harmonious like an ancient work of sculpture, has a bow slung over the shoulder. He represents Lakshman. With the large naked sword he holds in his hand, he cuts off the nose of an ugly looking giant doll its hair dishevelled and falling and with the face of a bird of prey. This is Suparnakha. Then on another moving platform stands
**Hiranyakashyepu** with a wild boar's face who winds red threads symbolizing his torn entrails, whilst facing him a motionless child, with hands joined represents Prahlad. And then it is a crowd of small temples and small statues carried on stretchers and choruses consisting of men, children, **vinas**, trumpets, flutes and drums. The whole ceremony was well over, when my friend **Deb Shamsher** presents himself to the acclamation of the populace. He sees me, gives the order to make room for me and the terrace on which I stand is emptied in a moment. We began to talk and pray on what? Oh my manuscripts! He intends to send me five for examination and he will be pleased to give me and the **French Republic** any one of them I may choose.
I saw today a few things strangely expressive. I visited Baudhanath to the east-north-east of Kathmandu between the Bagmati and Mount Sivapuri, not far from Pashupati. Baudhanath is the largest of the Budhist stupas of Nepal, larger than the four great stupas of Ashoka in Patan. The circular base of plastered bricks has all along regular niches wherein are fixed vertical bars with turn prayer boxes wherein are inscribed: Om Mani padme hum. Four circular terraces of bricks graduate from the base to the hemisphere of the stupa. The stupa is crowned with a kind of rectangular bell-ferret on which are painted on each side two large eyes and the edifice ends with a red canopy supported by copper rods. All around the stupa tracing an irregular rectangle stand one storied house wherein reside a few Newars. But these houses especially serve as a shelter to the Tibetan pilgrims. Baudhanath is the sanctuary of the Tibetans. The Vamsavali attributes its construction to Manadeva but the relies that are deposited thither are those of a Tibetan saint. A lama dwells thither and performs his ceremonies. Baudhanath (popular as Baudha) is without contradiction and the headquarters of human putrefaction. The ground is made of dung and what dung and the Tibetans swarm thither, spreading far and wide a stink of grease enough to disgust sheep a smell of he-goat enough to chase away the she-goats, disclosing between the partly opening of their filthy tatters, oily skins that have never soiled water.

Prohibition to enter in the precinct of the stupa. With my Pandit, my Mukhiya and the coolie who is a Buddhist, I explore the terraces and I settle myself to take photograph. The Mukhiya and the Pandit rejoin me. They found two inscriptions ancient in appearance but in the Bhotiya dialect. Granted for Bhotiya. And the stamping was taken. This time the sepoy, excellent “impression taker”. accompanies the Pandit and the mukhiya remains with me. A Gorkha constable comes to assist him and it is not an easy task, because the ignorant Bhotiyas suffocate me with their greasy pushing and place themselves against the very camera shutter. All this mechanism puzzles them and one of them addresses me: Buddhavatara; another humble offers me a pice to make me puja. I must submit myself to the indiscreet worshipping of this horde who touches, alas with veneration, my sleeves and my trousers. I even feel myself touched on the hand. It is a Lama from Darjeeling, he wears mittens. Does he conceal some sort of leprosy? As a fellow

7th February, Monday
member he does not release me, striving to convince me, that there are no inscriptions here below or above the ground. Give me back Kathmandu, the town of stenches, because one can still breathe there a little. At last my mukhiya and his colleague decide to release me in Gorkha fashion. They swing their fists on all sides but suddenly a giant beast of a Tibetan spring forward with his chest half bare and his head encircled with long hair. He raises his arm like a club on the mukhiya: "Hear, you Gorkha." And the ferocious Gurkha before whom India trembles, the eventual invader of India should England disappear, becomes very small and knuckles under.

My photographs taken, I assist to a Tibetan spectacle. A tall old man strangely resembling the statues of Homer, draped in a tunic that discloses his arm and left shoulder, greets with a bow shaped fiddle-stick a three stringed mandolin and sings God knows what. Two young Tibetan beauties accompany him, two jolly girls with quite flat faces and rosy cheeks and uneven teeth, the head encircled with a disc in which are set all kinds of red, blue and green stones, the hair astonishingly dark and more greasy than black, plaited into two tight and straight tresses that stick on each shoulder. They pull down causing to tremble between their figures the facing of their large sleeves. Silver chains adorn their waist. The old man and the two nautch-girls wear rings of their ears, rings large enough to serve us as bracelets. They sing, roll their eyes as if on the verge of fainting, dance a kind of jig or boree whirl at times whilst the old man keeps on playing his screeching fiddle.

At last the Pandit and the sepoy return and spread their stampings. I take up one and examine it in the sun. Another beast of Tibetan snatches it from my hands and holds on to it, I believe it to be an indiscreet curiosity as I have the habit of meeting here. In short the mykhiya orders: "Return that to me" then the Bhotiya with a fearful expression of idiotic fanaticism crumples the paper in his hands throws it over the enclosure of the stupa springs in front of the Mukhiya greets him with an ironical salute by falling on his knees, his tongue protruding, his skirt upturned completes his demonstration in a sign of Mouquette fashion then feigning to brandish a weapon leaves at a run towards his den. The Lama then approaches and says softly: "Believe me, depart at once." The good Homeric old man with the amiability of a man who has received two annas, insists: "Depart at once, depart at
once”. And the anxious mukhiya tells me: *Ride your horse and let us go.* And the pale Pandit tells me: *Ah these Bhotiyas*. Our cortege glees. It is the exact term. I have seen the Gorkha routed by the Tibetan. And we are in Nepal at one hour from Kathmandu. What will it be in Tibet. There is something here that does not encourage me to visit *Lhasa*. And after all, it is for these people that *Shakyamuni* had turned the *Wheel of Law*. They have well realised the type of squalid ignorance. What would happen if these very hordes took the road to India or to the West.
Bhatgaon

The Maharaja gives me a house and it is very kind of him. But though it is a Maharaja's house, yet it is not a comfortable house. From outside it is altogether a neat looking. It lies a little outside the town, right in the middle of a meadow quite close to the beautiful tank of Siddhakapokhari: in a pretty surrounding against the background of the valley. Attractive foregrounds with villas and gardens; above stretch the thick forests and as a crowning the inconceivable mass of glaciers. Oh, to go to the pretty house and stand at the window. It has less seducing charms to the dweller. The architect, who built it, is certainly a Bengali who had wished to follow the European style. He has planned large windows everywhere with real venetian glass shutters, The architect is of the day gone by. The glasses have cracked, broken glasses have gone to pieces, and one by one the framework of the windows has come apart. The poor venetian shutters have lost their blades and the wind that blows across the mountain blows across the room laden with coryzas and odontalgies. And suddenly the weather cools or at least it is colder in Bhatgaon. Kathmandu close to Nagarjun loses in picturesqueness but gains a shelter against the icy wind of the north. Bhatgaon-town is, fortunately, sheltered in a depression of the ground at the foot of the Mahadeo Pokhari but my house built on a very exposed plateau, generously offers itself to the indiscreet caresses of the breeze from Kathmandu to Bhatgaon, three sturdy leagues by a fairly good road on which those vehicles, not afraid of ditches or quagmires, can circulate. The path crosses by turn the Dhobikhoka, the Bagmati and the Manahara coming down from Mount Manichur.

The three rivers still swollen by the recent rains flow all three in a kind of deep trenches all widenened now confined forming real gorges where the rice grows leisurely in a rich and moistened soil. The two sides of the trenches generally rise perpendicularly and extend in plateau on which the towns are built. Nothing else gives more precise a feeling of the remarkable density of the population of Nepal than the aspect of the roads that join Kathmandu to the rest of the valley. The Darbar has thought it useful to give me a second mukhiya as assistant entrusted to supply me with provisions. And this evening, in the kind of hall that comprises the ground-floor of the house, there lies, side by side, two mukhiyas, the sepoy, the boy, the cook, the sweeper, my personal coolie, the syce and the horse.
And my entourage is still increasing. The Nepali government has estimated that I was not yet sufficiently guarded and it has or rather the "seat" of Bhagaon has assigned to me a "pulis", a police constable. If this continues I shall end in supporting the whole population of Nepal, because it is needless to mention that all these people are expecting their reward. In the afternoon the number of "pulis" has doubled but this evening I am reduced once more to one. And I have thus paraded through the streets of Bhadgaon with an imperial entourage. This imposing procession has done a considerable injustice to the procession of Kashi-Jagannatha which they were escorting with due puja forms, Today accompanied by great beating of drums and blowing of flutes, I attracted as many people as my divine rival. The Nepali being very prolific, the roads are crowded with idle urchins too glad to follow behind the procession. There was a good crowd of about fifty of them behind me when I returned. On the faith of my reputation the "whole of Bhadgaon" had come out in the street to see me. The sun alone did not have the curiosity to see me. He stubbornly veiled his face with a thick icy mist and to make my bungalow habitable. I was obliged to attend to my windows with sheets of paper.

My first day has been lucky. I found an inscription of Shivadeva in a good state of preservation in an old but ruined "hiti" (washing place) of the Tulacchi Tol. More so, even than at Kathmandu, more so even than at Patan, epigraphy spreads out at Bhadgaon. Magnificent stelas carefully engraved give the chronology of the Malla. The town is full of temples, majority of which are in ruins and are decayed. The market is still important, but one has the sensation of a life that is shrinking as has happened at Patan. Centralization carries on its work even in Nepal. Kathmandu absorbs, absorbs the valley. The principal temples are those of Bhairava, of Kali and of Dattatraya. Very few caityas and not one that is monumental. I have not yet seen the viharas. Here, like elsewhere in Nepal, the religion of Devi triumphs under all its forms. Kali, Bhagavati, Guhyeshvari, Maha-Laksmi have also a fairly good temple. The Darbar, smaller than that at Patan, is nevertheless picturesque in its grouping of pillars, of graduated roofs and of colours. It has, like Kathmandu, its "gate of gold", (Golden Gate of Bhaktapur).
13th February, Bhatgaon

The icy blast has kept me in my house muffled up in vain to protect myself against the stings of the wind that sweeps my room. What a downpour! The clouds clung to the trees, loosened themselves gathered in compact masses and melted in torrents. The whole of my entourage crammed in shelter in the hall, warmed themselves as best they could, whilst the bulls were fighting in the neighbouring meadow. Bhatgaon is the town of bulls. There are as many as inhabitants. Yesterday one of them had charged our entourage and it was a very rejoicing sauve-qui-peut (make best of your escape). And in spite of the dreadful rain, processions followed one another and the rattles did not cease from tinkling. Since the full moon morning and evening an entourage preceded by files of handballs and cymbals proceed to the temple of Jagannath, sings choruses, makes puja and returns to town.

A Newar carries on a tray a vase containing the water that has washed to god, and the good people on their way deposit on the tray the modest offering of one pice to receive in the hollow of their hand a little of the holy water. They swallow a portion of it and with the rest they touch the sacred points of their body.
Yesterday morning a pious procession of children, lads and lasses went past by on the road. Two small ones at the head also carried a brass tray with flowers and the children procession proceeded along singing a hymn to Sarasvati, before the beginning of the class. On the bank of the Hanumanti was another procession but less gay. Ahead four men carrying on their shoulders two poles supporting the body of a woman covered with a cloth. Behind a man, assisted by two friends, yells madly. A group of parents follow him moaning together. They reach the bank of the river, the wood is ready, whilst the family accomplish the religious ablutions the wood burns and the unfortunate corpse grills.

At last yesterday morning I was able to continue the course of my exploration. I visited the area of Thimi that stretches on a plateau between the Manahara and the Bagmati, halfway between Kathmandu and Bhadgaon. The area is densely populated and contrasts by its cleanliness relative to the towns of Nepal. I searched all the temples, chaityas and viharas. It is again Kali under all her forms who triumphs here. Their principal temple is Bala Kumari. With Kali and Lakshmi, especially Ganesh is popular, its temples infected by clotted blood and adorned by bulls horns speak enough of the sanguinary sacrifices with which the people honour the gods in Nepal. Here also the small steles generally of no importance abound but decorated by an embossment of grinning mask at the summit, with a long snake unwinding its links on either side. The Newars give them the name of Brihaspati and make them a daily puja. The Gorkhas do not keep an account of them. I was coming out disappointed at my failure when I noticed a deserted path. It is the old road, the pulis-ji tells me the old road is just of my concern. And at a hundred meters on the right I find a hiti in ruins with a half-worn stele. The top has disappeared but the base is very legible. The form of the letters, the wordings the exterior disposal clearly indicate a stele of Shivadeva II. I discovered another hiti to the left of the road. I run to it through the human rejections that always adorn the environs of an Indian village. Stretched on the ground a fragment of stele admirably traced with characters of the days of Madeva and that shows the mark of quite a recent break. The hiti in question has just been repaired and in the course of the work, the stone was broken; and in the crowd that surrounds me, nobody knows where the fragment has gone. A Timian assures me, however, that he had been employed in the repairs of the hiti. My pulis-ji (because the pulis of thimi did not wish to lose the
opportunity and my entourage made a somersault), the *pulis-ji* attempts to extract the said stone from its fitting. But the only result is that one of the *pulis* fall backwards in a kind of mire which would envy the cleanliness of our manure ditches.

I also visited the neighbouring village of *Nagades* to the north of *Thimi* but to of no avail. This morning, always trailing behind me, the encumbering multitude of my fellow-labourers, I climbed under a burning sun that evidently desired to make good its three days of eclipse. The steep slopes that lead to 2000 meters of altitude among the terraces where spread cultivation as far as the temples of *Manjusri-Sarasvoti*. On coming from *Mahacina*, say the Buddhists of Nepal, *Manjusri* erected this temple, but there remains nothing of it. The actual construction of this temple is quite modern, of the beginning of this century, ordinary brick-built temple hugging the rock sheltered by an enormous stone that overhangs and that carries a small *caitya* on its summit. The rock penetrates the roofing and serves as a ceiling. The Buddhists venerate the sanctuary in honour of *Manjusri*, the Hindus worships thither with equal devotion as *Saravasti*, whom the Buddhists give as a wife to *Manjusri*. My Mukhiyas, two Gorkhas and also the *pulis-ji* prostrate themselves before the image and touch the ground with their foreheads. They also ring the visitors bell. My *Pandit* and my coolie devout Buddhists, accomplish the same rites with the same ardour.

In the afternoon I await a visit. The *Mahant* of the *Math* of *Valacchi-Tol* had sent words that he would call over and had sent me to examine a manuscript that nobody in the monastery is able to decipher. He thought the works to be Buddhist one, because at the beginning is written: “*namo buddhaya*”. The writing is correct but the Buddhism of the text stopped there. It is a very long and cumbersome commentary on the *Malati-Madhava* of a certain *Dasaratha*. Now the *Mahant* sends me words that he is ailing and cannot call on me. But since he has half opened his door, I shall, perhaps, succeed in wrenching if off and I reply that since he is ill, I shall pay him the visit. And I proceed toward the convent. It is a *Math* of Jain *Margis* that rigorously closes its doors to one and all. Long discussions take place. At last the *Mahant* informs me that he would come and meet me on the causeway, outside the monastery. While waiting for him a distraction offers itself. On a
neighbouring platform, in front of the temple of *kali* and facing the
temple of *Bhairava*, on one of those rectangular brick platforms that
cumber the roads and crossways a compact crowd assists to the
representation of a *nataka* or so called one. Men, women and children
are there covered with brass rings, flowered with marigolds and wearing
necklaces of large oranges. Their heads are hidden under a fantastic
mask with large round eyes and flat noses. On the top of their ears
protrude two oblique stems supporting large gilded lozenges. Their
head-gears consist of masks with very large crowns from which falls a
tufted and greasy head of hair in Tibetan style. The personages are *Kali,*
*Bhairava,* etc. The masked actors begin presenting grotesque greetings
to the circle of spectator, then express by dancing the various sentiments
possessing them. At last the *Mahant* arrives, a tall old man with a long
white beard, draped in the yellow robe of the *sannyasis.* I address him in
Sanskrit. He admits to me that he does not know it. The kind of novice
he escorts does not know any more. Here am I reduced to Hindustan and
dame it, my Hindustani is not worth my Sanskrit. I ask to see the
"*pustak*". The kind *Mahant* replies with calm that he has none. And he
has sent me one for examination. The sin of lying does not worry them,
at least as regard the *Mlecchas.* In short, he consents to tell me that the
*Pandit* of the monastery, absent at present, is returning tomorrow and
then matters would be looked into. The perpetual tomorrow.

At *Timi* a *Pandit* of one of the *viharas* possesses, so it is
rumoured, a rich collection, but he is on his way and will return next
week. What new obstacle will the next week give rise to? All that I was
able to scrape at *thimi* is reduced to a medical *encyclopedia* which is
not known to me from elsewhere. The *Kalyana Samgraha*, stuffed with
quotations from *Caraka, Kashyapa, Harita,* etc. My good man of
*Pandit* who followed me to *Bhadgaon* employes his spare time in
searching *viharas* and I have even found a benevolent assistant, a small
*pujari* of about a dozen years who officiates with his father in the temple
of *Suraj Binaik* (*Surya Vinayaka*). His intelligent face struck my
imagination in the street. I asked him to join my entourage, which has
made him fairly proud and just now he has brought me a friend whose
father is a Sanskrit-speaking *Pandit* and proprietor (owner) of ancient
manuscripts. I intend to pay a visit soon to the said collection.
14th February, Bhatgaon

Twenty-six kilometer of mountains on foot and by what paths. I visited at one stretch Changu Narayan and Sankhu. I had my horse but simply as a companion and my feet alone have stood me in stead. The Maharaja returns on Monday from his winter rounds and my friend Deb Shamsher will, on that very day, resign his provisional powers. Will I find the same complaisance in the other? To avoid eventualities, I shall undoubtedly ask to go and greet him on his way at the time of his entry in the town. Suspicious as they are as regard to the Europeans they love to display in public their “White connections”. The necessities of service have deprived me of my ordinary horse. It was sent in front of the Maharaja who was short of cavalry. It was an excellent Bhotiya horse fast and steady. There was no embankment of earth that serves as a protection to the flooded fields and at the same time as a narrow path to the pedestrians. We had made sudden dives, falling down with a lump of earth suddenly crumbled. The equilibrium roughly destroyed was restored while falling. My temporary horse is not Bhotiya and that is its fault. Yesterday, on a fairly rough path, it undoubtedly fell and I just had time to release the stirrups. I thought it wiser to trust only on my legs today, on the awful road that connects Bhatgaon to the town of Sankhu. The path at first paved with bricks, uneven full of holes and ruts is not more at the end of a kilometer and ends in a wretched runway at the foot of the first hill. The temple of Changu Narayan rises to the north of Bhatgaon on the summit of a lofty promontory which the Mahadeo Pokhari projects towards the west. In order to reach it one must first cross an enormous mass of alluvial sand, hollowed, corroded, ravaged, shaken by the rains, cut on all sides with steep fissures that compels one to climb and descend and climb again, jump and climb up. The village of Changu Narayan stretches on a narrow plateau at the foot of the mamelon that carries the temple. A long line of uneven steps leads thence to the temple. I hoped that, thanks to the complaisance of my staff, I would be able to extricate the pillar of Mana Deva from the soil and complete the fragmentary stamping of Bhagvanlal. Since his exploration the situation had modified. The pillar was then simply buried in the ground and only concealed its nine final lines on each facing. The piety of a devotee has now surrounded the base with Nagas stone the removal of which cannot be thought of and this has covered up another three lines. An idiotic “Pandit”, preserver of the “mandir”, has
advanced himself of his ignorance by showing me the door of the temple. I was only able to photograph from a distance the pillar with the lower frontage of the temple, adorned with a beautiful gate of gilded bronze. The temple is a large, two-storied one, with chappels erected irregularly around it and enclosed with a rectangle adjoining the dharmasalas. The small beams as well as the walls are carved with as much patience as with imagination; gods, goddesses, monsters, animals, flowers and especially representation of the practices of the Kamasutra are worked in the wood and enriched with lively colours where the blue and red predominate and which form a gay and harmonious whole. My Pandit Mitrananada, zealous Buddhist and much learned one for a Nepali, asks the pujari to open the sanctuary to make there his puja. The two mukhiyas and the coolie follow him. All three remove their head-gear and the mukhiya lays down their inseparable kukhuri. My usual Mukhiya, who is a Kanyakubjiya Brahman, sings mantras and stotras while climbing the steps. Before entering into, they prostrate themselves and touch the ground with the forehead. When the puja is completed they all come out to the loud sound of bells, Their hands damp with holy water which the pujari has distributed to them with which they sprinkle themselves. They sprinkle the drops from their finger tips on the scattered statues in the courtyard and place on their heads the green leaves which the pujari distributed to them after offering the same to the gods.

The Manahra rushing down from the heights of Manichur separates the hill of Changu Narayan from the plateau where Sankhu lies. Further up the stream the river even takes the name of Sankhu. It spreads fairly in a large valley which could be mistaken for a lake. The rice fields disappear under the irrigation waters. The surrounding slopes are covered with forests and on all sides noisy torrents descend in cascades. The valley of Nepal stops there, zigzag fashion on the slopes of Manichur climbing through the forest, the road to Tibet through the Kuti pass. The beautiful green between the river and the town is a real Tibetan encampment. They stop here in caravans before ascending the first slope. Man and woman, sturdy as beasts of burden, carry on their backs, pilled up in baskets, crushing loads from which there often emerge a chubby and fat babe, real challenge thrown to all the law of hygiene. A leather strap that fits round the head bears all the load. Sankhu owes all her importance to these wandering Bhotiyas. The town
is small and carefully planned and the streets are remarkably clean. Everywhere along the causeway, there flows a streamlet of clear water. The temples of no importance, are tumbling down or and are in ruins. I only found the remains of an inscription on a broken water pipe, deposited against a small temple of *Shiva*. ■
Now I am back to my house, to my familiar bungalow. Spring had preceded me. After an absence of eight days, I found the garden marvellously flowered with red and white. One cannot realise the divine harmony of the country side. A deep blue sky, immaculate, splendid, a warm sun but allayed by a kind breeze that still smells the glacier, the lukewarm shade, the young verdant sprouts in the darkened verdure of leaves that have stood the winter. A perfumed efflorescence that adorn the bushes and the tall trees, the gaiety of chirping spreads in the calm atmosphere, the song of familiar birds, flying through the house, the sonorous calls of the neighbouring cocks, the blue or lilac mountains just seen through the foliage, the silhouette of clearly defined pinnacles without roughness in the azure, the horizon fairly limited to be encompassed by the look, yet vast enough to give it free play, the transparent masses of rocks and the shadows bathed with light have transformed the country. Since day before yesterday Nepal is a paradise. The heat after these trying days was so strong that I felt myself on the verge of a sunstroke on my way up the long road. Leaving behind the twelve coolies with my usual servant, I intended to visiting the site of Madhyalakhu where according to the Vamshavalis the Thakuris changed their capital. I had a fair amount of difficulty in finding the site. Neither the Pandit, the mukhiya nor the coolie knew its name. Fortunately, my sepoy, whose fervent devotion had made him familiar with all the temples of Nepal, was able to supply me with the indication. Madhyalakhyia is on the right bank of the Dhobikhola, tributary of the Bagmati. In spite of the note in the Vamshvali I found no trace of ruins. They may have disappeared recently because General Bhim Shumsher had erected on the site of the Madhyalaku a vast palace surrounded by a large park. It appears that Maharaj Bir Shamsher saw with anxiety the fraternal friendship of Bhim and of Chandra Shamsher, so he "induced" his brother Bhim to leave Thapathali and to establish himself a little farther.

I had explored before this, the village of Bole (Bode) to the north of Thimi. The temple of Maha Lakshmi has its frontage adorned with chrome-lithographs where figure, the classical Italian brunette, and also a Madonna with the infant Jesus. Is she here to represent Devaki or Krishna? But I found nothing ancient, in spite of the prayers of my escort. The hunt for inscriptions stirs them. In the evening at Bhadgaon
I heard them talking in the verandah, below my room and from ‘pulis’ to old ‘mukhiya’ from “coolie” to ‘sepoy’ it was as to who would claim the honour of having found or stamped the best “shilapattra”. My honest coolie had addressed yesterday a fervent prayer to Suraj Binaik (Surya Vinayaka) in my favour. He had subjected himself to a preliminary fasting on his humble salary. He had bought grains and flowers intended for the god and he was careful to gather the flowers for the puja and to hand it to me as a guarantee of ‘prasad’ of divine favour. Vinayaka did not keep his word. This morning in crossing Bole, my sepoy points out a temple of Bhimasena, excellent patron of soldiers and with all the fervour of his heart addresses to him a simple but little used prayer: O Bhimsen Maharaj, give us a shilapattra. Bhimsen has not better succeeded than Ganesh. The gods are vanishing.**

And yet I had also made yesterday the pilgrimage to Suraj Binaik. The sanctuary of Surya Vinayaka one of the four Vinayaks of Nepal, hides in the forest to the south of Bhadgaon on the first slopes of Phulchok. The path rises in a steep slope and ends in a staircase. At the foot of the steps stands a small temple officiated by a woman. On the road from Bhadgaon to the temple there was a continuous line of devotees and especially female devotees in great pomp. They are properly attired before paying a visit to Ganesh Maharaj and the female devotees, the young ones especially, drape themselves with a skirt of flounces which seems to be held up by a crinoline or which recalls the basket-skirts. On their ebony black sari (some dyed with henna, the tress that stands stiff on top of the head) they all stick with a very conscious coquetry, marigolds of golden yellow. The temple is quite small, just a shelter above the idol but it is entirely plated over with sculptured brass. Facing the god there is a pillar bearing a large brazen mouse. As regards to inscriptions there is nothing, but a dazzling view on the line of glaciers that seem at each stage of the ascension to descend deeper down in the neighboiring valley, of unbearable brilliance in the setting of the luminous sky. In default of inscriptions, I found a manuscript. The chota Pandit, the small chap, with the cunning face, whom I had ‘appointed’ as a guide, gives but too much credit to my perspicacity. He is the most candid little scoundrel that Bhadgaon had

** Refer to the forthcoming monograph —
The Gods Are Vanishing intentionally
By Harithar Raj Joshi : Indu Joshi)
given birth to. His father has (he assures me and I have the proofs), an enormous collection of manuscripts. The father is wrong to absent himself and to close the door badly. My fellow tries the lock and discreetly borrows from the paternal shelves. He brought me a Parashara dharma shastra and a Yoma dharma shastra written on palm leaves. The episode of the Gunadhya inserted in the Nepala Mahatmya has given me to think that the Brihatkatha would be found here. I ask him if he has it and promise him, besides the price and gratification, to take his photograph. He brings me this morning an incomplete manuscript of the Brihatkatha-shloka-sangraha. I shall attempt to get out the rest of his. He brought me an associate equally reliable and who only asks for money. The difficulty lies in that, though not knowing exactly the manuscripts in their possession, they work at random. They brought me a kalacakra tantra a Harischandropakhyana on talapattras. I refused giving them the list of my Buddhist desiderata and have promised them a penknife like mine (this penknife fascinates them), if they brought me five of them (Buddhist requirements). If only I had with me a stock of articles from Paris, the whole library of the papa would pass entirely into my hands. The brother of the said chota Pandit with whom I had the pleasure of conversing in Sanskrit has assured me with perfect candour that he possessed no manuscripts. But the proceedings “ad majorem scientix gloriam” continued and were transacted under the benevolent gaze of the authority. My mukhiya assists to these dealings. The rupees cross through him to the chota Pandit and I surmise that a few remains between his fingers. “Captain Sahib”, he says to me seriously, “has ordered me to help you in procuring manuscripts”. It is immaterial once in possession. I shall hasten to quit the country. I shall enjoy my forfeit more peacefully on the other side of the frontier.

And if Belgium was not so far distant from here.
Yesterday under a burning sun (the rains have brought us heat) I rode on horseback to Patan. My worthless haste to Bhadgaon was discarded and the Majaraja sent me a splendid animal. The Pandit solemnly declared to me that I would be admitted to view the inscription of Narendradeva in the temple of Matsyendranath on the condition that I came before midday. At the gate of Patan I find my Mitrananda depressed, as he had wrongly informed me, the inscription in the interior of the temple is from the IXth century of the Nepali era (XVIIIth century). All my journey, all my haste, all my pains for this result. I was obliged to practise the Ksantiparamita and show a happy mind in adversity. I went to the temple of Matsyendranath and I have at least assisted there to a curious spectacle. A chorus of old men in beautiful white fineries, broken, bent, toothless, shrivelled, crouched on the slabs in front of the temple, sang hymns, the glory of Matsyendranath, accompanied with a cadenced sound of cymbals, songs. countless and these cadaverous old men have continued for nearly an hour this musical exercise. The large and lofty temple is encircled by a rectangle of constructions, the usual vihara, but a public passage crosses the construction, nobody skirted the temple without devotedly stopping on the threshold and greeting the god with hands joined and the head bent. I photographed one of the stupas of Ashoka at Lagan. It is situated to the south of the town and then I returned with a gallop. Captain Sahib had informed me of the despatch of manuscripts collected by the order of the Commander-in-Chief.

Alas! Alas! Deception!

Abhidharmakoca vyakhya, Gandavyuha, Vidagdhoukhamandana, Bhadrakalpavadana. Dvavimcatyavadana, Jatakamala:

Here are the results of fifteen days of official search. Yet I do not despair. The Maharaja had expressed the desire to see me in the afternoon and I intend to explain him on the pillar of Changu Narayan which must, however, be unearthed and on the inscription of Narendra Deva, which according to the people of the vihara of Matsayendranath is in the interior of the Darbar at Bhadgaon. Captain Sahib told me yesterday that I am known in the town as Boudha Sahib.

This week a priest who came from Lhasa went straight to the Captain's office to ask him if it was true that there lived at the Residency
a Buddha Sahib. Ah, if only I was the Resident! At the end of one year I shall have free admittance to all the collection of manuscripts and to all the temples.
I come out of a fairyland or rather I fully live in it. I cannot help thinking of all the time of that poor 'Jacquemont' who has known the same satisfaction and the same surprises. Yesterday Maharaja Bir Shamsher expressed the desire to grant an audience to me. I hastened to materialise it. Captain Sahib, according to the protocol, came in full uniform to escort me from the house. There was no vehicle this time. We proceeded together or rather separately.

There is nothing of a Thapathali character here. The houses show the different characteristics. The first courtyard is undoubtedly busy with subordinates and men in uniforms and Brahmans but once beyond the fence of the enclosure there is an absolute silence. There are no people. Just a servant who comes out at the noise of my gallop and introduces me inside the court of justice on the ground floor. It is right over there that His Highness, sitting on a mattress, leaning on a cushion decides the grave cases that escape to the competence of the court or the Commander-in-Chief. A huge tiger slain by the Maharaja in the terai and very cleverly stuffed greets me, perhaps to symbolise justice. With a discreet step, that draws not even resound on the slabs only followed by a General, His Highness enters: rather small, thin, the forehead pensive, the appearance of the face intelligent. He also wears a kind of day-gown. Greetings, then without any ceremony and with the same discreet step, we climb to the hall of the first floor, a vast gallery furnished in the English fashion and everywhere strewn with tiger skins. This is the leitmotiv here. He does not understand the interest that Nepal presents. I express to him that I have come to search for inscriptions and the texts of Buddhism. Nepal is the connecting link between the two worlds of the oriental thought. She still preserves, perhaps, the treasures of the Sanskrit literature. The thought of India belongs to humanity like a common treasure. Conclusion: it would be necessary to remove from the ground the pillar of Changu Narayan, stamp the inscription of Narendra Dev, if it is at Bhadgaon and invite the viharas to disclose their treasures. In the end the Maharaja invites me to join him tomorrow to the review of the Shivaratri.

Then to day it is the Shivaratri. A good Nepali as I am, I began my day by a pilgrimage to Pashupati. In a normal year, pilgrims come in myriad. They come from Madras, Travancore as well as from Bombay and Calcutta. But plague, that terrible plague, that comes along, has compelled the Nepali Government to close the access of the country to
the pilgrims. There are only Nepali then to come and at least they come in crowds. All along the steps that descend to the Bagmati they climb and descend. Men and women quietly unclothing themselves on the bank and plunging in that water which must be freezing. Each one, however, follows the customary mudras with his fingers and mutters the mantras. My 'thula babu', the small Pandit of Pashupati soon learnt of my arrival. He comes and keeps me company and we converse in Sanskrit to the great surprise of the crowd. Intimate fraternity. The purificatory cows move along in the crowd. Monkeys clamber up the side of the temples, watch for the offerings and snatch them. One of them crosses the river carrying on his back, exactly in imitation of us, a baby monkey too weak to struggle against the current. The dogs, impure (unclean) as they are, also come to the feast and lick unconcernedly the greasy limbs of the idols, whilst birds freely plunder the grains. The beautiful ladies display attractive pyjama (sari), breeches out in the suave fashion so large that they prevent them from walking. It would be unworthy for a distinguished person to walk as an ordinary human being; one can see them on feast days crossing the streets and reaching the temples on the back of men. A pauranika reads or recites in a singsong manner a text that he does not understand and the Yogis, more or less professionals, display their austerities blowing their big couches and rattling their little bells to attract the crowd. In the afternoon my horse comes to fetch me and always in company with Captain Sahib. I enter inside the Tundikhel, the enormous field of manoeuvres that borders Kathmandu (eastern wall) and the palace of the Maharaja. A beautiful, long park grounds in what a beautiful setting on verdant mountains. To the west the Dhaulagiri, to the east the double throne of Gauri Shankara, gigantic and harmonious, rising in the spotless azure and so high that it dwarfs the neighbouring peaks in spite of their six thousand and seven thousand meters (19500 and 22700 feet). In the middle of the field a large solitary tree encircled with a circular terrace with two storeys. I cross the vehicle of the Maharaja which passes in front of the troops escorted by lancers and followed by a magnificent staff-officer. I hasten towards the central tree where the Maharaja almost immediately rejoins me with a crowd of Generals all trimmed with gold. Music, military salute and in this warlike setup and smell of powder, the Maharaja informs me that he has given the order to unearth the pillar of Changu Narayan and that I can go to that place at my own leisure (admittance being forbidden to me) along with my Pandit and mukhiya with brush and paper. He has also given the order to search the
stone of Bhadgaon. Long live Nepal, and this is not all. He has ordered to search for the manuscripts that I desire and he who will refuse to cede them, at least to have them copied, they will be forcibly borrowed. This is entirely the good despot. To attest to the firmness of his promises, I had the visit of the Pandit who cooperates for the research. Mon. Shakyamuni, would you believe it. What better pressure to discover Buddhist manuscripts? Shakyamuni-prasadayogat kim na labhyata? The good old Shakyamuni knows as much Sanskrit as I know Turkish. I have the permission to give him as assistants Mitrananda and the two associates duly trained and warned to go to undertake tomorrow a series of researches. But this eastern world is so slow to make a move. I often think at the story Buhler was telling me one evening; the long days of conversation on indifferent topics before tackling the purchase of an ordinary ancient coin. And I can see with regret the departure now near at hand, two and a half weeks at the most to spend here, when the seeds are so near from sprouting. Whilst His Highness gives me these good news the Dhiraj comes in a vehicle, the fine young man between 23 and 24 years of age, tall, strong, elegant, plated with diamonds, the feature insignificant. He does not speak English or rather he does not speak at all. The Maharaja presents me, explains the objects of my visit, praises my Sanskrit knowledge and the canons thunder all round and the rifle shots crack by the thousand. The king goes away in an open carriage in which also enter the Maharaja and the Commander-in-Chief and I remain with General Chandra Shamsher, a face with coarse hair on it and large protruding teeth but kindness in the look and in the manners. He tells me of Alsace-Lorraine with charming subtleties and invites me to choose myself the manoeuvres to be executed. And an improbable phenomenon takes place, mad phenomenon that it is, I who passes the review. The admirable troops so well trained to parade like automation that without words of command on a rhythm they keep up rhythm themselves by hitting the ground in turn with both their feet. They proceed with all the regulated movements of the rifle, with the precision of a machine. To obtain in the same afternoon an official order for the research of manuscripts an authorisation to unearth the pillar of Changu Narayan and to pass the review of Gorkha soldiers, is surely a day worth preserving in one's life.
21st February, Monday

Yesterday for the first time I was able to return to my residence alone. I had left the house in the early morning to proceed to Thankot. At five in the afternoon I had neither eaten nor drank, yet so that with explicit consent of my mukhiya I galloped off at full speed and proceeded in front. On the road as well as in town, the compact crowd made room with good will without compelling me to make a speech. I crossed the market, followed the bazar without difficulty. These brave people even chased the bulls and buffaloes that came too close to my security. The day had been very fortunate. I picked up no less than six ancient steles; two of them are, unfortunately, indecipherable the stone having decayed (corroded) to such an extent. But the remaining four are good and very important. I found two at Thankot and four in a small village named Kisipidi. Thankot is in the western extremity of the valley at the foot of the perpendicular slope that leads to the pass of Chandragiri and that houses a communication depot between Nepal and India at 16 kilometers from Kathmandu. Thankot has known more flourishing days. She has had her Darbar of which there remains no trace. The only temple in honour of Maha Laksmi is insignificant. The horn of bulls sacrificed adorn the inside and the outside of the temple. Standing against a particular house, separated from the causeway by a cluster of small caityas of brickwork and plaster falling in ruins, I found a stele in good state of preservation, to the north of these caityas in an old deserted hiti (washing place). I found another stele of the same epoch, but which only shows trace of characters. From Thankot I scaled the foot of Chandragiri to visit Matatirtha at about a mile southeast of Thankot. The Vamshavali places the neighbourhood of Matatirtha, the capital of the shepherd kings, the Guptas, consecrated by Ne Muni. Matatirtha is a rectangular enclosure encircled by the forest. At the foot of a terrace that supports a small sanctuary, five or six stone spouts pour out the water from the neighbourhood streams but alone among them has the title and value of a tirtha. The water that escapes from it, marvellously limpid, fills up a rectangular basin. It is there that homage is paid to the spirit of a deceased mother. A stela dating from the close of the XVIIth century, and that is all. The path that rejoins the road to Kathmandu from Matatirtha crosses the village of Kasipidi, at 500 meters north of tirtha. In the small enclosure of a small temple of Ganesh, first inscription; on a small square to the east, another very
large stele but entirely corroded; against a cluster of temples in honour of *Bhagavati*, two other steles. I have not had the time to examine them. I just had the time to stamp and photograph on the spot.
24th February, Thursday

I completed Monday with my journey to the Darbar of Kathmandu. I began to take the stamping of the epigraphical inscription of Pratapa Malla which awakens here so much curiosity and envy. It is engraved on a stone fitted in the western wall of the palace. On the temple facing it all the steps are also decorated with epigraphical inscriptions. Less in view, they have remained indifferent and I took care not to attract any attention on them. This old crazy Pratapa Malla costs me forty leaves of stamping paper. More than elsewhere my presence before the enigmatic inscription had brought a crowd. Police officers, coolies blows from fists and from rifle butts do not prevent them from overflowing the barriers and to feverishly press round me. The inscription is regarded as mysterious and a positive source to reach the hiding place of a fabulous treasure. Where is the treasure? Here is the hitch. And they envy me as the person, who can explain because a reward of ten lakha of rupees or more than a million and a half of Francs is assured to him who will give the translation. Here is something that humbles the most attractive and lucrative rewards for the Institute. Alas, one must lower one’s pretensions. The crowned pedant who was Pratapa Malla, was pleased, according to what I have been able to read, to indicate his royal and literary titles in various writings and he has also dated the engraving. He has added the name of the writings employed. Unfortunately, the base of the stone is fairly corroded. The names are deciphered with difficulty and when they are legible, they are not always intelligible. The indication would, however, be indispensable in certain cases. There are characters here that remind of nothing unknown. I was only able to stamp one third of it but attendants will do the rest without me.

I had visited the temple of Buddhnilakanth day before yesterday. It lies at the foot of the Shivapuri. In spite of the name, the divinity of the site is Vishu Narayana. The temple is encircled as usual with a rectangle of dharmsalas with a rectangular basin also bordered by a narrow footpath and parapet. A giant stony Narayana is stretched on the surface of the water, sheltered under a canopy of snakes. The light foliage of bamboo swaying over the divine statue causes the light to vacillate on these stony limbs giving them an appearance of life. The impression is captivating. In the courtyard women and children of Bhotiya descent beg for a bakshish without the least shame. A small
group of *Yogis* rubbed over with the ashes, almost nude, reads the *yoga Vasistha* without understanding a word of it. Exactly, as in the Buddhist temples, a stone portico carries a large bell, against this portico is built a low masonry work in which are engraved a few inscriptions. The only ancient one was collected, and fortunately, by Bhagvanlal. It is no longer legible. *Budhanilkanth* is at a distance of two steady miles northeast from Kathmandu, directly at the foot of the mountain. The road that leads to it is fairly good and it covers the underground canal that brings the waters of *Shivapuri* into the reservoir of Kathmandu.

From *Budhanilkanth* I go and visit the village of *Chapaligaon*, that borders the path at about a mile south of *Budhanilkanth*, direction of Kathmandu. Against the small temple of *Narayan* there stands a stele the top of which has crumbled down but the base of it is quite clear and the date precise. From there, on returning towards Kathmandu to the right of the path but a small distance on a fairly narrow plateau eaten into by the *Bishnumati*, the old village of *Dharampur* with a few solitary huts in the vicinity exists. There again a half-buried stele which I unearth. The ground has fortunately preserved the stone the date is clearly legible. The stone faces a temple of *Ganesh*. The village has also a small miserable looking *caitya* of brick and plaster.

Yesterday, new excursion in the direction. I visited the village of *Tokha*, north of Kathmandu and built on a plateau that faces *Dharampur*. The soil of the valley is entirely made up of the same alluvial sand as that which constitutes the valley of the *Ganges*. The thickness of the layer is considerable. Many small streams that descend the mountain slopes and that furiously swell in the monsoon, dig into and cut their beds and end by flowing in a kind of gorge of sand. Towns and villages are perched on the plateau, thus, cut up in the mass of sand access by crossing from one bank to another, Even a narrow river like the *Bishumati*, that at this period of the year, flows as much water as the *Manzanares*. It is necessary to descend and climb the tracks that crumble under foot. *Tokha* has given me an inscription, a stele, also decorated with the conch and the *chakra*. The top has entirely worn away, the base preserved in the soil is clear and gives the date, unfortunately, of the three numerical signs. The second is confused with the stone. Photography will perhaps reveal what the paper, my finger and my eyes combined have not been able to see. At last, today, new meeting in the hall of the manuscripts of the *Dabar School*. I saw the
Natakas, the Kavyas, the Nyaya, but all this portion of the catalogue or more modestly of the list abounds with so many errors that it is impossible to guide one’s self at first sight. I intend to mention an excellent manuscript of the Bharatiya Natyashastra of the last century. Further Damaru Vallabha points out to me a commentary of the Bharatiya composed by a Nepali Raja and the manuscript of which he intends to impart to me. My sepoys and my mukhiya have just returned with the stamping of the Darbar inscriptions. They are quite proud, because they have also brought me the stamping of two ancient inscriptions they had “discovered” at Kathmandu. I took care as being afraid of cooling down their zeal and not to tell them that both have already been published. Here they have passed as epigraphists. In any case they have been able to recognise in the lot two really very ancient inscriptions they are now 3 & 4 of Bhagvanlal. They have even recognised the mark of “Samvat”. Decidedly I am a born professor. I have made students into archaeologists and what students again, two tommies (foot soldiers). This must not be taken as ridiculous as would say the poet Francois Coppee—After my departure, my “students” will be able to continue my work.

This very morning, Captain Sahib came to bring me information on the hot water spring mentioned by the Chinese. It appears that like Wang Hsien Ts’e did it, all the Chinese and Tibetans, who descend into Nepal and India through the Kirong pass, the usual course for the outward journey, stop at this hot spring and cook their food in it. And all the details of the Chinese traveller are of exactitude to shame the modern geographers and topographers. It appears that, near this source, there are Chinese inscriptions. Captain Sahib has promised to send the mukhiya to take stampings. I should also like to have by the same means the epigraphy of Nayakot that must have as ancient inscriptions. What results would I not reach if my sojourn could be prolonged? The Maharaja has sent today four soldiers to Changu Narayan to unearth the pillar and the Commander-in-Chief has ordered the scribes of the hall of manuscripts to bring to him the copies that I had ordered in order that he might verify for himself the correction before imparting them to me. Is it this very country described by the tale teller of voyages?
26th February, Saturday

Heat has suddenly commenced and with it the days have shortened. Impossible to leave the house before 3 p.m. I have even given up working in the afternoon in the veranda to the northeast, the sparkling heat made my head feel heavy. I was obliged to seek the shelter of the thick walls of the bungalow. Yesterday I have again picked up something epigraphical. It was referred to me that a Brahman had come to inform Captain Sahib of the existence of a pillar with an old inscription. The good Captain took me himself to Nakal, a suburb of Kathmandu, exactly opposite the palace of Dhiraj; between the two is a large depression where flows a streamlet of canalised water and where stretch rice fields. The village stands between the road to Harigaon and that to Pashupati through Deopatan. In the centre a fairly high ridge looking like a stupa is seen. It appears as the site of the ancient steles one almost completely defaced the other in fairly good state of preservation, with the exception of the top. I then stamped and photographed them. We returned to the Residency through Lajimpat, which is an ordinary place with a small temple and linga. Near the temple is an image of Vishnu in a broken attitude, the left leg raised towards the shoulder and underneath a votive inscription in the style resembling that of Mahankal but in a worse state of preservation. Here the stone is absolutely bare and the image is contemporaneous to the inscription that seems to be of the VIth—VIIth century. Today Pandit Shakyamuni has brought me his booty. It is not without interest. To begin with an excellent manuscript of the Candravyakarana procured at Bhatgaon and which had the advantage of supplying a useful historical data. The colophon bears:

nepalabdagate mrgan karasaynechaya (?)
pancabanayudha...(581).
cricripacupaticaranavindarcannaparayanari
purajadaityatripurasu
ramanavinrjjitacrisam
saratariningouricvara-crimahecva
rivatarcrilaksminaryanacricir
jayaksamalladevaanujaoricrjaya
jivamalladevasshelvijayararajye....

(Jivamalla is missing in all the lists).
I found a good manuscript of the Prakrita sanjivini (Prakrit grammar). A manuscript of the Madhyamakavrtti (called here like always Vinayasutra). Important commentaries of the Kalacakratantra the Vimalaproabha, very rare works and of which it would perhaps be desirable to have a copy.

\begin{quote}
Iti crimulatantranusarinyam
dvadacahhasrikayam
laghukslacakratan trarajatikayamvimalaprechym
askalemaravighnavinahastahaparams
tadevatasuarmargiyanmoddecahparms
tadevatasuarmargiyanmoddecah prathamah
And so on.
\end{quote}

The manuscript has more than 300 pages. It seems to me as being important to the study of the Tantric doctrine. I also found the manuscript of another new text, written under the reign of Rudra Deva—works translated in Chinese by Fa-t’ien in the Xth-Xith century (Nanjio 864). It is interesting to observe, to the credit of Chinese exactitude, that the Chinese title translates exactly ratna guna (pao-te), whereas the title given in Nanjio simply shows-

\begin{quote}
Prajnaparamitasamcayagatha.
\end{quote}

At lasts a manuscript bearing the colophon.

\begin{quote}
iti paramitaparikatha, subhastataratnakarandake simapta
krtir acaryacurasya granthapramanam; asya catam.
\end{quote}

It does not appear doubtful to me that Arya-cura must be restored. Lastly, there was a manuscript of the Caturavargasamrha. The hunt is not finished. I still hope for some more game. Regarding big game a tiger came down the mountain yesterday and walked through the streets of Patan, "quaerens quem devoret", and my friend Deb Shamsheer went out bravely and shot it himself. It was the event of the day.
On Tuesday I made a distant and painful excursion to Pharphing but without result. *Pharphing* is to the south of Kathmandu at a distance of 16 or 18 kilometers, leaning against the mountains that close the valley on a plateau about 300 meters (975 feet) high or a real altitude of about 1500 meters (4875 feet). In fact *Pharphing* scarcely belongs to Nepal strictly speaking. In order to reach here one must make a fairly steep ascension on the slope of the mountain and afterwards a deep valley where spread in graduations cultivation and rustic houses whereas the higher slopes contrast with their barren raggedness of the wooded summits of the other mountains. The road to *Pharphing* detaches itself from the principal road between Kathmandu and Patan almost at the very gate of Patan, takes an oblique course towards the southwest, passes in front of the western *stupa* of *Ashoka*, crosses two *kholas* (this is the name given to streamlets), flowing in vast beds and almost flat plateau. Then a little before meeting *Bagmati*, it again bends to the west, descends towards the *Bagmati* and crosses a large (village) *Kokhona* (*Khokana*), where there are a fairly large temple and a *caitya* of no interest and without epigraphy. Then it reaches the *Bagmati* a little before its progress from official Nepal. The river in fact elbows almost immediately towards the eastsouth, and skirting the cliffs on which is built *Bagmti*, penetrates into as mysterious a defile as the north pole. The *Bagmati* descending directly from the Ganges must open a direct means of communication between India and Nepal. The Nepali do not trouble themselves to open to their invading neighbours a door that has no bolt or lock. At the mouth of the gorge on a vast field the *Darbar* has erected an asylum for lepers as a kind of scarecrow. By way of bridge between the tow banks, a line of small beams just as large as the bare foot too, and immediately afterwards, the path begins to clamber up steeply. *Pharphing* seemed to promise more results apart to escape the upheavals, rarely visited if ever by a traveller. There are the ruins of a *darbar* and two very popular temples; *Shesa Narayana* and *Daksina Kali*. *Shesa Narayana* (*Sikha Narayan* as they call it here) does not only attract the Nepali, the *Bhotiyas* also come to it. On my arrival a group of them has been living in one of the *dharma salas* and a stone bears inscribed in relief in the Tibetan style,

*Om mani padme hum*
is fairly unexpected here. No luxurious constructions here like in Changu Narayan. A few miserable and small temples stuck against the very rock and only accessible by a perpendicular staircase, the statue doubly holy. A fissure open above in the rock allows the escape, during four months in the year, of a white and limpid cascade. In Switzerland one would call it the Pissevache. Here it is Kathmandu where the holy cow and some animals are worshipped in real earnest. Besides, water spurts out here from everywhere, limpid and gay from floor to floor in basins where the piety of the faithful feed numerous fish. In the village, situated to the east of the temple, I stamped an inscription of Jyotir Malla, one of Sri Nivasa Malla, the name of which is unknown to me from elsewhere.

To the east of the village at the bottom of a narrow and deep gorge with wooded slopes stands the temple of Daksinakali. The popularity of the goddess is marked by the ornament she wears, Their reported value of jewels is five lakhs and the idol is fifty to sixty centimeters high. There is not even a temple. A square enclosure dharmasalas on three sides, the fourth an ordinary wall in which is embedded the statue of the goddess, sheltered under a kind of Chinese hat in copper, adorned with many coloured bits of cloth and rattles. The daily sacrifice of the bull (he-buffalo) is just completed. The blood squirts according to the rules of the profession on the idol and the head slowly severed is deposited at the feet of the goddess and the large decapitated body still convulses from the neck, legs, tail. It is still quivering flesh. They drag it outside, singe it like they would a fowl over a straw fire and then they distribute the portions to the staff. Only a modern stele for inscription. I must console myself with the site that is ravishing. A small torrent the Kali khola encased between forests rising perpendicularly flows through the rocks that encumber its meandering bed; shifted by bushy foliages softened by the breeze of the streamlet, the dazzling heat of the south is only a cool caress. Kali is not near from being deserted by her adorers. Yesterday evening I was talking with the small brother of Babu Mitra, a lad of fifteen to sixteen years emancipated by an English education. ‘I’, he said, ‘I believe in nothing as regard to gods and supernatural things: all these are fables for the children. And after this profession of faith perfectly sceptic, without pose or pause, without any indisputable proofs. And he relates to me the miraculous apparition of Kali that he has not seen himself with his eyes, but he has seen the people who saw
them and in what a state they were. Would you now doubt? It seemed to me for a while that I was not in Nepal.

Today a torrential rain and quite cold which warns us of another rise in the thermometer.
I was in the house busy with my manuscripts when I was asked to witness a spectacle of the Holi. The Holi is the great spring festival of India* and it is interesting to see how, after all, the human imagination is stretched, India has, even her confettis for eight days. The people walk about the streets carrying in sacks or small tubes a red powder and even if he was the Maharaja, whosoever passed by in white clothes, was pitilessly sprayed. Here also then takes place the festival of washerman, let us say dhobis. The cloth stained with red that resists to washing, and however valuable it may be, belongs by right to the dhobi. And it is in these narrow and swarming lanes a curious pushing of a reddish crowd, the powder sticking to the hair, beard as well as to the clothes. This nation of Nepal is a perpetual spectacle, such as I have seen it in the ‘Lines’ today, or such as I had observed it everywhere in Kathmandu. A group of brick makers had lined up on a long mat. They were singing choruses, Those perpetual choruses of the East in which gaiety mingles with melancholy, all in mezzotintos, undulating and fleeting, simple and powerful evocation of the infinite. In the centre a small group of instrumentalists, kettle-drums, cymbals, gongs, rattles, tambourines, Two or three would rise by turn, play and dance with the contortions of monkeys, entirely smeared with red the actors of Thespis. The chorus ceases. Three of the brick-makers go to a corner to disguise themselves. Music and there enters a shepherd lass of the terai, so it appears. I have found again my Tharunis. The Tharuni in question is quite simple, one of the three brick-makers who, this time, has smeared his face with ashes to soften the bronze glitter and who has also painted the eyes as they often do to very small girls. A large black ring gives to the look quite an enigmatic and voluptuous allurement. The shepherd lass requests the public indulgence. She will sing and dance to honour the divinity. A shepherd arrives clad in a rough overcoat knotted on his head that vaguely resembles the skin of an animal. He starts courting the shepherd lass, mingling with passionate appeals, ludicrous gestures and subterfuge. There appears a rival. In short, a pastoral scene, the classical and perpetual pastoral scene of love and I found here once again, longing and real, my hypothesis on the origin of the Indian drama. Yes, this idyllic country caressed by the sun and bathed in light,

* Like Shrove Tuesday or Lent or carnival. This is added in the translation to make it further clear. But it is not there in the original French version of Sylvain Levi— Harihar : Indu
the pastoral amiable and smiling, is as old as the world. And beneath this fortunate climate that allows the human form its free play, the body is so supple so easily graceful that these rough brick workman intended to mistake their role of women. I was obliged to leave the representation to ascend the Dharahara the lofty column erected by Bhimsen Thapa to the east of Kathmandu, quite against the precinct in which it penetrates and the manoeuvring camp. A hideous construction, that contrasts with the taste of the country. But this is a Gorkha whim, it is true. From the summit at a height of 40 old meters, one embraces a view of the whole valley. But to day again the horizon was misty and the splendid range of glaciers was hidden.

While visiting me this morning Captain Sahib brought his eleven years old son, his ten years old daughter, and a nephew of seven years, an orphan whom he had provided shelter, love and care. They were in their best dresses, the boys in a combination of the collegian and the soldier with a great coat and a hat with the visor gold-laced, the little girl whom a bearer brought was dressed in large skirts and the head embellished with the ceremonial gold plate. I was distressed for not being able to give or show anything to this little world but the photographs of my kin were things of a great curiosity to them.
The Nepali Darbar has kept its word. I have a complete stamping of the pillar of Changu Narayan. Not less then four soldiers and three days to attain this result. The pillar is now fitted into a kind of sculpture stone ring that gives it the appearance of a base. It has been necessary at first to lift this much heavy ring and to erect a wooden framework to support it a system of props that allowed the approach to and the stamping of the stone. I leave out here a list of the ancient Buddhist works known by Chinese translations and the Darbar has promised me to pursue its search. My searchers have pointed out to me two very important texts; to all requisitions, even official, the holders have replied that there was a mistake and that they did not possess the manuscripts in question. But the least knowledge of India teaches the worth of these categorical replies that from an express 'no' proceeds along very slowly by small stages to a final 'yes'. The possessors of these manuscripts are Brahmans and it is a matter of conscience with them to make known a traditional works. I am also awaiting a reply with regard to on old text in the possession of an old Brahman, dwelling in a house of the mountain and who without refusing to hand over the text replies to all the notices by the perpetual eastern inertia. The Commander-in-Chief has sent him a Pandit, the Captain Sahib has sent him a mukhiya. He is out. He is ill. He will bring it himself. And I get mad with anger on seeing approaching of the day of my departure and this rogue of a Brahman who does not stir. I promised him yesterday evening by a messenger 5 rupees reward if he comes to-morrow. Five rupees. This savours of the whim of the American multimillionaire. There is a great deal to bet on, however, that the resistance by inertia will prevail on the inclination for lure.

In default of new Buddhist texts, Pandit Shakyamuni brought me a treatise on veterinary matter

\[
\text{iti cri Rupanaryanetyadima bahajadhirajecriman} \\
\text{Madanondrasena} \\
\text{Krtan Sarasamgrhe Calibotram Amaaptam.}
\]

In the first clock there is a different name.

\[
\text{Crimatsuryam namaskrtya reventam turagadhipam} \\
\text{crimad Devendrasenena kriyate sarasamgraahah}
\]

(each shlok is accompanied by a vernacular translation)
verse 2: uddṛty calihotrani balanam bodhaetave mandarendrendraserena kriyate sugamo vidhīh-

The Vidagdhavismapana. a collection of chardes, engmas, etc.—in verse with partial translation in Parbatiya.

In the evening I was invited to visit the “Lines” of the sepoys to witness a “show”, a nautch (Dance) managed by the Jemadar. On the greensward of manoeuvres a few poles are erected and cloth stretched above them. All around benches and a few chairs for people of importance. No nautch (Dance) girls. The type is rare in Nepal and during this week of the Holi, they are invited everywhere. And then the body of nautch girls has suffered vicissitudes. The queen of nautch girls expiates in prison, the sin of having pleased too many admirers. She was known to have granted her favours to a very few Brahman or Kshatriya gentleman and to have enticed them to lose their castes. The Hindu law severely punishes this offence. She was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment and all the Brahmans implicated to one year each. If has been the great scandal of Nepal. In default of nautch girls, the people have dancing boys; the biggest, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years representing Krishna, wears a high crown on the head, a kind of cloak on the shoulders and a long blouse of a beautiful blue colour tightened at the waist. Another boy smaller still resembles Radha, the lover of Krishna. Lastly, boys of eight and twelve years represented the shepherd lasses, companions of Radha. In the beginning after a chorus and symphony or orchestras, a large curtain is unfolded which displays the images of Krishna and Radha. Incense is burnt, lamps are swung, and hymns are sung. Then the real spectacle begins, from nine at night to four in the morning; it is the same subject repeated. Radha sings his distressed passion and moans on his forlornness. Krishna only thinks of playing on the flute, the friends of Radha come to console him and one of them begs of Krishna to satisfy his mistress. Weary at last, he gives in for a while. The shepherd lasses hasten forward and Krishna leads a dance of the “Ras Lila”. Then he returns to his flute and the whole thing begins again. The monotony of this tune is a little changed by the whims of the Vidusaka, dressed in Nepali style, among all of these whimsical personages. He is knocked about like a ball scoffed, mocked, beaten, peppered with blows from fists then tripping and begging for bakshish he receives kicks on his behind. The sepoys in their trousers and white turbans, motionless, burst out laughing at these ludicrous farces; but
they gaze with intense religious emotions at the eyes of Krishna and those of the shepherd lasses. It is so sacred a thing, tells me Captain Sahib. Sacred or not at midnight, I felt sleepy and return to the bungalow.
8th March, Tuesday

This morning, visit of Captain Sahib for my arrangements for departure. I must regulate diplomatically my visit of farewells to the Majaraja and to all the Shamshers— Deb Shamsher, Commander-in-Chief, Chandra Shamsher, the real generalissimo; Bhim Shamsher, General. I completed them in the vehicle of the Maharaja placed at my service. Leaving the bungalow at one o’clock, I only returned at five, namely that the visits were not an interchange of ordinary wordings. I attempted to induce the Maharaja to create a museum of Nepali archaeology. He was impressed and allured by the idea and has on the very spot asked for essential information.

Deb Shamsher offered me in perfect preservation a manuscript of the Prajñaparamita adorned with paintings and written during the reign of Vigrahapala, then old of about a thousand years for the French Republic and to me personally a manuscript of a commentary of the Vidgadhavismapana written in the IVth century of the Nepali era or in the XIIIth or XIVth century. He asked me the photograph of my children that I left him in exchange for his. And all the Shamshers vied with one another in kindness and in promises, placing themselves at my service for all researches that might interest me. In returning to the bungalow, I find the compound crowded with people the sepoys, the musicians, the dancers come to entertain me with the clatter of the holi; symphonies, songs and dances. I still have provision of red powder, I throw it on them. I receive the same in return. It is a real battle with confettis.
Eve of departure. Each one comes by turn to bid farewell. My Pandit brings me an ivory comb. Pandit Shakyamuni brings me a letter from Vaikuntha Nath Sharman, Pandit of the Commander-in-Chief and sends me a walking stick of areca with an ivory handle (the areca nut is a guarantee of happiness according to the Shastras) and Mitrananda hands me a few Nepali paintings. Lastly, Captain Sahib arrives and in the name of the Maharaja he gives me a Nepali dress, a khukuri, a small cap and small sticks of incense despatched from Lhasa and reserved for ceremonial worships. Lastly, the supreme rarity, pre-eminently the bearer of good tidings receives a gold coin. He also informs me that the Maharaja through a particular favour, places his open carriage at my disposal to carry me as far as Thankot where ends the road practicable for carriages.
At last on 10th Thursday

I leave Nepal. My Mukhiya, my Nepali soldier, who have served me for so long as a guide and companion, after having been my peon and my gaoler, Lalitbam, the Gorkha who wished to follow me back in company with my Resident sepoy, Sri Ram Singh, as far as Bhimpedi at the foot of the mountain, beyond the pass of Chandragiri and that of Chishagarhi are all here and when I shook hands with them at the hour of departure, on the square at Bhimphedi, crowded with my coolies, Kahars, dhuliwalas, palkiwalas and the crowd of villagers who had hurried to the spot to see me, the Sahib. Lalitbam and Sri Ram Singh were sobbing like children and I hastened to jump into the palanquin as my eyes were getting wet.
For your reference and reflection, please

This is not the biography of Maharaja Dev Shamsher. Nor a biographical sketch of Maharaja Dev Shamsher it is.

It is the English rendering of the daily diary, carnet de sojour, Deux mois Au Nepal, Two Months in Nepal, January through March of 1898 of Sylvain Levi in Nepal where he had his study and research and field work during January through March of 1898 for his study, research and field work in Nepal in which Maharaja Dev Shamsher, then the Commande-in-Chief had lent his assistance, help and all possible cooperation to Sylvain Levi.

It provides a brief account of the commitment and the contribution of Maharaja Dev Shamsher of Nepal. And it is the account of the co-operation of Maharaja Dev Shamsher, then the Commander-in-Chief, that helped the famous French scholar Sylvain Levi to write his oft quoted book Le Nepal, which many people have heard about it and some had seen it being referred to by earlier scholars and copied them blindly. And a very few to be counted in the finger have gone through it.

Le Nepal, original in French, is said to have been translated or rendered into English by a certain Bengali gentleman, may be S. Mitra (Samir or Subrato) into English under the supervision of Levi himself for the handy reference of those who were then interested to have the French version of that history of Nepal.

We have taken the liberty in keeping modern nomenclatures within brackets for the handy reference of those who are interested.

Interesting it is to note herein that Dev Shamsher’s contribution and commitment were adopted and followed with religious fervour by his ‘successor’ who is said to have adopted 'all conceivable tricks and traps’ to usher the power and be the Maharaja then or to put himself on his head the popular teena chande sripeca, the crown with three moon shaped tiara of diamond.

After Maharaja Dev was driven away to Dhankuta he was then popular as Dhankute Maharaja or the Maharaja of Dhankuta. The residence where he stayed was popular and famous as Darbar constructed in the midst of pine tress. Lateron this place came to be popular as Gauda, having the
headquarters of the district then. And I am, Harihar, from Dhankuta wherein my father Krishna Raj Joshi had worked under Maharaja Dev, states one oral tradition.

Yet another oral tradition is there that states that Maharaja Dev arranged a regular pooja or worshipping of Nisan Bhagawati in Dhankuta and Maharaja Dev entrusted Krishna Raj Joshi to continue it, which he did throughout his stay in Dhankuta and till he breathed his last in Kathmandu in the same area of Putili Sadak now Ram Shan Path which once covered the area belonging to Maharaj Dev Shamsher.

After his sojourn in Dhankuta Maharaja Dev went to Darjeeling via Illam as Chandra Shamsher had his 'trusted eyes' planted amidst the people of Maharaja Dev. After a few days at Illam he stayed for a short while in Darjeeling at the vicinity of Herbert Hill, so popular now as Birch Hill, where young hearts mingle together observing or even celebrating the Valentine's Day each and every day. It was here in Darjeeling that we had seen the inception, development and formation of the Gorkhaland movement.

He then left for Dehra Dun and went towards Moussourie, where my eldest son, Tanoj, had gone there as a child along with my wife Indu and her father the noted Nepali literatuer Purna Das Shrestha and mother Krishna Devi Shrestha. And it is this very area of Moussourie diverson road where there is the famous Pestlweed College where my grandson Tushar studies now.

After a short stay at Moussourie Maharaja Dev came to Jharipani area where he had his lovely and lively residence popular as Nepal Darbar and popular as Fairlawn Palace. He was popular there as the Maharaja or even Raja of Nepal.

It is Maharaja Dev Shamsher, who thought of renewing the old ties with China in the new context. He had, thus, planned to having diplomatic relationship with China and accordingly a plan was chalked out to send a high level delegation to China.

This idea of Maharaja Dev Shamsher was later on, religiously followed and implemented by Chandra Shamsher when he came to be the Maharaja and sent his son, Krishna Shamsher, to the then China, the Republic of China.

Krishna Shamsher, the son of Maharaja Chandra and special envoy of Nepal, had then visited Peking wherein he met and exchanged views with President Chiang Kai Sheikh of Republic of China.

General Krishna Shamsher also visited Hang Chao wherein he was received by the top brass of President Chiang Kai Shekh government.
As there was no direct flight to Nepal President Chiang Kai Sheik had then offered his personal aircraft that carried General Krishna Shamsher back to Calcutta on his way to Kathmandu, Nepal.

Interesting it is to make a bon note herein that Maharaja Dev had also planned to have official ties with America, the United States of America, from where had come a person, the First American to visit Nepal, who had had the audience with Maharaja Ranaudip. General Dev Shamsher was present there during the course of that interesting audience. It should be also noted down that Maharaja Dev had his education at the Dowson College in Calcutta, then the power place of the British India.

Still interesting it is to know that the practice of gun fire to announce the mid-day was also introduced by Maharaja Dev.

It is again Maharaja Dev who introduced the system of parole to be used by trusted persons if and when he/she is a bit late in the night. This parole would have then entitled the one having the parole to be excused as people were not allowed to walk on the road after a certain fixed hour.

Maharaja Dev also arranged to purchase a plot of land in Calcutta so that an office could be established in order to cater and full fill the need of the ruling Rana and other high officials. Accordingly a plot of land nearby Bhawanipur at number 62 of Chakraberia Road in Calcutta was duly arranged, purchased and had established an office to buy various commodities to cater the need of the then ruling Rana circle and other high ranking officials. This was named as Buying Agency. This very Buying Agency was further modernised by Maharaja Deb. This Buying Agency is the forerunner of the present day Royal Nepal Consul General Office in Calcutta now.

In order to deal with growing trade yet another outlet with an office was established in Patna of Bihar. This was known as Alaich Kothi.

Unfortunately both of those places have now been 'sold out'. Many materials of historical importance there have now been lost. Had the materials there, documents and other related materials, been taken out we could have come across many things pertaining to Nepal and her relationship and activities of the past that would have enlightened us in the present.

One oral tradition has it that Maharaja Dev Shamsher used to visit Godavari by his chariot and used to inspect the places around.

Maharaja Dev used to have diamond bottoms in his waist coat and
also in his Kurta. We have been told that he was, thus the first and only one among the Rana to use such diamond buttons.

Maharaja Dev had also fascination in keeping English lap dogs. Those lap dogs used to be of white colour. Nevertheless he also had one lap dog with some light brown spots.

We like to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Himalaya Shamsher Rana for writing the Postscript in this monograph. We appreciate his interest and cooperation in bringing out this monograph. Like Maharaja Dev, his great grandson Mr. Himalaya Shamsher is also the First Governor of the First State Bank of Nepal, the Nepal Rashtra Bank. Mr. Himalaya Shamsher is also the First Finance Secretary of Nepal.

We also like to express our sincere thanks to the Ambassador of France to Nepal Mr. Michel Jolivet for writing the Preface that can be taken as a symbol of Nepal France friendship and cooperation. And we do appreciate his due cooperation and look forward to having it in future too.

We take it as a blessing from our elder brother Lakshman Raj Joshi for his write up entitled A Letter from a Teacher to his Taught. We cherish his guidance that has left so imposing impact on our life and style.

We are planning to bringing out a new volume entitled

Maharaja Deb Shamhser: His Life and His Time

It will be published based on the original sources and oral tradition in due course of time if everything moves as planned.

We have inserted in this volume some rare photographs that we hope may further illustrate the writings of Professort Sylvain Levi.

We had a plan to publish two volumes of Sylvain Levi's Nepal into English in 1968 when Mr. Jean Francois was the Ambassador of France in Nepal. But it could not see the light of the day due to so many reasons, varied as well as colourful.

Last but not the least, we like to express our thanks to all of those persons who have directly or indirectly rendered their cooperation during our study, research and field study and, nevertheless, the field trip, in bringing out this monograph.

Au revoir!

Harihar Raj Joshi
Indu Joshi (Mrs.)
APPENDIX A

During our study and research we have come to know that the territory covered by the compound of Maharaja Dev Shamsher was popular as Devasthan within Thapathali.

This Devasthan inside Thapathali covered the following areas:-

SOUTH:
There was an embankment or Bhakari as it is so popular in Nepali language, right on the bank of the river Bagamati.
This Bhakari was constructed out of mud, bamboo and paddy husks, dust made out by crushing the red bricks, cow dung and molasses.
This very Bhakari was, however, later on swiped away, unfortunately, by the flood that had occurred in 1954 (2011 Vikram Era) devastating quite a lot even in other parts of the Kingdom.

NORTH:
Debasthan covered the present day Singh Darbar, the present Anama Nagar and Kuriya Gaon.
Maharaja Chandra Shamsher, however, constructed the present day Singh Darbar on the land belonging then to Maharaja Dev Shamsher.
Further, we have also been told that the present day Bahar Mahal area was also within Devasthan of Thapathali, the area belonging to Maharaja Deb Shamsher. The present Babar Mahal was constructed lateron on the area belonging to Maharaja Deb.

EAST:
Maharaja Deb's area covered the territory lying on the other side of present day Kuriya Gaon.
The present day Kuriya Gaon is the corrupt form of Unmulana Gaon of those Amalekha Karia, that is the village or the settlement of the slaves lately liberated by Maharaja Deb.
And in due course of time this very Karia Amalekha Gaon came to be popular as Kuria Gaon from Karia Gaon.
Maharaja Dev Shamsher began the liberation of the slaves right from his own Palace. And when those liberated slaves approached Maharaja and put down their plight, as they had no places at all where they could stay or settle themselves down.
It is then that Maharaja Deb purchased this area popularly known as thane bun or the field of this side of the area, and handed over this very area for the settlement those slaves thus liberated.
It was then popular as *Karia Gaon*, which in due course of time come to be popular as *Kuria Gao*.

**WEST:**

Maharaja Deb's area here was right up to the present day bridge over Tukucha stream.

(Later on Tung Shamsher (great grandson of Khadga Shamsher sold the same area to one Mr. Chipalu who is said to have constructed his residential building there.)

**Four big Gates** used to be there that were used to enter inside the Palace compound of Maharaja Deb Shamsher. They were—

**NORTH GATE:**

On the side of the present Babar Mahal where there is an entry gate now to enter inside Singh Darbar Secretariat.

The entire compound of present day Babar Mahal and the area used by the then Moonlight Cinema hall of yesterday were also within the compound area of Maharaja Deb Shamsher.

Now there is a temple of Hanuman here and the house belongs to Bhisma Shamsher and his descendant. We had once met Shubha Shamsher right over here after our visit back from Japan in late 1970.

His descendant is using it now.

**EAST GATE:**

On the northeast corner of the present day Panchayan. One can now see the area where stands V.S.School, former Brihaspati School there. Quite by the side of Vinayaka Sudha Niketan (school) at Thapathali there is a Lakshmi Narayan Temple (also popular as just Narayan Temple) that was constructed completely on the style os South Indian pattern, or Shikhar style.

There used to be a beautiful building popular then as Char Burja Building where stands there today Nurses' Quarter of the Maternity Hospital, so popular as Prashuti Griha.

Char Burja Place of Bahadur Shamsher at Kantipath of Kathmandu was constructed and named, as it is said, after the same Char Burja Palace of Maharaja Deb Shamsher.

It would be interesting to note that this Char Burja Palace of Thapathali had belonged earlier to General Mathabar Singh.
And after the assassination of General Mathabar Singh by Jung Bahadur, this very building was occupied and was then used by Jung Bahadur and it then became to be popular as Thapathali Durbar.

WEST GATE:
Adjoining to the present day Singh Darbar compound right on the present entrance to Singh Durbar from the south.

SOUTH GATE:
This gate was there quite by the side of that big Bhakari on the bank of the river Bagmati.

The origin of the name of Thapathali

One interesting point to ponder over is this that this place was known as Thapa Thali, the place where the Thapa had the settlement, as majority of people living there were THAPA.

Hence the settlement of THAPA as THAPA Thali. The place or a bit of the upper part of the place where there used to be settlement and lower part being used for agriculture and cultivation like paddy, maize, millet and vegetable.

a. It is said that this area was made suitable for settlement by Nani Rao and Bani Rao who were brought here by Jung Bahadur after that famous or notorious Lucknow episode that many people prefer to label it as Lucknow plunder or Lucknow Loot.

b. Even the present day Panchayana at Thapathali where there is the office that looks after the Rana interest, was within the Palace area of Maharaja Deb.

There is also a temple of Dola Ajima, which is popular these days as Kumaristhan.

The oral tradition has it that after the war between the Devil (Danava) and the deity (Deva) there was a heap of skeletons and on that very spot a temple was constructed consecrating it to the deity.

The Malla kings also used to pay visits to this place and used to pay due homage by bowing down their heads right on the feet of the deity.

When my grand daughter Neha, just back from Florida, the United States of America, was admitted at Norvic Escort hospital for general checkup, and while visiting there we came across a person who addressed himself as Amatya Thapa who narrated to us some interesting oral traditions in relation to Thapathali.
Right over this area where there is the Nurses' Quarter of the Maternity Hospital popular as Prasuti Griha, there used to be a pond, full of various breeds of fish and the local kids (may even the grown up grandpas used to go for fishing and have enjoyment there.

Amatya Thapa?

Will it not ignite our academic curiosity when we come across the term like Amatya Thapa belonging to the Newar community? Yet another book would have been written by Dr. Gopal Singh Nepali had the icy hands of death would not have touched him tight.

Amatyathapa and then a Newar!

Interesting it is to know Amatya and then Thapa also but the Newar, the Newala of the Rg Veda.

It has this very Past that needs to enlighten the Present for the benefit of the Future. Its is a history concealed.

It needs a sort of socio-anthropological study and research.

It may come to be a challenge to the linguistic studies.

Albeit he claims himself an Amatya Thapa he, however, told us without any hesitation whatsoever that he is a Newar.

He further elucidated: "In order to save the head many Newars had thus kept such names".

We are even familiar with some people in Bhaktapur that have opted for such names.

It has aptly been said that geography can be and has well been changed and altered, whereas we can not alter nor change the history as such. And there is the histroy right over here that is so aptly pointing to historical episodes on geography and the geography is disclosing the histroy as such.
APPENDIX B

Appendix B

Blavatsky (Helena Petrovna) who changed the whole current of European thoughts in 19th century.

Blavatsky had written Isis Unveiled and was published in 1877. Reincarnation is not denied in this volume Isis Unveiled. This reveals the beginning of Theosophical movement. It is the 'text book' of Theosophy -- a master key to mysteries of ancient and modern science and theology. It is said to be a classic in occult literature.

It is interesting to note that Maharaja deb Shamsher was quite aware of the theosophical movement.
APPENDIX C

English rendering of the writing by Sylvain Levi in French on the photograph above

To my dear Saheb Hazur in tender memory from his true French friend Konkie Dadima Da damohashaya

N.B. Saheb Hazur is the son of Maharaja Dev Shamsher.
APPENDIX D

English Rendering of the title page of LE NÉPAL

To my dear friend AV. William Jackson
in testimony of warm affection
and in memory of his charming hospitality (1904)
Sylvain Levi
19 May 1906
Along the Footprints of Maharaj Dev Shamsher Rana

Harihar Raj Joshi from Dhankuta wherein Maharaja Dev stayed and was popular as Dhankute Maharaj

Himalaya Shumsher Rana The great grandson of Maharaj Dev Shamsher