

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

BHUTAN

1907-08.

*Captain H. G. HYSLOP,
93rd Highlanders.*

**Extracts from my diary, written while accompanying the British Mission to Bhutan
1907-08.**

The people of Bhutan having decided to elect the Tongsa Penlop, Sir Ugyen Wang Chuk, K. C. I. E., as their hereditary Maharajah, a British Mission under Mr. J. Claude White, C. I. E., was sent into Bhutan to be present at the installation. We started from Gangtok Sikkim on the 25th November 1907, and halted some days in the Chumbi Valley to arrange supplies and transport.

Mr. Wilton of the Consular Service accompanied us as far as Chumbi, and the other members of the Mission were Major Rennick (Intelligence Branch) and Mr. Campbell, Assistant Political Officer.

DIARY.

2nd December.—We left Ohumbi about 10 A. M., and Wilton and I stopped on the Lingmathang plain where we pitched our camp. In the afternoon we went up the hill after "Shau" as our shikari had seen some lately in this nullah. It is the place where practically every head has been obtained, from White's one in Gangtok, to the small head Dunlop got on the Tibet Mission. We climbed up some two or three thousand feet, but though our orderly Purboo said he saw a solitary stag almost white go into a strip of forest, we saw nothing, and returned to camp just at dark. In the night a bad storm sprang up and it blew a gale. Our tent stood more or less, though every now and then the whole of the side walls went up in the air and flapped over our heads, and dust blew everywhere. We got no sleep, and in the morning found everything covered with inches of dust and dirt. It was fearfully cold.

3rd.—Wilton returned to Ohumbi, and I started to go right through to Phari to rejoin the others. I left camp about 7-30 A. M. in a biting wind, every bit of water in the stream was frozen, and many trees had been blown down. I was half frozen on arriving at Gautsa bungalow (12 miles) where I found White and Rennick weatherbound. They had decided not to go on as the storm was too bad, and the headman said the coolies and baggage would never get into Phari. Such a storm was unknown here, and this is a land of wind and gales! We spent the day in the bungalow and made ourselves as snug as we could with big wood fires. The cold was intense, milk, water, meat, everything being frozen solid during the night, in spite of huge fires lit all day which were only out for a few hours at night. Rennick is laid up with gout.

4th.—A lovely day and we marched to Phari (16 miles). We only came in for the cold wind a few

miles from Phari. We stayed in the new Dak bungalow, a queer building with a large courtyard round which are the stables and servants houses. Campbell joined our party, and Bayley (Trade Agent at Gyantsee) and Morgan (62nd Punjabis) are also here. The temperature at night is below zero.

5th.—We left Phari about 9 A. M., our party being White, Rennick, Campbell, and self. The escort, 25 sepoy of the 62nd with one Native Officer, 3 pipers and 2 drummers. We have 264 loads of baggage!! Many of these ofcourse are presents, and also the kits of the escort with a month's rations. It was a lovely day and we rode up easily to the pass (Trema La about 16,500 ft.) a distance of about 3 miles. From there we came into Bhutan. The track descended steeply for about 6 or 7 miles but was not very bad going. A few miles below the pass we found the Duggye Jongpen and his party waiting to meet us, and with messages of welcome from the Tongsa Penlop. We sat down for a few minutes and drank some "Chang" while the band, a drum and a gong, played to us. The drum was beaten with a curved stick like a boomerang, and the gong with a stick at the end of which was fastened a yak's horn. The band preceded us down the hill when we started again, but did not play for long. We walked down another two miles or so and then got on our mules, but the road was very narrow and bad, and after going some 2 miles it became so bad that we had to get off and walk for the next 6 or 7 miles. The path descended very steeply, practically being steps from boulder to boulder all the way down, and the slope must have descended at least a foot for every step we took. Rennick who still had gout was carried all the way down this bit by four stalwart Bhutanese. One carried him tied on his back, while the others held on and helped. This is pretty good when one considers that Rennick weighs some 15 stone. We had lunch near the foot of the hill, but found the meat frozen and uneatable, and our Thermos flask to which we had looked for a nice hot drink of soup was found to have broken, and the soup

was stone cold! After lunch we walked on some 3 miles down this awful road to where we found mules gayly decked out waiting to bring us into camp. We had been walking for the last four miles amongst trees again, most of which were firs and a curious sort of holly oak. We got on our mules with some difficulty as the tops of the saddles were about a foot above the animals backs, and the stirrups so short that when I was in the saddle my knees were almost in a line with the top of it, and the stirrups would not lengthen! There were reins certainly, but these were only for ornament, and each animal was lead by a sturdy Bhutanese with his sword strapped accross his back. The Bhutanese all wear swords, and carry them when walking on their right sides. They had told us the road from here to camp was almost level; it certainly was not quite as bad as the hill we had just come down, but I think it would have rather turned ones hair grey to ride down in cold blood, however they dragged these mules at a half trot down this track, shaving precipices and rocks, jumping down feet at a time from one boulder to another, and all this as if it was the most ordinary kind of road. It was only because we were too ashamed to get off that we ever managed to do it, and just trusted to luck and the sure footedness of our mules. Just before reaching camp our band was swelled by two musicians in red coats who blew trumpets. These they flourished about with great airs, turning round to blow them at you, and then sweeping them to the sky as they turned back to continue their progress. Camp was reached soon after 3 p. m., and here we found tents and many other things which had been sent forward. We had come some 18 to 20 miles

The Bhutanese had chosen a lovely spot in the forest, down near a stream, and we looked up a magnificently wooded valley at the head of which was a snow capped peak. Our tents took some sorting out as the packages were not marked, but we soon got things fairly straight, though much of the baggage which had started that day from Phari did not come in till after midnight. We had a huge bon-fire made in the middle of the camp, and sat round this in great coats

and wraps, for it was very cold on the side away from the fire, indeed there were many degrees of frost for the camp was about 10,000 feet. The Jongpen and his following came and stood round the other side of the fire, and we conversed together with the help of an interpreter and a very small knowledge of the language on our side. We had brought down coolie and yak transport, and the long lines of yaks tethered to lengths of rope was quite a quaint and picturesque sight.

6th.—The camp was early astir as the huge amount of baggage had to be got under way. Labzong, White's Tibetan munshi and clerk, is splendid at this kind of work, and long before we were dressed had got the extra baggage off. It was so cold that one was loath to leave one's warm bed, but we had to drag ourselves out, and had breakfast before 8 A. M. Things were all under way before 9 A. M., and we left camp again preceded by the Jongpen's band. This rather clashed with our drums and pipes who thought they must give the Bhutanese a treat, and had been playing in camp before we started as well as now on the march. The piper's fingers were evidently rather frozen, for their music was distinctly weird and awful, but the Bhutanese I am sure thoroughly enjoyed it, even if we did not! Our march to-day was quite a short one, some 10 miles, and we stopped several times to take photographs, and generally loitered along as the sun was extremely hot. We crossed one very noticeable bridge, covered in and with sort of guard houses on either bank. These bridges are typically Bhutanese and are distinctly picturesque. Rennie and Campbell having gone on while we stopped to photograph, we thought we had got rid of the band with them, but no such luck, for 3 miles from camp, there it was waiting for us and played us nearly all the way in. The trumpeters going through such antics that we had to stop every few yards for fear of disturbing them or riding them down. After re-crossing the river we got our first view of the Jong, quite an imposing building on a hill, but it distinctly gets more imposing and picturesque as one gets nearer. It is built on a sort of knife edge running out from the neighbouring hills, and as it stands some 50 to 60 feet above the hill,

it is most imposing. The walls slightly slope inwards and are of stone. The buildings have overhanging roofs and balconies, the roofs of shingle with stones laid on them. The whole Jong is built quite irregularly and follows the shape of the ground, making it most picturesque with its white walls; red upper story and dark shingle roof. We stopped to photograph before riding into the Jong as the light was good. We had again to mount our gayly caparisoned steeds, were met by the Jongpen, and were led up hill to the entrance, where, having passed through, we rode up flights of stone steps, going through doors and courtyards. I only cracked my head once in the doorways, I was wondering at the time if they would expect us to perform any more circus tricks by riding down these stairs again! This fortunately they did not expect. Arriving in the inner court we dismounted and were led up ladders to the guest chamber, or armoury as it appeared for the walls were covered with bows and arrows, leather shields, quaint old guns, and quantities of saddle cloths wonderful bridles and other horse furniture. Here we found Rennick and Campbell, who had arrived about half an hour before us, installed and drinking hot "Chang." We were shown to chairs on a raised dais by the window, or wooden grating which does duty for a window, and after some little time they brought us a most excellent omelette, made very dry with heaps of spring onions in it. This was served with rice, and though rather filling, was quite good and much appreciated as we were hungry after our ride. We were given warm chang and milk to drink with this dish, and as desert some excellent walnuts, of which there are a number of trees round the Jong. The Jongpen's wife, who had cooked the omelette was introduced to us, a queer little woman and very shy. She brought with her, her little girl about 6 years old, and accepted a cigarette which she lit up and began to smoke with evident pleasure. The Jongpen squated on the floor and gave us a tune on a queer looking low toned guitar instrument, and as our camp was said to be ready, we left soon after and came down to it. The day had been most extraordinarily warm but we had to pile on coats and other things immediately the sun went down.

7th.—To-day we halted, and have been wandering about trying to find something to shoot, and taking photographs. The country looks very excellent for pheasants and such game, but the birds appear to be very few, and not much beyond pigeons and one or two pleasants have been brought in. We went over the Jong, which was rather disappointing as most of it is empty, and beyond the armoury there is not much of interest. We, however, took many photographs, which ought to be good. All the stores and boxes have been overhauled and sorted, and we have managed to get rid of a few loads.

8th.—As we were anxious to make an expedition to Parotagsang Gompa, which is one of the holiest monasteries in Bhutan, and where no Europeans have ever been, we are staying on another day in this camp. The monastery is situated some 3000 feet above the valley on the other side of the river, and they told us the road was very bad. We decided not to take our own mounts as they were partly shod, and would probably slip on the rocks, so we obtained three mules from the Jongpen which were said to be very clever on the hills. We started before 9 A. M. and crossing the river below the Jong we at once began to ascend; we were soon thankful we had not brought our own animals as the track turned out to be awful. Now wading through frozen and slippery marshes, now passing along a cliff with a huge drop below one, and now ascending steps cut in the rock, we finally came out on the top of a spur and saw the monastery almost on a level with us. The general view was very pretty, for these picturesque buildings were dotted about in the forest or perched on the top of rocks, and a Bhutanese house is somehow always picturesque. They are very high, 3 or 4 stories very often, very solidly built, with over-hanging roofs and gables. The shingle roofs have stones put Swiss fashion to prevent the shingles being blown off. In addition they seem nearly always to have trees near which could not be better placed for effect. But we did not remain long admiring this view, for on turning another corner, we suddenly came on what was the real object of our visit, and we were not in the least prepared for any-

thing so picturesque as we saw. Right in front of us and a little below was the main Gompa perched absolutely in the middle of a sheer cliff with a drop of at least 1500 feet of bare rock. The monastery consisted of some three series of buildings each two stories high. The middle and main building was apparently the chief temple, for it was surmounted by a very beautiful gilded roof centre piece. The walls were of a sort of dull white with a band of reddish colour near the top, and there were many overhanging balconies and stair cases from one building to another. One or two fine trees seemed to have clung to the rock in exactly the right spots, and the whole effect was one of the most picturesque I have ever seen. Apparently there was no road to the place at all, but our guides soon showed us the way. We had to climb down one side of the ravine by a series of tiny steps cut in the rock, cross the gorge by a plank bridge, and mount up sets of stone stairs on the other side. A foot misplaced or a slip would have sent one down some thousand feet, so you can imagine one's progress was rather slow. The Hospital Assistant Surgeon had come up with us, but he absolutely refused to venture on this path, he said he had been in many queer places but he was not having any of this one! He turned tail and fled to where we had left the mules. After crossing the gorge we found the stone stairs up to the monastery fairly easy going, and we were soon in the building. Just before we entered a monk insisted on our drinking some ice cold water which he ladled out to us in a gourd from a holy spring. We were shown first into the main building in which is the chief gompa, a room some 20 feet by 10 feet with a bow window, and the Lama received us here. The room is very like that in other Tibetan monasteries, a huge image of Budha in brass on one side, with his satellites on either side. An altar in front on which numerous butter lamps and incense were burning, and the other walls covered with quaint pictures in colour, principally of Gods in various attitudes and each emblematic of Life. This particular image of Budha is a very fine one, beautifully made and with more detail than is usually given. The whole of the screen surrounding it was of good metal work and not the usual carved

wood. Some of the other smaller images, dorjes, and other things were also rather out of the common, and of richer make than one usually sees. We wandered about the other buildings visiting shrines, climbing up quaint stairs, and standing on wooden balconies seemingly absolutely in the air. Perhaps the most interesting small shrine we saw was one in a natural cave in the rock. In it was a gilded chuten containing numerous well made gilded Budhas all sitting on a lotus plant. Marvellous dorjes and thunder bolts are said to have been obtained from the rocks near the monastery, and our servants were very keen on obtaining small bits of rock as mementos from the spots these have been found in. We even saw them gazing about in cracks, hoping I suppose to find some of this buried treasure! Our return journey we found distinctly easier and we managed to take some interesting photographs. In a tiny corner of the rock near the monastery was what at first looked like a pigeon house, but which turned out to be the home of a hermit. It was reached by a straight log some 40 feet high with notches cut in it for steps. This primitive ladder was placed almost upright, and I don't think any one would have ventured to disturb the hermits solitude. We had a great climb up the hill to another monastery by name Sangtogperi, which was perched on the top of a rock, but was quite easy of access. It made a very pretty picture, but there was not much of interest in it. Still higher up was a nunnery or "Anni Gompa," but we had done enough climbing for one day and decided to get back as it soon becomes dark in December. We found a rather easier road straight down into the valley and from there were able to ride our mules back to camp.

9th.—Our road to-day lay straight down the valley to Paro Jung which is only about 9 miles from here and about 8,000 feet high. The valley is broad and fairly well cultivated though numerous ruins bear testimony to the decrease in population which is said to be taking place in most parts of Bhutan. The Bhutanese Agent in India, Ugyen Kazi, met us some three miles from Paro, and we had to dismount and partake of the usual murwa and fruit. This man has lived now for many

years in Kalimpong, he speaks Hindustani, and has mixed so much amongst Europeans that he knows our customs. He is at present one of the Tongsa Penlop's right hand men, and had been sent to bring us to Punakha and look after us on the way. Rounding a corner we got our first sight of the ruined Jong, for sad to say it was burnt completely out a month ago. The outside walls are still standing, but every bit of wood work has been burnt out, and worst of all everything the Jong contained, with the exception of a few old records, was destroyed. Even in ruins the Jong is most imposing; it stands on a small spur overlooking the river and valley, is an immense square building, and must have towered over the valley. On outlying spurs, and also on the hill above, are flanking towers, some of them of very fair size. We found our camping place all laid out and surrounded by a fence. The need for this last was soon apparent as crowds of people came to gaze at us, and it was a distinct advantage to have them kept at some distance by the fence. Mat huts had been built for our servants as well as cook-houses and stables, and wood, milk, chickens, eggs, sheep and grain were brought in, so we were well provided for. The Paro Penlop was waiting in a tent for us and after presenting the usual white scarves we were led inside to partake of murwa, chang and pan. The Penlop is an old man, he has got a bad reputation as a ruler, for he squeezes his subjects rather too much, but he appears now to have rather broken up and is getting more lenient in his old age. The burning of the Jong and his treasures must have told on him. He was accompanied by his son, a boy of about 15, who had just been married. Our baggage was soon in to-day, and after lunch White and I went up to the Jong to see the ruins and incidentally to shoot a few pigeon, of which we saw crowds flying about the ruins. We crossed the river by one of the covered bridges I have described and climbed the hill followed by a crowd of inquisitive people. They were all so anxious to get near and see us and what our clothes were made of and so on, that our progress was slow and shooting distinctly difficult. There was nothing to see in the Jong, it is a complete ruin inside every stick of wood apparently being burnt. The ruins

were still smouldering, one month afterwards, and they were bringing water and pouring it over the heaps of rubbish. The place is gradually being cleared up; they have already killed one man, and with their primitive way of pulling down the ruins will I fancy kill a good many more before they have finished. Wood is being collected for re-building, but they say it will take four years to complete.

10th.—We spent a quiet day in camp. In the morning I wandered up the valley and across the river to a curious little Gompa shaped like a chuten. There was however not much of interest in it beyond some good wall paintings, and a row of 100 prayer wheels built into the outside walls all round the building. In the afternoon White and I went down the valley and shot some pigeon.

11th.—The Paro Penlop came to bid us farewell, but he appears to be a man with very little manners, and had rather to be shown his place. The baggage is now entirely carried by coolies, cheery sculs, but extraordinarily ugly, they hardly have a feature amongst the lot of them, and about half of them at least have goitre more or less developed. The Tongsa had very kindly sent us each an excellent riding mule and as he had also provided 8 other riding animals, these, with the ones we had before, enabled us to mount all our servants. These same servants are having a very excellent time, for besides being mounted they are provided with all the food they can possibly eat and many luxuries they would never have otherwise, besides they are of course great *bahadurs* amongst the people here. We have Ugyen Kazi and the Duggye Jongpen told off to look after us and to accompany us to Puna-kha, so we are well off.

We crossed the river by the big covered bridge below the Jong, and climbing up a stone paved roadway soon found ourselves looking down on the ruins. Passing two outworks, one of which is a curious building formed of two semi-circles built inside one another with a central circular tower rising from them to a

height of some five stories, we soon came out amongst the pine woods which go right up to the summit of the pass. The road at first is steep and badly looked after though quite rideable, but the gradient gradually lessens before the top of the Bia La Pass (10,500 feet) a distance of 5 miles from the bridge, is reached. Right on the summit in a small clearing to the left of the road stands Bia La Jong, a square stone building of three stories; it is inhabited, but we did not go to see it. From the pass one gets a wonderful view extending from beyond Ha on the Chumbi side and sweeping round to the North with Chumolhari and some adjacent snow peaks, and then East over the Bhutanese mountains towards Punakha.

The track down the hill is much steeper and scarcely rideable. Stony and rough in most places varied by open grass glades which are as slippery as ice.

The camp is about four miles down the hill near the bottom of the valley and just below the small village of Pemithang which consists of some 8 to 10 houses and a small Jong. The local officials had got everything ready for us, but our baggage was very late getting in, and it was dark and very cold before we got the tents all up.

12th.—This is our first cloudy morning, and though it is not so cold, snow has fallen on all the higher hills. Some of our coolies have deserted during the night and there is difficulty in a small place like this in getting more, however all the principal baggage was away early, and it is not a very severe march.

Our road lies S.-W. down the valley to where it joins the Thimbu river, up which we march for another six miles, or twelve in all. It is a fairly good road all the way though ofcourse narrow and stony. Deserted houses seem almost more common here, and it is sad to see how much land has gone out of cultivation. An immense amount of time and energy must have been spent on a great deal of this waste land, for it is all terraced and in many places

irrigation channels have been made for miles along the hill sides, and in some cases aqueducts built across streams. It is said an epidemic of small-pox attacked this part of Bhutan a few years ago, and that this is the reason for most of the ruined and empty houses, but many of them have been deserted quite lately and there must be other reasons besides the small-pox. The Thimbu river comes down from beyond Chumolhari and here it is some 30 yards wide, beautifully clear water with some very fine pools in which there ought to be fish. We cross and re-cross it two or three times by wooden cantilever bridges, and finally ford it just opposite our camping ground at Chalumaphe. In the middle of the camp is a most magnificent cypress tree some 50 to 60 feet in circumference; but it is getting rather spoilt by the numerous fires which are lit round it in order to get shelter for cooking, for the wind at times howls up this valley. It is a little warmer here and the clouds seem to be clearing off. White unfortunately is down with a bad cold and fever, and has had to retire to bed. Rennick's foot is better, and as he says our Mug cook does not know how to make a curry, a dish to which he is particularly partial, he has been spending the afternoon making a wonderful concoction of his own, in order to give us a real treat at dinner to-night.

13th.—We are all alive after Rennick's curry! but are rather a sad camp for White is still in bed, though better, Rennick has developed a gouty tendency in his other foot, and I have apparently suffered from the effects of the curry and am not very bright. However I do not intend to miss the chance of seeing Tashichu Jong, and Campbell and I with a numerous following left about 10-30 to ride the four miles up the valley. The first part of the road is in water channel and rather unpleasant, (indeed the Bhutanese often seem to make these roads do double duty) the remainder is not bad, and we arrived at the Jong in an hours time. The valley is evidently well populated, for we passed numerous villages on either side of the river, and high up the mountain are two large colonies of Lamas. Tashichu Jong is the summer

capital of Bhutan. This means that the Dharma and Deb Rajahs live there in summer, and in Punakha in winter, and their following of some 1,500 Lamas migrate with them. At present there is neither a Dharma nor a Deb Rajah, for the Deb Rajah resigned last year and has secluded himself in his monastery above Paro. While no fresh re-incarnation of the Dharma Rajah has yet been found. The Dharma Rajah is the re-incarnation of the Guru Rinpoche who was the re-incarnation of the head or spirit of Budha. The last one died nearly four years ago, and usually a new one is found by the Lamas within three years. They find this re-incarnation in a child born about the time the last re-incarnation died, and it is curious that they are taking so long in their search.

The Jong is an immense building some 180 yds. by 100 yds, there are two entrances on the S and E. faces. It is built in the usual way of stones set in mud, with the outer face of the walls sloping slightly back. For the first 40 feet or so there are no windows, and practically the first story begins at that height, there being two other stories above, most of the windows of which have overhanging wooden balconies with sliding shutters. These are usually coloured red and blue and are often carved and painted with designs. The main entrance is some fifteen feet above the ground, and is reached by a moveable wooden stairway which could be easily taken away were the Jong attacked; inside there is a stone stair leading to the main courtyard. The principal buildings are on the four walls of the Jong, while inside the courtyard are two square towers, one of these is the home of the Dharma Rajah and is now under repair, the other is a very magnificent new Gompa which has lately been erected by the Thimbu Jongpen, the real "Lord of the Castle." This being freshly built and painted, stands out from its surroundings, and an immense amount of money and labour must have been spent on it, for the main Gompa with its images is the finest I have ever seen. The central figure is a huge gilded statue of Budha which stands some 20 feet high, though Budha is in a sitting position. Above and around this is a huge canopy and background of golden leaves. The image itself

is well executed and is richly studded with precious stones and turquoise. On either side are attendant female figures, while in double rows on each side are more than life sized figures of other Bhutanese Gods. Richly embroidered flags and brocaded scrolls are hung about, while the walls are covered with the usual paintings. In front of the central figure is the altar, with its butter lamps and various shaped vases and bowls and its ubiquitous elephant tusks. We were taken right round the buildings which comprise the dwellings of the Deb Rajah, Thimbu Jongpen, Thimbu Zimpon, and many others, while cells for the Lamas are everywhere. Most of these bigger men have their own private Gompas, much on the same lines, though the Gods vary and also the material of which they are made. Unfortunately as it is winter all the Lamas are away at Punakha, and even the other headmen have gone to attend the ceremony there, so that many of the rooms were dismantled and bare. The quarters of the Jongpen and his understudy the Zimpon with their walls covered with arms and shields, are a very marked contrast to the religious air of the rest of the building. We had lunch in the Jongpen's rooms and were supplied with omelette, rice, and a huge dish of horrible looking meat, nearly all pork. This last needless to say we did not touch. I was amused to see here almost our first reminder of our own world in photos of White, and other groups and pictures being hung up amongst all this oriental bravery. They showed us here an extremely short double barrel rifle which had been made on the premises, and as far as looks went a wonderful imitation of a double express rifle. The stock was of beautifully polished walnut, and all the engraving had been exactly copied. even the name of Walter Locke and Co: had been put on, though I am bound to say this last was a little quaint and difficult to read. They told us that 20 more of these rifles had been made and taken with the Jongpen to Punakha. On the North side of the Jong is the principal monastery, a huge room with two or three sets of galleries extending right up to the roof, this unfortunately was almost entirely dismantled and the Gods looked dusty and uncared for. On either side of the entrance to this hall

were rather interesting paintings; one a very good picture of the Buddhist "Wheel of Life," and the other apparently having something to do with astronomy, though what all the various lines, circles and discs meant I could not fathom.

White was up when we got back to camp and is evidently much better, we also found that the long looked for *dak* had arrived, so we were soon busy with our letters and papers.

14th.—We were early astir this morning, and everythings was out of camp soon after 8 A. M. The early mornings are bitterly cold and everything is frozen hard, the sun itself is warm, but as it seldom gets to the bottom of some of these valleys till about 10 A. M., one usually has to start off with all kinds of extra-clothing on, which one sheds gradually as it gets warmer. About half a mile from camp we visited the small Jong of Simtokha, it has some interesting images and carved figures in stone, but is not of much importance. Our road now took us almost due East up a narrow valley for some eight miles, the going was fair, but in some places ice had made the road rather dangerous. On reaching the top of the Dokyong La Pass, about 10,000 feet, we got a most magnificent panorama of the everlasting snowy range to the North of Bhutan, commencing not far from Chumolhari, and going right away past Kulu Kangri.

Most of these peaks range from 23,000 to about 25,000 feet, and every one stood out clearly as there was not a cloud in the sky. On crossing the pass one seems to enter at once into an entirely different climate, one leaves behind the wintry pine forests, and descends immediately into rodedendran scrub and vegetation exactly like rainy Sikkin. The undergrowth is dense, and the trees are covered with moss and ferns, which shows that the rainfall on this side of the pass must be very much greater than on the other. The road descends very steeply, and in many places a little lower down the hill is nothing more than a watercourse, both very muddy and very stony. The Thimbu Jongpen had sent us out mules, but White and I preferred to walk most of the way

down the hill. Our camp had been pitched right at the foot of the valley in some fields just across the river. It is distinctly warmer than any of our previous camps, but even here once the sun goes down it gets very chilly and one is glad of a fur coat and a big camp fire.

15th.—We had about 7 miles to ride into camp to-day and the road was fairly level. Some four miles from Punakha we were met by a deputation from the Tongsa Penlop. He had sent the Ghassa Jongpen with scarves of welcome, and baskets of fruit, oranges bananas and persimmons, besides sealed wicker covered bamboos filled with murwa and chang. They evidently do not altogether trust their carriers, for everything is always most carefully tied up and sealed. There were at least five or six gayly caparisoned mules for each of us to ride, sent by the Tongsa, the Punakha Jongpen, Deb Zimpon, and others, so we had many to pick from. The Tongsa had also sent his band, this consisted of six men, two in red were the trumpeters, while the remainder who were dressed in green, carried drums and gongs. The mass of colours of every shade was most picturesque, and we must have made a very gay procession as we started off again towards Punakha. One sees nothing of the Jong until rounding a corner one suddenly sees Punakha, about half a mile off, below in the valley. It is situated on a point of land just above the junction of two rivers. It is a large picturesque building much on the style of Tashichu Jong though not so regularly built. Connecting it with the further banks of the rivers are two covered bridges with their attendant guard towers. At the point where we got our first view of Punakha Jong is a long Mendong, and here more retainers had come out to meet us, and our procession was further increased by two dancers. These preceded White down the hill playing sort of double tambourines, and twisting and twirling to the beat of these as they descended the path. Our procession must have extended for quite half a mile along the hill side. First came the pipes and drums and escort of the 62nd Punjabis, then some 20 led mules, most of them with very magnificent saddle cloths, their syces and other retainers who had

come to meet us, then some 20 men, the bodyguard of the Tongsa, these were dressed in beautiful silk and brocade dresses of all colours, and each wore a yellow scarf. The band and dancers followed, and then we ourselves came followed by orderlies and servants. These were all mounted and in their red coats. The whole procession was in single file on account of the narrow mountain path, and with the gay colours must have made a brave show for the country people, who had flocked in in thousands, as we gradually wended our way across the bridge, through a corner of the Jong to our own camp, which had been pitched to the North on some level ground a few hundred yards from the Jong. At the camp entrance was the Tongsa Penlop with his council waiting to receive us as we dismounted, and they conducted us up a path covered with red cloth, and between lines of flowers and shrubs in pots, to the Mess House they had made for us; this we entered and all but the council were excluded. The Tongsa and ourselves sat at the end of the room while the council were seated on one side. The three members of council were the Paro Penlop, the Thimbu Jongpen, the Punakha Jongpen, and the Deb Zempon. The Taga Penlop was prevented by illness from coming. Of these only the Tongsa and the Deb Zimpon had been with us in Calcutta for the Prince of Wales' visit. When we were seated, the council in turn, headed by the Tongsa, presented us each with scarves, and afterwards murwa, tea, and other things were brought. White talked to the Tongsa for some time, and then the latter came round to each of us to say how pleased he was to see us here and to welcome us to Bhutan. He is a short man, thick set, with a pleasant face, but a great deal of character and determination in it, indeed he is the "strong man" of Bhutan. The other members of council are all of rather a different type to the ordinary Bhutia one meets, they have all more refined faces, perhaps the Punakha Jongpen has the pleasantest face, but they are all men of character and distinct gentlemen.

The camp they have laid out for us bears very evident traces of what they saw in Calcutta. The red cloth laid down to walk on, the houses they have made for us,

and the rows of pot plants. Many of these last are distinctly curious for they comprise onions, ends of sugar cane, bits of branches, and other quaint greenery stuck in pots. We have each our own little wooden house consisting of one room and a bath room, these are raised about 18 inches from the ground, have shingle roofs with stones on them, and are surmounted by small coloured prayer flags. Inside, the whole house is covered with thin white cloth, and has a frieze of draped coloured silks. The windows are kind of small port holes, of course without glass, but they each have a small shutter to pull across at night. They have no furniture. The Mess is a biggish room some twenty feet square, with a small hall, half of which we have turned into a pantry. It is covered with cloth in the same way as the smaller houses, but wonderful pictures in colour cover the walls, and a large yellow and red curtain is draped so that it can be let down at night. As the walls have the same small port holes all round as in our houses, it gives the effect of being in a cabin on board ship. They have made an excellent table in the centre of the room which is covered with a white table-cloth, gummed or glued to the table! There are ten wooden arm chairs which would do credit to any carpenter, and when one considers that these people have no saws, no planes, no nails, and in fact the very roughest of tools, I really think the result they have attained quite wonderful.

Outside the houses are painted white, and small stairs lead to the doors. In rear are mat huts for our servants, and on one side is an excellent kitchen with a cooking range of mud and stone. Each side of this enclosure is quite 100 yards, it is surrounded with a fence, and every few yards branches of pine trees are planted in the ground. Our stables are right outside the enclosure, and we have a river a short distance off on either side, so that I don't think we could be better provided for.

16th.—To-day we have spent settling down, getting the presents ready, and generally making ourselves comfortable and ready for what is to come. In the afternoon White and I walked over to the Jong to see

where they proposed to have the ceremony. It is to be in a big room on the ground floor, this has a gallery all round and is capable of holding many hundreds of spectators. The people were busy decorating the place and generally getting the room ready, so we did not bother them by staying. Unfortunately, like most of these rooms, the place is very dark, but they propose to make openings through the roof which ought to give some light. At the main entrance to the Jong was quite a busy little bazaar, the first I had seen in the country. On one side were the cloth merchants selling both Bhutanese cloths and cheap cottons from down country, and on the other were the sweetmeat sellers and the *pan* merchants. The Bhutanese are always chewing *pan* and these merchants must drive a good trade.

17th.—This is the day of the installation of the Tongsa Penlop as Maharajah of Bhutan. We were early astir, and White and I went over to the Jong to see about a place to fit up a camera so as to take the ceremony. They have opened up the roof on two sides and the room is now quite light. Their preparations were evidently not quite complete, for servants, and Lamas were busy carrying things about. We left camp at exactly 10 A. M. to walk over to the Jong. The pipes and drums preceded us playing "Highland Laddie," then came White in Political uniform, Rennick in Staff kit, Campbell in Gunner uniform, and myself in Highland uniform. We were followed by White's orderlies in red, and then came the escort of the 62nd. On entering the main gateway we were met by the Tongsa Penlop and his council and conducted to the hall. The place was decorated with floating banners of brocade and silk, and on the walls were the precious religious picture scrolls worked in silk. At the further end were three raised *daises* with small altar tables in front, these were covered with cushions and silk cloths. In the centre sat the Tongsa, with White on his right, and the Tatsang Khempo the head of the Lamas on his left.

Our seats were down the side of the room next to White, and the four members of council sat in continua-

tion of the row. On the other side facing us were the Tangu Lama and ten other representative Lamas, all in their gorgeous robes of office and wearing brocade hats. White's orderlies stood behind him, and behind our chairs the escort lined up. All the remainder of the space behind the chairs was crowded with retainers and Lamas, the centre of the room being empty. The gallery which runs right round the room was filled with spectators, who also crowded on to the beams of the roof where the shingles had been removed for light, although they were repeatedly driven off by the Lamas. Opposite the Tongsa, at the other end of the room, was an altar covered with lighted butter lamps. The Tongsa was dressed in blue silk brocade with the star and ribbon of the K. O. I. E., and round him was the scarlet shawl which only the council wear. Everyone was of course in his best dress, and as these are of every conceivable colour, you can imagine what a kalidiscopic effect the whole produced. Men walked up and down, with whips made of raw hide, trying to keep order. The Thimbu Jongpen was evidently master of the ceremonies. The proceedings opened with the presentation of the Government gifts, then the council in turn gave white scarves while their presents and those of their higher officials were laid down in front of the Tongsa, making a huge pile down the centre of the room of bags of tankas (Tibetan silver coins 3 to the rupee), cloths, bags of grain, baskets of butter and so on. As each man came up to give his offering, he unfolded his scarf with a flourish, it was then taken by the Thimbu Jongpen and waved in the air while he announced the man's name. Presents of cloth were first banged on the ground, then opened with a sweep to their full extent so as to display the whole length and contents. These of course had been previously rolled so as to open in this way. After all the Penlops, Lamas, and Jongpens had in this way given their offerings, the Tongsa and council came and presented us with scarves. Tea and other drinks were handed round, first some yam soup, sweet brown stuff like cocoa, then butter tea, and then chang. As small quantities of each of these were poured into the same cup you can imagine the awful mixture, fortunately we were not really expected to drink

it all up. Previously to handing these liquids round, the jars were brought in, placed on the ground, and the attendants tasted the contents with a ladle, this to show that no poison was contained.

A scribe now got up and read out the oath of allegiance which all the headmen were to take to the new Maharajah; this was written on parchment, and each of the headmen came up and put his seal to the document, the chief Lama, the Tatsang Khempo, who has possession of the Dharma Rajah's seal, produced this from a casket. It is a huge thing some 5 inches square. The paper had first to be most carefully damped with warm water, then the seal was painted over with vermilion, and finally the impression was taken; the whole thing being done with the greatest care and interest, for evidently the seal is not often used. The other seals to the document were all done in black. The Lamas as they left their seats either to give presents, or to affix their seals, always took off their hats and robes of office, these being resumed when they again seated themselves. The sealing of the document took over an hour, and meanwhile we took some snapshots of the proceedings. After the last Jongpen had put his seal to the parchment, White got up and made a short speech, in which he wished the new Maharajah a prosperous time, and congratulated the people on their choice. He at the same time presented the "kharita" of the Viceroy. The speech and "kharita" were translated into Tibetan and the written copies handed to the Tongsa, we then each gave the Maharajah our white scarves, and congratulated him as being the first King of Bhutan, for "Ghelpo" is what they call him and this means King.

We now adjourned to the Tongsa's private quarters where he gave us refreshments. The usual omelette, rice, fruit, and drinks, and after White had taken photos of some presentation ponies, and the Lamas' band, by special request; we got back to camp about 1 o'clock.

The Maharajah and council had been asked to dinner at 7 P. M., but at 5 P. M. just as I was thinking of having

a quiet time to write some letters, the whole crowd turned up, evidently by some mistake in the time, and we had to entertain them. I hurried on dinner as much as possible, and fortunately we had brought a great many mechanical toys, a gramophone, and other things which delighted them, but it was tiring work for so long. The thing that seemed to take best was an electric battery, and after the Thimbu Jongpen had sat on the floor from the effects of a shock given him, he delighted in getting new people to come, and gave them shocks himself, howling with laughter if they dropped the handles like hot potatoes, which they generally did as the battery was pretty strong. At table they behaved extremely well, just watching one if they were not quite sure what to do, but two of them had been in Calcutta with us, the Tongsa himself and the Deb Zimpon, and the others had evidently learnt all about it and about our ways.

18th.—All the Government presents have been divided up and presented to-day. Practically all the leading headmen have come in for something, from saddles and field glasses, to cloth and mechanical toys. It was amusing to see how pleased they were if they got what they wanted, and they generally had given pretty broad hints as to where their tastes lay. The lesser Jongpens and underlings got money presents with a little cloth and tea. The Tongsa usually appears wearing a hideous cap which he must have purchased for himself in Calcutta, and in which he evidently fancies himself, it is a hideous arrangement of cloth with a black leather peak.

19th.—We have all been in full dress again to-day, for the presentation of the Government subsidy. The Rs. 50,000 which the Indian Government give annually according to the Treaty of 1866, in which the Bhutanese ceded the Duars to the Government of India. The shamianth had been prepared for the Durbar, and the guard presented arms as the Maharajah came into the enclosure. The Tongsa and council gave us scarves, and a small offering of salt, and cloths was laid in front of White, who then formally handed over the treasure to

the Tongsa. One box was opened and a bag of a thousand rupees counted out. The boxes were then taken over by the Deb Zimpon who sent them off to the Jong. The whole ceremony only lasted quarter of an hour, White took a group of the Tongsa, council, and the Mission as we were all in full dress, and afterwards liqueurs, cake and sweets were handed round. We had intended to go over the Jong this morning, but it is one of their *pukah* days so we have put our visit off till to-morrow.

20th.—We visited the Jong this morning, but it was a little disappointing as being the Headquarters of the Lama community for six months in the year. It was dirty, very smelly, and rather tawdry; and not a patch on Tashichujong, though I daresay that also is pretty dirty when the Lamas are in residence. We paid a visit to the chief Lama the Tatsang Kempo, and saw a service being conducted in the principal Monastery. The Lamas sat in rows on the floor and chanted, while a band consisting of two long trumpets, cymbals and drums kept time. The drums are about 18 inches in diameter and 6 inches thick, they are mounted sideways on a wooden pedestal and are beaten by a carved brass drumstick some 2 feet long. The Lamas appeared to be repeating their chant like parrots, for they were not taking the slightest interest in what they were saying, and as they were laughing most of the time, could hardly be called devout! We had some refreshments in the Thimbu Jongpen's quarters, and saw the arrival of the retired Deb Rajah who had come over to Punakha from his seclusion near Paro. The Lamas all made great obeisance to him. This is done by putting both hands and knees on the ground and bending till the forehead almost touches the ground, it is not exactly a graceful position, but it is quaint.

In the evening we gave a magic lantern show in the big courtyard of the Jong. It was not altogether successful, though as we had many Bhutan scenes and groups the people I think quite enjoyed it. In putting together the ascetyline accumulator, some one came near with a lantern and nearly blew White up, as it

was all one side of his face was scorched, and eye-brows eye-lashes and moustache badly singed ; then the lantern refused to work properly and we had great difficulty in focusing at all. In coming away the Calcium Carbide from the accumulator was thrown into a ditch and set alight, it caused great amusement and astonishment when they found they could not put the light out with buckets of water, and that it only burned the more. This they could not understand at all.

21st.—We had a slight storm last night and a little rain. Evidently it has snowed hard in the upper hills for they are looking very white, this must be the first heavy fall of the season.

Campbell and I started off after breakfast and rode down the valley to Angduphodang Jong which is about eight miles off. The road is fairly level and one can push along. About half way we found no fewer than eight mules waiting for us to ride, they had been sent out by various people from Punakha. It was most attentive, but as we had arranged our own *dak* and preferred our saddles we decided to stick to our own animals. The Jong is rather a picturesque one, some 200 feet above the river on a spur where a tributary runs into the main river, the ground falling very steeply on three sides. In front of the Jong is a level courtyard with an avenue of trees which is distinctly pleasing, and the effect is added to by some picturesque chutens. Unfortunately it was a very dull and cloudy day so the light was not good for photography. The Jong is governed by the Donyer or Steward, who though offered the Jongpen ship has refused to take it. It appears that the last three Jongpens died rather suddenly, and the post is in consequence deemed unlucky. The last Jongpen died nine years ago, and the Donyar has been the real ruler since then, though not in name. It is rather an important Jongpen ship, for it carries with it a seat on the council in the same way as Thimbu (Tashichujong) and Punakha. The Jong is very narrow, and is built in two parts connected by a bridge. The most southerly portion was evidently originally little more than a monastery, to which the Jong proper has been

added. The main courtyard is about the finest I have seen, and some of the Gompas are interesting. Over 100 Lamas live on the premises. We had refreshments in the Jongpen's rooms which are uninhabited, and the principal officials in the Jong came to *salaam* and bring their small offerings of cloths and such like. We were back in Punakha before 3 P. M.

22nd.—The Thimbu Jongpen brought us over a Bhutanese dinner, which was served in the mess at our luncheon time, but, with the exception of the first dish, none of us made much headway with it. It began with omelette and rice, and with this was served a sort of fish stew. Then came a huge pile of meat on a separate dish for each of us, this was nearly all composed of pork in various forms, such as roast, sausages, huge thick slices of bacon, trotters and various other pieces which I could not name and hardly cared to ask from what part of the animal they came. Slices of turnip were spiked on a stick and serve with chillies and other hot stuff. To wash all this down we had chang and arrack, but it was all I could do to sit in front of this repast, and I wanted a brandy and soda badly. In the afternoon the Tongsa and council came to make their formal presents to Government. This ceremony as all others commenced with the presentation of scarves. These to an equal or superior are placed over the two hands, to an inferior it is hung round the neck, and if presented by a man of very inferior station it is put on the ground in front of you. Very often when an inferior presents a scarf it is returned to him by placing it round his neck, in this way the same scarf can be used many times over.

The Tongsa's orderlies now placed his gifts in four piles in front of us, these consisted chiefly of silks and Bhutanese chudders and cloths, but with them a sword and some other warlike accoutrements were given. The council each had small piles of the same kind of cloths placed in front of White by their orderlies.

23rd.—Rennick is now able to get about a little, and so we all four rode up the hill to Talu monastery

which is the residence of the Dharma Rajah. It is some 4,000 feet above Punakha, and the road is fearfully steep, so that it took us some hours to get up. From the death of the last Dharma Rajah until the new re-incarnation is found, the Tangu Lama has been put in to officiate at the monastery, and to look after everything there. He is a fat jovial soul with a large goitre, is most friendly and showed us every hospitality. They had placed a room at our disposal, and as we had only brought up two tents, some of us lived there. The monastery is delightfully placed on a spur, and surrounded with pine woods, below it is quite an extensive village and a good deal of cultivation. Our road for the last few miles had lain through delightful woods which reminded one very much of home; oak, walnut, and wild pear trees predominated, but the effect with the bracken and wild rose trees was really pleasing. The Lama had sent out mules, a band, and refreshments some two miles down the road for us, so we were escorted through all this very rural scenery by a large assemblage, and to the playing of their hardly musical trumpets, and the thumping of drums.

The principal Gompa is the most complete we have yet seen, and though not the most imposing, it contains some real treasures in brasses, chutens and other metal work. An extremely long pair of elephant's tusks decorate the chief altar, the longest of which measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet, though it is not a very thick one, on the floor are two particularly fine Rhino horns, I did not measure these, but they stood quite two feet from the ground.

Some half a mile above the monastery is a small Gompa, the summer residence of the Shabdong Rimpoche, or Dharma Rajah, in which he can go into complete seclusion. It is built on the most miniature scale almost like a doll's house, but is kept extremely clean and tidy, and is evidently considered very holy, for none of the followers were allowed inside the inner rooms. One gets the most magnificent panoramic view of the hills and snowy range from just above this Gompa.

24th.—The Tangu Lama accompanied us some little way down the hill, he is a most cheery individual always smiling. One cannot help liking him. He presented us each with a silk scarf as we took leave of him. We came down by a slightly different route, which took us through the village of Nurbu Gang. This is quite the most picturesque village I have seen, the houses are built on a tiny scale and are surrounded with orange, persimmon, and other fruit trees; each little domain is most carefully fenced and the whole is kept extremely clean and tidy. It is perched on a more or less flat piece of ground on a spur some 6,000 feet high, and from where we were had a background of wooded hills and distant snowy peaks, it fully deserves its name which means "The precious gem village." We got one or two small persimmon trees for Rennick to take back with him to Kulu, but they say these grow better from seed. From here Punakha looked miles below us, but the road is so steep that we soon got down and Rennick, in spite of having ridden his mule down this perilous path, was not far behind when we got back to camp.

25th.—Xmas day. The post came in most opportunely this morning before breakfast. The Tongsa and council came over in state with their followers to be photographed. They presented a most picturesque group though unfortunately the colour effect does not show in a photo. The council were in coloured silk robes with their crimson shawls of office, then there were standard bearers in many coloured robes, the fighting men with their swords, leather shields, and steel headdresses ornamented with colours, the archers, the gun carriers, these with all kinds of wierd weapons, and many others all quaintly and picturesquely dressed. They came over from the Jong in single file, which is evidently the mode of progression in this country of narrow paths, and then grouped themselves for us to photograph. Later in the morning the poor of the neighbourhood turned up to have *baksheesh* doled out to them. They numbered over a thousand were marshalled in double lines squatting on the ground. We then passed down the lines giving four annas to each. In many cases tiny

babies were made to hold out their hands, but the money was immediately grabbed by the watchful parent. They were a most orderly and quiet crowd and waited their turn with the greatest patience.

We had a big dinner party in the evening and a magic lantern show afterwards. This time the lantern behaved better, and the pictures were much more distinct. A very large crowd collected on both sides of the screen.

26th.—Campbell and the escort left this morning to return to Chumbi, they go back by Paro and Ha. We have been busy packing up and separating out stores, etc. as White remains on here for a few days and then goes down to the Duars by a different route. The Rajah and council have been over to talk with White about things connected with the country, and in the afternoon, White and I walked some miles up the Mo Chu river. The valley narrows about a mile or so above Punakha, and there are the ruins of a small Jong, and the remains of a garden. Near this is a curious cave dwelling formed in the shingle bank, the stones being cemented together by a natural deposit of lime. This cave has been improved into a dwelling place, and in the time of the last Mission was inhabited by a hermit. It is however now deserted. Above this point the woods come right down to the river bank, and the valley though narrow is far prettier than near Punakha. The snows are visible from here, and some very fine rocky crags raise themselves from some of the nearer hills. Ghassa Jong is about two marches up the valley, and in the hills above is the home of that curious animal, the Tarkin.

27th.—Rennick and I waited in camp till nearly 11 a. m. so as to give the coolies a good start with our baggage. The Tongsa and all the members of the council came over to bid us farewell, and on leaving they went through the usual pretty custom of giving us scarves, this time, however, the Tongsa presented us each with three, coloured red, white and blue. We are both genuinely sorry to part from our

friends, and I shall always look back with pleasure to having made the acquaintance of these men. Sir Ugyen stands out head and shoulders above them all, and I only hope for the sake of Bhutan that he may long be spared, it is at this time that a strong man is required, for the whole country will have to be reformed. He will have to go slow, for many old customs must be overthrown, but in all this he is fortunate in having the sound advice of such a man as White.

They all came to the entrance of the camp with us, where we again shook hands and also said good-bye to White who remains on in Punakha for some days. Rennick had been mounted on rather an obstinate mule, and on one occasion it proceeded to take him down a very precipitous grass slope, much to poor Rennick's discomfiture. The grass on the hill side had been set on fire a few miles from Punakha. This is done to improve the grazing by bringing up fresh shoots, but it nearly gave us a nasty experience, for when we passed the fire was within a few feet of the path, and in another minute or two we would have had to get the mules actually through the fire. As it was, we were nearly smothered in clouds of smoke, and the heat was intense. We did not stop at our old camp, but pushed on some three miles further up the hill to upper Lungmetsawa. We met the post from Gangtok on the way, and sat down to read letters and telegrams, but in spite of this we were in camp long before our coolies who were very late in arriving.

28th.—It is much warmer than usual here, though we are about 8,000 feet, and there is a very hard frost. We are quite sheltered from the wind, and this apparently makes all the difference. The road to-day was covered for 20 or 30 yards at a time with ice, and would have been very difficult to pass had not earth and stones been thrown on it to prevent slipping. I walked the 8 miles from the top of the pass down to camp at Chalumaphe, but the last bit was extremely hot, and I longed to get rid of some of my warm clothing.

29th.—This seems to be always a cold place, and last night and this morning were colder than ever.

Some three or four miles after leaving camp one sees on the left bank of the river a very superior house standing by itself. This is the home of the Dorzi family. In 1884 Aloo Dorzi who was then Thimbu Jongpen combined with the Punakha Jongpen to deprive the Tongsa Penlop, (The present Sir Ugyen) of his share of the Indian Government subsidy. The Tongsa naturally would not stand this, and collecting his followers, marched over to Tashichujong. The Paro Penlop tried to make the contending parties come to terms, and a meeting was arranged to which both sides were to come unarmed. It appears however, that the Tongsa, hearing that Aloo Dorzi intended treachery, secretly armed his men, and the Paro Penlop, who was friendly with him, took advantage of this and induced the men of Tongsa to attack first, in this way they obtained a great advantage and defeated Aloo Dorzi. The Punakha Jongpen was killed, and Aloo Dorzi fled to Tibet, where he tried to induce the Tibetans to take up his case against the Tongsa. A Chinese official actually did come to Bhutan, and a truce was patched up. Aloo Dorzi died some years ago in Tibet.

We left the Pemithang-Paro road about six miles from camp, and turning South took the direct route to Buxa. This is practically an unknown road, for though Bogle and Pemberton I believe went over parts of it years ago, they left very little record of any use to travellers. The sides of the valley soon get steeper, and in a mile or two we had entered a narrow gorge, the road being cut along the cliff side some way above the river, and in many places quite unrideable. The march proved to be a good deal longer than we had expected, and we had travelled quite 15 miles before we came to camp. Some three miles above this we passed the junction of the Pa Chu with the Thimbu Chu down which river we were coming. Paro is only some 8 miles from here, but the road is said to be very difficult, and the gorge we saw certainly looked almost impossible. Our camp had been made in some dry rice fields, it was called Paga, though the village of this name is really some $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the hillside. As usual everything had been got ready for us,

and they had brought in chickens, eggs, milk, rice, grass, grain, and wood. The Tongsa had sent orderlies on ahead to prepare the camps and get in supplies, so we travel in great comfort and our servants in absolute luxury.

30th.—The valley to-day continued extremely grand with magnificent rocks towering up from the river, the slopes however were well wooded. Here and there one obtained glimpses of Gompas perched on apparently inaccessible hill tops, and a short distance down the valley we passed the small Jong of Dubjee, high up on a cliff on the right bank of the river. In many places the road was very bad, and it was only with great difficulty that we got our mules along. About half way we commenced to ascend until we reached the summit of the Sima La Pass (about 9,000 feet), some 3,000 feet above the river. From here we got a magnificent view of the surrounding hills, and looked down on the village of Rimtokha where we were to encamp. Above us, near the top of the hill, was the monastery of Dokhatye, which looked a large place, so we decided to climb up to it. The Gompa is in the midst of a big village, but unfortunately all the Lamas were away in Punakha, and though we got into the buildings, all the shrines were locked up and even the paintings on the walls were covered, and in many cases the coverings were nailed down. The monastery did not look however as if it would hold at any time much of interest. The march had been a fairly short one of 10 miles, so on reaching camp we found our tents pitched and everything ready. The tents have been placed in the enclosure of a small monastery which is the only bit of level ground to be had, and they have built mat huts for the cook-house and servants. The village, which is called Rimtokha, has a most deserted appearance, more than three quarters of the houses are in ruins. The Simtokha Jongpen, who has been sent to accompany us to Buxa, tells me that he lived here as a boy, but that very virulent small-pox broke out and decimated the people, and that whereas in that time there were 27 houses, now there are only three! This also accounts to some extent for the numbers of ruins one meets with everywhere in these valleys.

The Jongpen says this epidemic of small-pox took place 13 years ago, but neither their dates nor their distances are ever to be trusted.

Kapcha Jong is about half a mile up the valley, but it is a small place and looks little better than one of the village houses. The present Deb Zimpon was Jongpen here before he got his post in the council.

31st.—We had a long march of some 19 miles, and the road was very bad. A great part of the way it was a case of descending from boulder to boulder. Twice we descended into deep valleys, only to rise again to almost the same height, and finally we came down some 3,000 feet of almost precipitous hill-side. It was difficult enough to walk, and it was wonderful how they got the mules over this road. The baggage was brought through with three relays of coolies, the necessity of which in itself speaks to the difficulty of the road. The Bhutanese had evidently made some attempt at repairing the track for us, but their efforts are almost laughable. They usually consist in doing a little digging in places where it is quite unnecessary, and in cutting down trees and brushwood for some three or four yards on either side of the track; trees which could not possibly interfere with the passage of an elephant! About half way we saw the village of Pudukha below us. This is a fairly extensive place and boasts of a small Gompa. The forest in places was very like Sikkim, dense undergrowth, moss, ferns and bamboo; evidently the rainfall in these places is heavy. I had given up carrying a gun or rifle as one never seemed to see any game, but to-day we saw a good deal, pheasants of two or three kinds, partridges, and in one place we came across some barking-deer. These pretty animals were in the jungle not four yards from us, and stood quite still watching us pass, till one of the syces threw a stone at them. Our camp is just under a ruined Jong called Chuka, (4,000 feet), one corner is still inhabited, but though the outer walls stand, the remainder of the interior is in ruins. At one time it must have been quite a fine place, for it stands on a small rise overlooking the river, and

would dominate the whole valley. There are two or three houses near, and rice is cultivated on all the more level bits of ground. It is now very much warmer, and we seem to have left frost and ice behind us.

1st January.—One can hardly imagine we are on the main Trade route into Bhutan from India. To-day the road has been so bad, that literally I have seldom been across worse places when after Jbex in Baltistan, and any one who has been to those parts will know what this means. Riding was out of the question, and the mules had men in front, and men hanging on to their tails hoisting them over the worst places. Even then these mules must be more like goats to find any foothold at all. The march was only 1½ miles long but it took us nearly eight hours to negotiate. The scenery was very fine, when we could take our eyes off the road to admire it, the hills on either side towering for thousands of feet above one, and where not of sheer rock, were densely wooded. Our camp is called Chumsho, from a village a little higher up the hill, but it is just a tiny platform on the hill-side, and is not very desirable as it has evidently been used as a cattle halting place, and swarms with flies

2nd.—A short march of some eight miles, the road was better, and it was possible to ride in places. Our camp is rather nicely placed on a regular village green, and round it are the houses of Mirochom. They are hardly worthy of the name of houses though, for it seems that the nearer we get to the plains, the worse the buildings become, and here they are little better than wooden shanties, in most cases raised some six feet from the ground, evidently to give a home to the numerous pigs and cattle. The village is in a little dell, surrounded with trees, and is about a thousand feet higher than our last camp. The villagers and our syces have been playing quoits. This is exactly the same game as our men play, but here they use any flat stones that are handy, instead of the metal ring. It is wonderful what skill they display, for their stones are all of different weights and shapes. We have unfortunately hit off the big *pukah* day in this place, and a sort

of travelling Lama has been hard at it all the time we have been here. He does a kind of dance, or double shuffle up and down the room, at the same time making a noise, in one hand with one of those tambourine drums, and in the other hand with a bell. He chants prayers the whole time to the accompaniment of this wonderful music. They tell me this performance is only gone through once a year, but it continues all day and all night with very short intervals for rest. This hardly looks promising for much sleep for us, as the house he performs in is not 20 yards from our tents

3rd.—The music was kept up very late, but fortunately did not continue all through the night. To-day we have come about 11 miles, but poor Rennick is again down with gout, he has had to be carried over a great part of the way as riding was impossible, and I am afraid has had a very poor time. The camp goes by the name of Gyangu, but is just a small clearing in the jungle and there are no huts near.

4th A fairly easy path took us to the top of the Sinchu La Pass, from where we descend steeply some six miles to Buxa Duar, and we are back once more in British territory.

Buxa is a curious little place situated in almost a hollow, and the military station consists of only some four bungalows, and a kind of fort in which are the barracks of the native regiment, at present a double company of the 10th Jats. On the hills round are small piquet forts painted white, these are not now garrisoned. The station was looking its best as we passed through, and was one blaze of colour from purple bougainvillea and scarlet pointsettia. The Railway station is six miles further down the hill.