

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[NARRATIVES OF THE INCIDENTS OF MY EARLY LIFE]

Sarat Chandra Das

With a Foreword

by

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FOREWORD

Sarat Chandra Das was a unique personality among Indian celebrities of his time. He is supposed to have sat for the Bengali secret service agent drawn by Rudyard Kipling in *Kim*. His career indicates that he was a man of great intrepidity. He made two expeditions to Tibet and Lhasa, partly in the interests of geographical and literary research, and partly also in those of the Indian Foreign Office. Much of his non-literary work being confidential, his full description of the two journeys through Tibet has been deprived of some of its interest. Nevertheless the calm and matter-of-fact manner in which he describes the dangers and hardships through which he passed throw considerable light upon the man and his temperament.

Sarat Chandra Das was not merely a traveller and explorer, but a linguist, a lexicographer, an ethnographer, and an eminent Tibetologist. Hewas one of those few Indians who specialised in a foreign subject.

This is only one of many examples showing the characteristics of the man, who set out for Tibet before he was thirty. It is said that Das obtained the consent of his wife to his proposal to proceed to Tibet on his first journey by giving her to understand that it was only a few miles distant from Darjeeling.

A few months before his death on 5th January, 1917, Das announced his determination to proceed to Japan notwithstanding the opposition of all his relatives. This was always the way with him.

It was a fine afternoon early in the autumn of 1915. Ekai Kawaguchi, the Japanese Buddhist monk and traveller, was seated on a chair and Das was reading on his sofa in his residence in Manicktala Street, Calcutta. It was the custom with Das to recline on his sofa when he was not doing anything in particular, at least during the last few years of his life.

Failing in all her efforts to dissuade her husband from visiting Japan, Mrs. Das wanted a promise from Ekai Kawaguchi that he would bring her husband back alive to Calcutta, which the Japanese traveller hesitated to vouchsafe. Das, who had the gift of bringing in humour in serious matters, reminded his Japanese friend of Buddha's well-known parable about the mustard seed. It was to the effect that once a woman, whose child had died, approached the Buddha and requested him to restore her child to life and thus prove his power, whereupon the Buddha asked the woman to bring a mustard seed for performing certain ceremony for the purpose, from a house where there had been no deaths. The woman went from house to house, but could not find any house where no person had previously died. She was convinced of the inevitability of death.

The misgivings of Mrs. Das will be understood from the fact that Das had just recovered from a serious malady, only temporarily, as later events showed, since he ultimately died from its effects.

Das eventually baffled all attempts made to dissuade him from his project. He booked his passage next day and sailed for Japan by the next available boat in his sixty seventh year, his main object being to see the famous places of Buddhist interest and how Buddhism was practised in Japan.

An account of the first journey to Tibet was printed by the Bengal Government some time after his return from Tibet, with a prefatory note by Alfred Croft, his patron and friend. But this is extremely rare and one has to satisfy oneself with the present brief account which appeared in the *Modern Review* in 1908-09.

The year 1880 Das passed at Darjeeling working on papers on the history, religion, ethnology and folk-lore of Tibet, drawn from data collected during his journey. These are published in the *Journal and Proceedings of the Asiatic Society*, and the *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India*, which Das founded in 1892 and of which he remained the Secretary.

In November 1881, Das undertook his second journey, again accompanied by Ugen-Gyatsho. Das did very valuable work for his masters as well as for the world of scholarship. He was fortunate to visit Lhasa, which has been done twice by secret explorers sent by the British Indian Government prior to his time, once in 1866 by Nain Singh, and again in 1880 by Kishen Singh. Like the latter Das prepared a detailed map of the 'forbidden city'. He was present at an audience of the Dalai Lama on 10th June 1882, and received his benediction at a service held on the topmost floor of the Potala. He surveyed the Lake Palti (Yamdo-tso) and named it Yamdo Croft, after his patron. Besides this, he visited a number of important monuments. His valuable notes are a most important addition to the descriptions left by previous travellers.

After his visit to Lhasa, Das did exploration work in the Yalung Valley, where Tibetan civilization is said to have first dawned, gathering everywhere, with the usual thoroughness which distinguished his work, valuable information concerning each locality traversed. In January 1883, he returned to India after an absence of fourteen months.

The detailed account of this journey published in two volumes were kept strictly confidential by the government until about 1890, when selections from them bearing exclusively upon ethnography of Tibet, however, appeared in an article in the July issue of the *Contemporary Review*, and five years later further extracts from them were printed in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is these reports which, with only such slight modifications as seemed absolutely necessary to make the narrative connected, were published under the title: *Narrative of a Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet* (Royal

Geographical Society, London, 1902). This was published again by James Murray in 1904, and a Russian translation appeared the same year from St. Petersburg.

In 1885, the Government of India contemplated sending a political and scientific mission to Tibet, and Colman Macaulay, the Finance Secretary, Government of Bengal, was sent to Peking to obtain necessary permission of the Chinese Government. Sarat Das accompanied him to Peking, where he remained several months in the early part of the year. Here he became acquainted with W.W. Rockhill, the U. S. Ambassador to China and a noted Tibetan scholar. But the Tibet project was abandoned for want of proper authorisation of the Government of China. Since then Das devoted all his energies to his scholarly work at Darjeeling, and also held the position of Tibetan translator to the Government of Bengal.

For his services to Macaulay at Peking, Das was made a Rai Bahadur and created a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. He won the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava's Silver Medal in 1886, the Siamese King Chulalongkorn's Tushiti Mala Decoration in 1887, the Royal Geographical Society's *The Back Premium* in 1888. He was made a corresponding member of the Imperial Archaeological Society of St. Petersburg.

It may sound strange but it is true that during the last century the Tibetans were opposed to close intercourse with India. A British diplomat has described the grave consequences of Das's explorations and secret mission for his Tibetan benefactors in the following words. "The persistence of foreigners in exploring their country, so long secluded, had made them suspicious. In particular, the secret explorations of the Bengali, Sarat Chandra Das, carried out under the auspices of the Indian Government, filled them with distrust of the power that ruled India. In a conversation which took place in 1910, the late Prime Minister of Tibet informed me that Sarat's clandestine entry and his surreptitious inquiries constituted—together with the Sikkim expedition of 1888—the chief causes which led Tibetans to suspect British intentions with regard to their country. Officials who had been on duty at the barrier-gates through which Sarat passed, and those who had shown him hospitality, were severely punished. The property of some was confiscated, others were thrown into prison. Some were executed, including a high Incarnate Lama, the high priest of the Dong-tse monastery, thirteen miles north-west of Gyantse. This was a most unusual perhaps unprecedented occurrence in Tibet." (Charles Bell, *Tibet Past & Present*, pp. 59-60, London, 1931).

Ekai Kawaguchi, the Japanese Buddhist monk and author of *Three years in Tibet*, Madras, 1909, who was a student of Sarat Das and lived with him at Darjeeling for a year towards the fag end of the last century before starting on his Tibetan journey in the style of his Indian *guru* has also described what he heard about him in Tibet and how Tibetans suffered for him. Here are his own words about Das's journey.

“...This Hindu had obtained in a very ingenious way a pass from the Tibetan Government, and armed with it, he first proceeded as far as Shigatze, where he remained for two months. The result of his exploration was reported to the British Government, he was for a second time asked to undertake another trip into Tibet the following year, having secured as before a Tibetan passport. On his second visit he first reached Shigatze and afterwards entered Lhasa. As I heard from a Tibetan, he conducted his mission with extreme caution, seldom venturing abroad in the day-time, and obliged to do so he took every care to avoid attracting the attention of the natives. He spent most of his time in a room of a temple, and there secretly carried out his investigations. In this way he stayed in Lhasa for twenty days ; then he went back to his sphere of work in other parts of Tibet...”

Kawaguchi further writes, “...when the real nature of the mission of Sarat Chandra Das had become known to the Tibetan Government, it caused extraordinary disturbance, involving all the officials who had been on duty at the barrier-gates through which the Hindu passed, as well all the persons who had extended any sort of hospitality to him during his stay in the country. All these persons were thrown into prison and their property was confiscated. A number of those whose complicity, unwitting though it was, was judged more serious than that of the others, and were condemned to death and executed. After this memorable occurrence, Tibet resolved more than ever to enforce strictly the policy of exclusion against all foreigners.” (pp. 402-403).

Elsewhere in the same book Kawaguchi writes, “...The stories about Sarat Chandra Das are quite well-known in Tibet, even children being familiar with them ;but there are few who know him by his real name for he goes by the appellation of the “school babu” (school-master). The story of the Tibetans who smuggled a foreigner into Tibet and were killed, and those who concealed the fact from the Government and forfeited their property, are tales that Tibetan parents everywhere tell to their children.” (p. 224).

A few words about truth in autobiography. In general, it should be said that Rouseaus are very rare. Men, even the greatest, have an almost natural affinity for self-deception. It is not that they set out to lie consciously but that they are impelled to present themselves to the public in the most favourable light, It is given only to a very few autobiographers to be able to tell the truth in disregard of its consequences. Gibbon said that he wrote his autobiography for his “own amusement” and that he was guided by nothing but “naked unblushing Truth.” Anthony Trollope in his autobiography is comparatively frank—“That, I, or any man, should tell everything of himself, I hold to be impossible, Who would endure to own the doing of a mean thing ? Who is there who has done none ?” Conan Doyle was more frank—“you could not imagine a British

Rousseau, still less a British Benvenuto Cellini." These words are equally applicable to other countries.

It is needless to say that Das has not told the whole truth. The writer of these lines is engaged in editing his papers on subjects Tibetan as well as Buddhist and also the fuller account of his explorations and travels. I am also working on his biography based on archival materials. A part of the other side of the medal, along with his life story, it is hoped, may be revealed there.

I am thankful to my friend Prof. Debiprasad Chattopadhyaya for kindly agreeing to reissue this autobiography of Sarat Chandra Das. My thanks are also due to my worker friends of the R. D. Press for taking all the trouble in seeing the book through the press.

Asiatic Society,
Calcutta
20th March, 1969

Mahadevprasad Saha

NARRATIVE
of the
INCIDENTS OF MY EARLY LIFE

SARAT CHNDRA DAS

I

When you asked me, Mr. Editor, to contribute a short biographical sketch of mine for your illustrated Bengali Magazine, the *Pravasi*, the question that I put to myself was : Had not I had a life of incidents and adventure ? I thought it over and over and re-counting the troubles that I had, unwittingly, with the civilized man, to serve whom I had often risked my life, I saw the possibility of a sketch of it. In my life I have come into close contact with two classes of men, the cultured European and Indian, and the Chinese and the Tibetans, whom the former call half-civilized men. The lesson that I have learnt from my experiences with these two is that the latter are simple and sincere. The so-called model of perfection sheds a lustre, the glare of which, like the sun on snow, blinds us—his artifices being successfully concealed beneath unquestionable honesty of intention.

I lived among the Chinese and the Tibetans, and trusted them. I opened my heart to them. I had, hardly, any occasion for regret in doing so. During my residence in Tibet I did not lose a single rupee. On my return to India, the first Indian whom I trusted cheated me of one hundred rupees.

It was chiefly with the help of the Lamaic Government that I travelled in Tibet. What ups and downs I had with my own Government, how unwilling some officers were to believe that I had at all visited Tibet, I shall narrate later on. The bulk of my countrymen can hardly conceive the troubles of exploration in wild and inhospitable region, because they seldom venture out of home. They are, therefore, unable to appreciate the humble services that I have rendered to geography and science.

My relation with the Government, whom I have served with continued and unswerving fidelity, for a period of thirty-three years, are and have been such, for some years, that I derive solace from the following lines of the famous Persian poet :

Oh Hafez, have patience, when in difficulties, day and night,
In the long run, you will attain your object, some day.
Hafez ! day and night, be patient in adversity,
So that, in the end, thou mayest, one day, gain thy desire.

As both light and shade are essential to create a picture, so success and failure make a life eventful. The delineation of the career of my early years would appear uninteresting but the vicissitudes which checkered my later life, would make it rather instructive.

Dr. Paul Carus, that eminent student of Buddhism, in whom a Lama would have seen the spirit of the founder of the Mahāyāna incarnate, if his *Gospel of Buddha* and other contributions to Buddhist philosophy were written in Tibetan, while noticing some works of my brother Nabinchandra, the well-known translator of *Raghuvamśa*, namely, *Legends and Miracles of Buddha* and the *Ancient Geography of Asia*, made a passing allusion to me. He put our names under what he thought was our family name—'Chandra Das,' it occurring in the two names.¹

1. Dr. Paul Carus in the *Open Court*, U.S.A., writes :

"Among the native scholars of India there are two brothers, Sarat Chandra Das and Nobin Chandra Das, well-known for their extraordinary success and unusual diligency. Sri Sarat Chandra Das is the editor of the *Journal of the Buddhist Text Society of India*, a publication which is very valuable to the students of Buddhism. It publishes English translations of selected chapters from the Buddhist scriptures, articles on Buddhist philosophy and rituals and notes of general interest in the line of comparative religion. Nobin Chandra Das, his brother, is engaged in the Bengal Provincial Service, but his professional duties do not prevent him from devoting much of his time to studies similar to those of his scholarly brother. We notice among other publications of his a translation in Bengali verse of the *Raghuvamśa*, one of the great poems of Kalī Dasa, the story which depicts the munificence and heroism of Raghu and the love of Aja for his fair consort Indumatī, whom he lost in the very bloom of her youth.

"Nobin Chandra Das has just published a booklet entitled *Legends and Miracles, of Buddha, Sakya Sinha*, which are four cantos of a larger work entitled *Avādana-kalpa-latā* by Kṣemendra, the great Sanskrit poet of Kashmir. When Buddhism disappeared from India, almost all the Buddhist literature was destroyed, and there are only fragmentary remnants which survived ravages of the time and the bigotry of the various foreign conquerors. Happily Sarat Chandra Das recovered in his search for old Buddhistic Sanskrit literature the great work of Kṣemendra in a monastery in Tibet. He visited the ancient libraries of Sakya, Samye, and Lhasa. It was in Sakya that the monumental work of the Sanskrit poet was translated into Tibetan verse by the order of Phagspa, the patriarch who converted the emperor Khublai to Buddhism. In Lhasa he finally obtained Kṣemendra's work which was thought to be lost. It consists of 108 legends of the Bodhisattvas written in classic Sanskrit verse, 107 of which were written by himself and one by his son Somendra. Nobin Chandra Das selected four of 108 cantos and presents them to the English-reading public as samples of the whole work.

"The first of these four cantos is entitled *Ekaśṛṅga* which describes the romance of a youth, a Bodhisattva, brought up by his father in his hermitage of

In Christian Europe an individual is called by his surname *i. e.*, the name which is over and above his Christian name. In polytheistic India it has been the custom from Pauranic times to name an infant after some divinity, earthly or celestial. The name Kālī Dasa, by which India's great poet is known, signifies

a forest and in utter ignorance of the fair sex. But owing to the innate disposition produced by the habits of former lives, love springs up in his soul at the sight of a black eyed maiden, the daughter of a king. The main charm of the poem consists in the unconsciousness of the boy concerning his own sentiments, for he imagines that all human beings are hermits. When his father asks him : "Son, what ails thee ?" he replies :

"Father, I saw in yonder grove
By Gaṅgā's side a hermit sure ;
Whose face was like a spotless moon,
Whose eyes became my cynosure.
His neck and hands and waist were girt
With beads reflecting rainbow hues.
Why father, is it that I lack
Such ornaments that grace infuse ?
The music of his loving voice
Still vibrates in my inmost heart ;
The hum of bees or cuckoo note
Compares not with his artless art.
The bark that round his graceful form
He wore, was white as Gaṅgā's foam ;
My barky covering now doth seem
Compared with it as black as loam.

He pressed my cheek to his lotus face
And in his arms he me embraced.
His tender lips spoke passioned prayers
As I in his sweet clasp was laced.

And ever since I've had no peace,
Nor shall, till I see him again ;
Sweet balmy sleep from me repelled.
By thoughts of him I seek in vain.

For day and night nought else I see
But the outline of his face divine ;
Nor can I think of sacred rites
While for his absent form I pine."

“servant of (the goddess) Kālī,” That was certainly not his family name. As a Brahmin he must have borne some surname like *Upādhyāya* (Professor), *Dvivedī* or *Trivedī* (Professor of two or three Vedas). The name Rāmacandra by which the great hero of the Epic *Rāmāyaṇa* is known, means ‘delightful moon.’ On account

“The poem ends in the marriage of the hermit youth with the princess.

“The second canto, written in the style of the Jātakas, illustrates the principle of self-sacrifice with a view to relieving the distress, and saving the life of others.

“The third story describes the miraculous birth of a Buddhist saint, Jyotiṣka, and his renunciation of the world. The fourth canto narrates how Śrīgupta at the instigation of an enemy of Buddhism laid a plot to poison the Buddha whom he invited to a feast, but he was converted by the calm forgiveness of mercy of the Enlightened One :

“The Lord saved Śrīgupta from spite and crime
And shewed how mercy conquers e’en a foe ;
And thus he taught forgiveness’ rule sublime
To free his followers from the world and woe.”

Dr. Paul Carus writes in another issue of *The Open Court*, thus on the Geography of Vālmīki-Rāmāyaṇa :

“Sri Nobin Chandra Das, of Chittagong, Bengal, is a prominent Sanskrit scholar, and brother of Sarat Chandra Das, of Darjeeling, the only traveller who has been in the interior of Tibet. The present pamphlet and map are an important contribution to the literature of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, the ancient epic of the Aryan Hindus. Mr. Das has located all the geographical sites, and thus renders it possible for us to have a better comprehension of Rāma’s wanderings in search of his faithful wife Sītā, who has been captured by the island King Rāvaṇa.

“We need not call attention to the *Rāmāyaṇa*, which, to the Hindu, even today, is scarcely less than the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were to the Greek, or the Nibelungen Saga and Gudran to the Teutons. Says Mr. Das : “The names of Rāma and his faithful Sītā are still by-words for the model king and the model wife and the two most important factors in the social and domestic life of a nation throughout the length and breadth of this country.” (*Preface, vii*).

“Mr. Das accepts (against Professor Weber) Signor Gorresio’s opinion that the *Rāmāyaṇa* is based upon historical facts ; and he may be right, for there are reasons to believe that both the Greek and Teutonic sagas, too, are based upon real events which once took place in the prehistoric times. But the more remarkable are the similarities among the ancient legends of the three nations. Sītā (like Gudran) is abducted and Rāma (like Herasig) pursues the robber and regains his faithful wife. In his search Rāma (like

of his Kṣatriya origin, his family, might have borne some designation of that warrior caste signifying heroism. In like manner, the names Vikramāditya and Pratāpāditya, by which the two great personages of Malwa and Bengal are known, signify 'powerful (like the) sun.' We know the family name of the latter was 'Ray' meaning 'lord.' So it is clear from these instances that in India the surname has always been an unimportant factor in the system of naming individuals. Occidentals, therefore, ought to know that we Indians should be called by our real names and not by our family names, which are generally indicative of caste and profession. My name is Saratchandra and that of my brother is Nobinchandra—these were given to us by our parents during the *nāmakaraṇa* (naming) ceremony which was solemnly held in the first month of our birth.

We were born in a respectable Vaidya² family which came from Rāḍha

Odyssey) wanders about and visits almost all the places known to the poet. Like Helen, Sītā is well treated by her abductor while Rāma wages war for her recovery. The allies of Rāma are enumerated as minutely in the *Rāmāyaṇa* as the allies of Menelaus in Homer, and there are several other noteworthy similarities which caused Professor Weber to think that Vālmiki, author of the best version of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, must have been familiar with the epics of Homer—a view which is not very probable. The problem of these coincidences has not as yet found its solution, but we believe that the epics of all the nations are a mixture of myth and history that there are events which actually happen again and again. An Indian chief sent the same reply to the President of the United States that Aristovus sent to Caesar. Both declared, "If I want something of you, I will go to you, but as you want something of me, you may please come to me!" Must we conclude that the American Indian had read Caesar? In an early stage of civilisation abduction of wives was probably an event that happened in the North, in Greece and in India and the search for a lost wife was probably compared to the wanderings of the Sun over the whole earth by more than one poet.

"But we cannot discuss the subject in a book-review, and conclude our remarks by mentioning that Nobin Chandra Das endeavours to explain the mythological elements of the story, the *vānara* or monkey chiefs, the dwellers of the forest, who assist Rama in his warfare as the aboriginal non-Aryan tribes, whom the Aryans, call *vā-nara* (*vā*—like; and *nara*—man) i.e. those creatures who are only similar to, but not of the kind and race of the real men or Aryans."

2. In Bengal the *Vaidya* or the medical caste occupies a position which is second only to the Brahmin who enjoys the monopoly of the study of the four *Vedas* and the priestly cult founded on them. The fifth *Veda* which was delivered by Śiva treating of the healing art and the Science of medicine or *Āyurveda*,

(West Bengal) and settled in an obscure village of Pergannah Chaksala in Chittagong, shortly after its conquest by the Moguls. Though our first ancestor Gopalchandra bore the surname of Ray, yet our family on account of its isolation called Das Gupta—a designation signifying Vaidya observing religious ceremonies of the Bharadwaja clan.

This introduction would be incomplete if I did not attach to it the result of our first and earliest adventure in the Sikkim Himalayas. It was written by Nobinchandra. Nobinchandra thus describes our Excursion in Sikkim in February, 1877.

We left Darjeeling on the afternoon of the 27th January, 1877, and walked down hill continually till we were overtaken by night. We passed the night at a place near Badamtam under the open sky. Here we met a somewhat warmer climate ; and a screen set up on bamboos protected us from the inclemency of the wind that blew chill from the higher regions. Several Bhuteas who were on there way to Darjeeling stopped also by our side and became our temporary neighbours. At day-break we were roused by the warbling of birds and the murmur of mountain rills. These rills are the sources on which the natives depend for the supply of water. They generally mark the sites of villages. Every village has in or near it, one or more of these streams of water, so necessary for the support of human life. Their passage invariably lies through pebbles and masses of stones worn out by the continuous flow of water. In many rills the force of the current is so strong that nothing can withstand it. They cut their way through solid rocks ; stupendous masses of stone and huge trunks of trees are carried away in their onward course. In some places the water flows gently down a slope, elsewhere it falls from a height of several hundred feet with a noise with which the valleys resound proclaiming to a distance of several miles its bountiful career, covering the irregular projection of rocks and detached stones in the way, with a coating of foam which rises and boils for ever and ever. The air is charmed with the everlasting music of these dancing and playful rivulets, as the sight is gratified with their wild grandeur, while the cooling effect is almost indescribable. They are the sources of the rivers which wash and fertilize the plains. We saw many of the streams which combining with others have swelled into the furious rivulets, the Rungeet and the Teesta, of which the latter has its origin among the snows of the grey-headed Kanchanjunga as the holy Gaṅgā is said in the Purāṇas to have descended from the clotted hair of Śiva's head, too true to be mythic, if the snow-clad peaks of the Himalaya were meant to be a symbol of the god. It is true

for the good of all living beings, was given to the most advanced and cultured section of the Vaiśya, or the trading caste. These, following the profession or trade of medicine, in Bengal came to be known under the designation of Vaidya.

that many of the rills are melted snow dripping directly down the slopes of the hills ; but some of those we saw issued directly from the sides of the hills in which the water has been absorbed. Here the water falls from a projected rock, there a piece of bamboo has been fitted for an easy flow, elsewhere the water is collected in open cavities of the rock to which a bamboo tube is applied for the purpose of drinking.

In this exquisite way has Providence provided for an easy supply of water to the natives of the hills, with respect to which the scarcity of water is the first idea which strikes a man of the plains. But in this respect the native of the plain may know that the hillman is placed in a better position than he is. He has to dig ponds, or construct wells for the purpose, while the hillman is under no such necessity ; he has simply to open his mouth under the flow of a rill or also to apply his little tube, or to fill his large bamboo, 3 to 4 feet long, no other water-pot made of earth or metal, large or small, is either necessary or convenient to him. We ought to remember with a sense of gratitude that the children of the hills first drink the bounty of nature ; that the excess after they have satisfied their want, unlimited as is the supply, is the source of our rivers and with then of our civilisation.

We went on our way downwards and at 8 A.M. reached the great Rungeet which marks the boundary between English possessions and those of the State of Sikkim. Over the Rungeet for the first time I saw the cane bridge so much heard of, the bridge appeared to be very old and not much used except during the rainy season. We crossed the rivulet by a boat which was a hollowed trunk of a tree. We stopped for a few hours on the Sikkim bank of the Rungeet and set out on our journey at noon. We rode up the hills for the rest of the day and just reached the first Bhutea monastery in the hill of Namchi when the shades of evening closed fast around us. There is a solid pile of stones of an oblong form, the sides being about 24 feet by 10 feet, and the height about 6 feet. On all sides of this rough pile there are small niches, the inner walls being smooth slabs of stone, on each of which is painted the image of Buddha in his various postures, the image of Rudra or Mahakal or the mysterious Padma, and on which are engraved the sacred characters. On the exterior side of each stone of the walls are engraved the names of the deities or mantras in Tibetan. In front of, and behind the phantastic 'stūpas' are posted reeds bearing flags written all over in Tibetan letters in a beautiful form, resembling a fresco. The flags are peculiar in their shape—a long piece of cloth, generally silk, about half a yard wide is attached by its long end to the pole. When it flutters in the wind, the appearance is like a blade of knife placed in the direction of the wind. Similar flags are also set up in front of every Bhutea village, fixed on tall bambóos, the object being to drive off, according to

popular belief, evil spirits. Scraps of inscribed paper are seen fastened to branches of trees for a like purpose.

As we approached the monastery, several Bhuteas, both young and old, gathered round us—a strange people with strange faces. The Lama or the head of the monastery who was distinguished from the rest by his age and venerable appearance, received us with some regard.

The Gompa, or the monastery at Namchi is a new one. The capitals of the wooden pillars are tastefully ornamented in the Buddhist style and are very beautiful to look at. After dinner we drowned the day's weariness in sound sleep.

In the morning we mounted our ponies and wended our way up hill. The hills of Sikkim are not like those of the plains of Bengal, they are hills overtopping hills. As soon as we ascend up one, a new height presents itself to the sight, with a vaporous top, as far as the eye can reach, while looking behind, we find the hill we struggled to climb up, to wear the aspect of a plain.

It was noon when we reached a vast forest of oak trees. As far as the eye could reach on either side of the way, I saw nothing but an infinitude of oaks, young and old, standing erect in their sylvan majesty in such a thick body that a deer can hardly run through it without hindrance. Most of the trees count their age by centuries. Their trunks are straight like flag poles to the height of 3 or 4 hundred feet, above which spread the branches in the likeness of umbrellas. It struck me with a feeling of awe to look up at their tops. The trees are, without exception, covered with green moss, several inches thick, giving them an appearance of wild grandeur almost unspeakable. I was reminded of the Hindu sage, a hair of whose body is said to drop by the lapse of an age, *yuga*. The moss looks just like green velvet, and serves to protect the body of the trees from the effect of snowfall to which they are forever exposed. Innumerable creepers, hundreds of feet long, wrapped up with the moss, hang down like rods in the firm grasp of hoary age. Many of the creepers hung in splendid festoons over our heads, connecting the oaks on either side of the way. The height, the magnitude, the position and the wear of ages visible on the ancient Himalayan oaks cannot fail to impress a poet with the idea that they are pillars posted on the heights of the Himalaya to support the vault of heaven. At noon we experienced the gloom of evening while we passed through the forest. We could hardly see things at a distance of 20 yards and I had to call my brother Babu Sarat Chandra to lead me, whenever I lost sight of him on account of the misty gloom. The fact was we passed through a cloud which had enveloped the forest.⁸ Our clothes were all wet

3. "Dear to the nymphs are the cool shadows thrown by dark clouds wandering round the mountain's zone ; still frightened by the storm and rain they seek Eternal sunshine on each loftier peak." Griffith : *Kumārasambhāva*.

with dews or rather dense vapours. The extreme cold penetrated through the lined robe of Bhutea blanket I wore, my hands and legs were almost benumbed, and it was with difficulty that I could hold the reins of my Bhutea pony.

After crossing the forest we threaded our way down a difficult descent. Our troubles were increased by rain which rendered the whole path slippery and extremely dangerous. We were often obliged to dismount as the ponies could with difficulty carry their own body down the perilous path. At every step the foot tended to slip, and I was in fear of falling headlong into the abyss thousands of feet deep. It was despair of life which gave me strength and patience to struggle with the faithless path. Our Bhutea servants and coolies felt no such difficulty as we did. With them the steep and slippery path seemed to be a genial element. The descent took us three hours and just when the gloom of night spread like a pall over the face of nature, we took shelter in a Bhutea house in the village of Timi. The house was a homely one. The four slopes of the roof were thatched with twisted bamboo pieces instead of long grass, but exactly by the same method. The bamboo thatching though not so even and good as that made of grass, is yet more lasting than the latter. The floor consisted of planks resting on wooden pillars about 4 feet above the ground. The lower story under the floor is reserved for swine and goats. There are two apartments in the house. In the front room is the hearth, round which the family circle is formed for enjoying the genial warmth. The fire place is paved with stone and clay. The hinder apartment is very spacious and is the parlour and common bedroom. Over this there is an inner roof made of close packed bamboos, on which provisions are stored. From this roof is hung in beautiful rows the maize or the Indian corn presenting to the eye uniform globules of pearl and ruby. The walls are made of bamboos. The only thing which shocks a Hindu is meat hung in a part of the room with the ribs opened, sickening to the sight. Close to the hindmost wall of the room there is a large wooden structure in the form of an almyrah. This frame is decorated according to the means of the family to serve the purpose of a chapel. On the shelves are placed little figures of Sakya Muni and his disciples. A lamp is allowed to burn all night in front of the images.

II

In narrating the incidents of my early life, I should hardly omit mentioning what part my brother had at its inception.

In March 1874, when I was preparing to graduate myself in Civil Engineering, at the Presidency College, Calcutta, I fell ill of malarial fever. About this time, the offer of an appointment as Headmaster of the proposed Bhutea Boarding School at Darjeeling, came to me from Prof. C.B. Clarke, M.A., the great Botanist, who then happened to be Inspector of Schools in the Rajshahi Division. At first I declined the offer. When I spoke of it to Nabinchandra, he said, "Brother, you ought to have accepted the appointment. In refusing it you have lost an opportunity of recruiting your health by residence at Darjeeling, during the approaching summer". He begged me to see Prof. Clarke immediately, which I did, and secured the appointment.

Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Edgar, the then Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling, having approved of my appointment, I set out for Darjeeling on the fourth of April. At Sahebgunge, on the E. I. Rly., I took the ferry steamer to Karagola *Ghat* where I engaged a bullock cart to take me to Silliguri *via* Purnea town, Krishnagunge and Titalia in the Purnea district. From Silliguri I walked to Kalabari on the old pony-road to Kurseong. While clambering up the hill above Kalabari, I saw a *paharia* woman with a child in her lap, riding on a pony. On reaching Kurseong I hired a pony and rode to Darjeeling. This was my first venture on horse back. I reported my arrival to the Deputy Commissioner on the 10th of April, 1874.

I was now in the 25th year of my age. Mr. Edgar told me that it was the intention of Government to establish a Boarding School for giving English education to the Kumar (now His Highness the Maharaja) of Independent Sikkim and to the sons of the chiefs and *Kazis*¹ who would accompany him, and also to train up some interpreters. He had previously secured the services of a young Lama named Ygyen-Gya-tsho² from the monastery of Pema-yang-tse, in Sikkim, to assist me in

1. Formerly, *i.e.*, during Mahomedan supremacy in Bengal, the Sikkim Raja's possessions extended down to Titalia and Silliguria in the Purneah district. The Maharaja used to send Bhutea officers from among the landholders of his hill territories to administer justice, &c. These officers were called Kazis after the Mahomedan officers of Purneah and Dinajpur. Afterwards any Sikkim zamindar came to be designated by the title of Kazi.
2. This name signifies *Udyana Sindhu*, *i.e.*, the Indus of Udyana—the ancient name of the northern part of modern Kabul, Swat valley and part of the modern Puniab.

the school work. I wrote to the late Maharaja *Kusho* Sridkyong Namgyal to send his son the Kumar and also to the chief *Kuzis* of Sikkim to send their sons for education under my care. I also collected a few Bhutea lads from the neighbourhood of Darjeeling and started the Boarding School. Not being acquainted with the Bhutea dialect, we had, at the outset, to speak by signs. In the course of a few weeks I picked up a little of the Bhutea colloquial. The boys, also, learnt a few Hindustani word of common use. I then commenced my study of the Tibetan language, of which the Bhutea spoken at Darjeeling and in Sikkim was a dialect, the Lama reading both Tibetan and English with me.

In the month of August, Sir James Herschel accompanied by Mr. Edgar, visited the school and noted the progress the teacher and the scholars had made in the acquisition of Tibetan and English within four months of its establishment. So pleased was he with the humble beginning we had made that he wrote an official memorandum on the working of the school from which I quote the following passages :—

“1. I have just inspected the Tibetan Boarding school established by Mr. Edgar at Darjeeling. It is intended to train a few Tibetan lads for the purpose of facilitating intercourse in future with that country. It was commenced only four months ago when the master arrived from the plain and the results already obtained are very remarkable. There are 14 boys in the house, of ages between apparently 10 and 15...One boy is the son of Chebu Lama, the largest landowner in Darjeeling. He was being educated at the Pema-yang-tse monastery in Sikkim. Mr. Edgar has obtained his transfer. Of these boys 6 are Lamas. Their parents are not so, but they have been made Lamas in order to prevent their early marriage. One of the boys who is not a Lama is in fact already married.

“2. The appearance of the boys is quite a pleasant sight. They have been taught to bathe twice a week instead of twice a year, and the master hopes to get them to bathe thrice. They wash every day. Their hair is nicely cut. Their black or scarlet *corties* (a good deal like Blue-coat boys) are clean and the contrast between them and ordinary hill boys was striking in consequence. They were full of animation and interest in their work, and the progress they had made was most unusual. All of them could read a good many sentences in printed English. Most of them could write known sentences from dictation. Three or four of them wrote very good or thoroughly excellent hand, with a rapidity and grace (due to chalk and a board) which would have been satisfactory in a finished clerk. They would all write Tibetan in the formal and fluent hand. This they had mostly learnt before.

“3. Their comprehension of English has been very rapid. The master understood not a word of Tibetan when he arrived four months ago, the boys no word of English. They have had no go-between except a vocabulary in Tibetan and English. The Lama teacher is trying to learn English, but the two parties have

absolutely on common language, and depend on their wits and study to understand each other. Yet the boys could spell a large number of words of the meaning of which they had no conception; and had mastered the meaning of a small vocabulary; a beginning even has been made in grammar.

“4. They had made good progress, too, in Arithmetic and worked simple sums in the board with ease. Besides this they have commenced to learn carpentry and have made the benches and map-stands that they use, and had just turned out a round table top. They are delighted with the work. They are taught to be handy in gardening³ and laying out the paths and are soon to begin gymnastics.

“5. The master Saratchandra Das deserves warm praise for his energetic devotion to the work.”

About this time the old Maharaja of Sikkim died and the Kumar named Thutob Namgyal, who was to have come to my school, succeeded to the *Guddee*. Five fine looking youngmen (sons of Kabi, Karmi, Laso, Yangthang, Ringyon Kazis) took their admission in the school. I now applied myself assiduously to the study of the Tibetan language.⁴

3. One morning, when I was turning some sods with a spade, along with some of my pupils, Mr. Edgar happened to come to the spot. On seeing him I ran to my house to wash my hands. He approved of my teaching gardening to the boys.

4. I learnt the meaning of the following names :—Darjeeling (a purely Tibetan name formed of two words, Dorje, meaning thunder or *Vajra* ; and *ling*, land or *Bhumi*) signifying ‘the thunder-land or *Vajra Bhumi*’. In the Buddhist *Tantrik* terminology the word *Vajra* signifies ‘holy’. So Darjeeling also signifies ‘holy-land’. There existed a *Tantrik* monastery on the Observatory Hill named Darjeeling. Hence the place came to be known by the name of Darjeeling.

Kangchanjunga—the name of the snowy mountain seen from Darjeeling is formed of four words :—*Kang* snow, *Chan*, full ; *Ju*, repository and *Nga*, five ; and means ‘the five snowfull repositories.’

Sikkim—name of the mountainous tract lying between Nepal and Bhutan and overhung by the snowy ranges that skirt Tibet. It is derived from the Tibetan word Sikyong (Sridkyong) signifying—ruler—the Maharaja of Sikkim is a Tibetan prince. The Tibetans call him Danjong Sikyong or Raja of the rice-growing country. No rice grows in Tibet, the altitude of which is 10 to 15 thousand feet above the sea level. Sikkim was a dependency of Tibet till the year 1888 when it was brought under British protection. Sikkim is the land of *Guhyakas*.

Bhutea—the Indian name of Tibet was Bhote ; a native of Bhote was called Bhotea—Hence Tibetans in Tibet, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan are Bhotas or Bhuteas. Bhote is the land of the Lamas or *Siddhas*.

In the following year the school was visited by His Excellency the Viceroy (Lord Northbrook), Lady Baring and the Hon'ble Major Baring (now Lord Cromer). They were so pleased with our work that the former sent his portrait from England as a memento of the visit to the school. Sir Richard Temple, who came to present the portrait at the special request of the Viceroy, made a short but impressive speech. In it he pointed out the great work of exploration in an unknown country which was before us and also foreshadowed the work of Research that was in store for me particularly.

When I began to enter deeper in the study of the written language I was struck with the richness of its literature and the regularity of its structure which was wholly based upon Sanskrit. The names of places and individuals in Sikkim, Tibet and Bhutan were Indian in signification. For instance the very common names of individuals such as *Dorji* means Vajra, *Tamdin*—Hayagriba ; *Dolma*—Tara ; *Norbu*—Ratna ; *Dondub*—Siddhartha ; *Nima*—Surya or sun ; *Dao* Chandra or moon ; *Yangchan*—Sarasvati ; *Lhamo*—Devi ; *Samdub-phug*—Siddha Kalpa Guha, etc.

The Tibetans, in early times, had translated almost all the *Mahayana* Sanskrit works in their language. Those that were attributed to Buddha and called *Buddha-Vachana* were collected together in 108 volumes, which formed the Scriptural Cyclopaedia of the Kahgyur.

The translation of the *Shastra* comprising the commentaries and other original works of Sanskrit authors, both Buddhist and Brahmanical, formed the second Cyclopaedia called the *Tangyur*.

I give a few passages from the Kahgyur, Do. Vol. II, in English translation :

Priests ! like as gold is tried by burning, cutting and filling, the learned must examine my commandments (doctrines) and receive them accordingly, and not out of respect (for me).

Who is the True Protector ?—(Brahmanism *versus* Buddhism). "Brahma, Vishnu, and Mahadeva etc.,—the Naga, Yaksha and Kabandha ; the sun, the moon, and the planets ; any mountain, lake and green tree ; and rock and the hill-gods ; all these are no protections. The two kinds of moral instruction (dogmatic and argumentative), and the collective body of priests are no permanent refuge".

Who is the supreme of all with whom refuge may be taken ?—"Who is void of all defects, and who possesses all good attributes-perfections, who is all-knowing and merciful, to Him will I fly for protection".

Who is the Supreme of all ?—Gautama Buddha said to a Brahman named Padma Garbha :—"Homa (burnt offerings) is the chief of all sacrifices. The prince of Poetry is the God of the sun (Apollo). The chief of men is the king. The Ocean is the chief of all waters. The moon is the principal

of the stars. The sun is the principal of all luminous bodies. Whatever moving beings are in this world, above, below, and round about us, including all the gods, the Lord of them all is, the all-perfect Buddha”.

The last and not the least interesting of all the passages which I had then noticed, in Alexander Cosma’s Tibetan grammar, was the following :

“Thams chad chosni myan-par bya
Thos-nas rab-tu gzung-bya ste ;
Gang-shig bdag-nyid mi hdod-pa,
De-dag gshan-la bya ho.”

Translation —“Hear ye all this maxim, and having heard it keep it well. Whatever is displeasing to yourself never do to another”.

The phrase that expresses this moral maxim, both in Latin and French, agrees very closely with the Tibetan text ; thus in Latin : *Quod tu tibi non vis, alteri non-feceris.* in French : *Ne faites pas a au truce quevous ne vendriez pas quon voxes fit.* The same maxim is found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, ch. vii, verse 12 : “Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them”.

Such were the temptations the then accessible Tibetan text had placed before me, inducing me to attempt to a deeper diving into the Buddhist lore of Tibet.

In January 1876, I went to Sikkim with my school boys on a holiday excursion and visited some of its important monasteries including Pema-yang-tse from which Lama Ugyan-Gya-tsho had come.

The elaborate ceremonials, religious rites and grave recitation of the Buddhist scriptures by the Lamas, produced in my mind a keen interest in Tantrik Buddhism, which prevailed in Sikkim. I learnt from the Lamas and also Tibetan books that Indian Pandits had been reverentially received in Tibet in early times. We enjoyed the trip, gaining both pleasure and health. On my return to Darjeeling, when I gave a short account of my visits to the monasteries to Mr. Edgar, he very kindly gave me his copy of Dr. Emil Schlaginweit’s *Manual of Buddhism* to read, that I might know more of Tibetan Buddhism. At a subsequent interview he gave me three more books including Markham’s *Mission of George Bogle and Thomas Manning to Tibet in 1776 and 1841.* I read the last book over and over again. It kindled in my mind a burning desire for visiting Tibet and for exploring its unknown tracts. About this time Mr. Edgar told me that one of the objects of the Government, in establishing the school was to train up some intelligent Bhutea lads in surveying so that they might be sent to explore the Trans-Himalayan regions and it was for that particular purpose that I had been brought from the Engineering College. I now commenced giving lessons in surveying to the higher class boys.

In February 1877, I paid a second visit to Sikkim. This time Lama

Ugyen-Gya-tsho, the sons of Sikkim chiefs and my younger brother Nabinchandra accompanied me. We visited Yangang, Tashilding and Sangnag-choiling and Pema-yang-tse monasteries. In nearing the monastery of Pema-yang-tse we were overtaken by a fall of snow which was a novel sight to my brother. We were everywhere very hospitably received. The rich and the poor welcomed us. We found the Lamas goodnatured and kind. They were remarkably polite, learned in their *Shastras* and well disposed to the Indians. In the monasteries my reception was warm and respectful. The Lamas of Pema-yang-tse presented me with a rich orange-colour silk robe and a piebald Tibetan pony. My brother and I were guests at Yangthang Kazee's residence near Pema-yang-tse. His wife, the *chomo*, who read and wrote Tibetan and also recited many elegant sayings in the course of her conversation with us, impressed us with her good nature and culture. My brother, who had passed the M.A. Examination in English in the previous year, enjoyed this pleasure trip very much and wrote a short account of it, which being the first account of our excursion in the Sikkim Himalayas I have preserved in my little book called "*Indian Pandits in the land of Snow.*"

I now vigorously applied myself to Tibetan studies. Having made sufficient progress in the colloquials of Sikkim named Bhutea and Lepcha dialects, I applied to government for leave to present myself for examination in either of them. My application having been recommended both by the Deputy Commissioner and the Director of Public Instruction, the Government of Bengal in their letter No. 5962A, Appointment Department, 28th December, 1877, para 2, said :—

"In reply I am to say that the Examination referred to, is not open to officers of the Subordinate Educational service and that to extend the rules to any officer of that Service would require the sanction of the Government of India...But the Lieutenant Governor understands that Babu Sarat Chandra Das has been put to some expense by visiting Sikkim to study the Tibetan language and he is of opinion that the Babu deserves great credit for the exertion he has made to qualify himself in a language which will be of much use to him in the appointment he fills. His Honor is, therefore, pleased to sanction the grant of a reward of Rs. 300 to Babu Sarat Chandra Das."

(Sd) C. Macaulay,
Under Secretary.

In January, 1878, I communicated to Lama Ugyen Gya-tso what was so long uppermost in my mind *i.e.* a desire to visit Tibet, if possible in that year.

In February Major Herbert Lewin was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling. About this time Sir Frederick Haines accompanied by his private secretary Major (now Lord) Roberts, visited the school. He praised our work and particularly me and my assistant for our attainments both in the written and colloquial language of Tibet, which, he said, would be of much use to Government when relations were opened with that country. The expression of the Commander-

in-chief's opinion, induced Major Lewin to take up the study of Tibetan in right earnest. At his wish both Lama and I used to read Tibetan with him. When a month had passed in its study and we found our official chief ready to exchange thoughts with us, one morning I ventured to place in his hand a letter in which I simply asked that permission might be granted me for crossing the Tibetan frontier to enable me to visit Tibet which I much wished to do at my own risk. I explained to him the object I had in view for visiting Tibet. They were—first, to complete my Tibetan studies and then to make some work of Geographical exploration, in the manner of Dr. Livingstone. Major Lewin simply smiled and quietly returned the letter to me. The next time that I came to read Tibetan with him, I again put the letter before him. This time he seemed to think that I was rather in earnest about the project. Taking the letter in his hand he grimly observed : “Here is an absurd request”, and threw the application on the floor. When I picked it up, he went on saying ;—“It has been a great achievement for you—a native of Chittagong to come up to such a place of difficult access as Darjeeling and then to visit Sikkim, which is within British influence. Tibet is a wild country and its people are determined not to have anything to do with us. Is it not preposterous on your part, being a Bengali, to think you could cross the eternal snows and enter Tibet to explore it as Livingstone of African fame ; Europeans—Russians, Germans, not to speak of us, have all failed to penetrate into Tibet. Recently General Prejewalsky, Governor-General of Siberia, was turned out from within a hundred miles of Lhasa by the hostile Tibetans. So please do not come again to me with such an absurd proposal, I cannot grant it. Even if I recommended it, the Governor would not let you go where you would be immediately killed.” He then related to me some of his adventures among the savage and naked Lushai tribes of Kooki-land—and particularly how a *Shendu* chief had pierced his knee by flinging at him a poisoned arrow. This unexpected refusal produced in my mind a keener desire for doing the impossible. Returning home, I thought over the matter again and at last formed the determination to visit Tibet at any risk. I asked my assistant, if he could go to Tibet, *i.e.*, Lhasa and Tashilhunpo where he had once before been, with presents from the Pema-yang-tse monastery. He readily agreed to go if I gave him leave and money for his expenses. The Lama had, by this time, earned three months' privilege leave, and I became very hopeful of success, having the prospect of his assistance.

In the beginning of March Mr. (afterwards Sir Alfred) Croft, then officiating Director of Public Instruction, came to Darjeeling and inspected my school for the second time. In a private interview, I refreshed his memory about my having been a pupil of his at the Presidency College. He remembered me and observed how glad he was to notice in a pupil of his so great an aptitude for linguistic attainments. I now availed myself of the opportunity of asking his powerful help in my project of visiting Tibet for studying its language and literatue. I also mentioned

to him the arrangements I had made to obtain a passport from Tashilhunpo and the manner in which Major Lewin had lately disposed of my application for leave to cross the frontier.

He, however, plainly told me that unless I explained to Government the kind of service that I intended to render to Government by studying Tibetan in Tibet, the Government would hardly be inclined to entertain my proposal. About the middle of March of that year I wrote to Mr. Croft to say that I had read in the '*Times of London*' that a convention had been signed at Chefoo in which Sir Thomas Wade, the British Minister at Peking, had secured for Her Britannic Majesty's Government a concession; the Chinese Government agreeing to the despatch of a Mission to Lhasa by the Indian Government. As there was no European or Indian, at the time, who knew Tibetan, I thought I should qualify myself for the post of Secretary to the proposed mission by visiting Tibet. The Lama informed me that he would set out on his journey to Tibet to obtain for me sanction from the Tibetan authorities to travel to Lhasa or Tashilhunpo as soon as I had arranged for his leave. Mr. Croft in reply to these wrote me the following letter :—

"Office of the Director of Public Instruction, Calcutta, the 17th March 1878.

My dear Sarat Chandra,

Your letter, and the Lama's, reached me on my return to Calcutta. If I understand you rightly, you wish for two things :—

(1) To be appointed, at some future time, Secretary to any embassy that may be sent to Lhasa under the Chefoo convention, when ratified. But in order to fit yourself for the duties of this post you ask—

(2) To be assisted by Government (in money and other ways) in your project of visiting Tibet this year if possible.

The first proposal may stand over for the present. If you carry out your present intention of visiting Tibet, you would probably be the most eligible person to accompany the expedition as Secretary, if such an expedition should ever be made.

But as regards the second proposal, (namely, visiting Tibet this year) it appears that you are not yet clear how this is to be accomplished :—whether openly, as an Indian Pandit, and by consent of the Tashilhunpo authorities, or secretly, in the disguise of a Nepalese merchant, in case permission is refused. Now until this is settled (and I learn that it cannot be settled until May, when you expect the answer from Tashilhunpo), it is impossible for me to make any proposals, or to ask for any definite assistance for you. I will, however, let your intention be known in proper quarters, and I will find out whether, and how far, it is possible to assist you with money for the necessary expenses, with scientific and other instruments. If you had to go in disguise the number of instruments you could carry would, I suppose, be very limited.

The example of Pandit Nain Singh (who was often in peril of his life, even though disguised) makes me doubtful whether you would get permission from Tashilhunpo.

Let me know what instruments you would wish (and be able) to take with you.

Yours truly,
(Sd) A. Croft

Shortly after receiving Mr. Croft's letter I commenced taking lessons from a Mongolian monk of Tashilhunpo who had come to Darjeeling for visiting Nepal. I was told that the Mongols of Urga on the Amour River were in high favour with the Tashi Lama, and that they were better Buddhists than the Tibetans. I picked up a good knowledge of the Mongolian from Lama Tenzing.

In October, Sir Ashley Eden informed me that he had obtained Lord Lytton's sanction to my crossing the frontier for visiting Tibet for the purpose of prosecuting my Tibetan studies in the monastery of Tashilhunpo. Mr. Croft told me that he had induced the Bengal Government to create the post of Deputy Inspector of Sikkim with a view to afford me opportunities to travel in the neighbourhood.

I was relieved of my appointment as Head-master in the middle of December, by Mr. John Durham, when I proceeded home on leave. In the middle of January, 1879, I received the following letter of appointment, the concluding sentence of which enabled me to travel beyond the boundary of the British Government :—⁵

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5. This was all the help that after so much trouble I could obtain from the British Government, yet there remained a defect in the appointment letter which I pointed out to the Director of Public Instruction, after my return from Tibet. Both Sikkim and Tibet being foreign territories, a British Officer was not entitled to any travelling allowance for journeying in them. I was only entitled to travelling to and from Tibet—which I did at my own cost. On my representing this defect in the arrangement under which I travelled in Tibet, the Director of Public Instruction recommenced a fixed travelling allowance of Rs. fifty for me, but the Government of Bengal reduced it to Rs 30 a month. (See *Govt. Order* quoted below). So all that I was in receipt of was Rs, 180 for six months, the sum which I had given to the guide Phurchung whose services we had secured at Kambachan—a Nepalese Bhutea village, situated immediately below the Kangchen Junga snowy mountains ; Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho, my faithful companion, also did not get anything for travelling. So slender was the help which the Government had given to the first Indian student-traveller who had penetrated

“Government Order—Education No. 11, January 3, 1879 Para 2.

In reply I am to say that Sikkim being foreign territory the Government cannot appoint a Deputy Inspector for that State chargeable to the revenue of Bengal. The Lieutenant-Governor, however, has been pleased to sanction the appointment, with effect from the 18th December, 1878, of Babu Sarat Chandra Das, Head Master of the Bhutea Boarding School at Darjeeling to be Deputy Inspector of Schools for British Sikkim, that is for the Darjeeling district. He will devote special attention to the Monastic schools there, and there is no objection to his getting information regarding any similar schools in the neighbourhood.

(Sd.) A. Mackenzie

Secretary to the Govt. of Bengal.”

About a month after the distribution of prizes, Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho proceeded to Tibet, and shortly after his departure, the holiday for worshipping the Kanchanjunga snowy mountains, whom the Sikkim Bhuteas called the king of the *yaksha* or the arch mischief-maker, came about. It was on this day only, that the Lepchas and Bhuteas generally bathed. I gave leave to some of the Bhutea boys to bathe in a small tank that was in the compound of Dr. O'Brien's residence at Geen. Two brothers (twins), sons of the Lepcha Police Daroga of the Station, also went there to bathe with my permission.

to the heart of Tibet, at a time, when both the Government and the people of Tibet were most hostile to Europeans and particularly to the British and the British Indians.

Para, 2, Government order Edn. No. 118, February 6, 1879.

“The Lieutenant Governor has recently sanctioned the appointment of a Deputy Inspector of Schools for British Sikkim on a salary of Rs. 150 per mensem, besides the usual travelling allowance prescribed for officers of his class when moving on duty.

The Director of Public Instruction states that owing to the difficulty of determining distances accurately in British Sikkim and its neighbourhood it will be more convenient to give the Deputy Inspector fixed travelling allowance of Rs. 50 per mensem during the time he may be absent from the Head quarters, on duty.

The Lieutenant Governor, while concurring with the Director as to the necessity of a consolidated travelling allowance, is of opinion that an allowance of Rs. 30 (the upkeep of a pony) per mensem would meet the requirements of the case ; and I am directed to request the sanction of his Excellency the Governor-General in Council to this arrangement in accordance to the orders of the Financial Department No. 2916, Dated 15th December, 1876.”

(Sd.) C. W. Bolton

Under Secretary

The Bhutea boys returning to the school brought me the news that one of the twins was drowned. They feared he was pulled by some Naga, demigod, towards the bottom of the tank. I immediately ran to Geen, a distance of four miles, called Dr. O'Brien, but life was extinct by the time he arrived.

Major Lewin took this opportunity of writing to the Director that I did not possess to the full extent the qualifications of a Boarding School Teacher. Mr. Croft, in reply, observed that the Lepcha boy's death was accidental, and that if the qualifications of a Boarding School Headmaster were to be found in any person of any nationality, in his opinion, they existed in Babu Saratchandra Das.

On Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho's return to Darjeeling from Tibet, in September, I informed Mr. Croft of the passport, which he had secured for me from the authorities at Tashilhunpo. In April, Sir Ashley Eden and Mr. Croft visited the school, the former examined the boys of all classes in almost all the subjects taught in it. Pleased with the result, His Honour promised silver medals to the successful boys. The Director recommended the award of a medal to Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho whom he had carefully examined on a former occasion. The distribution of prizes and medals took place on June 12, when Lama dances and Tibetan theatricals entertained the visitors and the Lieutenant-Governor gave away the prizes. Four Tibetan songs, of which I had made translations in English rhythm, were sung by the boys, of which two are reproduced here :—

The song of the precious Reed⁶

Oh ! the reed of Tsari country,
 Oh ! the reed of Tsari country,
 Your root is for mother Ambrosia's use.
 You are born to give pleasure to life,
 You are born to give pleasure to life.
 If your own life is not pleasant to you
 Go back to Tsari country,
 Go back to Tsari country.
 Your stem is meant for generous prince,
 To be turned into handy arrows,
 To be turned into handy arrows.

6. The Sikkimese draw beer from a bamboo bottle by means of a reed about a foot long, in the manner infants suck milk from feeding bottles.

Say, If you are not fit to make arrows,
 Go back to Tsari country,
 Go back to Tsari country.
 Your slender top the Supreme Lama takes
 And hangs his banners thereon,
 And hangs his banners thereon.
 Say, if a flagstaff you cannot be,
 Go back to Tsari country.

Salutations

With a splendid sword on the right,
 And a white silver bell on the left,
 Sprinkling water to those, the excellent gods,
 And also to him, Ugyen, who has won perfection,
 Rewarded with garland of gems.
 To all seated on couches and chair to the right and the left
 We offer this cycle of songs,
 The salutation of noble Tibet ;
 The way of the Rongs⁷ in making obeisance ;
 The Chinese manner of Kneeling down ;
 The Kashmerian mode of Salaam ;
 The Nepalese by shaking the head and holding the arms a-kimbo ;
 The Dukpa mode—by waving the arms ;
 The Khamba mode—by drawing the knife ;
 The monkish custom of spreading the cloak ;
 The nun's customs of shaking the head ;
 The Mongol custom of pulling the ears,
 With a splendid flag on the right,
 And a heroine's wheel on the left,
 Shoot forth five hundred arrows
 On whose feathers are messages written in water
 Oh ! The shrine of Potala,
 The sacred shrine of Potala,
 Filled with rainbows and lustre !
 To act our play and to meet again,
 Oh ! to act and to meet again,

7. The Tibetan designation for the Lepchas of Sikkim. Easternmost Tibet, north of Assam Himalayas, is called Tsari, the hill tracts where grow long grass and reeds.

This is a day of happy omen.
The salutation of noble Tibet,
Dance ! Dance ! Dance !

On account of the attention that the Lieutenant Governor and the Secretaries had paid to me on this occasion, Major Lewin became soon somewhat displeased. Sir Ashley Eden, Messrs. Horace Cockerell, A. Mackenzie, and Croft congratulated me on the success of the school. The status of the school was raised and the annual grant that it enjoyed was now increased by Rs. 1,000.

About this time two very important political refugees from Bhutan came to Darjeeling. They were accommodated in the Government barracks at Geen. I cultivated their acquaintance and used to converse with them, generally in the afternoon and almost every Sunday. One of them named Deb-Zimpon, who had been the private secretary of the then Deb Raja of Bhutan, was a shrewd observer and skilful courtier. The second refugee was Paro-Penlo, the young Governor of Western Bhutan called Paro. With them was Deb-Tungchen, the chief personal assistant of the Deb Raja. Sometimes they used to come to my school to return visits. I picked up a little of the colloquial of Bhutan by conversation with them. I arranged to employ Deb-Tangchen in the place of Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho when the latter went to Tibet. Deb-Zimpon presented me with one of his most valuable possessions, *viz.* an old dagger. I was told that in Bhutan the custom of carrying several daggers concealed in one's robe-sleeves and also in arm-pits existed from olden times. This, I afterwards learned, was a survival of the custom of the Huns who had once occupied the Plateau of Tibet in early times. The Bhutanese make free use of it with a view to rise in the estimation of their countrymen. The man who has stabbed the largest number of men was thereby qualified to hold the highest office in the State. The Deb Raja of Bhutan makes his way to the throne, through blood-shed and slaughter, in Bhutan.⁸ A confirmation of this practice of the Bhutanese I read in Captain Pemberton's report, on my return from Tibet.

8. The name of Bhutan is derived from the name Bhotanta, *i.e.*, the border land of Bhota or Tibet. The Bhutanese call their country Duk and themselves Dukpa or Lhopa, *i.e.*, the southerner.

III

Sir Alfred Croft, M.A. LL.D, K.C.I.E., Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, in one of his official letters to the Government of Bengal, wrote in the following terms :

“Sarat Chandra’s first journey¹ was made in 1879, when he proceeded to Tashi-lhunpo, where he resided for six months in the house of the Prime Minister, as the guest of the Tashi Lama, and whence he brought to India a valuable collection of Sanskrit and Tibetan manuscripts² ; having explored, in the course of his travels, the country north and north-west of Kanchan Junga, of which nothing was previously known.³ Of this journey Major General J.T. Walker, R.E., C.B. Surveyor-General of India to whom I communicated Babu Sarat Chandra’s notes and observations, wrote in the following terms : ‘His journey has been fruitful of information ; the observations of bearings and distances have been carefully taken and recorded, and are of much value for the requirements of mapping.’” (*General Report on the Operations of the Survey of India, 1881-1882, paragraph 196*).

In the prefatory note attached to the first account of my journey to Tibet entitled *Narrative of a journey to Tashi-lhunpo in 1879*, Sir Alfred wrote as follows :

“Babu Sarat Chandra Das, the writer of this Narrative, was in 1874, while a student of the Engineering Department of the Calcutta Presidency College, appointed head master of the Tibetan Boarding School, then opened at Darjeeling under the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell. Babu Sarat Chandra Das applied himself assiduously to the study of Tibetan and paid several visits in subsequent years to the monasteries and other places of interest in independent Sikkim, where he made the acquaintance of the Raja, his ministers and other persons of importance. In 1878, Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho, a monk of the Pema Yang-tse monastery, who held the post of Tibetan teacher in the same school, was sent to Tashi-lhunpo and Lhasa with

1. It may be noted here that I performed this journey at my own book and expense, the Government contributing not a rupee to it. As Deputy Inspector of Schools, I used to draw Rs. 150 a month. I got only a month’s pay in advance, which I took with me.
2. I made a present of these books to the Government Bhutia (Tibetan) Boarding School.
3. See the Map of the Province of Tsang and Sikkim.

tribute from the Pema Yang-tse monastery ; and advantage was taken of this opportunity to find out whether it would be possible for Babu Sarat Chandra Das to visit Tibet, as he much desired to do. The Lama met with little encouragement at Lhasa ; but at Tashi-lhunpo the Prime Minister of the Tashi Lama, with the permission of the latter, sent by the hands of Ugyen Gya-tsho an invitation to the "Indian Pandit" Sri Sarat Chandra to visit Tashi-lhunpo, where his name had been inserted as a student in the grand monastery ; offering him his choice of routes, and commanding all *Jongpons* (District Magistrates and Collectors) or other persons to whom the letter might be shown, to help forward the Pandit with all his baggage. In accordance with this invitation Babu Sarat Chandra, accompanied by Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho taking with him a few scientific⁴ and other presents, together with a photographic camera⁵ set out for Tashi-lhunpo in June 1879. The travellers returned to Darjeeling towards the close of the year, after a residence of three months at the capital. They were hospitably entertained by the Prime Minister,⁶ who gave Babu Sarat Chandra Das a cordial invitation to return to Tashi-lhunpo in the following year. This, however, he was prevented from doing, owing to the disturbed state of Sikkim in 1880.

1st August, 1881.

(Sd.) A. W. Croft.

Besides the letter of invitation mentioned above Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho brought with him a Tibetan *Lam-yig* or Road-letter from the Tashi Lama's Court called *Gyal-tshan thonpo*, (in Sanskrit Uccadhvaja) which afforded us facilities for travelling from the Tibeto-Sikkim frontier to Tashi-lhunpo, the Grand Lama's capital. Its text is as follows :

4. Equipments, &c., for the journey :

- a) One Bhutia guide from Jong-ri (in Sikkim) to Kang-la-chen in Nepal territory at the foot of Kangchen Junga.
- b) Two Sikkim coolies from Darjeeling to Jong-ri.
- c) One pocket sextant.
- d) One prismatic compass.
- e) Two hyposometers.
- f) One field glass.

5. I took a copy of Tassendiers' Manual of Photography with me. The Prime Minister made a verbal translation of this work in Tibetan. I taught him the old "Wet process photography" with collodion film.

6. At the time of my returning to India, the Minister gave me a loan of money, in Tibetan coin, sufficient to cover the expenses of my journey back.

PASSPORT

Required of the Headmen and Residents of (the districts of) Darrygas, Gur-mé and Gam-pa (Kham-ba Jong), *en route* to furnish the two : Sikkim *Em-je* (physician) and Stonkhai Da-wa (Sarat Chandra), a relay of three riding ponies and ten beasts of burden and also cooking necessaries, fuel &c., at halting stages, free of charge, in their through journey across Tibetan territories, (in coming) to the capital *via* Tang-lung (Cold valley) and (in going) back *via* La-chen, on the frontier, only once, both ways, without delay or detention. Dated, Tashi-lhunpo, the first day of the eighth month of the year *Earth-Hare* (September, 1878).

Seal of the
Court of the
Tashi Lama.

In July, 1881, I submitted the following proposals to Government :

To A. W. Croft Esq., M.A., Director of Public Instruction, Bengal—
Dated Darjeeling, the 12th July, 1881.

Sir, You are aware that the vast and extensive mountainous regions lying between Peking and India (Kashmir) including the whole of Western China, the steppes of Southern Mongolia, the Eastern portion of the great desert of Gobi bordering Southern Jungaria, Eastern Kham and the most easterly provinces of Tibet from which rise the rivers of the Ultra Gangetic Peninsula, are yet unexplored and form *terra incognita* to the civilized world. Many illustrious travellers supported by the powerful aid of their respective

Governments, attempted to penetrate regions adjacent, where the influence of their Governments was to a certain extent felt, but yet failed to achieve their objects, into which I need not enter here. Possibly, had they succeeded, they might have attempted to explore the *terra incognita* above alluded to.

The difficulties of traversing these vast regions extending over 2,000 miles in a direct line which are filled with most formidable obstacles of nature and where man is still more hostile than the devstating nature itself, that those illustrious personages, never thought of traversing them. Their aim, and very properly, was to explore in the first instance, those parts which presented lesser difficulties, but when they found that they could not succeed even in that, they must have thought it was hopeless to undertake a task which presented far more difficulties and barriers chiefly political and physical. Even recently Baron Richtofen and Count Setzcheni though provided with all that was necessary for a safe journey by the Imperial Court of Peking, yet were obliged to come back leaving their task unfinished.

2. Having succeeded in my own humble way in my late travels in Western Tibet, where I was fortunate enough to secure the earnest and sincere friendship of some of the great men of the country, including the Prime Minister, and observing the vast regions above alluded to, remaining, even in the nineteenth century, unknown and unapproachable, dead, as it were, to Science, I, after long and mature thought, made up my mind to discover the treasure that may be concealed therein. The task is however, very great, in the performance of which I may perish, and the political and physical difficulties are so great that they can be better imagined than expressed, and the heart sinks to contemplate on them. A traveller must pass, if he succeeds in surmounting those difficulties, thousands of miles in detour, through innumerable bloodthirsty, cruel and savage tribes, liable to be cut up at any moment that no traces of him will be found. Yes, I may exclaim in the language of general Prejevalsky, the late Governor-General of Siberia who explored with all the prestige of the Russian Government at his back, only about one-half of what I intend doing : "Farewell my country, a long farewell ! Shall we ever see thee again or shall we never return from that distant land." I am prepared to undertake the proposed task in my own humble way, if I get sufficient encouragement.

It is known to you that the celebrated travellers referred to, spent large sums of money, supported though they were by their own Governments in exploring small portions of regions, which presented far less difficulties. But I do not require as much help as they needed. I shall go not with the prestige of the British Government, publicity upholding me, not like General Prejevalsky who while exploring a portion of Mongolia, in which the arms of the Czar were long felt, had guards of armed Cossacks to escort him to put to flight

hordes of marauding Oeleuth Tartars, or savage Tungyuts of Eastern Gobi. It is my desire to travel like Abbe Huc and Gabet, subjecting myself to all the perils and privations of exploration in wild and unknown regions and to the inclemencies of nature as well as those of man. My knowledge of the language of Higher Asia, of the ways and manners of the Tibetans and their brother races, will, I hope, help me very much. I feel sanguin of being crowned with success.

3. I have obtained an excellent and most experienced guide in the persons of Lama Sherab, the old Mongolian teacher of the Bhutia School. He says that the journey will take full two years to complete in the way that I propose and the expenditure will be large and uncertain, that it is impossible to make an estimate even approximately now. According to his rough calculation the least sum of money with which we should go is Rs. 20,000.⁷ He advises me to set out from Peking, in preference to the route *via* Lhasa from Tashi-lhunpo. Lama Ugyen Gya-tsho, who accompanied me in my last journey, has also consented to join me in my proposed expedition.

I have explained to you the outlines of a scheme grander than which it is hardly conceivable at the present time ; its magnitude and importance you are well aware of.⁸

I have the honour to be

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
Sarat Chandra Das

On the recommendation of Mr. Croft, the Government of Bengal, with the consent of the Government of India, sanctioned an altogether different scheme, discouraging geographical exploration. They made the following agreement with me :

The conditions upon which Babu Sarat Chandra Das, Deputy Inspector of Schools, Darjeeling, will proceed to Tibet are the following, as agreed on by Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Croft, and Babu Sarat Chandra Das :

1. He should start for Tashi-lhunpo in the month of September 1881, and thence for Lhasa at some subsequent date, either this year or next spring at his discretion, according to circumstances and the opportunities that may present

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7. The cost of passage of three persons from Calcutta to Peking by P. and O. Company's Boat was estimated at Rs. 2,000 at the time. Lama Sherab did not accompany me in my journey to Lhasa.
 8. A part of the work comprised in this scheme was done by Krishna Singh, nephew of Pandit Nain Singh. He is known by the initials (A—K) in Survey Reports.

themselves for a safe journey. Arrived at Lhasa, he will endeavour to place himself under the protection and to cultivate the friendship of influential persons, and he will avoid general observation as much as possible. He will keep a diary and record in it from day to day and points of interest that he may note with regard to place and people. He will also pursue his investigations into the religion, literature and history of Tibet, with regard to which separate instructions will be given to him. With this object he is authorized to purchase books, manuscripts, or whatever else may throw light upon the subject of his inquiry, and also to employ natives of the country for the same purpose. He will exercise his discretion as to extending his journeys beyond Lhasa ; but journeys for the mere purpose of geographical exploration⁹ are discountenanced, as likely to create suspicion. He may, however, find it advisable to visit a distant town or monastery, for the purpose of his investigations, and in such cases he will take the observations necessary for a route survey, but he should make no maps of the country. No limit is fixed as to the duration of his stay at Lhasa ; but, special reasons apart, he should endeavour to return to India within twelve months. He should also endeavour to maintain regular communications with India during his absence ; reporting his proceedings, from time to time to the Director of Public Instruction, and making arrangements for the safe transmission of letters to himself.

2. A sum of Rs. 5,000 (five thousand) will be placed at his disposal in gold, pearls, corals, or other objects of value in Tibet. With this sum he will defray all necessary expenses of himself and of those who accompany him, including any purchases that he may make in relation to the objects of his journey. He will keep a strict account of all his expenditure, and will submit it on return, together with the balance remaining in his hands, to the Director of public Instruction.¹⁰

Darjeeling,
September 4, 1881

Signed—Horace Cockerell
Secretary to the Government of Bengal
A. W. Croft
Director of Public Instruction
Sarat Chandra Das

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9. I did not however lose sight of the real object of my original proposal, *i.e.*, the exploration of a large tract of *terra incognita*. Accordingly, I surveyed the country from Sakya to Zang-ri-Khamar, exploring the lake country of Yam-do, on a scientific basis. This was so accurately done that the late Tibet Mission under Colonel Younghusband, did not consider it necessary to resurvey it. The proposal to send a Survey Party eastward was rejected by the Government of India.
10. On my return to India I paid Rs. 2,000 to the Comptroller-General of Indian

PASSPORT FOR RETURNING TO INDIA

The physician Lama and *Pundub*¹¹ of the incarnate Seng-chen the retired President of the Nagag-pa (*Mantra*) College, having applied for leave to return to their own country, the Commanding Officer and his staff have granted this Pass ; moreover, they having met the Lama for service, no obstructions (of the king of stopping or making inquiry, suspicion), should be raised in their way through Darrgyas, Gur-me, and Gam-pa, on our side of the boundary. They having personally appeared before the Chancellor, this (passport) has been issued, under his seal, on the 4th day of the 9th month of the year *water-hare* (October, 1882).

In the morning of the 17th June we set out for Jong-ri (from the monastery of Dub-di in Sikkim). At 10 A.M. we reached a zone where we met with new families of trees. The vegetation changed abruptly and varieties of rhododendron, juniper, and birch displaced the oaks and chestnuts of the lower zone. The leeches had disappeared. This slope, from 9,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea in height, is known by the name of Mon Lapcha.¹² The scenery was exquisitely beautiful, chiefly owing to the profusion of flowers, amongst which the varieties of rhododendron (red and pink) were conspicuous. The beauty and variety of the vegetation made me deeply regret my ignorance of botany.

Midway between Bakhim and Jong-ri I met Dr. Inglis, a venerable old gentleman, who had come out from Darjeeling to see Jong-ri—the mountain of nature's cultivation. Owing to the stubbornness of the coolies and the improvidence of his guide, he had been reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and was unable to proceed further towards the snows. Dr. Inglis told me that he had taken a fancy to visit the Himalayas on his way to New Zealand, where he was

Treasuries, it being the unexpended balance, out of Rs. 5,000 that was advanced to me for our expenses in the journey, which extended over four months.

11. The Minister used to call me *Pandub* (*Pan* being an abbreviation of Pandit and *dub* that of *Dub-chan* or Siddha. By this title Indian Pandits were formerly know in Tibet).
12. Mon La-tsa, the foot of the mountain rising above (*Mon*) the sub-Himalayas.

going to take charge of his estate. I was sorry that I could not give him all the assistance he required, but I did what I could for him to the best of my power and means.¹³

At 5 P.M. we reached Jong-ri, and took shelter in a yakherd's house, the walls of which were built with boulders piled one above another without any mortar. Its roof was made of planks cut out of firs by the axe, and kept in position by the weight of boulders laid on them. People here do not know the use of the saw nor have they any idea of iron or wooden nails.

Water boiled at 187° giving a height of 13,700 feet ; the temperature was 49°F. in the shade. I was much struck with the extreme beauty of Jong-ri. Sir Joseph Hooker the great Botanist and Himalayan traveller, who is now alive, visited Jong-ri in January 1849, *i.e.*, six months before my birth. He described the place in the following language :

“I sat at the entrance of my gipsy-like hut, anxiously watching the weather, and absorbed in admiration of the moonrise from which my thoughts were soon diverted by its fading light as it entered a dense mass of mare's-tail cirrus. It was very cold, and the stillness was oppressive. I had been urged not to attempt such an ascent in January, my provisions were scanty, firewood only to be obtained from some distance, the open undulating surface of Jong-ri was particularly exposed to heavy snow-drifts and the path was, at the best, a scarcely perceptible track. I studied every change of the wind, every fluctuation of the barometer and thermometer, and the courses of the clouds aloft. At 7 P.M., the wind suddenly shifted to the west, and the thermometer instantly rose. After 8 P.M., the temperature fell again, and the wind drew round to the north-east, when the fog cleared off. The barometer rose no more than it usually does towards 10 P.M., and though it clouded again, with the temperature at 17°, the wind seemed steady, and I went to bed with a relieved mind.”

The slopes were neat and trim to the eye, with flower and dwarf shrubs scattered over them, and a few yaks (*chamari*-cow of Tibet) grazing here and there. The trees were in full foliage, and the valleys below were a mass of rhododendrons and other flowering plants. The evening breeze was cool and bracing ; and the parting rays of the sun gave a crimson tinge to the peaks of snow and the whole atmosphere. The Hindu poets had tried in vain to describe these regions which they had never seen ; but even when seen, language fails to convey any idea of their beauty. To my right Kha-bur raised its snowy peak ; in front the great Kangchan-joi-nga looked down on me ; to the left were the icy cliffs of Kang-La (Nangma) ; while behind me the Rathong kept up its ceaseless roar as it rushed away to the south. Here we spent a whole day.

13. Dr. Inglis, after reaching Darjeeling, spoke to me in high terms of Sarat Chandra's readiness and resources and of the great help he had given him—*A.W. Croft*.

IV

(*First Journey to Tiber*)

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

At 1 P.M. we crossed the Rathong by a bridge of logs and planks, and through endless groves of rhododendron made our way towards the Nepal frontier on the west. At 3 P.M. we reached the junction of the Yampung and Kang-la roads. From this place there is a road leading towards Singli-la, Phellut, and Sum-dum-phuk (Sundukfoo) on Tongloo Range. We followed the course of the river Chu-rung which rises from Kankar-teng (top of white-ice). Here our guide (Paljor), whose services we had secured at Jong-ri, killed a red-crested hen-pheasant with a stone, but failed to hit the cock. We were then overtaken by rain, and at 3 P.M. arrived at Te-gyab-la (the mule's back mountain, 14,800 feet), where we took shelter in a cave under a huge mass of rock. Here we met three Tibetans, from whom we learnt that Singbeer, the Nepalese out-post guard, would not give us trouble, and the pass was declared open. This was excellent news. The wind was very cold and snow began to fall. There was no vegetation except shoots of fresh grass just springing up, and spongy patches of lichen here and there. We passed the night in much discomfort, harassed by chill wind and sleet.

20th June—We set out early in the morning, which was fair and pleasant. The valleys through which we passed were covered with freshly-springing grass. On either side of this level pasture-land arose a range of snow clad mountains. At noon we reached Chu-kar pang-zang (the plain of food pasture and white water), the source of the principle affluent of the Rathong, where no pasture was visible, but only the rubble and boulders of a moraine, probably one of the largest in the Himalayas. We commenced our ascent through the boulder heaps, which extended about half a mile. I saw two or three marmots under a boulder, but a failed to capture them. We then arrived at the foot of the Kang-la peak, which was 18,300 feet, and we found ourselves on a height of 16,313 feet above the level of the sea. The sun was very powerful overhead. We longed for a fog to shelter us from the sun and to dim the glare of the snow, which became doubly strong and unbearable under the midday sun. The Lama and I put on our blue spectacles, while our coolies and guides painted their cheek bones below the lower eyelid with black to

protect their eyes from the glare. I put on my fur-lined coat, but after walking some distance I found the heat unbearable, and threw the coat to a cooly. Our guide walked first, and I followed his footsteps. He cautioned me to be careful, as a single false step might precipitate me into a yawning crevasse. On my right and left, at a distance of about 100 yards on each side, avalanches were falling with a thundering noise, but we kept clear of them. After walking about a mile in the snow, we landed again on *terra firma*. Here, on a heap of stones, some flags were flying. The guide told me that this marked the boundary of Nepal and Sikkim. After resting for a few minutes we went forward. We had another field of snow to cross, about a mile in length, but not so level as the first. For a short distance we descended by an easy slope, but as we got further down the gradient became greater and greater, and the snow was slipping down in semi fluid masses to a green gully, from which issues the Nyam-ga-chu. Our guide told us that the Nyam-ga river was a most destructive torrent, its waters suddenly increasing so as to damage bridges and kill travellers. This may be caused by the sudden melting of snow brought down into the gully. The river is worshipped by the Nepalese and the Bhutias.

I may observe in passing that the range which commences from Te-gyab-la, and extends northward to meet the lofty Kangchan peaks, with Kang-la Nangma as its culminating snowline, separates the great rivers of Eastern Nepal, such as the Tambur, the Kosi, and their feeders, from the Rathong, which flows through Sikkim.

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

22nd June—We set out early towards the north-east, crossed the Yallung river, coming from the Yallung glaciers, a feeder of the Nyam-ga, by a wooden bridge of deal planks and juniper logs, about 30 feet long and Six feet broad ; to right we were shown the solitary monastery of Dechan Rolpa and then began to ascend the Tsho-chunga-la—the mountain with a small lake on it, also called Chunjerma (the junction of several streams). The ascent was very steep for about 2,500 feet. At noon we reached the top, where there are two small lakes, the circumference of the larger being not more than 500 feet. Between the Yallung river and the Yama-tari-chu (river) coming from the Yama-tari glaciers, there are four ridges to cross. These are the Mirgen-la, Pango-la, Senon-la, and Tama-la. The Mirgen-la and Pango-la are the steepest ; their heights must be between 14,800 and 15,000 feet. We did not take any boiling point observations, but guessed them from the comparative changes of vegetation on their summits and slopes. After passing on an old moraine, at 6 P.M. we reached the beautiful village of Kamba-chan-Gyunsa (the wintering village of Kanga-pa-chan), 11,378 feet, which is situated in a romantic valley on the banks of a fine river, and overhung on three sides by steep and rugged mountains, covered with thick woods of fir, rhododendron, juniper, deodar, and the weeping willow. Our guide introduced the Lama to one of his friends, a rich Sherpa (Nepal Bhutia) farmer who conducted us to his house. My Lama cap and dress, and especially my Indian features, made the natives take me for a Pa-bu (Nepalese)¹ Lama of Nepal ; and instead of asking me who I was and to what caste I belonged, our good host made a low salutation, and respectfully conducted me to the place of honour and begged me to take my seat on a homely cushion made of yak-hair. Other people came to look at me, but none dared ask my name and nationality. Ugyen Gyatsho quickly perceived what was passing in their minds, and at once addressed me as “Palbu Lama”, instead of calling me “Babu” Lama.

23rd June—At Gyunsa next morning we visited the Tashi-choiding Monastery, on the right bank of the Kangchan (Kamba-chan) river joined by a bridge to the village, which contains about 80 monks, besides a dozen nuns who generally reside in the village. The monastery is one of the finest and richest in

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1. In Nepal some 80 miles to the north-west of Katmandu there existed a large Buddhist Monastery (from the 7th down to the 11th century) called Pal-pa. The Tibetans used to largely resort to it for study and to call Nepal by the name Palpo. The name by which the Nepalese are now called in Tibet is Balpo, signifying the woolly ones. Bal both in Indian and Nepalese means wool or hair. The Nepalese being possessed of beards may have earned that name. Nepal is called Bal-po, which is vulgarly pronounced Pa-bu.

Sikkim and Eastern Nepal. It contains a complete collection of the *Kah-gyur* (Buddhist Scriptures) and the *Tan-gyur* (*Śāstras* or religious works). The Lamas wear their hair in flowing locks like lay people ; they also wear long ear-rings in imitation of the early Indian Buddhists. They belong to the Nying-ma-pa Dsog-chen-pa or Red Hat sect. The great Buddhist Lama (Lha-tsun-chenpo) who introduced Buddhism into Sikkim, entered Sikkim by this route, and established the Gyunsa Monastery. The Lamas of Pema-yang-tse and Kamba-chan-Gyunsa belong to the same sect : their rites and observances are identical. Last year the head Lama of Gyunsa visited Pema-yang-tse and was well pleased with the reception that he met with. It is owing to this that they welcomed us warmly. Ugyen Gya-tsho and I made a present of a rupee each to the monastery, with due offerings to the presiding deities. In the evening we were invited to the Head Lama's house, and entertained with *murwa* and warm buttered tea : boiled potatoes were also given in large quantities. It was the first time for many days that I had seen potatoes, radishes and turnips. The Head Lama gave us a lecture, exhorting us to have firm faith in Buddha and his teaching. Ugyen Gya-tsho begged him to favour us with his patronage, as we were strangers to the country and without experience of Himalayan travelling. He promised to give us all the assistance in his power for which I thanked him. In my conversation with him I talked in Tibetan as well as in Nepalese. He, too, took me for a Palbu Lama. I did not go out of my way to tell them my name and residence : it was no business of mine to do so. I allowed them to think of me as they pleased.

24th June—Next morning we were invited to a dinner given us by all the villagers. Mutton and potatoes were set in quantities before us, and that excellent thing for travellers the *murwa* beer, was brought in large jugs. We sat in a circle with a bamboo bottle full of beer placed on a small low table in front of each. In the centre a large jug full of *murwa* was placed. We drank the refreshing draught through a reed about two feet in length. Different topics were introduced. I sat in a dignified style with my legs crossed on a thick Chinese rug. I avoided speaking much, and made short replies to the questions frequently put to me. Ugyen Gya-tsho answered for me. I only expressed my appreciation of their kindness in complimentary language : "La-la-so, thug-je Chhe" (Yes, be it so, honourable sir, great mercy). They also related to us their adventures in going to Darjeeling and the plains as far as Matigarahaut, and into Tibet as far as Tashi-lhunpo. The question of closing the Jong-ri Pass to merchants, occupied a great portion of our talk. I was much struck with the singular spectacle presented by this dinner of the Sherpa people. Even after emptying two or three *murwa* bottles our friends preserved their usual temper. No one was drunk, although there were warm discussions, every one speaking in vociferous tones, and none listening to what was said to him, all being engaged alike in haranguing their neighbours. At 2 P.M. the meeting dissolved ; out of thirty guests only three remaining. Our good host,

the Lama, then brought three dishes of rice and mutton neatly cooked. I took little and left the greater part for our servants and guide. We made a present of a rupee each to the Head Lama, and returned to our lodgings. At half-past three we were again invited to the house of Khepa, the artist and image painter. We paid him the usual present of one rupee each but took no food at his house.

25th June—The next morning we were invited to the house of Omzeh², the second Lama of Kamba-chan, Gyunsa Monastery, who also received the usual present of a rupee. The villagers then formed a committee to settle the arrangements for our journey towards Tibet. They appointed one Phurchung, a *Ta-pa* (or monk) of Gyunsa, the most stalwart and powerful man in the village, to serve us as guide. They also engaged new coolies in place of those who had come up to this place. The river on the bank of which Gyunsa is situated is called the Kang-chen-chu (the river of Kang-chen) as it issues from the Kang-chen Junga glaciers, but the people told me that it was the head water of Tambur itself.

At 7 A.M. we set out and followed the course of the Kang-chen. Our way was easy and pleasant and the morning was bright. We walked through groves of *khem-shing* (rhododendron), and tall junipers festooned with moss. At 2 P.M. we arrived at the base of a hill which looked at a distance like snow. As we climbed it we found that we were mistaken ; the course of a torrent had been diverted, in consequence of which the top of the hill had slipped down and laid open a field of white rocks and sand. On my left were the extensive glacier of the peerless *Jannu*.

I looked about for fossil remains, but time failed me, as my companions were leaving me behind. At 4 P.M. we crossed the river by a wooden bridge and entered the village of Kamba-chan (*yar-sa* or summer place) (14,600 feet ; and boiling point 187°). At the entrance was a barley-mill worked by the stream, and then a long *Mendang* (pile of inscribed and engraved votive stones). On all sides of this beautiful valley we saw barley cultivation, each field being enclosed with a stone dyke or wall from three to four feet high, or with a wooden fence. Both at Gyunsa and Kamba-chan (*yar-sa*) the houses are built of wood with gable ends and roofed with long planks. No nails or ropes are used to fasten the planks to the rafters or to each other, but they are kept in their places by blocks of stone laid on them. The interior is far from uncomfortable ; the windows are very small, and the houses consequently dark ; but as the natives live chiefly out of doors, and always keep a fire lighted indoors, they suffer little inconvenience on this account. We here witnessed the grand offering made to the Kang-chen peak by the residents of Gyunsa and Kamba-chan (*yar-sa*). The firing of guns, athletic feats, and exercises with the bow and arrow, form the principal parts of the ceremony, which is

2. The head priests, who begin service in the temple by ejaculating the mystic "Om". Om-zeh is also written as Dvu-dsad, he who is made "the head."

believed to be highly acceptable to that mountain-deity. The youth of Gyunsa vied with each other in athletic exercises ; the favourite amusements of their elders being quoits, back-kicking, and the shooting of arrows. We also contributed our share to these religious observances. The scene reminded one of the Olympic games ; and like the good Buddhists, we too paid our obeisance to Kang-chen, the Indian Olympus. In the afternoon a messenger arrived from Yang-ma, with a letter from the frontier Officer (Wallung Gopa), intimating that he had started for Kang-pa-chan, and requiring the villagers to stop all traders with yaks and sheep from entering Tibet by the closed pass, the Chathang-la (the bird-plain pass) ; that the Tibetan Government had forbidden ingress even through the Kangla-chenmo pass, which was an open pass, in consequence of the spread of cattle disease in Tibet. The Head Lama, our friend of Kamba-chan Gyunsa, and the Peepon (*Chipon*, general chief) privately gave us this news, and requested us to start early in the morning before the officer arrived.

26th June—We set out before the day dawned, and ascended the left bank of the right affluent of the Kang-chen chu. The way was good, with an easy rise. On our right lay Kang-chen glacier, round whose base we skirted ; to the left rose the snow-clad ridge, which is a prolongation of Kang-pa-chan. At a distance of about three miles from Kang-pa-chan³ we came to a waterfall far more majestic and graceful than the one we had seen on the southern slopes of Pao-hungri. Its water is said to be very sacred, and it is known by the name of Khan-dum chu, or the *Dakini* or nymph waterfall. The eight Indian saints, called in Tibet Rig-zin-gye (*Aṣṭa Vidyādhara*) and the famous Tang-srung-gyapa, the Vyāsa of the Buddhists, are said to have bathed in the water of this fall, and it is in consequence regarded as the holiest river in this part of the Himalayas. It precipitates itself in three unbroken sheets from the top ; and rushing finally over the rocks which project from the face of the precipice, it falls in a mass of foaming water among the dark and glistening

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3. The name Kang-pa-chan is vulgarly pronounced as Kamba-chan. Mr. Douglas Freshfield came here in October 1899, and describes the place in the following language :

“At this point the scenery underwent a change. The valley no longer looked glacial. Either ice had never reached lower and or as is more probable, water had for a sufficient period had free scope to alter and obliterate the old shapes of hill sides by deepening the trough and creating taluses. Our path was a terrace along the steep northern slopes, which in the absence of timber soon became monotonous. A fine water-fall tumbled from the cliffs above us. Water-falls are rare round Kang-chen Junga and this one seems to have excited somewhat exaggerated admiration in the mind of Chandra Das on his 1879 journey. He saw it, however, in early summer, when its volume was doubtless far greater.”

rocks below. Just above the place at which we crossed, and where it empties itself, it is about 18 feet broad and the height from which it falls almost perpendicularly may be estimated at not less than 1,000 feet. The stupendous scenery of the peak from which it issues, the irregular disposition of the rocks through which it cuts its way, the immense height from which it falls, combine to make it one of the most sublime spectacles in the Himalayas.

We passed through many level valleys, whose quiet beauty contrasted with the sublimity of the surrounding hills. There were no trees to be seen, but dwarf shrubs with lovely flowers of various hues graced the slopes all round. At midday we took our breakfast at Ramthang in a yak-shed.⁴ Setting out again in a northerly direction we came to an extensive pasture, about three miles in length and two in breadth, strewed with the bones of yaks. During the months of August and September the villagers of Kamba-chan bring their herds here to graze. The north of this tableland is bounded by lofty pinnacles of rock and on the south and east flows a stream called Khameh-chu (glacial stream) an affluent of the Kang-chen-chu, whose course we were now following up. Another stream coming from the east for a distance of about a mile flows under-ground, and at length re-appears, it is said, opposite a cavern called Pema-chan-ki demi, where the key of heaven was concealed by Padma Sambhava, the Guru Rinpoche of the Tibetans. This blessed abode was to our left where the western glacier of Joisang or Jonsang La.⁵ the mountain of hidden treasures lay. The stream is here very sluggish; its water carries a kind of clayey detritus of an opaque white. Close to this cavern there is a small mineral hot-spring called Men-chu, to which the people of Kamba-chan occasionally resort. It is held sacred, as Pema guru, the head of the Red-hat sect, bathed here on his way to Tibet. On either side are mounds of rubble and

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4. The name Ramthang struck me; Phurchung told me that Sram pronounced as Hrum is otter—thang is "plain": Here the otter with very fine skin abounds. Ramthang is otter plain. Mr. Douglas Freshfield visited Ramthang coming from an eastward direction from Pang-perma keeping the Kanghen Junga glaciers to his south. The place is called Lho-nag-thang. At its bend flows a little stream called Chi-tsi-chun and to the east of our path is the famous Pema-thang-ki-tasari, on the outer wall of Ne-Pemathang the fabulous courtyard of Kang-chan, where gods and saints dwell in great numbers. Beyond it is Lhonak glacier. No European or Indian traveller has up to date visited the regions beyond Ramthang nor crossed by Cha-thang La Pass.
 5. To the east of Chathang-la there is a snowy mountain called the Jonsang La, lit. Mdsod-gsan-La, the pass of hidden treasures. This has lately been crossed by Mr. Douglas Freshfield, F.R.G.S. and declared by him to be over 20,200 feet above the sea-level. He puts down the culminating peak of Jonsang La to be 24,340 feet.

boulders which mark a recent moraine. There is no vegetation to fix them in compact masses. At one season they form continuous ridges, while at another they are found in detached groups, perhaps not found at all ; all this being the work of snow in its semi-fluid form. At 5 P.M. we took shelter at a place called Jorgu-og in a crevice of rock scarcely 6 feet long, 4 feet broad and 5 feet high. The occupier of the cave was a mountain fox called *Wamo* or *Wa*, the fur of which is highly valued. My guide told me that the musk goat, the Nao (*Ovis ammon*), and the Himalayan antelope, abound here. The last of these being sacred to the mountain deity is not hunted, but the others are. Jorgu-og is about 18,800 feet above sea level, water boiling at 187°. The temperature at this time was 30°. I made tea, and we satisfied our hunger with fried Indian corn : we had no fuel to cook rice. As night advanced a chilly wind arose with a slight snow-fall. Ugyen Gya-tso and I managed to sleep in the miserable fox den, our coolies lying on the open ground sheltered by my water-proof cloth and two umbrellas. The floor being uneven and stony, I awoke with pains in my back.

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

We had now arrived at the limit of perpetual snow. To the right and left ran two parallel ranges of snow, between which we struggled on our upward way. After a time the direction of the ranges changed from north to north-west ; and at the angle thus formed, the valley was filled with heaps of snow piled in a conical form the largest of which was not less than 50 feet in height. The whole scene resembled the billows of the ocean. After travelling for three miles in this region of snow I fell down exhausted. The difficulty of breathing, produced by the extreme tenuity of the air, and increased by the exertion of the lungs in an uphill journey at a height of over 19,000 feet together with the glare of the snow, which terribly tired my eyes in spite of the protection afforded by my green spectacles, reduced me to a wretched state. Lama Ugyen Gyat-sho, whose condition was worse than mine on account of his corpulence, sat down on the snow in despair. For half an hour we remained in this miserable plight. At length Gyat-sho promised to pay Phurchung, our guide, any reward he might ask if he would take me on his shoulders up to the next stage. Phurchung carried me to the nearest spur where there was scanty snow, about half a mile distant, and returned to fetch to fetch his own load.

We again proceeded on our journey. It was six in the evening, and the cliff under which we were to rest was far off. I did not want to go on, but there was no large rock to take shelter under, no water to drink, and the excessive rigour of the frost and the biting wind made it impossible for us to lie on the bare ground. We again plodded on our way, and before we could walk a mile we were overtaken by darkness although the glare of the snow helped us a little. At seven we reached a huge rock which rested on a solid bed of ice. The guide told us that the rock would not fall during the night as there would be no melting of snow, but it would be better to start before sunrise. We spread our blankets on the snow, which formed a capital spring bed. Although I had eaten nothing on the previous day, yet I felt no appetite for food. I was thoroughly exhausted.

28th June—Early in the morning we set out surrounded on all sides by an ocean of snow. The sight of stones, not to speak of vegetation, would have been welcome to our tired eyes, but even such dreary comforts were denied us. The difficulty of breathing increased. Every few steps we lay down, got up again, again advanced a short distance, and again lay down on the burning snow, which was here knee-deep on a bed of ice. Ugyen Gya-tsho walked on cheerfully, but not so with me. My knees were nearly paralyzed, and my legs refused to work. In this deplorable plight I struggled up the snowy slope of Cha-thang-la when my good friend (Phurchung), moved with compassion, came to my assistance. He left his load on the snow, tied his long spike horizontally to his girdle to prevent his plunging into the drifts, or in yawning crevasse and took me on his back. I gave him my spectacles, and sat without sense or movement, and with closed eyes, until I reached another field of snow about a mile from the foot of Cha-thang-la. The fresh snow was here not more than nine inches deep, and I managed to walk, though with great difficulty. Phurchung went back to bring up his load, which was nearly buried by the falling of the snow. The sun, which had oppressed us at mid-day, now disappeared behind the western range as we began to climb up this terrible slope. At last we came to the principle La, on the other side of which we were to take shelter. We toiled up it with extreme difficulty ; our feet slipped, and we constantly rolled down. Phurchung cut steps with his *kookrie* (Nepali knife), and dragged me up with his hands. The fall of snow increased, and we were apprehensive of being buried alive. However, at six we reached a natural cavern, the interior of which was more comfortable and spacious than that of the previous night. Our guide informed us that the most difficult and dangerous portion of the pass had now been crossed, and that the rest of the way would be comparatively easy. In this miserable fashion did I cross the famous Cha-thang-la into Tibet, the very picture of desolation, horror and death, escaping the treacherous crevasses which abound in this dreadful region. Here culminated our adventure in the eternal snows. What

terrible glissades we made in these dreadful regions of ice and snow ! We spread our blankets and lay down benumbed, as our cell was carpeted with snow, and our clothes wet through with the drops that leaked through the clefts in the rock above. It was impossible to boil water to determine the altitude. There was no fuel, nor were we in a position to do any work whatever ; but from the nature of the ascent from Pang-phe-kung and Jorgu-og it is probable that Cha-thang-la is 2,000 feet higher than Jorgu-og, and not less than 20,000 feet above the sea.

29th June—Next morning we set out very early and began to descend the La. After six hours' hard travelling we descried land with patches of brownish vegetation and scattered snow. At 1 P.M. we reached the bank of a sluggish river which makes its way through erratic blocks and boulders. From this point we descried for the first time the country of the sacred Bodhisattvas, and shortly after arrived at a slope on which there was verdure. This place is known by the name of "Gyami-thotho", the Chinese boundary with Nepalese and Sikkim territories, the place where the Chinese General, it is said, during the war with the Goorkhas, erected a stockade, and on his departure swore to keep the Cha-thang-la pass closed for ever. Having crossed Gyami-thotho,⁶ we came to another large river, whose left bank consisted of a steep and barren ridge of sand. This was the head-water of the Zemi river, which drains the northern slopes of Kangchen-junga, and falls into Lachen, the western head-water of the Teesta river. There was not a single blade of grass to be seen. For a short distance we followed the course of this river to the south-west, and arrived at a place near which we saw herds of yak grazing. Our guide was terribly afraid of being detected by the Dokpas, who have charge of the Pass, and who in return for their services are authorized by that Government to rob all travellers who venture to cross it. He was aware of this all along, but said nothing to us about it. Our passport would be of no help to us, as we had taken a very imprudent and ill-judged course. The Dokpas on the south and the Tibetans on the north of Chorten Nyima-la have made common cause to keep the Pass closed to travellers of every kind. We, therefore, concealed ourselves in a rock-cavern and did not come out till dusk, when we quietly crossed the river, which, with its boulders and sandbanks, was more than a mile in breadth. The stream itself was divided into three impetuous torrents. We then climbed a steep and high hill, and reached the southern flank of Chorten Nyima-la.⁷ This in the

6. Gyami means Chinese and thotho, boundary mark.

7. The pastoral Tibetans who live by tending yaks and sheep and goats and bring their cattle thus far in the Cisnevian Himalayas.

Mr. Douglas Ereshfields, F.R.G.S. formerly Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, in his admirable book of travel, *Round Kanchen Junga* writes : "There is, however, I think, no doubt that the Chortenima La crossed by Chandra Das was the pass known by that name in the country. The

moonlight appeared to be an extensive tableland, on the right and left of which towered two snowy ranges. There was very little snow on it, but the peaks presented a dead white appearance without glare. We spread our blankets on the bare ground in the moonlight and spent the night in a sound, refreshing sleep.

30th June—In the morning we started. Our path though tedious was not steep, but we were exhausted by hunger and thirst, as we had been without food for the last three days. After travelling eight miles we reached the southern foot of the Chorten Nyima-la. It was a glorious sight. Bristling cliffs of barren rock, whose crevices were filled with snow, crowned the top of the pass : and the azure sky of Tibet peeping behind the snowcapped crests, and the green-blue lines of glacier that intersected the snowy slope, combined to give a picturesque, yet weird, aspect to this most stubborn and charming pass. The rocks appeared like gneiss and dark granite. I climbed it at its steepest part with the help of Phurchung. We suffered little from the rarefied atmosphere, and within a short time reached the summit of the pass, from which, I enjoyed the view of the lofty plateau of Tibet. To the extreme north billowy ranges of blue bounded the cloudless horizon. I laid myself down near the pile of stones which marked the top—the “Lap-tse” (the top of the Pass or mountain) or “Obo” of the Mongols. Many flags attached to stout reeds were flying from the top of the pile, and our friend Ugyen Gya-tsho added some for himself to the number. After a rest of half an hour we began our descent to the Tibetan plateau, and at 3 P.M. arrived at the bank of a beautiful glacier lake at the foot of the pass. It looked like a block of turquois amid the surrounding snow. The sun was descending to the Indian horizon, and mellowed the air with its rays. The glassy water of the lake reflected each mountain and peak on a background of of fleecy skies. The lake is of an oval shape about a quarter of a mile in length by about 250 yards in breadth. From it issues the Chorted Nyima river, a turbid stream, whose course we were to follow. After refreshing ourselves with Indian corn and sugar, we began our downward journey. On both sides the mountains were barren without the least trace of vegetation. The contrast between the scenery of these bleak hills and those of the Cis-Himalayas filled with luxuriant vegetation was very striking. In our descent we were in constant danger of being seen by the guards stationed at the Chorten Nyima Monastery. At times we hid ourselves under boulders, and at others fell flat on the ground, terrified by the sight of stones which we took for yaks or ponies. After travelling more than 5 miles from the lake, we came to the place called Chorten Nyima or “Caitya of the Sun”, where there are a few flat-roofed stone cells for pilgrims and monks, and long mounds of

sketch he gives of the strange crags on the top corresponds very fairly with Mr. Claude White’s photographic taken in 1892.”

inscribed stones. This *cailya* is one of the ancient monuments erected by the early Indian Buddhists. Pilgrims from the whole of Tibet, and even from Mongolia and China, annually resort to this sacred spot. Here we found a number of small shrubs with sweet, scented flowers of a violet colour. Phurchung crept quietly towards the monastery to see if there were any persons in it. He saw nobody outside, and returned with a bag full of cowdung for fuel. At six we cooked our rice for the first time at a height of 17,000 feet, the water boiling at 181°; and took a hearty meal after our fatigue. At dusk we recommenced our journey, our object being to reach the main track that connects Tengri Jong with Kamba Jong. We abandoned the direct and shorter road, so as to conceal the route we had come by. Had we been detected we should have been sent to Kamba Jong as prisoners. The weather was fine and the sky clear, and the flowers of a thorny shrub that abounds here emitted a delicious scent. The river with its sandbanks on either side was many hundreds of yards in breadth. The main channel was about 40 feet broad where we crossed. In the North Himalayan range we had seen many varieties of stone, but no slate. Chorten Nyima and the ranges subordinate to it, abound in slates of different sorts, of which I picked up many specimens as I went along. I noticed one whose dull black colour, compact quality, and schistose nature at once distinguished it from ordinary black clay-slates. Clay-slates were abundant, and among them I observed the kind called whet-slate, known by its greenish white colour, and also the talc-slate of a pure green colour and greasy feel, about which I had read in books. I saw some specimens washed down by the feeders of the river, whence I conjectured that the beds lay higher up. I saw many other kinds of clay-slates of a variety of colours. On both sides of the river the hills are filled with slaty beds. I imagined that the green turquoise so much prized by the Tibetans, was to be found in these beds, but I did not meet with any. At midnight, after crossing many hill streams, we reached the grand track near the village of The-kong (also called Thebong).⁸ Here we halted and enjoyed a sound sleep wrapped in our blankets under the open sky. To the south towered in the moonlight numberless snowy crests of the Himalays, forming a background to these romantic steppes. On our left rose the hills above Thekong; and in front the subordinate ridges of the Central Tibetan Himalayan range.

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

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8. The name The-kong when written in Tibetan becomes Thal-kong, thal signifying dust, kong or pung signifying "overhead" or head. In this village and region the wind blows very strongly raising heaps of dust. Dust storms blew while we entered the village in 1879 and 1881 in such a manner that we had to cover our eyes and face for an hour with cloth till their fury abated.

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

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

The great Acharya was the founder of Tengri-Jong. There is a temple dedicated to him at Dobta which contains his statue and that of his serpent wife. A fee of one tanka (six annas) is demanded for admission to see the idols. Of the villages on the north-east of the lake, Taling, Waitse, and Koloma are the most important. The Arun flows towards Nepal between our route and the great lake. The rivers all join the Arun with the exception of the Rhechu, which is a tributary of another Tsang-po. A good walker can march round the lake in three days.

We could not get ponies at The-kong, and had to go on to the nearest village (Targ-lung). The large village of Tang-lung ("cold valley") is situated on both banks of a small stream which rises in the eastern part of the Chorten Nyima range. It contains about 300 houses. Barley is extensively cultivated on both sides of the river. The villagers possess a very fine breed of yaks, but numbers of them have lately died of a murrain imported from Nepal. Many flocks of sheep and goats were grazing in the field. At the entrance of the road there are many piles of mendangs and two lofty *caityas*. The village contains a small shrine dedicated to Buddha. Phurchung took us to the house of an acquaintance of his where the old matron brought us barely-beer and tea, and a wooden pot full of barley meal. We were accommodated in a little cottage ten feet by eight, built of stone cemented with mud with a small opening in the slated roof. It had been used as a stall, and the floor was thick with dust and soot. At one corner of the room was the fire-place, and a bellows made of entire goat skin was used to blow the fire. The bust raised by the bellows filled the air and I had to leave the house to avoid being choked. As soon as we settled down, a host of beggars made their appearance. We dismissed them with presents of barley-meal and tobacco leaves, which we had brought with us. Tobacco is greatly prized by women in Tibet. Many spectators also came and peeped in at us from the door. Although the smoke and dust were a great nuisance, yet we were not without amusements. A pedlar with his wife came in front of our cottage and began to play the fiddle, the woman dancing with her husband. They sang three songs wishing us an auspicious journey. The music entertained me much, as I understood what they were singing. I dismissed them with the present of a four-anna piece and a few leaves of tobacco. Next came the *chanku*. The *chanku* or Tibetan wild dog is not so large as the Tibetan mastiff, and is of a light chestnut colour. This descendant of the wolf was very tame and made us many salaams. The *chanku*-man to show that his beast was as tame as a dog, allowed him to enter our house. This gave offence to our landlord, who considering his house defiled by the entrance of so sinful an animal as a *chanku*, at once turned the beggar out of the courtyard.

2nd July— In the morning I purchased a few eggs, and the Lama bought a dried carcass of a sheep for eight annas. He looked on this as a luxury, distributing pieces of meat to our guide and coolies, taking a large piece to his own share. We engaged three ponies, and after making a present of a rupee to our good landlord, we set on our journey. We had a pleasant ride along the bank of a beautiful river, the Kha-na donki-chu, according to some the headwater of the Dubu-Kosi of the Nepalese. In the distance to right and left of us, ran two parallel ranges of bleak hills stretching to the south-west. These are a continuation of the range of Kamba-Jong, the right hand range ending at Tang-lung. Patches of barley grew here and there, and herds of yak and a flock of sheep and goats were grazing in the meadows. From numberless holes in the ground hundreds of

marmots ran to and fro. On the road we passed the ruins of two villages, marked by irregular heaps of stone and mud. At 11 A.M. we reached the pretty village of Mende, situated in the midst of this fertile strip. Facing the village lies a flower garden containing dwarf willows, stunted birch, dwarf juniper trees, the leaves of which are used as incense, and a few other plants of which I did not know the names. As soon as we arrived, about 20 of the villagers surrounded us and enquired what we had brought to sell. They admired my revolver and the Lama's pistol, and wanted to buy them. The headman of the village gave us a thick rug made of yak's hair to sit on. He sat with the rest on the ground, and his wife brought us barley-beer, and buttered tea and flour. After refreshing ourselves with this wholesome food, we recommenced our journey, and crossing many small streams at last arrived at (Dar-ge) Targay, a pretty village on the Yaru-tsang-po : near Kamba-Jong. Opposite to this stands a monastery called Serding Gonpa, built on a fine eminence. We passed the night in the travellers' shed, which was more spacious than our Tang-lung cottage. The number of cattle here was greater than at Tang-lung. On our right, to the south-east, we had a distant view of the castle of Kamba-Jong, situated on the top of a hill.

3rd July—In the morning we crossed the Yaru-la, which is a prolongation of the Kamba-Jong range to the north-west. After meeting a caravan of asses and a few traders, we cooked our food on the bank of the Great Arun—the che-chu of the Tibetans. At noon we recommenced our journey, and at half-past two reached Gurmé or Kurma, a Dokpa town containing about 600 families. They belong to a pastoral tribe, most of whom live in felt tents in the neighbouring hills, where their cattle find abundance of pasture. The houses are built of stone and large sundried bricks and each is surrounded by a mud or stone wall, built according to the means or taste of the owner. There was no barley or other cultivation near the village, the people subsisting on supplies brought in from the neighbourhood and from Shiga-tse. Sheep and goats can be had here at a very cheap rate, the usual price being a rupee for the fattest animal, weighing a maund and a half. The people possess large flocks of sheep, which are kept near the village in folds, many of which occupy about an acre of ground enclosed by stone walls. Each fold contains about 500 sheep and goats. The dried dung is sold at a tanka or six annas a maund, and is universally used for fuel. At Kurma we took a short rest in the shade of the *mendang*, and tethered our ponies in the adjacent pasture. Phurchung alighted from his pony and arming himself with the Lama's long stick, entered the village in search of mutton and beer. Two or three fierce mastiffs rushed towards him, barking furiously, but he kept them off with his stick. His stalwart appearance and formidable looks, as well as the sword hanging from his waist, terrified the villagers who took him for a bandit. He was refused admission to their houses, and returned to us with a dismal face. In the meantime some villagers and a number of beggars surrounded us. After making enquiries

about us, they brought us a jar of beer, holding about a gallon and a few seers of barley flour. I paid a four-anna piece for the barley and beer, which satisfied the seller, who scampered off well pleased. In these places a gallon of beer can be bought for two annas. The Lama and Phurchung, as well as our syces, were quite satisfied with the beer, which they drank heartily, but it did not suit my taste, and I was satisfied with a single cup. We distributed the remainder among the beggars. Meanwhile, a caravan consisting of laden yaks and asses, and two men on horseback, approached us ; and from these we learnt that there was a party of robbers near the Kyago-la, from whose hands they had narrowly escaped. One of the inhabitants told us that the robbers belonged to this very village of Kurma which they had left about two months before, being destitute of the means of subsistence. The headmen of the village and their relations were then in search of them.

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

4th July—In the morning we rose early, breakfasted at 8 A.M. and started our coolies. The Lama took bearing of the adjacent hill and the station of Mende. After crossing several inferior streams we began to ascend the La. At 2 P.M. we crossed it and arrived at the bank of the river Rhe (Sri), a smooth but rapid stream. Our way now lay along the ravines of the Kyago-la. We had travelled so long on level plains that I could have imagined myself again in Sikkim, but missed its grandeur and luxuriant vegetation. The peaks beneath which we now journeyed

were bleak and barren. Beginning the descent we shortly arrived at the bank of the Rhe. Here several flocks of sheep were grazing. On our approach two huge mastiffs flew towards us howling furiously. The shepherd was not near, and Phurchung could not succeed in driving them off with stones. At each attempt they grew more furious, until at last the Lama fired his pistol and shot one of them. The other made off towards the shepherd's cot. In the evening we halted at a grassy bank about a mile above the town of Eago (U-go), the boundary between the provinces of U and Tsang. Eago belongs to Lhasa, and contains about a hundred houses. There is a flour mill at the north entrance of the town worked by the stream. In the plains around herds of yaks were grazing. The rain had now ceased, the clouds had disappeared and we were in high spirits, although some rock in the distance, which seemed a likely hiding place for robbers, caused us some uneasiness. We refreshed ourselves with warm buttered tea, barley-flour and eggs, and spreading our blankets on a carpet of grass, soon got over our fatigue. A little way off a party of Tibetans were encamped ; they had their tents, and we had the heaven for our canopy. The evening was delightful, and one of our fellow-travellers, named Sangaling-pa, a fine jolly fellow, full of jokes, proved himself a most amusing companion.

5th July—We got up early, and mounting our ponies galloped through the Padong valley. Passing by the village of Chuta-phurpa, which contains about 20 houses, we came to a bridge on a little stream, a feeder of the Rhe. A slab of stone, about ten feet long, placed over the main channel, rests on piles of large boulders on either side, the approaches to the bridge being formed by pine branches. Near the bridge there are two moderate sized *mendangs*, from the summits of which two ropes of yak-tail, adorned with inscribed flags of different colours, are made fast to the crest of the over-hanging hill. At midday we were overtaken by a shower of rain and wind ; we galloped on and soon arrived at the village of Reh-se. This village has now lost its importance, the inhabitants have fallen into poverty, and the neighbouring temple at Thamar (Tag-mar or red cliff), on the left side of the river, is falling into ruin. The Rhe here divides into two branches, inclosing between them a wide and verdant plain, on which many hundred sheep and goats, besides a number of yaks, were grazing. We alighted from our ponies in the middle of the plain and took the bearings of the nearest station. Here we enjoyed an excellent view of the Rhe monastery (Sri Gyud-pai Gon-pa), a novel sight to me, which showed me for the first time what a Tibetan monastery was like. After a respite of an hour we started off, crossed the river, there 50 yards broad, but about three to four feet deep. The Rhe *gon-pa* or monastery lies on the lower declivity of a rocky hill which runs north-east ward for a distance of about half a mile. It has a picturesque appearance, and though old, it has not lost its splendour.

There are some 300 monks residing in it who follow the *Tantrik* cult. The Lama is a man of great renown, believed to be able to control the fall of hail and snow. In the neighbourhood of the village is a large town called Tamar, and containing about two hundred houses and several *caityas*. The northern avenues of the town are long and spacious, and when viewed from a distance, add considerably to the effect. At four we began the ascent of the Nambu-dong-La. In the plains below hundreds of yaks were grazing ; but snow was falling heavily in the pass, and we were driven to take shelter in a shepherd's house, where we found three women and two men. They provided us with beer, milk, and curds, and I took my seat near the spinning-wheel. The shepherd's wife wore on a splendid head-gear studded with pearls, agate, and turquoises.

The snow had not ceased to fall ; but after a short rest, as there was still daylight, we started off. Our clothes and hats were soon covered with snow, but we did not get wet. At six we reached the summit of the pass. After crossing several torrents swollen by the rains, we looked out for a halting-place. First we tried a sheep-fold, but found it full of water and mud. We then spread our blankets on the boulders in the bed of the stream. The rain had ceased to fall, and we refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of buttered tea. Water boiled at 187°, indicating a height of 13,000 feet. The night was excessively cold, chill blasts blowing and a biting frost all night. I was half frozen, my legs and hands getting thoroughly numbed.

6th July—Got up early in the morning and started without breakfast. The descent from the La was very steep, and we had to dismount from our ponies. We then passed through a rich extensive plain watered by two winding streams on whose banks were patches of young barley. And now for the first time, after our long journey through barren plains, we found groves of trees growing in every village. The country through which we were passing was fertile, well watered, and of an admirable climate. Bright and sparkling streams replaced the muddy torrents which we had to cross ; and their banks, adorned with grass, flowers, and leafy trees, quite delightfully reminded me of Jong-ri. We passed through the villages of Luguri-jong and Rabden-ling. At the former place a hospitable Tibetan lady, called Lobdenputi, gave us excellent tea, beer, and barley-flour. We met many caravans of yaks and donkeys, and at last reached the village of Lhajund, on a little stream called Targe-chu, or Chutha-chu, 'the stream which works the flourmills.' Here we put up for the night with other travellers.

7th July—Rose early, mounted our ponies, and started off. We passed through a succession of fields of barley, and met many Lamas and Gelongs (religious mendicants) who were going home for a holiday, dressed in their richest vestments. Many of them were riding. We avoided them for fear of being asked questions. At seven we reached the brow of the hill Gya-la, overlooking the plain at the extremity of which Tashi-lhunpo stands. The summit of this hill commands a

beautiful view, and is said to be the finest in Central Tibet. To the west was the Narthang monastery, whose white walls and towers gleamed out from the dark blue hills amid which it stood. Below us flowed the silvery Penam-nyang-chu, and far to the front rose the snow-capped crests of the Northern Himalayas. After crossing a short bend of the hill we descended to the plains. We now caught sight of the grand monastery of Tashi-lhunpo, the residence of Tsang panchen Rinpo-che, the sovereign Maha Pandit Guru of Tsang. Tashi-lhunpo (*mangala kuta* or the mountain of glory) presented a most superb view. It looked from a distance with gold-gilt roofs of several mausoleums like a dazzling hill of polished gold. We rode on, and presently arrived at Dele, the nearest village to Tashi-lhunpo. Dele contains over 300 houses, and its inhabitants are well-to-do. We breakfasted in the house of a lady named Yangchanputi, who, with her husband, a fine jolly fellow, entertained us hospitably with capital barley and beer. We then exchanged polite expressions, with our host and hostess, and after a cup of tea set off on our journey. On the road we met many Lamas and merchants riding on their ponies, and numerous yaks and fine donkeys. Riding fast we at length reached the gate of the Golden Monastery. Near the gate were gathered hundreds of yaks with supplies for the city ; while pilgrims, Lamas, Gelongs, and men and women of every degree, formed an endless procession around the *caityas* and shrines. We had at last reached the goal of our long and perilous journey.

*Residence at Tashi-lhunpo*¹

On the 7th July 1879, the twenty-first day of our journey from Jong-ri, in Sikkim, we arrived at Tashi-lhunpo. We had travelled without interruption for 18 days with but occasional breaks, which in all were three. I was still in suspense as to how I should be received and what kind of treatment I should meet with. At times, indeed, I feared I should be suspected and turned out of Tibet, and all my labour be lost. But I mustered all my courage and caution in order to ensure a good reception now and success at the end. We alighted from our ponies near the southern gate of the monastic town, and, spreading my Tibetan rug at the foot of the plinth of one of the principal *chortens* (*caityas*), I sat down cross-legged, while Ugyen and Phurchung rode off towards Shiga-tse *thom* (market) to buy a few silk scarves as presents, without which, according to the custom of the Tibetans, it is impossible to approach any gentleman of rank. I was thus left alone, but was soon surprized and pleased to see near me Sangaling-pa, the jolly Tibetan who had amused us near Eago (U-go). A few old monks, called Tukchugapa (or passed 60 years), who had, on account of their age, obtained some freedom from monastic restrictions, and were no longer watched as to their conduct by the

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1. I attach the following letter from Mr. David Fraser, *Times* correspondent, with the late Tibet Mission :

Caledonian Club, London
13th September, 1907

My Dear Sir,—I was greatly interested to receive from my brother in India your two letters and the copy of the Journal of the Buddhist Research Society which you so kindly sent for my acceptance. I have to apologise for the delay in writing to you, but excuse myself on account of having been extremely busy upon a book dealing with Central Asia.

I have read your papers on Tibetan travel with the greatest interest, particularly those passages dealing with your residence at Tashi-lhunpo, where I had myself the privilege of living for ten days as the guest of the Tashi Lama. My own modest journey in Tibet enables me to recognize the accuracy of your accounts in many respects, though my journey in the matter of interest bears no comparison to yours performed as they were at a time when Thibet was closed to outsiders. I have also read your book published by John Murray, which I obtained from the India Office Library, and it is to my mind by far the most interesting of all the books I have read upon Thibet.

monastic officials, were walking round about the *caityas* and a group of shrines at the entrance of the town. At every round they cast a glance at me ; my appearance, in spite of my Tibetan dress, being quite a novel sight to all. Mongols, Amdoans,² Palpos,³ Dukpas,⁴ pilgrims, besides a host of traders, approached me, and asked whence I came and what commodities I had brought for sale. The keeper of the *Chag-che-khang*, or salutation hall, called Ku-nyer, who was an acquaintance of Ugyen now and then kindly asked if I was much fatigued and would like some tea. To all these inquiries I quietly replied that I came from the south, was a pilgrim, and had no goods to sell ; but the inquiries increasing I felt quite tired of replying to them all. I was averse to speaking much on account of my imperfect knowledge of the dialect of the Tsang Province. They did not understand the Bhtia dialect of Sikkim in which I was able to speak, and I did not venture to address them in the Lhasa (or U) dialect, with which I was tolerably familiar. My lips had been chapped by the dry, cold wind of the Nyam-bu-dung-la, and at every attempt to speak blood oozed out from them. My cheeks and nose had been frost-bitten. I was also much exhausted and my mind was extremely uneasy.

In the Journal which you sent, I at first, only looked at the parts dealing with your journeys into Thibet, and it is only to-day that I observed, in reading it through, that you had put a note in the article dealing with the Assam Batang trade route. I have read the article with interest, particularly as I hope some day soon to travel in these regions. A journey to Batang would be full of interest and there is of course always the possibility of elucidating the mystery of the junction between the Tsangpo and the Brahmaputra. This piece of geographical exploration continues to defy travellers, and I suppose the dangerous character of the inhabitants makes it almost an impossible task. What do you think ; I am sure it would be well worth the while of the Indian Government to move in the matter, for, I imagine the country north of the Himalayan back-bone to be very rich and likely to afford a fine market for Indian commerce.

I have never yet been in Darjeeling but if ever I am, will look forward to the opportunity of making your acquaintance, and of hearing something at first hand of the adventures which you have so picturesquely described.

Thanking you greatly for your kind attention to my brother's letter, believe me

Very truly yours,
David Fraser

To Rai Sarat Chandra Das Bahadur, C.I.E., *Lhasa Villa*, Darjeeling.

2. Amdoans, inhabitants of Eastern Tibet, bordering on Lake Kokonor.
3. Papos, or Pa-bus, Buddhist traders of Nepal.
4. Dukpas, inhabitants of Bhutan.

I sat reclining on my bags, and remained so for a while as if asleep, but ever careful of my luggage and the pilfering beggars. A host of ragged mendicants surrounded me, supplicating alms. Three or four monk-overseers were engaged in supervising the repairs of the outer *caityas*, and about three hundred laden yaks and asses were tethered at a distance of some fifty yards from where I sat. A few inferior officials came and addressed me, but I did not reply to them. At last the mother of Nyer-chang chen-po, the manager of the state stores, &c., of Tashi-lhunpo, came up, and in a kind voice asked where I came from and what goods I had for sale. I replied respectfully that I was a poor pilgrim from the south, came to pay my respects to *Seng-chen Dorje-Chang*⁵ and that I had no goods to sell. The main traffic road from South Tibet and Kamba-jong to Shiga-tse runs by Tashi-lhunpo at a distance of 200 yards from the gate. Pony dealers, heard a long way off by the tinkling of the strings of bells attached to the necks of their ponies, were flocking towards Shiga-tse *thom*. I was glad I did not attract their notice. After a couple of hours Ugyen and Phurchung returned with two pairs of yellow silk scarves. Ugyen then, desiring me to stay for a few minutes more, entered the monastery to report our arrival to the Minister and to the Grand Lama; but before advancing far into the monastery, he learnt that the Grand Lama was absent, having gone to his summer residence—the De-chan-phodang (or palace of happiness). He then went to the Minister's residence, but not finding him, returned at the end of an hour, and conducted me within the monastery. One of his acquaintances kindly permitting us to stay in his house for a while, we dismissed our yaks and donkeys. Our kind host brought us prepared tea and barley flour. A fierce mastiff, chained at the door, tried hard to get at me. Phurchung brought a few cakes from the market, and having refreshed myself with these, moistened in hot tea, I entered the host's little chapel, and admired the orderly arrangement of the church furniture and utensils, the cleanliness of the floor, and the sets of oblation cups and oil-burners. At five in the evening I was conducted to the Minister's residence. The avenues through which I passed were narrow, a few willows were found scattered here and there, and on both sides were stone buildings, with several stories, rising high one above another. On the road we met many Gelug-pa monks (or those of the yellow-cap sect) dressed in yellow woollen tunics, and woolly Tartar hats. The streets are all paved with flag stones, measuring in many places eighteen inches by twelve. By constant use these had become so smooth and polished that I found it difficult to walk without slipping. The Minister's palace is at the northern end of the monastic town, three stories high, and presents a pretty appearance on account of sedge-cornice and of the yellow-wash on the outside. The cornice is laid on a

5. He is called by the name of Seng-chen Tulku—the great Lion Lama incarnate. In him is the embodiment of the spirit of Naga Bodhi, the chief disciple of Siddha Nagarjuna. He was the Panchen Lama's spiritual minister.

thick layer of grass-stems, which one is likely to mistake for a coating of dark paint. Upon this are placed thick plates (slates supply the place of flat tiles in Tibet) generally two inches to $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, projecting six inches out of the wall. On this again are placed vertically planks or slabs of slate, with discs of about 4 inches to 6 inches diameter carved on them, and painted red and white, with sometimes a black spot in the centre. Upon these are vertically placed slates or painted boards from 6 inches to 9 inches broad. Just above the layer of sedge are seen the ornamented ends of the beams curiously painted. The cornices mark the several stories. Access is gained to each story by means of steep ladders. The doors turn each on a pair of iron hinges ; and the door-frames and ladders are held fast by iron plates rivetted together. In large buildings the ladders are broader and less steep, each step being a foot broad. Bolts attached to the uprights receive the rings rivetted in the door-frame, which is all one piece. There are screens inside, hung down to preserve the privacy of the rooms. As I was dressed in Sikkim costume, the monks and Lamas by whom I passed gazed at me as something new, but I walked up without noticing any of the bystanders. Arrived at the waiting room, I was requested to sit down on a carpet cushion.

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

whole house was filled with suffocating smoke and dust raised by the goat-skin bellows. At 9 in the evening the Minister sent us some butter, barley-flour, ready-made tea and unbaked bread, of which we made a hearty repast.

8th July—In the morning he sent one of his servants to enquire how we had slept, and if we required anything. Ugyen took this opportunity of informing him of our wretched accommodation, whereupon he at once ordered an attendant to conduct us to one of his own dormitories, attached to the great chapel, called *Phuntsho-khang-sar* (the perfected or fully furnished new house) whither we accordingly removed our things. This house is three stories high, our quarters, being on the first floor. Then a boy, the Minister used to occupy this fine building, and it was frequently visited by almost all the Tashi Lamas and Gyal-tshap Rinpoche (Regents), even by the Nomenkhans of Lhasa. Close to it, on the west, is situated what was once the residence of Purangir Gosain, the devoted friend of Mr. George Bogle and the Tashi Lama Paldan-Yeshe.

The only person whom the Dalai Lama of Lhasa permits to share divine honours with him, is the Panchen Lama of this grand monastery at the Western Capital of Tibet—Shiga-tse. Tashi-lhunpo, after Lhasa, is the largest monastery of the order of the *shwa-ser* 'yellow-caps'. This monastery had been built in the 16th century A.D. and it, too, had begun to regulate its succession of High Priests or Grand Lamas on the theory of re-incarnation of its Abbots. Its High-priest Gedun-dub was raised to the dignity of a Grand Lama. He was alleged to have been an earthly incarnation of that ideal Buddha which the Mahāyānists had created out of some of Sakya Buddha's most salient attributes, under the name of Amitabha, the Buddha of Boundless Light, who is believed by the Lamas to reside in the Tushita Heaven. This second Pontiff of Tibet, residing at Tashi-lhunpo is known to Europeans and Indians as the Tashi-Lama. He devotes himself more absorbingly to spiritual matters than his spiritual brother the Grand Lama at Lhasa, and in consequence has a superior reputation for piety and learning, so that he is given the title of Pan-chen Rin-po-che.⁶ It was one of these Tashi Lamas named Lozang Pal-dan-Yeshe (Srimat Sumati Jnana) who was the amiable friend of Mr. George Bogle, the commercial emissary of Warren Hastings, and whose nobility and grandeur of character had so deeply impressed Bogle.

Two apartments were assigned to us, besides a large cook-room and a bath-room. There were three beams in my apartment, one of which was supported by two ornamental pillars, with a space of eight feet between them. Their capitals were beautifully carved and curiously terminated in two long battens, approaching each other so closely as to look like an arch. The beams were not visible from the door, being hidden by small pictures framed in silk and hung from the ceiling,

6. *Pan*-Pandit, *chen* great, *Rin-po-che*—great gem ; *Panchen Rin-po-che* signifies in Sanskrit Maha Pandita Ratna, great gem of learning.

The walls, three feet thick, were of stone overlaid with lime and clay, the inside plastered with sand and lime. There was a narrow balcony to the south of my room, from which I enjoyed an extensive view of the south-eastern ranges which terminate near Gyatsho-shar. The eye followed the windings of the river Panam Myang-chu (Pal-nam Nyang-chu signifies the celestial river of delicious water) passing below the fort of Panam. On this river Shiga-tse is situated. Meandering for more than ten miles eastward, it appeared as lost in the gorges of the central peak behind fort Panam. The balcony was closed by six window frames or shutters, in which Daphne bark paper supplied the place of glass. They did not turn on iron hinges, but rested on wooden pins, working in sockets hollowed out in the frames. I used to remove all the shutters during the day-time, so as to admit more light into the room. The floor of my room consisted of beautiful pebbles, mostly of felspar and granite, thickly set in a kind of calcareous ground, and polished until quite smooth and transparent. To preserve the polish of the floor, two or more pieces of goat-skin are always kept at the entrance, which the servants and others are required to use in squatting in the room. Respectable visitors are exempted from this requirement and are allowed to enter with their shoes on. The north and east walls of my room were concealed by pigeon-holed shelves, containing about three hundred volumes of Tibetan manuscripts. In the centre of each frame of shelves there was a shrine, enclosed in beautifully carved planks, containing engraved dragon figures and bits of sandal-wood painted in various colours, and adorned with gold leaves. The largest of the shrines was six feet by four, and was three feet deep. They contained a collection of images from various countries of High Asia, made of sandal-wood, copper, brass, bell-metal, and clay. There was a collection of fossils, such as of roots and leaves of trees, shells, and small fragments of bones. These are also called *rinpo-che*—i.e., precious curiosities. On my left hand there stood in a line four wooden trunks with painted sides which contained the minister's robes and religious dresses. On the pillars at the entrance were hung a brass mirror, a Tartar buckler, and two satin flags with an iron trident tied to one of them. These are meant to be the martial equipments of the demi-god said to be in charge of the house, to guard the Lama's property. The wall was painted with figures from the Buddhist pantheon, festoons of the fabulous *Thi-shing* or Kalpa-lata (wishing-tree), and various forms of the six-footed dragon. A number of bells, brass oblation vessels, lamp-burners, writing desks, and a few low dining tables completed the furniture of my room. The hearth was richly ornamented with irregular pieces of turquoise and cornelian and drops set on silver rings, all placed at a safe distance from the fire. Being assured of the Minister's protection and kindness, I felt quite at home, and apprehended no danger even from a prolonged stay. The skies generally remained clear,—a bright sunny land with occasional

slight rains, though the wind at times was very strong. The climate appeared to me to be excellent, being drier and warmer than that of Darjeeling. The water, obtained from wells, was good. Rice of superior quality could be obtained at four-and-a-half seers a rupee ; wheat was cheaper than at Darjeeling ; butter and table vegetables were plentiful in the *thom*. I felt no want or inconvenience in my new residence, except that of money, for which I had now to look to the kindness of the Minister.

The door of my room, as usual in Tashi-lhupo, was made of one piece of plank (brought from Tengri Jong), turning on two iron hinges. In the centre of the door was nailed a semispheroidal iron frame, with a ring attached to it, serving the purpose of a door handle. I used a large Tibetan lock when I went out. An old Lama, named Kachan Machan La, in whose charge the house was, made over the keys to me, and another Lama, old too, brought me a large dish of twisted biscuits, treacle, China cakes, Palpu sweetmeats, butter, and barley flour, as presents from the Minister. Kachan is a high class Lama, belonging to the Ngappa college, of which the Minister is the high priest. He was very polite, and promised us every assistance. Two servants were sent to wait upon us, and a boy-monk named Shabdung⁷ to fetch water from the wells for my use. Our things, including some presents which we had sent with Lachen Lama by the Donkhya Pass, had not arrived, and we were short of money. At the time of starting from Darjeeling I had only Rs. 300 with me and Ugyen Gya-tsho had with him Rs. 150, which the Lamas of the Pema-yang-tse monastery of Sikkim had placed in his hands for presenting to the Grand Lama. These were the funds at our disposal wherewith to defray the expenses of the journey and of our stay at Tashi-lhunpo. A great portion of it had already been spent in Sikkim in paying the coolies and in buying provisions ; the remainder was spent in Nepal and in the journey through Tibet, where the guide charged us heavily. I was in great straits as the small amount which we had put in charge of Lachen Lama was now out of reach. The Minister understood that we were short of money and next morning, when Ugyen Gya-tsho saw him, he offered him unasked Rs. 20 requesting him to purchase provisions and promising more if necessary for the same purpose. Next morning he sent us four thickly stuffed cushions, two large carpets, some blankets, a copper cauldron, and washing buckets, with the usual presents of cakes and biscuits. We rested for three

7. This boy-monk now Lama Shabdung was instrumental, in 1905, in bringing down the present Tashi Lama to India. For his loyal services to his country and valuable help to the British Government he has, lately, been rewarded with a *Jagir* worth Rs. 500 a year near Panam Jong by the Tashi Lama and with the title of *Rai Shahib* by the Government of India. The present Tashi Lama, it may be remembered, is the successor, of Panchen Tan-pai Wangchüg under whose auspices I had visited Tibet.

days, but the pain in the thighs and knees which I had got by the jerking motion of the Tibetan ponies, and by using a high-peaked Tartar saddle, had not yet gone off. On the fourth day we were sent for.

10th July—The Minister had presented me with a suit of his church clothes and a pair of kincob Lama shoes, with a request to use them during my residence at Tashi-lhunpo. Accordingly, I dressed in my new apparel, with my head and moustaches shaved, so as to appear like a true “Gelong”, and accompanied by Ugyen Gya-tsho, the Minister’s servants, and Kachan Machan La, I walked slowly towards the Minister’s court, passing close to the Mausoleum erected on the tomb of the late Tashi Lama. On arriving I had to wait a few minutes, as the Great Man was engaged with some other visitors. Being admitted, we made our usual salutation, and I presented a watch to the Minister with a silk scarf and received in return the *chag-wang* or benediction from his hands. On this occasion our cushions were placed close to the chair of the Minister, who, in an affable and engaging manner asked me many questions regarding the state of the Indian Buddhists and Buddha-land. I answered that there were very few Buddhists in the Phag-pai-yul (Tibetan for Arya-Varta), but that there were numerous Buddhists in Chittagong, the place of my birth, Southern India, Ceylon, Burma, and the Malayan Peninsula. That the few Buddhists who were to be found sparsely scattered over the country were socially persecuted by the *Tirthikas*,⁸ that it was much to be regretted that they should be neglected, and even indirectly persecuted by the Tibetans who had closed against them the doors of pilgrimage to the adopted land of the holy Bodhisattvas. I then gave a short account of my journey and its difficulties. He listened to what I said with the greatest attention. In all my conversation I always took care to use the honorific language of Tibet, necessary in all intercourse with men of exalted position and rank, the ignorance of which indicates want of good breeding. I was not always happy in my grammar, but Ugyen Gya-tsho told me that it would be excusable in a foreigner like me. Tea was served many times, and two trays of cheese, with cakes, were given to us when we left. In the afternoon we returned to our house, where we found a few ‘Gelongs’ waiting. They inquired of us whether the *Achara* (Acharya) lately arrived from Gya-gar⁹ (India) lived there. I understood whom they meant, but Ugyen told them that he knew no *Achara* at all. *Achara* has two significations—(1) a learned Brahman or Buddhist teacher from India, (2) the black and yellow-faced clown introduced into the Tantrik dances. It is

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8. The name by which the Brahmanical Hindus and Jainas were designated by the Buddhists.
 9. In this name *Gya* means extensive, *i.e.*, Bharat; *gar* or *kar* means white, *Gya-gar* the great country where people dress in white.

probably a caricature of the Tirthika Brahman. Ugyen Gya-tsho, knowing the second signification only, was really surprised when they inquired after the *Achara*. These Gelongs had come to discuss with me certain subtle questions on Buddhism, as I was afterwards informed by Kachan Dao.

We sent Phurchung to escort Lachen Lama, who was in charge of my things, with instructions to proceed to the Donkhya Pass, if he failed to meet him on the way. Next day at 1 P.M. Phurchung returned and brought news of Lachen Lama, who himself arrived at 3 P.M. I examined all the packages, and found that not a single bottle of the chemicals or glass had been damaged. This was greatly to Lachen Lama's credit.

12th July—On Sunday, the 12th July, we visited the Minister, and laid before him all the presents, begging him to select what would be most acceptable to the Tashi Lama. He kept the magic lantern, some toys, and a few other articles for himself. The Seng-chen Lama,¹⁰ who had picked up a smattering of Hindi from the Kashmiri and Nepal Merchants and who also possessed a fair knowledge of Sanskrit, was delighted to see my Hindi, Sanskrit, and English books, and requested me to come and to read Hindi with him next morning. I agreed, and Ugyen Gya-tsho was engaged to transcribe the Hindi phrases into Tibetan. What little leisure the Lama could find after the discharge of his spiritual duties and attendance upon the Tashi Lama, he devoted to the study of Hindi and to conversing with us.

15th July—On the 15th July he asked and obtained leave of the Grand Lama to keep himself in seclusion for a fortnight; and myself and Ugyen Gya-tsho were now requested to spend our time with him in his place from 6-30 to 8 P.M. Numbers of pilgrims—Khalkas, Mongols, Amdoans, not to speak of Tibetans—were refused admission into Ngas-khang (or the mansion of *mantras*), as the Minister's residence is designated, and went away without receiving his *chag-wang* or benediction.¹¹ The total loss which the Lama thus suffered may approximately be estimated at about 6,000 Tibetan *tankas*; for neither pilgrim visitors nor resident Tibetans can approach him without presents of scarves, &c. Besides, occasional presents are made to him of gold-dust, gold-pieces, silver, butter, satin robes, and Tibetan coins. Before the fortnight was over he had to attend the funeral ceremonies of some rich folks in the Ngag-khang. Images of deities, pictures, amulets, received *rab-ne* (consecration) from his hands; for an image is not looked upon as sacred unless it has been consecrated by some living Buddha or Bodhisattva. In Tashi-lhunpo the Tashi Lama and Seng-chen Lama (who is also an *avatar*) can alone grant sanctity to images. This sudden and ill-timed seclusion of the spiritual

10. The Minister was called by this name at Tashi-lhunpo.

11. He was now *Khan-po* or president of the Ngag-pa Ta-tshang College where the Mantra scriptures were taught.

Minister, who, during the absence of the Tashi Lama from Tashi-lhunpo, officiates in the pontifical chair, surprised many ; and in the market a report was spread that he was engaged with two Sikkim men. His own pupils took pains to find out what he was engaged upon, but he forbade admission to all except his monk-page (Kachan Gopa) and his private secretary (Kachan Machan La). In the mornings he generally worked at Hindi, and at Hitopadesha in Sanskrit. From 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. he usually got me to set the camera and to mix the photographic chemicals, the names of all of which he translated into Tibetan. On the 16th I photographed Kachan Machan La and Gopa, but the Lama's own likeness did not come out well at the first attempt. He was satisfied, however, with those of his servants, and was particularly struck by the instantaneous action of light on the chemicals. He was very attentive and inquisitive about all he saw.

It took time, until the plate dried, to convince him that the negatives would disappear like the reflection from a mirror. For seven or eight days together he was wholly engaged on photography to the neglect of everything else. We used to take our tiffin and breakfast with him, which consisted of mutton-chops, radishes, and buttered rice mixed with currant and dried grapes, for which I thanked him with "*La-so, thug-je che*" (Yes sir, great mercy). I was struck with the Lama's application and disinterestedness, for I observed in him a great hankering after knowledge for its own sake, and I attributed our admission into Tibet to this disposition of his. After three attempts I succeeded in taking the Lama's likeness in his priestly robes, which greatly delighted him. On the fifth day he took my likeness, which came out pretty well. In the evenings we generally entertained him with the magic lantern. He soon learnt how to work it, and was struck with the extremely simple means that produced such magical effects. Later in the evening Ugyen Gya-tsho and I used to examine the Tibetan manuscripts in our house, of which we drew up a catalogue, with a short account of the contents of each book. One day Machan La presented us with a few silver coins and some large disc-form biscuits, with ready-made tea. On asking him the reason of this sudden gift, he said that he was entertaining all his fellow-monks at dinner, and giving them the usual alm, called in Tibetan "*Gye*",¹² and that he had brought us our share, as belonging to the brotherhood. From that date we used to receive occasional gifts from other acquaintances, and were recognized as *Tapas* (or registered monks) of Tashi-lhunpo. Once the Lama tried algebra, and had got as far as addition and subtraction in Goldwin Smith, when he was obliged to give it up on the expiry of his leave of seclusion. The study of Hindi and photography now engrossed his whole time and attention. He employed Gopa to clean the plates and to set the camera ; but the young man did not seem to take to the task as kindly as Lama wished him to do. Many of the

12. The same as *Dakshina*, or present of money made to a Brahman or Buddhist priest.

monks of Tashi-lhunpo now became acquainted with us, and we were everywhere respected as pious pilgrims. Ugyen Gya-tsho got several invitations from the Tung-ig (secretaries) and the Tsi-dung (accountants) of the court. Our next door neighbour, Kusho-Di-chung, the junior treasurer, asked our servants to show him some of the curiosities we had brought from India. So we presented him with a white scarf, a rupee, and a mariner's compass. Kusho-Di-chung¹³ is one of the officers of the Grand Lama's durbar ; 'Kusho' being a title of honour. He promised us his patronage, and requested us to apply to him for anything we required. It was this officer who often supplied me with information respecting the Russian advances towards the confines of Tibet and Bhutan. In all my conversations with him I always carefully avoided speaking of the English Government but with a view to finding out if I were in the employ of that Government, he intentionally, used to enlarge upon the bad government of Tibet, and the loose administration of justice in its courts ; but I, instead of talking politics, used to expatiate on the degenerate nature of the Hindus, and the evil and pernicious customs of Brahmanism, infanticide and Hindu widowhood to which it had given birth in India. I praised the Tibetan Buddhists for their generous treatment of women, and their rejection of the system of caste. Kusho-Di-chung had a complete set of the Kahgyur, the Buddhist scriptures, and offered me the use of them. He used to send us twisted biscuits, treacle-cakes and large circular loaves unbaked.

There are three classes of beggars in Tibet—(1) mendicant priests ; (2) pilgrims and street beggars ; (3) Ro-gyapas. The first kind introduce themselves to you as gentlemen, and then just before taking leave, ask for help towards performing certain rites of religion or piety ; they specify the amount they want, and seldom leave without extorting something. No house or person, except the very poorest, escapes their visits. They watch people in the market to see what purchases they make, and then trace them to their homes, where they afterwards choose their time to present themselves. The second class are not so worrying, but are more numerous, these are real objects of charity. The Ro-gyapas (or "carriers of corpses" as they are called) are the worst of all. Having met their man, they begin by calling him "Kusho", and by other titles of dignity : if this fails, they change their tone, and proceed to clamorous insolence, and even violence. These creatures have the exclusive privilege of disposing of corpses by distributing them to the vultures and wild animals. Ugyen Gya-tsho, who was more than once surrounded by them, escaped by the payment of a rupee. No beggars were allowed by the porter to enter our house. During my stay at Tashi-lhunpo I heard of a *yogi* or Hindu *Sanyasi* having arrived from near Kashmir. He paid a visit to the

13. *Kusho* is an equivalent of our English "Sir", *di* is an abbreviation of the word *De-mig* signifying, key ; *Chung*, signifies little or junior or he was the junior keeper of the keys of the Treasury.

Tashi Lama, but was dismissed with a gift of only a yellow blanket, a robe and a pair of ordinary Tibetan boots. He afterwards visited the Minister, who, on inquiring from him, learnt that he was a *Shaiva* Hindu. This *yogi* was suspected to have been a surveyor in disguise, in consequence of which he was at once removed to the south of Tengri Jong out of Tibet. Ugyen Gya-tsho also met in the *thom* or market a *yogi* with a white flowing beard, who also spoke Hindi, and was a Hindu. He had come from Lhasa, and was not expelled, but went away of his own accord after a fortnight's stay at Shiga-tse. With the exception of these two *yogis*, there was not a single Hindu to be seen here. The Nepali Buddhists, called Pa-pos, have a settlement at Shiga-tse, and follow the Tibetans in their way of living. Their dress differs from that of the Tibetans in the waist-band, which is white ; in the hat, which is strictly Nepali or Newari ; and in the tunic, which is more flowing and more tightly confined at the waist.

During my residence at Tashi-lhunpo I regularly used to take a morning walk round the monastery, in my monkish dress, with a string of beads in my hand. This walk round the monastery early every morning is the universal custom with the residents of Shiga-tse and the neighbouring villages. It is expected too of all pilgrims, though they are not compelled to it. The Pa-pos (or Nepali Buddhists) precede the promenaders, and are known at once by the noise of their cymbals. From the northern boundary of the monastery, where there is a long line of turrets, containing "*manis*" or prayer-cylinders of various sizes, which turn on pivots, I enjoyed an excellent view of the monastery itself, and of the Panam-Myang chu¹⁴ and the neighbouring villages. It is customary with all who pass by the turrets to give a twirl to the prayer drums, so as to keep them always whirling round. I took care always to twirl the cylinders properly, *i.e.*, from right to left, so as to avoid all suspicion of being a *Tirthika* or Hindu. In the monastery street the cry of the *sho* (curd) sellers is heard oftenest and loudest ; less clamorous are the radish and turnip sellers, and the incense-powder and spice vendors. The monks are very fond of curds.

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

31st July was a day of great rejoicing, and a general holiday all over Tibet and High Asia, the infant Dalai Lama (Gyal-wa Rin-poche) was installed on the throne of Potala¹⁵ as the incarnate *Bodhisattva*, Avalokiteswara, or the Tibetan

14. The Panam-Myang-chu is a river which rises on the northern slopes of Chumolhari, and passing by Gyan-tse, falls into the great Tsangpo near Shiga-tse.

15. Potala (lit. an harbour where *Pota*, ships, find shelter) is the name of the Dalai Lama's palace at Lhasa. It was also the name adjoined to a city of Southern India where the *Bodhisattva* Avalokiteswara is said to have had his residence.

Chen-re-zig¹⁶. The princely infant, into whose person the spirit of the late Dalai Lama was found to have passed, had been till now brought up in a small palace called Gyal-kup, near Lhasa. Last year the Tashi Lama (Panchen-Rinpo-che), at the invitation of the High officials of Tibet, had gone to Lhasa to examine the infant Dalai, and to report if the spirit of the late Dalai had really passed into his person. For several days sacrifices were offered and oracles consulted in the renowned convents and sacred shrines at Lhasa, Sam-ye,¹⁷ Tashi-lhunpo, and other places of Buddhist sanctity, the result being to establish beyond doubt that the infant was the incarnate Chen-re-zig (Avalokiteswara, the lord of the manifest world), the patron *Bodhisattva* of Tibet. On the day when he pronounced the infant's claims to the pontifical throne of Lhasa to be good and valid, a magnificent rainbow is said to have appeared over the palace of Potala, which was looked upon as a divine confirmation of the decision. The Tashi Lama had fixed the 31st for the Dalai's accession to the throne. There were thanks-givings in the monastery, and a grand *Shabdo*—*i.e.*, a dance of the lay people—in the groves of Dechan Phodang and Kun-khyab-ling. Lamas, monks, and elderly lay folks burnt incense and made offerings on the hill-tops to the four guardians of the world, the female Buddhas, and the divine mothers. The day was cloudy, with slight rain. From 2 to 4 P.M. the Chinese and Tibetan archers had a good field exercise, and the buzzing sound of the flying arrows reached us at a great distance off. The night was rainy, but the sky cleared up as the day dawned.

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

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16. He is called Mahakarunika, the great Lord of Mercy. The Dalai Lama's spirit is identified with this most popular divinity of the later Buddhists, who was supposed to have relinquished or rather deferred availing himself to the benefits of his accumulated merits for becoming a Buddha. This he did in order to remain in heaven to be available to assist all living beings on earth who may call unto him for help.
17. Sam-ye, the most ancient monastery in Tibet, founded by Padma Sambhava under the auspices of King Thisrong deu-tsan, in the middle of the 8th century A.D.

VI

2nd August—The sky was clear, and the sun bright as ever. Rain had fallen at night. The day was a general holiday : all the lay population of the country—men, boys, women, (some with infants in their arms)—came to visit the monastery from the adjacent villages. The doors of all the monk-cells, chapels and shrines were thrown open. This is one of the privileged days when women, who are excluded at all other times, are allowed to visit the monastery ; unlike the men, who have access at all times. The wives of noblemen (*Jongpons*) and rich merchants, dressed in their richest apparels and ornaments, visited the four gold-roofed Mausolea, shrines and the grand hall of religious observances, besides numerous shrines and colleges. The alleys too were filled with them. Their head-dresses struck me much. The prevailing form consisted of two, or sometimes three, circular bands of plaited hair forming a gear, placed crosswise, richly studded with pearls, cat's eyes and small rubies, emeralds, and diamonds ; corals, turquoises and ambers some as large as hen's eggs, and pearl drops, and various sorts of stones and jade encircled their heads, like the halo of light round the head of the goddess Kali, or the *nimbus* of a Christian saint. These circles were attached to a circular head band, from which six to eight short strings of pearls, and regularly shaped drops of corals and other precious stones, terminated by a large oval tuquoise hung down towards the forehead. The poorer women wore only one head-gear of plaited hair with roundish lappets hanging from the side of their ears. Rich China and Benares kincob cloaks, China satin tunics and velvet boots, with gold and silver girdles, completed their dress. The ladies walked by the side of their husbands, the father often carrying the child. I had a good chance of estimating the average beauty of Tibetan females ; but the priestly character which I had to maintain did not allow me to look much at them. From what I did see, however, I was pleased with their joyous and thoughtless countenances, and mild and gentle manners, though I occasionally noticed a few beauties amidst hideous ugliness, with high cheek bone or flat Chinese nose. Among the Tibetans a round face, with very high cheek bones, a moderately raised nose, a short chin and large eyes, with elongated eye brows, and a middling stature, are considered to be marks of beauty : a pointed nose or chin is thought ugly. A slender waist is not a condition of beauty among them. Judging by this standard, I am sure there were many beauties assembled within monastery walls that day. At 12 A.M. Ugyen Gya-tsho was sent for by the Minister to accompany him to the Grand Lama's. He put on my

monastic habit, as he had not a suit of his own. The Minister gave the Tashi Lama a long account of our privations and perseverance during the journey, assured him of our faith in him, and our determination to study the Buddhist scriptures, to which we were then strangers, and he enumerated the presents we had brought for him. The Grand Lama requested the Minister to take us to him in his own sitting room, wishing the interview to be private. The Tashi Lama's palace is a four-storied building constructed of dark red stone, of irregular shape but neatly laid, and presenting a pretty even surface. No plaster or paint is used on the outside, yet the building has a pleasant and elegant look. The inside is beautifully plastered, and coloured with green paint to a few feet above the plinth, the rest being adorned with frescoes in various colours. In none of the palaces or Mausolea are bricks used. In fact, owing to the scarcity of firewood no burnt bricks can be had in Tashi-lhunpo. I heard of the existence of coal in Tibet, but the people are strangers to its use and value, nor do they seem to know the use of kilns; sun-dried bricks are largely employed in making cow-sheds and walls round houses, in the villages and in places where stones are not plentiful. The excellent specimens of bricks of different shapes and sizes which I saw at Narthang were probably burnt in potters' kilns with fire-wood brought from Tanang. The Lama's palace contains large spacious halls, supported by pillars, and unlike Calcutta or Benares buildings has no court in the middle—a plan rendered necessary by the keenness of the winds in Tibet. The grand hall of the congregation, to which the shrine of Buddha is attached, and the hall of religious observance, have spacious courts.

The roofs of the principal palace-domes are covered with richly gilt copper plates. Inside are placed *caityas* made of solid silver, in which are deposited the remains of the last four Tashi Lamas: all the other larger buildings are terrace-roofed. There are long flights of steps leading to the first floor, but the approaches to all the other floors are by close-stepped ladders. Windows there are but few, and these constructed in bad taste. Balconies are attached to several of the stories. On our arrival at the palace, Ugyen Gya-tsho was first admitted, and was recognized by the Tashi Lama, who had seen him the year before. Lachen Lama was next introduced. The Tashi Lama then called for me, and the Minister at once sent word that I was to come. Ugyen having gone dressed in my priestly robes, had to be summoned back in haste, so that I might go dressed like a Tashi-lhunpo monk. I proceeded to the palace, and had to ascend to the roof of the fourth story where in a Chinese tent with portable wooden walls, the Grand Lama and the Minister were seated on two high cushions. I was conducted to His Holiness' presence by his private secretary, and having bowed down according to custom, presented him with a white scarf and a rupee, rising each time to touch my forehead with the palms of my hands joined. I then approached the Grand Lama, who thereupon laid both palms of his hands on the crown of my head and blessed me, an honour

which the Khutuktus or high-class incarnate Lamas of Mongolia, and other Lamas of high rank, alone receive from him. The Grand Lama is 26 years of age, of a spare frame and middling stature. He has a remarkably broad forehead and large eyes, slightly oblique. The expression of his face, although highly intelligent is not engaging and lacks that sympathy and dignity so conspicuous in the Minister's countenance. The old monks of Tashi-lhunpo informed me that, unlike his predecessor, Kyabgon-Tan-pai Nima, the present Grand Lama, was more feared than liked on account of his cold and independent bearing. He is strict in the observance of ceremonies and in the administration of justice, slow to forgive, of irreproachable morals and studious habits, and unlike his predecessors has earned no reputation by the performance of miracles. For, as regards the rainbow that appeared on the Potala palace, opinion is divided between attributing it on the one hand to the virtues and excellence of the Dalai Lama, and on the other to those of the Panchen.

As I stood for a few minutes before him, he looked at me with some attention, and seemed not displeased, but did not speak to me, nor did I venture to address him. When I had at length withdrawn, his chaplain tied on my neck a red piece of silk, which, having been blessed, is called a *Srunghbu* (protection), and serves for a charm against evil spirits. Some rice was then given me to eat, which I brought home with ostentatious reverence. The Grand Lama and the Minister then went downstairs, where the monks had assembled for a general thanksgiving service for the return of the Tashi Lama to Tashi-lhunpo after a long absence. I returned to my lodgings, dissatisfied with the interview, without waiting in the hall to observe the service and the various ceremonies which the Lamas went through. In the evening the Minister sent for me, and informed me that the Grand Lama had been pleased to admit me among his pupils, and, in order that I might be enrolled among the monks of Tashi-lhunpo, had wished me to take the vows of celibacy and priesthood, and to accept the allowance made to the monks. He had also requested the Minister to communicate to him all the information I could give regarding India, its civilization, arts, and sciences, and had expressed his intention of shortly beginning to learn to speak Sanskrit from me, and recommended me in the meantime to improve my Tibetan speaking. Cheered with this prospect of close relations with the Lama, I applied myself to the study of Tibetan, especially the colloquial, but was somewhat uneasy on account of my ignorance of the Prakrit terms to which I believed the Tashi Lama referred when he spoke of the "colloquial" Sanskrit of ancient India. I determined to put the Grand Lama to reading simple lessons from the *Hitopadeśa*, as an introduction to his learning to converse in Sanskrit, in order to convince him of the importance of classical Sanskrit compared with the Prakrit. The Minister was now overwhelmed with

business, and our attendance at his house became less regular. Having now been introduced to the Grand Panchen Lama, I began to move more freely among my acquaintances and friends, and became punctual in returning visits and going to auctions and private sales within the monastery. The Grand Lama, at first convinced of the honesty of our motives by the assurances of the Minister, began now, at the instigation of his domestic servants, to suspect us of being British *employees*, and he engaged spies to watch our movements. Two monks used to come to our lodgings, and, under pretence of examining the Tibetan Scriptures in the library, used to stay for many hours watching us. Others called on different pretences and relieved these two. I saw through them, and often used to invite them to sit on my rug, and politely asked their names and birth-places, how many years they had been in the monastery, under what professors they had studied and to what colleges they belonged. After pressing them to partake of biscuits and Chinese treacle-cakes, of which I generally kept a large supply, I used to put them some difficult and abstruse questions on Buddhism, such as the steady and unsteady nature of life and the soul, of wisdom and knowledge, of *Vidyā* and *Avidyā*, which soon relieved me of their presence.

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

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

4th August—I despatched my peon (Tenzing) with letters for India, but did not mention my illness in any of them. The Minister was apprised of it by Kachan Machan La. Kusho-Dichung, Kachan Shado, another neighbour of mine, Kachan Dao, and other friends, used to come very often to see me and kindly expressed their wishes for my early recovery. The Minister consulted his tutelary gods about my illness, and obtained favourable results. He sent me some charms and pills consecrated to Buddha Kasy'apa, and assured me of my recovery. He also sent

me a physician of Gnari, who treated me for three days. On the fifth day I took a dose of tartar emetic, but did not get rid of the fever. The Gnari physician's medicines effected a slight relief. I recovered completely on the 10th and took my rice on the 12th. From the 4th to the 11th (eight days) I subsisted on tea and two or three dessert spoonfuls of rice occasionally. The Gnari physician told me that Indian medicines would be of no use in Tibet, its climate, water, and air being quite different from those of India. He said he belonged to Ladak and within the monastery I met a dozen British subjects of Spiti and British Lahoul, who were resident monks of Tashi-lhunpo. There were about two dozens from Zankar in Kashmir, but none from Sikkim.

13th August—I paid a visit to the Minister. We gave him some lessons in Hindi that day; and Ugyen Gya-tsho informed him of his desire to go down to Sikkim before the middle of next month leaving me at Tashi-lhunpo.

14th August—On the 14th it began to be rumoured at Tashi-lhunpo and Shiga-tse that the Russians had advanced to near Nagchhu-kha, the farthest military station of Tibet towards the Mongolian frontier. Some said that eight Europeans had already arrived at Lhasa; others, that they were about ten day's journey north of Lhasa, and proceeding to it under the escort of two Chinese High Commissioners. Every *Gelong* who met us assured us that the rumour was true, and Kachan Shado produced a letter just received from a friend of his residing at Lhasa, which stated that the Russian had actually arrived at Nagchhu-kha, accompanied by two Chinese officials. Doubting the rumours, and wishing to ascertain, if possible, the real facts, I resolved to visit Kusho-Dichung whom we found suffering from a cough, for which I gave him a couple of cough pills. As usual I was served with tea and cakes. He himself commenced the conversation, by asking the price of the flannel shirt which I wore, where the stuff came from, etc. At last, the topic turning from European goods to Europe itself, I got an opportunity of asking him about the rumours. He replied that an official communication had been lately received from Lhasa on the point that the rumours of the advance of the Russians to Lhasa were entirely false, but it was true that they had advanced up to Nagchhu-kha. It appeared they had obtained the Emperor's sanction to their proposal of visiting Lhasa and Tashi-lhunpo, under the escort of two Chinese High Commissioners; but that the monks of Sera, Da-pung, and and Gadan monasteries had together resolved to arrest their progress to Lhasa, and had accordingly despatched 3,000 monks towards Nagchh-kha.

He asked me if the holy religion of Buddha and the power of the Grand Lama would not eventually be overthrown by the Russians (*Urus*) or English (*Frangs*). I answered, I had heard that the Russian Government had a Consulate and soldiers near Urga (*Tah Khureh*), the capital of Tara Nath Lama of the Mongols, and that they had been carrying on trade with Mongolia and China for centuries; but as to the intentions of the Russians regarding the Government of

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

15th August—On the 15th I sent Ugyen to invite to my house my old friend, the Khalka Mongolian Lama, named Lobsang Tenzing, with whom I had read Mongolian for six months at Darjeeling. He had met Ugyen and our servant (Tenzing) often, and had inquired after me, but had not been informed of my arrival at Tashi-lhunpo. He came at 2 P.M., and was quite delighted to see me. I offered him quarters at my house, but he politely declined, as he had a little house of his own prettily furnished. He became henceforth my constant guest and companion, to my great happiness, and introduced me to his Mongolian friends. One of his Amdoan teachers invited me to dinner after the Mongolian fashion. The Mongolians are great flesheaters. Rice they scarcely take except as an article of luxury. Bareley-flour they like, if they can get it. What *monda* is with the Bengali Hindus, the *momo* is with the Mongolians. Lobsang Tenzing used to press me to eat a good many *momos*, and set the example by getting easily through three dozen balls, while I could scarcely manage half a dozen. *Momo* is prepared thus : mutton is cut up in slices, onions and a little spice, if it at hand, are added, and the whole well mixed with a little good yak-butter, called *di-mar*.¹ About four drachms of this preparation are put into a ball of wheat-flour paste, and cooked by being placed in steam. The Mongolians mix boiled rice with butter and sugar, and call the

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

preparations *brese*. Plain boiled rice is out of fashion in Tibet. It is called *khache bre*, or Kashmiri cooked rice.

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

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

18th August—On the 18th after the usual lesson, I had a short conversation with him about the Russians. He told me that about five months ago an application had been made to the Emperor by a party of Europeans² for admission into Tibet, on which the Tibetan Government had petitioned for the refusal of any application for admission of the *Phillings*³ into Tibet, but no reply had up to date arrived from Peking.

20th August—The Minister again pressed us to enter the holy congregation of the monks, and to take the vows of celibacy and priesthood which are in Tibetan called *rab-jung*.⁴ He offered to give me his own *chablug*, a piece of kincob six inch by four, lined with yellow broad-cloth and attached to a silver handle about four inches long and hung from the waistband by a nickel or silver pen-case. It is worn only by those monks and Lamas who have already taken the prescribed vows. I pleaded my small progress in the study of Buddhism as an excuse for not taking the *rab-jung* then, and added that unless I was fully convinced of the excellencies of the doctrine of Buddha, by thorough study of them, which was the chief object that had brought me to Tibet, I could not conscientiously call myself a Buddhist or take the *rab-jung*. I could assure him that I did not hold the doctrine of *Yeshu-mashi* (Jesus Christ) of the *Phillings*, nor entertained the *Tirthika* faith, in which I was born : that I was still undecided as to my religious persuasions, but believed in the existence of a Supreme Cause of the universe. To ascertain if that Being was identical with the Supreme Intelligence of the Buddhists was the principal

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2. These may have been either the Moravian missionaries from kylong (Lahoul), or a party of Hungarian explorers.
 3. *Phillings* (*phyi*, out ; *gling*, continent or island)—people of outer continent, i.e., Europe.
 4. *Rab-jung*, the state of excellence (*rab*, excellent ; *hbyung*, grown) the ceremony of initiation into the sacred vow of Buddhism.

object of my studying Tibetan Buddhism. The Minister seemed satisfied with my explanation, and did not talk on the matter any more. We did not, therefore, accept the usual allowance of monks, which in all amounts to about Rs. 10 a head monthly. The Minister was prepared to recommend me for the grant of a *shi-ga* (estate), which was set apart for Indian pandits ; and to create a separate *kham-tshen* for me in Tashi-lhunpo ; since in the monasteries of Sera, Da-pung, Gadan, and others, there is excellent accommodation for men of different countries, consisting of large buildings with one or two chapels attached to them, together with cook-rooms and out-houses. Thus there are the Lhop-kham-tshen (for Bhutanese and Sikkimese), the Amdo-kham-tshen, the Sogpo-kham-tshen, the Hamdo-kham-tshen, the Sher-kham-tshen, the Gyami-kham-tshen, etc. Ugyen and I paid several visits to the Lhopa-kham-tshen, and examined the chapel and furniture.

There is a "Nyerpo" in charge of it. But there was, as far as I knew, no kham-tshen for Gya-gar or India. A "Gya-gar-kham-tshen"⁶ could, however, be established if I took the *rab-jung*. The Sogpo-kham-tshen is a lofty building, four stories high, called "Samlo-khangsar." My friend Lobsang Tenzing lived in one of the rooms on the ground floor. Returning home from the Minister's, I found a respectable *Gelong* in waiting for me. He called from Kusho Phindi-khang-sar, the richest noble of Tsang, to say that his master desired to see me. I was quite surprised at such an unexpected message, but accompanied the *Gelong* to the great man's residence. and paid my respects with a profound bow, holding a scarf in my hands. Kusho Phindi-khang-sar, an old gentleman of about 56 years, of a spare frame and an intelligent look, was laid up with rheumatic pains in his left knee. He had tried many physicians for the last two months in vain ; when, having heard about me from Kusho Di-chung, and believing I could cure him, he sent for me. I told him I was not an *Amchi* (physician) by profession, but had only brought a little box of medicines for my own use, among which I feared there was none for his case. Thinking that I was unwilling to undertake his cure, he gave me a short history of his life, and the high favour he had received from the late Tashi Lama. He promised me a large reward if I succeeded in effecting his cure. After treating us with tea and cakes of the very best kind, he dismissed us, entreating me to see him next morning with my medicine chest.

5. This is something like a students' hostel.

VII

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

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

23rd August—Next morning I waited upon him, but we did not read any Hindi. We opened the conversation by saying that he had communicated to the Grand Lama all that I had said about the sun and the earth. The Tashi Lama said he could not understand what I meant by saying that the earth rests on void space. If it was without support why did it not fall down; and even if it could so rest, how was it that men, on its surface did not fall headlong when the earth revolved round its own axis. The Minister had to confess that he was unable to answer the Grand Lama's question, whereupon he requested him to ask me (the Pandub)¹ for a satisfactory explanation. I was at a loss for an explanation suited to the capacity of such doubters, but fortunately I had a magnetic fish (a toy given to me by Mr. Pedler of the Presidency College), by which I succeeded in giving the Lama some idea of the property of attraction, though the attraction of the sun still remained as mysterious to them as ever.

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

24th August—On the 24th, after my visit to the Minister, I called upon Kusho-dichung, and talked with him about the administration of justice in India. He agreed with me in thinking that justice was not administered in Tibet as it ought to be, and that property was not secure, through the powerful oppressing the weak. I also ascertained from him the price of gold leaves and gold dust, as well as of gold worked into ornaments, &c. From the account he gave, it did not appear that any speculation in gold for the Indian market would be very profitable, it

1. I was called Pandub from *Pan* Pandit, and *dub* (sgrub) signifying a *Siddha* or saint. The title of Maha Pandit (Panchen) is borne by the Grand Lama alone.

being difficult to ascertain the quality of the gold. I, therefore, did not think it prudent to direct Ugyen to bring more money than what I thought would be actually necessary for our living.

25th August—On the 25th, after lessons, I had a talk with the Minister about the free admission of natives of India into Tibet during the reign of *Kyabgon Paldan Yeshe*, about a hundred years ago. He said that during that famous Lama's time the English used to come to Tashi-lhunpo. I asked him how he came to know that. Whereupon he gave me the life of Paldan Yeshe in two volumes, and asked me to read it at home. I then told him that from certain English books of travel, (Markham's *Missions of Bogle and Turner*, and Manning's *Journey to Tibet*), I also had collected some information. I mentioned Purangir's name together with the Tashi Lama's journey through the barren steppes of High Asia, and his death at Peking of small-pox. He seemed greatly astonished and declared my information to be correct. I told him that Paldan Yeshe was a great friend of the English Government, and had sent valuable presents to the Gyal-tshab Rinpo-che of Calcutta (Warren Hastings), and received presents in return, especially a valuable string of pearls. He was quite pleased with what I said and told me that the same string of pearls had been presented by the Tashi Lama to the Emperor of China, and that people said it was to be seen to this day in the Emperor's crown. The Lama, he added, performed various miracles on his arrival at Peking. For instance, the Emperor, to test his divine origin caused several of his Ministers to put on the Imperial dress, and sent them one by one to receive the Lama, but the Lama neither saluted nor designed to speak to any of them. He discovered the real Emperor when he came, and saluted him, saying : *O Jampal-yang* (i.e., Manju Ghosha, the god of wisdom and learning incarnate), *kongma-chen po* (thou canst not deceive me)." He was next conducted to a seat on the right of the emperor's own, who had meanwhile secretly caused the whole cyclopaedia of the Buddhist Scriptures (the *Kahgyur*) to be placed underneath the Lama's seat. The Divine Lama, again proving equal to the occasion by his supernatural power got them miraculously removed, and replaced by some blank books. When the Lama had left his seat, the Emperor examined the books, and to his utter astonishment found them to be blank. After a few days' stay, the Lama fell sick, and told the Emperor that his term of mundane existence was drawing near, and that he must prepare for his departure. The physicians of the Imperial Court failed to discover the nature of his illness until the Emperor himself found it, when too late, to be small-pox. A few minutes before he breathed his last, he called Purangir to his presence, and, talking to him in pathetic terms, exhorted him to a firm belief in the infallibility of Buddhism. His holy remains were not suffered by the Emperor to leave Peking, but his *chang lo* (effigy), as large as life,

was sent to Tashi-lhunpo, preserved in a shrine of solid gold. His successor (*Khyabgon* Tanpai Nyima) did not, for fear of small-pox (*dum-bo*) venture to visit India or China in the ordinary way, but the former he visited miraculously, thus : He shut himself up in his chapel, having ordered the guard not to open the door on any account. He then shuffled off his mortal coil and visited India in spirit. As he passed in the guise of a *Gelong* by the palace gate of the Raja of Chamba, he was accosted by the Raja himself, who asked his name, what he was, and where he came from. The Lama being a Buddha, could not tell a lie. The Raja threw himself at his feet, and begged his *jin-lob* (blessing) for a son to be born to him. The *Gelong* granted his request and disappeared. A year after a son was born, and the Raja in token of his gratitude sent immense presents for the Grand Lama.

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

26th August—Next day worked [we] some exercises with the Minister in simple division and multiplication from a small Tibetan arithmetic, printed and published by the Moravian Mission at Khyong, near Kangra, which I had presented to him ; after which we had a long talk on the printing system. He admired the wonderful neat engravings in Ganot's physics and other books, and deplored the wretched block printing used in Tibet. I described to him the printing press and lead types used in India and Europe, and also gave a short account of lithography, of which the Khyong arithmetic was a specimen. He thought a printing press would

too heavy to be brought into Tibet, but that a lithographic press would answer his purpose just as well, and asked me to draw up an estimate of the price, packing and carriage of one to Tashi-lhunpo.

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

27th, 28th, 29th and 30th August—The four following days the Minister was engaged in the worship of the chief Tantric god, Sambhara². All the monks of the *Nyagpa* college were also busily engaged in the ritual connected with the drawing of the *mandal*, or plan of Sambhara's mansion.

A Tibetan holiday—The 9th of August was a great holiday for all the people of Shiga-tse. Men, women and children of all races, from the highest *Jongpo* to the meanest street-beggar, Palpas, Kashmiris, Chinese, Mongols, and Tibetans, went to visit "Guru-do-phug", the rock-cavern where Padma Sambhava reached perfection, which is situated on a rocky hill at a distance of about five miles west of Tashi-lhunpo. Padma Sambhava, the Guru Ugyen Pema of the Tibetans, was one of the earliest propagators of Buddhism in Tibet, and the originator of the Tantric system, which entirely changed the nature of Buddhism as originally preached by Gautama's immediate successors, such as Ananda and Upagupta, in Magadha. Pema Guru was born at Udayani (Udyana) a country north-west of Aryavarta and was the son of King Indra Bodhi. Leaving India he passed into Tibet, where his teaching made rapid progress, and soon became the prevalent religious belief, under the name of the Nyingma or ancient school. A later reformer (Tsong-khapa) shocked at the eccentricities of Pema's doctrine, zealously tried with some success to destroy the predominance of the Nyingma sect in Tibet. Guru Pema had numerous wives, surrounded by whom it was his custom to sit in *yoga*. He advocated the Yoga-charya or meditative school. The Gelugpas, or the followers of Tsong-khapa, although converts from the Nyingma doctrines, yet venerate Pema Guru as an emancipated saint, equal in rank to Tsong-khapa; and on this day of the year they join the Nyingmapas in visiting and offering oblations at the "Guru-do-phug". At half-past four in the afternoon these pilgrims were seen returning, partly on foot and partly mounted. Of the latter there were about 300 men on ponies, among whom the Nyer-chang-chenpo, with his two *tsomos* (wives), and his sons and nephews, and concubines. The ladies,

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

dressed in blue China satins, rode along with their husbands, who wore grey, red, or yellow satin tunics. The Tibetans, as a rule, are fond of display in clothes, ornaments, and head dresses and especially so on occasions like the present. The Palpas wore their peculiar white waistbands and Newari caps. The Kashmiri, though dressed like the Tibetan, could be recognized by his high nose, shaved head, *puggri*, and painted moustache ; the Chinese by his Mantchu pig-tail. I observed two old Kashmiris carried in doolies, dressed as Tibetans, who perhaps had become Buddhist by long association with Tibetans. When near Tashi-lhunpo, the men and women who rode on asses tried to keep pace with the ponies for a short distance. The great mass, however, walked on foot in companies of 20 to 30, some dancing in their own fantastic style as they went, having evidently indulged in spirits and *chang* at the sacred "phug". Whenever they met a large tree they halted for a few minutes and performed the Shabdo dance. Ugyen, myself, Kusho-dichung and the Mongolian interpreter of the Tashi Lama witnessed the procession from the roof of our house, with the help of Kusho-dichung's Russian telescope. Ugyen remarked that to ride an ass appeared to be something like an honour in Tibet, though it was a punishment in his own country (Sikkim). The voices of both men and women singing together, softened by distance, quite delighted us. According to my estimate upwards of 10,000 men and women passed us towards Shiga-tse. There might have been other visitors from other quarters. The Tibetan villages are much more thickly peopled than they seem to be from the outside.

The crime of killing a pigeon—The same day some natives of Lachung, in Sikkim, arrived at Tashi-lhunpo, with a caravan of yaks laden with logs and planks of deal-wood, and a kind of creeper used for dyeing, called *tsuo* (*manjista*) ; and encamped near the *Chhak-chhe-khang*, at the gate of the town. They had a muzzle-loading gun with them, with which one of them shot a pigeon sitting on the monastery wall. This was seen by the Grand Lama himself, from his palace of the Kunzig-ling (all-seeing place). He at once got the Lachung men arrested, and committed them for trial before the Gye-kuo, or monastery Superintendent. The Lachung men stated in defence that the gun had gone off accidentally, being always kept loaded. The ex-Khamba-Jogpon and the ex-Changjod, Phindikhansgar Kusho, pleaded on their behalf, and it was owing to their intervention that the Lachung men were dismissed with a simple fine of Rs. 200. Killing or eating any kind of bird within the monastery walls is reckoned a crime punishable with a heavy fine and imprisonment.

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

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

VIII

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

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

4th September—On the 4th September the Minister was requested by the Grand Lama to start on a tour towards Rong-tsham-chen, which comprised all the districts lying north of the Tsangpo, to observe and report upon the doings of the Jongpons. This at once threatened to change my former plan of accompanying the

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

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

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

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

provided with a *lam-ig*, yet I had some doubts whether I could ever enter Tibet a second time.

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

15th September—Service of the Grand Lama : On the 15th of September (with the new moon) the grand annual service held by the Tashi Lama commenced. The grand worshipping hall, called *Tshog-chen*, was decorated with garlands, silk-hangings, and flags of various colours bearing inscriptions of the sacred texts ; a great many bundles of incense called *pyo* (or Chinese joss-sticks) were burnt. Before the images of Buddha and Bodhisattva were lighted numerous lamps fed with butter. Offerings to conciliate devils, called *torma* were heaped up in small pyramids, decorated with wafers of various sizes,—painted red, blue, white and green,—and each plastered with butter after the Tantric manner, while slender pieces of bamboo twisted round with thread were placed in the plate round these offerings. This *torma* or votive offering to demons and wrathful spirits is common to all sects of Buddhists in Tibet and in the Himalayas. Its origin is unknown, though it may be borrowed from the Pon religion. The monks, about 1000 in number, were seated in front of the great chapel, next to which stood the high throne of the Grand Lama, inlaid with gold and covered with embroidered cloths and the richest China kincobs. All the vessels before him were of pure gold. On his left was seated the spiritual minister on a high cushion, and by him the three Khanpo of the Shatse, Tho-samling, and Kyi-kandg Colleges. In the galleries, along the wings of the chapel, were seated the high officials of the State ; and in front gallery facing the Grand Lama sat on a high cushion the venerable

Gyal-tshab Rinpo-che, whose hair was white with age. On his left and right sat the Changjed-kusho, Tung-ig-chenpo, Du-nyer, Kusho Norpu Tanga, Nyer-chang-chenpo, and other secretaries, among whom I recognised the face of Kusho-dichung, besides, a host of Tung-ig and other minor officials. Ugyen and I had been invited ; and we had to push our way through the crowds of visitors before we could take our seats among those in the front gallery in the same line with the Regent and other laymen. The service was commenced by the Gye-kuo-chenpo uttering in a solemn voice : Ah-hha ! Awah-hho ! Ao-u-hho ! Chru-hhu ! thrice alone, then accompanied by the verses of the other monks, amidst the savage music of cymbals, conch-shells, and numberless bells. From the palace of the Grand Lama to the great hall of worship, a distance of about 300 yards, the entire length of the way had been covered with Tibetan blankets, on which red China silk of a yard broad had been spread. Along this the Grand Lama now walked in state, accompanied by his bodyguard of six, called *Zim gagpa*. Those present had provided themselves with handfuls of barley and rice. As soon as the Lama had arrived and had taken his seat, three cheers were given by the audience, and thrice were barley and rice thrown towards him. The profound silence which followed was broken by the quick and highpitched voice of the Grand Lama, as he commenced reciting a chapter from the *Kah-gyur*. The recital lasted for nearly four hours, from 6 A.M. to 10. I could not fully catch the meaning of what he read so fast, and perhaps few except the learned Lamas could follow him. The audience, however, seemed well pleased, whether they understood what was said or not, and cheered the Lama often during the recital. Tea was served from large copper cauldrons to all the monks present, each of whom had brought with him a large wooden tea-cup. It appeared to me that a great quantity of verdigris came off with the tea from these red copper cauldrons. The monks of Tashi-lhunpo often suffer from an affection of the heart which they ascribe to verdigris, and have often petitioned for iron tea-cauldrons to be used, but custom had sanctioned the copper ones, and their petitions were refused. The Grand Lama and the Minister had their tea, which was of course of the very best quality, from golden pots carried by the *Soponcherpo*. The service was over by 10 o'clock, when the Grand Lama, accompanied by the four *Khanpos*, left the hall. The second service commenced at 12 A.M.; at this I was not present, but I attended the third service, which ended at 6 P.M. Some disorderly people at this meeting received a good whipping from the Gye-kuo and Cho-thim-pa.

Next day the services were renewed. The third was the day for receiving the benediction from the "most precious jar of life" at the Grand Lama's hand. The people assembled in the grand court of the congregation ; the surrounding

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

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

18th September—On Thursday, the 18th, at 8 A.M. the Grand Lama left Tashi-lhunpo for Dechan Phodang. Great preparations were made for his departure ; a line of tents was pitched outside the city ; and red silk was spread on blankets, according to the ancient custom, from the palace gate to Dechan Phodang, a distance of nearly two miles, which was lined by two rows of monks. The Grand Lama, accompanied by the Minister Gyaltshab, Chanjed-kusho, Kusho Norpu Tanga, and other officials, after walking a short distance, rode off towards Dechan Phodang. A great crowd had assembled, and there was heard the music of drums and Tibetan clarionets. At 9 A.M., mounted on two strong iron-grey ponies which had been engaged for the whole day, and accompanied by Lupa-gyanchen, we left the monastery by the east circular road which terminates at the eastern gate facing the Shigatse fort. This road, 20 feet broad, lined with willows

on the eastern side, seemed to me the largest avenue in the monastery. Meeting the Abbot of Shatse College, whom I knew slightly, we saluted him, and received his *chag-wang* or benediction. My monkish dress, which was of a superior quality, evidently attracted his notice a good deal. We also met several horsemen, who were just returning from escorting the Grand Lama to Dechan Phodang.

19th September—The '*lam-ig*' or Passport Granted : In the afternoon of Friday, the 19th September, I received a message from the Minister to see him at once, and went. He was not prepared to start so early for his inspection tour towards Rong-tsham-chen, but the Grand Lama attached great importance to his starting as early as possible. On arrival, the Minister himself took us to his drawing room, where, on a high cushion close to his own, was seated Tung-ig-chenpo, the Chief Secretary to the Government. Introduced to him by the Minister, I made him, with a low bow, the customary present of a scarf and a silver coin and was desired to sit on a cushion placed beside his own and confronting the Minister's. After an interchange of compliments, the Secretary handed over to me the much wished-for *lam-ig* or passport, saying that it was the result of the influence of Kusho-Rinpo-che ("His Precious Honour", pointing to the Minister) over the Grand Lama and his Government, for such favours are not often granted even to men of high position and office in the country ; that we were exceptionally fortunate, being foreigners, and belonging to a country with which communication was forbidden by custom and imperial edict, in receiving this mark of confidence and favour which had been denied to the Raja of Sikkim last year ; that he had heard about me from the Minister, and now that he saw me, was convinced of my being a good man and a pundit. He had drafted the *lam-ig* to suit our special convenience. "It will afford you", said he, all facilities desirable. The headmen of the villages mentioned in the letter will wait upon you, arrange for the conveyance of yourselves and your goods, and that without any unnecessary delay ; and at every stage you will be provided with suitable lodgings, water, and fuel." We thanked him for his kindness ; for besides the passport, though we had asked for only six laden yaks and two ponies, yet Minister, thinking that number too small, had increased it to ten yaks and three ponies. The Secretary and myself were then served with tea and dishes of mutton, rice, and *bre-se*. The Minister then requested me to explain some stereoscopic views, of which 500 slides were placed before me by the Secretary together with a stereoscope. These were perhaps the gifts of some English official to the Raja of Sikkim or his ex-Dewan, who in turn had presented them to the Secretary ; or they may have been obtained from Kashmiri merchants. They were all French and Parisian views. I explained as many of the views as I could, the Secretary himself taking the trouble of transcribing the names in a cipher, which, he said, none but himself, and the Minister could read. The Secretary had believed the views to be all English, and when I

pronounced them to be French, he was quite surprised. He still expected, however, that a few out of so many slides might turn out to be English, and asked me often if this or that was not an English view. In one case, that of a French harvesting scene, I gave a wrong explanation, which the Secretary was quick enough to detect, and set me right. Besides the large stereoscope, he showed us other things too, and seemed proud of these little possessions. The minister understood this, and hinted that he thought a magic lantern far superior to the stereoscope. At last the Secretary expressing himself quite satisfied with me, and wishing me a happy and safe journey, took his leave. The Minister then handed over to me a few miniature mythological Buddhist pictures, with a request to make slides of them, as he intended to entertain the Grand Lama and the gentry of Tashi-lhunpo with them when ready. He also desired me to bring for him a good musical-box next time I came to Tibet, which he hoped would be within a few months. The Minister had a little musical-box, playing two tunes, which was out of order and without a key. We returned to our lodgings at 9 P.M., each of us carrying a joss-stick, called *pyo*, in our hand. The gates of the city are closed after sunset, when all music in the monastery must cease, and no one is allowed to go out. Every man is required to walk with a lighted joss-stick in his hand, in default of which he is taken to the lock-up and kept there for the night.

20th September—Visit to Tsangpo: The Shigatse Jong or fort is situated between Tashi-lhunpo and the town of Shigatse, the distance from either being inconsiderable. It is situated on a rocky spur of the range along whose northern flanks flows the mighty Tsangpo: the view of it from a distance is very grand. It is said to have accommodation for a thousand men, and there are arrangements for the conveyance of water into it. It is the vulgar belief that it was built by the Tartar General of the Emperor Kanghi, who conquered the country; but it is the opinion of officers and the well-informed generally, that it was erected on the old fort which had been broken down during the civil war between U and Tsang. But the building did not present any traces of Chinese workmanship, being built entirely in the Tibetan style. In its external appearance, with its walls and terraced roofs, it resembles the sketches of old English castles and ruined palaces in the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*. It is built of stone plastered with a kind of calcareous soil obtained in the neighbourhood. I passed by it but did not visit it, so that I am not able to describe it minutely. In front of it towards the south, stands the ancient *jong* or fort (now in ruins) of King Qesar, the warlike prince of the Tibetans. The town of Shigatse lies east of it on a low flat. A long *mendang* or *stupa* of inscribed stones, with *basso-relievo* figures painted in various colours and placed in niches at regular intervals, extends for about 1000 feet. It is about 10 to 12 feet high: the houses of the town cluster to the east and south of it. To the north, bordering the road, is an open space where a daily market is held. There are no regular shops except those of the butchers and pastry-cooks;

there are three hotels or *serais* where food is supplied at a low charge; and close to it is the police station and the quarters of a Chinese jemadar. There are no sheds erected by the Government for the convenience of the traders, who bring their own small tents for protection against the sun. Pony dealers, yak-men, laden asses, petty shop-keepers, rice-sellers, provision-sellers, and book-sellers, were gathering from all sides. Dressed in my Lama costume I rode by the *thom*, and recognized many traders whom I had known at Darjeeling, but happily they did not recognize me, nor did the Tibetans present notice me; for my complexion, though dark, was not darker than theirs, owing to their filthy habits. I managed then to pass the market at a gallop unobserved by any of my Darjeeling acquaintances, my groom, who was dressed in a turban of yellow felt, managing to keep up with me. Ugyen's pony was a very good one, but mine was somewhat given to shying. We took the old canal road along the edge of the Shigatse hills. There is no regular road, but a mere track cut by the drainage water which flows this way to the Tsangpo. On our left were a few lofty *chaits*, and on our right we passed for about a mile the white-washed houses in the village of the Palpas or Nepali Buddhists. The distance from Shigatse to the river is about five miles. We passed three villages on our way. The soil of the barley-fields seemed very good, judging by the luxuriant growth of the barley, now turning yellow. People were engaged in some places in reaping, while in others, especially near the river, we saw men ploughing with a yoke of *jo* (a cross between the yak and the cow). In Tibet cows often yield three to five seers of milk daily, though of a small size. In point of height the Tibetan cows are to Indian cows much what Bhutia ponies are to Persian or Arab horses. Cows and ponies are seldom employed in ploughing, nor is the yak, on account of his vicious habits. The *jo* is exclusively used for this purpose, being a docile, strong, and hard working animal like the mule. He resembles the yak in many points, for example, in his bushy tail, but he has a short coat of hair. We did not go down the first ghat we saw, but rode off towards the confluence of the Tsangpo and the Pena-nying-chu. On the road we met people who were proceeding to the *tham* with asses, yaks and cows laden with barley-flour, whisky-casks, and bundles of firewood brought from the forest of the Tanag, north of Tsangpo. At 11 A.M. we arrived at another ghat and for the first time I saw the noble river which my countrymen identify with the son of Brahma. On the opposite side of the Tsangpo was a range of black mountains, with naked slender cliffs of dusky rock here and there. Ranging beyond this gloomy chain, the eye was refreshed with the sight of the snow-line formed by the towering peaks of distant ranges to the east and west. The breadth of the river, including the sand banks on either side, is at this place, nearly a mile and a half wide, while the main channel alone is about 1000 feet. The rains being just over, it was a smooth but rather rapid river, about half the volume of the Teesta below Kalimpong cane bridge. There were no wooden boats at the ferry, since they are not serviceable

at this season ; but we saw two hide boats drawn up on the bank, one with its keel uppermost, while the boatman was preparing his tea under the shade of the other near at hand. Close to him on the ground at one end was a pile of firewood, a large quantity of luggage, and a heap of earthen vessels. We engaged one of these boats for two annas to take us to the other bank and back. Assisted by the others, our boatman laid the hide boat flat on the ground, stretched the irregularly shaped ribs and thus tightened the hide : it was then easily pushed into the river. Two bars of wood, stretched horizontally, were placed at the two ends of the boat, which was of an oblong shape, about nine feet by four, and three feet deep. I took my seat on one of the ribs and Ugyen on the other, in order to preserve the equilibrium. It was propelled at a good rate against the current by a broad-headed paddle. After half an hour's paddling we came to a stop in very shallow water just over a sand bank, and were unable to proceed further. The boatman advised us to wade through the water, which was about knee-deep, but we did not much like the idea of wading without shoes for about a mile over treacherous sand and boulders. The water of the river was somewhat turbid even in the deepest part of the channel ; nevertheless we filled our silver water-pot with the holy water, drank a draught, and sprinkled a little of it over of our heads, Ugyen having first of all said grace. We asked the boatman the name of the river. He answered "Tsangpo" by which he meant nothing more than "the river", being evidently ignorant of its proper name. Asked a second time, he said it was the Gyamtsho (the Sanskrit *Samudra* or ocean). The real Tibetan name of the river is Yar-chhab Tsangpo, or "the river of heavenly water." The return trip occupied 20 minutes, and the current took us below the point from which he had embarked. We stayed on the bank for half an hour, surveying the country. On the east, at a distance of about four miles from its junction with the Pena-nyang-chhu, the river branches into two at a high rocky islet, reuniting, I was told, at a distance of a mile further east. We then rode off along the bank towards the junction, through rushes and weeds (there being no road or beaten track), among which we missed our way. After wandering for nearly an hour we met a husbandman, who put us on the way to the barley-fields and cultivated farms, which we reached in safety. I could not help admiring the fertility of the soil, the luxuriant growth of the barley and wheat, and the stoutness of their stubble ; but notwithstanding this richness the ground yields only a single crop a year. This is owing to the severity of the winter, with its dry north wind and occasional falls of snow. But now my eyes were refreshed with the bright foliage and green grass, and the beautiful wild flowers and dwarf shrubs in bloom. Meeting another Tibetan we asked him the road to Kunhyab-ling, the Tashi Lama's third palace and park.

At one in the afternoon we entered the celebrated park of Kun-khyab-ling ; the trees are planted with great taste and admirable arrangement. The late Grand Lama Khyab-gon (Tanpai-nyima, that is, the defender or sun of religion) on whom the spirit of the famous Tashi Lama, the friend of Warren Hastings, had descended when Captain Turner visited Tashi-lhunpo in the year 1783, and whose reputation for generosity and holiness had spread throughout Central Asia, was the builder of the two princely palaces of Kun-khyab-ling and Dechan phodang. This Lama had received nine elephants from the Goorkha Raja of Nepal ; and he kept a menagerie, in which there were, besides other animals, wolves, tigers, leopards, Sikkim panthers, wild yaks, the Indian weasel, the Tibetan kyang, musk-deer, antelope, and the Bactrian or double-humped camel. He was no less famous for his learning and enlightened views. It was he who laid out the park, the trees of which therefore cannot be very old ; indeed, I found the largest tree to be little more than five feet in girth. Instead of entering the palace compound by the northern gate, we took a circuitous course through shady walks and by the little canals cut from the Pena to water the groves, so as to see as much as we could of the park. As we rested for a while under a large branching tree, various birds, whose notes were different from those I had heard in India, sang gaily overhead. We next came upon the river Pena-nyang-chu, which is here about 400 feet wide, and runs close to the palace of Kun-khyab-ling. Smooth rocks are placed under the shade of trees to serve for seats. The palisades round the park are concealed by green creepers and bushes of dwarf plants. Round the palace there is a stone wall about five feet high, surrounded by a moat. The bare mountain and the valleys on the other sides of the river formed a striking contrast to the beauty of the park. The palace is a large one, with courts in the front and a spacious enclosure on all sides. We had a glimpse of the interior of one of the rooms from the east side. It was painted and wainscoted with carved wood of various colours ; flags and inscribed banners were hung from lofty poles, and there were small gilt spires with the gilt skulls of reputed saints attached to their bodies. We met in our walk several monks, evidently attached to the park, sitting under trees or sleeping under the grateful freshness of their shade. The gate of the park, guarded by three sentries, is under a large turret like that of the *math* of Buddha Gaya. We came out without being questioned by anybody, and proceeded to examine the grand road called the Sampo-sheer road, passing over the great Pena bridge, and connecting Gyantse with Shigatse. The bridge commences at a distance of 200 yards from the gate of the park to the east. A large span is preferred for this kind of bridges in Tibet. The Pena bridge consists of large high piers, constructed of loose, large, irregularly shaped slabs of rock and boulders, varying from about 10 feet by 6 to 12 by 7, and about 12 feet above the highest water-mark. They are spanned by logs brought from Chumbi and other places near the source of the river, upon which short planks 10 feet long are placed, and over all a layer of boulders a foot thick. The

piers are about 35 in number, extending over 700 feet exclusive of the approaches. Not being strong enough to resist the current singly, the number of piers is increased, and channels are cut for the passage of the water through them, thus distributing it over a greater area, and lessening its pressure upon any one point to the greater safety of the piers.

From "Sampo-sheer" to Shigatse for a distance of a mile and a half the road, about 18 feet wide, is very fine and well made. We entered the town, but were disappointed in the expectations we had formed from the accounts of the pony-dealers of Darjeeling. The houses from a distance presented a fair appearance but on a nearer view they turned out to be irregularly built, with rude, uneven walls. A few of the houses of the rich, have large compounds round them, with orchards and groves of willows and other trees. There are no regular drains cut by the roadside, so that filth and drainage find their way through the middle of lanes. Here and there are pools of water formed during the rains, but these dry up in winter. The Nepalese Buddhist quarter contains neater and finer looking houses and lanes, but the interior of the native quarter is simply disgusting.

The climate of the place being, however, extremely cold and dry, neglect of sanitation does not affect the people much. There are few diseases prevalent among them, and the town is considered to be very healthy. The residents pay no taxes, except a land tax, or rather a family tax, which they pay to their respective landlords. We entered the house of Lupa Gyanchen, our acquaintance, who had invited us that morning to dine with him. He lives in a small two-storeyed brick house, the ground floor of which was let out. At the entrance his asses were kept. The Lupa's servant took charge of our ponies, while he himself conducted us into the house.

There were four rooms, of which the best furnished was the chapel. I also saw the blanket-manufacturing room, which was filled with fleece and looms. We were invited to sit on thickly stuffed cushions. Ani La, the wife of our host, and her sister were engaged in cooking and preparing tea. As soon as we were seated, two cups were placed before us on two low tables, while his daughter, a girl of ten, stood by us with the goblet of whisky in her hands. I merely touched the liquor, as a sign of respect to our hosts, Gelugpa monks being forbidden to taste spirits; but Ugyen emptied several cups and praised the liquor as good and strong. Next, two dishes of cheese and fried barley, together with hot tea in the very best China cups, were served.

The Lupa sat in the corner of the room with his palms joined as a mark of respect for us. We talked on various subjects, such as the Chinese, Dopa, and Palpa traders and of the various products of the different seasons of the year. As soon as we had finished tea, two tables garnished with dishes of excellent rice, large pieces of boiled mutton, mutton curry, a kind of herb cooked with mushrooms and a little radish pickle, were placed before us by Lupa's sister. We made a

hearty meal after the fatigues of our excursion to the Tsangpo, and thanking our host and hostess, the latter a lady of simple and modest manners, requested the Lupa to accompany us to Qesar Jong, which we wanted to visit. Qesar Jong (now in ruins) is the most ancient fortress in Tsang, apparently about six centuries old.

It is surrounded by a wall about 12 feet high by 5 feet thick, enclosing at present an area of about two thousand square feet. A great portion of the wall is said to have been pulled down during the war with the Chinese. The central building called Qesar Lha-Khang, is kept in good repair by the Government and is an excellent building, having a spacious court in the middle. In appearance it resembles a Benares house, but is better lighted. The walls are regular, and the plastering does credit to the masons of former days. The whole Jong, with its minor buildings now in ruins, seems evidently to have been built by some powerful temporal prince, and to prove the superiority of a temporal Government over one in which the spiritual and temporal are united. It stands on a raised bank about 20 feet above the level of the adjoining town of Shiga-tse. In the court of the central Lha-Khang is a large isolated fire-place with a central chimney, at which a few Chinamen were preparing pastries. As we entered we met the Ku-nyer going out, who told us to find out the old Ani in charge of the Lha-Khang. One of the Chinamen asked us to explain a letter in Tibetan to him ; we complied and he found out for us the Ani who opened the door. Inside the walls were curiously but neatly painted, the cornices of a light red colour. In the north hall, on a high pedestal at the foot of the wall, was placed the gigantic statue of king Qesar, in a sitting posture and with a terrific countenance. At a little distance in front to the right and left, stood his generals, each ten feet high, clad in full armour, and as dreadful to look at as their king. In the two wings of the building were placed the statues of the captive kings of Hor-Jung and other countries attended by their respective generals and ministers ; and in the front room were statues of the favourite horses of the king fully equipped for war, and each held by two grooms—all executed with some skill and fidelity. In front of king Qesar's colossal statue was placed a table on which people cast lots ; this being the great, if not the only attraction which brought people from different parts of Tibet to Qesar Lha-Khang ; and from this source the Ku-nyer in charge derives a fair livelihood. The Ani wanted some buksheesh, but we had no small change with us. We then passed by several Chinese houses and the Captain's quarters, which are neatly kept and furnished with little flower gardens. We did not see any Chinese woman here. On account of the great distance of this country from China, the wives of Chinese soldiers and officers do not accompany them ; in consequence of which they keep Tibetan concubines. The Captain and Lieutenant of the Militia were absent, having lately gone to Lhasa on business. The Tibetan concubines of the Chinese soldiers prepare pastry and biscuits for sale in the bazar. We returned home in the evening.

21st September—Next morning the minister sent us the promised pictures, and 40 volumes of Tibetan manuscripts with a list of their names and prices, amounting to Rs. 400 in Tibet.

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