

NEPAUL, THE LAND OF THE GOORKHAS.

BY HENRY BALLANTINE.

NEPAUL, geographically, is a region of independent territory, 500 miles by 150, in the heart of the highest Himalaya ranges, protected and shut off from India on the south by the immense malarious Terai forest, and on the north guarded by such hoary sentinels as Yassa, Dhawalagiri, Mount Everest, 24,000 to 29,000 feet high.

Nepaul proper, in the sense the natives use the word, applies to a little valley 4500 feet above the sea, extending 25 miles by 10; and still more definitely applied refers to the three neighboring cities in this valley, Bhatgaon, Patan, and Khatmandu, named in the order in which they were built, and in which they laid claim to being the capital city of this remarkably isolated province.

The present capital, Khatmandu, is the seat of the Goorkha dynasty, ruling over a people the bravest and most warlike in the East.

We cannot tell our readers here how we worked our way up from Calcutta to Khatmandu, a distance of some 550 miles, the last 100 on foot. Before such a journey could be undertaken it was necessary to obtain the permission of the British Foreign Office in India, the ways of which are as dark as those of the heathen Chinese, and which takes pride in mulish perversity and an autocratic obtuse aversion to any and all Europeans "airing themselves on the Indian frontier." Then, too, we must have obtained the consent of the Nepaulese Court.

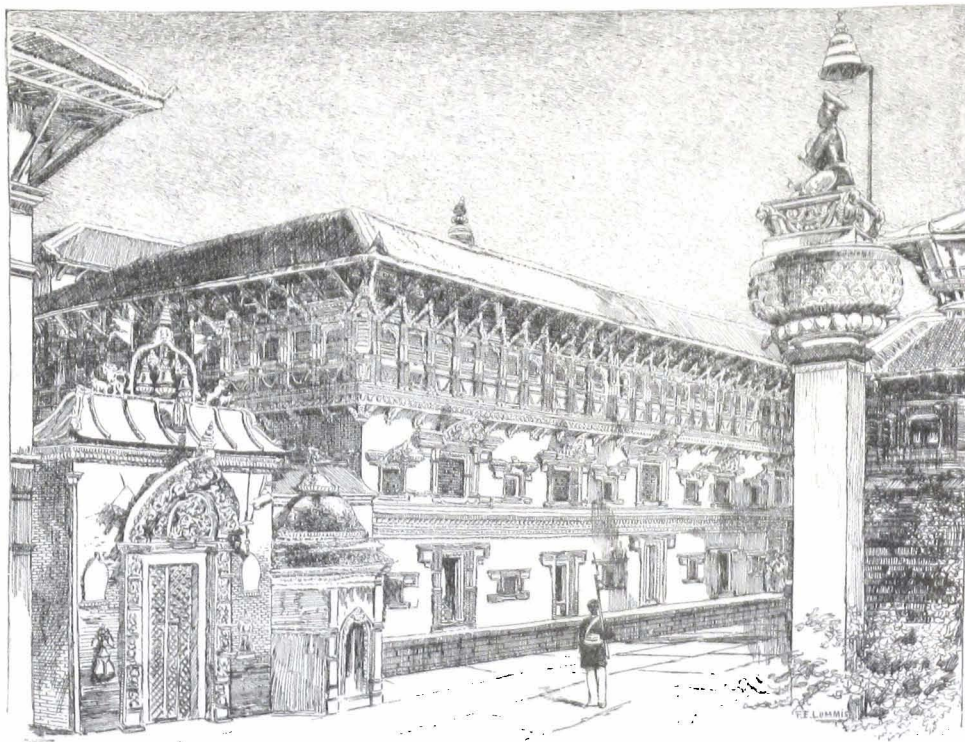
When all this red tape had been successfully encountered, we were obliged to lay in a stock of tinned provisions, ammunition for sport of no mean order, the killing of tiger, rhinoceros, and bear; and lastly, it was necessary to provide what proved the most interesting feature of the outfit, our photographing apparatus.*

* The writer was greatly assisted in his photography by Mr. Hoffman, of the celebrated Calcutta firm of Johnston and Hoffman, photographers. This gentleman made two trips up to Khatmandu, and took numerous pictures of the princes and all objects of interest.



REIGNING KING, IN GENERAL'S COSTUME.

Moreover, coolies were to be negotiated for, and our days' marches prearranged. But, as before stated, we cannot here go into all these details, nor give an account of the dangers we encountered, the difficulties we had to surmount, the exasper-



ROYAL PALACE, BHATGAON.

ating, mutinous spirit exhibited by our coolies, the exposures and night alarms we experienced, not to mention attacks of disease and of wild animals, from which we had miraculous escapes.

On a cold morning in November a caravan of about twenty struggling human beings, mostly coolies with burdens on their backs, could have been seen defiling up the precipitous side of Chundragiri, or Moon Mountain. After a hard struggle the top was reached at a point 7186 feet above sea-level. The ground was white with hailstones of the previous night's storm, and deep frost covered the ground, while the sun was shining its brightest. The coolies now sat down to rest, and we who were in advance of them moved along the top of the pass to its further side. Immediately in front of us was a precipice with a perpendicular fall of some 2000 feet into the valley of Nepaul proper. This valley, stretching east and west, struck us as having been in the dim obscure past the bed of a vast lake, whose waters rose and fell against the encircling sides of the world's highest mountains,

until they wore for themselves an outlet by what now marks the channel of the sacred shallow stream of Bagmati.

Scattered all about at our feet, and far beyond, lay numerous thickly populated villages, whose inhabitants, after centuries of patient toil and husbandry, had transformed the valley into a beautiful fertile plain. Out of the centre rose, clearly visible to our unaided sight, the houses, palaces, pagodas, and temples of the two older cities already mentioned, and of the present capital city, Khatmandu, from twelve to fifteen miles distant. Around us were cultivated fields, which were carried in terraces a long distance up the mountain-sides. These in turn gave way to the heavy pine forests, which gradually stooped and belittled themselves as they approached the abodes of snow, and finally, having dwarfed themselves into the lowest orders of vegetable life, they altogether retired from before the presence of a perfect sea of crowned heads, culminating in that white-headed, gray-bearded monarch, old Everest himself, 29,000 feet high. This monster, though a

hundred miles off, was distinctly visible, his bifurcated cone-shaped head piercing the blue of the sky. Running our eye along the nearer ranges, there confronted us the towering heads and shoulders of many giants flashing their brilliants in the sunlight. Fully one-third of the extensive visible horizon was required to give sufficient elbow-room to this aged royal assembly. Of those nearest us we recognized Gosain Than, 26,000 feet; Yassa, 24,000 feet; Matsiputra, 24,400; and Dhawalaghiri, 26,800 feet high. As we looked upon them from our lofty position in the grand stillness of that magnificent morning we were filled with awe at the sublime spectacle, and ceased to wonder that the Hindoo associates with each one of these tremendous peaks the abode of some one of his deities.

But we must hasten on to Khatmaudu. Passing on through its guarded gateway and the narrowest of filthy streets, we reached the British Residency grounds. Here we found shelter in a little house assigned to occasional travellers.

As a matter of duty, as well as inclination, our first call was on the British Resident—an officer appointed to look after British interests in this corner of the earth. He and the doctor as his assistant are the only European residents in Nepaul, which is an exceptional feature of any country so near India, and shows how well the principle of exclusion has been maintained by the Foreign Office at Calcutta.

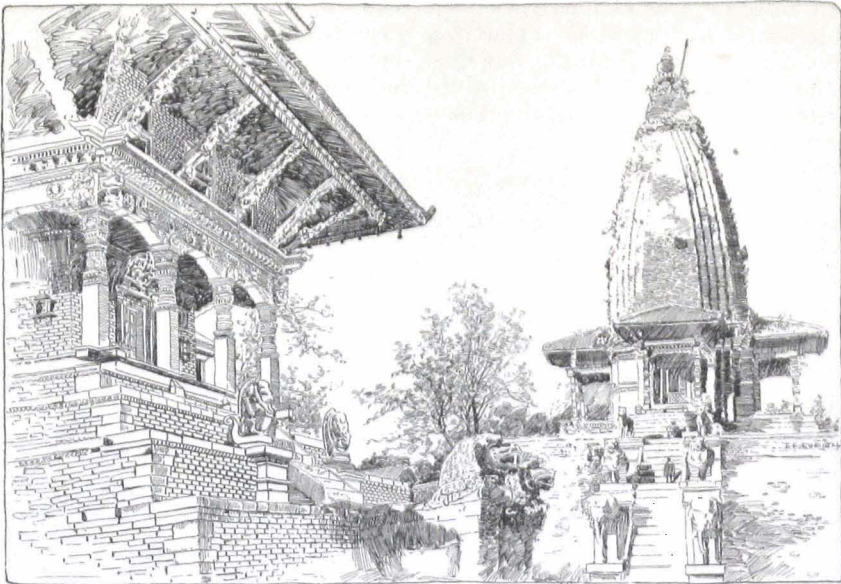
The British Resident was in India when we called, but the doctor,

who was acting for him, received us most pleasantly, and insisted on our leaving our plain quarters and lodging with him in his two storied brick house.

Our next object was to call upon the



REIGNING KING, IN COURT DRESS.



PAGODA AND TEMPLE, BHATGAON.

Maharajah. The term Maharajah, though ordinarily meaning King, is used in an exceptional sense in this state, and signifies Prime-Minister. The King himself is called Maharaj Adhiraj. The reigning one is a mere boy of ten years, not troubled much with state affairs. Our host gave us no encouragement about meeting the Prime-Minister; in fact, considering that the latter was an old orthodox Hindoo with strong antipathy for Europeans, our prospect of securing an interview was very gloomy. However, see him we must, as we could not call on any one in the city and could not transact business with any one without making this preliminary official call, and obtaining personally the sanction of his Excellency.

It was while waiting for this that, to avoid loss of time, we took up our camera and went about on photographic excursions. The objects to take were as numerous as they were unique. We would be followed by a gaping crowd, who were more curious than troublesome. At the same time the authorities caused us to be attended by a body-guard (though we thought it quite superfluous), consisting of two men, one, from the Nepal government, going in front, and the other, from the British Residency guard, following behind.

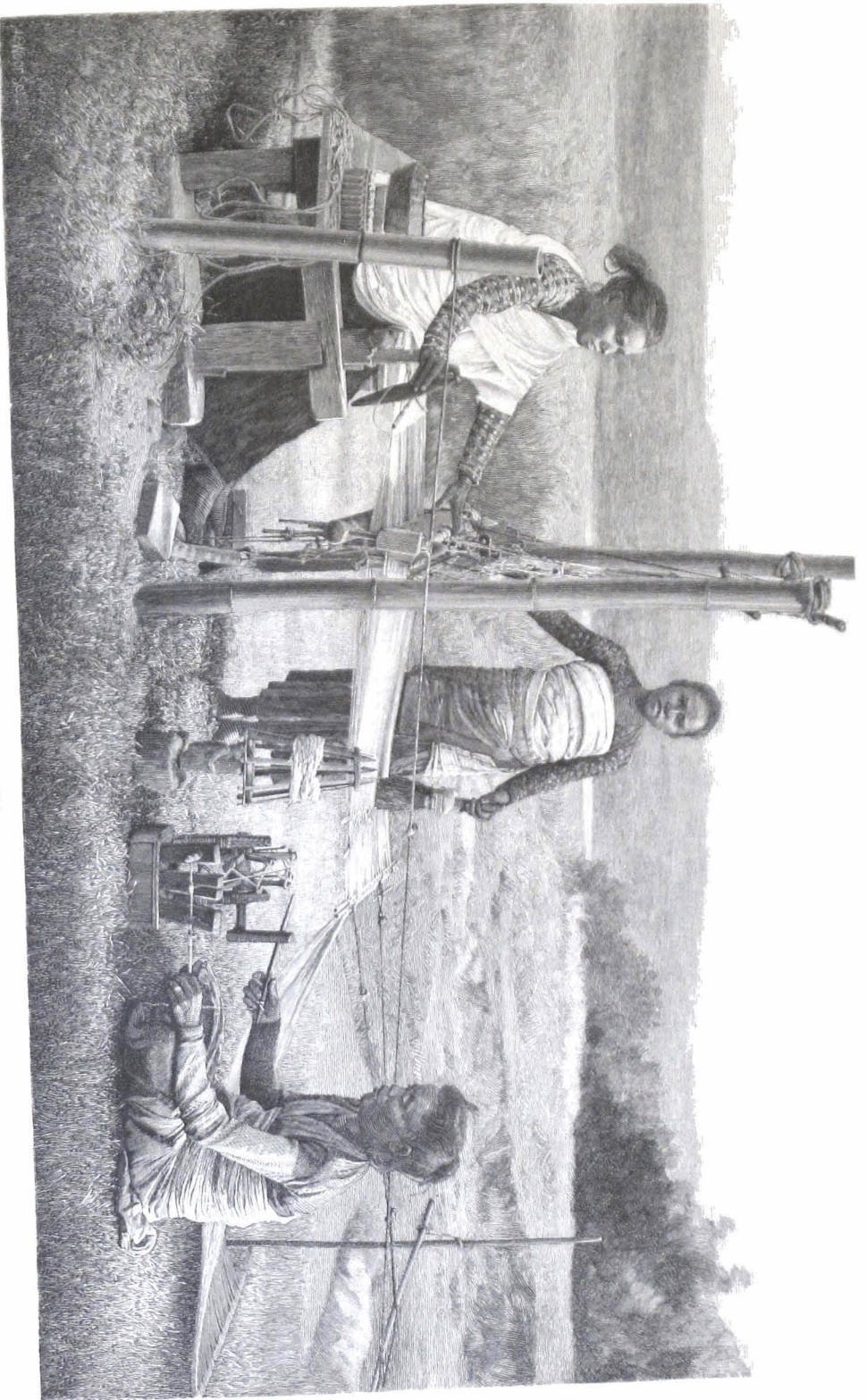
The city of Khatmandu numbers about 50,000 inhabitants, about one-half of whom

are Newars, of Mongolian cast of features, industrious, good-natured people, the original owners of the soil from the earliest prehistoric times down to a century ago, when the Goorkhas invaded their country and dispossessed them. They are the chief traders, agriculturists, and mechanics of Nepal. They are Buddhists by faith, with a good deal of Hindooism mixed up in their religion. Along with them might be reckoned the Bhooteas, Limbus, Keratis, and Lepchas, though these are more distinctively Buddhists.

On the other hand, under the head of Hindoos come the dominant race of the Goorkhas, reckoned by some from a quarter to one-third of the population, and along with them must be taken the two lower castes of Majars and Gurungs.

The Goorkhas claim to be Rajpoots by descent—*i. e.*, Brahmins *par excellence*—having been driven out of Rajpootana in central India by the great Mohammedan conquerors when Delhi was in its glory. The princes themselves trace their lineage directly back to the proud royal house of Oodeypore. The Goorkhas are of light complexion. They have regular features, particularly the princes, except when descended from those who have intermarried with natives. Their language is called Parbitya, a modern dialect of Sanscrit, and written in that character, while the

NEWAR WOMEN WEAVING.



language of the Newars is entirely distinct, and written in a different character.

The Goorkhas, although worshipping the same idols and conforming to the same rites and ceremonies as their more southern high-caste brethren, differ from them in that they are willing to eat flesh of several kinds. The killing of a cow, however, is ranked as murder, and punishable with death. Unlike their southern brethren, further, they are of a decidedly diminutive stature, but wiry and strong, not taking kindly to work of any description, being essentially a military race. Brought up as they are in their mountain homes, they have proved themselves, under good generalship, to be of the bravest and toughest sort of soldiers in the East. It is of such metal that the British government likes to recruit its Indian armies, and it is annually supplied with a number of raw levies for this purpose through an understanding with the government of Nepal.

Nepal itself has a regular standing army of 15,000 men, drilled and armed (with muzzle-loading guns). Twice this number could be put into the field if necessary. To keep up this army, which is mostly infantry, a small fraction being artillery, every family is obliged to contribute one of its male members. The officers are selected from the nobility, so that as a result of autocratic government there are boy generals and gray-bearded lieutenants. These officers are all dressed in British uniforms, and can be seen every day, often from morning till night, drilling the troops on the parade-ground beside the city wall. These military manoeuvres seem to be the one absorbing pastime, as no games or other manly exercises are at all popular with old or young.

The maintenance of so large a standing army, out of all proportion to ordinary needs, is Nepal's greatest mistake, and can do her nothing but harm. For Nepal has nothing to fear from India on the south, and with England as a sworn ally, has nothing to fear from Thibet on the north. Were Nepal to attempt to withstand England, all her own population added to all her troops could oppose no effectual resistance, and history has already shown that though she might fight Thibet alone successfully, yet Thibet backed by China, as she would invariably be, is more than a match for all of Nepal's combined

forces. One cannot help feeling at times that England is doing her best by her bribes and presents of vast stands of arms, together with immense quantities of ammunition, to the states on her Indian frontier, to induce them to turn their attention to the demoralizing pastime of war, and to keep up a ruinous standing army, behind which she can screen herself, and which she can interpose as a buffer against the ever-growing spectre of Russian aggression.

The reigning boy King,* already referred to, is the eighth royal master of the Goorkha dynasty who has succeeded to the throne of Nepal, reckoning from Sri Maharaj Prithwi Narayana Sah, the first of that famous line. The name of "Goorkha" is derived from that of a little town forty miles west of the present capital, Khatmandu. There the founders of this dynasty, a number of high-bred, high-spirited Rajpoot fugitives, who had escaped with their faithful followers from the detested Mogul conquerors of India, obtained shelter, and finding the good-natured, peaceful Newars quite incapable of resisting their presumptuous demands, readily possessed themselves of the government, and occupied Khatmandu (A.D. 1768). Their power kept pace with their increase of territory. The government, like that of all Oriental nations, is an absolute monarchy, the throne passing from father to son, or nearest heir, whose will is supreme. In the course of constant disputes with independent states bordering its territory, Nepal has often had recourse to arms, resulting, on the whole, in more gain than loss to herself; on the other hand, she has suffered internally from plots, cruel intrigues, and more cruel assassinations, the chief instigators and actors in which have been members of her own royal family.

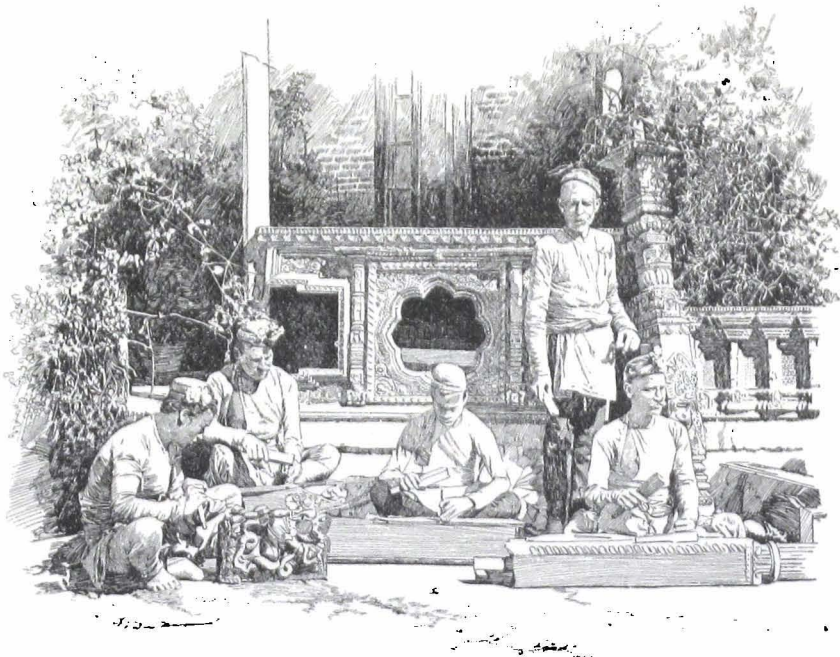
During the Indian mutiny of 1857† and

* The boy King has the short name of "Maharaj Adhiraj Prithwi Bir Bikram Jung, Bahadur Sah Sahab Bahadur Sumshere Jung."

† Nepal has for generations proved an asylum for many desperate characters, who escape from India in assumed religious garbs. This was notably the case with many during the Indian mutiny in 1857. Among the fugitives came the Nana of Bithoor, of odious fame, commonly known as Nana Sahib. After reaching the Terai forests he was overtaken by a deadlier foe than the British bullet, the ghastly jungle malaria. This information, given by General Kadar Nur Singh, Nepal's most distinguished officer, and afterward confirmed by other officials, accounts for the failure to ever find trace



A NEPALESE PRINCESS AND HER SLAVES.



NEWAR WOOD CARVERS AT WORK.

1858 Nepal had the foresight, under the wise administration of that most able of all her princes, Sir Jung Bahadur, in his capacity as Prime-Minister (though virtually the King), to offer every possible assistance to the British government. In return the British government gave her a goodly addition to her territory, and presented her with large supplies of arms and ammunition, at the same time binding herself to be the firm ally of the Goorkha government, both for offensive and defensive purposes.

Strange as it may seem, slavery exists in Nepal, though in a somewhat modified form. The slaves, numbering, it is said, 30,000 (though we regard this as rather too high an estimate), are used exclusively for domestic work. Most of them have been slaves for generations, and are not imported from any country outside. Their numbers are augmented at times by fresh additions from free families, who are brought into servitude as a punishment for misdeeds and political crimes. All well-to-do families possess slaves.

of the rebel chief, in spite of the handsome bounty placed on his head. In Khatmandu we saw his widow, Kaku Maharanee, who had for years lived on an allowance from the Nepal government. She died October 2, 1886.

The princes have great numbers of both sexes, whom they treat, on the whole, with consideration. A woman having a child by her master can claim her freedom. Early marriages are in vogue. The nuptials of the little King were arranged during our visit to Nepal, with a princess half his age, who belonged to one of the old princely houses in India. The wedding actually took place soon after we came away. Polygamy is allowed and practised by the wealthier classes. A widow, like her southern Brahmin sister, cannot remarry. On the other hand, there are among the Bhooteas and kindred mountain tribes polyandrous families, in which a woman is married to several brothers, the oldest being called father by the first-born, the second brother claiming this appellation from the next child, and so on.

The dress of the Goorkha ladies of rank is very rich, and the materials are of the costliest silks, velvets, and finest muslins, brought all the way by caravan from China, or imported, *via* Calcutta, from European ports. In and about the house they do not wear the long, graceful *sari* of their Indian sisters, but like them have a kind of tight-fitting jacket and a skirt. The Nepalese skirt, however, is some-

thing immense, having folds and pleats which are increased in number according to the wealth and rank of the wearer, and which sometimes require sixty or eighty yards of cloth. Their costume is in no respect European, though they have the same weakness for jewelry as their sisters the world over. The men's dress, excepting the military uniform, resembles in general that worn by the natives of northern India. Of course there are a number of the younger men who have been to

ciency in this as in other necessities has to be made good by importations on coolies' heads from India. With practically no manufactures, and with mineral and other internal resources undeveloped, Nepal has little to export except timber from the Terai forest. The bulk of her revenue is derived from this source. But were Nepal to improve the means of communication with India on one side and with Thibet on the other, she would greatly stimulate the trade which has been

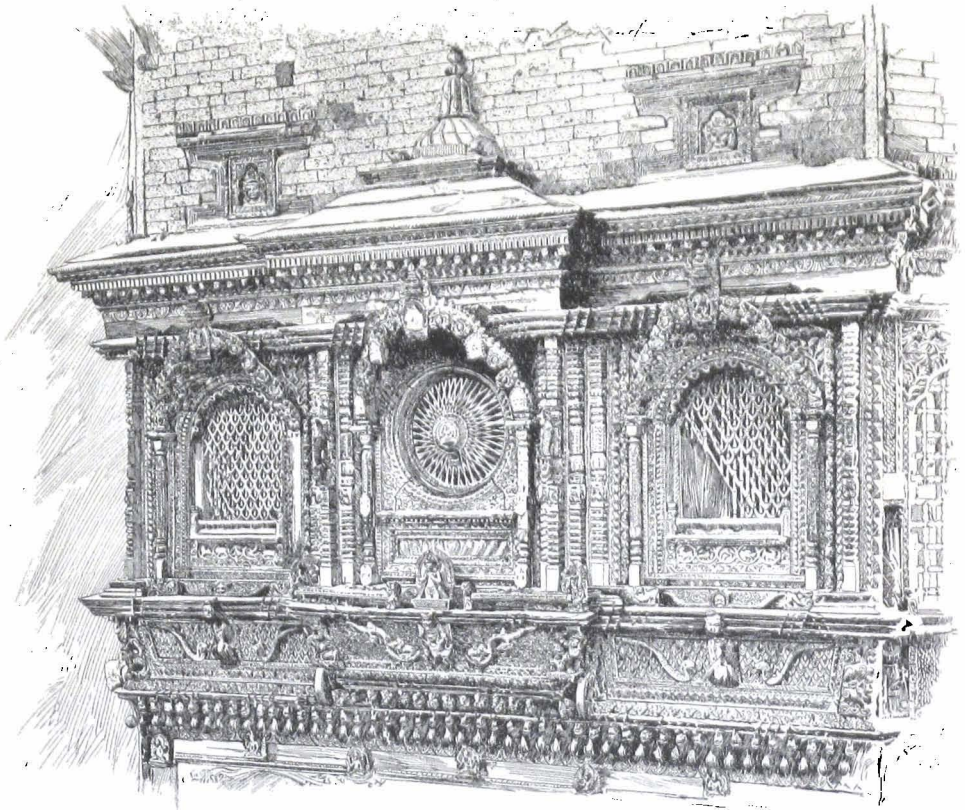


BLOOD-THIRSTY GOD BHAIKUB.

Calcutta and travelled to other places (a few have even been to England); these dress like Europeans.

The inhabitants of Nepal are principally agriculturists, and the staple crop cultivated by them is rice. Owing to the fact that the extent of arable land is small as compared with the number of inhabitants, enough rice cannot be raised to meet local consumption, so that the defi-

ciency in this as in other necessities has to be made good by importations on coolies' heads from India. With practically no manufactures, and with mineral and other internal resources undeveloped, Nepal has little to export except timber from the Terai forest. The bulk of her revenue is derived from this source. But were Nepal to improve the means of communication with India on one side and with Thibet on the other, she would greatly stimulate the trade which has been



ANCIENT SPECIMEN OF WOOD-CARVING.

valley of the Bagmati, to unite with British railways already projected to within one hundred miles of the Nepal Valley. But such an enterprise cannot be thought of at present without causing a shudder of horror to the whole of Khatmandu.

To the stranger visiting Nepal, among the most interesting of all objects are the elaborate Nepaulese carvings, which are executed principally in the splendid wood of the sal-tree,* from the Terai forest. Not only the temples and palaces, but also private dwellings, and often the doorways of the meanest hovels even, are loaded with ornamentation in a great variety of designs—peacocks with outspread tails, griffins, snakes, monkeys, birds, fruits and flowers, scores of fantastic beings, giants and pigmies, gods and goddesses, temples, delicate lattice-work and screens—the last-mentioned looking at a distance like gossamer lace that might be marred by the slightest breeze.

* *Shorea robusta*, Roxb., of botanists.

These carvings are too often disfigured, however, by obscene representations. The reason assigned for introducing these objectionable features is some mysterious magical influence they are supposed to exert in warding off evil. The makers of these carvings, who receive but three or four pence per day, are rapidly decreasing in number from lack of patronage, for the public taste has become so degenerated that it craves for the decoration of buildings a style of painting which has more the appearance of gaudy daubs than of anything artistic or attractive. All the Nepaulese carvings are of distinctly Hindoo origin, and remind one of the elaborate ornamentation in the sacred caves of Ellora and Ajuntah and other rock-cut temples which are found over India. At the same time the shape of the buildings, and particularly that of the temples, gives evidence of Buddhistic or, more properly, Chinese influence, for the pagoda form has been adopted, with

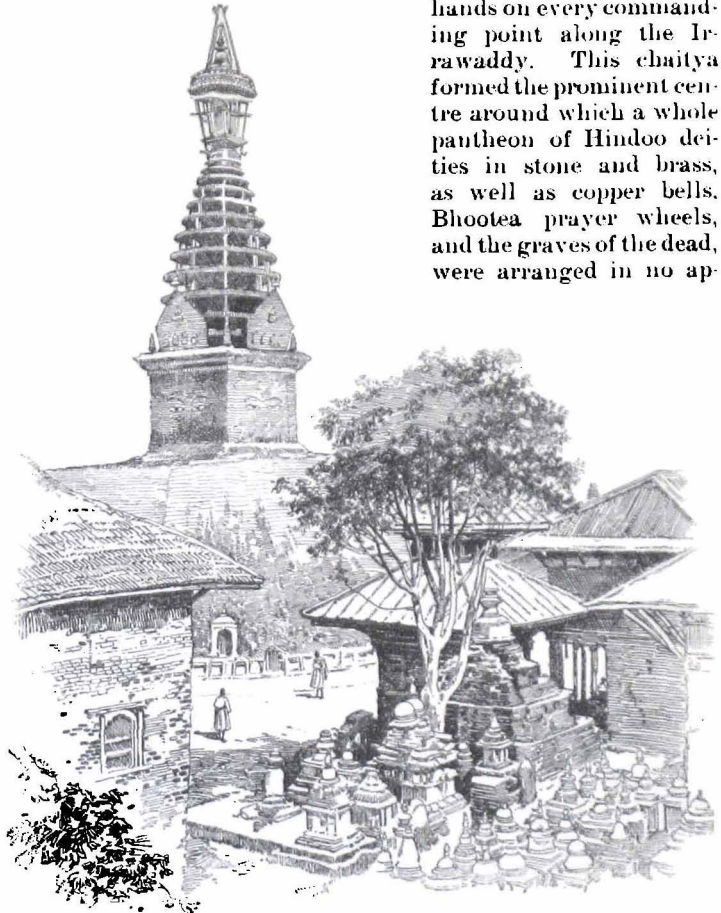
its tapering core or centre passing through one or more truncated pyramids. These rise gracefully one above the other in contracting tiers, the whole often surmounted by a bright gilded globe, or ending in a carved chatter (umbrella) fringed with prayer bells. Two principal causes can be assigned for the building and preservation of such marvellously picturesque and elaborately ornamented structures in the Nepal Valley. First, the encouragement this kind of labored artistic adornment received from all classes, beginning with the princes; and secondly, because of the lasting properties of the sal wood, and the nicety with which it received and kept the outlines conveyed to it by patient generations of Newar carvers. When we recollect that some of the most elaborate designs were chiselled out not less than five hundred years ago, and that nothing so delicate or profuse is produced now, we cannot but express regret at the decadence of such beautifully decorative work, and cherish the hope that something will soon be done to rescue this fast-decaying art.

The most striking ornamental work that we came across on one of our photographic excursions was some window-screens in the side of a temple perched upon a hill infested with monkeys. We passed over an unevenly paved walk, worn smooth by the feet of millions of devotees, and mounted a broad flight of stone steps, guarded at the bottom by two large stone griffins and a huge statue of Buddha. The steps became steeper as we ascended, until, reckoning some three hundred and fifty,

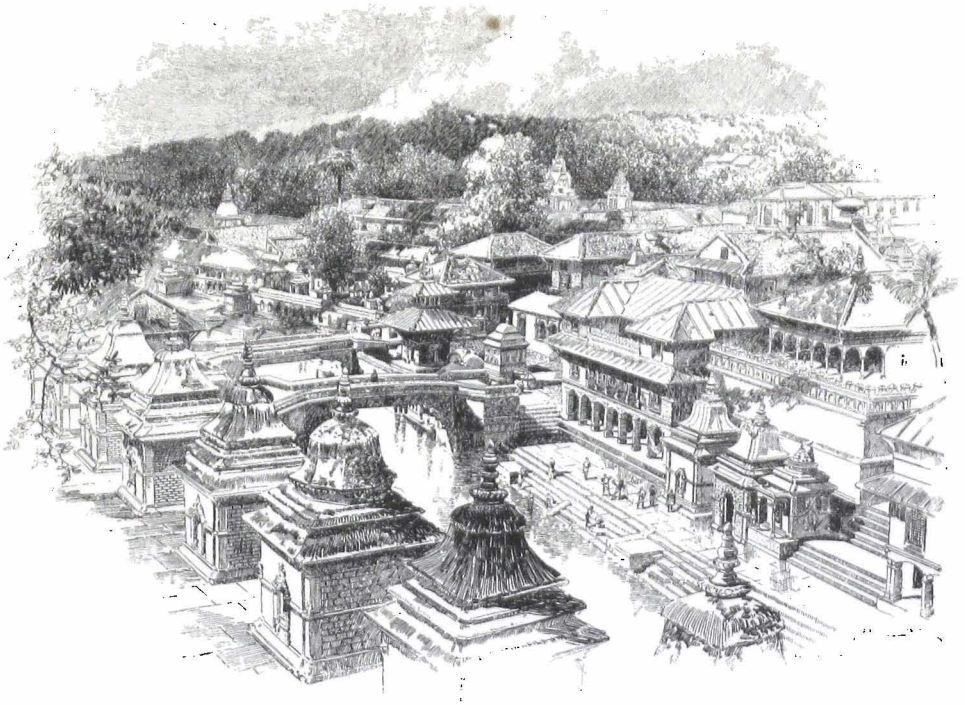
we reached the top of the celebrated shrine of Swayambhunatha. It commands a fine view of the city two miles away, the surrounding valley, and the encircling snow-capped mountains.

At the very entrance to the collection of shrines crowded together above is an immense brass thunder-bolt of the god Indra, which is shaped like a huge hour-glass, and is laid across a pedestal or platform three feet in height. The latter is plated over with brass sheets covered with animals in bass-relief. Just back of this rises to a height of fifty feet the solid rock of the hill-top, which is cut into a colossal Buddhistic dome or chaitya, and is surmounted by a tapering wooden pagoda running up for another fifty feet. This is capped in turn by a chatter (umbrella), which, reflecting the sunlight from its gilded sides so that it is visible to the whole valley, reminds the traveller of the

pagodas raised by pious hands on every commanding point along the Irrawaddy. This chaitya formed the prominent centre around which a whole pantheon of Hindoo deities in stone and brass, as well as copper bells, Blootea prayer wheels, and the graves of the dead, were arranged in no ap-



SHRINE AND TOMBS OF SWAYAMBHUNATHA.



CREMATION-GROUND AND SACRED SHRINES OF PASHUPATI.

parent order. Here was a spot where, beneath the shadows of the "abodes of the gods," the world's two greatest sects, forgetting their differences, had clasped hands, where Hindooism and Buddhism had bound together in one volume their Sanscrit shastras* and the writings of Confucius, and where the Mongolian from Peking and the Malabari from Rameshwaram bent the knee side by side in the same sacred precincts, consecrated alike to Buddha and Siva. On the other hand, the "shades of the ancestors," assuming the forms of monkeys, disported themselves and made light of these hallowed scenes, defiling even the Holy of Holies, taunting the most devout with winks, smirks, and fiend-

* For generations the capital of Nepal has been the favorite residence of Sadus, Upadyas, Gurus, and Lamas—priests and preachers of the Hindoo and Buddhist faith. Hence the place became a regular depository for numerous religious manuscripts and historical records. Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson and other scholars have accomplished an important work in unearthing, collecting, and translating many of these old Sanscrit and other ancient manuscripts. An interesting and catalogued collection is that of Dr. Daniel Wright (late Nepaul Residency surgeon), at the Cambridge University library, England.

ish grimaces. Then, as if it was all a good joke, they would add injury to insult by daring on the sly to snatch with their sacrilegious paws the votive offerings out of the very hands of the sin-stricken penitents, would impudently retire with their booty, and sit down to eat it at their leisure, perched up beside the nostrils of the gods themselves, and wiping their whiskers on the divine heads! What was most surprising, no one seemed to take notice of them or resent their conduct, and great was the astonishment manifested by the monkeys when we went at them for trying to upset our camera, and especially when an old red-faced one, who must have once been a thorough scoundrel of a Hindoo, thought of appropriating our camera cloth!

Very different from Swayambhunatha stands at the base of a high mountain the neighboring shrine of Balaji—purely Hindoo—where the god Siva, or the Destroyer, lies upon the petals of an open lotus flower, with the venomous cobra di capello entwined around his colossal body from head to foot. The whole is carved out of rock, and is placed, as though floating, in a

tank of water. This and other larger tanks adjoining are full of tame fish. Luxuriantly shady trees surround and arch above them, making a fitting bower for the god. There were many devotees in this secluded spot, most of them women. We found them making offerings of rice and flowers in connection with their morning devotions. They chanted their prayers in low monotones, their voices in unison with the sound of the water flowing and falling out of many carved stone spouts.

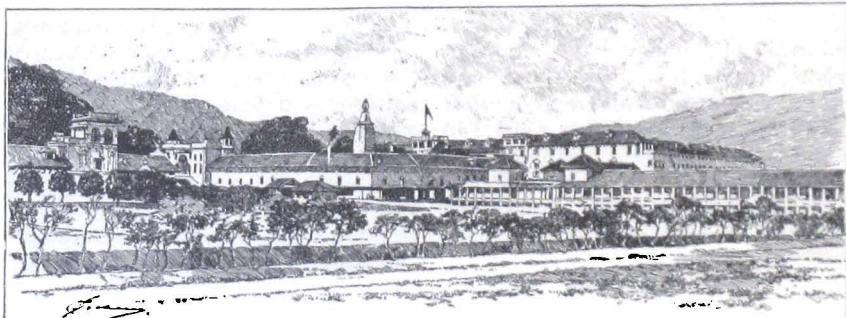
We were meditating over the picturesque of this scene when a trembling devotee came up and pointed out to us reddish spots on the large stone slabs surrounding the Balaji tanks—blood stains, we thought, from recent sacrifices of animals. The devotee, however, assured us that no animals were ever sacrificed here, and that these stains were drops of blood which had rained down from heaven in the last week's storm. He added, with bated breath, that this was a very bad omen; it portended an early calamity, such as had happened before in Nepal history after this same omen had been given. We smiled incredulously, turned away from our superstitious informant, and dismissed his remark from our thoughts, little dreaming of what we were so soon to experience.

The most sacred of all Nepal's shrines is Holy Pashupati—purely Hindoo—three miles to the east of Khatmandu city. It is crowded thick with temples, and with bathing and burning ghats (descents to the river). Its rows of stone steps leading down to the sacred waters of the Bagmati are covered with early morning bathers and devout worshippers, who face the sun and mumble over their *munthra thunthras*. Here every February come

wending their way from the most distant cities of India a procession of weary pilgrims, numbering as many as twenty-five thousand. Without waiting for any special movement of the waters, but only for the time of full moon, they have a dip in the sanctifying Bagmati. Hither too the dead and dying are hurried, and laid where their feet will be washed by the sacred stream, to insure for their souls a safe and rapid passage into the realms of bliss. This ceremony over, the body (sometimes even while the fluttering spirit hesitates to wing its long flight*) is made over to the flames of the funeral pile. Here also, we were told, was a spot where the forlorn widow used to commit suttee by casting herself upon the burning pyre of her dead husband.

We had now been at Khatmandu ten days, when the long-wished-for word came that General Runoodeep Singh, the Maharajah of Nepal, would be pleased to see us on the following day. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, we called at the palace, and after passing several sentries with loaded muskets and drawn swords, were

* I am here reminded of an incident told me by the Residency surgeon. The young wife of a well-to-do Hindoo was struck down by cholera. Our friend the doctor was called, and under his care she rallied, and bade fair to recover. What was his surprise to be told, two or three days after, that the woman was being carried at that very moment to the Pashupati burning ghat! He mounted his horse and rushed down to the place. Here he found his poor patient still alive, but laid out so that her feet touched the flowing stream, while beside her the wood was being arranged, and the cremation ceremonies were under way. The doctor expostulated with the husband and relatives, and urged them to desist at once from their murderous intentions. They were finally prevailed upon to stay proceedings, and to take the poor woman home. She survived only three days. But for her rough exposure to premature cremation she might have entirely recovered.



NARAYAN HATTI, THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH, AND RAJ. GURU'S TEMPLE.



GENERAL RUNOODEEP SINGH, THE ASSASSINATED PRIME-MINISTER.

ushered into the audience hall. It was a long room, fitted up with mirrors, chandeliers, and English furniture generally. The Maharajah was seated on a chair in the centre of a semicircle composed of a dozen of his most distinguished officers, the majority of whom were in military uniform, and all resplendent in their jewelled attire.

The Maharajah looked like a man of sixty with a decided will of his own. He had sharp eyes and a firm lip, but to judge

from all accounts he was not at all equal in abilities or liberal ideas to his brother and predecessor, the late Sir Jung Bahadur. Our call, growing less formal the longer it was extended beyond all regulation limits, proved most interesting. Seated as we were next to the Maharajah, we wished to converse with him directly, and for this purpose we should have had recourse to the Hindostanee language as our medium of communication; but the nephew of the Maharajah, General Khudgo Sham Shere Jung, who had been educated at Devotion College, Calcutta, wished to air his English, and insisted on our addressing our remarks through him to his uncle. The latter, however, getting warmed up with the conversation, dispensed with his interpreter, and plied us directly with all sorts of questions about England and America, the latest inventions, and the reason for our coming to Nepaul. At length we started to take our leave, and asked permission to visit in the city, and call on any of his subjects. Our requests were no sooner made than granted, and then, as if to delay our departure, the Maharajah showed us about the palace, and finally recognized

our farewell salaams by presenting us with the regular tokens of Oriental courtesy in connection with calling. They were "pan suparee," or bits of the areca-nut done up in a spicy leaf with lime, the whole covered with silver-foil, and ready for putting into the mouth. We were sprinkled with rose-water, our handkerchiefs scented with oil of sandal-wood, and we were graciously invited to call again. Little did we think, as we passed out of the palace, what an awful calamity awaited our royal host

hardly a week from that date, and what bloody scenes were to be enacted so shortly within the apartments we had just visited.

It was late Sunday night (the Sunday following our visit at the palace) that, seated around a cheery fire at the house of our host the doctor, we began discussing Bogle's and Manning's trips up into Thibet, and with what superhuman efforts they had finally reached its capital, Lassa. Clement Markham's intensely interesting

into the room and whispered, audibly, "Hulla hai!" meaning "There's a massacre!" We went outside, and could hear the ominous low din of some great confusion, and of bodies of troops as if in motion. Then came the sharp piercing calls (*reveille*) of the bugle, followed by the rattle of musketry and the deep booming of cannon.

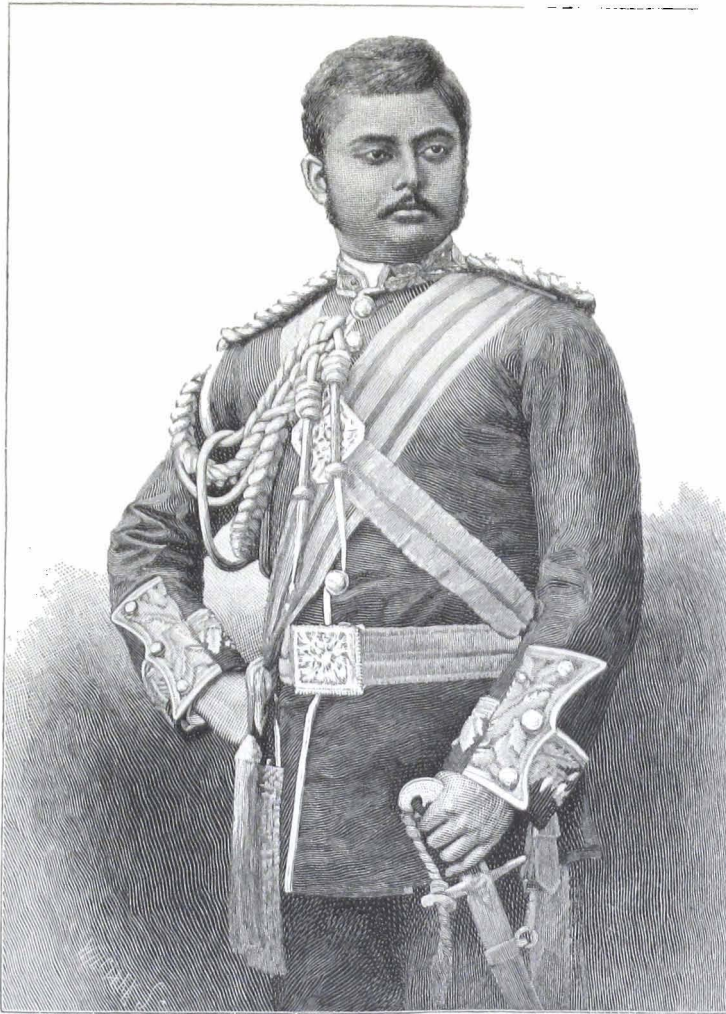
The scenes of violence, passion, and cruelty enacted that night will never be known. Though the doctor despatched



THE PRESENT PRIME-MINISTER, GENERAL BHAIR SHUM SHERE JUNG.

narrative of these trips sets off in an unfavorable light the present apathy, if not positive opposition, of England's Indian government in regard to all private commercial efforts for opening up connections with the countries on India's frontier. It was while we were thus engaged that the faithful old Jemadar, or chief officer of the Resident's body-guard (consisting of eighty Sepoys, natives of India), burst

spies to find out the meaning of the uproar, long before they returned, our quiet quarters had become a house of refuge for those who a few minutes before had been reckoned among the highest in the land, and whose very nod was sufficient to call whole regiments into action. Among the first to come was General Kadar Nar Singh. I had met him at my interview with the Maharajah, dressed in full uniform: now



GENERAL YADHIA PRATAP JUNG.

refugees, who, with their followers, took up a good portion of the doctor's house, confirmed the report that the Maharajah had been assassinated in his own palace by General Khudgo Sham Shere Jung, the nephew already referred to as our over-zealous interpreter at the palace. They reported other violent deaths — among them those of General Yadhya Pratap Jung and his father, the latter acting as chief of the Nepaulese army. Thus in a few words is portrayed what has again and again been repeated in the course of Nepal's history.

It was days before the political atmosphere in Nepal became cleared. The par-

ty in the ascendant at the palace appointed General Bhir Sham Shere Jung, own brother of the assassin, as the new Maharajah, to take his turn at Nepal's political wheel of fortune, while all the principal refugees at the Residency were safely deported, through the intervention of British influence, out of Nepal territory into India.

he was barely covered with a thin suit of under-garments as he rushed up breathless, and begged to be sheltered from impending death. Close on his heels came, in a sad plight, General Dhoje Nur Singh, the adopted son of the Maharajah, and his little boy with him. They were not at first recognized, their appearance being wofully changed from that presented when we had last seen them at the palace, decked in royal robes and ablaze with precious stones. The brothers General Padum Jung and General Rungbir Jung, sons of the late General Jung Bahadur, followed in hot haste. Last of all, after many hair-breadth escapes, appeared one of the Queens, called Jetta Maharanee, the second wife of the Maharajah. These

And we who had been detained unwilling spectators of the above tragical scenes, laboring under a load of indebtedness to our hospitable host, Dr. Gimlette, and appreciating the kindnesses received from the most obliging of British Residents, Colonel Berkeley, were at length permitted to start out on our return journey.